A Night To Forget

by QueenFanatics

Summary

John has just joined the band and one evening Freddie takes him to a gay bar with him. It was meant to be a fun night, but something bad happens to John.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It had been two weeks since the band discovered John Deacon. He was still very shy and quiet, although the rest of the group tried to make him more comfortable by including him in various activities, including playing Scrabble almost every other evening. They were as welcoming as they could be. Freddie even invited him to see a ballet show one night, which John accepted, although it wasn't really his cup of tea. Roger tried to take him out with him to party many times in those two weeks, but the bassist politely refused.

But Roger was not the one to give up easily. The three of them sat in the small kitchen in a flat Roger and Freddie shared.

"When we get famous," Roger sounded very convinced in what he was saying, "You'll get eaten alive if you don't get used to the partying and the night life. You need to get used to it. Look at it as ... a part of your profession."

"Yes, Rog," Brian mocked him, "You are being such a hard worker, really dedicated, I must say. True inspiration to us all."

John simply smiled at that. They were all very talented, there was no doubt about it. And they sounded pretty good together. But becoming famous was not as easy as Roger imagined, John thought to himself.

The drummer continued, "I am simply saying -"

"Oh, leave him be, Roger," Brian intervened, "You don't want to scare him away as you did with all our previous bass players."

"I did no such thing," the blond acted offended, stuffing his mouth with a sandwich, trying to speak while chewing, "They ... were simply not good enough for us."

Brian only gave him a look.

"What?" Roger asked, acting clueless, "Besides, Freddie agreed."

"I agreed to what?" the lead singer walked into the kitchen, noticing John sitting awkwardly at the table, "Oh, hello, dear. When did you get here?"

"About ten minutes ago," John answered, smiling politely. They were all very welcoming, but there was this aura around Freddie which made him very comfortable. Perhaps it was the fact that the singer had the habit of addressing everyone with »darling« or »dear« and even though it was weird at first, John actually grew to like it.

"That's marvelous," Freddie offered the biggest smile, "We can go through some songs I've written. I mean, they are not yet finished, but I'd like your opinion on them."

"S-Sure," John nodded. He had only been in the band for two weeks and they wanted to hear his opinion. That made him feel all sorts of warm feelings, but mostly he felt accepted.

"Oi," Roger disapproved, "It's Friday night. What are you? A pair of old ladies? Let's go out."
Brian laughed at that remark, "Roger, the last time I went out with you, you left me in an unknown part of London with no money, because you disappeared with a random girl you've known for ... what? Half an hour?"

Both Freddie and John laughed at that and Roger simply offered a confused face, still eating his sandwich, "I don't get your point. You got home safely, didn't you?"

That made Brian roll his eyes, the blonde man was a really talented drummer, but sometimes he could be a real tart.

"Besides," Roger continued, raising his eyebrow, "I did not have you in mind, Brian. You are really boring, no offence. I'd rather take Freddie."

That was not surprising. Both Roger and Freddie had an enormous amount of energy and they shared love for the crazy night life. Even though they disagreed most of the times regarding which club they would visit. Roger was not into the gay scene and the few times Freddie had managed to convince him to come with him, he seemed bored. He enjoyed the music and the drinks, but there were not a lot of girls there. Obviously. Most of the times they simply agreed to spend half of the night in a gay club chosen by Freddie and the rest of the night in a club chosen by Roger.

"I don't know, Rog," Freddie shook his head, "I'm not feeling it tonight. Perhaps tomorrow?"

"Are you joking?" the drummer's eyes widened with disappointment, then he grinned, "You could miss out on some... hot boys."

Brian laughed at that. Obviously it was not something shocking to anyone in the kitchen, but it caught John's attention. Did he hear that right? Boys?

Freddie rolled his eyes at the blond, "As if you'd come with me to those clubs."

"I might tonight."

That seemed to intrigue Freddie for a long moment, but then he shook his head, "Not tonight, dear."

Roger seemed defeated, then he turned his attention to John, who could feel all the blood rush to his face when all eyes turned to him, "How about you, John? Changed your mind?"

"I-I-" he started, not knowing how to politely decline. Again.

Thankfully Freddie jumped in, "Seriously, Roger. Were you sitting on your ears, darling? John and I have some songs to look at."

John nodded, grateful that he had Freddie backing him up, "T-That's right. Sorry."

"Besides," Freddie continued in a theatrical manner, "I'd be mad if I let him go anywhere with you. I doubt we'd see the poor thing ever again."

Roger finally accepted the defeat, stuffing the rest of the sandwich into his mouth and raising his hands up, "Itf's youf loff."

Brian shot him a look, "Manners, Roger."

The blond swallowed the last bite and repeated, "I said, it's your loss."

With those words he put his coat on and waved to the group, "See you tomorrow, ladies," and disappeared through the door.
Freddie sighed, turning to John, "He is ... quite a lot, but you'll get used to him, dear. We all did."

"We all had to," Brian corrected him, a smirk on his face, "He is a really great drummer, we can't afford to lose him."

A laugh escaped John, "He's alright. I-I've met worse people than that. The previous bands I was in ... it was quite ... terrible."

Freddie's eyes narrowed in surprise, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, just. The egos. It was all to much," John answered, then immediately felt regret. Perhaps it was not the best idea to talk badly about his previous bands.

Thankfully Freddie and Brian laughed and looked at each other, shaking their heads.

"Egos?" Freddie asked, acting surprised, "There's no such thing here, not at all."

"We are all pretty well ....behaved children," Brian added, still laughing.

John felt really good. This band was something different. Perhaps it could last. Even though he did not yet actually bond with any member, he felt relaxed simply sitting there, watching them interact.

"Well, I've got to go," Brian stood up.

"Where to?" Freddie asked, "It's still early."

"I've got some errands to run pretty early tomorrow," Brian explained, putting his jacket on, "I'll swing by after?"

"Alright, we have some serious practice to do tomorrow," Freddie said, then remembered Roger, "That is if our drummer isn't too hungover to actually do his job."

"We'll just have to make it work," Brian said, then looked at the bass player, "See you tomorrow, John."

"Y-Yes, I'll see you then," John smiled, hoping he was not too awkward.

With that Brian left, leaving only Freddie and John in the kitchen.

"Would you like something to eat?" the lead singer asked, opening the fridge, then grimacing, "There's not a lot to choose from. Roger obviously forgot it was his turn to do the damn grocery shopping."

"It's fine, really, I'm not hungry."

"I can offer you ... cheese on toast?" Freddie turned around, "It's not much, but-"

"I ate before I came here," John answered politely.

"Are you sure, dear?"

"I'm sure, really."

Freddie stared at him for a long moment, then his eyes lit up, "How about a drink? I'm sure we have plenty to choose from."

He made his way to a cupboard, opening it, then let out a deep sigh, looking at all the bottles, "We
"I-I don't drink," John stated nonchalantly and that made Freddie turn around in shock. John was immediately sorry for what he said.

"I-I mean I..."

"What do you mean, you don't drink, dear?" Freddie seemed amused, surprised and most of all shocked.

"I can drink. I've done it before. On special occasions," John hurried to explain, "But it's not a daily occurrence. Or weekly."

Freddie was still staring at him, his eyebrows raised and his arms crossed over his chest.

*Great, John thought. Now he thinks I'm weird.*

He looked down, feeling uncomfortable and embarrassed.

"Well, aren't you precious," Freddie's voice cut through the silence and John looked up. He expected to be met with a mockery, but there was only a big smile on Freddie's face.

"You don't go out, you don't drink," Freddie seemed amused, at best, but his tone was endearing, not mocking.

"Not never," John corrected him, "Just not very often."

Freddie slowly walked over to him, sitting down in a chair next to him. He was silent again, taking a pack of cigarettes from his back pocket. He brought one cigarette to his lips, set the fire at the end and inhaled. John waited for the singer to speak and it caught his attention that he never exhaled the smoke.

*Strange way to smoke,* he thought.

"Do you smoke?" Freddie asked, offering his pack of cigarettes but John politely refused again stumbling over words. Also he never felt comfortable taking things from others or even borrowing stuff. He always felt like a burden if he did that.

Freddie smirked slightly, "Let me guess. Only on special occasions?"

John laughed shyly and nodded. Freddie slowly raised his eyebrow, but did not pursue the matter further.

The singer leaned back in his chair, holding the cigarette in-between his lips; neither inhaling nor exhaling the smoke, simply observing the bassist in front of him. John's stomach dropped. He ruined it. *They are a rock band,* John thought. *Obviously they want someone who is a rock star by heart. Someone who could party with them, someone who would fit right in.*

John though it was clear as a day that Freddie was not completely alright with it. Perhaps he was realizing it was a mistake that they had accepted him into the band. It was only a matter of time he told the rest of the group and they decide to let go of him.

He decided to make it easier for Freddie, "I-I'll just go now -"

"Where do you think you're going, darling?" surprise was evident in Freddie's voice, "I thought we would go over some songs?"
"I-I thought you didn't want to do that anymore?"

"What do you mean?" the singer narrowed his eyes at him, "Why wouldn't I?"

John struggled with words, "Because of me. What I said about drinking and -"

Freddie cut him off, "Oh, darling. Don't be ridiculous," he then leaned over and placed a hand on John's knee, "Do you have any idea how many bass players we've gone through in the last month?"

"I don't?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Freddie leaned back, rubbing his hand over his temple, "Eleven!"

John opened his mouth in shock, but no words came out. Eleven was a lot.

Freddie continued after bringing the cigarette to his lips again and inhaling, "I swear, five of them could not even play bass. It seemed they've never in their life seen a bass guitar. Let alone touched it. Three of them were ... just outright weird. I think one of them mentioned marrying his sister. The other one went to jail."

John was not sure if Freddie was making this all up to make him feel better, but the lead singer seemed serious.

"He said he only had a few months left to serve in jail and that we wait for him. Can you imagine, dear?" Freddie shook his head in disbelief, again rubbing his temple as if he had a headache.

The bassist finally decided to speak, "And...what happened to the other three?"

Freddie looked up and let out a loud laugh, "They went partying with Roger and we've never seen them again."

A laugh escaped John.

"That is why I refused to let Roger take you with him today," Freddie continued, "You are far too precious to lose."

Even though he tried his hardest not to blush at those words, John failed. He could feel the heat in his head.

"So don't you worry, dear," the singer said in a protective tone, "You don't like to party and all that stuff. That is perfectly fine. If Roger ever bothers you about that, you tell me and I'll put him in his place," he then leaned closer to John, "You wouldn't believe the places that dumb blond's ended up in after a night of drinking. Brian and I had to drag him out of a literal dumpster. But don't tell him I told you."

John laughed again, feeling very relaxed and comfortable, all the worry suddenly disappearing. Freddie reached over and put the cigarette out in the ashtray on the table then stood up, "Anyway, we better start working. I'll go fetch my notes. Be right back, darling," with those words he disappeared.

The bass player looked around. It was a nice kitchen. Small, but nice. The living room was also very small and crowded, but it had a touch of elegance. The lamp, the large painting over the piano. The piano. He found himself wondering how Roger and Freddie were able to afford it.

A moment later, Freddie was back with his notebook.
"Alright, dear," he started flipping through the book, passing many sketches and drawings. John could only see the pages for a second, but it was obvious to him that Freddie was an amazing artist.

"Aha, here it is," the singer finally found the right page. He moved closer to John, "This one is called Lazing on a Sunday Afternoon."


"They are all very good, Freddie," John could not keep the surprise and excitement from his voice.

The singer simply shrugged, "It's a draft. All of the songs are. They are still not finished. It still needs a lot of .... *handling,* he laughed at himself.

"I think they're amazing."

A big smile formed on Freddie's face, but he quickly covered his mouth with his hand. John noticed the singer was very self conscious of his teeth, always covering them with his lips or his hand. Perhaps it was subconsciously? John had to admit, he too noticed Freddie's teeth upon first meeting him, but after that he never really paid them much attention. Freddie's personality and his style of dressing completely overshadowed anything that could be wrong with his teeth.

"Why, thank you," Freddie said, "I still have to show the songs to Roger and Brian and they are probably going to rip them apart completely."

"Why do you think so?"

Singer raised one eyebrow at John, "Because they are *arseholes,*" he laughed before continuing in a more serious tone, "Well, we each see things differently. We all have different opinions. We still fight like kids over the smallest things."

Apparently worry was evident on John's face because Freddie quickly added, "But we're still family. The bickering and .... *Creative differences* are just a part of it. You'll get used to it, dear."

John was not a confrontational person. He was usually very calm and laid back. And he was not very confident and outspoken. He tried to imagine himself in a studio with Freddie, Roger and Brian while they argued and shouted at each other. It was a horrifying image.

"Has it ever ... " he started slowly, " ...gotten physical?"

Freddie looked up as if he was trying to remember, but then shook his head, "No, I don't think so. Oh! Except this one time Roger threw his damn drumstick at me. It barely missed me. I could have been killed, dear."

"Oh," John let out, trying not to panic.

"Also," Freddie continued, "Brian was in a foul mood one evening and he threw his clog at Roger."

John was now almost sorry he had asked. Again, he tried to imagine himself in a studio, only this time with a drumstick throwing Roger and a clog throwing Brian.

Freddie's voice pulled him from his thoughts. "A few incidents, yes. But it hasn't gotten very physical. You have nothing to fear, dear," he then glanced at the clock, "Oh my, it's 10 already?"
John also could not believe it. Where did the time go?

He stood up, "I'm sorry. I-I'll leave now."

"Nonsense!" Freddie threw his arms up theatrically, "I'm feeling a bit energetic. Too bad I don't know where Roger went, I could have gone after him."

"You are going out?" John asked, feeling a bit disappointed. He had a lot of fun with Freddie and deep down he didn't want to leave yet. But he didn't want to be a burden.

"I could go to this club," Freddie said to himself, then looked up at John, "Care to join me? I don't feel like going by myself."

That took him aback, "I-I don't really -"

"Oh, I know dear," Freddie grinned, "You said you only drink on special occasion. This is one. You've been officially accepted into the group."

John couldn't help but smile at that, blushing a bit.

Freddie insisted, "We'll go there, have a few drinks, maybe dance. An hour at most."

"I-I don't dance," John said awkwardly.

"Then we'll .... sit and drink. And talk," the singer raised his eyebrow, "What do you say?"

He could not say no to Freddie. He'd been really nice and welcoming to him. Besides, if they were going to be a band, he needed to make an effort to hang with them. It would do him good to go a bit out of his comfort zone.

"A-Alright?" John answered, but it sounded like a question.

Freddie clapped his hands in excitement, then asked, "You don't mind going to a slightly ...different club, do you?"

"Different how?"

"Gay," Freddie simply answered.

John opened his mouth to speak, but could not force the words out.

Immediately worry showed on Freddie's face, "Are you alright, darling? Do you not wish to go there? I'd understand."

"No, no," the bass player shook his head, "I'm not against it or anything. I'm just wondering ... If you are ... if you ...."

Freddie noticed the struggle and decided to help him, offering the word John was avoiding, "Gay?"

John slowly nodded, "N-Not that there's anything wrong with that or - " he trailed off, now knowing what to say. He didn't want to jump to conclusions and perhaps offend him, but John did notice Freddie was ...slightly different. The way he moved and talked and sometimes even dressed. It didn't bother John, everyone's sexuality was their own business, but he would be lying if he said he was not a bit curious about it.

The singer shrugged, not making a big deal out of it, "I wouldn't describe myself as anything. I'm just
me. I simply like to have fun, my dear. Be that with a girl, a boy or ... a cat," he laughed at the last word, then became serious again, "But if you are not comfortable with it, we can just go -"

"No, no, it's fine," John assured him, "It's just ...I've never been to a gay club before."

Freddie laughed, "Well, you'll see it's not very different than your normal clubs, only the music is better and there are a lot of really attractive men," then he leaned closer and whispered, »Roger really likes it there, although he would never admit it. He gets more proposals than I ever did and he enjoys that, the smug bastard."

A nervous laugh escaped John, "A-Alright."

"Oh, darling," Freddie placed a hand on John's shoulder, reassuring him, "You'll be fine. I promise I won't leave you alone."

Chapter End Notes

Hey, guys. :) This will be mostly hurt/comfort fic, but it will turn into romance. I hope you enjoyed.
It was around eleven o'clock when they finally left the apartment, because Freddie couldn't decide on what to wear.

"You've got to dress to impress, darling," the singer said to him, theatrically doing a spin to show off his outfit. It certainly was not something John would ever wear, not being a fan of leather pants, but Freddie could make it work. He could make *anything* work. That was what the bass player learned in two weeks of knowing Freddie Mercury.

"I really hope Roger is not out there getting wasted as we speak," concern showed on the singer's voice for a moment.

"Why? Do you think he could get in trouble?"

Freddie shook his head, then changed his mind, "Well yes, that as well. But we need him for tomorrow, dear. We've rented the studio for a few hours and that is not exactly cheap. I hope the blond realizes that."

John couldn't help but smile, "Well. He said that partying is a part of his profession."

"Oh, he'd say that for everything!" Freddie rolled his eyes, even though there was no real annoyance on his face, "He'd sleep in and say he needs his beauty sleep. As if he needs to get any more beautiful."

A giggle escaped John and he quickly cleared his throat, trying to cover it up. But judging by Freddie's slight smirk, he was not successful.

When they finally left the apartment, a cab was already waiting for them. It was a relatively short drive and all they talked about was music. They seemed to really bond over that. John admitted that he had written a few songs and Freddie insisted to see them as soon as possible. John promised nothing, still being very unsure of his song writing skills, but Freddie's sincere interest gave him much needed confidence boost.

When they arrived at the place, Freddie paid the cab driver and they exited the car. John looked around, not recognizing the neighborhood.

"I'm freezing my balls off," Freddie shuddered as the cold air hit them. They were both wearing only light leather jackets.

The singer grabbed his arm, "Come, darling. Let's hurry."

John agreed, wanting to go somewhere warmer as soon as possible. It was one of the coldest nights. They crossed the road, then approached the club Freddie was talking about. Loud music could be
heard. There were people outside, talking and smoking. Much to John's surprise, there were a lot of girls as well. The entrance seemed to be down the stairs.

*Underground club,* John thought. *Interesting.*

They both hurried down the stairs, finally entering the place. It was very dark and loud. John found himself wondering how Freddie expected them to talk through the noise.

As if he read his mind, the singer leaned closer to him, "Your ears will get used to it, dear!"

Then he took his hand and led him through the crowd of people. Some were dancing, others were simply standing and drinking. John grabbed onto Freddie with his other hand, not wanting to be accidentally separated from the singer and losing himself in the crowd. Finally they reached the bar and the music did not seem to be so loud there. Or maybe his ears got used to it?

They both sat down and Freddie looked at him with a big smile on his face.

"How do you like it, darling? Not too bad?" he asked, a bit of concern showing in his voice. He would not want to torture the young man, forcing him to be somewhere he did not want to be.

John actually laughed, "It's quite alright."

That seemed to put Freddie in a great mood and he looked around, searching for a bartender. When he finally found one, he snapped his fingers, motioning to the two of them. When the bartender approached them, Freddie ordered for himself, "I'll have gin and tonic, please. What about you, dear?"

"I-I'll have the same, please," John decided to allow himself a bit of fun.

He could see the singer was surprised but in a good way. When they got their drinks, Freddie placed his hand on John's knee and leaned closer to him, "If you want to leave anytime, just say the words, alright?"

John nodded, feeling extremely comfortable and safe with Freddie. There was no peer pressure with him and it was a nice change. He could see the singer struggling to keep still in his seat, his body moving with the sound of music. John actually lied when he said he didn't dance. He *did* dance, but was very self-conscious about it.

This time it was him who leaned to Freddie, speaking into his ear, "If you want to go and dance, I won't mind. I'm fine just sitting here."

Freddie gently slapped his shoulder, "Oh, don't be ridiculous! I said I'm not leaving you alone."
Besides, I'm completely fine here."

John could see that was not true and that the singer would love to go to that dance floor, but Freddie insisted that he was alright as he was. Suddenly someone approached them. A large man, with a beard, probably in his thirties. He looked straight at John and asked him something, but he was too far away and the music was too loud. John pointed to his ears and shook his head and then the man leaned over to him. John could feel his warm breath on his neck and it made him uncomfortable.

"Can I buy you a drink?" he heard the man ask.

John shyly pointed at the drink in front of him, "I-I already have one, but thank you for your offer," he answered politely.

"Are you sure?" the man asked, placing a hand on his shoulder.

Freddie immediately smacked his hand away from John, moving his chair closer to the bassist, "Yes, we are sure. Bugger off."

The man shot a look at Freddie, then threw his hands up in defeat and disappeared into the crowd. John could see the lead singer following the man with his eyes until he was out of his sight. Then his eyes turned to him, apologetic look in them, "I'm sorry about that, darling."

It was a bit uncomfortable, but John smiled at Freddie, not wanting him to feel guilty about it, "It's alright. Don't worry about it."

The singer sounded really concerned and annoyed, "Some people don't seem to understand what the word no means and you have to repeat it to them. Arseholes."

"Really, I'm fine," John insisted, then tried to lighten the mood, "It seems to me I got more proposals than you did tonight."

Freddie acted offended, his hand theatrically on his chest, "Excuse me? Well, the night is still young, my dear," he said and took off his leather jacket.

Again, John tried to make a light of the situation, "What is your ... you know ... pick up line?"

The question seemed to take him by surprise, but the singer quickly regained his composure. A grin formed on his face and he licked his lower lip, trying to decide whether to tell him or not.

"Oh, come on," John insisted, "It can't be that bad."
Finally Freddie gave in and leaned into John, whispering, "How big is your cock?"

John's face flushed and he could feel the heat in his head. He did not expect Freddie to be that direct. Or maybe he did. It was just weird hearing those words come out of his mouth like that. Unapologetically. Besides, when he asked him about his pick up lines, John had meant girls. Freddie's pick up lines for girls.

"Oh, dear, was that too much?" Freddie again placed his hand on the bassist's knee, "I'm sorry. It wasn't my intent to make you uncomfortable."

John realized how often Freddie touched him and it seemed to be such a natural thing to him. Just like a reflex. And John had to admit, he liked those touches. It made him feel like he really had a friend. It was comforting and safe. It made it easier for him to open up to Freddie and feel relaxed.

"No, no, don't apologize," John shook his head, laughing nervously, "It's just a bit ... forward. Leaves nothing to imagination."

"Well, I don't like to waste my time. Life is too short to bother with pleasantries," Freddie offered a smirk and then pulled a cigarette from his pocket, bringing it to his lips and lightening it. John took a sip of his drink and grimaced. It was ... strong. He looked at Freddie and noticed the singer was looking at the dance floor. He followed his gaze and saw a man standing in the corner, leaning against the wall. Him and Freddie were staring at each other until finally the singer broke the look and took a sip from his drink.

John could not resist asking, "Do you know him?"

Freddie seemed to struggle with words, "Oh, he's .... just a friend, dear. I met him a couple of nights ago."

It was obvious the singer's whole demeanor changed when he noticed that guy. He kept looking over at him.

"You can go to him, I don't mind, really," the bassist assured him.

Freddie's eyes shot up to meet John's, "I am not leaving you alone, darling," he then laughed, "Who do you think I am? Roger?"
That was funny, John had to admit.

Freddie continued, still joking, "If I somehow managed to lose you tonight, I would never hear the end of it!"

The bassist laughed again, but he could still see the singer's eyes drifting off to the corner of the club.

"Freddie, I know you want to dance," John insisted, "Go and dance for a couple of minutes. I'll be fine here," he pointed to his drink, "I have to finish this."

It seemed like the singer was contemplating his idea and before he could decline again, John slapped his shoulder, "Go!"

Freddie stood up, doubt still written on his face, "Are you sure, dear?"

"Yes! I'll be right here, don't worry."

It took him a couple of long moments, but it seemed like Freddie finally gave up, "Alright, I'll be right there," he pointed to the dance floor, "I'll be back in ten minutes or less."

John suspected Freddie saw him as a little kid in a grocery store being left alone by his mom for a couple of minutes. It was actually endearing. He never had anyone take care of him in such a way. Especially not friends. But Freddie seemed to be that way with everyone. Extremely generous and caring. And he had only known him for two weeks.

Finally John nodded with a smile and then almost pushed the singer towards the dancing crowd. The singer shot him an offended look, but John knew it was fake because it was followed with a laugh. His eyes observed the singer's body as he moved with the rhythm, almost disappearing into the mass of people dancing. He could still see him, but just barely. Freddie knew how to dance, it was really unique. John could recognize him even though he only saw his silhouette in the dark.

The bassist leaned back, taking the drink to his mouth and grimacing again as he tasted it. He placed the drink back down, questioning if he would be able to finish it. He looked at the dance floor again, trying to find Freddie. And he saw him. But he was not alone. There was that man with him. His friend from a couple of nights ago. They were dancing together and they were quite close. Even though Freddie said earlier today that he liked to have fun with girls and boys, it was still strange actually seeing him with a man. They were dancing so close and intimately that John almost averted his gaze, not wanting to intrude on their privacy. He noticed their heads were together and it seemed
as if the man was kissing Freddie's cheek. Or perhaps he was talking to him. The music suddenly changed and it became a bit faster. Obviously the dancing changed and John noticed that Freddie and that man seemed to stop dancing. They were still on the dance floor, but they were only hugging and moving slowly against each other. The man had his face in Freddie's neck and his hand was in between their bodies.

The bassist quickly looked away, staring at the drink in front of him. It was all very new to him. He had never seen two men like that. Doing that.

His thoughts were interrupted as a new drink was placed in front of him. John looked up at the bartender, "Oh, no, I didn't order this."

The waiter simply pointed at the man at the end of the bar who was staring at John. The man smiled and raised his drink, nodding his head. It was a different man than before, this one seemed slightly younger.

John didn't know what to do. This was all new to him. The guy paid for his drink, but didn't seem to be wanting anything from him. He didn't even approach him or anything. John took the glass in his hand and took a sip.

Vodka.

He preferred that to gin and tonic. He took another sip and smiled at the guy at the end of the bar, thanking him non verbally.

Before John realized, he finished the whole drink. Maybe a few minutes passed but he could feel the heat in his head. The bassist knew he had a low tolerance for alcohol, but not this low. Perhaps it was because he had not eaten much that day?

He leaned back in his chair, hoping to feel better. Looking at the dance floor, he tried to find Freddie, but his vision was too dark. Everything seemed to be a bit blurry. Crossing his arms over his chest, John decided to just wait it out.

It'll pass.

But as moments passed, John was not feeling any better. If only, he was feeling worse. His vision was really blurry and he felt lightheaded. Finally he decided to go to the toilets in case he felt sick, because he could feel like that could happen. Again his eyes tried to find Freddie, but it was
pointless. The last thing he wanted was to go somewhere without letting the singer know, but he couldn't wait any longer. Forcing himself to stand up, he noticed his legs were shaking. He remembered from earlier seeing the toilets sign and he slowly made his way there.

Finally reaching his goal he went straight to the sink, splashing cold water on his face. He stared at himself in the mirror and he found it impossible to see his image clearly. Leaning against the sink for support, he could still hear loud music coming from outside. He wondered if perhaps Freddie returned to the bar and was now looking for him.

John could hear someone enter the toilets, but he paid them no attention, still trying to steady himself. It seemed as if the whole room was spinning. He found himself wondering how he was going to get home safely in this state.

This is it, John thought to himself. I'm never drinking again.

Before he realized what was happening, someone grabbed him and pushed him into one of the stalls, slamming the doors behind them. Before John could react he was slammed against the wall and his arm was twisted painfully behind his back.

His brain could not even comprehend what was happening. For a moment he thought the person was trying to mug him as he felt hands on his lower body. But then he felt someone biting his neck and breathing heavily into his ear. He started struggling when he felt the person trying to undo his belt, but it was pointless. His legs completely gave up on him and if it wasn't for the person holding him up, John would have dropped to the floor.

He could feel his pants and underwear being pulled down and there was nothing he could do about it. The person was still sucking on his neck and twisting his left arm.

And then he felt pain like he'd never felt before. Burning pain that made him bite down on his lip until he could taste the blood in his mouth. And it kept going. There was no end, no relief.

But then it was suddenly over. Loud voices and laughing could be heard from outside the stall and John could feel the person behind him freeze in fear. Immediately he stopped what he was doing and let go of him, causing John to fall onto the floor. Before he could look up, the man rushed out of the stall, closing the doors behind him. The bassist somehow found the strength to lock the doors, then managed to pull his pants back up and simply sat there in shock, his knees against his chest, shivering horribly. He could hear the people from outside the stall laugh and talk and then they left and a horrible feeling of panic overcame him. What if his attacker decided to return?

He couldn't tell how long he simply sat there, shaking, everything spinning around him.

Until he finally heard a familiar voice.

"John?"

He looked up, still not letting out a sound. He had to be sure before he spoke.

"John Deacon?"

Freddie?

It was his voice. John could hear footsteps approaching the stall he was in, then stopping. Gathering all his strength, the bassist managed to unlock the door before collapsing on the floor again. He could see the doors then being pushed open and standing right there was Freddie. His hair was a mess and he seemed very sweaty. That was all John managed to see before resting his head on his knees again.
"Oh, darling!" the singer immediately kneeled down next to him and John could feel his hand on his back, rubbing comfortably.

"Dear God, what has happened to you, dear?" the concern was evident in his voice, "Did you get sick?"

John could only nod his head, still he could not force any words out.

"I was looking for you, but couldn't find you," the singer gently moved the hair out of John's face, "Then the bartender told me he'd seen you going this way."

Again, all John could do was nod. He felt horrible, but now that Freddie was with him, he could at least relax a bit. He wasn't alone anymore.

"Did you have too much to drink?" Freddie questioned him softly, still caressing his back, "Don't you worry, dear. We've all been there."

Suddenly his touch was gone, "I'll go get you a water bottle - "

Panic shot through John's body at the thought of being left alone, "N-No!" he grabbed the singer by his arm desperately, not allowing him to stand up.

"A-Alright, darling," Freddie seemed surprised and almost shocked at his reaction, "No water then. I can work with that."

John relaxed again, his hand falling lifelessly on the floor. It felt like he had no power left in his body.

"Have you been throwing up?" Freddie asked and again, John simply shook his head no.

"How much have you had to drink, darling?" this time he seemed almost amused, his tone was lighter and almost playful, "Come, lets get you home. I've already gotten us a cab."

Home.

John's head shot up to look at Freddie and he could see the singer's face turn from amused to shocked.

"John, dear, why are you crying?"

The bassist did not even realize he'd been crying.

"It's all right, don't you worry," Freddie spoke to him like he was talking to a small child, "We'll get you home and you'll sleep it off. How does that sound?"

Again, no answer from John.

The singer took a hold of John's arm, "Alright, can you stand up?"

Somehow John managed to help Freddie pull him back on his feet, but he was still leaning against the wall for support.

"It's freezing outside, we better zip you up. Wouldn't want you catching a cold on top of a hangover," the singer said and John could feel him touching his jacket, trying to find the zipper, but then the singer suddenly stopped.
The silence that followed was deafening.

"D-Darling," he could hear Freddie's voice shaking slightly, "What happened to your pants?"

John realized his belt was still unbuckled and his pants unzipped and he remembered that earlier he barely managed to pull them back up.

"John," the singer's tone was now very serious, "Was someone in here with you?"

The bassist didn't want to answer that.

Freddie gently touched his hand, "Darling, answer my question, please?"

All John could do was nod again. And nothing needed to be said anymore.

"Oh God," were the only words from Freddie.

Was he disappointed in him? The bass player didn't want the lead singer to be disappointed or angry or annoyed by him and his stupidity that got him into this situation.

"I-I'm sorry," he managed to say, meeting Freddie's eyes for the first time since he found him in the toilets.

"Sweetheart, you have nothing to be sorry for," his voice was still shaking terribly, but he managed to keep his calm, "You have done nothing wrong, alright?"

"But - "

"No buts," Freddie again moved the hair from John's face and the bassist could feel his hands shaking as he did so, "We'll get you to a d-doctor and - "

John's eyes widened, "No, no, please. I-I can't. I'm fine."

The singer's tone was very reassuring and calm, "John, dear. I don't know how badly you are hurt."

"I'm not. I-I'm fine. Please."

Freddie seemed to be unable to deny the pleas of the man in front of him.

"Alright. No doctors tonight," he said, then continued, "I'll get you back to my place and you will sleep there, alright? Would you be comfortable with that?"

John nodded, still sniffling a bit. He didn't want to cry in front of anyone, but it seemed as if he had no control of his body.

"Can I?" Freddie carefully asked, motioning towards John's pants and the bassist responded with a quiet 'yes'.

He could feel Freddie gently pull his pants higher up, then zipping them and buckling his belt.

"All done," he forced a smile, even though John could see the concern and shock in his eyes.

He leaned against the singer for support and they slowly stumbled out of the stall and out of the toilets. John was actually surprised at the singer's strength. He was almost carrying his entire body weight, because John's legs still weren't working properly.
Before he even realized they were out of the club and on the street. There was a cab waiting for them and Freddie opened the car door, helping John in. The bassist winced in pain as he sat down and Freddie was beside him in an instant, placing a hand on his leg in concern.

"Oh, darling, are you alright?"

"I-I'm fine, Freddie," he forced out, trying to ignore the strange pain in his lower body.

"You can lean on me, if that'll make you hurt less."

John didn't know what he meant by that and the singer could see the confusion on his face and decided to help.

"Lay down on your side, darling," he instructed gently and John obeyed, "That's it."

The singer then moved so that John's head was resting in his lap. The bass player finally relaxed completely, closing his eyes and almost dozing off. He could feel the singer moving slightly and then he was covered with another jacket. He wanted to speak, he wanted to tell Freddie he didn't need to do that, because he knew the singer had been wearing only a shirt under his jacket. But no words would come out of his mouth as he instantly fell asleep.

Freddie gently caressed the younger man's hair, the darkness in the car making it impossible for anyone to see the sheer horror and guilt written on the singer's face.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was hard to write and I didn't go into details, but I hope you enjoyed!
Really appreciate your reviews. :)
"John, darling, wake up, we've arrived," Freddie spoke quietly, gently shaking the younger man asleep in his lap.

John awoke quickly, but he was still not himself, feeling disoriented and confused. Even though he tried, he could not remember what had happened and where he was. Freddie paid for the cab and when they got out, John stopped in his tracks, refusing to move. His eyes were darting around in confusion.

"Darling, we are at my place. Remember?" Freddie asked, not wanting to frighten the young man, "You've been here before."

It took him a few moments, but John finally recognized everything around him and he visibly relaxed. As they slowly made their way to the singer's apartment, it didn't escape Freddie's attention that the bassist was still very unstable on his feet and would without doubt fall over if he hadn't been holding him by the waist. He didn't know how much John had to drink that night and he cursed himself for ever leaving him alone. But John didn't strike him as a heavy drinker. Perhaps he had a very low tolerance for alcohol? Still, it seemed fishy. Freddie had known many people with low alcohol tolerance, but never that low.

As they stepped into the apartment, Freddie turned the lights on and then immediately led John into his room and the bassist fell on the bed, not uttering a single word.

He could feel Freddie approach him, "John, can you hear me?"

It took a long moment, but the bassist groaned in response, barely opening his eyes to look at the singer kneeling down next to him.

"Do you wish to clean up, dear?" Freddie asked him gently and that was all John wanted at that moment. A shower. He felt extremely dirty, but he knew he would not be able to move on his own.

Finally he spoke, his voice very tired and sleepy, "I-I can't. I'm too - " he trailed off and Freddie nodded in understanding.

"You rest and I'll be right back," with those words the singer stormed out of the room and into the kitchen, grabbing a large glass and filling it with water. Then he returned to his bedroom and found John as he'd left him. On the bed, not moving, but his eyes were open and he was looking around the room, obviously still very confused and out of it.
"Sit up, dear," Freddie instructed, helping the younger man into a sitting position then bringing a glass of water to his mouth, "You need to drink."

John did not fight it, taking a few gulps of water, then moving his face to the side when he had enough. Freddie placed the glass on the bedside table and helped the bassist lay down again.

The singer was doing his best to not get overwhelmed by the whole situation, but he could feel he was failing miserably. Just looking at the young man in his bed, barely conscious, he could feel his entire body shaking with anger and guilt and shock. John still did not say anything about what exactly happened in that stall, but Freddie was not stupid. He had his suspicions. Given everything he’d seen, he could only imagine what happened to the bassist.

Pushing that thought out of his mind, he touched John's hand to get his attention, then spoke quietly, "We need to get you more comfortable, dear. And then I'll leave you to sleep it off, alright?"

John simply nodded and Freddie took the bassist's shoes off, then his jacket. After that his hands instinctively went to John's pants, but he stopped himself in time, wondering if that would be alright with the bass player. In other circumstances, Freddie would see no problem with it. He had done it countless times to Roger when he was drunk and had to be almost carried home and put to bed like a baby. And there were times when Roger helped him remove his clothing as well, when he was incapable of doing so.

But after everything that had happened to John that night, Freddie decided against it and only threw a blanket over the young bassist, covering him up. He sat in silence next to the sleeping man, not knowing what to do next. He only hoped that sleep would help the bassist feel better, but still worried that he made a mistake by not taking him to a doctor.

"Freddie?"

That weak voice pulled him out of his thoughts immediately.

"Yes, darling? What is it?" he turned his whole attention towards the bassist, waiting for his next words.

"I-I didn't drink much after you left."

The room was dark, only the light coming from under the door was allowing them to see small bits of the room. Freddie at first smiled comfortingly at John, then rubbed his shoulder, remembering the bassist was not able to see his smile, "It's perfectly alright if you did, dear. That does not matter."

"But I-I didn't," John insisted, his voice a bit stronger.
Freddie asked, concern evident in his voice, "Did you order anything after I ... After I left you?"

The singer felt the sting of guilt as the last words made their way out of his mouth. He still did not want to face the realization that he had left the bassist alone after promising he would not do so.

"No. Or ... yes, I didn't order it. Someone else did. And paid for it. It was just vodka."

The singer listened patiently, each word that left John's mouth made him slowly connect the pieces as he realized what had happened. Or at least suspected to.

"I didn't even finish the ... gin and tonic," John whispered, his voice breaking at the end. Freddie could tell the bassist was barely holding himself together from the way his voice was shaking and his breathing accelerated.

"Darling," the singer tried to keep the panic out of his own voice, "You accepted a drink from a stranger and finished it? While I was gone?"

"I-I'm so ... sorry. I - "

Freddie realized his tone probably sounded accusing and he mentally slapped himself for that, "Oh, no, no. Darling, I didn't mean it like that. You did nothing wrong."

John was silent and Freddie took those new pieces of information in and let out a deep breath, trying to calm himself down as he felt the anger growing in his body.

"John, darling," he started carefully, "I think your drink was spiked."

"I don't know -." The bassist still had trouble forming thoughts and words. If he didn't know any better, Freddie would think he was drunk out of his mind.

"I believe someone might have put something in your drink," the singer explained, feeling the bassist's body tense as he continued, "I have heard of it before. People spiking other people's drinks in an attempt to make them more ... susceptible to ..." he didn't want to say the word sex, fearing it might upset the bassist, "... certain things," he finished, carefully choosing his next words, "Or better yet, making them less capable of ... resisting," he could not hide the sheer disgust in his voice at the simple thought of that.

Freddie preferred his sexual partners very willing and he could not imagine why anyone would want to bed someone who was anything less than that.

Immediately after he finished the sentence, he heard the sobs from the man next to him. Freddie
cursed himself mentally. The last thing he wanted was to make the younger man feel even worse than he already did. He simply did not know how to act in this situation. Freddie would always comfort people by hugging them, but he was not sure that was the best idea at that moment.

"Oh, darling, it's alright," the singer placed his hand on John's arm, moving up and down, trying to comfort him, "It's alright. You are going to be alright."

John's whole body was still shaking terribly and Freddie could feel it. He could tell the bassist was laying on his side, turned away from him and without thinking he started to slowly rub the younger man's back.

"You are completely safe here. Do you believe me, dear?" he asked and could feel the bassist shake his head 'yes'.

That caused a slight smile to appear on the singer's face. Even though he completely let him down earlier that night, he was glad to be able to provide at least some kind of comfort for the young man.

After a few long minutes, John completely calmed down and judging by his breathing, he had fallen asleep. Freddie carefully got up from the bed, looking at the sleeping man one more time, making sure he was still asleep, before exiting the room.

The singer decided to take a quick shower, he really needed one. He was sweaty and there were all kinds of smells on him. It was the quickest shower he had ever had. The last thing he wanted was John waking up and being alone. After his shower, he changed into fresh clothes and peeked into his bedroom, realizing the bassist was still asleep.

Freddie relaxed a bit and made his way to the living room. He almost collapsed on the sofa, his head on his knees. He felt physically ill. His mind kept replaying the events of the night and each time he remembered he left John alone he felt sick to his stomach. He left the young man alone in a bar he had never been in before, so that he could go and dance with his boyfriend.

Freddie took one cigarette out from his pocket, but he had trouble lighting it as his hands were shaking terribly. After he finally succeeded he inhaled and closed his eyes, trying to calm his nerves. But that did not last long. Suddenly he heard the main door open and close and then a loud voice cut through the silence.

"Oi!" Roger could be heard before he even appeared in the room. The blond seemed surprised to see Freddie there.

The singer immediately jumped, "Roger, keep your voice down, will you?!"

"Why are you still up? Were you out?" the drummer seemed a bit drunk, but not even close to what Freddie expected him to be.
"I was out, yes," he answered, looking away in discomfort.

"With who?" the drummer seemed annoyed, "I've been asking you to come with me for hours!"

"That's besides the point," the singer rolled his eyes, "And be quiet. John's in my room. I don't want him to wake up."

Roger's face went from surprised to confused and then finally his lips formed a smirk, "John? John Deacon? Are you joking? Our new bass player?"

"Yes, John. What is the problem, dear?" Freddie was too tired to immediately catch on to what Roger was insinuating. He brought the cigarette to his lips again, hoping the drummer wouldn't notice how nervous he was.

"How is that fair?" Roger asked, acting offended, "You prohibited me from taking him out with me, insisting you need to work on some songs and then you have a shagging party with him. How is that better?"

Freddie's eyes widened in shock, the drummer was still speaking loudly and he was afraid of John waking up because of all the noise, "Keep your voice down, you ... tart! And, no, no such thing happened - "

"Now I know why you wanted him to stay here with you," Roger laughed, then looked a bit confused, "I must say, he didn't seem the type to be into that kind of stuff, but ... I guess you're just that good?"

The lead singer again rolled his eyes at his drunk friend, "Roger, darling, you are speaking nonsense. Please, go to your room and we will talk tomorrow."

"Where will you sleep?"

Freddie pointed at the sofa, "Here."

"Sure you will," Roger smirked and before Freddie could say anything, the blond disappeared to his room, humming something on the way.

The singer sat on the sofa with a sigh, then leaned back and closed his eyes for a moment. He was positive he was not getting any rest tonight, but surprisingly he was deep asleep in a matter of minutes.
John opened his eyes and looked around. He did not recognize the place he was at and immediately he pulled himself into a sitting position, blinking hard and trying to clear his vision which was still a bit blurry. He looked at the clock and it was 8 in the morning.

Then he remembered.

The club.

His whole body ached and it was a new kind of pain. One he was not familiar with. He covered his mouth with his shaking hand as the memories came flooding back. He simply sat there in Freddie's bed, not moving, staring off into space.

Then there was a knock on the door, startling John and causing him to pull the blanket up to his neck. He relaxed a bit when it was Freddie whose head peaked into the room.

"John, darling, you're up," the singer walked into the room, closing the door behind him.

Even though he was trying to hide it, wearing a comforting smile on his face, John could tell the singer was very nervous. And he felt bad because of it. He didn't want to be anyone's burden. Besides, it was all his fault. Everything that had happened the night before. His actions were stupid.

I should have known better, John thought to himself.

"How are you feeling?" Freddie asked, his eyes not moving from the younger man in front of him.

"I-I'm feeling better," John answered, clearing his throat nervously, "I still feel a bit ... hung-over, though."

"I'll tell you what," Freddie offered another smile, "You go and take a shower and I'll prepare us something to eat. Alright?"

"Freddie, you don't have to do all of this for me -"

"Nonsense, dear," the singer cut him off.

"Where did you even sleep?"

Freddie placed his hands at his hips theatrically, "The living room, dear. There's enough space for all
of us, don't you worry," then he changed the subject, "What was I saying? Ah, yes. The shower. I've already prepared you some of my clothes you can wear."

John had to admit that he really did need and want a shower at that moment. Finally, he simply nodded his head and smiled weakly, trying to get up from the bed, but a surprising pain caused him to sit back down. He let out a pained sob and Freddie immediately moved over to him, a concerned look in his eyes.

"Oh, darling, what's wrong?"

John gritted his teeth at the pain, trying to breathe through it, "I-I don't know. It surprised me, that's all. I'm ... alright."

He could tell Freddie was not buying it, but thankfully he let it slide. John tried again, this time slowly pulling himself up from the bed. The singer was observing him carefully, obviously prepared to catch him if he suddenly fell.

"The ... bathroom?" John managed to ask.

"Right this way, dear."

As Freddie led him to the bathroom, John couldn't help but notice how lightheaded he still was. And the muscles in his body were all very weak and sore.

"Shout if you need anything, alright?" Freddie said in a comforting tone before he left, closing the doors behind him.

The bassist wasted no time, immediately undressing and jumping under the shower. He did not allow himself to think about what had happened. As soon as a thought about that crossed his mind, he pushed it away.

He closed his eyes and let the water wash off all the dirt off his body.

ooo

"Roger, it's your turn. Don't be an arsehole," Freddie stood over the drummer's bed, pulling the covers off of his body. This only caused the blond the turn away in his bed, burying his head in the pillows.

"Roger, if I have to come into this room again, I'll be carrying a glass of cold water," Freddie threatened.
The drummer finally pulled himself into a sitting position, yawning and rubbing his eyes with his hands, "I don't understand why can't you do it."

Freddie rolled his eyes, not believing what he was hearing, "Because it's your turn! I did the grocery shopping last week, remember?"

"No, I actually don't."

"Do hurry up, will you?" the singer then lowered his voice, "John is staying over for breakfast and there is no food in the fridge."

"Well, he's your boyfriend. You feed him!"

Freddie grabbed a pillow and smacked Roger over the head with it, "He is not my boyfriend. Do I have to spell it out for you?"

The drummer let out a yelp, rubbing his head, "That actually hurt!"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, dear. You'd know if I intended to actually hurt you. Which I will, if you do not get your arse up from the bed," Freddie drawled, then snapped his fingers, "Hurry. I expect you to be back in less than half an hour."

With those words he left the room, not giving Roger any time to object. As he passed the bathroom, he paused in front of the doors, listening for any sounds. He could not hear the water running, which made him even more curious. Listening closely, he thought he heard something. But he couldn't be sure.

Finally he decided to knock on the door, "John, are you in there?"

No answer.

"John?" he tried again.

Nothing.

Taking a deep breath, Freddie placed his hand on the doorknob, slowly opening the door, giving the bassist time to stop him if he wanted to.

What he saw, completely broke his heart.
John was sitting on the floor, a towel wrapped around his lower body. His face was wet from tears and when he looked up at Freddie, he only started sobbing again.

"Darling, hush, it's alright," Freddie told him as he crouched down in front of him, wiping the streams of tears away from his cheeks, "Come, dry your tears, it's alright," he soothed as he waited for the younger man to speak.

"Freddie," John finally let out, "What happened to me last night?"

The singer opened his mouth, not knowing what to say. He didn't know for a fact and he couldn't tell him anything. His eyes slowly moved, leaving John's face and traveling down his body. Freddie's stomach dropped as he noticed a large hickey on John's neck. It seemed as if someone bit him really hard, trying to suck the life out of him. It was a large purple bruise, teeth marks clearly evident. Freddie could feel the blood boiling in his veins, but forced himself to keep his face neutral. As his eyes traveled lower, he also noticed a bruise on the bassist's chest and on his shoulder and his arm. Finger shaped bruises.

"Oh, god," Freddie whispered, not able to stop himself.

His wrists were the most bruised and Freddie had to force himself to look away before he'd lose it. He could only imagine what the rest of John looked like. The part that was covered with the towel. He pushed those images out of his mind.

John took another towel, rubbing against his skin violently as if trying to clean himself of something Freddie could not see.

"Darling, don't do that. You'll only hurt yourself," Freddie told him fatherly, as if he was talking to a toddler.

When the bassist didn't stop, Freddie gently covered his hands with his, taking the towel away.

"Freddie?" John finally looked up, meeting the singer's eyes, then looking away in shame again. Freddie noticed this and he tightened the grip on his hands, letting him know it was alright to continue.

"Did I -." the bassist started, his voice shaking, "Last night. Did I have - "

"Did you have what, darling?"

"Sex?" John whispered, his face twisting in pain as the word left his mouth.

And that was all Freddie needed to hear to know what had happened to the young man in front of him. He felt sick to his stomach, realizing the sheer horror that John had to go through while he was
off making out with his ... friend. After he promised he would not leave him alone. He gave him his word. And then that happened to him. The shy boy he met two weeks ago, the boy who could play bass better than anyone Freddie had ever seen. He felt sick knowing that it was him who brought him to that damn club. He could not even imagine how it felt being forced to experience that.

"Did I have ... sex?" John whispered again, looking down in shame.

It broke Freddie's heart to hear that question and he moved closer to the bassist, "Absolutely not."

That caused the bass player to look up at the singer and was surprised to see there was not a hint of doubt in his eyes when he repeated the answer, "Absolutely not. That was not sex, dear."

"I don't remember if -"

"You don't remember what, darling?" the singer asked, bringing his hand to John's back, caressing him gently and he could feel the bassist relaxing into his touch.

"I don't remember saying no," John finally let out, fearing that piece of information might change the singer's mind.

Freddie took a deep breath before continuing, his tone still very soft, "Darling, you were incapable of saying no. The bastard, who ever it was, spiked your drink. The state I found you in - " he stopped, rage taking over him again, but he forced his voice to remain calm, "It is not possible you had given your consent to being treated like that."

Silence followed and John tried to make sense of what had happened. New memories came back with each second and was not sure he could handle them. Freddie patted his knee, "Are you feeling a bit better? Do you need any help ... getting dressed or - ?"

John shook his head, "N-No, I can do it. Thank you."

The singer offered him a large smile, "Marvelous. I'll be in the kitchen, alright? We can talk about everything later, if you'd like, but first you need to eat something," he stood up, making his way to the door, "Hopefully Roger returns from the store soon."

"Freddie?"

"Yes?"

The bassist looked up from his hands, "Thank you for ... everything you've done for me."
For leaving you alone in the club. For letting you get drugged and attacked. Freddie's mind was racing with horrible thoughts, but he forced a smile, "Oh, don't even mention it, dear."

And with that he left the bathroom, giving John the privacy he needed to get dressed. For a long moment Freddie simply stood outside the door, shaking terribly. How could John even find it in himself to thank him for anything? When he was the one responsible for every horrible thing that happened.

Freddie leaned against the wall, feeling too overwhelmed by emotions to stand on his own. John would never forgive him. He would never forgive himself. The band would lose their new found bassist. And Freddie would lose his new found friend. Even though, the bass player had a completely different personality, the singer felt as if they had a strange connection. He knew he wanted to take care of the younger boy. He could see the potential in him, but it was now ruined. It was only a matter of time. John would leave the band, Freddie was sure of it.

Pulling himself together, he made his way to the kitchen, even though food was the last thing on his mind.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, everybody. Thank you for your comments. I know the last chapter was a difficult one, but now it's time for healing. Hope you like it. :)
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie sat at the small kitchen table, smoking a cigarette again. He wouldn't call himself a heavy smoker, but when he was nervous, he could go through a whole pack in less than a day. And he was nervous. He was a nervous wreck. John still had not come out of the bathroom and that worried the lead singer. He didn't want the bassist to be alone with his thoughts. Especially after that conversation they had.

Suddenly noise could be heard. Doors slamming shut. In came Roger, holding two bags of groceries.

"You are killing me, Freddie," the blond placed the bags on the table, then collapsed on the chair, breathing heavily.

"You look like you've just run a marathon, dear," Freddie commented, mocking the younger man.

"My arms almost fell off. I'm not even joking."

The singer laughed at his exaggeration while sorting through all the things Roger bought. The drummer could sometimes be even more dramatic than Freddie. Even an errand as simple as a walk to the store had to be dramatised.

"It's not funny, Freddie. I'm serious," the drummer crossed his arms over his chest, "I really dislike it, you know."

"Dislike what?"

"Doing the groceries!"

"Well, then hire someone who will do it for you, dear."

The drummer grinned, "I will do just that when I'm rich and famous."

Freddie simply nodded in response, only half listening and then his face narrowed in confusion as he searched through both grocery bags again.

"Roger!" he rolled his eyes at the drummer, "You forgot to buy milk."

"No- I didn't."

The singer looked at him, raising his eyebrow, "Are you hiding it in your pocket, then?"

The drummer opened his mouth to protest, then stood up, looking through the groceries himself, "It has to be in here somewhere. I'm ... almost positive I got it."
Freddie brought a hand to his temple, gently rubbing the spot. He was getting a headache. Sending Roger to a store was the same as sending a child. He came back with five different bags of chips, but no milk. Just as they were about to start bickering, a doorbell could be heard and Roger's face lit up, "That's probably Brian," and he ran to let him in. Probably to avoid Freddie's anger.

Not knowing what John liked to eat for breakfast, Freddie started preparing two sandwiches and hoped for the best.

"Good morning," Brian greeted as he walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, hello, dear," the singer replied, trying to make some tea.

"Freddie, are you alright?" Roger suddenly asked.

The singer turned towards him, a bit nervous, "Y-Yes, I'm perfectly fine. What do you mean?"

"I have been living with you for quite a while now and you've never made me breakfast," the drummer raised a brow in interest, "I didn't even know you knew how to make tea."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous. Of course I know how to make tea," Freddie shot back playfully, trying to act normal.

"Who's the breakfast for?" Brian asked, his eyes moving from Freddie to Roger, who only smirked in response.

"It's for- uh - " Freddie started, but was cut off by Roger.

"It's for his new boyfriend."

Freddie rolled his eyes at that comment. He could swear, one day his eyeballs were going to roll right out of their sockets. Dealing with Roger and his imagination was sometimes too much. Brian only raised both eyebrows in interest, but not saying anything.

"And guess who it is?" Roger's grin was even bigger, if possible.

"I have no idea?"

"John Richard Deacon."
Brian could not believe his ears, "John? John is -"

Roger only nodded his head, bursting into a loud laugh. But before Freddie could speak, they were all interrupted by a voice from behind them.

"I am what?"

They all turned to see their new bassist standing at the door, a confused expression on his face.

Brian was the first to speak, breaking the awkward silence, "John! Good morning."

"Morning," the bassist replied quietly, slowly moving into the kitchen, his eyes locking with Freddie's. The singer could see the panic in them and he knew what John was thinking. He was worried if the other two boys knew about last night's events. Freddie slightly shook his head and the bassist relaxed slightly.

"Darling, come, sit here," Freddie stood up, offering his chair and John reluctantly accepted, feeling a bit awkward with everyone staring at him. He hated being put on the spot like that.

When he was sat down, breakfast was placed in front of him. Two sandwiches and a cup of tea.

"I-I didn't know what you'd like -" the singer explained nervously, but John offered a smile.

"It looks delicious," he complimented the singer's efforts, "But you didn't have to."

Brian interrupted the exchange, "I-I didn't know you spent the night here?"

John tensed up again, not expecting the question, "Yes, well- I was -"

"He got sick last night," Freddie jumped to the rescue, "After working on some songs, we decided to go out. And our boy here got a bit drunk, you see. I couldn't let him go home in such a state."

That sounded good enough for Brian and he nodded, ready to drop the subject, but Roger was more persistent.

"You've had fun last night?" the drummer asked, faking innocence, but Freddie could see the slight smirk on his face.

John looked at their frontman, then back at Roger, "It was ... fun, yes."
It pained him to say those words, but he forced a smile.

"Yes, that's very obvious. Very easy to see," the drummer smirked, then gave a nudge to Brian.

Freddie suspected he knew where Roger was going with it, but before he could do anything to stop it, it was already too late.

"What do you mean?" John asked, slightly confused.

Roger only pointed at his neck, chuckling as he did so, "You've got a bit ... just there. Evidence of a good time."

Freddie could see John tensing up and his hands trembling as he brought his hair forward, hiding his neck. At that moment, the singer wanted to strangle the dumb blond, but knew he couldn't really blame him. Roger didn't know anything was wrong. In his mind he was only making a small joke.

Thankfully Brian, the rational one, noticed the awkwardness and decided to change the subject, "Are you all ready? We should be leaving in about an hour."

Both Freddie and John shot him a surprised look, obviously having no idea what he was referring to.

The singer was the first to remember and eyes widened in shock, "Shit. I completely forgot."

"You forgot we rented the studio?" disbelief was evident in Roger's voice.

"Shit," the singer repeated and noticed how tense John seemed again. He could see the bassist completely forgot as well, but that was no surprise. After everything that happened to him, it was understandable that rehearsal in the studio was the last thing on his mind.

"What are you trying to say, Freddie?" Brian was confused, "Did you make other plans?"

"No, no, it's not that," the singer shook his head, trying to think of what to say, "Shit."

Finally John spoke, his voice shaking slightly, "I-I'm not feeling too well today. Do you think you could manage without me?"

Roger and Brian exchanged confused looks and the guitarist was the first to speak, "Actually, we were planning to go through your solo today. I've had a few ideas -"
"But he's not feeling too well, dear," Freddie intervened, "You should have seen him last night. He was throwing up and he almost passed out on me. He should take the day off."

Despite Brian's and Roger's suspicious glares, John stood up, "I-I should go now," he turned towards Freddie, "Thank you for the breakfast. And everything else. But I-I really need to go now."

He stormed out of the kitchen, leaving both the drummer and the guitarist dumbfounded. Freddie hurried after him and caught him just as he was putting his jacket on.

"John, darling," he whispered, not wanting anyone else to hear them, "Where are you going?"

The bassist avoided eye contact, "To my place. I need to be... alone right now. I'm still tired and... exhausted really. I'll talk to you soon."

Freddie placed his hands on the his shoulders, moving closer to him and forcing him to meet his eyes, "You do know you can stay here, darling?"

"I know, Freddie," he whispered, "But...I really need to be alone. Sleep it off, you know."

The singer offered a slight smile, "Alright," then his voice got serious again, "Promise me you are well enough to be on your own."

"I-I promise."

"And promise me you'll come back here tomorrow."

"I don't know -"

"Either you come here or I'll go to your place. I'm being serious, darling. Promise me."

It took a few long moments, but John finally nodded, giving him his word, but Freddie did not feel any better. Just imagining John alone in his flat with those terrible memories while his body was still recovering made Freddie want to lock the boy in his room, but he knew that was the last thing John needed at that moment. All he could do was respect his wishes.

As John was saying goodbye, Freddie jumped, remembering something, "Hold on, dear!"

He stormed to the living room, grabbing his scarf, then returned to John, wrapping the it around his neck, "It's very cold outside, darling."
"You wouldn't want me catching a cold," John said quietly, remembering the singer's words from the previous night.

"No, I wouldn't want that," Freddie replied softly, suddenly feeling the weight of everything that had happened. A simple cold seemed so insignificant now, in comparison.

They stood in silence for a few moments, before John finally spoke, "Tell them I'm really sorry for today," he motioned towards the kitchen.

"Oh, darling, don't you worry about that. I'll handle them," Freddie assured him, not wanting to add to the bassist's stress.

As though John nodded gloomily, the singer could tell that he wasn't doing so well. Before he had a chance to ask him to consider staying at his place again, John was already out the door. With a smile and a wave he left, leaving Freddie feeling like he was making a big mistake by letting him leave. When he returned to the kitchen, he had to face the suspicious glares of Brian and Roger. When neither of them spoke, Freddie brought a cup of tea to his lips, taking a sip, completely ignoring the tense atmosphere in the room.

Roger leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms on his chest. He only raised his eyebrows and waited. When he got no response from Freddie, he finally asked, "Well?"

"Well what, dear?" the singer decided to act dumb.

"Oh don't give me that, Freddie," the drummer seemed annoyed, "One time I was drunk out of my mind, had barely gotten home and you dragged my arse out of the bed, forcing me to go rehearse with you. I couldn't even stand.

Freddie rolled his eyes at that, "Well, you don't need to stand to play the drums. Besides, that is an exaggeration."

"Is it?" the drummer looked at guitarist for support, "Is it, Brian?"

The last thing the guitar player wanted was to get dragged into one of their little fights, but he had to admit the whole situation with John was a bit weird.

"Freddie," he started carefully, "Out of all of us here, you are the one who has constantly been very focused on work. Music comes first, remember?"

"What are you trying to say, dear?"

Roger took over, "He's trying to say that John didn't even look ill and you let him off the hook that
easily."

The singer took a deep breath, looking at his bandmates with almost pleading look in his eyes, "Can you both please take my word for it? He is not feeling too well, trust me. He would be of no use to us in the studio like that."

Roger opened his mouth to protest, but decided against it. They might bicker and disagree on a lot of things, but at the end of the day he did trust Freddie. And he knew the singer would not intentionally be lying to them or doing anything to harm the band.

"Alright," the drummer finally let that subject slide and Brian simply shrugged his shoulders, realizing there was no point in arguing.

"Thank you, darlings," Freddie offered a big smile, then clapped his hands in enthusiasm, "We should leave soon. We also have to make a short stop at the store."

"What? Why?" Roger asked in confusion, but Freddie only gave him a look. The drummer quickly remembered.

Milk.

ooo

Being in the studio was a lot more difficult than Freddie imagined it would be. Besides the fact that he had trouble concentrating, they all realized it was actually really challenging to try and play without the bass sound. Even though they were not recording anything yet, only trying new techniques, it was simply not working.

"Alright, lets try this again," Freddie said with frustration evident in his voice, "Take three."

He could see both Roger and Brian were getting discontented as well and he suspected Roger would soon start throwing things around in rage.

"Three, two, one," Freddie counted and both the drummer and the guitarist started playing at the almost same exact time.

Freddie shook his head, stopping them both, "No, no, no."

Pinching the bridge of his nose in exasperation, he took a deep breath while the other two boys argued.
"You were supposed to wait. Don't start playing so soon after me," Roger shouted at Brian from behind his drums.

"You didn't give me a sign when to start," the tall man shot back.

"Well, you should know when your part starts without me giving you a sign."

"You've changed the rhythm. I'm trying to slow it down, Roger."

"It doesn't need slowing down!"

Freddie decided to intervene before things escalated, "Children, let's try again, alright? Take four."

"I can count down," Roger offered.

"I think I know how to count, darling."

They tried again, but it was not working. Something was missing. Obviously.

"We can't do this without the bass sound," Brian was the first to admit that.

Roger only sat in silence behind his drums, playing with his drumsticks.

"Let's ... Let's take a short break, alright?" Freddie suggested, sitting down in the nearest chair. Brian walked over to him, obviously struggling with something.

The singer noticed that and sighed, "What is it, dear?"

The guitarist was not the one to beat around the bush and he asked directly, "Is there something we don't know?"

"Like what, darling?"

"If your ... relationship troubles are affecting the band - "

This grabbed Freddie's attention and he sat upright in his chair, "My relationship troubles? I wish, dear. I have never been more single than I am at the moment."
Now Brian was getting a bit uncomfortable, "You and John -"

"Oh God, this again?" the singer threw his head back in despair, "I am not doing anything with John. Don't believe anything that comes out of that blond's mouth."

"You two were acting strange this morning," Brian insisted.

"Did you see how Roger was acting? It's no wonder poor John was uncomfortable."

Freddie hated the fact that he was keeping such a secret from his two best friends, but it was not his secret to spill. Besides, he did not want to face the anger and the accusations from them which he undoubtedly would get. He could almost see it in his head. Roger shouting at him for even taking John to a gay bar in the first place. And Brian only shaking his head in disapproval, but not saying anything. Like a disappointed father.

After reassuring the guitarist once again, that there was nothing going on between him and their bass player, they returned to work.

No matter the efforts, it was still not functioning as it should be. Before they could get into a serious argument which would include throwing things at each other, they decided to call it a day. Freddie knew a lot of it was his fault. Even though his body was there, his mind was elsewhere.

ooo

"Roger, have you ever been to John's place?" Freddie asked, making the drummer look up from the magazine he was reading. It was later that evening. Brian had already gone home, leaving the roommates alone in their flat.

"No, but I know where he lives," he replied.

"I know the address as well. I was simply wondering...." he trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"If you should pay your boyfriend a late night visit? I sure hope so. I don't want to hear you two shagging in a room next to mine."

"You might learn a trick of two, dear," Freddie replied elegantly, not even bothered by Roger's jokes anymore.

The drummer acted offended and threw the magazine at the singer with all his strength. It landed in Freddie's lap, causing him to hiss in slight pain, "Watch the cock, thank you very much. I still need it to function properly, you do realize that?"
"It couldn't have hurt you! Don't be such a wuss," Roger laughed.

"It did hurt me," Freddie replied, acting overly dramatic, "It might even bruise."

"Oh really? Show me."

"Buy me dinner first," the singer smirked.

Roger stood up, still laughing, "Are you going out tonight? I might swing by some bars."

"No, I'm fine. I think I'll stay in tonight. I have to work on some songs," Freddie felt like he was repeating the previous evening. If only he could go back in time and do things differently.

"Oh, shit," Roger suddenly swore, "I think I have a date tonight."

"You think?"

"I'm almost sure."

The drummer disappeared to his room, only to return a few minutes later, all dressed up.

"Don't wait for me," he smirked, making his way to the door.

"Yes, I was planning on doing just that with my spare time, dear," Freddie replied sarcastically and Roger only waved in goodbye.

Soon Freddie was alone in the flat. He poured himself a glass of champagne and sat at the piano, placing his hands on the keys. Not knowing what to play, he began to slowly start a tune, his fingertips dancing across the keys. It always managed to calm him down.

After a few minutes of playing, Freddie froze, thinking he heard something. He waited in silence and then he heard the unmistakable sound of a doorbell. Suspecting it might be Roger, returning for his keys, he made sure he took his sweet time before finally answering the door.

But it wasn't Roger.

Standing on his doorway, shivering like a leaf in the wind, was John.

"Darling, come in," Freddie immediately pulled the bassist inside, closing the doors behind him. He
led the younger man into the living room, rubbing his arms on the way, trying to warm him up. John sat on the sofa and Freddie followed, moving closer to him, a worried expression on his face.

"Sorry for...bothering you," the bassist slowly started, "I didn't know where else to go."

"Don't apologise, dear. You know you are welcome here any time of the day or night," the singer assured him, then took a hard look at the boy in front of him. He was still wearing the clothes Freddie gave him this morning.

"Are you alright, darling? Where have you been?"

John looked up at the singer, "I couldn't go home. I didn't want to be alone and I... went to this coffee shop and I sat there."

"You were in a coffee shop this whole time?"

The bassist only nodded. Freddie closed his eyes, trying to get a hold of his emotions. He couldn't bear the image of John sitting alone in a coffee shop for hours. Again, he cursed himself for ever allowing him to leave in the morning.

"I don't feel so good, Freddie," John spoke quietly.

Immediately the singer tensed up, his caring side kicking in, "What do you mean, dear?"

"I...hurt all over," his voice was barely above a whisper as he looked around in concern.

"Roger's not home, darling. You don't need to worry."

The bassist nodded and visibly relaxed.

"Where..." Freddie started, not knowing if he should ask or not, "Where do you hurt?"

"Everywhere," he whispered, looking completely defeated, "It's even worse than last night. Or this morning."

Knowing full well what kind of a reaction he was going to get from the bassist, Freddie still decided to state the obvious, "Darling, you should see someone. Let me take you to a doctor."

"N-No," sheer panic was evident on John's face, "I-I don't want to."
"I understand that, dear, I really do. But I'm worried about you."

"It'll... pass," John looked down at his hands, "It's supposed to hurt, right? That."

John was visibly very uncomfortable and he kept avoiding eye contact. Freddie started to feel physically sick hearing those words come from him and he shook his head, "No. It is not supposed to, darling. Don't say that."

He could see the younger boy was very conflicted about what had happened to him. He kept confusing his ... attack with sex and Freddie was not having any of that.

Leaning closer to the bassist, he placed his hand on his knee comfortingly, "Is that what you are worried about? That the doctor might think you are gay?"

John took a long moment to answer, then he shook his head slowly, "It's not that, Freddie."

"Then what is it, darling?"

"I can't ... I can't be touched like that. Examined. I simply can't."

Freddie could not find it in himself to push this matter further, even though he knew he should. The boy in front of him seemed completely broken and frightened. How could he ask him to do something he so clearly does not wish to do?

"Alright, no doctors," the singer gave in, then continued in a reassuring tone, "But let me help you. Can you do that, dear?"

Judging by the confused look John gave him, Freddie knew the bass player had no idea what he meant with that.

"Tell me where it hurts," the singer said softly, "Do you still feel light headed? Or sick?"

"Not really, just ... sleepy. Tired, but my brain does not want to shut down," John admitted, then paused for a long moment before continuing, "And my whole body hurts. This thing on my n-neck," he pointed to the horrible hickey.

Each time Freddie saw that thing, he wanted to punch a hole in the wall. Despite his boxing years, he was not a naturally violent person. But as he stared at that mark on John's neck he could feel rage growing inside his body. If only he knew who did that to him. Freddie knew what that mark meant, especially in the gay world. It was done to mark someone as their possession. Freddie had done it
many times in the past and other people had done to him as well, but it was always consensual.

He cleared his throat, keeping his voice as reassuring as possible, "That will pass in a few days, darling. Don't you worry. You won't even remember it was there."

Those words were a lie, he knew it. There was no possibility of John ever forgetting about what happened.

The bassist smiled weakly at Freddie's words, then continued, "My wrist hurts. My hips. It hurts when I move or sit or anything, really and..." he trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

After a long silence, Freddie finally spoke, "I am so terribly sorry, darling."

John smiled again, "It'll pass. It has to."

The singer could not believe the bassist still had it in him to smile. Where did he find the strength to smile at him? Even if it was out of politeness.

"No," he started, locking his eyes with the bassist, "I'm sorry for everything. So terribly sorry."

"What do you mean?"

Freddie could feel himself starting to shake, "I-I'm sorry for allowing this to happen to you."

John was confused for a moment, but he quickly realized what the singer meant, "Freddie. I-I hope you know I don't blame you for anything. You have nothing to be sorry for."

"I left you alone," the singer closed his eyes, not wanting to see the bassist's face, "I promised I wouldn't do that."

"I literally pushed you to the dance floor."

"Oh, darling. I'm stronger than you. I could have stayed if I wanted to, but... I didn't do that," horrible guilt was evident in his tone.

Silence.

"I don't blame you, Freddie."

Such simple words. But they meant so much. The singer had to swallow hard and blink a few times
because he could feel his eyes slightly burning. Why was he tearing up?

Clearing his throat, he offered a big toothy smile to the young bassist, deciding to change the subject, "Would you like something to eat, darling?"

"I've eaten already. That coffee shop offered a wide variety of donuts and cakes and I don't need anything else."

Freddie chucked, "You sound like Roger."

That made the bassist narrow his eyes in worry again, "How did it go today? At the studio?"

"It went.... " the singer was lost for words, "Lets just say, we have done worse before. But we've also done better."

"That bad?"

"It just means you are truly indispensable, dear. We can't do this without you."

John could feel himself blushing. No other band he was in ever treated him like that. He felt as if he not only gained a possible future job, but friends as well. The singer's kind words gave him enough confidence to ask a question he had been wanting to ask since arriving at Freddie's flat.

"Freddie, can I... can I spend the night here? I'll sleep on the sofa. I just don't want to... be alone."

John hated how needy and desperate he sounded. But at that moment he could not bring himself to care. He didn't want to be alone. Even those few minutes he was alone under the shower were horrifying. His mind went to a dark place he never wanted to visit again. But being with Freddie made him feel safe and taken care of. Even though he was pretty out of it the previous night, he could remember how easily he had fallen asleep with Freddie near by.

"You don't even need to ask, dear. Besides, I would not allow you to leave, anyways."

Chapter End Notes

I really love reading your comments. Let me know if there's anything you'd like to see happen in the next chapters. Also, Brian and Roger are soon going to find out about what happened, don't worry. :)}
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John could feel the weird feeling of panic creeping in as it got darker and darker outside. Throughout the day he could control his thoughts, but as the night approached, he could not fight the awful memories that came flooding back.

Him and Freddie have been talking about normal things, simply chit chatting. It was almost as if they were trying to convince themselves nothing was out of the ordinary. They talked about music, Freddie's love for cats, Roger and Brian and all the other normal things. John was trying his best to ignore the absolute pain his body was in, how his muscles ached everytime he moved and how his bottom burned each time he was not careful with how he sat. Quickly, he pushed those thoughts out of his mind, trying to focus on Freddie's words.

Even though he was at Roger's and Freddie's flat, sitting on the sofa, with the singer right next to him, he could feel his throat close up with sheer terror. Throwing a glance at the window, he realized it was completely dark outside. Soon it will be one whole day since ... that happened.

"Darling, what is the matter?" a soothing voice brought him back to reality.

He met the singer's brown eyes and simply stared at him, lost for words.

"I've noticed you haven't been completely present for the last couple of minutes," Freddie said, eying the bassist carefully.

John simply shrugged, trying not to worry the singer, "It's nothing, really."

Freddie gave him a concerned look, then moved closer to him with a slight smile, "Darling, I might have ... something to help with your ... that," he pointed at the mark on his neck, "Would you like to try?"

The bassist nodded, feeling a bit uncomfortable about his hickey being brought up again, but if Freddie had something that could possibly help him, he was all for it.

"I'll be right back," the singer stood up and disappeared from the room.

As soon as he was left alone, John started to feel nauseous. His mind was racing, all the memories hitting him like a slap to the face.

*Being grabbed from behind.*
Pushed into the stall with his face pressed against the wall.

Hands gripping at his lower half.

His wrist twisted painfully behind his back.

"Here I am, dear."

Freddie.

John felt all the tension slowly disappearing and he could breathe again. He looked at the singer, blinking back the tears that threatened to spill.

"It took a while for me to find it," Freddie spoke, eying the tub in his hands, "I use it on my cuts or small rashes. It's supposed to - " he looked up at the bassist finally, noticing his red eyes, "Darling, what's the matter?"

John couldn't answer his question. How could he even begin to explain that he couldn't handle being left alone? He could feel Freddie's burning gaze on him, looking him up and down, desperately trying to figure out what could have happened in those few minutes he was left alone.

The bassist blinked away the tears and cleared his throat, "What... what were you saying? It's supposed to make cuts heal faster?"

Freddie understood and decided not to ask any more questions. Instead he turned his attention to the tub in his hands, unscrewing the lid off, "It prevents permanent scarring and infection."

The thing on John's neck was not a normal hickey, but a bite mark. And it seemed pretty deep, Freddie noticed. It was probably bleeding last night, but he failed to notice. Another thing he has failed John at.

"Alright, here you - " Freddie offered the tube to John, expecting him to take it from his hands, but the bassist simply leaned closer, exposing his neck to the singer.

It took a moment for Freddie to react. He didn't think the bassist would be comfortable with him applying the salve on him. Thankfully, John didn't seem to notice the singer's surprise or his initial offer of the tube. His head was turned to the right and he stared at wall, waiting patiently. Freddie finally forced himself to move, dipping his fingers in the tub and slavering them with salve.

"It might be a bit cold," he warned the younger boy.
John hissed a little when Freddie's fingers touched his neck, rubbing the salve gently into his skin. Freddie tried not to press too hard, knowing how painful it had to be. He could literally see teeth marks and it made his blood boil. He smoothed the cream all over John's skin, making sure to rub it in thoroughly. It didn't escape his attention how John seemed to relax into his touch.

"All done, darling," he said in a comforting tone after he was finished, but before John could move away, he pulled a small band-aid from his pocket, "I also found this. I thought you might want it," he said carefully, "Perhaps it would be easier to look at the band-aid than at .... that. Until it heals."

John looked at the small plaster that the singer was holding, "Yes, please," he pleaded almost inaudible. Freddie would not have heard it if it weren't for the complete silence surrounding them.

Leaning closer to the bassist, he carefully placed the band-aid over the mark and smoothed it with his index finger.

"There we go," he said with a smile, "All done, darling."

"Thank you for doing this, Freddie," John whispered, bringing his hand up to touch the plaster on his neck, "Now I look like I've been attacked by a vampire."

Freddie laughed, still a bit surprised the bassist was capable of cracking jokes.

"I wonder what Roger and Brian will say after they see this," John commented, concern evident in his voice.

"Er... John," Freddie started carefully, "There is something I would like to discuss with you."

"Yes?" the bassist looked alarmed, waiting for Freddie to continue.

The singer knew it was not going to be easy, but he had to at least try, "Have you told anyone about what happened?"

The question seemed to make John nervous again and he swallowed hard, breaking eye contact with Freddie.

"Your family, perhaps? If not, are you planning on telling them?" the singer tried to keep his voice gentle, not wanting to upset the younger man or pressure him into anything.

"N-No, I haven't told anyone," John finally answered, still looking down at his hands, "They don't live near and .... " he trailed off.
Freddie nodded in understanding, "How about your friends?"

John blushed in embarrassment. He did have friends, acquaintances, people he would occasionally hang out with, but he would not call them close friends. And he certainly would not feel comfortable telling them about what happened.

"Not really, no," he answered quietly.

"Darling," Freddie started carefully, "Have you thought of perhaps telling Brian and Roger?"

The bassist looked up, panic in his eyes. Seeing the look on his face, the singer suddenly felt a strong urge to simply hug the boy in front of him. It probably would not be the best idea, but seeing John look so fragile and frightened made Freddie feel very protective of the boy.

He tried again, "You would tell them only what you feel comfortable with. It would make it easier for you, darling. They would understand," he hoped he didn't sound harsh. He didn't want to scare John off.

"I-I can't, Freddie."

"Why not, dear? They are your friends, you know. They do care about you."

John knew that was true. In two weeks of knowing him, they made him feel like they were family. Extremely welcoming and caring. Not once did he feel like he did not belong. And he was afraid that might change if they found out.

Finally he spoke, his voice barely above a whisper, "I don't want them to look at me differently."

"Why would they do that, sweetheart?"

John could feel himself blushing at the way Freddie addressed him. In a weird way it made him feel like he could tell anything to the singer and that it would be alright.

"I know I have to tell them something," the bassist replied, "With my ... inability to play or do anything musically.... I know they are going to question it. I know I owe them an explanation."

Freddie placed a hand on his knee comfortingly, "First of all, darling. You don't owe anything to anybody. Your business is your own. If you do decide to keep it to yourself, you have my full support."
The bassist seemed more in control of himself now, hearing Freddie's words. His breathing had stabilised and his face was slightly less flushed.

"However," the singer continued slowly, "I think it would do you good to tell them, dear. We are your friends and we would like to help you. Do you believe me?"

"I-I don't know how they'll react," John confessed quietly, "I can't handle ... saying it. Looking at them while ..."

Freddie tightened his grip on the bassist's knee, "Darling, I can tell them, if you want me to."

It took the younger boy a few moments to process that and when he finally looked at the singer, he seemed indecisive, "Y-You could do that?"

"Of course. But only if you want me too."

John seemed to contemplate the idea and he seemed lost in his thoughts for a few moments. Then his eyes widened up in slight panic, "W-What exactly would you tell them? I mean ... how?"

"Only what you want me to. Nothing more," the singer repeated, calming the bassist down.

Silence followed. Freddie started fearing he made a mistake by suggesting that to John. Perhaps he was out of line? It was John's personal business and it was his decision who he wished to tell. Although, Freddie himself desperately needed someone to confide in. He could not bear the weight of the guilt on his shoulders anymore. At the same time he feared if Brian and Roger found out, they would do exactly what he was doing to himself. Blame him for everything. But that didn't matter.

As long as they help John, it doesn't matter if they blame me for everything, Freddie thought to himself.

"A-Alright."

That weak voice pulled Freddie from his thoughts, "Alright?" he repeated.

John looked up at him, his eyes teary, even though the bassist tried his best to fight it, "You can tell them. But please... I can't be there when you do. I can't ..."

He knew it was probably for the best, but the sheer thought of Brian and Roger knowing what happened to him, made panic wash over John. He felt ashamed knowing they would hear about what was done to him. He could not even see Freddie clearly anymore, his vision was blurred with tears, just waiting to be spilled.
And that made him feel even more embarrassed. Looking up at the ceiling, he tried to blink them away or... back.

He could feel one tear escape and instinctively Freddie reached over and brushed the tear away with his thumb. John found his hand really warm and comforting. Before he could lean into the touch he recently started associating with safety, Freddie immediately backed away, apologising, "I-I'm sorry, darling."

John tensed up, a small voice inside his head telling him that Freddie was disgusted by him. Why wouldn't he be? He saw what was done to him in a dirty bathroom stall. Why would he want to touch his skin? Why would anyone want to do that?

"Are you alright, dear?" Freddie's concerned voice brought him back to the present.

Quickly he nodded, "I'm f-fine," then he changed the subject, "I didn't realize it was that late."

Freddie looked at the clock.

Half past midnight.

"Do you wish to go to bed?" the singer asked, "You know where my room is, right? Ignore how messy it is, darling."

"I-I can sleep on the sofa, really. I don't mind," John did not want to inconvenience the frontman. He was already doing him a big favour by letting him sleep at his place.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, dear. Besides, I'm not sleepy yet. I think I'll stay here, work on some songs," Freddie said, then smiled, "You go and rest."

John felt uneasy. He did not want to go to Freddie's room alone. He did not want to be alone.

"Oh, I'll just stay here too, then," he replied, but Freddie eyed him suspiciously. Something was off. The younger boy was not telling him everything. It was very evident that he desperately needed sleep, but still he refused.

"John," Freddie started slowly, "Is there something I should know?"

The bassist let out a short laugh, but there was no humour in it. It sounded like a nervous laughter and it worried the singer even more.

"Freddie -"

"Yes?"
"Are you sure you're not... sleepy?" John shyly looked up at the singer, his eyes almost pleading. He did not want to say the words out loud and he hoped that Freddie would somehow magically understand what he was trying to say. The awkward silence that followed made him lose hope in that.

Freddie stared at him for a few long moments, not understanding the question.

And then he figured it out.

Slowly he covered his mouth with his hand, fake yawning and stretching, "I am becoming a bit sleepy, dear."

John's eyes lit up, "You are?"

"I think so, yes. Besides, Roger does not shut up about his beauty sleep. I might try it out tonight."

Without saying anything else, he stood up and John followed, gritting his teeth as pain shot through his body again. He ignored it and thankfully Freddie did not notice anything.

ooo

As he stared at Freddie's bed, John realized he was not prepared for this sleepover. He could not sleep in the pants he was wearing. They were Freddie's and uncomfortably tight. He could see the singer quickly changing in the corner of the room, slipping in pyjama pants.

John usually slept in his underwear, but that would not be appropriate now. Especially because he was wearing Freddie's boxers and they were slightly too big for him. As if he could read his thoughts, Freddie appeared next to him, offering him pyjama bottoms. John accepted, then awkwardly stood there while the singer tried to make the bed comfortable, fixing the pillows. He wondered if he should go to the bathroom to change, but then decided against it. Freddie changed in his presence, he could to that too. Besides, the room was dark, only a few candles were lit.

John quickly pulled his pants down and changed into the comfortable pyjama bottoms. Against his better judgement, Freddie threw a glance at the bassist while he changed. He did not want to look and intrude on his privacy, but he had to look. Even though he knew what he would see, he still could not force himself to look away.

Dark purple bruises. On John's thighs and his hips.

Freddie had to stop what he was doing, feeling bile rising in his throat but he swallowed it back down. He felt his legs shake and had to sit on the bed to collect himself. Even though he tried to push
those thoughts away, Freddie felt like it was him who did that to the younger boy. He was older and more experienced than John. He knew better. Or... he should have known better. Better than leaving John in a place full of drunk, drugged and horny men. He should have kept an eye on him, like he promised he would. Instead he was against the wall, making out with one of his boyfriends. He was enjoying himself while John was -

"Are you alright?" John suddenly asked, interrupting his thoughts.

Freddie cleared his throat, forcing a big smile, "Of course I am. Come here, darling. It's warmer under the covers. The room is a bit cold, Roger and I are trying to cut down on the heat. Last's month's bill was outrageous."

John knew something was off with Freddie's behaviour, but decided to let it slide. He slipped under the covers, realizing Freddie was sitting on the very edge of the bed.

"I don't need this much space," he smiled awkwardly, "Besides, its your bed, Freddie. I don't want to be a burden - "

"Nonsense, you are not a burden, dear," Freddie returned the smile, then slipping under the covers as well, moving a bit closer to John. He did not want to fall off the bed.

After a moment of silence, John finally decided to approach the subject that was on his mind since their last conversation in the living room.

"Freddie," he started slowly, "What are you going to tell Brian and Roger?"

"What do you wish I tell them?"

Not being able to handle thinking about the subject for too long, he simply shook his head, "Whatever you think is appropriate. I-I trust you."

Freddie did not know what he did to deserve that trust. Even though John's words made him feel all warm inside, he could not ignore the horrible feeling of guilt that came along with it.

The bassist continued, his voice barely above a whisper, "What if... what if they won't believe you?"

"What do you mean, darling? Why wouldn't they believe me?"

It pained John to say those words out loud, but he had to, "What if it was my fault? What if I could have stopped it? Stopped .... him."

He felt Freddie suddenly sit up in bed and turn to look at him. His voice was very firm as he spoke,
"First of all, dear, you were drugged. That ... cunt, who ever it was, felt the need to drug you."

John winced at the singer's words. Even though he was aware of that, it still hurt hearing it out loud. It made it more real.

"Second of all," Freddie continued, "Even if that wasn't the case, if he was physically stronger, there was nothing you could have done. And I don't want to hear you blame yourself, alright?"

"A- Alright," John replied, even though there was still that little voice in his head, telling him that he could have prevented it.

"And don't you worry about Brian and Roger. They would never think any of this was your fault."

The bassist could only hope that was true. Although he couldn't decide what would be more awful. Them pitying him or them thinking it was all his fault.

John closed his eyes and forced his body to relax. There was a complete silence in the room and he could hear Freddie's slow breathing. For some reason he found it very comforting and soon he could feel himself drifting away.

Freddie was nowhere near to being sleepy. As he sat in his bed, he wondered if he could quietly leave the room once John fell asleep. He could work on some songs. He also really needed a smoke. Judging by the relaxed breathing coming from the boy next to him, it seemed like he had succeeded in falling asleep. Freddie decided to wait a few more minutes to be absolutely positive. His mind wondered off and he found himself worrying about the inevitable conversation he would soon have with Roger and Brian. He couldn't believe that John trusted him enough to allow him to speak in his name. To share something so personal about him. He only hoped he did not pressure the boy into it.

A quiet whimper interrupted his thoughts. It came from John and Freddie noticed his breathing had also quickened.

"John? Are you alright?" Freddie whispered, placing his hand on the bassist's shoulder, but he got no reaction.

Another whimper escaped the bassist, this time louder and he started to move his head uncontrollably and his legs were twitching. It seemed as if he was trying to escape from something.

"Darling, wake up," Freddie gently shook the bassist by his shoulders. When that did not work, he tried again, this time with more strength.

John seemed to finally wake up, but he was still trying desperately to fight something off of him. Freddie tried to calm him down, noticing he was breathing too fast and too shallow, making it
impossible for him to catch his breath.

The bassist flinched away from the touch, "Don't - " he cried out, complete and utter panic evident in his tone, "Don't touch me! Please... stop..."

Freddie immediately backed away, holding his hands up, "I won't touch you, darling. It's alright."

"Please - "
"I won't touch you, I promise," the singer soothed him, noticing he was slowly calming down. He was still shaking terribly, but he was not violently trashing around anymore.

"F-Freddie?"

"Yes, darling. It's me."

John was completely still for a long moment, but then his hand flew to his mouth as he untangled himself from the covers and ran to the bathroom. He did not even bother turning the light on, simply dropping to the floor in front of the toilet. His stomach contracted painfully, leaving him heaving and gasping. Nothing was coming out, but John could feel another wave of nausea wash through his body, his weak form shivering from the sheer force. A quiet sob escaped his dry throat between the heaves. He did not even notice when the light in the bathroom turned on.

Suddenly he felt a warm hand on his back and it only caused him to sob harder. As the heaving subsided, his breath shakily calming down, he could hear Freddie's gentle tone.

"It's alright, darling."

That only made him sob harder. It was not alright. It was never going to be alright. When he was positive that nothing was coming out, he moved away from the toilet, forgetting for a second that his body was still very much hurting as he made the mistake of sitting down on his bottom. Immediately a pained hiss escaped him and he changed the position, leaning on one side to sit.

Finally he dared to look up at the singer, meeting his warm brown eyes. Freddie said nothing, simply observing him with concern.

"I-I'm sorry, Freddie," John managed to whisper, remembering his reaction in the bedroom and the way he shouted at the singer.

"Don't worry about it, dear."

The bassist wanted to explain everything to him. He wanted to explain that he had a nightmare and
when he woke up, he couldn't see who was touching him. He couldn't see. That was why he panicked, not because of Freddie's touch.

But he was not able to form any words. His head was throbbing too much.

"Do you wish to go back to bed?" Freddie softly asked and John simply nodded. The singer slowly helped him stand up and walk back to the bedroom. After they got back to bed, John still felt enormous guilt over shouting at the singer. Not being able to communicate through words, he hesitantly touched the singer's arm with his hand, hoping to convey a message with that. He could feel Freddie's surprise, obviously not expecting that gesture. But then the singer simply placed his other hand on top of John's, running a thumb over his skin. John could not remember anything after that as he fell into a deep sleep.

It was around nine o'clock in the morning when Freddie finally woke up. It was a bit late, but after the night he had, it was understandable. He looked at the bassist sleeping next to him, noticing how peaceful and relaxed he seemed. How innocent.

Slowly, he slipped out of the bed, not wanting to wake John up. He deserved all the sleep he could get. Freddie could only hope there would be no more nightmares to deal with.

He walked to the bathroom, going through his usual morning routine, but then he heard voices coming from the kitchen. Recognizing the voices as Brian's and Roger's, the singer tensed up, realizing he had the perfect opportunity to explain everything to them. John had voiced his opinion of not wishing to be in the same room when they found out. And now he was asleep which gave them the time and place to have the talk. Freddie forced himself to make his way to the kitchen, rubbing his temples on the way, already feeling a headache coming.

"No, Roger. November does not have 31 days," Freddie could hear Brian's annoyed voice.

"Yes, it does!" the drummer argued.

"No. That's October."

That seemed to confuse Roger for a second, "Wait - I thought we were talking about October."

"You said November. Very loud and clear!"

Freddie interrupted the discussion, walking into the kitchen and sitting down with a tired sigh.
"You look like shit," Roger commented before the frontman had a chance to say anything.

"Good morning to you too, dear," Freddie replied, taking a cigarette from the pack that was on the table.

Both Brian and Roger stared at him as he lit the cigarette and took a long drag. They could both notice that something was off.

The singer finally met their questioning gazes, "We need to talk about something."

That seemed to concern Brian, but Roger only arched his eyebrow, "Perhaps about a certain bassist sleeping in your room again?"

Freddie seemed confused, "How did you - "

"His jacket is in the living room," Roger smirked, clearly very proud of his talent for noticing details.

Brian could see the singer struggling for words and that worried him because that did not occur often. Whatever it was, it seemed to be a very important matter. Clearly, it escaped Roger's attention, because there was still that smirk on his face.

"Tell me, Freddie," the drummer continued, clearly very amused, "Is this thing going to keep on happening? Do I need to start looking for a new flat?"

The singer took a deep breath, ignoring Roger's comments and that seemed to finally alarm the drummer.

"Oi, are you alright?"

Freddie looked at both of them, simply shaking his head, "There is no easy way to say this."

"Are you quitting the band?" Roger asked, a shocked expression on his face.

"What? No, that's not - "

"That is exactly how Tim started the conversation when he left," the drummer looked at him suspiciously, "If you leave, Freddie, I swear to God - "

"I'm not leaving the band, you tart," Freddie rolled his eyes.
Roger continued, "Is John leaving?"

"Oh for God's sake - "

"No one is leaving the band," Brian finally intervened, looking at Freddie, "Is that correct?"

"Yes. Thank you, Brian," the singer brought the cigarette to his lips, inhaling deeply before continuing, "Two nights ago, John and I went out for drinks."

"Yes, we already know that?" the drummer said, looking confused.

Freddie nodded, "Yes, well... We went to this .... new place. Gay club. It was meant to be a fun night out," he paused for a moment before forcing the words out, "And something happened while we were there."

He stopped for a moment, thinking about his next words.

"Yes?" Brian asked, "What happened?"

Realizing there was no other way around it, Freddie simply said, "John was ... attacked there."

Both Brian and Roger seemed puzzled and Roger was the first one to speak, "What do you mean? He got into a fight with someone?"

Freddie swallowed hard, looking down at the table, ignoring the questioning gazes from his two friends.

"You two got into a fight with someone?" Roger asked again, not understanding what the singer was saying.

"Not really, dear," Freddie's voice was very quiet, "I only left him for a few minutes and when I came back, he was nowhere to be seen. I-I asked the bartender and he told me he saw him stumbling towards the toilets."

"Freddie, what are you trying to say?" Brian asked, very calmly.

"I found him in one of the stalls," Freddie tensed up as he remembered the horrible events, "At first I thought he drank too much and got sick."

The silence in the kitchen was deafening.
"Someone mugged him or - " Roger questioned, still not connecting the pieces.

Freddie shook his head, bringing the cigarette to his lips again. Both Brian and Roger noticed his hands shaking as he did so.

"You are scaring me, Freddie," the drummer admitted, waiting for him to continue. He had never seen the singer behaving in such a way.

Freddie refused to meet their eyes as he carried on, "His ... pants were undone and his belt ... unbuckled. Someone ... was in there with him before I found him."

"What do you mean someone?" Roger asked, slowly losing his patience.

"A man," the singer answered, finally meeting the drummer's eyes and observing as realization slowly downed onto him.

Silence.

"Are you saying - " Brian finally spoke, but was unable to finish the sentence.

Roger was staring into nothing, complete shock on his face.

Freddie decided to continue, "I believe something was put in his drink. He was barely conscious when I got to him and - "

"Hold on, Freddie," the guitarist interrupted, "Are you saying that John was assaulted? Sexually?"

The singer visibly flinched at the last word. He intentionally avoided using that word, because John himself had not said it yet. And he wanted to go at his pace, whatever the bassist was comfortable with. Roger tensed as well when he heard Brian's words, his eyes wide open, looking from Freddie to Brian, but not uttering a single word.

"I-I believe so, yes," the singer confirmed the guitarist's suspicions, "He still has not said it himself and I don't know any details, but given everything I've seen... I suspect that was the case."

Brian seemed at loss for words.

Finally Roger spoke, "Are you serious, Freddie?"

"I know I joke about a lot of things, dear, but do you think I would joke about something like that?"
The drummer did not reply to that.

Silence filled the room again, until finally, Brian cleared his throat and asked, "Did you contact the police?"

Freddie shook his head, "No, no one was contacted."

"Well, has he seen a doctor? Is he ... alright?"

"I wanted to take him to a doctor but he refused," the singer explained, "He started panicking the second I mentioned it."

Roger finally spoke, his tone harsh, "You should have taken him there anyway. What if he's seriously injured? Who knows what was put in his drink?"

"Do you really think forcing him to do anything was a smart move after what happened to him?" Freddie shot back and he noticed the anger in the drummer's eyes. Just as he expected.

"What were you thinking, Freddie?" Roger raised his voice, "Gay club?"

Brian intervened, "Hold on, Rog. It does not matter what kind of a club it was."

"Oh really?" the drummer seemed really pissed off now and he stood up, rage boiling inside him making it impossible to sit still, "I doubt it a girl could have done something like that to him."

Freddie remained silent, staring at the table in front of him. Everything Roger was saying, he had already said to himself. It did hurt hearing those words coming from his friend, but Freddie knew he deserved it.

Brian tried defending him, "Those things do happen in normal clubs as well, Roger. That is besides the point here."

"No, because in normal clubs there are normal people! Girls, straight guys, not .... " Roger stopped himself, but it was already too late.

Freddie looked up, wearing a sad smile, "Not freaks. Faggots. Fairies. And now obviously rapists. Is that what you are saying, Roger?"

The drummer immediately seemed to regret his words, "I didn't meant it like that, Freddie."
"It's fine. Forget about it," the singer replied coldly.

Brian decided to interrupt their fight, concentrating on the important stuff, "Do you have any idea who did it? Did John see him?"

"I don't think so, no," Freddie replied, "He hasn't said anything."

"We must search for that sick fuck," Roger spit the words out, "Did John say anything - "

The singer let out a sigh, "He said nothing about the guy. He's in a lot of pain at the moment and just wants to rest."

Roger opened his mouth to speak, but then closed them again, his expression changing from angry to tormented, "Oh, shit. The things I said," he looked at the singer, "About the two of you. About his.... Oh God. Why didn't you say anything to me?"

"I told you to shut up, darling."

"You always say that."

Brian seemed to remain the most calm, even though he did wear a very worried expression. But there was no anger, only concern for their new bassist. He too would like to find the guy that did that to John, but his primary concern was the well being of the boy sleeping in Freddie's room.

"He needs to see a doctor," he finally spoke, looking at his two band mates.

Freddie agreed with him, but he did not have it in him to force the bassist into it.

"Yeah," Roger added, "There are a lot of sexually transmitted infections out there, especially in the....gay scene and he needs to get tested. Have you told him about that?"

The singer shook his head, "I couldn't. He's not ready to hear it yet."

"Well he needs to hear it. Syphilis and gonorrhea are not things to joke about. Not to mention viral infections such as herpes simplex and warts," Roger explained and both Freddie and Brian looked at him with a surprised expression.

"Well, I did study Biology, you know," the drummer said in response to the surprised and amused looks he was getting.
Brian took a deep breath, trying to collect his thought, "I can talk to him about that. Or perhaps Roger could as he is more knowledgeable on the subject."

"Does he know that we know?" the drummer asked and Freddie nodded, explaining that he had the bassist's approval.

And then everyone was silent, lost in their thoughts, still absorbing the news. Freddie had to admit he did expect to receive a lot more anger directed towards him from both Roger and Brian. Not exactly shouting and rage from Brian, but perhaps a lecture and sheer disappointment. But the guitarist did not seem to blame him at all. And if he did, he did not show it.

Roger on the other hand, would always fly off the handle very easily. If Freddie knew anything about the guy who attacked John, he would without a single thought help Roger beat the absolute shit out of him. On second thought, he would not need Roger's help. He would do it himself.

"I need to leave for a few hours, I'll be back soon," the drummer suddenly said, turning to Freddie, "Make sure John is still here when I come back."

Both Brian and Freddie were surprised to hear that, but the drummer would not offer any explanation as he threw his coat on and left.

"Don't do anything stupid," Brian shouted after him, then shook his head. Who was he kidding? This was Roger. Of course he was going to do something stupid.

Freddie was silent, lighting another cigarette and inhaling deeply, closing his eyes for a brief second as he did so.

"Are you alright, Fred?"

That question seemed to surprise the singer and he forced a smile, "Of course I'm alright, dear."

"You seem a bit tired."

"Are you trying to say I look bad?" Freddie faked annoyance.

Brian smiled at the singer, "You know you always look fabulous, Fred," he then continued in a more serious tone, "Don't forget to take care of yourself as well. And don't take Roger's words too seriously. You know what he's like. He didn't mean it."

The singer simply shrugged, bringing the cigarette to his lips again. He would be lying if he said that Roger's words did not stung, but it was not about him and his emotions at that moment. The only
person that mattered was John.

"Are you alright?" Brian asked again.

"Darling, yes, I'm alright," his eyes went wide, emphasising the word.

The guitarist seemed to accept that answer and he stood up, "I'll prepare us some tea."

"Make yourself at home," Freddie replied, wondering when John would wake up.

He did feel like a weight was lifted off his shoulders, now that he did not have to keep the secret from his band mates. Telling Brian and Roger was the right thing to do. He felt at peace knowing that the bassist would now have two more people looking out for him. The impulsive, sometimes short-tempered Roger and the calmer, more logical Brian.

"With milk?" he heard Brian ask.

"Of course, dear."

He only hoped the three of them would be enough to help John recover.

Chapter End Notes

Finally Brian and Roger found out! Thank you all for your comments and ideas, I hope you are still enjoying the story. Let me know what you think.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John could feel himself waking up, but his eyelids were too heavy to move just yet. He extended his arm and felt around the bed, realizing he was alone. That made him open his eyes and he looked around the room, trying to collect his thoughts. This time he didn't panic, remembering the events of the last night and knowing exactly where he was.

Freddie's bedroom.

Still half asleep, he forced himself to sit up, listening carefully for any sounds. He could hear talking, but was unable to recognize the voices or make out any words. Thinking it was probably Freddie and Roger having a conversation, John simply collapsed back into bed, curling up into a fetal position and trying to fall back asleep. He didn't know what time it was and he honestly didn't care. There was nothing that would excite him enough to get out of the bed. Besides, he childishly refused to face anyone. He could handle Freddie, but anyone else? No. He simply couldn't.

Then a thought crossed his mind. He remembered giving Freddie his permission to tell the rest of the band about what happened to him. Immediately he tensed up, wondering if the singer had told them already? Or perhaps they were having the conversation at that exact moment?

John pulled the covers over his head, wanting to completely disappear. But his bladder refused to cooperate and protested, forcing the bassist to somehow get up from the bed and make his way to the bathroom.

ooo

John returned to the room only a few minutes later, his body numb from the shock and fear. His face was blushed from absolute shame and he flinched when he found Freddie waiting for him in the room.

"There you are, darling," the singer offered a big smile, "How did you sleep?"

John simply stared at the man in front of him, wishing he could tell him what the problem was, but was unable to. He couldn't get the words out.

Freddie seemed to be taken aback by his silence, but decided to ignore it, thinking the boy was still very much in a bad condition.

He tried again, "Brian's in the kitchen. Come join us for breakfast."
When again, he only received silence as the answer, Freddie's brow furrowed in concern. After further inspecting the boy in front of him, he realized something had to be wrong.

"John, darling, what is the matter?"

The bassist looked at him, then away again, grimacing in ... pain? He crossed his arms over his chest, trying to close himself off from Freddie and the rest of the world. At that moment he wished he could just die. He wished for the floor to open and swallow him.

"John," the singer tried again, his tone very serious now, "Either you tell me what the matter is, or I will be forced to take further action."

He did not want to pressure the bassist into anything, but at that point Freddie could not simply pretend everything was alright. He had the obligation to take care of the boy and if that meant being harsh at times, then so be it. Roger's words earlier that morning really made Freddie realize some things. And he was still cursing himself for not forcing John to see a doctor.

But immediately after he said those words, he could see panic wash over John and as the bassist looked up at him with wide opened eyes, full of fear and Freddie could not stand it. He could not handle being the one who made John that frightened.

He moved closer to the boy, bringing a hand to his shoulder comfortingly, "Darling, I-I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

John relaxed slightly, but was still not saying anything and Freddie was starting to really worry. He even thought of getting Brian's help, not sure he could handle the situation himself anymore. He wasn't even sure if he was doing anything right in this while damn thing. Judging by Roger's words, he royally fucked up at the very beginning and it only went downside from there. Freddie lowered his head in complete defeat, not knowing what else to do.

"Freddie."

That immediately made him look up at the bassist, "Yes, darling?"

He took notice of John's blushed cheeks and red eyes. Was he crying again? It took all Freddie had to not just embrace the boy in his arms. But he forced himself to stand still as he waited for him to continue.

"I think... I'm... there's ... " John struggled to form a sentence, avoiding eye contact with Freddie, but after a few moments he finally gave in, "I-I'm bleeding."

"What?" was the only response from Freddie.

"T-There's blood," John whispered, a small part of him hoping the singer would not be able to hear
"What do you mean?" Freddie immediately panicked, leaning away a bit so he could take a good look at John. At first he thought the bassist somehow hurt himself. Upon noticing no visible wound or injury, he met John's eyes, looking confused.

John really hoped he would not have to say the words out loud. He desperately hoped, prayed, that Freddie would know what he meant.

"Where, darling?" the concern was evident in the singer's voice.

Completely humiliated, John forced himself to speak, "I-I went to the bathroom and I-I noticed... There's ... "

He couldn't say it. He couldn't. At that moment he seriously contemplated the idea of leaving Freddie's flat and never coming back.

When he finally forced himself to meet the singer's eyes, he could see it was slowly dawning on him.

"Oh," was all Freddie said.

But there was only concern on his face, not a trace of disgust or awkwardness that John expected. Still, he had his suspicions that the singer was probably hiding his true emotions to avoid hurting his feelings. Even John felt disgusted by it and it was his body. Why wouldn't Freddie be?

"Oh, darling. Get dressed, we're going to see a doctor," Freddie said, his voice not leaving any room for arguments. It was not a request, but an order and it immediately alarmed John.

"No," he forced out, taking a step away from Freddie. He could feel the fear building inside of him, threatening to explode.

"We are going, dear," the singer ran a hand through his hair, looking around the room, "I should get dressed too. Where is my jacket?"

"F-Freddie, I don't want to go," John stuttered, slowly backing away from Freddie who failed to notice that as he searched for his jacket.

"It's probably in the living room. Yours is too. Let's go, darling," he took a step towards John and that seemed to frighten the bassist as he violently jerked away from him, slamming hard into the wall behind him.

"No, no, no, no," he kept repeating, staring at Freddie with such a frightened expression that the singer immediately realized he made a huge mistake.

John slid down the wall slowly until he sat on the floor with one arm extended in front of him as a defense, a barrier between him and Freddie. "P-Please. Don't make me go there."

Freddie immediately regretted the way he acted, almost ordering the boy and completely ignoring the signs of panic he was displaying at the first mention of a doctor. At that moment he was the reason for John's panicked state and he slapped himself mentally for his ignorance.

"Darling, breathe," he spoke softly, "I am not going to hurt you. I simply want you to be alright and you are not at the moment."

"D-Don't force me to go there."
Those words broke his heart. *Fuck Roger*, Freddie thought to himself. How could he expect him to ignore John's pleas when he was very clearly broken? How could he expect him to force him to see a doctor? He couldn't do that.

Freddie made his way to the trembling bassist, kneeling down next to him, "I am not going to force you, darling. It's alright. No one is going to force you into anything you don't want to do."

He could see his words were slowly making a difference and John relaxed a bit, still not completely alright.

Freddie took a deep breath, closing his eyes for a brief moment and then he slowly asked, "How much?"

That seemed to confuse John, "How much - ?"

"How much blood is there?"

John thought it could not get more humiliating than it was at that moment. He could feel the heat in his head and was positive his face was completely red. He was *mortified*. How did Freddie expect him to answer that question?

"Darling, you need to tell me," the singer said softly, "If you refuse to see a doctor, than at least let me help. As much as I can, that is."

At the mention of the doctor, John thought about taking his words back, insisting he was alright. But he was frightened. Completely terrified of what was happening to his body. He was not capable of dealing with it all by himself.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to answer, "I-I don't know. Not... much. Just barely. But ... it's there."

"I was hoping that wouldn't happen, dear," Freddie confessed quietly.

John tensed up. Just the thought of Freddie thinking about it or having an image of that in his mind, made John sick.

"Y-You knew that could happen?" he asked, his tone barely above a whisper.

"I did. It was to be expected, given the situation," Freddie explained, a pained expression on his face, "I did think of asking you, but ... " he trailed off.

John closed his eyes for a moment, wishing he could be anywhere else but where he was. In Freddie's bedroom, talking about his ....
"It's not a lot, Freddie," he whispered, "It just ... scared me."

The singer reached out and brushed his hair away from his face, "If it gets worse, you need to tell me, alright?"

John nodded. Freddie decided to keep to himself the decision that in case it got worse, he would be taken to a doctor. Even if he had to step away and let Roger carry the bassist there himself. With nothing else to say about that subject, Freddie smiled, "Would you like to join us for breakfast?"

"I-It's just Brian, right?"

"Yes, Roger went out earlier this morning," the singer replied, then seemed to struggle with his next words, "John, dear. I want you to know that I've told them about what happened."

"Oh," now suddenly he didn't want to join them for breakfast.

"Don't you worry," Freddie tried to comfort him, "They reacted as I expected them to. Everything is alright. You don't have to say anything about it to them, if you don't want to. Just come eat something with us."

His stomach growled at the mention of food. He couldn't remember the last time he had something to eat. Probably the previous day at the coffee shop.

"Chop chop," Freddie rubbed John's knee, then stood up, helping the bassist to his feet, "Oh, darling. While you are staying here, there is a pack of new toothbrushes under the sink in the bathroom. And you already know where my closet is. Take what you need, make yourself at home and if there's something missing, come tell me, alright?"

John smiled gratefully, feeling completely overwhelmed by the singer's caring personality. Even though he could not imagine himself wearing Freddie's clothes, it was all he had at the moment.

"Er, one thing," Freddie suddenly said, "Top left drawer? Don't open that, dear. Ignore that drawer."

"Why?" the words escaped before John could stop them.

"Trust me on that," the singer replied, then walked towards the door, "I'll see you in a few minutes?"

The bassist nodded and Freddie disappeared from the room. John would be lying if he said he didn't feel a bit curious about the top left drawer, but he pushed that thought out of his mind.
About twenty minutes later John was making his way to the kitchen. He tried to find the most normal looking clothes in Freddie's closet, but that was not easy. The singer had a lot of women's clothes, which surprised him. But at the same time, Freddie could pull off anything he put on his body. John on the other hand... couldn't. He'd look ridiculous. His nerves were killing him, especially when he heard Freddie and Brian talking. He tried to keep a neutral face as he entered the kitchen, greeting the other two.

"John, hi," Brian said a bit too cheerfully.

"Darling, would you like coffee of tea?" Freddie asked.

"Er... tea would be lovely, thank you," he answered quietly.

John could feel the guitarist staring at him, observing him as if he was so fragile he could break into a million pieces at any moment. So much about them treating him the same as before. Still, he decided to ignore that, although he did have trouble meeting Brian's eyes as they small talked their way through breakfast.

"Where did Roger go?" he remembered to ask and noticed that Freddie and Brian both exchanged glances.

The singer was the first to speak, "He ... didn't say. Probably had some errands to run. He'll be back soon."

John nodded, then decided to approach the subject that he knew he had to talk about with Brian. He cleared his throat nervously, then looked at the guitarist, "Brian, about yesterday. The rehearsal. I'm really sorry - "

"Oh, don't worry about that," he cut him off, offering a smile, "The rehearsals can wait. We are in no hurry, really. You just... you just feel better."

The bassist blushed again, realizing how awkward the tiptoing around the subject matter was.

"I told you not to worry about that, dear," Freddie added cheerfully, "Everything is alright with the band."

Those words did make him feel safe, but he couldn't help but feel under pressure, even though everyone was telling him there was no need for it. He was the newest member. They could just replace him, if they wanted to.

"I-I think I'll be fine in a couple of days," John said, even though he himself did not believe it. He
wanted to believe it.

"Darling, no one is rushing you into anything."

Brian quickly agreed, "Yes, Freddie's right. We could use this time to write songs."

"I am working on three new songs at the moment," the singer said, "Hopefully they'll be finished in a couple of days."

The guitarist nodded, "I've also written one. Well, kind of. I'm not sure if it's strong enough."

"Oh dear God, is it depressing?" Freddie rolled his eyes, "You always write such depressing songs. I don't like singing those."

"It's not depressing, Fred," Brian shot back, "But yes... it's sort of... serious."

"Well, is it very vocally challenging?" the singer asked, then looked at John, "Sometimes I wonder if he's intentionally trying to make me rip my throat to pieces."

John watched the two men bicker in front of him and he was glad the attention was off of him for the moment. He also couldn't help but smile as he listened to their playful banter. After breakfast John asked Freddie if he could retire to his room, needing some time alone. He was exhausted from all the social interaction.

"Of course, darling, you don't need to ask."

After they were left alone in the kitchen, both Brian and Freddie exchanged glances.

"He looks...fine," Brian said quietly, not wanting the bassist to hear him.

Freddie shook his head, "He's not fine, darling."

"What do you mean?"

The singer did not want to go into details, wishing to protect John's privacy, "I mentioned taking him to the doctor earlier this morning and he completely freaked out."

Brian thought about it for a moment, "Perhaps Roger could talk to him?"

Freddie looked at him as if he'd grown another head, "Roger? I don't think that's a good idea."
"Think about it, Freddie. He did study biology. He has more knowledge about this than both of us."

"He studied to be a dentist," the singer said, "I don't think John needs help with his teeth at the moment."

"Fred. He has some knowledge about it. You heard him this morning."

"That might be true, but he lacks empathy," the singer replied, lighting a cigarette.

"Are you still angry about what he said? About - ?" Brian did not want to finish that sentence.

Freddie brought the cigarette to his lips, inhaling, then simply shook his head.

"He didn't mean it, Freddie."

"I know that, Brian, dear."

Freddie knew. He could still remember the time when he admitted to the drummer that he might like men. He was terrified of his reaction, but the drummer simply shrugged, saying "I don't care if you like cocks, as long as you leave mine alone."

The singer smiled at the memory.

After a few minutes, Brian and Freddie retired to the living room and started to work on some songs, with Freddie occasionally playing the piano. He did wonder what John was doing and if he was alright, but figured the bassist simply needed some alone time. John knew where to find him if he needed anything.

ooo

A few hours later both Brian and Freddie were still deep in work, completely forgetting about the time. While the singer stared down at his notes, crossing some words out and singing quietly to himself, Brian leaned back on the sofa, awkwardly clearing his throat to get the singer's attention. When that didn't work, he called his name, "Fred?"

The singer looked up at him, raising his eyebrows.

Brian continued, struggling with words, "There is something I haven't told you yet."

"Yes?"

"Yesterday I booked us a gig at this bar. They're having a rock and roll night this Friday."

Freddie's face lit up with excitement, but then he remembered, "Shit," was all he said.
"If I had known about John, I wouldn't have - "

"I know, dear," the singer replied, taking a deep breath, "What should we do? Should we cancel it?"

"They are offering a good amount of money," Brian carefully said, "Perhaps ... we could replace John just for that night."

"Absolutely not," Freddie shot that idea down immediately, "We can't do that."

"It was only a suggestion."

Freddie could not do that to the bassist. Not after promising him they would wait for him to get better, not after seeing his eyes lit up after being told he was irreplaceable.

"What do I do then? Do I cancel it?" Brian asked, then slowly added, "Perhaps we could ask John if ..."

"If he could ignore what happened to him the last time he went to a bar and get on that stage in front of a crowd full of screaming people? After being ... attacked the way he was?" Freddie shook his head, closing his eyes for a moment, "He can barely get out of the room, Brian."

Before the guitarist could reply, they heard the front door opening. When Roger appeared in the room, both Freddie and Brian gave him a puzzled look. When he disappeared in the morning, they had no idea where he went, but judging by his appearance he managed to not get into any trouble.

"Oh, look who's back," Brian said as he waited for the drummer to speak.

"What have you two been doing?" Roger asked, noticing the notes on the piano.

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "We've actually been doing something productive, Rog. Can I say the same for you?"

"Yes, actually. You can," he shot back, "Is John here?"

"He's in my room. Why do you ask?"

Roger approached them, his voice lower, "After hearing everything this morning... a thought crossed my mind."
"Must have been a long and lonely journey," Freddie said sarcastically.

The drummer ignored the comment, pulling some things from his pockets, "I got these," he said, putting the unopened pack of pills on the table in front of them. He then sat next to Brian, pulling something from his other pocket, "And... these."

Another pack of pills.

Freddie leaned closer, taking the tablets in his hands, eyeing them carefully, "What are these for?"

"The ones you're holding are strong painkillers," he replied, then looked at the ones on the table, "And those are sleeping pills."

Freddie furrowed his brows in confusion, not sure what to say.

Brian was the one to speak, speaking like a disappointed father, "Roger, please, tell me you didn't steal those."

The drummer acted offended, "Who do you think I am?"

"Roger," Freddie said, hoping that Brian's suspicions were incorrect.

"I didn't steal them," Roger rolled his eyes at the accusations, then simply grinned, "I had someone else steal them for me."

"Roger!" both Brian and Freddie shouted at the same time.

"Would you both calm down? I kinda dated this girl and she is a medical student," the drummer explained nonchalantly.

"I am pretty sure that is a serious offence," Brian said, still looking shocked. It seemed as if he was almost afraid of touching the tablets as he eyed them cautiously.

"Well, its done now. No need to dwell on it," Roger brushed the subject aside, looking down awkwardly, "I-I thought John could use these."

Even though he was quite childish and explosive at times, there was a lot of caring in Roger. Sometimes he would surprise you in the most unique way.

Freddie smiled at the blond, "I think John could really use these at the moment."
"Are you sure they are safe?" Brian was still skeptical about the whole ordeal.

"Trust me," was the only reply from Roger.

Freddie stood up, wondering if he should go see John or if he should wait for the bassist to come out of his room on his own. He did not want to disturb him. But it's been a few hours since they last saw him. Finally he decided to check on the bassist, knocking on the door lightly.

"John?"

When he got no answer, he slowly opened the door, peeking his head in. He found the bassist curled up in his bed, sleeping peacefully. The sight made Freddie smile, knowing that at least he was getting the rest he so desperately needed. It would take a long time for John's mind to recover completely, but at least his body was resting.

Freddie returned to the living room and found the other two boys in a middle of an argument.

"I don't think that would be a good idea, Rog," Brian shook his head.

"Why not?"

"You should not get involved in such things. That is why the police are for."

That got Freddie's attention, "What are you two talking about?"

Roger looked at him, "We are going somewhere tonight, Freddie. You and I."

"We are?" the singer could not keep the surprise from his voice.

"We are going back to that club," the drummer explained, "You said that John's drink was probably spiked. Well, we need to talk to the bartender then."

Freddie remained silent, looking from the disapproving Brian to the completely-in-the-detective mood Roger. The singer would be lying if he said the thought of going back to the club to investigate did not cross his mind, but he could not leave John alone.

"The police - " Brian tried again, but was cut off by an angry Roger.

"The police would do shit and you know it. Back me up, Freddie. A sex crime between two men?"
They would just write it off as a lovers’ quarrel.”

Freddie had to agree with the drummer. He doubted John would be taken seriously, even if he decided to report the crime, which Freddie knew would never happen.

"You with me, Freddie?" Roger asked, pulling the singer from his thoughts.

After a moment of silence, the singer nodded, "We should probably leave immediately. I don't want John to wake up while I'm gone."

Brian shot them both disapproving glares, but decided to remain silent. It was obvious he would not change their minds.

"Brian, dear. Can you watch over John?" Freddie asked, his face a bit worried, "Hopefully he won't, but if he wakes up, take care of him, alright? And under no condition are you to let him leave."

The guitarist nodded, promising to stay at the flat and keep an eye on the bassist. When Freddie and Roger left, it was already getting dark outside. They took a taxi to the club and Freddie fought back the awful memories that came flooding back. It was like déjà vu, relieving that night all over again, only this time it was Roger in the car with him, not John. They barely spoke, the tension from this morning still in the air.

When they arrived at the club, Roger asked the taxi driver to wait for them, saying it would only take about ten minutes or so. As they crossed the road, making their way to the club, Freddie felt anger building inside of him. Just the thought that John's attacker could be in there tonight, made him sick to his stomach. People were already there, a few of them standing outside, smoking. When they entered the club, they were immediately greeted by loud music. For the first time in his life, Freddie could not enjoy it. They walked straight up to the bar and when a bartender approached them, Roger leaned over Freddie, shouting to be heard over the din, "We have a question, mate."

Freddie already noticed it was a different guy than it was two nights ago, "It's not him, Roger."

The drummer nodded, but still decided to continue with his questions, "Do you know who was working here two nights ago? Around this time, maybe later?"

Freddie looked around, but did not see anyone familiar. He let Roger do the talking as he was not feeling like himself at that moment. The guilt that he was successfully pushing away, had returned the moment they stepped into that damn club. He could see it clearly in his mind. John feeling sick and dizzy, desperately searching for him at the dance floor, wanting his help, but unable to find him. He wondered how the bassist must have felt, being left all alone in this place, completely out of his comfort zone.

Roger's voice pulled him from his thoughts, "Oi, are you alright?"
Freddie simply nodded, "Yes, yes. I'm fine. What did you find out?"

He completely spaced out, not hearing a single word of the conversation Roger had with the bartender.

"The guy that was working that night is having a few days off," Roger said, letting out an annoyed sigh.

"How convenient."

"They wouldn't tell me his name, but he'll be back here soon. We could check in a few days?"

"Oh, you can be sure of that, dear," Freddie said, something dangerous in his tone.

He would not make eye contact with Roger as he kept staring off into the distance. The drummer noticed that, but decided to ignore it. He figured the singer was still angry at him for the cruel words that left his mouth at the breakfast.

"Where were you, Freddie?"

The singer snapped back to reality, "W-What do you mean?"

"Where were you when that happened to John?" Roger asked carefully. The singer had told them he left John alone for a few minutes, but Roger knew Freddie. Even when they went out together, they both had a habit of sticking together. One would always know where the other one was. He could not imagine Freddie dragging John of all people to a place like this and then simply abandoning him.

Freddie looked down and Roger could see the shame on his face as he did so.

"You don't want to know that, dear."

"Try me," the drummer moved closer to him, making it easier to hear each other around deafening noise, "I know you wouldn't just leave him - "

Freddie cut him off, "And what if I did just that?"

"You said you left him only for a couple of minutes. Did you go dancing or what?"

Roger could clearly see the singer's inner conflict. He kept biting the inside of his cheek and playing with the zipper on his jacket.
"Freddie - 

"I went to dance and I could see him from where I was. I kept checking on him, but then .... " Freddie stopped, swallowing hard, "I met up with someone."

"What do you mean?"

"If I had stayed on the dance floor, I could have seen him. I could have noticed him not feeling well and stumbling towards the restroom."

Even through the music Roger could hear Freddie's voice shaking.

"Fred, it's still not your fault - "

"I left the dance floor and had a quick shag in the dark corner in one of their backrooms," Freddie forced the words out, finally meeting the drummer's eyes and raising an eyebrow, "And I've enjoyed it quite a lot."

Roger felt a bit taken aback at that, not sure what to say.

"Do you still want to continue defending me, darling?" Freddie asked and shook his head, not believing what he just admitted.

That was what was killing Freddie inside. Not the fact that he went dancing, he remembered he could see John clearly from where he was. If only he had stayed there dancing. Like he promised he would. Then none of it would happen. But no. He saw one of his boyfriends and decided for a quick shag. That was what he kept from John. He knew the moment John found out about it, he would hate him. He would absolutely despise him. And rightfully so.

Freddie felt Roger's hand on his shoulder, gripping it gently. When he finally dared to look up at the drummer, there was no anger in his eyes, like Freddie expected. He could tell that Roger was taken aback, a bit uncomfortable, not sure how to process what Freddie had told him.

At least he was not beating the shit out of him, Freddie thought to himself.

"We should leave," the drummer finally said and Freddie could not agree more.

Only a few minutes later they were outside, but their taxi was nowhere to be seen. Both looked around in confusion and Roger swore loudly, "That fucking wanker. I told him to wait for us."
Freddie shuddered at the cold, crossing his arms over his chest, "This night could not get any better, dear."

"I'll go call us another one," Roger said, "I'll be back soon," with those words he disappeared back into the club, leaving Freddie alone by the side of the street.

"Shit," the singer said, letting out an annoyed sigh.

Because their taxi escaped, it would take longer for them to return to the flat. Freddie only hoped that John would not wake up in the meantime. Not that he did not trust Brian, but somehow he felt he could handle John better. He felt it was his duty to take care of the boy.

He walked away from the entrance of the club and then he heard it.

"There's one fag right there."

Against his better judgment, Freddie turned around towards the direction the voice came from. And then he saw them. A few men down the road. Judging by their behavior they seemed drunk. Wasted. Freddie was not the only person standing outside the club, but he was the only one who was alone. An easy target.

"That's where they gather and have their orgies, the fags," he heard one of them say to the other.

"We should burn the place down."

Freddie could feel himself getting nervous, he hated these kinds of confrontations. Especially when it was a group of people against him. He was too tired for that and he sincerely hoped he would just be left alone. He kept his eyes on the ground, ignoring the voices that kept getting closer and closer.

"You there!"

That was meant for him. He ignored it.

"Who did you steal those clothes from? Your sister?"

That made Freddie turn around and face the men that approached him. There were four of them and it made him nervous, but he kept his face neutral, "Is there something I can help you with?"

"It talks!" one of the men laughed and then others soon followed.
Freddie contemplated simply walking past them and back into the club, but somehow he doubted they would let him. That was why he stood his ground, keeping calm. One of the men took a threatening step forward, but Freddie not not move, simply raising an eyebrow at him.

"Wish we could burn all of you fags. You're good for nothing, only spreading diseases around our town," the man spat at him. Then he pulled the cigarette from his mouth and flicked it at Freddie who did take a step back this time.

"Oi! What the fuck did you just do?"

At hearing Roger's voice, Freddie let out a breath he didn't know he was holding in. The blond was beside him in a second, staring threateningly at the large man in front of Freddie.

"The fuck did you just do?" the drummer asked again, rage clearly evident on his face.

"Lets just leave, Rog," Freddie said, grabbing his friend's arm in an attempt to pull him away.

"Rog," the man laughed, "What a cute nickname. Tell me, is that what he calls you when he's deep inside - "

The man did not manage to finish his sentence as Roger lunged at him, punching him hard in the face. The force of it made them both tumble to the ground.

"Roger, stop!" Freddie screamed, trying to pull the drummer off of the guy.

The other men needed a few moments to react and Roger managed to punch the guy a few more times before finally being yanked off of him by Freddie.

"Say that again!" the blond screamed at the guy who was still on the ground and wrestled, trying to escape Freddie who was holding him by his waist.

The guy spat blood and could not get up as he simply sat on the ground, surrounded by his drunk friends. Neither of them tried anything. The sight of a crazy Roger was probably enough to keep them at distance.

"Fucker!" Roger growled, trying one last time to escape Freddie's grip, but the singer was not letting him go.

"Would you calm the fuck down, Roger?" Freddie snapped from behind him.

The drummer took a few deep breaths and it seemed he did relax a bit, but Freddie still did not trust
him. Thankfully their taxi arrived just in time and the singer almost dragged his friend to the car, pushing him inside and then crawling in himself.

A minute later they were already on their way home, driving away from the horrible scene on the side of the road. They were both completely silent, not knowing what to say. Judging by his breathing, Roger was still upset, but at least he was not kicking and punching anymore. Freddie was overwhelmed by it all. Even though he was confident he could take care of himself, his previous years of boxing leaving him with fast reflexes and knowledge of where to hit, he despised violence. It was not the first time he was insulted in public and he usually just brushed it off. He didn't really care what people said about him. But this night was different. Freddie felt the danger of the situation the second that man approached him. He was lucky Roger appeared when he did.

He turned to look at his blond friend and found him staring into nothing, his eyes completely blank. Then he noticed the way Roger rested his right hand on his knee and his hand looked horrible.

"Roger, darling!" Freddie gasped at the sight, "What did you do?"

He gently touched the drummer's hand, noticing his knuckles were already showing signs of bruising and they were bleeding.

Roger simply shrugged, "It's nothing."

"It looks painful," the singer disagreed, "When we get home, I'll take care of it."

This time Roger said nothing, simply letting Freddie gently caress his hand.

"Why did you do it, darling?"

It took him a long moment to answer, but when he finally did, Roger's voice was quiet, "No one is going to act like that with you. Not if I can stop it," then he got angry again, "Those fuckers."

Freddie could not describe all the different emotions that washed over him as he heard those words. He swallowed hard, trying to force the lump in his throat down. He moved a bit closer to the drummer, leaning against him.

"But still," Freddie finally continued, trying to keep his voice normal, "Look what you did to your poor hand."

"You should see the other guy," Roger replied cockily and they both laughed.

The bad things between the two of them from that morning were forgotten. They were a family after
all.

Chapter End Notes

What do you think? Did Roger make up for his stupid words at breakfast? ;) Thank you for reading!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When Freddie and Roger finally returned to their flat, they found Brian sleeping peacefully on the sofa, his arms crossed over his chest. The guitarist was not woken up by the noise and both Roger and Freddie exchanged amused glances. They could have been robbed and Brian would just sleep right through it.

The drummer cleared his throat loudly which caused Brian to jerk awake, immediately sitting up and looking around confused.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Roger said, sitting down next to him and putting his feet on the small table in front of them.

"M-Morning," Brian replied, his voice hoarse, "What's the time?"

"It's almost midnight," Freddie answered, "He's taking the piss out of you, darling," he added, then disappeared from the room.

The guitarist looked at the drummer who only stared back at him with a big grin on his face.

It took Brian a few moments to pull himself together, but then he asked, "Did you found out anything?"

Just as Roger was about to answer, Freddie returned to the room, "Is John still sleeping?" he asked, a worried expression on his face.

Brian nodded, "I think so, yes."

"Are you sure about that?" Roger teased, "He could have easily slipped out of the flat while you were taking a nap. I don't think you'd notice if he sang while walking past you."

That earned him a hard look from the guitar player, "I'm sure. He did wake up after you two left."

Freddie tensed up, "He did? Was he alright? What did he say?"

"Nothing much," Brian answered, then paused for a moment before he continued carefully, "He looked a bit in pain and ... I decided to give him the pills that Roger brought. One of each. It knocked him out, I think."
"Good," the singer relaxed, knowing that was what the bassist needed at the moment. As much rest as he could get. Satisfied with the fact that John was sleeping safely in his room, he turned his attention to Roger, moving closer to him, slapping his feet that were resting on the table. The drummer groaned in annoyance, but removed his feet from the table so that Freddie could sit down on it. It was then that Brian noticed the first aid kit that Freddie was holding on his knees. Immediately he looked at his two friends, searching for any kind of injury and that was when he saw Roger's hand.

He grimaced, "Roger, what the hell happened?"

"Nothing you need to concern yourself with. Got into a bit of a bar fight," the drummer replied, brushing the subject aside.

Freddie took a deep breath, but kept his mouth shut. The memories of the fight were still very fresh and he was still pretty shaken up. The last thing he wanted was to explain everything to Brian.

"What fight?" the guitarist insisted, then his voice got more quiet, "Did you find the guy who - ?" he didn't finish the sentence, but everyone knew who he was referring to.

Freddie looked at him, a dangerous gleam in his eyes, "If that were the case, you'd probably be baiting us out of jail, darling."

"Then what happened? Who did Roger punch?"

The drummer sighed, noticing how Freddie kept avoiding meeting Brian's eyes, "It was just ... some guy. Some arsehole, saying disgusting things."

"What disgusting things?"

Both Freddie and Roger realized that the guitarist was not going to let the subject pass without getting some kind of an answer.

Roger simply shrugged, "About ... Freddie."

It seemed that Brian understood what he was saying, "Oh."

Freddie offered a quick smile, probably to let Brian know that he was alright. Then he looked at the drummer in front of him, "Your hand, dear."

Roger rolled his eyes, "Freddie, this really is not necessary - "
But the singer left no room for arguments as he repeated with a stern voice, "You hand, please."

The blond seemed to give in and he moved his wounded hand, placing in on the singer's knee. Freddie grimaced again, seeing the bruising and the blood, "I have to clean it."

Roger flinched a bit when he singer first touched the torn skin on his knuckles, but then he put on his usual hard face, only gritting his teeth every now and then as Freddie disinfected the cuts. The drummer noticed that Freddie was even more caring and gentle with his touches than usual. Also there was something on his face. An expression of guilt.

"Hey, you know it's not your fault, Freddie," he suddenly said, making the singer look up at him.

The logical side of Freddie agreed with the drummer. He knew he was simply standing outside, minding his own business, not doing anything to provoke an attack. Still, there was that voice that kept saying it was his fault. At least partly. Without saying anything, Freddie started bandaging Roger's hand and the blond seemed to disagree with that.

"I really don't think that's necessary, Freddie," he tried to pull his hand away, but the singer wouldn't let him.

"Do shut up, darling."

"I'm fine - "

The singer arched an eyebrow at him, "You could have seriously hurt your hand. How would you play the drums then?"

That seemed to alarm him. He did not think about that.

Freddie continued, "Your hand needs to heal properly. We really don't wish to go through all the trouble of finding a new drummer, darling."

Roger snorted at that comment, "As if you'd do that."

Despite his comments, he let the singer carefully bandage his hand, this time keeping his mouth shut. When he was done, Freddie patted him on the knee, "All done."

"Thanks," Roger said quietly, eyeing his bandaged hand carefully.

"Do you two mind if I sleep here tonight?" Brian asked while yawning, "It's late and I don't feel like
traveling all the way to my place."

"Sure, dear," the singer nodded immediately, "Roger will help you with everything. I-I should really go check on John."

Both Brian and Roger noticed the anxiety that the singer displayed over being away from the bassist for longer periods of time. Even though they all knew that John was knocked out, Freddie still felt like he had to check on him himself to make sure. And he had to be there if the bassist suddenly woke up. Freddie was the most affectionate man both Brian and Roger knew, but Roger had a feeling Freddie's extra affection came from a place of guilt.

"Yeah, sure, you go ahead," the drummed nodded and Freddie thanked him before saying goodnight and leaving the room.

ooo

John was still deep asleep, that much Freddie could tell. He tried to be as quiet as possible, quickly changing into something more comfortable and crawling into his bed. He did realize that the whole situation might be perceived as a bit strange, two boys who knew each other for two weeks sharing a bed. But it seemed as if that was what John wanted. Freddie had no idea why the bassist felt safe in his company. God knows he did nothing to deserve that trust. But as long as John needed him to be there for him, he would do just that. And if that meant sharing a bed with him, then so be it.

He checked on John and upon noticing the bassist was sound asleep, he allowed himself to relax. He could only hope there would be no more nightmares tonight. Judging by John's slow breathing it seemed very unlikely, but that could change quickly. Freddie shifted around a bit, trying to make himself comfortable. He laid on his back with one arm under his head. When he finally stopped moving and closed his eyes, he felt John shifting beside him. The singer froze, listening for any sounds indicating that the bassist was having another bad dream. But then John simply moved closer to Freddie, resting his head on Freddie's chest.

"J-John?" the singer whispered, but he got no reply.

It seemed that the bassist was still very much asleep. Freddie did not know what to do. All he wanted ever since finding John in that dirty stall, was to give him a hug, but he was not sure if that was what John wanted. He could imagine the younger boy was not very fond of touching, given what had happened to him. Especially touching that came from another man. The singer found himself in a dilemma. Should he wake John up? Or simply gently push him back to his place? The last thing he wanted was to make him uncomfortable. If John woke up and found himself sleeping on Freddie, he would probably freak out.

Also there was that thing.

The thing about Freddie liking men too. When he first casually mentioned that to the bassist, he did
not know what was about to happen to the boy. He was convinced that after everything that
happened, John's perception and opinion on the whole gay thing was not exactly positive. What if he
would think that Freddie was trying to take advantage of the situation? Take advantage of him while
he was asleep?

The mere thought of that made Freddie tense up with sheer panic.

"John, darling?" he whispered again, gently shaking the boy, but to no avail. *Those sleeping pills
must really be strong*, Freddie thought.

The bassist simply groaned and snuggled even closer to Freddie, wrapping an arm around his torso.

"Shit," the word escaped the singer as he laid completely still, thinking about what to do. He looked
down at John and noticed how relaxed and peaceful he seemed. And under all the panic that Freddie
felt at that moment, he had to admit a sense of protectiveness washed over him. Having John close to
him like that made Freddie feel better, even though the reason for it was still unclear to him. Even
though he was very affectionate, Freddie never shared this kind of intimacy with friends. He did
dive in his bed before, but that was a whole other story. He never shared a bed with simply a
friend before. No sex involved. When he finally realized there was nothing he could do without
accidentally waking the bassist up, he forced himself to relax, giving into the situation. To his
surprise, it did not take him long to fall asleep.

ooo

John felt like he was waking up from a coma. The sleeping pill that Brian made him take really
knocked him out. He barely remembered anything from the previous evening. He sat up in bed,
looking around the room. It always surprised him when he woke up alone in Freddie's bed. The
singer did not struck him as an early riser, but he was never there with him when John woke up.
Forcing himself to get up, he made his way to the bathroom. After he was finished he approached the
kitchen and froze when he heard voices.

"What do you mean not strong enough?" Roger's angry voice could be heard.

*They are probably fighting again*, John thought. That made him feel slightly better. At least the
attention will not be on him.

He entered the kitchen and all the band members turned to look at him. It was the first time John saw
Roger since .... Freddie told him about what happened.

"Hi," he said quietly, giving them all a polite smile before sitting down on the only unoccupied chair
left. It just happened to be next to Brian. Freddie and Roger stared at him from across the table before
the singer decided to break the awkward silence.
"You look like you need coffee, dear," he said with a big smile on his face, making his way to the kitchen counter. Only a moment later a cup with hot coffee was placed in front of the bassist and Freddie went to sit back down again.

"How did you sleep?" Brian asked carefully.

"Er... great, actually. I did not wake up once during the night," John answered truthfully, "Where... where did you get those pills?"

Both Freddie and Brian looked at Roger, who simply shrugged, "From a friend of mine."

John did find that a bit strange. Those pills were very strong, they were probably not sold over the counter. But before he could question it further, he noticed the drummer's bandaged hand.

"What happened?" he asked, looking from Roger to Freddie who simply raised his eyebrows and looked away. They were hiding something from him, it was obvious.

"Where were you last night?" John continued, "Brian refused to tell me when I woke up."

"Don't worry about that, dear," Freddie smiled at him, not really answering his question.

But he did worry. The last thing they needed at the moment was more trouble. And the last thing John wanted was for anyone to do something stupid because of him. He was already a burden as it was.

"Did you get in any kind of trouble?" he asked, worry evident on his face, "Where'd you go?"

He did have a sneaking suspicion, but he hoped he was wrong.

"Everything's fine, mate," it was Roger who spoke this time, "I got in a fight with someone last night."

The bassist did not believe that. They were still refusing to tell him where they were. He tried to meet Freddie's eyes, but the singer was avoiding it. He kept nervously looking down or away from him. And that alarmed John.

"Did you go back to that ... place?" he slowly asked, his throat closing up. No one was answering him. He hated the fact that he had to bring up the subject of that club, but they were not leaving him any other option.

He looked at the singer, "Freddie, please ..."
"We went out, yes," the frontman finally met his eyes, "And some arsehole was having a problem with me."

John did not understand, "What problem?"

The singer tried to brush the subject aside, pretending it was no big deal, "With my choice of clothing, dear. Can you imagine? But I think he'll think hard before he goes around giving fashion advice to anyone else ever again."

"What- "

"He was a homophobic cunt," Roger added and that made Freddie roll his eyes. He was trying to not make a bit spectacle of the situation, but the drummer just had to make it into this big thing.

"He flicked his cigarette at Freddie," the drummer spat out with anger, remembering the events, "I wish I'd made him eat it."

"Alright, Rog, calm down," Brian interfered, pointing at his hand, "I think you have done enough."

John looked at Freddie, "I-I'm sorry. I didn't know - "

The singer simply smiled, "It's alright, darling. Everything is fine. Don't you worry."

They were still not answering John's question about where they went, but the bassist decided to let it go. At least for now. All that mattered was that everyone was fine.

Soon the fight that he interrupted when he came down for breakfast, continued. John remained silent, eating his toast and drinking the coffee, keeping out of the argument between Roger and Brian. Even Freddie seemed to mind his own business, even though he was usually a willing participant in their fights.

"You don't like my songs, just admit it," Roger accused Brian, raising his eyebrows at him.

The guitarist rolled his eyes at that, "I never said that."

"Well then, what does not strong enough mean?"

Brian carefully chose his next words, "It's just a bit weird, Rog. You write about the .... weirdest things."
That seemed to piss the drummer off even more, "Oh, and your depressing songs are better? Even Freddie said he hates those."

The singer held his hands up in surrender, not wanting to be pulled into the fight. He had other things on his mind, but he was ready to step in and interfere before it got out of control.

"Don't bring Freddie into this, Rog," Brian sighed, "Look, I think you're a great drummer - "

"Just a terrible songwriter?"

"I never said that - "

"Then what are you saying?" the drummer was becoming more frustrated with each passing second. Freddie failed to notice the last warning signs before Roger blew up. He failed to notice his legs twitching in anger and how his hands balled into fists and his nostrils were flaring.

"The context. It's just ... not strong enough."

As soon as those words left Brian's mouth, everything happened very quickly. Roger jumped up from his chair, knocking it backwards in the process. He grabbed the carton of milk that was on the table and threw it at Brian with all his strength.

"Is that strong enough for you?" Roger yelled, his entire body shaking with anger. It hit the guitarist on the chest and exploded, spilling everywhere.

The entire thing with Roger's outburst that maybe lasted two seconds, caught John completely off guard. The moment that the drummer stood up angrily and aggressively threw the milk at Brian, something took over John and his entire body went into panic mode as he jerked away from Brian, falling from his chair in the process. He could hear the voices around him, but everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. He could not see clearly, it was like looking through a fog. The words he was hearing made no sense to him. He could hear his heart beating loudly in his ears. He couldn't breathe, it was as if his throat closed up.

John felt it all again.

*Someone grabbing him from behind and pushing him into a stall.*

*The pain from being pressed roughly against the wall.*

*The pain in his neck.*
John tried to breathe, but his body wouldn't listen to him. He closed his eyes, hoping that would help, but it didn't. He could still feel someone's hands on his waist, holding him roughly.

*No, no, no.*

"John?"

He immediately recognized that as Freddie's voice. He could hear it, but he was unable to break free from the flashback. He could even *smell* the dirty bathroom stall as if he was there again. He felt sick to his stomach.

"Darling."

John tensed up when he felt someone's warm hand on his cheek. It felt familiar. It felt like when Freddie brushed the hair from his face when he found him that night. It was *gentle*. And before he realized what he was doing, he leaned against the touch and then literally crawled on the person who was next to him, desperately clinging onto their comfort.

"Shit," Roger whispered. Both him and Brian stood in the middle of the kitchen, observing the horrible scene in front of them.

John on the floor, trembling terribly and clinging onto Freddie who was kneeling down next to him. The singer kept rubbing John's back comfortingly and it seemed to be helping.

"Fuck," Roger swore again, guilt written all over his face. Brian looked down at himself, noticing his clothes were completely drenched in milk. He simply gave a disappointing sigh, but said nothing to the drummer.

"It's alright, darling. Nothing is going to happen to you." Freddie soothed the bassist in his arms.

After a few moments John seemed to calm down, but he still would not talk or move.

"Let's move you to my room, alright?" Freddie asked quietly and only got a nod as an answer. He helped the bassist up and they slowly made their way to the bedroom. Freddie shot an angry glare at Roger as they passed him, but refrained himself from making any comment. His priority was John.

ooo

"I keep fucking things up," Roger said quietly as he tried to clean the mess he made. There was spilled milk everywhere. On the table, on the floor, on Brian.
"You need to learn to control your temper, Rog."

Roger hated that tone. He would much rather listen to Brian shout at him or even hit him than listen to his disappointed tone. He kept his mouth shut, not knowing what to say. He doubted there was anything he could do about his temper.

Finally Brian turned to look at the blond, "You couldn't have known it would have that kind of an effect on him."

"I should have known. I mean, it's common sense," Roger disagreed, anger showing in his voice again. But this time he was angry at himself.

"It was an honest mistake, Rog."

"Did you see how he reacted?" the drummer asked quietly, "He's afraid of me."

Brian shook his head in disagreement, "He's not afraid of you. It's the ... violence that seems to be his trigger. We simply need to watch how we behave around him."

Roger was silent for a few long moments, completely lost in his thoughts. There was nothing Brian could say that would make him feel less guilty. Finally he ran a hand through his hair, letting out a sigh, "Thank god for Fred."

"He seemed to calm him down, yes," the taller man agreed.

"He's going to kill me."

They both stopped cleaning up the mess and simply stood there in silence, each lost in their thoughts.

"How do you think .... " Roger started, but then stopped himself, not finishing the question.

"How do I think what?"

"Nothing, forget it."

Brian gave him a look, "Roger."

The drummer finally gave in, carefully choosing his next words, "How do you think it's like? If another bloke ... does that do you?"
"Does what?"

Roger rolled his eyes, "That. What was done to John."

That made the guitarist tense up, "We don't know exactly what was done to him."

"Oh come one. Freddie said he had a pretty good idea. We all know what happened, even though John refuses to say it," Roger said, then grimaced, "I... I didn't think something like that could happen to a guy."

Brian had to admit it never really crossed his mind before. He was aware of the crime in the straight community, but he never actually considered what could happen in the gay community. But at the same time, as far as he knew, John was not gay. For that reason he could not call it a crime in the gay community. Or could he? Brian was confused, the whole situation with John making him reflect on some things he never actually gave a second thought.

"I always thought...you know," Roger started awkwardly, "That a bloke could defend himself if someone were to ... you know."

"Well, Freddie did say that John's drink was spiked."

The drummer nodded, then looked around, making sure they were alone in the kitchen before he continued in a low voice, "Even if he wasn't drugged... if the guy was bigger and stronger than John..." he trailed off, simply shaking his head at the thought of somebody hurting someone as small and innocent as John. That was exactly why Roger had second thoughts about letting John join their band. Both Freddie and Brian were ecstatic about him, but Roger was worried about John's age. Even though he was only two years younger than the drummer, he seemed much younger. There was something about him. Roger could still remember Freddie promising to look after and take care of the boy.

That worked out well.

ooo

John was completely silent for a long time, simply leaning against Freddie's chest, wishing he could die at that moment. He was too embarrassed to move away, knowing that would start a conversation. At the same time he knew they could not stay like that forever.

"John?"

The bassist closed his eyes, ignoring Freddie's voice.
"Darling, I know you can hear me," the singer said softly, "Your breathing has returned to normal and you've been playing with the button on my shirt for a few minutes now."

John immediately moved away, finally releasing the singer, "I-I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was d-doing that."

"I don't mind it, darling. I simply wish to talk to you," he offered a comforting smile.

John sighed, hiding his face in his hands, "I'm so embarrassed. I can't believe I did that."

"Don't do that," Freddie took his hands, moving them away from his face, "There is nothing to be embarrassed about."

"I feel like such a failure," John admitted quietly, "I simply want to be normal again."

"But you are normal, dear."

"Freddie - "

The singer interrupted him, "It is perfectly normal that you are a bit jumpy. God knows what I would be like if something like that happened to me."

John met his eyes before speaking quietly, "These last few days ... I feel like everyone knows every little thing about me. Every private thing. Embarrassing things that I would never want anyone to know about me. You, Brian and Roger. Suddenly you all know so much about me and ... I don't really know much about you."

"Well, I can fix that, dear," Freddie leaned back, making himself more comfortable, "Ask me anything."

"What do you mean?" he looked at the singer in confusion.

"Would it make you more comfortable if you knew embarrassing things about us?"

That idea seemed entertaining and it made John smile, "I- I don't know - "

"You can ask me anything, dear. Make me uncomfortable," the singer grinned at him, a daring look in his eyes. At that moment he was prepared to do anything that would take John's mind off the horrible things that happened.
"A-Alright," John went silent for a moment, thinking hard about what to ask. He realized how little he actually knew about the rest of the bend.

"Where are you from?" he asked for a start, expecting to hear a normal answer.

"From Zanzibar."

He let out a laugh, "You are not allowed to make things up, Freddie."

"I am not making things up, my dear," the singer raised his eyebrow, pretending to be offended, "I would never cheat at a game. Who do you think I am?"

John gave him a serious look, expecting the singer to burst out laughing any second now. But he didn't.

Instead Freddie continued, "I was born in Zanzibar. Me and my family moved to Middlesex in my late teens."

That was the last thing John expected to hear. He could not even hide the complete surprise written on his face. Freddie seemed to be amused by his reaction.

"Also," the singer slowly continued, "My real name is Farrokh Bulsara, but please, do not call me that, dear. Roger sometimes calls me that when he wants to annoy me. I want to strangle him."

Just as John thought he could not be more shocked, "Have you changed your name legally or - ?"

"Yes, I did. Quite recently, actually. I'm Freddie Mercury now, darling," the singer said with a mischievous smile.

John needed a few moments to process the information. He found it funny that he was essentially sharing a bed with someone whose real name he didn't even know.

"Are you that easily shocked?" Freddie sounded amused, "I am not even slightly uncomfortable. Try harder."

John took that as a challenge. The game they were playing was making him feel relaxed. He completely forgot about the event in the kitchen. It was nice not being in the centre of attention. If only he could think of a question to make the singer at least slightly uncomfortable. There was something he could ask, but John quickly pushed that thought out of his mind.

"What was that, darling?" Freddie narrowed his eyes at him, "I saw that face. You thought of
something, but then decided against it."

John could not believe he was that easy to read, "It's nothing. I can't ask you that."

"Try me."

The bassist looked at Freddie, who was showing no signs of backing down.

"A-Alright," he nodded, then carefully continued, "When did you realize you also like men?"

Freddie tensed up, only slightly, but John noticed it. Before he could feel remorse for asking that, the singer offered an answer.

"Before I was sent to boarding school in India," he said quietly, "But a lot of time passed before I actually acted upon it."

That piqued John's interest and the words came out before he could stop himself, "Acted upon it as in .... ?"

Freddie observed as John struggled with words and he let out a laugh before helping him, "As in sex, yes."

It was supposed to be Freddie feeling uncomfortable, but the only person blushing in the room was John. Still he could not stop himself, "And how was ... that? How do you ... ?"

"John Richard Deacon," Freddie seemed amused, "Are you asking what I think you're asking?"

"I-I don't know."

What was he even asking? Even John himself was confused.

"I think this game is not working," the singer said, "It should be making me uncomfortable, not you."

"N-No, I'm fine," the bassist lied, still not giving up, "I mean ... if you don't want to answer, that's fine."

That seemed to spark something in Freddie's eyes. If anything, he was a very stubborn man and he would rarely admit to not being able to do something.
"I want to answer," he raised his eyebrow at John, "But you seem to be having trouble forming a question, dear."

John swallowed hard, putting on a brave face, "I-I know how it could work. I know the basics. I'm only wondering if you ... what you ... prefer. I mean - ... "

John knew he should be feeling weird asking these questions. But as the same time it made him feel better that Freddie was the one in the spotlight, not him. Regardless of what they were discussing.

"Are you asking me if I'm top or bottom?" this time Freddie could not hide the surprise in his voice.

John's eyes widened in shock and he could feel the heat in his head, "N-No. That's not what I meant!"

They were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Yes?" Freddie asked and a moment later Brian entered the room slowly, carrying a tray of food.

"What is that, dear?" the singer seemed surprised, but he licked his lips at the sight of the delicious food being placed on the bed.

"Roger and I made it," Brian said, smiling slightly, "It's only pasta. With simple tomato sauce."

Freddie leaned closer to John, whispering, "He's a vegetarian, dear."

Brian rolled his eyes at that, "Meat eaters can also eat simple pasta, Freddie. It has nothing to do with me being a vegetarian."

The singer raised his hands in surrender, not wanting to start any meat arguments with the guitarist. He could be very passionate about it and they've had enough excitement for one day.

John had to admit it did look delicious. And he was hungry.

"Also," Brian said awkwardly, "Roger helped make it. It's his way of saying sorry."

"Well, where is he?" Freddie asked.

"He's in the kitchen, feeling sorry for himself," the guitarist answered with a sigh.
John immediately felt bad. The last thing he wanted was for Roger to feel any of it was his fault. Especially after what he did for him the previous day with the painkillers.

"Can you tell him he can join us here?" the bassist looked up at Brian who only shook his head.

"I already said that to him, but he wouldn't listen," he explained, looking at John, "He's convinced you don't want to see him," then he looked at Freddie, "And he's convinced you are going to kill him the next time you see him."

Freddie rolled his eyes at that, "Oh, that dumb blond."

John looked at the singer, "I don't want him to sit alone in the kitchen while we eat here."

Immediately Freddie was on his feet, "I'll go get him, dear. I'll drag him up here if I have to."

When he reached the door, he suddenly stopped, then turned to look at the bassist, a smirk forming on his face, "I've tried both, but I certainly prefer one over the other."

For a moment John was confused, but then he remembered and immediately he blushed, looking down at his hands.

"I win," he could hear Freddie announce proudly before he disappeared from the room.

"What was that about?" Brian asked, sitting on the bed.

John shook his head nervously, "I-I have no idea."

The guitarist raised his eyebrows, but decided to let it go. At that moment John felt he was right where he was supposed to be. Eating pasta in Freddie's bed, surrounded by his friends. Well, soon he'd be surrounded by friends. As soon as Freddie dragged the blond drummer to the room. And for a slight moment he felt as if maybe some day everything would be right again.

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't resist finally making them hug. ;) Tell me what you think. :)
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It took a few long minutes, but then finally Freddie came back with Roger, who looked nothing like himself. There was no usual smugness on his face, he looked rather tormented and avoided making eye contact with John. When Freddie returned to sit at his usual place in bed, the drummer just stood there awkwardly, not knowing where to place himself.

"Well, don't just stand there, dear," Freddie rolled his eyes at the blond, stuffing his mouth with pasta.

"You can sit here," John offered, moving a bit closer to Freddie and making room for Roger.

That seemed to surprise the drummer but he nodded, slowly sitting on the bed next to his friends. The bed was far too small for all of them, but they made it work.

"That's a nice shirt, Brian," Freddie laughed, noticing the guitarist changed into a dark T-shirt with pink sparkles.

"It's Roger's," Brian immediately answered, feeling the need to explain it was not his, "Mine is drenched in milk."

John noticed that the drummer tensed at the mention of the milk incident and he felt guilty because of it. He tried to change the subject, hoping it would ease the tension.

"It's really good," he said, pointing at the food in front of him, "I didn't know you knew how to cook, Roger?"

The drummer shrugged, then said proudly, "I helped with a very important part."

"He informed me when the water started to boil," Brian added, "He also told me where you keep the pasta."

Freddie laughed again, "And where do we keep it?"

John observed the other three men having a conversation and he felt it was the right time to approach a certain subject. Brian had told him something last evening when they were alone and now when they were all together and in a pretty good mood, it was a perfect time for John to bring the subject up.
"I-I wanted to talk to you all about something," he said, making them all look at him.

"What is it, dear?"

John looked at Brian before he continued, "I know about the gig."

"What gig?" Freddie sounded confused.

"Brian told me last night about the gig he got us. For this Friday night, I believe," John explained slowly.

Freddie immediately rubbed his back in comfort, "Oh, don't worry about that. We've already decided we weren't ready. Brian will cancel it."

The singer never intended to share that piece of information with John. He knew the bassist had a lot on his mind and he didn't need to worry about a canceled gig. He knew John would feel bad about not being able to play and afraid of disappointing them. That was why Freddie shot Brian an annoyed look for telling him, before turning to John again.

The bassist slowly licked his lips before continuing, "But I want to play."

That made Roger look at him in surprise, even though he kept silent for the whole conversation.

"What do you mean you want to play?" Freddie asked, puzzled look in his face. It was the last thing he expected to hear from the bassist.

"I want to play," John repeated, "I know you all need the money and they are paying well."

"Don't worry about the money, darling," Freddie dismissed that argument, "We'll manage."

"But I really want to," he insisted, "Brian explained everything to me."

Freddie again shot an annoyed glare at the guitarist, "Oh, did he?"

Brian's tone was apologetic when he finally spoke, "I only wanted to inform him about it. We are a band and I didn't want to keep this secret from him. I never expected him to actually want to play."

"Well, he is not ready to play or worry about any business things right now," Freddie argued back.
John looked at both of them, raising his hand, "He is right here."

"I'm sorry, darling," Freddie pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration, "What were you saying?"

"I want to play," John repeated for the third time, "It's a few days from now. I'll be fine. We don't need to cancel, really."

"You are talking nonsense, darling. You are in no condition to rehearse with us or perform at a gig," Freddie insisted, keeping his tone gentle, not wanting to sound harsh with the bassist.

"If he says he'll be alright - " Roger finally spoke, taking the bassist's side, but stopped mid sentence when he noticed the look in Freddie's eyes.

"I say no," was all the singer said and it left no room for arguments.

John did feel a bit taken aback by it, even though he knew the singer's words were coming from a place of care.

"Freddie," Brian started carefully, "I think John is the one who should decide."

It was obvious that Freddie was struggling with something, wanting desperately to say something, but could not. There was inner turmoil written all over his face, there were things he knew, things he was aware of that both Brian and Roger were not. If they were, he was positive they would take his side in this whole situation.

"Could you two give us a few minutes, please?" he finally said, looking at the drummer and the guitar player. They seemed surprised, but nodded. Brian placed all the plates on the tray and carried it out of the room. Roger followed, closing the doors behind them.

There was silence in the room as John waited for Freddie to speak. The singer seemed in a bad mood and John felt very uncomfortable knowing it was probably because of him.

"Darling," Freddie finally spoke, turning to look at him, "I don't know what Brian told you, but you don't need to feel pressured into doing this. It's just one small gig."

John felt the need to defend the guitarist. He did not pressure him into anything, he simply informed him of the offer they got. And he appreciated that Brian decided to tell him.

"I-I'm not feeling pressured, Freddie. I actually want to do it," he insisted, "It's a one hour gig, max. I-I think it'll be fine."
The singer said nothing, looking away. John felt panicked, thinking he said something to anger him. Just as he opened his mouth to speak again, Freddie turned to him.

His voice was quiet as he spoke, "John. I didn't want to bring this up, especially not in front of Roger and Brian, because I know you don't wish to talk about it. But ... I have noticed how you walk. How you move. You are not alright. You are in pain."

John blushed, immediately breaking the eye contact. Freddie was right. He didn't want to talk about it. He didn't even want to hear about it.

Still, the singer continued, "And the bruises? I've only seen them the morning after and I'm sure they are far more awful now. Aren't they?"

Not able to say anything, John simply stared down at his hands, ignoring the question. The bruises were worse. They were now a disgusting dark purple color and he felt sore all over. But he was not ready to admit that.

"John, darling. You were bleeding just yesterday," Freddie said softly.

The bassist felt his stomach turn at hearing that. He desperately needed to show Freddie that he was alright. Even if he wasn't. He needed to feel normal again.

Putting on a strong face, he looked at the singer, "But I'm alright now. I really am."

The singer raised an eyebrow at that, but John did not back down. At that moment he felt the bravest he ever was in his life.

After a moment of silence, Freddie sighed, nodding, "Alright, give me your right hand."

"W-What?"

"Your hand, dear, please."

John seemed confused, but complied with the singer's request, giving him his hand, not knowing what to expect. Freddie gently took his hand, but then he twisted it just slightly, making the bassist cry out in pain. He immediately pulled his hand back, holding it to his chest like a wounded animal.

There was an apologetic look on Freddie's face, "I am so sorry, darling. But I had to prove it to you."

John remained silent, holding back the tears. Freddie did nothing to actually hurt him. The movement would cause no pain if everything was normal. But John's wrist was still healing from being roughly
twisted and held behind his back. It was not normal. *He* was not normal. No matter how hard he tried to hide that.

As soon as Freddie noticed the tears that threatened to spill, he panicked, guilt written all over his face, "Oh, darling, did I hurt you? I'm so terribly sorry, let me see."

He gently took the bassist's hand again, observing it carefully and rubbing soft circles on the skin.

"Forgive me. I only meant to show you that you are unable to play the bass. I didn't mean - "

John cut him off, "It's not you, Freddie. It doesn't hurt that much, it's just ... "

"Then what is it, dear?"

He repeated the same thing from before, his voice barely above a whisper, "I- I want to play."

There was understanding in Freddie's eyes, "I know you want to, darling. But I don't think it would be wise - "

"I want to do what I enjoy, even for just an hour. I'm not saying I'd jump right back in and start working like nothing happened. I-I know I can't. But I want to play with you all this Friday."

Freddie listened to him patiently and when he was finished, the singer took a deep breath, obviously struggling with his next words.

"*John.* If that is what you truly want, we can play this Friday. But under one condition."

The bassist's eyes lit up, "Alright. What condition?"

"That you get examined by a doctor."

Immediately John tensed up, but Freddie continued, "Listen to me, darling. You don't have to go anywhere. Roger knows a few people from when he studied biology. That is how he got those tablets. Perhaps he can arrange for someone from the medical field to come here and examine you here, in my room. How does that sound?"

"Terrifying," John admitted, his breathing coming in short gasps.

"Please, darling. That person won't do anything you don't want them to, alright? And Brian, Roger and I will be right outside," when he noticed that the bassist was actually contemplating the idea, he
decided for one last argument, hoping it would push him into saying yes, "I need to know that you are alright before I allow you to go onto that stage on Friday."

John looked at him and he seemed absolutely terrified, "A-Alright."

A big smile formed on Freddie's face. It took him a long moment to react because he was that surprised,"Thank you, darling. And don't worry about anything, alright?" then he stood up, "I'll go talk to Roger right away."

"Freddie?"

"Yes, dear?"

John seemed to struggle with words, "Could... could it be a ... woman? I mean ... a female? I-I don't want ... you know."

The singer smiled in understanding, "Of course. I think we can arrange that."

As soon as Freddie left the room, John started worrying he made a mistake. He was terrified of someone looking at him or touching him or asking him questions that he didn't want to answer. But at the same time he wanted to play on Friday. Even though the thought of performing in front of a crowd seemed horrifying, he wanted to act as if everything was normal. He desperately needed a sense of normalcy, even if just for one hour. There was also that reason which he kept from Freddie. He didn't want to disappoint the band.

ooo

"I think I can arrange that," Roger nodded.

"Do you think or know?" Freddie asked, raising an eyebrow.

This time the drummer seemed more confident, "I'm sure I can arrange that. The same girl that gave me those tablets."

"Isn't she a student?" Brian seemed skeptic of the whole situation.

"She is, but she knows what she's doing," Roger explained, "She works in a hospital as a volunteer."

Freddie listened and then nodded, "What would she check? I mean, how would she examine him?"

Roger tensed up, "Well, I think she'll check for ... Physical injuries, if John's comfortable with that
and then take a sample of his blood to run a few tests. That's what I would do."

After a moment of silence, the drummer spoke again, "I think it can be done tonight. She's still in class probably, but I can swing by her and see if she's got time this evening?"

"You do that, dear. The sooner the better," Freddie said, afraid of John changing his mind.

Soon Roger was out of the door and when he was left alone with Freddie, Brian decided to clear the air with him.

"When I told him about the gig, my intention was not to make him feel pressured into it. I swear, Freddie."

The singer nodded, offering a slight smile, "I know you didn't mean it, dear. At least one good thing came out of this whole situation. I guess I need to thank you."

The guitarist looked at him in confusion and Freddie continued in a lower voice, "I said we would perform on Friday if he agrees to get checked out."

"Oh."

"I hope I did the right thing," the frontman let out a deep breath, looking worried.

"I think you did, Freddie."

The singer appreciated the support he was getting from his friends. Even though Freddie thought he was the last person that needed the support and help, the whole situation with John was troubling him more than he let on.

oooo

As they waited for Roger to return, Freddie sat in the living room with Brian. He did inform John that it might happen this evening and the bassist still seemed willing to go through with it. He, however, refused to wait in the living room with Brian and Freddie, saying he needed a quick shower and some alone time. Freddie seemed to be a nervous wreck, lighting one cigarette after another. It seemed as if he was the one waiting for the examination.

"Don't you think you've had enough?" Brian's voice cut through the silence.

"W-What?" Freddie was lost in his thoughts, having no idea what the guitarist was talking about.
"You'll go through a whole pack if you continue like that."

The singer looked at the cigarette in his hands, but brought it to his lips again.

Then suddenly they heard doors opening and some voices. They stood up just as Roger and a girl entered the room.

Freddie took one good look at the girl in front of him. At first glance she seemed nice, but she reminded him of someone. It took him a moment, but then he realized. She looked exactly like Roger. Well, a girl version of Roger. The singer never understood why the blond seemed to be attracted to girls who looked like him.

"I'm Brian, nice to meet you," the guitar player introduced himself and they shook hands.

"I'm Susan, nice to meet you too," the girl replied, then turned her attention to Freddie.

"This is Freddie," Roger said, "I've mentioned him before."

The singer forced a smile, trying to hide his nervousness. After the greeting part was done, they all stood there in awkward silence. Freddie noticed she was carrying what looked like a small medical equipment bag. Seeing that definitely did not ease his nerves.

"I believe Roger's explained everything to you?" Brian asked quietly and the girl nodded.

"He did, don't worry," then she looked around, "And where is ... ?"

"H-He's in my room," Freddie replied, then led the way to his bedroom. They all followed, not uttering a single word.

Freddie knocked on the door, then slowly opened it, only to find the bassist standing in the middle of the room.

"I-I heard voices," John explained, crossing his arms over his chest. Freddie did notice that the bassist relaxed slightly at seeing a girl enter the room with them.

"Hi, John, I'm Susan," the girl introduced herself, smiling politely.

John managed to smile back, but the smile quickly disappeared and was replaced with worry.
Brian cleared his throat, looking at Roger and Freddie, "I don't think we are needed here anymore. Let's give them some privacy. We'll be in the living room."

Freddie gave John a look of encouragement before turning around to leave.

"W-Wait," the bassist called out, then remained silent for a long moment before he spoke again, "Can Freddie stay?"

The singer stopped in his tracks, looking at John in surprise. He did not know what to say. At first he was not sure the bassist knew what he was asking.

"Please?" John whispered, looking at Susan, a pleading look in his eyes.

"I don't see a problem with that," she answered, then carefully continued, "But I don't know if they've explained to you what the examination consists of. Perhaps you'd want some privacy?"

All the color disappeared from John's face at hearing that.

Freddie smiled, "I'll be right outside, darling."

"N-No. Can you stay here?" he insisted, more desperately this time.

It took Freddie completely by surprise. Just seeing John so terrified made it impossible for him to say no.

"If that's what you really want, then of course," he said, walking over to John and rubbing his arm comfortingly, "I'll stay."

Even though he tried to act like he was not bothered by the whole situation, Freddie was terrified on the inside. Perhaps it was selfish of him, but he did not want to see John go through that. Not because it might make him uncomfortable, but because he didn't want to see John being put through a traumatizing experience again.

"I-I just ... " John whispered, "I don't want you to look. I don't want you to ... see that."

"I won't look, darling."

Suddenly Roger spoke up, "I've got a blindfold."

They all looked at him awkwardly and Brian was the first one to speak, "That's lovely, Rog."
The drummer rolled his eyes, "I meant ... Freddie could wear it. He wouldn't be able to see anything."

John looked at the singer with a hopeful look and Freddie finally nodded, "Alright. Bring me the blindfold."

The drummer disappeared, only to return a minute later, holding a black blindfold in his hand. He gave it to Freddie who eyed it suspiciously. He did wonder where the drummer got the damn thing, but felt it wasn't the right time to ask. When he looked at the bassist again, he noticed he seemed a bit uneasy.

"I'm sorry, Freddie," he said quietly, guilt evident in his voice, "If you don't want to - "

"Oh don't be ridiculous, darling. I don't mind being a bit kinky."

That actually made John let out a short laugh and that moment made Freddie realize he was ready to do anything just to make the bassist laugh or even crack a smile.

"Alright, we'll be ... in the living room," Brian said and both him and Roger disappeared. The moment the doors closed, John tensed up again, realizing there was no escaping it. No putting it off. He looked at the girl in front of him and she offered him a smile which John suspected was an attempt to calm him down.

"The sooner we start, the sooner it'll be over," she explained, "I understand you're nervous, but it'll all be over in a few minutes."

"See?" Freddie said, trying to sound encouraging, "In half an hour time, we could be playing Scrabble."

John wanted to believe him, wanted to concentrate on that, but couldn't.

"Where should we - ?" Freddie asked, looking around.

"The bed should be fine," Susan answered and they all moved there. John sat near the head of the bed with Freddie on his side.

As the girl opened the medical bag, Freddie looked away, fixing his gaze on the painting on the wall.

"Alright," she said, her tone completely professional, "I need to ask a few question first. Roger was not able to tell me much, only that there was a possible drug-facilitated sexual assault."
John winced at the words, but remained silent. His heart was beating faster with each passing second and soon he could hear it in his ears.

"Is that correct?" she asked, waiting for John's answer.

The words were stuck in his throat and he could not force them out.

"It's alright, darling," Freddie soothed him, offering a smile, trying to make him feel like everything was alright, like everything was normal.

"I-I guess so," the bassist finally answered, looking down, "I think so."

If he was being completely honest, ever since it happened, John did not think about it in detail. He remembered the act itself, but he would not allow himself to think about the entire evening and the events that led up to the incident.

"I am going to need a blood sample and an urine sample, but we'll do that at the end," the girl explained everything to John, but he still panicked.

"Why do we need to do that? I mean... what does it matter now?" he asked, confused.

"Just to be cautious. We need to see if there are any drugs in your system," she answered softly, then continued, "Before we continue I need to ask a few routine questions," she paused for a moment,"Was there anal penetration?"

John started to feel lightheaded, it felt as if the room was spinning around him. It was too much. He could not handle it.

"I-I can leave the room, darling?" Freddie offered again, but John managed to shake his head. Even though he was embarrassed beyond belief, he didn't want to be alone with Susan. The girl was really nice, but John had trouble communicating with people he did not know, even in normal circumstances.

"Y-Yes," he answered the question, his voice barely above a whisper. Even though he was positive Freddie already knew, it was different having to actually confirm it in front of him.

"Do you know if there was any protection involved?" came the next question and John simply gave in, feeling completely defeated. There was only so much shame and embarrassment your body could take, before you reach a point where you don't have any fight left in you.
"I-I don't think so," he whispered, suddenly feeling very numb.

"Alright, this is the part where I check for any physical injuries," she explained, looking at Freddie and the blindfold that was sitting in his lap.

"Oh," the singer said, meeting the bassist's eyes one last time before putting the blindfold on. He also changed his position, sitting with his back turned to Susan.

After a few more routine questions which Freddie tried hard to ignore, he heard the sentence that he was afraid of hearing.

"I need to ask you to remove your clothing, please."

Freddie tensed up and he had to remind himself to breathe. At least the girl was very sweet and explained everything to John before doing anything and he was thankful for that. He felt John move after a few seconds and he heard soft rustle of clothes being removed. The singer tried to think about anything else, his songs, music, cats, his boyfriends, anything that would prevent him from imagining how terrified John must be feeling.

"Can you lay down on your back?" he heard Susan ask and Freddie felt John moving beside him.

"Do you want me to explain what I'm doing so you know what to expect or -?" she asked and it took John a few moments to answer.

"N-No, it's fine," his voice sounded completely broken and it pained Freddie that he was the one who forced this examination on him.

"Alright. Just relax."

The singer could hear all kinds of sounds, like the sound of latex gloves being put on and then the unmistakable sound of a tube of medical lube being squirted. At that moment he hated the fact that he knew how that sounded. Freddie cleared his throat, trying to ignore the sounds that were painting a picture in his head. A picture that he did not want to imagine.

"Can you move down a bit and pull your legs up just slightly?"

Freddie hated being in that room. He could feel himself sweating and felt guilty that he was the one who was having a hard time. If he was this uncomfortable, he could only imagine how John felt. He also wondered what the hell was he even doing in the room. It was confusing to him why John would want him there in the first place. He was completely useless.
"Now I need you to relax, alright?"

Freddie tried to distract himself with something, *anything* and then suddenly he felt a hand on his thigh, soon followed by John's muffled sob. He covered the bassist's hand with his own, noticing the way John's hand and his entire body trembled. For a moment he considered stopping the examination all together.

"Almost done."

The bassist squeezed his hand desperately, his breath was coming out in short pants as his panic escalated to unbearable levels.

"Darling, do you remember when I told you Brian and I once found Roger in a dumpster?" Freddie suddenly said. He could feel the bassist relax just slightly.

"Y-Yes?"

"I forgot to mention his pants were gone," Freddie tried to keep his voice normal, "Brian and I had nothing to cover him up with. We had to make our way back home from the other side of London with Roger in just his underwear. Not to mention there were some cartoon characters on it. We were lucky we hadn't gotten arrested."

John let out a short laugh at that, but his tone was still very tense, "That's e-embarrassing."

"Tell me about it. I swear, if we had gotten stopped by the police, I would just pretend to not know the dumb blond."

By the way John slightly released the grip on his hand, Freddie could tell he was a bit more relaxed.

"All done," said Susan, "You can get dressed again."

Letting out a breath he was holding, John finally released Freddie's hand and the singer could hear him getting dressed again.

"The hardest part is done. Now I only need to take a blood sample and also I would like to speak to John in private. Just a few things I'd like to explain to him."

"Can I - " Freddie asked, pointing to the blindfold on his eyes.

"Yes, I'm dressed," John replied quietly and the singer took off the blindfold, blinking a few times, letting his eyes get used to the light again. When he looked at John, he gave him a reassuring smile.
"I'll be in the living room," Freddie said softly, noticing how the bassist tensed again. But this time he didn't try to stop him.

"Don't worry, I don't bite," the singer heard Susan say before he left the room.

ooo

The moment he stepped into the kitchen, Freddie went straight to the cabinet where they kept the alcohol, paying no attention to the questioning gazes of Roger and Brian who were sitting at the table. The singer grabbed the whiskey, ignoring the fact they were keeping it for special occasions. He poured the liquid into a glass, adding ice and then he returned to sit with his two friends who only stared at him, neither one of them daring to speak first. He took a sip, enjoying the feel of whiskey burning his throat. He brought the glass to his lips again and only after he finished the entire drink, did he dare to make eye contact with Brian and Roger.

"Was it that bad?" the drummer asked, grimacing.

"It was even worse," Freddie replied, closing his eyes for a brief second.

"What are they doing now?" came a question from Brian.

"She's...taking a blood sample, I think. And she wanted a few words in private with him," the singer explained, "Which I am grateful for."

"You do look like shit, mate," Roger said matter-of-factly.

Freddie looked at him with annoyance, "Thank you, darling."

The drummer simply shrugged his shoulders. It was the truth.

They were interrupted by Susan who entered the room, already dressed to leave. They all stood up, looking at her with questioning eyes.

"Is he alright?" Freddie asked.

"He's ... good. He stayed in the room," she answered, "I'll have a few tests done and I'll let you know about the results. I've already explained everything to him about the injuries and the healing. If you need anything else, don't hesitate to contact me. I'll do what I can."

Roger thanked her and accompanied her to the door. Freddie simply stood there and that surprised Brian. He expected the singer to run off to see John. After Roger finally returned and Freddie still did
not move from the spot he was standing at, Brian could not help but ask, "Are you alright, Fred?"

The singer remained silent, only lighting a cigarette.

"Fred? I was serious before," Roger joined in, "You do look like shit."

"Perhaps you need to take a break," Brian suggested and that earned him a confused glare from Freddie.

"A break from what, darling?"

"From this situation."

The singer raised his eyebrows, "What are you saying? That I kick John out?"

"Of course not," Brian rolled his eyes at that, "But perhaps you could keep your distance a bit? Take some time for yourself, go out or something. Rog and I can look after John."

Freddie let out a sad laugh, "I can't do that, Brian, dear."

"Why not?"

"Because it's all my fault," he replied quietly, staring at the floor.

"How is it your fault?" the guitarist asked in confusion.

Roger already knew what Freddie was implying, but he kept his mouth shut.

"Forget it, darling," the singer forced a smile before he put the cigarette out in the ashtray, "I'll be in my bedroom."

When the singer left, Brian turned to Roger, "You know something, don't you?"

The blond acted dumb, "No idea what you're talking about."

"Roger."

"Look, if you want to know, you need to talk to Freddie," the drummer replied and then left the
The first thing Freddie noticed when he entered his room was the darkness. John turned the lights off. Because of the light coming from the street lamp, Freddie could still see him in bed, laying on his side.

"John? Do you want to be alone?" he asked cautiously, not moving from the door.

"No," came a weak reply from the bassist.

Freddie took a deep breath, moving over to the bed and when he sat down, John turned to look at him. Although he said nothing, the singer noticed he wanted to talk.

"You did good, I'm proud of you, darling," he said softly.

"I-I'm sorry you had to hear all that, Freddie. I know it's ... disgusting - "

The singer cut him off, "Stop that, dear."

But John ignored him and continued, his voice shaking, "I know it's disgusting and I know I'm disgusting, but I-I'll try to ... fix it. I promise."

There was confusion on Freddie's face, "What the hell are you talking about, darling? Why are you calling yourself disgusting?"

"Because it's true," was all he said.

"Pardon me, but that is the stupidest thing I have heard in my life. And I've lived with Roger for a while now."

John struggled with his words, avoiding the singer's gaze, "You can't tell me what happened to ... me was not disgusting."

"I am not saying that."

The bassist tensed at those words, and the singer immediately continued, "Listen to me, darling. What happened to you was disgusting, the cunt who did that to you is disgusting, but not you. Never you. Why would you think like that about yourself?"
"Because ... "

"Why?"

"Because I'm ... dirty," the words were barely above a whisper.

It broke Freddie's heart hearing John say that, but it also caused rage to boil inside of him. Pure rage that he felt ever since finding John in that stall. The fact that he was unable to lash out on anybody, made the anger only grow with each passing day.

"John, honey," he started slowly, "Look at me."

It took a him a moment, but the bassist finally forced himself to look at the singer.

"You are not dirty. If you were dirty and disgusting, do you think I'd do this?" Freddie touched the bassist's hand, then slowly moved it up his arm, resting it on his shoulder, "Do you think I'd allow you to sleep in my bed?"

"I-I don't know, Freddie."

"Stop that nonsense," he drawled, brushing a bothersome lock of hair behind John's ear. After noticing the bassist relaxed at his touch, he continued, "Now, do you want to share what you talked about with Susan?"

John quickly shook his head, "N-Not yet. I can't. I'm too ... tired."

"Alright, I understand. Lay down and make yourself comfortable," Freddie said, covering the bassist with a blanket.

"Will you stay?" John timidly asked and Freddie simply layed next to him, not even bothering to cover himself with anything. He was not cold, anyway.

It did not escape his attention how the bassist moved slightly closer to him. Even though he turned his back to the singer, he moved closer until his back was touching Freddie. It was obvious to the singer that the bassist was desperately wanting some kind of a touch, perhaps a hug, but did not dare to ask for one. And Freddie decided it would not be a good idea if he was the one to make the first step. Perhaps he misunderstood the signs and would only make the bassist more uncomfortable. No words needed to be spoken as Freddie moved just slightly closer to John, his arm softly touching his back, letting him know he was there and he was staying. Even though it wasn't Freddie's intention to fall asleep, because it was still pretty early, he found himself deep asleep in a matter of minutes.
When he singer woke up, he found himself in someone's hair. Literally. Someone's hair was tickling his face and he blinked a few times, leaning back a bit and pulling the hair from his mouth. He noticed it was already day outside, but his gut was telling him it was still early in the morning. And then he noticed the position he was in and he froze in panic. John was still turned with his back to him and Freddie was quite literally spooning him, pressing against his back. The only thing missing that would make this a proper spooning was his arm around the bassist's waist.

*When did this happen*, Freddie thought to himself.

Before he had a chance to move, he felt John wiggling against him, closing the already nonexistent space between them. The whole thing surprised him so much, he simply froze.

And then Freddie felt it.

*Fuck.*

He realized his underpants felt a bit tight and he knew what was happening. Immediately he removed himself from the bassist, jumping out of the bed. He tried to be as quiet as possible, not wanting to wake John up. It would be the worst thing if he decided to wake up now. Freddie looked down at himself, realizing there would be no possible way of hiding his morning wood from the bassist.

Not wanting to waste any more time, he immediately rushed into the bathroom to solve his problem.

When he returned, he found John on the bed, sitting up and rubbing his eyes while yawning. Freddie could only hope his face was not flushed, "Morning, darling."

"Morning. Where were you?" the bassist asked in confusion, "It's 6 o'clock in the morning."

"Oh, I-I was just ... taking a shower, dear."

"I didn't hear water running," John mentioned as he laid back down, not ready to get up just yet.

Freddie tensed, quickly changing the subject, "You go back to sleep, darling. I'm already up, I'll be ... in the living room."

John only managed to nod before sleep overtook him again.
The singer let out a shaky breath and quietly exited the room. He was aware of the fact that things happen when you share a room and a bed with someone. Sometimes uncomfortable things happen. This was the first time, but Freddie was positive it was not the last time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your comments, I love reading them and it actually motivates me to write. :) Hopefully you like this chapter.
Freddie woke up to a feeling of someone poking his cheek with a finger. He groaned, smacking the finger away. When he finally managed to open his eyes, he saw Roger in just his boxers standing over him with an amused expression on his face.

"What are you doing here, Fred?" Roger asked, smirking, "Did John kick you out of your bedroom?"

He eyed the singer on the sofa and chuckled at the way his legs were hanging over the armrest.

Freddie pulled himself in a sitting position, blinking a few times, "Don't be ridiculous. He did no such thing."

"And you happened to decide that the sofa was a lot more comfortable than your bed? Is that it?" he asked, still very amused.

Freddie gave him a look before he continued, "I woke up early and ... decided to work on some songs."

Judging by the look on his face, Roger was not buying it, "I know you, Fred. You are not an early riser."

The singer decided to change the subject, "Where's Brian?"

"He went home?" the blond gave the obvious answer, "I know he's been around a lot lately, but he does not live here, you know?"

With everything that has been happening, Freddie got used to seeing the guitarist at his flat. It did feel a bit strange with him not there.

"He said he'll try and get us some studio time today," Roger continued carefully, "He'll call to let us know."

Freddie did tense at hearing that, but he said nothing. Even though he still did not agree with them performing at the gig, there was nothing he could do now to stop it. John kept his part of the deal and now it was Freddie's turn. He was worried about the bassist and his ability to perform, but he was also worried about their ability to perform. Freddie could not remember when their last rehearsal was. It had to be weeks ago.
"I need coffee," the singer got up from the sofa, walking into the kitchen with Roger following.

"Do you think he'll be alright?" the drummer asked quietly.

Freddie sighed as he turned around to face the blond, "Why are you asking me that? You were the one who insisted - "

"I didn't insist! But John said he's fine - "

"And you believe him?"

"He seems fine, physically at least."

The singer rolled his eyes, biting down on his tongue to stop himself from talking. The last thing he wanted was to share intimate details of how John really was physically.

"Did you found out what Susan talked to him about when they were left alone?" the drummer asked and the singer simply shook his head. John was incapable of talking about it last night.

After making his coffee, Freddie brought the cup to his lips and a moan almost escaped him as he took a first sip. He was exhausted. It's been days since he had a good night's rest. Besides, he was always tensed. Not to mention the feelings that were eating him up inside. But he pushed those thoughts aside, convincing himself he could handle it.

"Er, Rog," he started awkwardly, raising his eyebrow at the drummer in front of him, "I appreciate the fact you have decided to grace us with your body, but perhaps it would be best if you cover up a bit?"

"Why?" the drummer placed his hands on his hips, wearing a confused expression.

"Perhaps," the singer said carefully, "John would feel a bit uncomfortable with you in just your boxers?"

Roger still seemed confused, "Well, he shares a bed with you? What do you sleep in?"

Freddie acted offended, "I assure you, I sleep fully clothed."

"Well not that one time when I found you fully naked when I barged into your room looking for keys - "
"Roger!" the singer cut him off, not wanting to relieve that embarrassing moment, "Do go cover up, alright? Thank you, darling."

The drummer simply shrugged and disappeared off into his room. Freddie still did not know what John would feel comfortable with. Besides, Freddie really did not want to see Roger's junk while at breakfast.

ooo

"Keep yourself alive should be the opening song," Roger insisted, taking a bite out of his ham sandwich.

Freddie scratched his head, not completely convinced, "It didn't really work the last time. Perhaps something a bit more upbeat?"

"Are you serious? Are you saying Keep yourself alive is not upbeat enough for you?" the drummer seemed annoyed.

They both stopped their bickering when they heard John clear his throat. They turned around to see him standing in the doorway. He was wearing one of Freddie's shirts and it seemed a bit feminine. John immediately felt the need to address it, "It was the first thing I found."

"You look beautiful, darling. You wear it even better than me," Freddie gave him a big smile which was all the encouragement that John needed.

Feeling a bit better by the compliment, he sat down next to the singer, noticing the food on the table.

"Feel free," Roger said with his mouth full.

John smiled politely and started to make himself a sandwich, "What were you two doing?" he asked, noticing the concentrated look on Freddie's face as he stared down at his notes.

"We were trying to make a set list, but as usual, we disagree on it," Freddie replied, letting out a deep breath and then he showed him his notes, "What do you think, darling?"

The bassist blushed a bit, feeling surprised and honored that they actually wanted to hear his opinion about the set list. It took him a moment to react, but then he looked down at the notes, reading through the names of the songs.

"It's good," he replied, "Although I would change the Doing alright with Keep yourself alive. I think
we should start with something more ... " he was lost for a word.

Thankfully, Roger helped, "Upbeat!"

John nodded and the drummer looked at Freddie, "See? I told you it was upbeat!"

"Well, as long as we don't open with one of Brian's songs," Freddie raised his eyebrows, "The crowd would be depressed and in a puddle of tears before the end."

Roger laughed, then asked, "So, what do you say? Keep yourself alive? You agree with John?"

The bassist stared at Freddie with anticipation, waiting for his reaction. The way that Freddie was looking down at his notes, chewing his bottom lip, John was positive that the singer would give him a negative answer, saying his idea was not very good.

But then finally, he simply nodded, "Alright, yes. That could work."

And John's face lit up with happiness. They actually asked for his opinion and listened to what he had to say. That did not happen often. John found it that being an introvert and also shy made it very difficult for him to be heard. In any kind of a situation. The world was made for loud people.

He also found himself simply looking at Freddie, admiring his ability to concentrate. In the few weeks of knowing him, he did find the singer was unstoppable on stage. But John really appreciated and admired the way Freddie was off stage, while working on music. He loved seeing him completely absorbed in the work.

Suddenly a phone rang and Roger jumped up, "It must be Brian," he said and disappeared into the living room to answer.

Once they were alone, John took the opportunity to speak to Freddie. The singer also seemed to appreciate they were left alone as he turned to him, a smile on his face.

"Darling, I've been thinking," he said, looking at John's wrist, "Given that Friday is not that far away, we need to do anything to help you recover faster. Perhaps you could apply an ice pack on your wrist every few hours or so? Hopefully it will help with the swelling."

John nodded, "I-I've actually been thinking the same thing. Also," he started, then shook his head, "I'll talk to you later. It's not the right time with all the food here."

This piqued Freddie's interest, "What is it, dear?"

"Susan ... she advised I get this ointment for ... uhh," John could feel himself sweating with embarrassment.
Thankfully Freddie understood, nodding, "Yes, go on, darling."

And John was happy to oblige, pulling a small piece of paper from his pocket, "She wrote it down for me. She said it could be bought over the counter and that I should apply ... I-It should help."

Freddie took the piece of paper from his hand and he furrowed his brow as he read it, "I have never heard of it before."

John nodded, "It's for ... uhh. For - "

"You don't have to explain it, dear," Freddie smiled comfortably, "All I want to know is if you are alright?"

That made John look down at his hands, "I - "

They were interrupted by Roger who stormed back into the kitchen, "We got the studio! For three hours. From three to six."

John quickly snatched the paper from Freddie's hand, hiding it under the table. Only then his mind registered what Roger just said, "Studio?"

"Yes, dear," the singer nodded, "Brian managed to squeeze us in for a rehearsal. Are you feeling up for it?"

"Sure," he replied, hiding the nervousness from his voice. It was not just the rehearsal part that made him anxious, but the fact that he would have to finally leave the flat. Since the attack, John went out only once. For some reason he felt safe at Freddie's flat, even safer than at his own home.

"John," Roger addressed him, "Your bass is at your place, right?"

The bassist nodded his head yes, but before he could continue, the drummer offered, "I could swing by and pick it up so you could stay with Freddie? Then we can meet at the studio?"

"That's a good idea, Rog," Freddie agreed, "John and I will meet you there."

Before John could thank the drummer, he was already gone, rushing off to his room to get dressed. Even though the last thing John wanted was to go to his flat alone only to get his bass guitar, he did start to feel a bit like a burden to all the other three members. Roger did not seem at all bothered to have to make a stop at John's place, but the bassist still felt like he was inconveniencing him.
Freddie's voice pulled him from his thoughts, "What were you saying before we were interrupted, darling?"

John sighed, meeting the singer's warm eyes for a moment before looking away again, "I-I'm fine physically. Well, I will be. She said that there's not a lot of ... " the words seemed stuck in his throat. And he cursed himself to even starting this conversation.

"Not a lot of what, dear?"

"Just ... " he struggled, before finally answering in voice that was barely above a whisper, "Tearing. And ... stuff like that."

John could feel the singer tensing up beside him and he refused to look at him. Still, he felt the need to continue, this time looking down at his hands, "She said that ... there were cases when people actually needed to have surgery to repair the ... damage," he said, then forced a smile, "I-I actually got off pretty easy, considering ... everything."

Suddenly he felt a hand at his back, rubbing tiny circles and he relaxed at the touch.

Freddie cleared his throat, trying to sound unbothered by what he just heard. He didn't want to let John know how disgusted and angry he was because the bassist could take it the wrong way, thinking the disgust and the anger were directed towards him.

"Darling, I can ask Roger to grab that ointment for you while he's out and about," he offered softly, "I assume you don't want to do it yourself? That is why you showed it to me, am I correct?"

John blushed slightly. The singer knew him too well.

Still, he tried to argue, "I-I can go get it on the way to the studio, really - "

"That is out of the question, dear," Freddie shook his head, "You need to stay here and hold ice over that wrist of yours."

"Freddie -"

"Roger won't mind, don't worry," the singer said with a smile, but leaving no room for arguments.

They continued to eat breakfast together, chit chatting about their gig on Friday, acting like everything was perfectly normal. Even though he had two cups of coffee, Freddie still felt extremely tired and sleepy. It rarely happened to him, even after a night of partying, he always managed to pull himself together the next day.
After an hour or so, Roger finally returned to the kitchen and he seemed ready to leave the flat. He put his jacket on, looking at John, "I'm going to need your keys."

"They're ... under the doormat, actually," John replied awkwardly.

"John!" Freddie exclaimed in shock, "That does not sound very safe, does it?"

"I promise I won't do it again," the bassist said and actually meant it. He realized now there were evil people in the world.

"Alright, see you at the studio in an hour or so," the drummer started walking towards the door and Freddie hurried after him.

"Roger, darling," he said quietly, not wanting John to hear them from the kitchen, "I need you to do me a favor."

The drummer sighed in fake annoyance, "Is it difficult or time consuming?"

Freddie rolled his eyes at that which made Roger laugh, "I'm joking. What do you need?"

Pulling out that small piece of paper from his pocket, he handed it to the blond, "I need to you get this for John. Susan said it's sold over the counter."

Confusion showed on Roger's face, "What's it for?"

"It believe it some kind of an ointment. It's supposed to make the tearing heal faster."

"Tearing?" Roger asked, then realized what that meant, "Oh. Fuck!"

The singer slapped his shoulder, "Keep your voice down! John's already embarrassed enough. He thinks you'll feel too awkward to buy it."

Roger raised his eyebrow, then turned towards the kitchen, almost shouting as he spoke, "Don't worry, John! I've bought even weirder things in the past! I'm not easily embarrassed!"

Freddie slapped him again, but Roger only chuckled as he hurried towards the door, leaving the flat. Just as expected, when Freddie returned to John, he found the younger boy completely mortified.

"Darling, don't feel ashamed," he soothed the boy, "Roger's completely fine with it. He didn't think it
was a big deal. You ... heard him, obviously."

John only nodded weakly, still not saying anything.

"Relax, dear," the singer tried again, then offered a playful smile, "Would you feel better asking me about if I'm top or bottom again?"

Just as expected, John's eyes widened and he quickly shook his head, his face even more red than before, if that was even possible, "Freddie, I-I didn't mean that. I swear, I - "

The frontman laughed, "I'm only playing with you, darling. I know you didn't mean that."

That did seem to relax him, but John still seemed a bit uncomfortable. Freddie walked over to the fridge and John refused to look at him, but he heard the sounds indicating that the singer was preparing something. Only a minute later, Freddie handed him a homemade ice pack, "Here you go, darling."

"Thank you," John replied, immediately placing the ice pack around his wrist, grimacing at the coldness.

"If you don't mind me asking," Freddie started carefully, the curiosity getting the better of him, "What did you mean?"

John knew what the singer was asking about. He simply shook his head, "I don't even know what I was asking. It's all ... strange to me."

"What is?" the singer sat down again, looking at the boy in front of him.

"I don't want to offend you, Freddie," he said quietly.

"You won't."

"I might."

"Try me, darling."

John was silent for a long moment, then finally met the singer's eyes, "I-I only wondered what it was like. It was never something that occurred to me. Two ... men being together. What do they even ... I mean ... what is it like?" he stopped for a moment, breaking the eye contact, "I'm sorry, but I can't imagine it ever feeling good."
Freddie nodded in understanding, "I realize why you might think so, darling."

"I'm sorry, I-I really didn't mean to - "

"I know, don't worry," he offered a smile, then continued carefully, "I understand. But believe me when I say it can feel good. Why else would anyone be participating in it? Of course it feels good."

John seemed lost in his thoughts for a moment and Freddie decided to continue, "If done correctly, it can feel the same as with a girl. Or even better. It all depends, really."

When John finally spoke it was barely above a whisper, "I wouldn't know."

"What was that, darling?"

"I wouldn't know," the bassist repeated and this time Freddie heard it.

"You would not know what?"

When John refused to speak, Freddie continued, "Darling, you can't compare what happened to you to something that two men do willingly - "

"No, it's ... not that, Freddie."

"Then what is it?" the singer sounded really concerned.

John finally looked at him, wearing a weak smile, "I can't compare it to anything because I haven't really done anything to compare it to."

At first Freddie seemed confused, but then he raised his eyebrows in surprise, "You mean - ? You've never had sex before? With anyone?"

The bassist flinched at the words, then only shook his head 'no'. He did not know why he was admitting that, it just sort of ... came out. When he finally gathered the courage to look at the singer, he noticed that Freddie seemed really shaken up by his confession. The singer seemed completely defeated, looking down at the table in front of him, his face completely serious. John did not expect that reaction.

"I'm sorry?" he offered, not actually sure what to say to make Freddie feel better.
The singer immediately looked up, "Why are you apologizing, darling?"

"I... I've obviously upset you, I'm sorry."

"John, darling," Freddie sighed, closing his eyes for a moment, "For the love of God, please, stop apologizing to me."

"A-Alright, I'm sorr -" John stopped himself before he could finish the sentence. The singer seemed to be in a terrible mood and he didn't know what he did to cause that.

"Why are you angry at me?" he asked quietly.

Freddie met his eyes again, simply shaking his head, "I'm not angry at you, John. Why would I be angry at you?"

"Then... why are you angry?"

The singer forced a smile as he stood up, making his way over to John. He gently grasped his shoulder, "I'm not angry, darling. Alright? Now we should probably get dressed and get going. We don't want to be late to the studio. Just put the ice pack back into the freezer, you can continue when we get home tonight."

John did notice the way Freddie's hand shook, but he decided not to bring it up. The singer was acting strange and John felt it was all because of him. He seemed to be in a good mood just five minutes ago and then John went and ruined it all because he couldn't keep his mouth shut.

ooo

The whole taxi ride to the studio was spent in a painful silence. Freddie did not seem to be angry at John, but he was clearly in a terrible mood. Even though he did pat John's knee comfortingly a few times and offered a smile, he said nothing to start a conversation. John felt horrible. It was obvious that Freddie had a problem with what John confided in him, but the reason behind that was unclear to him. Why would the singer have an issue with John's lack of sexual experience? Clearly, it was an issue. John even went as far as to assume it was because Freddie finally realized he truly did not belong in a rock band. He rarely drank and smoked, he rarely partied. And now it was revealed that he had no sexual experience. John couldn't help but feel so disappointed in himself.

"We're here, darling."

Brian and Roger were already at the studio, with Roger sitting behind his drums, playing with his drumsticks and Brian sitting down with his Red Special. They were both ready to play, even more than ready. Judging by their faces, they seemed almost impatient.
"Hello, darlings, sorry we are late," Freddie said matter-of-factly, taking off his jacket, placing it next to Roger's on the desk. John immediately noticed a small paper bag that was left there.

That's probably -

"John, are you ready?" Freddie interrupted his thoughts and John nodded, taking off his own jacket and picking up his bass guitar that he found against the wall in the corner of the room.

"Alright, lets do this," he said, more to himself than to others.

ooo

John gritted his teeth in annoyance as his fingers once again slipped and he messed up his part. Again. The rest of the band kept playing like nothing happened, but John knew they noticed his mistake. It did not take him long to get back on track, but he managed to only play a few moments before the pain in his wrist made him mess up again. They were in the middle of Liar and John tried his best to push through he pain.

"Listen, are you gonna listen?" Freddie sang with that strong voice of his, "Mama I'm gonna be your slave."

John prepared himself for the singer to make his way towards him, like he always did in this part of the song. He expected Freddie to lean back onto him and offer his microphone, but it never happened. The singer simply kept dancing and singing, making no effort to include John into what used to be their part of the song.

"All day long," Freddie sang into the microphone, "Mama I'm gonna try behave. All day long. Mama I'm gonna be your slave. All day long."

John tried to act unbothered by it, but the hurt was eating him up inside. And the most difficult part was yet to come. His solo. He could feel all the emotions bubbling up inside him and when it was finally time to do his part, he bit down on his lower lip hard, completely ignoring the pain in his wrist and his fingers moved forcefully against the strings as never before. He was staring down at his bass the whole time as he played, letting his emotions out. He was completely concentrated, the thought that it might be the last time he was playing with the band, forcing him to make the best of it. John banged the bass guitar against his body almost violently as he was coming to an end of his solo.

After his part was done, he finally looked up and noticed the singer staring at him in amazement. And shock? It actually made Freddie miss his mark and he came in late for the "All day long" part. But the singer quickly recovered and continued with his performance. John turned around and saw Roger wearing a big grin on his face and it was directed towards him. The drummer then banged the drums one last time with such force that it made John wonder how could someone as small and .... petite as Roger posses such strength, and with that the song was over.
Immediately Freddie was beside John, staring at him with eyes wide open, "That was marvelous, darling!" Freddie sounded ecstatic and John did feel confused by the sudden change in his attitude.

"I actually don't think your solo ever sounded better, Deaky!" Roger yelled from behind his drums.

_Deaky?_

John could not help but smile shyly. He did feel the throbbing pain in his wrist, however. It was even worse than before, but John tried to ignore it, not wanting to ruin the moment.

"T-There were a few bad moments, though," he admitted, "I did mess up a few times."

"That's perfectly understandable, John," this time it was Brian who spoke, "You'll get there, don't worry. We have a few days ahead of us to prepare."

Freddie's smile was so big it was showing all his front teeth and John thought he looked rather lovely. But it didn't last long as the singer soon covered his teeth with his upper lip.

"We should call it a day, it's almost six," Brian said and the rest of them agreed.

Given the fact that they would be back tomorrow, they decided to leave all their equipment there. As they all started to dress to leave, Roger grabbed the white paper bag and handed it to John, "This is for you. I've also gotten something else you might need."

After noticing the burning question in John's eyes, Roger quickly explained, "It's for the possible bruises. You can take a better look at it at home."

The bassist nodded, offering a smile of sheer gratitude. He was unable to hold the eye contact with the drummer for long, the awkwardness slowly creeping back in, but the drummer understood.

"Roger and I are going to make a quick stop at that bar," Brian suddenly spoke, turning to Freddie and John, "The one we're performing at. We want to check it out. Do you want to come along?"

The bassist noticed that Freddie's initial reaction was 'yes', but the singer quickly shook his head, "I think it's for the best if we head home."

And that was all John wanted at the moment. _Home. Bed. Ice pack_. But as he give it more thought, he realized the idea of checking the bar out before performing there was actually a good idea. The last thing he wanted was to have to play at a complete unfamiliar location. That would not help his anxiety.
"Freddie," he started carefully, "Perhaps it would be a good idea to go look at the place?"

That caught Freddie off guard, it was the last thing he expected from the bassist.

"But why, darling?" he asked gently, "You need to rest and take care of that wrist of yours."

"We can just stop there for a few minutes and take a look around," John explained, then felt himself blushing, "So that I-I know what to expect on Friday."

Freddie seemed to understand, "I see."

"That was our plan as well," Brian added, "Take a look around and then leave."

"Are you completely sure about it, darling?" the singer turned all his attention to John. Even though for some unknown reason he basically ignored him for the whole afternoon, John could see the sheer concern in Freddie's eyes.

"I'm sure, Freddie," he smiled, "Just a ... quick stop. I'll be fine."

Freddie was still staring at him with worry, but Roger clapped his hands enthusiastically, "Alright, let's get going then, yeah?"

John put his jacket on, awkwardly holding the small paper bag in his hands. Even though he knew it was impossible, he felt as if everyone would be able to see what was inside and what happened to him. As they made their way towards the exit, it did not escape John's attention how Freddie gently placed a hand on his back as he walked beside him.

ooo

Because there were four of them, they just barely managed to squeeze into one taxi, but they made it work. John found himself sitting between Roger and Freddie who both sat with their legs open, making it harder for John to find a comfortable position. Thankfully, they arrived quickly. The bar did not seem to be that far away from the studio.

They all stood next the taxi, waiting for Brian to pay the driver. Freddie took a deep breath, eyeing the bassist carefully. He didn't want him to notice him staring, but there was no way the singer would let him out of his sight tonight. As they started walking towards the entrance, Freddie could already hear the music coming from the inside. He walked beside the bassist, noticing how the younger man crossed his arms slowly over his chest, tensing up only slightly. Freddie did think the whole visit to the bar was a mistake, but he could not force John to go home with him.
As soon as they entered the bar, both Freddie and Roger placed themselves on either side of John, walking next to him like actual bodyguards. Brian walked in front of them and he managed to find them a free table. When they were all seated down, Brian pointed at the stage and the door behind it, "That's the room we'll be getting ready in."

Freddie took one look of the stage, noticing it seemed a bit small for his usual theatrics. He made a mental note to change a few things in his performance.

Suddenly Roger stood up, "We can't just sit here, we'll get kicked out. I'll go order. What do you want to drink?"

"I'll have a beer," Brian said.

"I'll have gin and tonic, darling," Freddie replied, then looked at John, "Would you like water or something?"

The bassist shook his head, "No, no, I'm fine."

Roger nodded and disappeared into the crowd. Freddie, who was sat next to the bassist, patted his knee and leaned closer to him, "We'll only have one drink, dear. Don't worry."

John nodded, not wanting to pressure the rest of the band to leave because of him. Besides, he did not mind being there for a few minutes, maybe half an hour. Although he expected it to be a much scarier experience, the bassist felt oddly comfortable. It had to be because of the fact that the music was not that loud as it was barely seven in the evening. And besides, he was with his three friends. With Freddie sitting next to him and Brian and Roger across the table, he had nothing to be afraid of.

"I could hear it, Roger!" Freddie argued, staring at the blond.

"Why were you eavesdropping?" the drummer asked, rolling his eyes.

"Me? Eavesdropping?" the singer acted offended, "The walls are very thin and you know it!"

"Well, go sleep in the living room, then! Or better yet, find better things to do with your spare time than listening to other people shagging."

John had to chuckle at that. It was more than half an hour later. It had to be close to two hours later and they were still at that bar. No one suggested they leave and John refused to be that person.
Freddie grinned as another shot of tequila was placed in front of him and he drank it immediately, then bit down on a slice of lime, already looking around for a waiter to order another one. It was the most fun and relaxed evening he had in days and he couldn't seem to stop himself.

"You shouldn't do that," Roger advised, pointing at lime in Freddie's hands, "It'll ruin your teeth. Even a squeeze of lime is enough to break down the enamel on the teeth and cause cavities."

The singer smirked, "You do sound a bit like a dentist, Rog."

That made the drummer blush, "Shut it, Freddie."

"Your inner dentist was showing, Rog," Brian mocked the blond, then noticed how the singer kept looking around for a waiter, "You should slow down, Freddie," he said fatherly from across the table.

The singer only shot him a look. He was aware of the fact that he might have drank more than he intended to, but was not drunk yet. At least not completely. Which was unfortunate. It started with that first gin and tonic. Freddie felt the familiar feeling of happiness wash over him. He was a happy drunk and that was what he so desperately needed at that moment. He kept ordering shot after shot and with each one, he could feel the guilt and the concern that were eating at him... simply withering away.

"Leave him be," Roger defended him, "Fred can hold his liquor."

And he was right. Very rarely did Freddie get so drunk that he was incapable of taking care of himself.

"That might be true, but we'll soon be out of money," Brian replied and Roger only groaned in response.

"Are you feeling alright, darling?" Freddie looked at the bassist, "You've been awfully quiet. Do you wish to go home?"

The bassist struggled with the answer. He was not exactly suffering, but he was slowly ready to leave. Immediately Freddie understood, looking at Brian and Roger, "We're leaving."

As they all stood up, Freddie grinned at Brian, "I'll leave the bar tab to you. Meet you outside?"

Before the guitarist could argue back, Freddie turned to leave. He gently grasped John's arm, almost leaning against him and they made their way outside. It was freezing again. Freddie could feel himself getting a bit lightheaded, but his mind was slowly getting clearer. And those thoughts and
guilt soon returned and he immediately pulled himself away from the bassist, convinced that the younger boy did not appreciate him being over affectionate. Freddie had a habit of becoming very touchy when drunk and he did not want to scare John away.

ooo

They dropped Brian at his place before continuing to the flat Freddie and Roger shared. Immediately upon entering, Freddie hurried to the living room then dropped on the sofa, closing his eyes. For a moment during the drive home, he did think he was going to vomit. The driver kept driving like a maniac.

"Oi, are you sleeping here?" came a question from Roger. The singer only uttered a 'mhmm'.

"Freddie?"

The singer opened his eyes and found John standing over him, looking a bit uneasy.

"What is it, darling?"

"Why are you not sleeping in your room? I-I can sleep here, if you'd like to be alone. It's your room, after all."

Freddie dismissed that idea immediately. "I'll be fine here, dear. Don't worry. I simply don't want to bother you in my slightly intoxicated state."

"But you're not bothering me," John said quietly.

Roger then slapped Freddie's legs, "Get your arse up and go to your room, Fred. You'll have the bathroom closer there if you start feeling sick."

The singer sat up, clearly annoyed, "I am not going to be sick, Roger. I'm not that drunk."

The drummer only raised an eyebrow, then extended his arm, "Do you need help getting up?"

"Oh, please, darling. I could run a marathon, don't you worry about me," he smacked the hand away, then stood up, swaying on his feet a bit, "I think I may be a little bit drunk."

Despite that the singer managed to walk past John and Roger.

"Are you coming, John?" he asked, waiting for the bassist.
"Y-Yes, good night, Roger," the bassist said, giving a drummer a slight smile.

"Night, Deaky."

John actually liked his new nickname. It made him feel even more accepted. He offered another smile before he and Freddie disappeared to the bedroom.

ooo

"I truly don't mind, darling," Freddie still insisted he could sleep on the sofa. He tried to change into his pajama pants, but found it a bit difficult to do so. At one point he nearly tripped and collapsed on the floor, but he managed to catch himself in time. John could not help but chuckle a bit. He knew Freddie was drunk, but he didn't seem that drunk. It was not to the point where John would feel uncomfortable. He was still Freddie, only slightly happier. And clumsier. When he finally managed to get his pajama pants up, Freddie took his shirt off, dropping it onto the floor. Then he collapsed onto the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

John noticed the singer decided to not wear anything on the top half of his body. Even though he knew he probably shouldn't, the bassist could not help but stare at Freddie's bare chest. The singer managed to look very feminine in clothes, but his naked chest was anything but feminine. Forcing himself to avert his gaze, John decided to finally look through the things that Roger bought him.

Meanwhile, Freddie was slowly getting to a weird point where his mind was getting sober, but his body was still drunk. Suddenly, he remembered something. He pulled himself into a sitting position, "Darling, how's your wrist?"

Silence.

"John?"

The bassist stood with his back turned to him and he was not moving.

"John?" Freddie tried again.

The bassist finally reacted, turning around to look at the singer. He held two small tubes in his hands and the singer, even through his drunkenness, noticed the way John's hands trembled.

"Honey, come here," he said softly, "What's the matter?"

John reluctantly obeyed, sitting down next to Freddie, eyeing the two tubes in his hands, "I-I think he also got me something for the bruises."
"He did? That's smart of him. I didn't think of that."

The bassist only nodded, still staring at the products in his hands.

When he finally spoke, it was barely above a whisper, "I-I don't think I can do it, Freddie."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think I can do this," he forced the words out, "I can't apply the ... ointment."

"You can, darling. You'll be alright," Freddie soothed, grasping the bassist's shoulder in encouragement.

John thought about it for a moment, then dropped the tube from his hands as if it burned him, "T-Tomorrow morning. I promise. I just can't do it tonight."

Freddie opened his mouth to argue, but upon noticing the way John's lower lip trembled, he decided against it. He picked the small tube up and placed it onto his nightstand. The bassist still seemed traumatized.

"It's alright, dear," Freddie said to him, "But you need to apply that one for the bruises. Can you do that?"

John slowly nodded his head, relaxing slightly, "They're mainly on my ... waist and hips."

"You apply the ointment and I'll look away," Freddie immediately closed his eyes, turning his head away from John. He could hear John moving beside him and after a minute of two, the bassist said he was finished.

"Hopefully, it will help, darling."

Upon noticing the conflicted look on John's face, he couldn't help but ask, "Yes? What's bothering you?"

It took the bassist a moment to answer, "There are ... a few on my back, as well."

He refused to meet the singer's eyes and then felt a hand on his knee, "Do you want me to do it, honey?"
Honey.

John felt himself blushing. The singer seemed to be even more affectionate while slightly intoxicated.

Freddie smiled as the bassist simply nodded, changing his position so that he was now sitting with his back turned. It did take John a few long moments, but then he slowly removed his shirt, wincing in pain he twisted his wrist awkwardly in the process.

Freddie's eyes widened in shock as he looked at the bassist's back, "Oh dear god, John."

His back was covered in angry purple bruises. For a moment, the singer was afraid to touch the boy in front of him.

"I-It's not that horrible, Freddie, really."

"Not that horrible? Lay down, dear."

That seemed to surprise the bassist, "W-What?"

"Lay down on the bed, please. It'll make it easier for me to apply the ointment and give you a massage."

John obeyed and laid on the bed, but he was still confused, "There's no need for a massage. I-I'm fine -"

Still, a quiet moan escaped him when he felt Freddie's warm hands on his back, gently rubbing the ointment into his skin. He bit down on his tongue to prevent sounds escaping his mouth.

"I've got to get the blood flowing around the bruises and loosen up the muscles, darling. You relax."

All John managed to do was a slight nod. Freddie was very gentle, there were only a few occasional shots of pain when he pressed down harder, but John understood it had to be done. He felt his muscles being forced to relax and it felt unbelievably good.

"Freddie?" he asked quietly.

"Hmm?"

"Why were you angry at me today?"
Freddie's movements stopped and John feared he said something wrong. Again. But then the singer continued, his hands moving up to rub his shoulders, trying to feel for places he was most tense. Another moan escaped John's lips and Freddie chuckled, "Enjoying yourself, darling?"

"Mhmmm."

Freddie focused on the various knots the bassist had in his muscles, pusing harder, digging his thumbs into his skin and going in tiny circles to loosen his muscles. He tried to ignore the way John's gasps of pleasure made him feel, he tried to ignore how soft John's skin felt under his hands. After realizing he was subconsciously returning to massage a spot that earlier made the bassist cry out with pleasure, hoping to hear another moan escaping John's lips, Freddie forced himself to stop thinking those thoughts. *What was wrong with him?*

Freddie suddenly felt the urge to flip the bassist around and show him just how good sex could feel. He was positive he would have him moaning in pleasure in a matter of a few minutes.

*What the fuck are you doing, Freddie,* he asked himself.

It was the alcohol. It *had* to be.

John was barely able to form sentences. He even thought that Freddie was doing this on purpose so that he did not need to answer his questions.

But then he tried again, "Why .. why were you angry?"

The singer finally spoke, "I wasn't angry at you, darling. I told you that already."

"But ... you were acting weird with me. T-The whole day and *ah* - " the bassist bit down on his tongue to prevent yet another groan as Freddie's hands moved down his back to his sides, gently caressing the skin. The touch felt so light that it seemed to John as if Freddie's fingertips were only lightly touching his skin. Immediately, he felt the singer jerk away from him.

Silence.

John continued, thinking it was something he said, "I'm sorry, Freddie. If I oversharped this morning at breakfast, I apologize - "

"John. It wasn't anything you did," the singer finally whispered, "It's ... me."

That made the bassist turn around and he noticed the way Freddie looked down at his hands, his face completely broken. He seemed in actual physical pain.
"Freddie?" John sat up, waiting for the singer to continue.

"Why would I be angry at you for telling me you're a virgin?" Freddie let out a deep breath, running a hand through his hair.

"I-I don't know. I thought perhaps you didn't want me in the band anymore."

"What?" that seemed to shock the singer, "Why would you think that? John, darling. You are the best bass player I have ever seen in my life."

John felt his cheeks burning at the compliment, "Then ... why were you ignoring me all day? Well... most of the day? I had to have done something."

Freddie closed his eyes for a moment. How could he explain it to the bassist? The fact that what John told him about himself, made Freddie realize how young John actually was. How inexperienced. How stupid Freddie was for even bringing him along with him to a gay bar? Also the fact that because of what happened to him, John would always connect sex with something bad and painful and violent.

"Darling," he started slowly, "I should have taken better care of you."

"What do you mean?"

"That night. At the club," Freddie forced the words out.

John seemed to disagree, "I was the one who convinced you to go dancing. And ... " he looked away, tears building in his eyes, "I shouldn't have gone to the restroom alone. I should have tried to find you at the dance floor. And - "

"John," Freddie interrupted him, "Even if you did that, you wouldn't be able to find me."

"Why not?"

The singer took a deep breath, "Because... because I wasn't there."

That seemed to confuse the bassist, "But I saw you there."

Freddie nodded, swallowing hard, "I was there at first, but then I ... went to one of their backrooms."
"I don't understand?"

"John, I meet up with one of my ... friends and ... " he paused for a moment, but then he forced the words out, "We ... I had sex with him."

It was only then when Freddie realized how terrified he was of the bassist's reaction. He could not stop his hands from trembling as he waited for John to speak. When he finally dared to look at the younger boy in front of him, he did notice he seemed a bit taken aback.

"Oh," was all he said.

Silence.

"I understand if you want to leave now," Freddie continued quietly, "I understand if you want me to go to hell or if you wish to call me a disgusting fag."

"Freddie, stop," John's voice was stronger than it was in the last couple of days, "Don't say those things."

"But it's true, darling," the singer let out a sad laugh, "Because I wanted to fuck, I left you alone. Even after promising not to do so. And you were attacked because I left you alone."

"That's not true, Freddie."

"How is it not true, dear?"

After John said nothing, Freddie took a shaky breath, repeating what he said before, "I understand if you want to leave. I understand if you never want to see my face again."

"Freddie."

When the singer looked up, he found John's eyes filled with tears. It was quite a shock, because the singer expected to see sheer disgust and anger in his eyes. Not sadness.

Immediately he went into a caring mode, "Darling, what's wrong?"

"Don't send me away, Freddie," the bassist seemed to struggle with his breathing, "I-I can't be alone. You're the only one I trust at the moment. I-I mean, I do trust Brian and Roger, but ... I feel the safest with you. Don't send me away, please."

"Send you away?" Freddie asked, surprise in his voice, "I would never send you away, darling. I
expected you to want to leave of your own free will after finding out about ... everything."

The bassist only shook his head, pure fear written on his face," I-I was so ... scared that night and when he left I-I thought he might come back, but he didn't. Instead, it was you. I was so ... glad it was you, Freddie. I was .. so ... glad and - "

Perhaps it was because of the alcohol in his blood, but without thinking Freddie pulled John into a tight hug with one hand on his back, rubbing small circles on the skin and the other on his neck. John buried his face in the crook of Freddie’s neck as another wave of tremors shook his tired body.

Freddie winced as he felt that, "John, sweetheart, you need to calm down, alright? I am not sending you away. I want you to stay here."

Ever since the attack, Freddie had gone through various scenarios in his head. He imagined all the different reactions that John could possibly have after finding out the truth about Freddie's whereabouts that night. But he never imagined the bassist going into a full blown panic attack. Immediately, all Freddie's fears were forgotten and all that mattered at that moment was John. Slowly, the singer lowered them onto the bed and the bassist still clung desperately to Freddie's body, not uttering a single word.

"Try and get some sleep, darling. I'll be right here when you wake up," Freddie said quietly, enjoying the feel of John's warm body on his own. After a few long minutes, John seemed to fall asleep. And Freddie found himself slowly losing consciousness as well, slipping into a dream world.

Chapter End Notes

Many of you liked Freddie's struggle in the previous chapter and hopefully you won't be disappointed with this one. ;)
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie woke up to a feeling of a warm body on top of his. It was all a bit confusing, but he immediately recognized John, whose head was resting on Freddie's chest. It took him a moment to remember last night's events and understand why were they both shirtless.

The bassist was awake, that much Freddie could tell and it surprised him why the younger boy didn't move away from him when he woke up. Freddie could not prevent a smile from forming on his face as he noticed the bassist was playing with Freddie's chest, drawing small circles on the singer's skin with his finger. Freddie knew John was doing it subconsciously. It was a thing that John regularly did as Freddie noticed. When lost in thought, he kept playing with things, either peeling the sticker off a water bottle or playing with the zipper on his jacker or the button on Freddie's shirt. The singer had to admit it felt rather intimate and he wondered how that escaped John's attention. They were two adult men, sharing a bed and now apparently cuddling without their shirts on. Freddie didn't mind at all, but it was surprising that the bassist was completely comfortable with it.

Last night's events came flooding back and Freddie could not help but grimace in discomfort. It was not his intention to get drunk at the bar, but it somehow happened. And he did not intend to reveal the things he did. It just happened.

But John did not leave as he'd feared. The bassist was still here, still in his bed. From the position he was in, Freddie could clearly see the bassist's back and the bruises there were still there. Each time he saw them, he became absolutely enraged. He took a deep breath to calm himself and gently touched the bassist's back with his hand.

"Morning, darling."

John immediately looked up at the singer, "You're awake."

"I have been for a few minutes now, yes," Freddie smiled and John returned the smile. And then he broke away from the singer, moving so that he could lay next to him.

"Sorry for ... " he trailed off, awkwardly.

Freddie decided to help him, "The cuddling? Oh, don't worry about that. I adore it."

John simply smiled again, not knowing what to say. Considering last night's events, he did seem pretty relaxed. Freddie wanted so badly to apologize to him again, this time sober. He could not remember exactly what he said last night, it was all a bit blurry.
"Freddie," John finally started, "I—I know I should go home. I have been here a few days and I know it can't go on forever - ",

"Stay for as long as you like, darling," Freddie interrupted him, "I like having you here. In fact, I need to ask you to stay for the time being. Until you're ... recovered."

"That could take a while, Freddie," John said quietly.

"It doesn't matter."

The bassist met the singer's warm eyes and all Freddie wanted to do at that moment was to pull John into another hug, but he refrained himself from doing so. Taking a deep breath, he decided to approach the subject that pained him so much. He had to.

"John," he slowly started, "About what I said to you last night. About ... that night."

The bassist only nodded, waiting for him to continue.

It took him a few moments, but Freddie finally dared to ask, "What exactly did I tell you?"

John looked at him, slightly confused, "You don't remember?"

"I—I do. Just not very clearly, dear."

The singer could remember feeling absolutely terrified and then John's panic attack. Then crying.

"You uh ... told me what you did that night," John said quietly and upon noticing Freddie's questioning stare, he continued, "You said you met up with one of your friends and that ... you two .. had sex."

Freddie winced at hearing those words come out of John's mouth. Immediately he broke the eye contact he had with the bassist, looking away in shame.

"Don't do that, Freddie."

"Do what, darling?"

"Look away from me like that. I—I don't like it," John replied quietly, "Maybe you don't remember what I said to you yesterday and I'm going to repeat it. I—I don't care what you were doing that night.
You had every right to do what you wanted with your ... uh ... boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend, darling," Freddie felt the need to correct him, but immediately after he felt stupid. Why would John care if that guy was his boyfriend or a one night stand?

"Alright, then ... your friend," John carefully continued, "It wasn't your job to look after me."

Freddie disagreed with that, but he let the bassist continue, not wanting to interrupt him again.

"I know you'd have prevented what happened to me if you could, but ... you didn't know. And I don't blame you, Freddie. Not one bit."

Those words cut through him like a knife. It was such a relief hearing those words come from John. Freddie could feel the weight of the guilt killing him and he wasn't sure how much longer he could carry on. But hearing John say he did not blame him ... Freddie felt even more obligated to take care of him and protect him. There was still that part of him that disregarded John's words and still blamed himself and Freddie knew it would take a lot of time to actually believe John, but it was a start.

"I will be right back, darling," he suddenly said, jumped out of the bed and hurried towards the bathroom. He locked himself inside and put the toilet seat down before he sat on it, bringing his head to his knees. And then he cried. Freddie Mercury crying in a bathroom. It was not the first time, even though he would never admit that to anyone.

Freddie finally allowed himself to feel and there was a lot to feel. Everything he kept bottled up inside ever since that night. He brushed the tears away with his trembling hand, but they kept coming. After a minute or two, he forced himself to stop. He splashed cold water on his face before wiping his cheeks. He had to stay in the bathroom for a few more minutes as he waited for his eyes to return to their normal color.

When he finally returned to his bedroom, he was his normal self. John was still in bed and he was looking at him with questioning eyes.

"I thought I was going to be sick, darling," Freddie lied, "Perhaps I did have too much to drink last night."

It did not seem as if John completely believed him, but he let it slide. As Freddie crawled back into bed, deciding to procrastinate for a few more minutes, he wondered if he should approach one subject that he knew John would not like to talk about.

Still, he needed to at least try.

"John, darling," he started softly, "Will you ever tell me what you remember from that night? After you ... were left alone?"
As expected, John immediately tensed. Freddie hated making him uncomfortable, but he knew John had to talk about it. It would help him recover. At least that's what Freddie once read somewhere. Even though he knew the important thing and even though he was the one who found him immediately after, Freddie knew nothing about the events leading up to the attack. John never spoke about it.

"Darling?" he tried again, "If you don't wish to talk about it now, I understand."

"What ... What do you want to know?" John's voice was barely above a whisper.

For a moment Freddie debated just dropping the subject all together. But there was something about John's attitude that made him think the bassist was willing to talk about it. Perhaps he was imagining it, but he wanted to try.

"When I left, what did you do? Did you talk to anyone? Did anyone approach you?" he questioned, keeping his voice neutral.

John simply shook his head, "N-No. I was alone. I was ... observing you. I could see you from where I was sitting, but then I remember I looked away because ... you and that guy were ... I-I just didn't want to invade your privacy."

Freddie tensed up at the thought of John actually witnessing all of the gropping that happened between him and that guy on the dance floor before they decided to move to somewhere a bit more private.

John continued as he pulled the blanket up to his neck, "I remember a drink I didn't order being placed in front of me and I said that to the waiter, but he only pointed to a ... guy sitting a bit further away. He smiled at me and I ... awkwardly smiled back. I-I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to be rude and refuse. I - " there was panic in the bassist's voice as he tried to explain his actions.

"John, no one is blaming you. You had every right to accept a drink," Freddie tried to reason with him. Even though the singer knew what accepting a drink usually meant, it still did not automatically make John obligated to do anything with anyone. And it certainly did not make it acceptable to drug him.

The bassist continued after a long moment of silence, "I did expect him to approach me and I tried to think of a polite reply, but he didn't come near me. I-I drank the whole glass and after a few minutes I started feeling strange. Lightheaded and everything around me seemed to move slowly. I tried to look for you, but I ... couldn't see you. Or anyone, really."

Again, Freddie tensed, but allowed John to continue telling his story. This was not about him, it was about John.
"I remember starting to feel sick and for some reason I-I thought cold water might help," John's voice started shaking as he spoke, "I somehow managed to get to the restroom and I remember standing there, staring at my reflection, but I couldn't see myself clearly. I-It freaked me out. I splashed cold water on my face and ... I think I heard someone enter, but I'm not sure. I-I can't remember."

The bassist suddenly stopped, his eyes wide open with horror as he stared off into the distance. Freddie knew immediately what was happening.

He touched the bassist's arm to bring him back into reality, "John, darling, don't go there. Come back to me."

It seemed to work as the bassist snapped out of it, blinking a few times then swallowing hard, trying to pull himself together.

"You don't have to continue, darling," Freddie said softly, "Perhaps another time?"

He hoped that John would agree. Even though it was Freddie's idea to talk about it, he failed to realize how shitty it would make him feel having to hear all that. Having to hear about how John's was violently attacked while he was pressed against a wall, having someone on their knees in front of him, sucking him off. Freddie immediately pushed those thoughts out of his head.

"I-I don't even remember much after that," John said quietly, but Freddie knew he wasn't telling the whole truth.

"It's alright, dear. There is no rush. You can talk about it when you're ready."

Immediately there was a relief on John's face and he nodded. Freddie then offered a smile, before speaking, "Even though I was pretty out of it last night, I do remember you promising something."

When John said nothing, Freddie grabbed the small tube that was on the nightstand and offered it to the bassist who slowly took it from his hand.

"Why don't you take a shower, darling?" the singer suggested, "And then meet me in the kitchen?"

"A-Alright," John seemed to be deep in thought, obviously very nervous, but at the same time he seemed to be ready to give it a try.

Freddie gave him a few encouraging words before he finally left the bassist alone and hurried to the kitchen, absolutely starving. Because of the stress he didn't eat much those last few days, but now that a huge weight was partially lifted off his shoulders, he felt like he could eat everything that was in the fridge. After a few minutes of literally stuffing his face with food, Roger walked in, raising his
eyebrow at the sight in front of him.

"What happened to you, Fred?" the drummer asked while yawning.

The singer gave him a confused look while taking a sip of coffee, "What you mean?"

"You look energetic. Not what I expected from you after last night. I doubted you’d be able to get out of bed. I was already looking forward to dragging your arse out of it."

"Oh, please," the singer rolled his eyes, "I wasn't that drunk. What did Brian say about the studio today?"

"You'd remember if you weren't drunk," Roger teased before answering, "We have it from four to six."

"That's only two hours," Freddie said with concern in his voice. He knew the key to success was rehearsal and two hours a day was not nearly enough for a successful gig.

"We'll just have to make it work, Fred."

The singer agreed. There was nothing else to do.

"Freddie," the drummer suddenly lowered his voice, "I was thinking we could visit that club again. See if that bartender is back at work."

The frontman agreed, "I wanted to suggest that as well, Rog. But we need to think of something to say to John. I don't want him to know where we're going and worry because of it."

"I can say I have a date?" Roger proposed, "And you can say you have a ... family dinner or something?"

After a few moments of considering it, Freddie agreed, but before they could talk about the plan, John appeared in the kitchen. His hair was still wet from the shower and he seemed awkward wearing Freddie's clothes once again. Even though he didn't even want to think about it, he knew he'd have to make a visit to his place to pick a few things up, like clothes and other necessities.

"Morning, Deaky," Roger greeted the bassist and John could not help but smile at hearing the nickname again.

"Good morning, Roger," he replied while taking a seat at the table.
"Deaky," Freddie repeated, "Deaky. I quite like the sound of that."

Roger laughed, then raised an eyebrow proudly, "Well, since I thought of it, of course it's great."

"Do you like it, darling?" the singer looked at John who immediately blushed, "I-I actually really like it."

"Marvelous!" the singer said enthusiastically, "It's settled then. You're Deaky from now on."

They spent the rest of the morning simply talking, joking around and making plans for their future. Even though they all knew it would be a while before things returned to normal, they decided to pretend everything was fine. Soon the topic of the gig popped up and Freddie expressed concern about their song choices.

"You can't just change these things last minute," Roger argued, "We don't have much time to rehearse."

"Oh, don't be such a drama queen," Freddie rolled his eyes, "I'm not asking you to change the whole set. John, darling, can you please fetch me my notebook? It's on the desk in the living room."

John nodded, happy to have an excuse to leave and not partake in the argument. He did notice that those arguments were a normal occurrence for Freddie, Roger and Brian. John wasn't sure if he could even call them arguments. They were more like ... creative differences. They bickered and argued, but it was all soon forgotten. It never got really personal and no one seemed to hold grudges and John really liked that.

When he found Freddie's notebook on the desk, he couldn't help but flip through a few pages. He found the Queen logo that Freddie drew, incorporating all of their zodiac signs. John could hardly believe how talented Freddie was. He flipped through a few more pages, waiting for Freddie and Roger to stop bickering in the kitchen. It was mostly drawings and lyrics.

But then something caught his attention.

_Goodbye everybody I've got to go._

_Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth._

_Mama, I don't want to die._

_I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all._
John turned a page, hoping to find something that would help him understand what those lyrics meant, but there was nothing. He didn't know why, but those words made him feel really uneasy. They were just words, but why would Freddie write something so depressing? John thought that was Brian's thing.

He returned to the kitchen, handing Freddie the notebook.

"Thank you, darling," the singer flipped through a few pages, then found the set list.

John could not pay attention to the conversation anymore. He completely zoned out, his mind racing over possible theories why Freddie would write those words. What truth was he talking about? Why was he singing to his mother? John had so many questions, but knew he'd have to wait until the right time to ask.

"Darling?"

Immediately he snapped out of his thoughts, meeting the singer's eyes, "Yes?"

"Where is your ice pack?" he said with a fatherly tone, "You need to take care of yourself, dear."

John nodded and muttered 'sorry' before getting the ice pack from the freezer and putting it on his wrist. He did notice Roger staring at it, before the drummer quickly looked away, pretending not to be bothered by it.

They spent the rest of the afternoon hanging out, working on songs and simply talking.

"I don't know what to wear on Friday," Freddie sighed, leaning back onto the sofa, "I'm leaning towards that white leotard, but ... I don't know."

"I don't think the leotard would be the best choice, honestly," Roger said.

Freddie acted offended, "Do you have a problem with my clothes, dear?"

"No, Fred. But it's a strictly rock and roll night. Perhaps we should all dress accordingly."

That made John think. What would he wear? The only thing he had at Freddie's place were his clothes from the night of the attack and he was not touching those ever again. And he would rather not go on stage in anything Freddie had in his closet. Everything was too see through, too tight and too outrageous for John. The singer did not have a problem with everyone seeing literally
everything, but John would rather keep some things to himself.

"I should probably go to my place to get some stuff. Clothes," John said, letting out a deep breath.

"I can do it," Roger suddenly offered, "I mean, if you'd like."

John looked at the blond, completely surprised. The drummer was acting especially friendly towards him and while it was nice, John was worried it was coming from a place of pity. When he first met Roger, the blond seemed a bit cheeky, but he realized with time that he was overall very nice and welcoming.

"You've already done more than enough - " John started, but was cut off by Roger.

"It's no problem, Deaky," he insisted, "I like going out and it's for the best you concentrate on other things for the moment," he threw a glance at John's wrist.

"He's right, darling. We are here to help if we can. Of course we are not letting you take a trip to the other side of the town and then all the way back here only to get a few clothes."

John was outruled. He shyly nodded, thanking Roger once again. The blond offered a smile and with that the subject was closed. He did wonder, however, if Freddie and Roger made a deal that the singer would always stay with him while the drummer went out, running errands for everything John would possibly need. It did seem that way. Or perhaps it was a silent agreement that came naturally to both of them.

"Perhaps those leather pants that I bought a few weeks ago?" Freddie suggested, once again thinking about his outfit for the Friday show.

Horror showed on Roger's face, "Oh God, Freddie. Those are too tight, I have told you. I don't know what you were thinking when you bought those."

"I'm not ashamed of my attributes, dear," the singer smirked, raising his eyebrow, "It's going to help me get famous."

John had to laugh at Freddie's reply. He wished he could have his confidence.

When it was time to leave for the studio, they all returned to their bedrooms to get ready. Freddie was fixing his hair in front of a mirror while John put his jacket on and sat on the bed, waiting.
"You did wonderful yesterday, darling."

"I could have done better, though."

The singer turned around and looked at him, "That solo of yours was the best one you've ever done. I don't know how you did it with that wrist of yours, but I'm proud of you."

John could feel the heat in his face, he always blushed at receiving compliments.

Freddie continued, "And even if you do mess up on Friday, don't worry about it. I'll make sure the audience won't notice a thing."

"H-How will you do that?"

The singer raised an eyebrow, "Oh, please. I always win the audience, don't you worry about a thing."

John had to admit Freddie's words did calm him down a bit. It did take a bit of the pressure off. Despite his stubbornness and determination, the bassist did stress a lot about their gig.

"Oh, darling," Freddie started, struggling with his next words, "How did it go? The uh ... shower? Did you - ?"

The ointment.

John quickly nodded, but looked away and that got Freddie's attention, "Are you sure?"

"Y-Yeah, it went fine," he quickly answered, then stood up, "We should probably go now. We don't want to be late again."

Freddie was suspicious, but before he could inquire further, the bassist hurried out of the room.

ooo

While they were on their way to the studio, Freddie suddenly cleared his throat and turned to John, "Oh, darling, I forgot to tell you. After the rehearsals, I have a family dinner at my parents' house. It'll probably take two hours max. Will you be alright with Brian at our flat?"

The bassist nodded, "S-Sure."
"And I have a date," Roger announced immediately after to which John just nodded again. He did find it unusual that the drummer felt the need to tell him that. The two of them were acting a bit weird. John found it very strange that Freddie forgot to mention the dinner sooner, but he decided not to think about it too much.

ooo

The rehearsal went a lot better than the previous day. They seemed to be a lot more in sync and Freddie's energy levels were a lot higher than they were yesterday. John was still having a bit of trouble with his fingers slipping, but each time he was asked by Freddie if he was alright, he insisted that he was. Even though his wrist ached with pain, he kept a neutral face, only biting on his lower lip when it got too painful. He did take one painkiller in secret before they left the flat and he was thankful he did. He kept it to himself though as he was positive that Freddie would not allow him to leave the flat if he knew the discomfort reached a point where he had to take a pill to ease the pain.

Freddie did look at him more times than usually, a worried expression on his face. Each time John noticed that, he forced himself to act even more normal. To play the bass even harder.

He didn't want pity.

From either one of them.

The two hours went by quickly and soon they were getting ready to leave.

"Well, my darlings, see you in a couple of hours," Freddie said, putting his jacket on. John tensed up, realizing that Freddie was already leaving. He expected them to at least leave the studio together.

"I'll go with you," came a reply from Roger.

Brian only waved at them, then continued packing up his Red Special. The singer approached John, gripping his shoulder lightly, "I'll be back as soon as possible, alright?"

John smiled awkwardly, "I-I'll be fine, really. Enjoy the dinner with your family."

The bassist did feel like a burden because the three of them had to almost babysit him. Even though John would not admit it to Roger or Brian, he didn't want to be left alone. But it seemed as if they figured that out already, because they always made sure one of them would always be with John.

When Freddie and Roger left, John looked at Brian, not really knowing what to say. Even though they got on pretty well, John could not actually remember having one on one conversation with Brian. Well, there was that one evening when he told him about the gig, but that was it.
"Ready?" Brian asked as he finished packing up his guitar.

John nodded, hoping the evening wouldn't be too awkward with just the two of them.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&)&&
Roger let out a laugh, "It's the hair, right? Ever since I went blonde, guys seem to hit on me more."

"Perhaps I should consider dying my hair as well," Freddie said jokingly, but then turned his attention towards that waiter again.

The drummer made eye contact with him, motioning for him to come over to them.

"What can I get you, gentlemen?" the waiter asked as he leaned closer to them to be able to hear them through the noise.

"Two beers and an explanation about what happened to my friend's drink last Friday night," Roger said casually. The waiter tensed, his eyes nervously moving from Roger to Freddie.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he replied, "Now if you'll excuse me - "

"Either you answer our questions, darling, or we make a scene," Freddie's voice was completely calm, but there was something in his glare.

"Your boss wouldn't like that, would he?" Roger asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Look," the guy started, "I really have no idea what you're talking about. I need to get back to work - "

Freddie ignored his words, "Agree to meet us outside and answer our questions and we leave you alone. Refuse and ... " he didn't finish the sentence, but it was clear what he was implying.

The guy seemed to think about it for a moment, gritting his teeth in frustration. But then he simply nodded, walking to another waiter and saying something in his ear before leaving the place from behind the bar, making his way outside. Freddie and Roger followed, not letting him out of their sight. They still had no idea what they were going to do and if that guy had anything to do with the attack, but his behavior was a bit suspicious. He didn't act as someone who had nothing to hide.

When they were finally outside, they moved a bit further away from the entrance and from the groups of people that were standing there. When they finally had the privacy they wanted, the guy simply turned to face them, his hands on his hips.

"Last Friday night," Freddie started slowly, "I was here with my friend and something happened to him. We believe his drink was spiked and I vaguely remember you being our waiter. I actually remember you being the only waiter there that night."

"Well, there was another one working that shift as well," the guys said defensively.
"Oh, you want me to go ask him about this? Perhaps he remembers?" Roger offered and immediately the guy tensed, shaking his head.

"Interesting," Freddie drawled, "You don't want him to know about this? Then answer our questions."

"Look," he started, his voice shaking a bit, "I don't know what happened to your friend."

Freddie stared at him dangerously, "Well, I happen to know. And I want to know who is responsible for it."

"Did you put something in his drink?" Roger asked directly.

The guy shook his head, "N-No."

"Did you see someone else do it?" Roger tried again and this time the waiter tensed up, breaking the eye contact.

"You did see," Freddie said, "Who was it?"

"Look, I don't know the guy's name. I've never seen him before or after," the waiter explained, "He ordered a drink, quickly dropped something inside it and asked me to take it to this guy ... that was sitting alone."

"My friend, yes," Freddie's tone was dangerously low.

Roger sounded pissed off, "And you did it even though you fucking saw him slip something in his drink?"

"It's a gay club," the guy said as if that would explain everything, "What did you expect? You do realize people use all sorts of drugs to have a better time - "

"There's a big fucking difference if they use it willingly or if someone sneaks it into their drink behind their back!" Roger was almost yelling, clenching his fists in pure rage.

The guy let out a tired sigh, "I am sorry about your friend, but the next time he should consider not going to a gay bar if he doesn't want to get - "

Before he could finish his sentence, Freddie pushed him roughly against the exterior wall of the club, the singer barely managing to refrain himself from throwing a well deserved punch.
"Finish that sentence, darling. I beg you," he said quietly, staring directly into the guy's eyes, daring him to open his mouth again.

"Fuck you," Roger spat out, "You piece of shit. You do realize what you did was illegal?"

"Did your friend press charges?" he asked and after he received the silence as an answer, he nodded, "I thought so."

"Oh, I don't think we need the police to punish the ones who are responsible," Freddie drawled, "Don't you agree, Rog?"

"I didn't know!" the guy quickly said to defend himself, "It could have been anything, how was I supposed to know what kind of a drug it was?"

There was a predatory gleam to the singer's eyes as he grabbed the guy by his shirt collar, his fists twisted firmly to keep him in place, »You fucking helped drug my friend and that is all you have to say for yourself?" he gave him good shake, jostling his head hard against the brick.

The guy cried out in pain, but then shot back, "P-Perhaps your friend shouldn't accept drinks from strangers - "

And that was when Freddie lost it. He pulled one hand back to strike him solidly across the cheek, swiping to the side to avoid punching his head directly into the wall. The guy started resisting, but before he could do anything, Freddie pulled him away from the wall and punched him once more, this time directly on the nose. He could hear a slight crack and the guy cried out in pain, dropping to his knees, holding a hand over his nose.

There was a lot of blood and they were starting to attract the attention of people outside the club.

The guy looked up at them angrily, but Roger warned him, holding his hand up, "Stay down if you know what's good for you, mate."

Freddie was breathing heavily, his hands shaking with pure rage. Even though he guy was completely defeated as Freddie knew exactly where to hit, the singer still had a lot of anger in him. He didn't feel a broken nose could even compare to what was done to John.

"Fred, we need to leave before someone calls the police," Roger said to him quietly, grabbing his arm.

The singer nodded before kneeling down next to the wounded guy, "This was an accident, darling. You ran into my fist by mistake. And you will not press charges against us. Do you understand?"
The guy only nodded, still holding his hand over his broken nose.

"Piece of shit," Roger spat at him one last time before he grabbed Freddie and pulled him up. Ignoring the questioning gazes of the people outside the club, they hurried down the street, away from the scene.

ooo

"Is his name really ... Farruk? Or - ?" John asked the guitarist, still not completely believing the singer's words.

"Yes, actually it's Farrokh Bulsara," Brian answered, "I think he changed it just recently."

"To Freddie."

"Or Frederick. I don't even know anymore, I can't keep up with him and his ideas," there was humor in Brian's voice as he spoke.

John laughed, letting that piece of information sink in. If he was being honest, he thought being alone with Brian would be a bit awkward, but it wasn't. He was a little terrified of the guitarist because he seemed really stubborn sometimes especially in arguments with Roger and Freddie. Besides, he was very smart. That was obvious from the very first day. John did find it a bit intimidating. But as they sat in the living room, drinking tea, the atmosphere felt very relaxed and John decided to use the time to find out a bit more about their band. The band that he was now a part of.

"How did you and Roger meet?"

Immediately a smile formed on Brian's face as he remembered, "We were actually in different bands at the time. And my band was looking for a drummer. I posted an ad and looking back at it, I did set a very high criteria, demanding almost impossible things," Brian shook his head in disbelief, "And then I got a phone call from a friend of mine saying he knows someone who claimed could do all those things."

"And that was Roger?"

Brian seemed as if he didn't believe his own words as he nodded, "The one and only. I didn't believe it at first because he seemed so ... small."

John laughed at that, but on the inside he agreed.

"But he was amazing," Brian's eyes lit up when he spoke of the drummer, "I have never met anyone before who could actually tune drums."
"I've also noticed that," the bassist commented, "He's very good."

"Just make sure to not tell him that too many times because he can get very ... cocky," Brian remarked, letting out a laugh, then continued, "And then our lead singer left and we found ... Fred. He basically forced himself into our band but ... I'm glad he did."

"He's very sweet," John said quietly, looking down.

"Fred? Oh, he's extremely nice but I'm sure you've already noticed that."

"I-I did," he bassist nodded, his lips curling into a slight smile. Him and Brian spent the rest of the evening simply talking and he realized the guitarist was actually a very good conversationalist, very patient and a good listener. They not once mentioned the subject of John's attack for which John was very grateful. It made him feel good knowing that not everything in his life had to revolve around that.

ooo

"I wish I could've given him at least one punch, Fred, but you almost knocked him out," Roger complained as they left the taxi and made their way towards their flat.

"I'm sorry, darling," the singer replied, even though he was not actually sorry. He could still feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins and he wished there was a way he could get it all out. Two punches were not nearly enough for that disgusting man, but Freddie did not want to get into any troubles with the police. Who would then take care of John?

"You want to know what truly fucking pisses me off?" the singer asked, then continued, "The fact that we will never find him. The cunt that did that to John. There is no way to find him."

"Do you think he was lying to us? The bartender? Perhaps he does know more than he's letting on?"

Freddie shook his head, "I doubt it, darling. He would've told us, trust me. There was fear in his eyes when we cornered him. He's simply a piece of shit who accepted the money and looked the other way."

When they entered the flat they once again found the guitarist asleep on the couch, his legs dangling over the armrests. He seemed very uncomfortable, but deep asleep.

"I don't want to wake him up," Roger said quietly, then a playful smirk appeared on his face, "Or perhaps I should. Just for the fun of it."
"Let him sleep here tonight," Freddie replied, "Just get him a few blankets, it's freezing."

Then the drummer remembered something, "Oh, I haven't told you this yet! Two days ago when I was making my way back to the flat, a neighbor stopped me, saying a bunch of shit and complaining there were always guys coming in and out of our flat."

Freddie narrowed his eyes in confusion, "What neighbor?"

"That old lady from a flat next to ours? The one who's always complaining about the noise?"

The singer rolled his eyes, "How can she mistake my marvelous piano playing for noise? She truly lacks class, darling."

"Well, I shut her up. She almost ran back into her flat when I told her," Roger giggled, but seemed very proud of himself.

Freddie was almost afraid to ask, "What did you tell her, dear?"

"I told her you were all my boyfriends."

Freddie couldn't help but smile, exposing all his front teeth, "You are crazy, Rog, you know that?"

"I have been told that many times, yes," the drummer laughed.

The singer's eyes widened in shock as he looked at the clock on the wall, "Well, we should all try and get some sleep, it's pretty late."

"Alright, good night, Fred," the drummer said, then grabbed Freddie's arm, pulling him into a hug. The singer returned the hug, patting Roger on the back and after a moment he pulled away, a grin on his face, "Oh, get off me. We don't want to make your other boyfriends jealous."

"Piss off," Roger shot back and Freddie only waved as he left the room.

To Freddie's surprise, he found John still awake. It was two in the morning, why was he still up? He did notice the way John's eyes lit up when he saw him. He immediately sat up in bed, "You're back."

"Darling, why on earth are you still up?" he asked, making his way over to the closet to change into
his pajama clothes.

John looked away as the singer undressed, "I-I couldn't really sleep."

"And why is that?" Freddie asked as he made his way towards the bed and sat down next to the bassist.

"I-I don't know, actually. How was your family dinner?"

Freddie quickly nodded, "It's went well. It was nice seeing them again," then he changed the subject, not liking the feeling of having to lie to the bassist, "What did you do this evening?"

"Oh, Brian and I just talked about ... things."

"Oh, no. Did he bore you with his astrophysics?" the singer grimaced.

John laughed, "No, it wasn't anything like that. We talked about the band and you and Roger."

Freddie cocked an eyebrow, "Oh really? What did he say about me, darling?"

"That you're really nice," John immediately replied, then blushed and looked away.

The singer acted offended, "That is all? He's known me for a quite a while and all he describes me as is nice? I think I need to have a word with him."

When John looked at him with concern in his eyes, Freddie laughed, "I'm joking, darling."

And it was then that Freddie noticed the small tube on the nightstand on John's side of the bed.

"John, dear, is that - ?" he started and the bassist immediately tensed, quickly grabbing the tube and hiding it under the covers.

Freddie let out a deep breath, "Darling, is that the ointment? It's still unopened."

When John refused to answer him, the singer tried again, his voice soft as he spoke, "You did not apply it today, did you?"

The bassist simply shook his head.
"Why not, darling?"

"Because I can't, Freddie," he said quietly, "I just can't."

"Why not?"

Freddie noticed the bassist struggling with words and the way he started to fidget just a bit.

"You do know it's crucial for your recovery," the singer spoke again and the bassist nodded.

It took him a long moment to finally speak, "I tried, Freddie. I really did. But ... the simple thought of it ... I-I can't explain. It makes me sick to my stomach."

Freddie listened patiently, trying to understand what John was explaining to him.

"I can't even ... look at myself when I'm taking a shower or changing my clothes," John confessed quietly, "It makes me remember things that I don't want to ... remember."

"John, darling," the singer slowly started, "This is one thing I cannot help you with. I would gladly do it for you or instead of you, but I can't. It's something you can only do yourself and you need to do it, sweetheart," then he tensed up slightly, "I don't know the extent of your injuries, but if Susan suggested the ointment then - "

"I know, Freddie," John interrupted him, his voice shaking slightly, "But I-I can't stand to even go near ... it," then he seemed to snap out of it, "I-I'm sorry. You probably don't want to listen to that. It's disgusting."

"Stop that," Freddie ordered, moving closer to the bassist and then before he could stop himself he reached out and brushed the hair away from John's face. When he noticed the way John relaxed into his touch, he decided to take it one step further, gently caressing his face. It was surreal to him how the bassist leaned against his touch, relaxing completely and if Freddie was reading the signs correctly, John wanted more. Of what, he did not know, but some force inside him, urged him to continue exploring. Gently, he traced his hand down to the bassist's neck, softly caressing the skin on the back of his neck.

"Freddie."

The way that John whispered Freddie's name, sent a warm feeling straight to the singer's groin and immediately he snapped out of it, pulling his hand away. John opened his eyes at the sudden lack of touch and he stared at Freddie, his face completely flushed.
For the first time in his life, Freddie did not know if he should trust his instincts and his ability to read body language. If he was reading the signs correctly, then John seemed to thoroughly enjoy the touching and wanted more. But if he was wrong, then he would royally fuck things up with the bassist if he decided to continue. That was why Freddie decided to stop, ignoring the longing he could see in John's eyes. The bassist cleared his throat, nervously licking his lips.

Freddie decided to return to the subject they were discussing, "Sweetheart, I cannot force you to do anything, but can you at least promise me you will try again? Tomorrow?"

John smiled weakly, "I-I promise."

"And if it doesn't work," Freddie paused for a moment, "Then we'll have to find a different way. But it's going to be alright, dear."

It was something that Freddie loved seeing. The way he had the ability to calm the bassist down with his words and he could not express how good that made him feel. After that they both crawled under the covers and after only a few minutes, Freddie could tell that John was deep asleep. He, however, was wide awake. Thoughts were racing through his mind and he could not stop it. He felt conflicted and for the first time in his life he was completely confused about his feelings. Completely. He did care about John, deeply. That was very clear. But why was he getting a hard on when he was simply caressing the bassist's neck, trying to comfort him? Freddie was fairly certain that John would not appreciate that one bit. But at the same time, why was John moaning his name? He was moaning. Or perhaps he wasn't? Perhaps Freddie only heard what he wanted to hear? But why would he want to hear that? John was only a friend.

The singer let out a tired sigh. He simply needed to stop whatever was going on. Stop it before it got out of control.

He knew it was going to be a long sleepless night.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! I am trying to make a slow transition into a romance and I'm starting to make Freddie's and John's relationship more physical. If you have any suggestions on what you'd like to see, please let me know. :) Thank you for all your lovely comments.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie could not help, but chuckle at the sight of Brian sleeping on the sofa. He did feel slightly bad for the guitarist, but it was funny how his arms and legs were hanging off, almost touching the floor. It was a bit strange that he was still asleep as it was nine in the morning and the guitarist was an early riser. Freddie went to the kitchen to make some coffee before he returned to the sleeping guitarist, gently shaking his shoulder.

"Darling, wake up," he said quietly, "I've made us some coffee."

It was the least he could do after Brian did him a favor by watching over John the previous evening. Brian immediately awoke and sat up, looking rather confused.

Freddie laughed at the expression on his face, "You look like a puddle of sheer confusion every time you wake up. Has anyone ever told you that?"

"No," Brian rolled his eyes, "It's just when I spend the night somewhere that's not my place."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry about that, dear," Freddie apologized and his tone was sincere, "We didn't think I would take that long."

That caught Brian's attention, "We? You mean you and your family?"

"Er, actually," Freddie started carefully, "Lets move this conversation to the kitchen, alright?"

The living room was closer to Freddie's bedroom and he did not want John to accidentally hear the things he was about to say. The singer made his way to the kitchen and Brian followed, yawning, still trying to pull himself together. He smiled in gratitude when a cup of hot coffee was placed in front of him. As Freddie sat down across from him, he took a sip, then looked at the singer, waiting for him to continue what he started before.

There was no other way to say it.

"Roger and I lied to you," Freddie simply stated, "He didn't have a date and I didn't have a family dinner."

Brian looked a bit taken aback, but it was not that surprising to him. He was already used to hearing all sorts of crazy things from the singer and the drummer. He leaned back on his chair, waiting for the explanation that he knew would come. And he did not have to wait long.

"We actually paid a visit to that club," Freddie spoke quietly, "And we knew you wouldn't agree and would perhaps try and stop us. I'm sorry, darling, but we needed someone to stay here with John."
The guitarist took a deep breath through his nose, nodding, "Alright, I understand. But please, tell me you didn't get into any trouble."

When Freddie broke the eye contact and looked away, it alarmed him. The last thing they needed at the moment were Freddie and Roger getting into any kind of trouble. Not only because it would hurt the band, but because they were friends. Brian constantly lived in fear of receiving a phone call one day telling him that something happened to his two friends. Even though he did not want to express his concern out loud, he was afraid of Freddie getting hurt due to his lifestyle because even if it pained Brian to admit it, it was sadly still not acceptable in the society. And Roger was ... well, Roger. He was afraid of Roger accidentally burning the flat down.

"Freddie, you did not get into any trouble, did you?" he asked again, slowly.

When the singer offered a weak smile, he relaxed slightly. Only slightly.

"We are fine, don't worry, dear," Freddie answered, then his tone got lower, "We did manage to find the bartender from that night. He admitted to seeing someone slip something in John's drink, but he ... did nothing to stop it."

Brian shook his head in disbelief, "I can't believe it."

"Neither could I, dear," Freddie spat out with disgust, "He insisted it was a normal occurrence at the club and that it was nothing out of the ordinary."

The guitarist was almost afraid to ask, "What did you and Roger do?"

"Roger did nothing, don't worry. He behaved quite well, actually. You'd be proud of him."

"Alright," Brian nodded, then continued carefully, noticing the gleam in the singer's eye, "What did you do, Fred?"

Instead of answering, the singer took one sip of his coffee, holding the cup in front of his face, refusing to speak.

"Fred."

Finally, the singer gave in, "I am fairly certain I broke his nose, darling."

"Freddie!" Brian raised his voice, "Why did you do that for?"
"What do you mean why?" Freddie asked in disbelief, "You know why. And it wasn't even close to what he deserved, the cunt."

When he noticed the concern on Brian's face, Freddie continued, "No one is going to come knocking on our door, dear, don't worry."

"How can you be sure, Fred?"

"Trust me," the singer tried to calm him down, "What he did was illegal. I doubt he'd want anyone to know about that."

It did seem to put the guitarist slightly as ease, but judging by the expression on his face, he still did not approve of what happened. Freddie knew he wouldn't. That was why he decided to take Roger with him last night.

"Everything is fine, Brian, do calm down," he smiled, "It's not healthy to be stressed this early in the morning. You'll get grey hair."

Brian only gave him a look that said 'it's your damn fault I'm stressed', but he said nothing, realizing there was no point in arguing anymore.

"Does John know?" he asked quietly.

Freddie quickly shook his head, "No and I do not plan on telling him. At least not anytime soon."

"Alright," the guitarist agreed and after a few moments of silence decided to change the subject, "I haven't told you yesterday, but ... we don't have any studio time today. They were all booked."

"Shit," was all the singer said, running a hand through his hair.

Their gig was in two days.

"I'm sorry, Fred. I'll try to get us in tomorrow or perhaps Friday morning."

Freddie nodded, thoughts racing through his mind. It wasn't only the whole John situation that worried him. It was all of them. They haven't played together that many times, especially not with John. And while they did sound alright, it was still far from perfect. And only perfection was good enough for Freddie.

"Why are you still here, mate?" Roger suddenly appeared, sitting down next to Freddie and looking at the guitarist playfully, "Brian, it's almost as if you've moved here. You do remember you have
your own place, don't you?"

Brian shot him a look, "Well, I had to be here while you two were off, apparently beating people up."

Roger looked at Freddie who nodded, "I've told him."

"Sorry," was all the drummer said to Brian before stuffing his mouth with a piece of bread. Brian only rolled his eyes at the apology. That was the best he would get out of Roger.

They spent the rest of the morning not being very productive. It was pouring rain outside and Brian decided to stay for the day, not wanting to go out in such a weather. Roger went to take another nap and while Freddie wanted to do the same, he didn't want to leave Brian and John alone again.

"Will you cook for us, darling?" Freddie used the sweetest voice he could as he stared at Brian lovingly.

John had to chuckle at the sight in front of him. They were hanging out in the living room and it was already around two o'clock. They were all a bit hungry already, but apparently Freddie was starving.

"I don't feel like cooking, Fred," Brian teased, but there was a smile on his face. He only wanted to make the singer beg.

"You always feel like cooking, dear. Don't lie."

Brian simply shrugged, "Not today."

"Please?" the singer finally said it, looking at him with puppy dog eyes.

"Fine," the guitarist finally gave in, "But without meat."

"Doesn't matter, just prepare something. I'm dying over here and you know I can't cook for the life of me," Freddie sighed dramatically.

Brian only laughed as he disappeared into the kitchen.

"You can't cook?" John chucked as he looked at the singer.

"I can't even make eggs, darling. I once tried, but I almost burned down the kitchen," Freddie confessed, grimacing at the memory.
"Then what do you eat?"

"Mostly sandwiches or ... Roger and I force Brian to cook us something. Or we go over to Brian's and ... force him to cook us something."

John laughed again, then quietly said, "I-I can cook. Sort of. I mean ... I'm not as hopeless as you and Roger are, obviously."

Freddie opened his mouth in shock, raising an eyebrow, "John, darling, was that an insult?"

He playfully stared at the bassist in amusement, waiting for him to speak.

"I-I didn't mean it like that - " John immediately tried to apologize, but Freddie's laughter interrupted him.

"I'm only playing with you, darling."

John blushed, staring down at his hands. Freddie lit one cigarette and brought it to his lips as he stared at the bassist in front of him, "So, you can cook," he said, smiling, "Good. I like a guy that can cook."

If John was blushing before, he was now burning up. Quickly clearing his throat, he tried to change the subject, only hoping the red color would disappear from his face. He hated the fact that he would blush furiously over the smallest things. Even his ears would turn red. John was not completely sure, but he suspected the singer was very aware of that fact and was deliberately saying things to cause the reaction.

"What are ... um ... the plans for the day?"

Freddie shrugged, taking a drag from the cigarette, "I have nothing planned, really. It seems we are stuck inside. Brian will try to get us some studio time tomorrow."

John tensed up, "Do you think it'll be enough?"

"We'll have to make it work, dear," the singer offered a smile, then a thought occurred to him, "Do you already know what you'll be wearing on Friday?"

"Uh, no, not yet - "

"Can I help you with that?" Freddie suddenly seemed very energetic, "I have some clothes you could
"I'm not really sure - "

"Please, darling!" the singer gave him the same look as when he pleaded with Brian to cook them something.

It took some convincing, but then Freddie finally succeeded to change John's mind. Even though the bassist was pretty sure he would not like any of the singer's choices for him, he could not say no to Freddie's sheer enthusiasm. Besides, it was pouring rain and they were stuck inside with nothing better to do while they waited for the food.

When John finally gave in and agreed to do it, the singer clapped his hands in pure happiness and almost immediately he was dragged to Freddie's room.

"Where the hell is that damn thing?" Freddie sounded irritated as he searched through his closet, trying to find one particular pair of pants he wanted John to try.

The bassist waited patiently on the bed, reminding himself to try and be more open to new things. New experiences. New clothes. Freddie had that kind of an effect on him.

"Here they are!" Freddie finally found what he was looking for and faced John, holding something sparkly in his hands.

John tensed up, trying very hard to keep the smile on his face. He did not want to offend the singer. The problem were not the clothes themselves. John thought they looked really good on Freddie, but the bassist was not comfortable with wearing such provocative clothing. He was completely satisfied with attracting as little attention as possible.

"Try these one, dear," Freddie said and he handed him a pair of white velvet trousers which John accepted with slight reluctance.

Freddie noticed it and gave him a big smile, "You'll look wonderful, darling! Just try."

John stood up and when Freddie turned around to go look for another thing in the closet, he quickly changed, barely managing to pull the pants up as they were unbelievably tight. They fit. But just barely. John went to stand in front of a large dressing mirror that Freddie had in his bedroom.

_Oh God._

John blushed as he noticed the pants left absolutely nothing to the imagination. They were
completely skin tight and John wanted to get out of them before the singer managed to get a look at him.

But it was too late.

"Oh, let me see!" Freddie approached him and stopped beside him, staring at John's reflection in the mirror. His warm eyes first met John's nervous ones and then they made their way down. John awkwardly put his hands in front of his crotch, trying to hide exactly how skin tight the pants were.

"You look beautiful, darling," Freddie complimented him, leaning against him and putting his head on the bassist's shoulder.

"I-I just don't think it's me," John said quietly, wanting nothing more than to get out of those pants as soon as possible.

Freddie seemed to understand, "You look absolutely beautiful, but the most important thing is that you feel comfortable in it. If you do not feel relaxed in it, then there's not point."

When John only smiled nervously in response, Freddie lightly squeezed his arm in encouragement, "I have another pair in mind. I think you'll like those a bit more, dear."

With those words he hurried off to the closet and he returned only a few moments later, handing John a pair of black leather pants.

"These are not as tight, darling," he said to John, "Try them on and I'll find a blouse to go with them."

As Freddie walked over to his closet again, John barely managed to get those velvet trousers off of him, nearly tripping and falling over in the process. That would be a funny sight. When he finally pulled the leather pants on, he buckled the belt that came with and looked at himself in the mirror. They were thankfully not as tight as the ones before. And it did look quite nice, it just was not John's style.

"John Richard Deacon!" Freddie laughed from behind him, "Is that you?"

He quickly made his way over to the bassist, his eyes wide open in shock.

"You look rather dashing, dear," he saidexcitingly as he stood behind the bassist, looking over his shoulder at the reflection in the mirror.

"Y-You really think so?" John asked hesitantly, still not completely sure he liked the way he looked. But he did like the way Freddie was passionate about it.
"I do," the singer replied with a smile, gripping his shoulders gently, "I think I have just the top that would go perfectly with it."

John laughed nervously, but decided to give it a try, "A-Alright, Freddie."

"I'm just not sure about the belt, dear," Freddie said, narrowing his eyes, "Perhaps it would look better without -"

Without thinking, the singer reached his arms around the bassist's hips, trying to get rid of the belt. The moment John felt someone pressed against him from behind and then hands trying to undo his belt, he froze, his mind going into a complete state of panic. He met Freddie's eyes in the mirror for a slight second before he lost control of his body and his touch with reality. He jerked away from the singer, collapsing onto the floor as his legs gave up on him.

"D-Don't," he managed to whisper, trying to catch his breath, "I-I don't want t-to ..."

All John knew was that he was not in Freddie's bedroom anymore. He was in that dirty stall. Somehow he was there again. And he wasn't alone.

It was that man and he was going to hurt him again. He was going to pull his pants down and hurt him.

Again and again and again.

John grabbed his belt, trying to protect it from anyone who tried to touch it. Trying to prevent him from unbuckling it. He could feel something wet on his cheeks and then someone touching him. It scared him so much, he pushed the hand away, "D-Don't, please. Don't m-make me."

He kept his eyes shut, not wanting to see the horrible man in front of him. He didn't want to see his face because then he wouldn't be able to forget it.

He somehow crawled away and found the safety of a wall. He pressed himself against it, pulling his legs up in front of him and resting his head on top of his knees. No one could hurt him like that.

"I don't w-want to, I don't want to," he kept repeating until the words made no sense to him anymore. He waited in terror, expecting someone to touch him again, to hurt him.

"Deaky?"

He froze when he heard that word.

"Deaky?"
John recognized that voice. He knew that voice. It wasn't the man who hurt him.

When he finally dared to look up, he was met with a pair of big blue eyes.

"R-Roger?" he whispered, recognizing the drummer that was kneeling down next to him.

"It's me, Deaky," the blond replied gently, cautiously touching his hand, "Are you alright? Try to breathe, mate. In and out, alright?"

John nodded, still trembling as if he was freezing to death but at the same time sweating profusely.

"In," Roger instructed, taking a deep breath himself and John did the same, feeling the air fill his lungs.

"Out, slowly," the drummer said, letting out the breath.

John concentrated on the breathing, doing exactly what Roger was doing and soon he found himself relaxing. His eyes then shifted from the blond drummer in front of him to what was around them. John immediately recognized it as Freddie's bedroom. But where was Freddie? It was then that John remembered everything and he felt his heart sink.

"W-Where's Freddie?" he asked, his voice still shaking.

"He's in the living room, don't worry," Roger replied with a slight smile, "You just concentrate on the breathing, alright? In and out."

John obeyed, breathing as Roger instructed, but the thoughts were racing through his mind.

*Where is Freddie? Why isn't he here?*

"I need you to take this," Roger offered him what looked like half a pill and a bottle of water, "It's a sleeping pill, but it's only half of it, so it'll only calm you down, hopefully."

John accepted it without hesitance, quickly swallowing it and taking a few small sips of water.

"Can you stand up, Deaky?" Roger asked and when the bassist nodded, he gently grabbed his arm, pulling him to his feet and helping him to the bed.

"Where's F-Freddie?" John asked again as Roger put him to bed, covering him with blankets and
"He'll ... come see you later," Roger answered awkwardly, "You need to feel better first, alright? I'll stay with you."

The drummer sat on the bed next to John and while it was comforting having someone keep him company, John wanted Freddie. The singer never left him alone like that. Horrible thoughts were racing through his mind and he needed to know if Freddie was angry at him. He didn't want to react the way he did. He felt stupid and ashamed and at the same time he never wanted to see Freddie again, because he was too embarrassed to face him after the way he reacted. He pulled the blanket over his head and sobbed in silence.

ooo

Freddie lit another cigarette, his hands shaking as never before.

"This is your fourth, Fred," Brian commented, his voice soft.

"W-Why are you counting my cigarettes, dear?"

"Because it doesn't seem it's doing you any good."

The singer ignored what Brian was saying, he kept staring off into the distance, his eyes wide open as the scene from before kept replaying before his eyes.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Freddie."

Even though Brian still did not know exactly what happened, he doubted that Freddie would ever do anything to intentionally hurt John. All he knew was that something happened while they were in Freddie's room and then the singer came out running, panicking and looking for Roger. He sent the drummer in to calm the bassist, while he stood by the door outside, listening for any sounds. Once he could hear that the bassist calmed down, he made his way to the living room and collapsed on the sofa, not uttering a single word for the next half an hour.

"I should have known," Freddie said quietly, "It was so stupid of me. What was I thinking?"

"What exactly happened, Fred?"

The singer shook his head, closing his eyes as he spoke, "We were ... in my room and he was trying on my clothes for ... the Friday gig. And it all seemed well. But then I ... I guess I touched him and ... " he trailed off, confusion and regret written on his face.
"What do you mean you touched him?" Brian asked carefully.

Freddie gave him a look of disgust, "Not inappropriately, Brian. Who do you think I am?"

"I didn't mean it like that, Fred, and you know it," the guitarist immediately defended himself and tried to explain, "You are a very affectionate person and sometimes you ... touch people without realizing it. It is very ... natural to you."

The singer stared at him, "I think I would realize if I went around subconsciously touching people's cocks, Brian."

The guitarist rolled his eyes, "I didn't mean that - "

"I didn't touch him like that, alright? I would never. Just ... forget about it," Freddie took one last long drag from the cigarette before putting it out in the ashtray on the table.

"I am not saying you did anything wrong," Brian insisted, "Do you remember how he reacted when Roger threw that milk at me? We don't know what triggers him. It wasn't Roger that he was afraid of, it was the ... act that scared him."

Freddie seemed in physical pain as he looked up at Brian, "Y-You didn't see his eyes, The look he gave me just before ... He was or is afraid of me."

"You know that's nonsense."

"I-I'll never touch him again. I-I can't," Freddie stuttered, "I don't want to risk frightening him that way again. Ever."

Brian let out a deep breath, not even knowing what to say anymore. No matter how hard he tried, he could not change the singer's mind.

"It's been almost two hours now," Freddie said quietly.

"Perhaps they've fallen asleep?"

Freddie kept looking towards the direction of his room, wanting nothing more than to go see John and see if he was alright and apologize and hug him. And make sure he was alright. But how could he do that when he was the reason that the bassist was not alright? He tried to think about the events leading up to the incident, he tried to put the pieces together, tried to understand what he did to cause such a reaction from John.
Was it the belt? But that was such a small thing compared to everything he did to him before. He gave him a massage, he cuddled him. Why would such a small thing cause that horrible reaction?

A few more hours passed and it was already late in the evening. Freddie still heard nothing from John or Roger.

"I should go," Brian suddenly said, standing up.

Freddie stood up as well, looking at him in surprise, "You're not staying?"

"I can't, Freddie. I have a few things I need to do," he said, then smiled, "I'll be back tomorrow morning."

The singer only lowered his head in defeat, "Alright, dear. Take care."

"Are you going to check up on them?" Brian asked carefully.

"No, no, it's fine. I-I don't want to bother them. Besides, I'll sleep here tonight," he pointed at the sofa.

"Freddie -"

"It's fine, darling," the singer smiled weakly, "If it was good enough for you, it's good enough for me."

The guitarist gripped Freddie's shoulder in comfort, trying to tell him everything would be alright. Freddie did not seem to believe him, but he did offer a smile, not wanting to worry the guitarist.

After Brian left, Freddie turned the lights off and went to lie down on the sofa, covering himself with a blanket. It was completely silent except for the soft rain noises coming from the outside. The singer forced himself to close his eyes and relax. As soon as he did that, horrible image of John appeared in his mind. He could see the sheer terror in the bassist's eyes as he stared at him.

Freddie tried to think back on all the moments he had touched the bassist, wondering if John was bothered by those touches, but was afraid to say anything. Perhaps the bassist felt horrible every time the singer touched his knee? Or his hand? Of his cheek? Perhaps it made the bassist feel awful, but he kept it all to himself and what happened today was too much?

Freddie felt sick to his stomach.
Joke woke up in a dark room. He blinked a few times and as soon as his eyes got accustomed to the darkness, he could recognize he was in Freddie's room. But he was alone in bed. Where was Roger? He could remember the drummer being there when he fell asleep.

Where was Freddie?

John could not understand why the singer would leave him all alone. It was in the middle of the night, where was he? He listened carefully for any sounds indicating that the three of them were still up and perhaps hanging out in the living room. But he heard nothing.

Slowly, he got up from the bed, quickly changing into his pajama bottoms before deciding to leave the room and see what was going on and where everyone was.

He didn't have to search for long. As soon as he stepped into the dark living room, he could see someone lying on the sofa. As he approached the person that was uncomfortably sprawled onto the sofa, he noticed long dark hair.

Freddie.

John debated whether he should wake him up or not. It broke his heart seeing how uncomfortable he seemed on the sofa and he couldn't just leave him there. Also, he needed to talk to the singer and apologize. He wouldn't be able to fall back asleep without doing that.

He reached out and gently shook Freddie's shoulder. The singer woke up immediately, looking up at the bassist in confusion.

"J-John?"

"Hi, Freddie, I-I'm sorry to wake you - "

The singer pulled himself into a sitting position and John sat down next to him, not knowing exactly how to start.

"Darling, why ... why are you up?" Freddie asked gently, "Is everything alright? Where's Roger?"

"I-I don't know. I woke up and he was gone. He's probably in his room," John answered, then carefully continued, "W-Why are you sleeping here, Freddie?"

The singer opened his mouth to speak, but then decided against it. He looked down at his hands and
he seemed ashamed.

"Freddie," John whispered, "I-I need to apologize about what happened."

That made the singer look up at him in confusion, "Why do you need to apologize, dear?"

"For how I reacted," his voice was barely above a whisper, "I don't even know what happened, I'm sorry - "

"Darling, stop," Freddie interrupted him and his hand reached out to touch John's knee, but he stopped himself in time. Even through the darkness, John noticed it.

"You reacted that way because I ... I fucked up," Freddie let out a shaky breath, "I obviously did something that I shouldn't have and I am so sorry. It will not happen again, I promise. I will be careful with ... how I act and what I do around you."

Even though they sat in complete darkness, John could see the desperation and shame on Freddie's face and he hated it. He hated that he was the reason for it.

"No," he whispered, making the singer look up at him again, "I don't want you to change how you act around me. I want you to ... stay the same."

Freddie said nothing, only shook his head, clearly not agreeing with him. It didn't escape John's attention that they were talking for a couple of minutes now and the singer has not touched him once yet. And he missed those reassuring touches. It was almost as if he craved them. He couldn't really explain. He needed those gentle caresses and it felt strange without them. At first they were a nice reminder that Freddie accepted him as a friend, they were welcoming and it always made him feel acknowledged and comfortable. And loved. And after the attack, they were a reminder that there was nothing wrong with John, that he was not dirty or broken and that Freddie was not disgusted by him. John could not understand why the idea of any other man touching him seemed so frightening to him, but the idea of Freddie touching him seemed normal. He wanted it.

"Freddie," his own voice started shaking as he spoke, "Why won't you touch me?"

"What do you mean, darling?"

"Is it me?" he forced the words out, "Is it something I did?"

That seemed to alarm the singer, "No, honey. Absolutely not. It's ... what I did. I keep forgetting that perhaps you don't appreciate the constant touching and what happened today is - "
"Freddie," the bassist cut him off, letting out a deep breath, trying to calm himself. The singer waited patiently for him to continue.

"I-I lied to you when I said I don’t remember what happened that night," he confessed quietly.

"I know, darling."

John nodded, then forced himself to continue, "I held onto the sink, trying to keep my b-balance and I heard someone enter."

"Darling, you don't have to talk about it," Freddie said softly.

"I-I want to," John replied weakly, then took a deep breath before continuing, "He, um ... grabbed me and pushed me into one of the ... s-stalls. And closed the door. I didn't even see his face because he ... was behind me. My arm was twisted behind my back and ... At first I-I thought he was trying to mug me because I felt his hands on my lower half and I thought he was looking for a ... wallet."

The bassist stopped for a moment, desperately needing a pause. He swallowed down a sob as he realized that Freddie was still keeping his distance. The usual Freddie would be caressing his arm by now or touching his cheek, trying to comfort him. When he finally dared to meet the singer's eyes, he could see the inner struggle that he was having.

John knew he had to continue the story if he wanted to make the singer realize that he was not the problem. That his touch was not the problem.

"He wasn't ... looking for my wallet," the bassist forced out, "He was behind me the whole time and I-I felt his hands on my ... belt and then he unbuckled it and ... " he could feel bile rising in his throat and he had to stop again.

"Darling, please," Freddie tried to keep his voice normal, even though it was obvious he was pretty shaken up, "You don't have to do this to yourself."

"But I want you to understand," John said, a bit stronger this time, "I want you to understand that I didn't ... freak out because of you, but ... because that moment was exactly the same as ... "

"I made you relive that," Freddie said, "It doesn't matter if it was unintentional. It happened."

"Because you didn't know. Because I didn't tell you."

"Would you stop blaming yourself, darling?"
"Would you stop blaming yourself?" John shot back, his voice still trembling.

Silence.

After a few moments, John decided to continue, "I think I struggled against him, but I-I couldn't even stand because I remember him holding me up. I-I don't remember saying a word to him. And then he ... pushed my pants down and my underwear and he ... he ... " he couldn't say it. He couldn't. He could hear the words in his head, but he couldn't force them out.

And then he felt it.

Freddie's warm hand on his knee and at that moment he felt like he could cry. When he met the singer's eyes he thought he could see tears in his eyes, but he couldn't be sure. It was too dark.

Not wanting the singer to remove his hand, John quickly covered it with his, keeping it in place.

"Thank you for telling me, darling."

John nodded, blinking away the tears, "Can you ... can you t-touch me now, please?"

"But I am touching you, honey."

The bassist blushed but because of the darkness in the room, he somehow felt more brave than he would usually be.

"M-More," he whispered, looking up at the singer with pleading eyes.

Freddie seemed taken aback at first, but he quickly composed himself, "You need to tell me what you want me to do, dear."

John took a shaky breath, then struggled to find words, "What we did ... yesterday morning?"

He could hear the smile in Freddie's voice, "You mean cuddling?"

As soon as the words left Freddie's mouth, the bassist felt the redness in his face again and he looked down in embarrassment. Did he really just ask another man to cuddle him?

Then Freddie's hand was gone and immediately John tensed up, already missing the singer's touch. But then Freddie moved so that he was lying down on the sofa again and he pressed himself back so that he made space for John.
"Come, darling," he said softly and immediately John moved to lie beside him. He awkwardly tried to find a position, not knowing exactly how the singer wanted him to lie down. Freddie helped him, guiding him so that they were lying face to face. And then he pulled the blanket over them, covering them up. John could see a slight smile on Freddie's face and he completely melted inside. This was what he wanted. To make Freddie happy. He never again wanted to see the singer sad or troubled over something. Especially not over something regarding him.

John pressed his face against Freddie's chest and inhaled deeply. He could smell the cigarette smoke even more than usually, but it didn't bother him. Strong arms enveloped him in a hug and John cautiously sneaked his hand behind the singer, resting it on his back. He closed his eyes, feeling completely at ease and safe. The sofa was too small for them both, but they made it work.

"John?"

"Mhm?"

"Promise me you'll immediately tell me if I ever do anything to make you uncomfortable."  

"I promise, Freddie."  

He could feel the singer relax slightly.

After a few minutes of comfortable silence, John looked up at the singer, "Shouldn't we move this to your room?"

Freddie's voice sounded very hoarse and sleepy when he spoke, "Just a few more minutes, dear."

John smiled and nodded, his head returning to his previous place on Freddie's chest. Minutes passed. And then hours. But they didn't move from the sofa, both falling in deep sleep in each other's arms.

Chapter End Notes

This was a bit of a laid back chapter, but the next one will have more action. Hope you still enjoy and thank you for your ideas and theories. I adore reading them. :)
Freddie woke up pressed against a warm body. Immediately he smiled, noticing how John was still holding him, his head resting on Freddie's chest. At some point the bassist managed to get his legs in between Freddie's, probably to prevent from falling off the sofa. It was not the most comfortable position, but Freddie did not wake up once during the night. He brought his hand up to John's head, gently caressing his scalp and playing with his hair. He decided to let the bassist sleep for a few more minutes before waking him.

"Oh my god," he heard the voice from behind them.

Immediately Freddie turned around and saw Roger who stood by the door, looking completely shocked. The drummer slowly made his way to the sofa, still not looking away from Freddie and John.

"What are you doing, Fred?" Roger's tone was a mixture of shock and anger.

"Keep your voice down!" the singer whispered, "John's still asleep."

"What are you two doing?"

Freddie looked at him confused, "What does it look like? We fell asleep here. Would you just leave? We'll be up in a few minutes."

Roger grimaced, "Are you naked under there?"

"What?" this time it was Freddie who sounded completely shocked, "Why the hell would I be naked?" he snapped at the drummer, but still keeping his voice at a whispering level.

John groaned and started moving against Freddie, slowly waking up. The singer quickly motioned to Roger to leave and the drummer obeyed, quietly leaving the room before John could see him.

"Good morning, darling," Freddie said to the boy sleeping almost completely on top of him.

"Morning," John replied, still not moving away from the singer, "What's the time?"

Freddie threw a glance at the clock, "It's almost nine."
"Why - " the bassist started saying, but had to stop to yawn, "Why did we stay here?"

"I guess we fell asleep, darling," he answered, gently rubbing John's back with his hand.

"Mhmm," John nodded and snuggled closer to Freddie, completely ready to go back to sleep.

Freddie decided to take advantage of the fact that they were alone as he took a deep breath and asked a question that he already knew the answer to, "John, dear. Do you remember our agreement?"

He could feel John tensing up beside him. Silence was the only reply he got.

The singer slowly continued, "I did not want to ask yesterday, hoping you'd tell me yourself."

"I-I'm sorry, Freddie."

The singer brought his hand to the bassist's neck, slowly caressing the skin, "We have talked about this. Don't apologize to me. I merely want to know if - "

John cut him off, shaking his head, "I-I didn't do it. I couldn't."

"Alright," Freddie said, keeping his tone soft. The last thing he wanted was to pressure the bassist into anything or make him anxious, especially after what happened the previous day. He needed to find another way to deal with it.

"John," he carefully started, "Are you still ... hurting?"

He hoped for a negative answer. It did not escape his attention that the last two days the bassist seemed to wince a lot less while sitting down or walking. But his hope was crushed when John slowly nodded his head, still not saying anything. Freddie tightened his grip around the bassist, letting out a deep breath.

"I-I take the .... pills," John admitted quietly, "One or two a day and ... it helps."

"I didn't know you took the painkillers daily," Freddie looked down at the younger boy in concern, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I-I didn't want you to worry."

The singer had to close his eyes and take a deep breath, trying to calm himself down before he
spoke, "Darling, I worry when you keep things like this from me."

John's voice was barely above a whisper, "It ... still hurts, but I-I'll be alright."

Freddie smiled, trying to keep calm, "Why don't you take a nice long shower? Relax and ... perhaps try again. For me, darling."

He could feel the bassist nod against him and then he finally moved away, looking up at the singer, "A-Alright. I can try. I-I want to do it, I really do, but - "

"I understand, darling. No one is blaming you," Freddie offered a reassuring smile, "You have been nothing but brave in this entire situation. More than I would be, probably."

He could see that those words gave the bassist a bit of confidence he needed. As John stood up, Freddie pulled himself into a sitting position, realizing his legs have fallen asleep due to the uncomfortable position they were in.

"I'll go take a shower," John said quietly.

"Perfect," Freddie replied, "I'll be in the kitchen, dear."

As the bassist disappeared from the room, Freddie had to sit still for a couple of moments, waiting for the feeling to return to his legs. When he could finally move again, he hurried into the kitchen and started making some coffee. He nearly dropped the cup he was holding as Roger suddenly appeared from behind him, almost scaring him to death.

Freddie held a hand against his chest, closing his eyes for a moment to collect himself, "Hello again, Rog."

The drummer only glared at him. The singer did find that a bit strange, but he returned to what he was doing before he was interrupted.

"What are you doing, Freddie?"

"My coffee?" the singer answered, turning to look at the drummer once again, confusion on his face, "Do you want some?"

"Not that," Roger rolled his eyes, "What are you doing with John?"

That got his full attention. He raised his eyebrows at the drummer, "What do you mean, dear?"
"Did you two ... " Roger was obviously struggling with words, "Did you two ... sleep together?"

Freddie looked at him weirdly, "Well, yes. You saw us, Rog."

The blond's eyes went wide, "Freddie! What are you ... doing? Why did you ... what. Why? Why on the sofa? We agreed to not have sex on the sofa, Fred. It was your idea!"

Freddie nearly dropped the cup of coffee he was holding, "What on earth are you on about, Roger? What ... sex? I did not have sex with John! Are you insane?"

"Well, what were you doing with him then?" the drummer raised his eyebrows, still not completely believing any of the words he was hearing from the singer.

"He came to me in the middle of the night and we talked and then ... we fell asleep," Freddie explained, then gave Roger an annoyed look, "He said you weren't there when he woke up. I thought I asked you to look after him."

"Well I did! And then he fell asleep and I ... went to my room."

"And that is why he came looking for me, darling," Freddie drawled, "We somehow fell asleep on the sofa. But we did not have sex, you absolute twat. I can't believe you'd think that for even a second."

That did seem to calm the drummer down slightly, but he was still glaring at the singer suspiciously, "Are you ... trying to have sex with John?"

Freddie could not believe what he was hearing. Where did the drummer get that idea from? He had to take another deep breath to calm himself before he finally spoke, "Roger, darling. I am not trying to fuck John. I have not fucked him and have no intentions of doing so in the future. Alright?"

Roger could not help but wince at the words John and fuck used in a same sentence. Even though he was not much younger that Roger, John did seem like the most innocent and naive member of the band. For some strange reason that made Roger very protective of the boy. He just did not expect he'd have to protect him from Freddie.

"Alright, Fred," he nodded, forcing himself to remain calm, "Then why were you two .... together like that? It seemed like after sex cuddling."

Freddie took a sip of his coffee before answering, "It was cuddling, yes. But unfortunately there was no sex beforehand."
Roger's eyes went wide, "Unfortunately?"

A laugh escaped the singer at the sight of Roger's shocked face, "I'm joking, Rog. Would you calm down?"

The drummer gave him an annoyed look before continuing, "Mates don't cuddle each other like that, Fred. You and I have never cuddled like that. Brian and I never cuddled like that."

He waited for the singer to speak.

What Roger said actually did make Freddie realize it was a bit strange. If he was being honest, he did realize that what he was doing with John was a bit intimate. Hell, it was a lot more intimate than most of his one nights stands. His relationship with John was not a normal friendship between two men, but what happened to John was also not normal. It was obvious that the bassist needed extra care and affection and who was Freddie to deny him that?

"I'm ... only helping him, Roger," he finally said, his tone a bit lower, "It's what he needs at the moment."

Roger was silent for a few seconds, but when he spoke he sounded very serious, "Just don't hurt him, Fred."

"Why would I hurt him?" the singer could not keep the surprise from his face. He would never deliberately hurt John. It was still killing him inside that he accidentally did it the previous day.

The drummer sighed, "I know you, Fred. You enjoy one night stands, sex with no commitments attached."

"Well, so do you, darling."

"I'm not the one cuddling up with Deaky on the sofa!"

Freddie moved closer to Roger, putting his hands on his shoulder, "Roger, listen to me. I am only going to say this once," when the drummer met his eyes, he slowly spoke, "I am not trying to have sex with John."

Roger stared at him as if trying to decide if he believed him or not. After a few moments, he finally nodded, "Alright."

Freddie could not help but laugh, "You come up with the most entertaining theories, darling. I give you that. They never fail to amuse me."
He was rewarded with a glare and that only made the singer laugh again. Thankfully, Roger decided to drop the subject and Freddie made them both some coffee to show his gratitude for what Roger did the previous day.

"How was he?" Freddie finally asked, taking a deep breath, "Last night?"

He was almost afraid of the answer. The last image he had of John before he ran out of the room to get help was a horrible one. The bassist was inconsolable and flinching away each time Freddie tried to touch him. It still pained him to even think about it, but he had to remind himself that John was in a flashback at the time and that he was not flinching away from him but from a memory of that bastard.

"It didn't take him long to calm down," Roger replied, "I did some breathing exercises with him and made him take half a sleeping pill and he was asleep in a couple of minutes."

That made the singer feel slightly better. It would kill him knowing that John was in a bad condition for a longer period of time because of something he did to him. Even if it was on accident.

"F-Freddie?"

They both heard John's voice from somewhere in the flat and the singer called back, "In here, darling."

A moment later John appeared, looking very nervous even though he tried to hide it.

"Hi, Roger," he greeted the drummer with a smile, but then his eyes immediately moved to Freddie. It was like he was trying to say something to him, but didn't know how to begin, especially not with the drummer sitting right there.

"Is everything alright?" Freddie stared at him in suspicion and the bassist quickly nodded.

"Y-Yes, I just ... I need your help with something," John replied, tensing up, "Can we - ?"

"Of course, dear," he immediately stood up and the disappeared from the room. John said nothing as he led the singer into the bathroom, locking the door behind them. Freddie remained silent as he waited for the bassist to explain.

When John finally turned to look at him, he seemed even more nervous than before, "I-I took a shower."
"Yes, I can see that, darling," he replied, noticing John's wet hair. Freddie already suspected what this was all about and decided to help John getting the words out.

"What about the other part?" he asked slowly, noticing the way John immediately tensed up.

"I-I couldn't," came a defeated reply, "I just ... I tried. Every time I go near it, it ... brings back the memories."

John seemed completely crushed, mentally and physically. He was still in pain, that much was obvious and the constant inner struggle he was having was not helping his mental state.

"It's alright, dear. We'll think of something," Freddie tried to soothe him, even though he had no idea of what to do.

That made John look up at him, "I-I was thinking if you ... if you could stay here while I ... you know. Just talk to me or something. If you don't want to ... I'd understand."

It was actually something that Freddie considered, but did not dare to bring up himself. He smiled, "I can do that, dear."

John seemed to relax slightly and the singer turned around, facing the door.

"Promise you won't look?" John quietly asked.

"I promise, darling."

The singer could hear the younger boy moving and the rustling of clothes and he quickly cleared his throat, trying to give him some privacy.

"I can sing if you want to?" he asked playfully and was immediately rewarded with a short laugh.

"What would Roger think if he heard you singing in the bathroom?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be the first time, don't worry," Freddie laughed, "Besides, he does it too. He actually has a very nice singing voice. He can hit higher notes than I can."

"R-Really?"

"I'm telling you! It's unbelievable," Freddie tried to keep talking, tried to keep John's mind off of what he was doing. "What about you, dear? I don't think I've ever heard you sing?"
"Oh, no," came a immediate reply from John, "I-I can't sing, Freddie."

"I don't believe that! I'm sure you sing quite well," Freddie teased, "Sing something to me."

"I-I really can't, Freddie. My voice is ... terrible."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, darling. Not everyone can be Freddie Mercury, but I'm sure you're not terrible."

When he stopped talking, he could hear the bassist's breathing accelerating and it took everything in his power to not turn around and pull him into a hug.

"John, are you alright?" he asked quietly.

It took him a moment, but then he finally answered and it was a simple 'mhmm'.

"Talk to me, darling."

When he spoke, John sounded out of breath, "H-How come you can't reach those high notes like Roger?"

Freddie had to smile at the bassist's attempt to tease him, "Oh, it's because Roger's in fact a girl. No man with balls is able to produce those sounds."

John laughed, but his breathing was still not normal. And then silence followed. Freddie could hear some movements, but didn't know what was happening. And then suddenly he heard water running and John washing his hands and he closed his eyes, letting out a breath he was holding.

"I-It's done," John said quietly and Freddie slowly turned around, giving the bassist a warm smile. Before he could stop himself, he pulled the boy in a hug which John accepted, wrapping his arms around the singer.

"I'm so proud of you," Freddie leaned back so that he could take a look at John who blushed at the praise, but said nothing.

"Are you ready for breakfast now?" the singer asked and John quickly nodded, wanting to be out of the bathroom as soon as possible. As they made their way to the kitchen, Freddie kept his hand on John's back but removed it immediately when he saw Roger. He did not want to give the blond any more ideas and decided to tone down his affections towards John. Well, at least in front of Roger. For the time being.
After the breakfast they got a call from Brian, telling them to meet him in the studio in one hour. Brian, bless him, seemed to be the only one capable to take care of the business aspect. Even though they did not want to admit it and make a big deal out of it, the situation with John was affecting them. Professionally.

And John was aware of that. That was why he decided to take one more painkiller in secret before they left for the studio. It was his priority to give his best performance on Friday. It was only fair after everything the band did for him. He did not want to mess it up.

The rehearsal went pretty well. There were some problems, but luckily it was not he that was causing them. Ignoring the burning in his wrist, John kept a neutral face and tried to play the bass as he usually did. He did make some changes and hoped that no one noticed. Just slight changes that would make his wrist hurt less. Freddie kept looking at him with a concerned expression and each time it happened, John simply smiled back, reassuring him that he was alright. He tried to keep himself in the background, not really commenting on anything or coming up with any suggestions.

"Would you stop trying to speed it up, Rog?" Brian sounded annoyed. It was something the drummer was constantly trying to do. Everything was too slow for him.

"Let's take a break," Freddie announced and made his way over to John, a mischievous smile on his face, "What do you think, darling?"

"We sound good," he answered proudly, not able to keep a serious face as a smile formed on his lips.

"We sound bloody incredible," Freddie was ecstatic, his eyes wide open in sheer enthusiasm.

They could still hear Roger and Brian fighting in the background, but paid them no attention.

"I wasn't even doing anything!" the drummer yelled at the guitarist.

"Oh, is that so? I was probably imagining it then?"

"It wouldn't be the first time, Brian!"

"You were trying to speed it up!" the guitarist insisted, "Not everything's about you, Roger. Try and adjust to how everyone else is playing. You expect us all to follow you."
"Oh, sod off!" Roger shot back at him.

Even though they both could clearly hear the fighting, Freddie and John were absorbed into their own private conversation, not breaking eye contact even when they heard the yelling.

"You were even better than last time," Freddie complimented the bassist, then asked with hope in his voice, "Does that mean your wrist is not as bad?"

John nodded, "It's still not completely alright, but I think the ice pack helped."

Freddie smiled and slowly took the bassist's hand, bringing it to his lips and placing a soft kiss on the skin there. It took John completely by surprise and it was the gentlest thing he'd ever experienced. Noticing the care and admiration in Freddie's eyes, John could already feel the familiar burning on his face and he just knew. He knew he was as red as a tomato.

They were interrupted by a loud noise of Roger's drumsticks hitting the wall and Freddie rolled his eyes, letting go of John's hand.

"I think this is my cue to intervene, darling," he said to him, sighing in annoyance and then he walked over to Roger and Brian fighting.

"Children, please."

John could hear the singer trying to diffuse the argument, but he could not pay attention to what he was saying. John's mind was elsewhere, still completely taken aback by the kiss on the hand he received. And not taken aback in a bad way. He completely melted, not only because of that innocent act of affection but because of the look that Freddie gave him. He never before had anyone look at him that way. Of course, many people told him he was a pretty good bass player, but the way Freddie was looking at him was something else entirely and John could not wipe the smile off his face for the rest of the rehearsal.

Things seemed to calm down a bit between Roger and Brian and they were able to keep working until it was time to go home.

Freddie approached the guitarist while the other two were packing things up, "Brian, darling. May I have a word?"

The taller man seemed a bit surprised, but nodded, "Sure. What is it, Fred?"

The singer let out a shaky breath, "I would like to apologize for what I said to you yesterday. I was out of it and ... I didn't mean any of the things I said."
"I know that, Freddie," Brian smiled reassuringly at him, "Yesterday was a difficult day, especially for you and John. I understand. No hard feelings."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. I'm just glad that John seems to be alright now."

Freddie's face lit up, "He seems to be better, yes," then he gripped Brian's shoulder, "Tomorrow after the gig, we all come back to our flat and have a little party. What do you say?"

"I would love that. What did you have in mind?"

The singer smirked at him, "Just a tiny bit of alcohol and perhaps ... a game of truth or dare. Or Scrabble. Nothing too horrible."

Brian laughed, "I'm always up for a game of Scrabble."

ooo

After dropping Brian at his place, the rest of the boys headed home. It was pouring rain again, nothing too unusual for London. After arriving at the flat, Freddie called a shotgun for the bathroom. After fighting with Roger for a few minutes about that, he took advantage of the moment the drummer wasn't looking and ran into the bathroom, locking the door.

"How mature of you, Freddie!" Roger yelled, but eventually accepted defeat and sat on the sofa in the living room, waiting for his turn to shower. John was sat next to him and he smiled awkwardly, not knowing how to start a conversation with the drummer. They sat in silence for a couple of minutes and then it was Roger who finally spoke, "He acts like a child," he complained, "He can't call a shotgun on a shower!"

John could not help but laugh at the fact that the drummer was still upset about it.

"He takes the longest showers, I swear!" Roger rolled his eyes, "And his hair is shorter than mine. I wish I knew what could he possibly be doing in there for so long - " he suddenly stopped, grimacing, "I take that back. I don't wish to know."

Immediately an image of Freddie doing something in the bathroom come to John's mind, but he quickly pushed it away.

Suddenly Roger sat up, turning to look at John, his face serious, "Deaky, there's something I'd like to
"A-Alright?"

"I just ... You can come directly to me if you ever need anything else. You know that, don't you?" Roger asked, looking at the younger boy in front of him.

"I-I know, it's just ... " John traile off, not finishing the sentence.

"You don't need to go through Freddie, but if that makes you more comfortable, that's fine, mate," the drummer smiled reassuringly, "I just wanted to let you know."

John finally met the blond's eyes, opening his mouth to speak, but it seemed to be impossible to get the words out. He probably looked like a fish. He realized he never actually had a one on one conversation with Roger about what happened to him. Not counting the quick talks where he just thanked the drummer for everything he's done for him. As he realized that, the bassist felt a sting of guilt.

"It's just ... " he started, looking down at his hands, "It's hard to talk about. Even with Freddie it's ... difficult."

"I would imagine it is," Roger said quietly, "I just want you to know that even though I know Freddie's taking great care of you, you can trust me and Brian as well. With anything. Our band sticks together."

John nodded, feeling the heat in his head, "I-I know, Roger. And I'm really sorry for ... not talking much. I'm just ... really embarrassed for being such a burden to you all. I-I mean ... living here and - "

"Who told you you're a burden?" Roger immediately sounded pissed off, "Did Brian make you feel that way? Cause he can be a bit of an arsehole sometimes - "

John quickly shook his head, "N-No, it was no one. I just ... feel like that. I know I am. I wish all of this wasn't even necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"I-I keep thinking if I did something, anything, then that wouldn't happen and ... none of this would be happening. And ... "

"Deaky. First of all. You are not a burden. You're my friend. Just like Freddie is. Or ... Brian. Even though he is really walking a fine line, I'm telling you," he rolled his eyes, then continued, "I'm not
saying you need to talk to me about the details, just ... " the drummer then stopped, swallowing hard before he tried to continue, but couldn't. John took notice of that and narrowed his eyes at the blond in front of him.

"Are you alright, Roger?"

The blond quickly nodded his head, "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Just ..."

The bassist waited for the drummer to speak, but it was clear he was struggling with something. He'd never seen him like this before. Roger always seemed either in a great mood or pissed off. And at that moment he simply seemed nervous. And that made John nervous.

"Look," he finally started, reluctantly, "I haven't told Freddie or Brian any of this, but ... a few months ago when Fred and I went out to this bar ... "

For some reason John knew he wouldn't like what he was about to hear. He could feel the tension and the anxiety radiating from the drummer.

"Freddie went to dance and I was alone for a few minutes, drinking a beer and suddenly someone approached me from behind, putting his hands on me. He had mistaken me for ... a girl," Roger let out a short laugh, but there was nothing humorous in it, "I-I thought he'd back off once he realized I wasn't a girl. But he didn't."

John felt himself tensing up and he could not look away from the drummer, his eyes wide open in complete shock.

Roger looked down, remembering the events from that night, "He said he didn't believe I was a boy and said he wanted to check and he ... put his hand down my pants," he stopped for a moment before forcing a smile on his face, trying to act unbothered, "I-I froze. Even though we were in a public place, it took me a few moments to snap out of it. I did push him away then and threatened to beat the shit out of him. H-He finally just left and I never saw him again, but ... "

The bassist did not know what to say, "Roger, I-I'm sorry -"

The blond let out a nervous laugh, "Don't be. I'm fine. I'm ... over it. It was nothing. I just wanted to let you know that even I froze. And I know it's not even remotely close to what happened to you, but ...

"Thank you for telling me," John said quietly, offering a weak smile.

It did catch Roger a bit off guard, but he immediately put on a brave face, "It was nothing, really. But I froze with shock. And it's perfectly understandable if that happened to you too. And that's not even
considering the drug that was put in your drink. There was nothing you could have done, Deaky. And you're not a burden," then he felt the need to make a joke, "You know who is a burden? Fred. He's been in the shower for twenty minutes now, I'm not even joking."

John chuckled, then looked at the drummer with a serious face again, "Why didn't you tell anyone?"

Roger simply shrugged his shoulders, "I didn't want to ruin the night. I'm sure Freddie would've wanted to beat the shit out of that guy and I didn't want any trouble."

As soon as John was about to speak, Freddie barged into the room, trying to dry his hair with a towel.

"It's all yours, darling!" he drawled and Roger shot him a glare.

"I hope you didn't use up all the hot water!"

Freddie acted offended, "Who do you think I am? I mean, really!"

Roger eyed his suspiciously and then left the room without a word.

As soon as he was out of the sight, Freddie turned to John, "We should hide in my room, dear. I don't think there's much of hot water left."

John laughed and stood up, quickly following the singer to his bedroom. He did not want to be the only one left to deal with Roger's fury.

ooo

John was already in bed and yawning, quietly observing the singer as he brushed his hair in front of his dressing mirror. He noticed how Freddie kept pulling his top lip over his teeth in an obvious attempt to hide them. Even though the singer seemed completely confident in his every day life, it was obvious he did have his insecurities. Oblivious to the fact that John was observing him, Freddie looked at himself in the mirror, turning his head from one side to another.

"Freddie?"

The singer turned around, meeting John's eyes, "Yes, dear?"

"Promise you won't get mad at me."
That got his attention and he made his way to the bed, sitting down next to John, "I could never get mad at you."

That did not seem to calm the bassist down and Freddie was even more intrigued, "What is it, darling?"

John took a shaky breath, "The other day I ... sort of looked through your notebook."

"You did?" the singer raised an eyebrow in interest.

"Yes and I'm sorry. I promise to never do it again. It's just ... you and Roger were fighting and I was waiting until you were done -"

Freddie laughed at him, "Darling, it's alright. I'm not mad at you. There are no secrets in the notebook, you can look through it anytime you want."

The bassist then finally met his eyes, "I found something that was a bit ... weird. Lyrics. About you wishing you were never born and ... you were singing to your mother."

That did make Freddie tense up slightly and the smile disappeared from his face. John immediately felt his stomach drop.

"I'm sorry, Freddie - "

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, darling. It's fine," then he paused for a moment, "I've completely forgotten about that. I wrote it a while back. A year or two ago."

"What does it mean?"

Freddie shrugged, looking down, "I don't even remember anymore, dear. I was unable to finish it."

"You were talking about death," John said quietly and concern was evident in his tone.

"It's just words, darling," the singer offered a big smile, "It doesn't mean anything. Don't worry."

John could see that was not the whole truth, but he decided to let it go. At least for the time being. He did not want to force the singer to talk about things he did not want to talk about.

As Freddie got ready for bed, turning the lights off and lighting up some candles, John struggled with his next question. There was something he wanted to ask the singer for a few days now, but it never
seemed to be the right time. When Freddie finally returned to the bed, crawling under the covers, John simply forced the words out, "Freddie, w-what was your first time like?"

That caught the singer off guard and he looked at him in confusion, "My first time doing what, dear?"

John simply stared at the singer in silence, hoping he would understand. And he did.

"Oh," he said, then raised his eyebrow in surprise, "Why do you wish to know that?"

"I'm just ... curious."

Freddie did not believe him, but decided to go with it, "Alright. Which first time do you mean?"

That was something that John did not expect. You could have more than one first time? And then he realized what the singer probably meant.

"Oh... I-I meant with a ... guy," he whispered, already regretting the subject.

Freddie smiled at him, "I figured you meant that, darling. But which first time do you mean?"

Again, John was confused. He simply stared at the singer, a puzzled expression on his face. The singer finally decided to help him, "Are you asking about my first time topping or bottoming?"

*Oh God.*

John immediately blushed, his breath caught in his throat. No matter how hard he tried, no words left his mouth. He opened the subject, hoping to learn more about Freddie's experience so that he could compare it to his own. But he did not expect Freddie's bluntness and how awkward it would make him feel. The whole subject of sex always made him slightly uncomfortable.

"I can tell you about both?" Freddie offered and John only managed to nod.

"Well," the singer started, looking up as he remembered, "My first time as a top was ... Embarrassing to say the least," he said, hiding his face in his hands.

That made John relax slightly, "W-Why?"

After a few seconds of silence, Freddie finally looked at him again, "Lets just say it was over before it ever really began."
It took a moment for John to understand, "Oh."

The singer nodded, "In my defense, I was over excited," then he smirked at the bassist, "But practice makes perfect."

At that moment John wondered if it was physically possible for him to blush even more. Even though he did feel embarrassed and uncomfortable, it made him feel better at the same time. It helped hearing something talk about sex so openly. It helped hearing that sex wasn't just something horrible and violent and painful.

And then Freddie spoke again, pulling him from his thoughts, "And my first time bottoming," he took a deep breath, "That was quite intense."

That caught John's attention, "P-Painful?"

"No, darling, not at all," he said softly, "Just ... intense."

John stared at him and opened his mouth to speak, but decided against it. Freddie noticed this and he smiled at the boy, "What is the real reason you are asking me this? It can't be just curiosity."

When John said nothing, Freddie leaned closer to him, "Darling?"

"How come ... " the younger boy slowly started, "How come it wasn't painful? Not even ... slightly?"

Freddie's face softened as he finally understood what John was asking, "Ah. I see what this is all about."

"It's just ... how?"

"Darling, you need to stop comparing what happened to you to sex, alright?" Freddie said gently, "We've talked about it. It's not the same thing."

John shrugged, "It's sort of the same."

"No. It's not."

"Freddie," the bassist said quietly, "The physical aspect of it ... is the same. You can't deny that."
The singer brought his hand to John's chin, making his look up at him, "John. Would you say you are more knowledgeable about gay sex or sex in general because of what happened to you? Would you count that as your experience? Would you say that now you are experienced in sex?"

John immediately grimaced in disgust, "N-No."

"See? Because it wasn't sex. It was an attack. It's the same as if someone were to beat you up, the only difference is that because the thing used as a weapon was sex, it fucks you up in the head. And excuse my language, darling."

The singer could see that John was thinking about his words and he continued, making the bassist look at him again, "Even though virginity is terribly overrated, dear, I still consider you a virgin and you should as well."

John never thought about it like that. He wanted to believe the singer, wanted to agree with him, but there was still that voice in his head. That kept saying horrible things and refused to stop.

"What if I'm ... broken?" he asked quietly.

"What do mean?"

John met the singer's warm eyes, "What if because of what happened I can't ... function properly? What if I'm broken? What if I'll never be able to do anything like that?"

"That's nonsense, darling. You're not broken, trust me."

Freddie immediately thought back to the night when he gave John a massage and the moans he was able to get out of John by simply massaging his back proved how very normally functioning he was. With the right person, John would be able to enjoy sex completely, Freddie was sure of it.

"You don't know that," John sighed, the look of defeat on his face, "And I-I can't know that. I won't be able to for quite a while."

"I don't think I understand."

John smiled weakly, "Even a kiss seems so ... impossible to me. I'm physically unable to talk to girls or ... anyone, really."

"You'll get there, don't worry," Freddie reassured him, but he could see his words did not make John feel any better.
The bassist shook his head, "I-I don't know why I keep thinking about it. It's just ... you and Roger talk about it quite often and it's so natural to you both."

Freddie felt a sting of guilt. The topic of sex and shagging was something completely normal to him and Roger and he didn't think how it would affect John.

"I-I'm sorry, darling, I'll try to keep it to a minimum - "

John's head immediately shot up, "N-No, that's not what I meant. You can talk about it, really. The problem is me."

"I disagree with that, dear."

"I worry," the bassist admitted, "What if I can't even react properly to a kiss?"

Freddie stared at the boy in front of him, wishing he could change his mind, but the bassist seemed very determined and nothing Freddie said seemed to make a difference.

Silence followed.

But then John shyly looked up at the singer, "What if ... "

When he didn't continue, Freddie raised his eyebrow in interest, "What if what, dear?"

John seemed frozen in place. He kept staring at Freddie, clearly very nervous, but he said nothing. Freddie waited for a few moments, giving the bassist a chance to talk, but when he didn't he smiled reassuringly at the boy, "John, darling, what is it?"

The bassist slowly started, "What if ... what if you do it?"

"I do what?"

Usually Freddie knew exactly what John meant, it almost seemed as if he was able to read his mind, but at that moment he was completely clueless.

"What if you ... kiss me?" John whispered, then quickly continued, "Very quickly. J-Just to see if ... I still work ... " he trailed off, not capable of meeting Freddie's eyes. He stared down at his hands, refusing to look at the singer.

"Darling, I ... " Freddie started and John could hear how shocked he was.
But when he heard those next words, for some reason his heart broke, "Sweetheart, I-I can't do that. I'm sorry."

John could feel tears forming in his eyes and he tried to blink them away.

"Darling, don't be that way, please," the singer spoke softly, placing a hand on John's thigh.

The bassist could not explain why he was feeling the way he was. Why did the rejection hurt him so much? He felt embarrassed and stupid and just wanted to hide under the covers and -

"John, please."

He finally met Freddie's eyes and immediately noticed the guilt in his look.

*Great*, he thought. *I'm making Freddie sad again.*

"Darling, I want to help you, I really do," he spoke, "But ... it would just confuse you. It wouldn't be fair to you. As far as I know you are not ... into guys and ... wouldn't you want to wait for a nice girl and - "

Those were all excuses. At least that was what John thought. He suspected he knew the real reason as to why Freddie refused to do it.

"He didn't ... " he whispered, "Freddie. That night he didn't ... do that. He didn't kiss me."

Freddie thought for a moment, but then he understood, panic written on his face, "Darling, no! That's not why I - "

"He didn't do that to me. If you perhaps thought and it ... disgusted you -"

"*John,*" the singer's voice was very firm, "Look at me."

When he finally had the bassist's attention, he continued, "Even if that cunt did manage to get his disgusting mouth on yours, it wouldn't matter to me. Or to anyone. You wouldn't be ... dirty because of it. And I would never be disgusted by you. Nothing he could do to you would make me think any differently of you. I need you to understand that, please."

John's voice was barely above a whisper as he spoke, "Then why don't you want to do it?"
Freddie did not know what to say. He was ashamed to admit that he did want to do it. He very much wanted to do it because he knew he could prove his point in a second. But he kept hearing Roger's words in his mind. He didn't want to do anything to hurt the bassist. Freddie did not know how John would react if he complied with his request. What if it caused another panic attack? How could he explain that to Roger? Or Brian?
But seeing the bassist so defeated and broken in front of him made all thoughts of Roger and Brian disappear in less than a moment.

"Do you really want me to do it, darling?"

John's eyes went wide, "I-I ... yes?"

"Are you sure?"

"Y-Yes."

Freddie considered it for a long moment, but then finally nodded, "You want me to prove to you, as a friend, that you are still perfectly capable of responding to a kiss? That there is nothing wrong with you?"

That was exactly what he wanted. John quickly nodded, even though he was more nervous than ever.

"And it doesn't bother you that I am not a ... girl?" Freddie asked.

"N-No, you're my friend and I trust you."

Freddie stared at him for a couple of moments, giving him the time to change his mind. When John made no attempt to do that, the singer slowly moved closer to him, bringing a hand up to caress his cheek.

"You are burning up, darling."

"I-I'm just nervous."

Freddie smiled at that, trying to reassure him, "Don't be."

When he felt the bassist relaxed slightly, Freddie finally moved, bringing his face closer to the bassist's. The younger boy immediately closed his eyes, but Freddie kept his open for a bit longer, observing him. He pressed a gentle kiss to the corner of John's mouth, carefully watching his reaction, ready to stop at any moment. When he noticed that John did not react negatively to that, he
gave a tentative nibble at his lower lip. When he felt the younger boy respond, he slowly moved, finally pressing his lips softly against John's.

He could literally feel the bassist shiver against him.

Their lips moved achingly together, melding to one another with a fevered intensity. As John started to respond more and more until he let out an involuntary whimper, Freddie could not help but smile against his lips. He had to remind himself to keep his hands where they were, even though he felt the strong need to touch John's body.

And then suddenly Freddie broke the kiss, leaning away from the bassist who seemed frozen, breathing heavily with his eyes still closed. The singer resisted the urge to simply kiss him again.

Finally he spoke, smiling. "See, darling? Nothing broken about you. You are responding perfectly."

It surprised him how deep and hoarse his own voice sounded.

John finally opened his eyes and he immediately seemed embarrassed, but a smile was on his face and Freddie noticed it.

"Come, darling, we should try and get some sleep," he said, lying down in bed and John followed, still not saying a word.

"Are you alright, dear?" Freddie asked with concern, thinking that perhaps it was too much for John.

"I-I'm alright," he finally spoke, still a bit breathless, "T-Thank you, Freddie."

It felt a bit strange receiving a 'thank you' for a kiss, but the singer accepted it, "You are welcome, love."

Fuck.

Love? Freddie mentally slapped himself. What was he thinking? First kissing him, then calling him love? He was convinced that when Roger found out about it, he would kick his arse to hell.

"Good night," John said while yawning.

"Night."

They were just friends. Roger was not right when he said that he was trying to sleep with John.
Thoughts raced through Freddie's mind. While he was positive that John only wanted to kiss him as an experiment, Freddie was confused about his own motives. Of course he wanted to help the boy and that was the reason he agreed to do it, but why did he enjoy the kiss that much? Why was he getting slightly turned on during the kiss?

Freddie tried to convince himself it was because it has been a while since his last ... encounter. Well, a week. But that was quite a while for Freddie.

Yes, that was it.

He was not trying to sleep with John, not matter what Roger said. They were just friends and Freddie was merely helping a friend out. With those thoughts in his mind, he finally fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to make this chapter fluff-ier, hope you liked it. So, do you agree with Roger or Freddie? :P
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Freddie licked his lips, holding back a moan as he traced his hands all over the body of someone in front of him. He kept grinding his pelvis against the person he did not recognize, but that did not matter. It felt too good to stop. Even if he wanted to, he was too far gone to be able to stop. Trying desperately to get more friction, he pressed himself against the warm body, spooning it from behind, his hips picking up the pace, slamming almost roughly against the backside of that soft person whose face Freddie still could not see. Pleasure was shooting through his body, but before he could reach that place of sheer ecstasy, he woke up, suddenly snapping back into the reality. He took in his surroundings and realized with horror that this whole time he was grinding against John who seemed to be still asleep. The bassist's back was turned to him and Freddie was behind him, his pelvis still pressed closely to John's backside.

Immediately he jerked away from the younger boy, bringing his hand to his mouth. Then he froze completely, observing the bassist closely as he tried to figure out if the boy was still asleep. Upon noticing his calm breathing and the totally peaceful expression on his face, he concluded that John wasn't awake. Which meant he was not aware of anything that happened.

Freddie felt sick to his stomach. And he felt even sicker upon realizing how very aroused he was at that moment. Without thinking, he hurried out of the room and went to the bathroom, jumping under a cold shower. He wasn't even in the right place mentally to wank off, hoping the freezing cold water would take care of the problem. And it did. Once he was out of the shower, he was shivering from the cold, but he made no attempt to hurry up and get dressed. Instead he stood in front of the sink, staring at himself in the mirror.

What the actual fuck, Freddie, he asked himself.

It was not the morning wood that bothered him as he knew that was natural and very normal. What disgusted him was the fact that somehow in his sleeping state he managed to press himself against John and grind against him. It didn't matter that he did it subconsciously, it was wrong and disgusting and if John happened to wake up while it was happening ... Freddie could not even finish that thought, the feeling of absolute dread creeping up on him.

Not to mention what happened last night. Freddie felt a sting of shame as he remembered getting slightly aroused while kissing John. As the bassist struggled with his problems, feeling traumatized, Freddie's body decided it was a perfect time to get turned on. What was wrong with him? He didn't even think of John that way. He didn't. No. But it's been a while since his last time.

Freddie decided he needed to find a way to make sure it wouldn't happen again. But he wondered how was he going to explain to the bassist his decision to suddenly put lots of pillows between them.

He needed to think of something.

ooo

"Roger, don't you think you're exaggerating just a bit?" Brian asked with a raised eyebrow.
"Why does everyone always think I'm exaggerating?" the drummer rolled his eyes, "I know what I saw. You weren't here, but if you were ... you'd agree with me."

They sat in the kitchen, having a quiet conversation, not wanting to wake up Freddie or John. Brian came over early in the morning, wanting to go through the set list one more time, but once he arrived he realized no one was awake yet. After ringing the bell and waiting for at least five minutes, the doors were finally opened and he was greeted by a very sleepy and not much clothes wearing Roger. The drummer was tempted to just close the door in Brian's face and return to bed, but somehow decided against it. After gently reminding him that not everyone enjoyed getting up at seven in the bloody morning, he reluctantly offered to make them some coffee.

And as the conversation went on, Roger could not help but share what he saw the previous morning. Judging by the look on Brian's face, it was obvious he was skeptical about what he was hearing from the drummer.

"Then answer this," Roger continued, staring at the guitarist in defiance, "Did you and I ever cuddle on the sofa? Did you ever cradle me up in your arms, running your fingers through my hair?"

Brian looked at him with amusement, "Well, there was that one time when Freddie insulted your song and - "

Immediately Roger cut him off, "I was drunk! And ... we don't talk about that, Brian."

The guitarist only laughed in reply and Roger continued, keeping his voice low, "If you lived here, you'd see things."

"You are making it sound as if you're seeing ghosts, Rog," Brian took a sip of his coffee, not really bothered to take the blond in front of him seriously.

And that really pissed Roger off, "Fuck off, Bri. I know what I saw. Them wrapped in each other's arms, cuddling on the sofa."

The guitarist sighed, then looked at the drummer seriously, "What are you saying? That something is happening between them?"

"I'm saying it's headed into that direction."

"Rog, as far as we know, John is not ... into guys. Besides, Freddie would never."

"Wouldn't he?" Roger asked, "Perhaps he doesn't even realize what he's doing."
After Brian only stared at him, clearly not believing any of the words that left Roger's mouth, the drummer raised his hands in surrender, "Fine! You don't have to believe me. See for yourself. Just observe them and you'll see."

"Alright, Rog," Brian said in a condescending tone, taking another sip of his coffee.

The drummer crossed his arms in front of his chest, "I'll be waiting for your apology."

As they heard a noise coming from Freddie's room and then the shower running in the bathroom, they quickly changed the subject, not wanting to be caught gossiping.

ooo

An hour or so later they were all gathered in their living room, having a last meeting before their show. They were all nervous, but the atmosphere was strangely calm.

"I've rented a van and all our stuff is already at the bar," Brian said, then looked at Roger, "That's what I've been doing this morning while some of you slept your life away."

Roger only shot him a look, not feeling like getting into another argument with the guitarist.

"Thank you, darling," Freddie gave Brian a slight smile, running his hand through his hair, "You've taken care of everything."

"Well, you all had other things to worry about, it's alright," Brian met John's eyes for a second which made the drummer blush immediately. And then the guitarist noticed it. He tried to brush it off, but his eyes were fixated on the way Freddie's hand kept rubbing John's lower back. And the bassist seemed to be completely fine with it, almost leaning against the touch. It wouldn't be strange if Freddie rubbed his back in comfort and then stopped, but he kept rubbing it, never stopping, his hand making slow circles on John's back as they all talked about the gig. For a moment Brian wondered if the singer was doing that subconsciously.

And then he mentally cursed Roger for planting those thoughts into his mind to begin with. Now he couldn't not notice those little details. The way Freddie's eyes lit up when John looked at him or how patiently he waited for the bassist to speak or get his point across. And Brian knew that Fred was not a very patient person. He forced himself to snap out of his thoughts. It was just friendship. John had something terrible happen to him and Freddie was just being a very good and caring friend. That was it.

And it was a good thing that John felt so comfortable around Freddie and that the two of them connected as friends. At least that was what Brian tried to convince himself. He did decide to keep
an eye for those little things between Fred and John in the future, but forced himself not to worry too much. He already made a mistake by listening to Roger.

Meanwhile Freddie tried to keep his hands off John, but he kept forgetting. It was ridiculous. He decided to keep the physical contact to a minimum, at least in front of others, but he was failing at that. Every few minutes or so he caught himself touching John's knee while talking to him or rubbing his back comfortably as he sensed the bassist's nervousness while they talked about their upcoming show. It was a reflex. Thankfully, the younger boy did not bring up the topic of the previous night to him. It was as if it never happened. Which was strange to Freddie as he expected John to want to talk about it, but for some reason he didn't. He only hoped it wasn't because he regretted it. Freddie noticed that John acted the same as before the kiss, which was a good thing, but ... Why was he then so very confused and conflicted about it? It wasn't Freddie's first kiss, obviously. And it wasn't the best kiss he's received. Or given. Why was he thinking about it so much?

"For the love of god, Rog," Freddie started slowly, forcing himself to talk to keep his thoughts from going crazy, "Please try and keep up with us this evening, alright? No trying to speed the songs up."

"Or what?" the drummer asked, cheekily.

"Or I'll drop your bloody drums on your head," the singer threatened, giving him a serious look.

Roger raised his eyebrows at that, "You should really try and rest your voice Freddie. You are going to need it tonight."

John let out a short laugh, "I think he's trying to tell you to shut up, Freddie."

The singer acted offended, opening his mouth in shock and Roger only nodded, grinning, "That was exactly what I was saying, Deaky."

ooo

A couple of hours went by and they were all in the living room, getting ready to leave the flat soon.

"Are you sure you don't want me to put some make up on you?" Freddie asked softly, bringing his hand to John's face, "It would be fun. You'd look great."

"N-No, no, really, I'm fine," John declined politely, staring at Freddie's warm eyes and noticing how the singer used black eyeliner to enhance his eyes. It looked good in him. Because he was Freddie and everything looked good on him.

Roger cleared his throat very loudly, which made Freddie remove his hand from John immediately.
He did roll his eyes at the drummer, but said nothing. After Roger and Brian exchanged worried glances, the drummer raised his eyebrows in a 'I told you so' way. But the guitarist was still not completely convinced that anything inappropriate was happening between Freddie and John. There were a few weird things, but Freddie was that way with everybody.

"I'll be right back," John said and hurried off into the kitchen. He grabbed a glass, filing it with water before he took out a painkiller that he had in his pocket. He stared at it in his hand for a second before swallowing it with a few gulps of water. While he was getting a lot better, physically at least, there was still that throbbing pain in his wrist and his lower body. And he could not risk it becoming worse. Not on this very important night.

"You coming, John?" he heard Freddie call out and he quickly made his way back to the rest of the band. Only a few minutes later they left the flat. John would be lying if he said it didn't surprise him that Freddie decided not to sit next to him in the van. But he tried to push those thoughts aside, not wanting to make a big deal out if it. He was fine sitting next to Roger.

OOO

When they finally arrived at the location, John felt himself tensing up slightly. It did help tremendously that it was not his first time being there as they visited it a couple of days ago, but his nerves were slowly getting the best of him. Thankfully, Freddie did seem to take notice of it and rubbed his arm in encouragement before they made their way in.

"I'll go find the manager," Brian said and disappeared, leaving the rest of them standing awkwardly by the bar.

"I'll have a beer," Roger ordered when he finally got a bartender to come over to them, then looked at the empty stage where they would soon be performing, a grin forming on his face. He couldn't wait.

"I'll have a beer, too," Freddie said, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He lit the cigarette, bringing it to his lips.

"Can I have one?" Roger asked and the singer handed him the pack.

John looked around, trying to stay calm at the sight of so many people. They were drinking and dancing and some of them were making out. He quickly averted the gaze.

"What does he want?" he heard Freddie say. Turning around, he noticed Brian on the other side of the club, motioning for them to come over.
"I'll go and check," Freddie said, "You two stay here."

And with that he disappeared into the crowd. John had to admit this was one of those rare occasions where he wouldn't mind a drink, but it probably wouldn't be smart to mix alcohol with the strong painkiller he took before they left.

Roger leaned closer to him, "Are you nervous?"

"Just ... Slightly. You?"

The drummer gave him the biggest grin possible, "I can't wait! Do you see all the girls in here?"

Actually, no, John did not notice. He just noticed there were too many people.

"They'll be all over us!" Roger smirked, bringing the cigarette to his lips and taking a long drag.

John nodded while smiling at the drummer's obvious excitement.

"I'll be right back, mate," Roger then said, slowly walking closer to the stage, inspecting it carefully. He was just a few steps away and even though John was technically alone, he did not feel alone as he could still clearly see Roger.

However, the curiosity did get the better of him and soon John found himself walking off, taking a look around the club, trying to keep calm. There were a lot of girls and somehow that made him feel slightly less panicked. There was also this strange feeling of pride. He was doing it. He was alone in a club and he somehow managed to not break down completely. A lot of it had to do with the fact that he knew Freddie, Roger and Brian were close by.

"Hi!" he suddenly heard and someone placed a hand on his shoulder. John froze, simply staring at the person who stopped right in front of him. It was a guy his age, maybe a bit older with brown hair.

"Are you with the band?" he asked and John only managed to nod, still frozen in place.

"I've seen you walk in," the guy explained with a big smile on his face, "Queen, right?"

Again, John nodded, relaxing just slightly as the guy in front of him seemed really friendly.

"I've seen them a few times before," he said, then narrowed his eyes at John, "But I haven't seen you before."
"Oh. I-I'm new," John quickly answered, "I play the ... um. The bass."

"Really?"

Just as John was about to reply, he heard a loud voice from behind him. He recognized it immediately.

"John!" Freddie sounded panicked as he finally reached the bassist, staring at him with wide opened eyes, "I told you to stay where you were."

John immediately felt guilty as he noticed the distressed state the singer seemed to be in and the sheer panic and concern in his eyes, "I-I'm sorry. I just took a look around - "

"I came back and I-I couldn't find you," Freddie sounded out of breath as if he's been running around and his voice was shaking, "Roger didn't know where you went and - "

"I-I'm sorry, Freddie," John apologized again, feeling his stomach twist with guilt.

"You can't just wonder off on your own, darling," the singer's voice softened a bit, but then he turned to look at the guy who was talking to John and was now just standing there awkwardly. He raised his brow at him, "And who are you?"

Before the guy could open his mouth to speak, John quickly answered, "He's a ... Fan of yours. Sort of. He's been on your shows before."

That did not seem to reassure Freddie and he was still glaring at the guy suspiciously, "Well, if he wanted a word with you, he could have done that with all of us around."

"Freddie - " John started, but was cut off as the singer gently took his arm and, offering a fake smile to the guy, "Hope you enjoy the show, dear." And with that he led the bassist away, walking with him through the crowd.

"Don't do that again, darling," Freddie said to him, his voice still slightly shaking, "I-I nearly lost my mind when I was unable to find you."

John wanted to apologize again, but before he could do so, they entered a small room just behind the stage. It looked like a dressing room. Roger and Brian were already there, changing into their stage clothes.

"Deaky, where'd you go?" the drummer asked worriedly, "I just turned around and you were gone."
"You shouldn't have turned around, Roger," Freddie snapped back at him and the drummer remained silent, knowing he deserved it.

"I-I'm fine, everything is fine," John tried to diffuse the tension and it seemed to work. Everyone shut up and continued getting ready. John quickly changed into a pair of black pants that he borrowed from Freddie and a black blazer. When he turned around, he caught Brian staring at him, a shocked expression on his face. The guitarist quickly averted his gaze, but John knew what he probably saw. The bruises. He swallowed hard, pushing those thoughts out of his mind. Once he was ready, he sat on a chair in front of a mirror and waited in silence.

"What do you think, my darlings?" Freddie asked, walked over to them, taking a quick turn, showing off his outfit. He was wearing a black leotard that showed off his chest and left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Brian only laughed nervously, looking anywhere but at Freddie, while Roger grimaced, covering his eyes with his hand, "Fred, we talked about this. What did I say about the leotards?"

"Oh, you have absolutely no fashion sense!" Freddie drawled, then turned to John, resting his hands on his hips and posing proudly, "What do you think, darling?"

The bassist tensed up and against his better judgment, his eyes dropped to the lower half of Freddie's body. His gaze remained there just long enough for Freddie to notice and the singer smirked, "Do you like what you see, dear?"

John could not understand how the singer felt comfortable walking around in that, let alone go on stage in that. He had to admit that Freddie looked good, very good actually, but it was very provocative.

"I-I ... You look good, F-Freddie," he stuttered, feeling the heat in his head.

"So do you, darling," the singer returned the compliment, smiling sweetly at him. It was very bizarre to John how Freddie seemed to go from being very playful and overly sexual to sweet and innocent in a moment. Just as effortlessly as he was able to slide from a register to another.

"Are you ready?" Freddie then adressed everyone and Roger immediately jumped up, clapping his hands enthusiastically. Brian picked up his Red Special, but he seemed as calm as ever.

"Lets do this then," Freddie grinned and they all walked out of the room. Judging by the noises the crowd was already very impatient, but that only made Freddie even more excited. John tightened the grip on his guitar, holding it close to his body.

"You'll do great, darling," Freddie whispered to him before they walked onto the stage. John went to stand where he usually stood, quickly moving out of the spotlight. Freddie, however, gladly moved into the spotlight, taking a bow, "Hello, my lovelies!"
The crowd cheered and clapped and Freddie seemed to feed on it.

"What should we start with?" he asked, teasing the audience, "Something slower or something a bit faster?"

Immediately everyone started cheering and screaming in excitement and Freddie laughed, "Alright, my darlings. Something a bit heavy, then."

Stone Cold Crazy was the first song they performed and everyone loved it. Freddie kept his promise to John. He did manage to win the audience over and he managed to do it within the first few minutes. No one noticed how John's fingers slipped a few times, causing him to mess up. He did try his best and everytime he met Roger's or Brian's eyes he was met with a reassuring look. Freddie was sending concerned glances at him every now and then, making sure everything was alright without making it obvious and John appreciated it.

"Listen, are you gonna listen?" Freddie sang in that powerful voice of his and walked over to John, leaning back against him, "Momma I'm gonna be your slave!"

"All day long!" John brought his face closer to Freddie's as they shared a microphone. He was so close to the singer he could feel the heat radiating from his body.

"Mama I'm gonna try behave!"

"All day long!"

"Mama I'm gonna be your slave."

"All day long."

Even though he stood in front of him, Freddie managed to lean back until he was resting his head on John's shoulder. John also felt the singer grinding his back against him or perhaps he was just moving his body to the rhythm?

"I'm gonna serve you till your dying day!"

"All day long!"

John met Freddie's eyes for a slight moment and the singer winked at him, which only made the bassist blush harder.

"I'm gonna keep you till your dying day."
"All day long!"

And with that he was gone. In a second, the singer was on the other end of the stage, waving at the audience, jumping up and down, getting on all fours and crawling, acting out some very sexual positions which made John's eyes widen in shock. He'd never seen Freddie like that. But the crowd loved it. They loved him.

And when it was time for his solo, John gave it his best, moving his fingers as quickly as he could, biting his lower lip in concentration. Freddie turned to look at him, his body still moving with the rhythm.

John's wrist did feel slightly better and that was why he decided to give it his all. As he got more into it, he banged the guitar against his body with such force he was sure it would leave bruises. But he didn't care. It was his chance to make up for all the mistakes he made prior to that. As he neared the end of his solo, he did manage to look up and the big toothy grin on Freddie's face was all the confirmation he needed.

Freddie continued to sing with even more energy and soon the show was over. They were not perfect, there was room for improvement, as Brian would say, but they gave it their all and the audience went crazy over them. Roger banged on the drums one last time, nearly knocking them over, John waved shyly and Freddie raised his arms in the air and grinned, thanking the audience for being a good sport.

"Thank you! Good night! Lets go get fucked!" were his last words into the microphone and with that they were done.

ooo

"Did you see that?" Roger asked enthusiastic, "They went fucking crazy over us!"

Freddie clapped his hands, "We were amazing!" he pranced around the room, still very clearly in sheer ecstasy, "You were brilliant, Brian!"

The guitarist only nodded in agreement, a laugh escaping him. John smiled at the warm exchange of compliments, everyone seemed to be in a good mood and because of the adrenaline he could not feel any pain in his wrist, even though he knew it would soon start hurting like hell. It still hasn't healed properly and he went overboard with it.

"And you!" Freddie was suddenly next to him, putting his hands on his shoulders, "You were perfect, darling. They loved you, did you see?"
John blushed a bit, "I-I wasn't really looking -"

"Well, I was, dear! They adored you!"

The bassist met his brown eyes, noticing how Freddie's face glistened with sweat, how his hair was partly wet because of it, but Freddie seemed so happy and confident that he even forgot to cover his teeth as he smiled at John. And that made John feel all warm inside.

They quickly wiped their sweat off with towels and changed into fresh clothes before making their way, deciding to stay at the club for a while. A few people approached them, mostly girls and it didn't take long before some random girl was sitting on Roger's lap, making out with him. Brian tried to convince them to move it to somewhere a bit private, but he was completely ignored. The guitarist rolled his eyes in annoyance, bringing a beer to his mouth.

"You're Queen, right?" some girl approached them, her eyes moving very slowly from Brian to Freddie and then lastly, to John.

"We are, darling," Freddie answered proudly.

"Can I buy you a drink?" she made eye contact with Freddie, playing with her hair and smiling seductively.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, dear, but I've already had more than enough," the singer declined politely, "Maybe some other time."

The girl shrugged, then looked at John, "What about you?"

Before the bassist could react, he felt Freddie's arm around his waist, "And he's not interested, darling."

Confusion showed on her face, but then she looked slightly disturbed, "As you wish."

With those words she was gone. Freddie slowly removed his arm from John, immediately knowing he messed up. Why did he do that? Why did he insinuate that he and John were together? And why did his arm wrapped around John's waist possessively feel so very good? Freddie took another shot of tequila, quickly chugging the liquid, grimacing is it burned his throat. When he finally dared to look up, he was met with Brian's questioning eyes. Thankfully, Roger did not hear anything as he was too distracted making out with a girl.

Freddie ran his hand through his hair, feeling as if he might explode. He could hear John and Brian chit chatting, but there were too many thoughts in his head to join the conversation. When he looked
up again, he noticed a blond guy staring at him from not to far away. Immediately he recognized him from the show. He was standing close to the stage, constantly looking at Freddie and giving him that look. The singer would recognize it anywhere and anytime. Blondes were not exactly his type, but he decided to give it a try. He needed to do something to take the edge off, he was too sexually frustrated to function normally.

"Don't you agree, Freddie?" John asked, looking at the singer, waiting for his reply.

"Oh, I apologize, darling. My mind was elsewhere," he smiled at the younger boy, "What were you saying?"

John seemed a bit taken aback by the singer's lack of interest, his eyes moving down to look at his hands, "Oh, it's ... Nothing. Never mind."

Brian started talking about something and immediately Freddie lost interest again, not able to concentrate on the conversation. He was too frustrated. The adrenaline was still pumping through his veins and the alcohol did not help. He was very aware of the fact that he was grinding against John on stage and even though he knew it was wrong, the desire was still there. It had nothing to do with John, he said to himself. He was just very ... horny. And he could not help John and be a good friend while in this state. Freddie's eyes found that guy again as he was still standing on the same spot and the guy suddenly smiled at him and started walking towards the restrooms.

Freddie immediately tensed up, "I'll be back soon." And with that he excused himself, following the guy into the toilets. Luckily, no one was there and the guy disappeared into one of the stalls, not closing the door behind him. Freddie took that as a sign and followed. As soon as he was inside the stall, the guy was on him, pressing his lips against his, running his hands all over his body. Freddie managed to close the door with his leg, his hands preoccupied with other things.

This. This was exactly what he needed to blow off some steam.

"You were hot up there," the guy managed to say between the kisses.

"Why, thank you, dear," Freddie whispered then moaned in pleasure as the blond traced his tongue down Freddie's neck, sucking and lightly biting the skin there. The singer's eyes rolled back in pleasure and he couldn't help but moan and whimper and whisper words encouraging the guy to continue what he was doing. He felt his hands on his pants, undoing the belt and soon his pants were down almost at his ankles and the guy kneeled down in front of him. Freddie had to bite his tongue to prevent a moan from escaping his lips as the guy took him into his mouth. As the wet warmth enveloped him completely, Freddie's hips jerked forward, wanting more. He needed more. There was so much need and frustration inside him and he needed to let it all out. Luckily, the guy understood and he took him deeper into his mouth.

000
John looked around in slight concern. It's been at least ten minutes since Freddie left. He should be back by now. Unless there was a line, which John doubted was the case. Strangely enough, Roger got rid of the girl, wanting to enjoy the post-gig time with his friends. He and the guitarist were commenting on everything from their gig, laughing and enjoying themselves, completely oblivious to the fact that Freddie was still not back.

John forced himself to relax, convincing himself there was nothing to worry about. But he couldn't relax.

"I-I should go look for Freddie," he said and Roger laughed, "He'll be back soon, Deaky, don't worry. He's probably having a wank."

John blushed, but said nothing. If Brian and Roger were not worried, why should he be?

He leaned back on his chair, crossing his arms over his chest. He sort of spaced out then, not actually listening to the conversation the other two boys had. As the adrenaline was slowly leaving his body, he already started to feel his wrist throbbing with pain. He couldn't even hold a glass of water with that hand, he had to use the other one.

*It's been one week.*

Exactly one week since *that* happened. Almost like an anniversary. It seemed so long ago, but at the same time it felt as if it was yesterday. And it was almost the same time as well. Midnight. Exactly one week ago he was in that dirty bathroom stall.

John could feel his throat closing up with panic as he remembered. He needed ... something. Not sure what exactly, but he knew that Roger and Brian could not give it to him. They could comfort him and offer kind words and John appreciated it so much, but at that exact time, he needed Freddie. He needed a hug.

ooo

"Turn around," Freddie instructed and the guy immediately obeyed, placing his hands on the wall and spreading his legs slightly. The singer closed his eyes, pressing himself against the blond in front of him, snapping his hips up, insinuating what was soon to come, immediately followed by a moan of pleasure from the guy.

"I-I don't have lube," the guy whispered as Freddie wrapped his arms around him, trying to unbuckle his belt and get rid of the pants that were in the way.

"You'll have to ..." the blond didn't finish the sentence as he grabbed one of Freddie's hands and
brought it to his mouth, licking his fingers seductively.

Freddie had to stuffle a groan of pleasure and he desperately struggled to unbuckle the guy's belt with one hand.

And then he froze.

A horrible image of John in this exact position entering his mind. And no matter how hard he tried, Freddie could not push it aside. As the guy kept licking his fingers, wetting them to help prepare him for what was to come, Freddie stood frozen behind him, suddenly realizing how similar the situation was.

A dirty bathroom stall.

Him trying to unbuckle some guy's belt. A guy whose name he didn't even know. Like that bastard didn't know John's name. Didn't bother to even look at him as he pushed him against the wall, holding him in place, just like Freddie was holding the guy in front of him. He realized how trapped John must have felt, how vulnerable. How scared.

Suddenly he felt sick to his stomach. Immediately, he backed away from the guy, removing himself from him completely, pulling his pants up. The guy turned to face him, surprise written on his face.

"D-Did you - ? Already?" he asked, slightly disappointed.

Freddie managed to shake his head, "No, but ... I can't. I'm sorry, dear."

That seemed to confuse the guy, but he quickly composed himself, moving against Freddie seductively, his hand moving down to palm Freddie's erection through his pants.

"Are you sure about that? Because you seem pretty eager to me."

Freddie gently moved his hand away, shaking his head, "I-I'm sure. Sorry, darling."

The guy leaned away and simply stared at the singer for a few moments.

"Whatever, it's your loss," the guy finally replied snarkily, then pushed his way out of the stall, slamming the door aggressively.

Freddie could barely stand, his legs were shaking too much. What was wrong with him? He didn't think that knowing about what happened to John would make it impossible for him to enjoy sex. Why did his mind go to John in that exact situation?
Freddie let out a breath, feeling more frustrated than ever.

ooo

When Freddie finally returned to the table, he didn't even bother to sit, "Shall we go now? I think I've had enough for one night."

That did surprise both Brian and Roger, but they agreed, both standing up. John looked at the singer, hoping he would meet his eyes, but for some reason Freddie did everything in his power to avoid it. That did confuse John a bit, but he thought he was simply overreacting. Perhaps the singer was just tired after the show.

But when they managed to squeeze into van and Freddie once again made sure that Roger was sitting in between them, John knew something was wrong. He just knew. And he had to blink back the tears that threatened to spill. Perhaps it was him? Perhaps it was because of what he had asked of Freddie the previous night? He did find it strange that the singer did not mention it once. Perhaps he was distancing himself because of the kiss. John threw a glance at Freddie as they drove back to the flat and noticed the singer seemed awfully quiet and not at all like himself.

ooo

Once they arrived at the flat, Brian decided to stay a while longer, "I was promised a party, remember, Fred?"

The singer nodded, smiling, although he did seem very tired, "Of course, darling. I'll go get Scrabble. Roger, you get the whiskey."

John was not in the mood for celebrating. He felt weird. He kept glancing at the clock, trying to remember where he was at this time exactly one week ago.

*I was probably already back at Freddie's flat.*

With the excuse that he needed to change clothes, he disappeared into Freddie's bedroom. He did change clothes, but then he simply slipped into bed. He was aware of the fact that he was very sweaty and should probably take a shower, but was unable to do so. He was not in the right state of mind to get undressed and see his naked body.

He could hear the rest of the boys laughing and having fun and he simply closed his eyes, finally
allowing himself to cry.

It was exactly one week.

John could not explain why that fact affected it so much. Why was this day any different from the previous day? The bassist curled up in a fetal position as silent sobs wracked his body.

ooo

"Where's John?" Freddie asked, "It's been almost twenty minutes now."

"Perhaps he's fallen asleep?" Roger replied, bringing a cigarette to his lips.

The singer made a move to get up and check, but as he noticed the way Roger and Brian were staring at him, observing his actions, he decided against it. It would only make Roger say he was being too affectionate and caring and that ... he was only doing it to have sex with John. Freddie could not handle hearing those things again. Not today. Not after everything.

"He's probably alright," he finally said, clearing his throat and acting unbothered, "I should probably take a quick shower, though. I'm sure you can smell me."

"Alright, but hurry," Roger rolled his eyes, placing the Scrabble box on the table.

Freddie quickly made his way to the bedroom, stopping in front of the door, listening for any sounds. Perhaps the bassist did fall asleep? He didn't want to wake him up, but he needed some clean clothes.

The singer leaned closer and then he heard it. The muffled sounds of sniffs and small sobs that could barely be heard through the door. Without thinking, he slowly entered the room, not wanting to scare the bassist.

"John?"

Immediately the sobbing stopped and Freddie was meet with complete silence.

"Why are you in bed, darling?" he asked, slowly approaching the boy and sitting down next to him. He knew he should leave, he knew the smartest thing would be to leave and distance himself from the bassist, at least until he could see things more clearly, but ... he couldn't move from the spot. John was all covered up, his head hiding under the blanket. Freddie resisted the urge to touch him and quite successfully, until another sob escaped John's body.
"John, darling, what's wrong?" he immediately panicked, putting a hand on his hip, "Would you, please, talk to me?"

"I-I'm not feeling so ... well, Freddie. But you ... go and have fun," he managed to say, his voice breaking a few times.

"How do you expect me to have fun while you're like this?" Freddie asked softly, "Talk to me. What's wrong? I thought the day went well?"

John slowly pulled the blanket down, uncovering his face. It was all red and puffy and wet with tears. The bassist quickly wiped his eyes with his hand, but it was useless. The tears kept coming.

"Darling, you are scaring me."

"It's ... Friday," John whispered and Freddie simply stared at him, not understanding. When John noticed that he swallowed hard before continuing, "It's the ... um ... Anniversary. Exactly one week ago ... " he trailed off, not able to finish the sentence.

And then Freddie understood. He felt absolutely ashamed that it's taken him this long to understand, "Oh, darling. I'm so sorry."

*I'm sorry I forgot.*

The bassist sniffled again, trying to hold himself together. Trying to not fall apart.

"And don't call it an anniversary, dear. It sounds wrong."

"You don't have to stay here, F-Freddie, really. Go and have fun. I-I'll be fine. Perhaps I-I'll join you later."

Freddie was silent, simply observing the boy in front of him. He did wonder if he was doing him more harm than good, but at that moment he couldn't care less. He didn't care what Brian and Roger would think they were doing in the bedroom for so long.

"Can I hug you, darling?" he asked quietly and John looked up at him with surprise in his eyes. He never asked for permission to hug him.

"Please, do it," he replied quietly.

Freddie took him into his arms and John noticed it was the most gentle hug Freddie has ever given
him. It was as if he was afraid he would shatter in his arms. And that was exactly what John needed at the moment.

Pressing his face against Freddie's chest, he could smell the sweat and the cigarettes and alcohol, but it didn't matter to him.

"S-Sorry," he mumbled against his chest as he noticed he was getting the shirt all wet with his tears.

"I'm sorry I didn't remember," Freddie replied, guilt evident in his voice. It was at that moment that Freddie finally realized that perhaps the situation was a bit more complicated than he previously admitted. He finally realized that he cared very much for John. Only as a friend, of course. But as a very good friend. As a brother. Immediately the singer grimaced at that thought. No, definitely not as a brother.

He felt John nuzzle into his neck and the sobs turned into snivels as the bassist slowly gained control of himself.

"Freddie?" the younger boy suddenly moved away from him, "You have something - " he pointed at his neck, bringing his hand up to touch it and gently inspecting it. And then his eyes widened as he realized what it was.

He quickly removed his hand, "S-Sorry, I - "

It took Freddie a moment, but then he realized. It was probably a hickey. He felt as if someone punched him in the stomach as he noticed the look of hurt in John's eyes.

Was it hurt?

Why would it be?

Freddie probably imagined it. And he was never the one ashamed of his sexual adventures, but at that moment he wanted to hide and never show his face again.

"John, I ... " he started, but didn't know what to say. What could he say? That after the gig he decided for a quick shag in a dirty bathroom stall? He kept fucking things up.

John offered a weak smile, uttering a very quiet "It's fine," and pressing himself against Freddie again. The singer wrapped his arms around him, holding him close and safe.

But it wasn't fine. Freddie knew it wasn't fine, he just didn't know why. Or didn't want to admit it yet.
No, Freddie, definitely not as a brother. :) Can you say denial? ;) btw, I love reading your comments. <3
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie lost track of time, but one glance at the clock told him he's been in the room for almost half an hour now. Roger and Brian were probably wondering where he was. Where they both were. But he couldn't force himself to care about that. He was right where he wanted to be. Holding John in his arms as the bassist rested his head against Freddie's chest. Judging by his breathing, he was a bit calmer than before. They said nothing to each other after the horrible moment when John noticed Freddie's hickey and the singer wasn't planning on ever bringing it up. He simply wanted to erase it from John's mind. It was still unclear to him why exactly he felt ashamed for what he had done. All he knew was that he didn't want to think about it.

He brought his hand up and started playing with John's hair. He did wonder if the bassist fell asleep.

"John?"

"Mhm?"

"Are you feeling a bit better? Come join us in the living room. We need to celebrate tonight's success," he spoke softly, hoping the bassist was in a better mood.

After a long moment, John replied, "I-I don't know. I feel a bit sleepy."

"Please, darling. Just for a short while."

He couldn't bare the thought of John staying in the room all by himself while the rest of them were having fun and hanging out. After how well he did at the gig, he deserved to celebrate with them.

"Just try. For a few minutes," he insisted, "If you'll still want to go to bed, then I'll go with you."

John finally broke the hug, moving away from Freddie. He opened his mouth to speak, but didn't know how to start. It was something he did not want to say, but knew he had to.

"Freddie ... I should go," he spoke quietly and the singer was barely able to hear him.

"Go where, darling?"

John met his eyes, pausing for a long moment before he finally replied, "H-Home. To my place."
Freddie immediately tensed up, "But why? I thought we agreed you'd stay here until you recover."

John nodded, offering a sad smile, "I-I know. But ... Obviously, we haven't thought it all the way through."

"What do you mean? Why don't you want to stay here, darling?" Freddie kept his gaze fixated on the bassist, observing him closely. He couldn't help but feel panicked at the thought of the younger boy leaving.

John let out a short laugh, but there was nothing humorous in it, "I-I want to stay. I really do. But ... clearly I'm in the way."

"In the way of what exactly?"

"Y-You doing .... things."

"John," the singer started, his tone serious, "You are not in the way. Where did you get that idea?"

The bassist looked around the room, then back at Freddie, "This is your bedroom. And with me here ... you can't ... do certain things. Bring someone home if ... if you ... " he trailed off, blushing slightly.

It was then that Freddie understood. He took a deep breath, then brought his hand to John's chin, making the younger boy look at him, "John. I don't want to bring anyone home."

It was obvious the bassist did not believe him and Freddie continued, struggling with his next words, "Darling, I don't want to bring anyone to my bedroom. That is not ... something that is on my mind at the moment. Regardless of ... the things that might have happened earlier this night. And you are not a burden. I quite like having you here. And Roger does as well."

John did smile at that, but said nothing in reply.

Freddie tried to lighten the mood, "Are you feeling better? Are you up for a game of Scrabble?" then his smile got a bit mischievous, "Or perhaps a game of Truth or dare?"

John's eyes widened, "I-I don't know about that."

The singer arched an eyebrow, looking at him playfully, "Darling, are you hiding something from us?"

When John only laughed at that, Freddie stood up, offering his hand to John, "Come, dear."
The bassist finally gave in and accepted. The singer helped him get up from the bed, rubbing his arm reassuringly, "It'll be fun, you'll see."

ooo

Roger kept pouring himself the whiskey they were all supposed to be sharing. When he noticed Brian glaring at him, he shrugged his shoulders, "Well, it's his fault. He's been gone for almost half an hour."

"And you are going to drink the entire bottle by yourself?"

"It's only half the bottle, Bri," Roger rolled his eyes, bringing the glass to his mouth again.

"I can't hear the shower running," Brian commented.

"Oh, they're probably shagging in the bedroom."

"Roger!" the guitarist grimaced at the comment, "Don't be ridiculous."

The drummer shrugged again, leaning back into the chair he was sitting in and rested his legs on the table in front of him. He sighed in annoyance, "I can't believe I cancelled that girl today. So that I could hang out with the band. And now I'm stuck with you."

"Well, I can go home and then you can hang out with yourself."

Roger laughed, "I'm only joking, Brian. Pull that stick out of your arse."

Brian remained silent for a few long moments, deep in thought and Roger immediately noticed the change in his attitude.

"What is it?" he asked, looking at the guitarist in concern.

Brian's tone was very low when he finally spoke, "Today in the dressing room ... I accidentally looked at John while we were changing."

Roger raised his eyebrows in surprise, waiting for the guitarist to continue.
"He ... he looked bad," Brian whispered, "I mean, the bruises on his back and hips and ... legs."

Roger's expression turned serious, "I-I didn't see."

Brian looked down at his hands, struggling with his next words, "Ever since we found out ... I was aware of the fact that it happened, but ... seeing the evidence today ... "

Roger remained silent, not really knowing what to say.

"I-I don't know how to act around him, Rog."

"Act normally. That's probably what he wants."

The guitarist then shook his head in disbelief, "If I had known how bad it was, I-I wouldn't have mentioned the gig to him. I can't believe I did that. He had to perform barely a week after that happened to him - "

"He insisted he wanted to do it," Roger cut him off, "And besides, he did a phenomenal job."

They were interrupted by John and Freddie entering a room, "Sorry that took a while, darlings!"

They both took a seat on the sofa, next to each other.

"Where's Scrabble?" Freddie questioned, looking around.

"Brian and I decided for a game of Truth or dare instead," Roger grinned.

"He decided," the guitarist added.

Freddie nodded in agreement, "I'm all for it. Pour me some whiskey, Rog, please."

The drummer realized he was holding the bottle in his hands all this time. He obeyed, pouring Freddie a glass, then looked at John questioningly.

The bassist shook his head, "I'm good, thank you."

"Come on, Deaky. Just one glass. You haven't had any today at all," Roger insisted, "Perhaps something else? A beer?"
John tensed up and thankfully Freddie intervened, "He really shouldn't, Rog. Alcohol shouldn't be mixed with certain substances."

The drummer immediately understood, then smiled apologetically, placing the bottle on the table.

"How are we playing this?" Brian decided to change the subject as he noticed John was feeling a bit uncomfortable.

Roger pulled up an empty bottle of beer, placing it on the table, "We spin this and then ... ask each other questions."

"But that's Spin the bottle, not Truth or Dare, darling," Freddie replied, looking a bit confused.

"It's close enough," Roger shrugged, "I'm too tired for dares."

"He's too drunk to move," Brian commented and the drummer shot him a glare.

Freddie seemed to be alright with it as he too was a bit tired to move. John on the other hand got very nervous. The other three knew each other very well, but they hardly knew John. The bassist wondered what kind of questions were going to be asked. Judging by Roger's grin, he somehow doubted they were going to be innocent.

"We ask each other questions. Everyone has a right to refuse to answer one question," without explaining the game further, Brian decided he was going to be the first one to start. He spun the bottle and when the bottle came to a stop, its neck was pointing at Roger. The drummer looked excited and not at all nervous.

"Rog," Brian started, a playful smile on his lips, "Have you ever ... done illegal substances? I mean ... Marijuana?"

The drummer grinned and took a shot of his drink. Freddie rolled his eyes, "It's not a Never have I ever, Rog! Why are you drinking?"

"Oh," the drummer laughed, then cleared his throat, "Yes, I have smoked a joint before, Bri."

Freddie laughed at that and Roger shot him a look, "Why are you laughing? We shared it."

The singer grabbed a cushion and threw it at the drummer, "This isn't about me, Rog!"

John laughed, realizing that perhaps this was something he would enjoy. But he would be perfectly
fine just sitting back and observing the other three playing the game. Then it was Roger's turn to
spin the bottle and it landed on Freddie. The singer raised an eyebrow at the drummer, letting him
know that he wasn't afraid of his questions. And that only made the drummer even more decided to
make it a really good one.

"Tell me, Freddie," Roger started slowly, dragging it out for the dramatic effect, "Are you a bottom
or a top?"

John's eyes widened in shock and Brian looked a bit uncomfortable, though he did laugh.

Freddie however, crossed his arms across his chest, clearly not bothered by the question, "Why does
that interest you, darling?"

"Curiosity," he drummer replied, cheekily.

"Well," the singer raised his eyebrow, smirking, "I'm afraid that is going to remain a secret, dear."

"Are you sure?" Roger asked, "You can only refuse to answer once. Believe me, I have much
weirder questions up my sleeve."

"It's not that I'm uncomfortable answering it, darling. It's just that I know how much you want to
know. And ... I won't tell you."

Both Brian and John laughed, observing the back and forth conversation between the singer and the
drummer.

"You're a bottom," Roger suddenly said, observing the singer closely, "You are, aren't you? And
that's why you're refusing to answer."

Freddie laughed, then arched a brow at him, "First of all, there is nothing wrong with being a bottom.
And even if I were, I'd be a power bottom."

Brian grimaced at that and John couldn't help but wonder what that meant. He wasn't about to ask,
though. Thankfully, he could always rely on Roger.

"What's a power bottom?" Roger asked for him, clearly very confused, to which Freddie only
laughed again, then spun the bottle, ignoring the drummer's questioning glares. It landed on Roger
and the singer grinned at the opportunity to get back at the drummer. He knew it was going to be a
tough one as Roger was not easily embarrassed, but Freddie knew him really well and knew exactly
what made him tick.
"Rog," the singer started, "How many times have you been mistaken for a girl and hit on?"

The drummer immediately rolled his eyes, blushing a bit, "Piss off, Fred."

The other three laughed, then waited for the answer. Roger remained silent, staring at the ceiling.

"Are you refusing to answer?" Freddie teased.

"No. I'm just ... counting all the times it happened," he confessed quietly and the singer laughed.

Roger finally sighed, "It was at least ... ten times. In the last year."

"It's the hair, Rog," Brian joined in on the teasing, "You need to stop dying it blonde."

The drummer said nothing to that, only flipped him off, then spun the bottle. It landed on John.

All eyes turned to him and John tensed up, only hoping the drummer would take mercy on him and not ask something to embarrass him. But he had very little hope, judging by all the previous questions that were thrown about.

"Deaky," Roger grinned, "What shall I ask you?"

"Take it easy on him, Rog," Freddie said, "You don't want him to leave the band."

The blond did seem to take that into consideration, "Alright, let's start with something easy, then."

John did relax slightly at that. But he still disliked being put on the spot like this.

"Have you ever done something illegal?" he finally asked.

John had to think hard about it, but then he nodded his head, "I-I actually have. I do it all the time."

The other three all got very serious, staring at the bassist. He did not seem like the type to break the law constantly.

"I-I try not to do it, but it keeps happening," he confessed quietly, then said, "Jaywalking."

Freddie burst into laughter, not even bothering to cover his mouth with his hand. John looked at him
in surprise, wondering why that was so funny. He was being serious.

"Oh, darling, bless your heart," the singer smiled at him and rubbed his knee. Roger let out a short laugh as well, "We promise not to report you, Deaky. Your secret's safe with us."

John couldn't help but smile at the reactions he got. He then grabbed the bottle and spun it. This time it landed on Brian. Before the bassist could think of a question, Freddie leaned closer to him, whispered something in his ear and then moved away with a playful smile on his face. John cleared his throat, "F-Freddie wants to know what's the craziest place you've had sex?"

"Really, Freddie?" the guitarist rolled his eyes before blushing slightly, "I-I guess ... a car."

Both Freddie and Roger scoffed at that, clearly not very impressed with the answer. Ignoring both of them, Brian spun the bottle and it landed on Roger.

"Have you ever stolen anything?" the guitarist asked and the drummer looked at him, raising his eyebrows, "It's like you don't even know me at all."

"He once stole my favorite jacket and sold it," Freddie commented, still feeling bitter over it.

"I didn't know it was yours," Roger defended himself, then spun the bottle. It landed on Freddie who rolled his eyes at that, "Let's hear it, Rog."

The drummer smirked, "Who gives better blowjobs? Girls or boys?"

John only hoped the bottle would never land on him again. These questions were too much. He did, however, like the fact that Freddie and Roger clearly had a very open and understanding friendship and were very comfortable asking each other such questions.

Freddie had to think for a moment, but then carefully answered, "I would have to say boys."

"Really?" the drummer was very intrigued.

"That was my experience, darling," Freddie replied, then spun the bottle. John tensed up as it landed on him. He met the singer's eyes, pleading with him not to ask something too private.

Judging by the reassuring smile on Freddie's face, he knew he had nothing to fear.

"Let's see," the singer seemed to be lost in his thoughts for a few moments, trying to think of a question, but then his eyes lit up, "John. What do you think of me?"
"W-What I think of you?" the bassist repeated in confusion.

"Yes, darling. You've known me for almost a month now. What do you think of me?"

"He only wants you to give him compliments," Roger commented, bringing a glass of whiskey to his mouth.

"Do shut up, Rog."

John let out a short laugh, then really thought about it. He took a deep breath before he finally spoke, "I-I think you're a really good singer. And a performer. I've never seen anyone like you. And you're very sweet and funny and generous and ... welcoming. And a good friend."

When he finished he finally dared to look up at the singer and noticed him staring at him with a big smile on his face. He seemed to be really touched for a moment, before he cleared his throat, smirking a bit, "You forgot to mention I'm very handsome, darling."

John blushed before grabbing the bottle and spinning it again.

An hour or so later both Roger and surprisingly even Brian seemed to be completely wasted. At one point in the evening John moved to sit on the floor between Freddie's legs while the singer gave him a massage which soon turned to gentle neck caresses and playing with John's hair. The bassist didn't mind. He felt completely relaxed and he almost fell asleep against Freddie's thigh.

"I-I should go home," Brian suddenly said, but made no attempt to get up.

"You're not going anywhere, darling," Freddie replied, "Not in your state."

"I'm fine. I'm not that drunk," the guitarist argued.

"For such a smart person you could sometimes be very dumb, dear," the singer said, then snapped his finger at Roger, "Take his keys from him."

The drummer obeyed, taking the keys out of the pocket of Brian's jacket that was thrown on the floor.

"We wouldn't want you to crash a van that's not even yours," Freddie said while running his fingers though John's hair. The bassist almost let out a moan of pleasure.

The singer threw a glance at the clock, his eyes widening in shock, "It's half past three in the morning!"
Brian only groaned at that, not able to form sentences. Roger got up from his chair, swaying a bit on his feet, "I'm off to bed."

"We're off too," Freddie said, gently gripping John's shoulder, "Come, darling."

He helped the bassist to his feet and John only waved at them, uttering a quiet 'good night' before he hurried out of the room. Once the sofa was free, Brian moved from the chair he was sitting in the whole evening and collapsed onto the much more comfortable sofa, immediately falling asleep. Freddie covered him with a blanket while Roger simply stood there, his eyes half closed already.

"What are you waiting for, Rog?" Freddie asked, noticing the drummer not moving.

"I-I don't think I can walk," the blond replied, barely keeping himself on his feet.

"I told you not to drink the whole whiskey bottle. But do you ever listen, darling?" the singer took Roger's arm and helped him to his bedroom, putting him to bed like a child. Roger was asleep before Freddie even left his room.

The singer decided to take a quick shower, still feeling very dirty from the gig and everything that happened after. He did want to take one earlier, but he didn't want to leave John alone with Brian and Roger, fearing that the bassist would just escape to his room again.

He was so tired that he almost fell asleep while showering. Quickly changing into his pajama bottoms, he finally entered his bedroom, noticing the bassist was already in bed, not moving. He slowly crawled into bed and tried to make himself comfortable without waking John up.

"Freddie?" he suddenly heard and it startled him just a bit.

"Yes, dear? I thought you were asleep."

"I-I just wanted to thank you for what you did this evening," John said, but still kept his back turned to the singer.

"What do you mean?"

"For making me hang out with you instead of sulking in the bedroom."

Freddie smiled at that, "I'm just glad you had a good time."

"I-I did," the bassist said quietly, then paused for a moment, "Good night, Freddie."
"Good night, Deaky."

Freddie closed his eyes and could not remember anything else after that.

ooo

The next morning, as the singer made his way to the kitchen, he was surprised to see Roger already there, sitting at the table, drinking coffee. He looked absolutely terrible. His hair was a mess and there were dark circles under his eyes.

"What are you doing up already, dear?" Freddie asked while pouring himself some coffee that Roger made.

The drummer flinched at his tone, whispering, "Why are you yelling?"

"I wasn't yelling, Rog. My tone is perfectly normal."

Roger rubbed his forehead, closing his eyes, "I feel like shit."

That made the singer laugh, "Well, you did drink quite a lot last night. Starting at the club."

"Freddie, please, stop yelling."

The singer rolled his eyes and took a seat across from Roger. He did notice on his way to the kitchen that Brian was still very much asleep on the sofa and he didn't want to bother him. It was only nine in the morning.

"Fred," Roger started slowly, "There's something I need to talk to you about. I-I was too drunk last night, but ..."

The singer raised an eyebrow at him, "And now you are in a much better condition?"

The drummer gave him a look before continuing, "I want to talk about this before John wakes up."

Freddie immediately tensed up, knowing exactly what he was about to hear. He knew the drummer wasn't going to let some things that happened yesterday just slide.
"We've talked about this already," Roger said, "But ... nothing's changed. And even Brian's noticed -\"

"Brian's noticed what?" Freddie could not keep the anger from his voice. It did feel like they were ganging up on him.

"You," Roger whispered, "Last night on stage. Grinding on John. Or was that just a part of the act?"

Freddie looked away, clearing his throat, "You know what I'm like on stage."

"But did you really have to do that? On John of all people?"

There was nothing he could say to defend himself. Freddie knew what he did was wrong. But he didn't do it with ill intentions.

Roger continued, "And what's with all the face touching and caressing? You were almost braiding his hair last night while he was sitting in between your thighs! And don't tell me I was imagining it. I know I wasn't that drunk."

Freddie rolled his eyes at the accusing tone he could hear from the drummer, "Oh, please. You are acting as if I was giving him a fucking blowjob."

"Well, it seems you are headed there."

That really got to Freddie. For a long moment he was completely silent, unable to say anything. He didn't know if it was the shock or the hurt or the complete surprise that the drummer would say something like that, but it took Freddie quite a while before he could finally force the words out, "Are you serious, Roger?"

The drummer only shrugged, looking down, realizing that perhaps he did go a bit too far to insinuate something like that.

Freddie took a deep breath, his voice icy cold as he spoke, "John and I are friends."

"I'm not saying you're not - "

"He was raped," Freddie cut him off. It did not escape his attention how the drummer winced at that word.

And he repeated it, "Yes, raped. Even though we all avoid using that word, that is exactly what happened. And I know the ... details because John felt he could trust me enough to tell me," he paused for a moment, continuing with a softer voice, "Even though I sometimes wish he hadn't.
Because now I can see it in my mind constantly."

"Freddie - "

"He still cries almost every day and do you want to know whose shoulder he's crying on? Mine," Freddie said, his voice shaking a bit, "And I have to be there to pick up the pieces and make sure he's alright. And yes, Roger, sometimes that involves touching or caressing and you know what? I don't care how it looks. As long as John's alright with it, I am going to keep doing it. Do not expect me to reject him when he's reaching towards me or begging me for a hug."

The singer looked down, waiting for the drummer to speak. Judging by his silence, Roger was pretty shaken up.

"Fred, I'm sorry," he finally said, "You know I didn't mean it like that."

"You keep insinuating that I'm trying to have sex with John."

The drummer shook his head, "I don't think you're actively trying to have sex with him, but ... can you assure me that you don't like John?"

"Of course I like him. He's my friend, darling."

"Like him as a ... lover. Brian told me what happened yesterday in the club when a girl approached him."

Freddie tensed up, but tried to brush the subject aside, "I knew he didn't want to talk to her and I was merely ... protecting him."

"Yes, but you were protecting him as a lover, not as a friend or ... a brother."

"You are seeing things, darling," Freddie replied, taking a sip of his coffee.

Roger then decided the subject wasn't worth fighting over anymore. At least until he had some evidence that he was right. For the moment it was all just assumptions.

After the breakfast which was spent mostly in silence as Roger, Brian and Freddie were still hung-over, John retired to the bedroom, needing some time alone. A song came to him and he needed to
quickly write it down before he forgot it. When he finally found a piece of paper and a pencil, he made himself comfortable on the bed and completely lost himself in his thoughts.


When Freddie finally decided to check what the bassist was doing alone in his room for many hours, he was surprised to find the younger boy awake, sitting on bed, staring down at a piece of paper in front of him. He seemed completely absorbed into what he was doing, not even noticing Freddie enter the room.

"John, darling, what are you doing here all by yourself?" the singer asked as he sat down next to him. The bassist quickly hid the paper behind his back, before Freddie could see what it was.

"What were you writing?" the singer asked, interest on his face.

"N-Nothing, just something that came to me," the bassist quickly replied, smiling.

"Is it a song?"

John nodded, "Sort if. I-I still don't know."

Freddie was immediately excited, "Let me see, darling!"

Horror showed on John's face and he quickly shook his head, "No, no. It's not finished yet."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Let me see, please?"

"Freddie," John pleaded, "Not yet. I'm not even sure if it's any good."

"Let me be the judge of that," the singer insisted, looking at him with his warm brown eyes.

"Later, alright? I-I promise. After I make a few more changes?"

The singer noticed the tortured expression on John's face and finally agreed, "Alright, darling. I'll wait. But you can at least tell me the name of the song."

John blushed slightly, looking down at his hands, "It's ... Spread your wings."

Freddie smiled, "I like it already."
Ever since meeting John, Freddie knew the younger boy had the potential to do great things. He only needed to be encouraged as he was too shy for his own good.

John quickly folded the piece of paper and placed it in a drawer, "Promise you won't look."

Freddie held up his hand, "I promise, darling. I won't do anything without your permission."

That promise seemed to have a bigger effect on John than Freddie expected. The bassist seemed lost in his thought for a long moment before he finally snapped out of it, smiling, "Thank you."

Freddie then clapped his hands, enthusiastically, "What do you say we go for a walk?"

"A walk?" John tensed up slightly, "I-I haven't been outside much since ... " he trailed off.

"I know, dear. That is why I'm suggesting it. It'll do you good," he spoke gently, "There's a park a few minutes from here. We could sit on a bench and talk. Breathe in some fresh air?"

Even though John did not feel like going anywhere, he couldn't refuse the singer as he stared at him with those big hopeful eyes. They just threw their jackets on and a couple of minutes later they were ready to leave. John would be lying if he said he wasn't slightly nervous being out and about, but he quickly relaxed as Freddie started talking to him.

"Hope last night wasn't too much for you, darling," the singer laughed, "I mean the Spin the bottle game. No matter how hard we try, the questions always manage to turn very sexual."

"I think I got off pretty well," John smiled and then Freddie let out a loud laugh, "Oh, don't be so sure about that, dear. Jaywalking is a serious offence. I suspect Brian's thinking of reporting you."

John couldn't help but chuckle, "I-I couldn't think of anything else."

Freddie looked at him, meeting his eyes, "You are too pure for this world, Deaky."

Before John could ask him what he meant by that, Freddie quickened his pace, until they reached a bench. As they sat down, John noticed the serious expression on the singer's face. He seemed peaceful, no smirk or playfulness in his expression and John decided to use this opportunity to approach a subject from a few days ago.

"Freddie," he started slowly, making the singer look at him, "Remember when I said I-I'm uncomfortable because you know a lot about me and I know very little about you?"
"I remember, darling."

John struggled with his next words, "Well... I know you said you don't remember but... I can't seem to forget those lyrics that I read in your notebook."

Freddie tensed up, smiling slightly, "Mama, I don't want to die. I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all."

"You remember."

The singer took a shaky breath before turning to John, "I wrote that when I was in a very dark place in my life, dear."

"Why were you in a dark place?"

Freddie was clearly uncomfortable, but he continued, "I was struggling with some personal things. I was... discovering who I am."

"You mean... sexually?" John asked and he could see the surprise on Freddie's face at hearing the question.

But he nodded, "Yes. I-I was having problems with my family. They didn't understand. They still don't."

"Do they know?"

Freddie smiled, but it was a sad one, "They probably know. But pretend they don't. They always referred to it as 'that other business'."

John immediately felt regret as he noticed how sad Freddie seemed while talking about it. He carefully chose his next words, "You mentioned wishing you were never born."

Freddie shook his head, "I wasn't suicidal, darling, don't worry. I was simply in a very bad place," then he took a deep breath, his eyes lighting up slightly, "But then I moved out and started living my life. You only get one and you better make the most of it."

John smiled at that. Freddie's ability to lighten the mood or look positively at things never ceased to amaze him. John wished he could be more like that.

They sat there for a couple of more minutes until the sun started going down and then Freddie stood up, crossing his arms over his chest, "Should we head back? It's starting to get a bit cold."
John agreed, immediately getting up himself, shivering slightly at the sudden coldness. The boys didn't even notice that it got completely dark as they slowly made their way back to the flat, completely absorbed into their conversation.

But then Freddie heard the laughter from behind them and his blood ran cold at that. He quickened the pace and John followed, a confused expression on his face. But it was too late.

"Look at that!" someone yelled.

John stopped to turn around, curiosity getting the best of him and Freddie immediately grabbed his arm, "Don't stop, darling. Just keep walking."

But before they could move, they were approached by four guys. They were laughing obnoxiously and when Freddie made a step forward, one of the guys stepped right in front of him, not letting him pass.

_Fuck._

"Is there a problem, dar -" Freddie caught himself in time, "Gentlemen?"

John crossed his arms over his chest, suddenly feeling very nervous. Even though they were in public place, on the street, he still felt strangely unsafe. He didn't like they way those guys stared at Freddie. And him.

"Yes, there is a problem," one of the guys answered, his eyes moving down Freddie's body, "Why are you wearing girls' clothes?"

"Look, we don't want any trouble," Freddie kept his tone calm, "If you'd just let us pass - " he tried to move past them, but the guy moved again, blocking his way.

Freddie felt himself becoming nervous. This was nothing new to him. Being insulted on the street, ridiculed, harassed. It rarely got serious, but he was mostly alone whenever it happened. And he knew he could take care of himself. But this time John was with him. He could feel the bassist standing beside him and he pushed him slightly back with his arm.

"Oh, are you protecting your boyfriend?" the other guy said, laughing as he took one good look at John, "He doesn't seem like a fag, but ... I guess you can't really tell anymore. You freaks are doing a good job blending into our society."

"Don't call him that," John suddenly spoke, staring at the guy.
"John - " Freddie started, but was cut off.

"What did you say?" the guy asked, raising his eyebrows in interest.

"I said don't call him a freak," John repeated, his voice stronger this time.

"I don't really give a fuck what you call me," the singer said, letting out a deep breath, "Just turn around and leave us alone."

"And what if I don't want to do that, mate?"

Freddie glared at the guy in front of him, wishing more than anything he could punch him in his smug face, but he couldn't risk it. Not with John right there with him.

The guy grimaced, "How do you give blowjobs with teeth like that? Or do you only receive them, toothy?"

John completely ignored Freddie's arm that was placed in front of him protectively as he took a step forward, "Don't call him that!"

The guy laughed, "Or you're going to do what?"

Before Freddie could react the guy pushed the bassist back with such force that John lost balance, falling on the ground. Freddie was prepared to jump at the bastard, but then he heard John cry out in sheer agony and he turned his attention to him, kneeling down, placing a hand on John's shoulder.

"John, darling, are you alright?"

The bassist shook his head, clearly in absolute agony. Freddie then noticed he was holding his wrist to his chest. That wrist. That was already injured. And that was when Freddie saw red. He started shaking in absolute fury, but didn't want to move from John.

"You fucking wankers," he shot at the guys who were still standing there, but trying to act normal as they didn't want to get even more attention from the people passing by. But as more and more people started noticing them, some even stopping to look, they quickly turned around and left, not even saying anything. Freddie felt the urge to run after them, but he knew he couldn't.

"I-I fell on it," John explained, his face contorted with pain.

"Oh, darling," the singer let out, helping the bassist to his feet, "It could be broken."
"I-I don't know."

"We need to get you to A&E," Freddie said and this time John didn't complain.

ooo

They didn't need to wait long as it seemed to be a slow night at the A&E. When it was finally their turn, they didn't even get to see a doctor. A nurse took care of John, checking his wrist and concluding it wasn't broken. Just very badly sprained.

"Was it fine before the fall today?" she asked.

John shook his head, "N-No. Actually, it was sort of ... sprained before and then I fell on it today and ...." he trailed off, not wanting to explain the details.

"You have probably pulled or torn one or more of the ligaments in your wrist joint," the nurse explained while wrapping John's wrist with a compression wrap, "There is really nothing else we can do. Just rest your wrist and allow it to heal properly."

Freddie stared at the compression wrap on John's wrist, guilt bubbling up inside of him.

"Those things usually never heal completely," the nurse said and that made both John and Freddie look up at her in shock.

She continued, "The pain and the soreness could return if you accidentally twist your wrist or put too much pressure onto it."

"I-I play a guitar for a living," John said quietly, looking at her with eyes wide open.

She smiled, "I'm not saying you won't be able to play. But your wrist might never be what it used to."

John didn't know what to say and he remained completely silent. And to his surprise, so did Freddie. Their trip back to the flat was spent in complete silence. They found the flat empty, with no Roger or Brian in sight.

"Rog's probably on a date or something," Freddie said quietly. He was actually very thankful for that, not wanting to face the questioning glares from the drummer.
It was already very late in the evening and Freddie and John immediately went to the bedroom and started getting ready for bed. John did notice how silent Freddie was. He didn't say a word about the incident, even though it was clearly bothering him.

John quickly changed into pajamas. It was a bit challenging with the compression wrap on his wrist, but he somehow managed. And then he noticed Freddie, sitting lifelessly on the chair in front of his dressing table.

"I think you should go," the singer finally spoke, his voice barely above a whisper.

"W-What?" John asked, not completely sure if he heard him right.

"What you said last night... about going back to your place," Freddie said, "I-I think you should."

Immediately John tensed up, "What? W-Why?"

"Because," Freddie started slowly, avoiding eye contact with the bassist, "Clearly, staying with me does you more harm than good."

It was then that John understood.

"Freddie. Y-You know that it isn't your fault, right?"

The singer only let out a short laugh, but it was nothing funny about it.

John continued, "It's not your fault. And it's not my fault either. We were minding our own business, walking down the street."

Freddie shook his head, "They approached us because of me. Because of how I look. Because I stand out. Because I'm not normal," he spat the last word out with anger, still refusing to look at John.

"Freddie, they are just ... arseholes," the bassist tried again, "T-There are always going to be ignorant people on this world."

"You keep getting hurt because of me. Because of how I am," the singer whispered, "First the club and now ... this. It's a sign."

"What are you talking about?"
"A sign from ... something or someone. That it's wrong."

"What is?"

"The way I live my life," Freddie said and John could hear he was on the verge of crying. That was something that he never expected to see or hear from the singer. Immediately he was beside him, kneeling down and placing his hands on Freddie's knees.

"Don't say that, Freddie," he pleaded, "It's not your fault. Any of it. I-I don't blame you."

"But I blame me," Freddie finally met John's eyes, "Perhaps I am a freak."

"Freddie - "

"You really should leave, darling," his tone sounded completely broken, "I-I don't see how you being here did you any good, whatsoever. Perhaps I only kept you here to fight off my own feelings of guilt. It did me more good than it did to you to be here. B-Because I'm selfish, darling."

John listened patiently even though he could feel his throat closing up with panic at the sheer thought of being alone.

"Freddie," he slowly started, "I-I can't imagine being at my place. Alone. Waking up in the middle of the night from a nightmare and ... being alone. Remembering that night at the club and not having anyone to talk to me or distract me."

He could see the surprise on Freddie's face, "Darling .... you have nightmares? I-I didn't know. I never noticed."

John swallowed hard, then nodded, "A-Almost every night. I wake up at least once during the night and ... I-I see you sleeping next to me and it's ... not as horrible. I'm not ... afraid. I can't imagine waking up alone. I-I can't."

He looked down, slightly embarrassed at how weak his own voice sounded.

"I don't want to hurt you, darling. I keep doing it accidentally - "

"You never hurt me, Freddie. Stop saying that," John argued back, then lowered his voice, smiling slightly, "You are the ... most gentle person I know."

Freddie let out a short laugh, shaking his head in disbelief, "You are the one hurt and I'm the one
"Well, you can't be the strong one all the time," John teased, then tightened his grip on Freddie's knee, "We can continue this in the morning, but can we please go to bed now? I-I'm ... exhausted."

Freddie remained silent, still very clearly having inner turmoil. And then he felt John place both hands on his knees in support as he straightened up, moving so that his face was directly in front of Freddie's. The singer stared at him in confusion, blinking a few times. He did notice how nervous the bassist seemed, but before he could say anything or ask anything, John leaned even closer, pressing a tender kiss on Freddie's cheek. It took the singer completely by surprise and he couldn't even more for a few moments. When John finally moved away, Freddie could clearly see the bassist's blushed cheeks. And then John simply got up and crawled into the bed like nothing happened. Freddie couldn't move. Even though there was nothing inappropriate in the kiss, even though it was the most innocent and tender kiss Freddie had ever received, he could not believe that John actually did that. After everything that happened, John still wanted to be his friend. And he felt comfortable enough to kiss his cheek. At that moment Freddie felt as if his heart might burst from all the feelings.

Chapter End Notes

If you have any more ideas or things you'd wish to see happen to our boys, please let me know. Thank you so much for reading. ;)
Freddie opened a cupboard, pulling out a large bowl. Then he moved over to the fridge to get eggs and milk. After placing everything on the kitchen counter, he crossed his arms over his chest, staring at the ingredients in front of him. He wanted to surprise John by making him pancakes for breakfast. The bassist was still asleep and if he was being honest, that was all Freddie wanted to do as well, but he wanted to do something nice for the bassist. Especially after everything that happened last night. After the talk they simply went to bed and John actually fell asleep in less than a few minutes. Meanwhile, Freddie kept tossing and turning the whole night, unable to find sleep. He found himself smiling while observing the sleeping bassist next to him. Since John admitted to him that the nightmares kept waking him up during the night, the singer wanted to be awake in case that happened.

Thankfully, it didn't.

Freddie grabbed a pan, placing it next to the ingredients on the counter. But then he hesitated, not trusting himself with it. He had only one option.

He was in Roger's room a minute later, trying to get the drummer out of the bed. Roger ignored him, turning away from him and pulling the covers over his head.

"Please, Roger, I need your help with something," Freddie pleaded, using his sweet voice.

"Fred, I got home at four in the morning," the drummer groaned, "You can't do this to me."

"Please! I really can't do it by myself!"

Roger finally looked at him, blinking a few times, "Do what?"

"Come to the kitchen with me, darling."

"Is it really important?" the drummer asked, barely able to keep his eyes open.

Freddie nodded frantically, "Yes, it really is."

"The kitchen better be on fire, Fred," Roger rolled his eyes, but forced himself to get out of the bed. He followed Freddie into the kitchen, almost walking into a wall on the way there. When Freddie stopped, so did Roger and he looked around in confusion, "What's the emergency?"
Freddie turned to look at him, "I need you to help me make pancakes."

For a moment Roger was completely silent and the singer wondered if he even heard him. But before he was able to repeat himself, the drummer looked at him in disbelief, "Are you joking? You woke me up so that I could help you make pancakes? You are joking, aren't you? Find something else to eat, Fred."

"They're not for me, silly."

"Then who are they - " it was then that Roger understood, "You're making pancakes for John."

Freddie nodded, smiling slightly, "I-I know the basics, but you know how I am with the pan and the ... fire."

"And you think I'm the right person to turn to for help?" the drummer sighed, running his hand through his hair, "Fred, is there nothing else John could eat for breakfast? I heard he likes cheese on toast."

"I want to make something special for him," Freddie said in a low voice, looking down in shame. The drummer noticed that and stopped himself before he could make some stupid comment.

"What's wrong?" he asked the singer in front of him.

When Freddie finally spoke again, he avoided meeting Roger's eyes, "We ... John and I went for a walk yesterday and some guys approached us. There were some comments about me, the usual."

Roger could feel the anger bubbling inside of him, but he remained silent so that the singer could continue telling the story. Each time Freddie confided in him that someone harassed him on the street, Roger wanted to punch a hole in the wall. He was the only one allowed to make fun of Freddie.

"John got involved even though I tried to protect him, Rog, I really did," Freddie paused for a moment, "I-I should have tried harder. But ... One of the guys pushed him and he fell, landing on his wrist."

The drummer grimaced, "The one that's already pretty bad?"

The singer nodded, "That one. W-We went to A&E and the nurse gave him a compression wrap."

"Shit."
That was all Roger said. Silence that followed was deafening. Freddie was staring at the floor, clearly struggling with feelings of guilt and shame and was just waiting for Roger to snap at him, asking what the hell was he thinking pulling John into such a dangerous situation.

But then finally the drummer only sighed, "I guess we're making pancakes."

Freddie looked up at him with wide open eyes, a slight smile on his face, "You're going to help me?"

"Well, I'm already awake," Roger shrugged, returning the smile before clearing his throat and turning his attention to the ingredients laid on the kitchen counter.

"I don't know where you got the idea that I am the right person to help," he said to more to himself than to Freddie, "Don't hold me to it, but think you need to mix all the ingredients together."

The singer obeyed, putting the flour into a large bowl, then adding the milk and eggs. He looked at Roger with questioning eyes and the drummer nodded, although he did not seem to be very confident about it, "It looks about right."

Freddie gave the liquid mixture a quick whisk before incorporating more flour. He continued to whisk until the batter was completely smooth. Meanwhile, Roger oiled the pan, then waited for it to heat up.

"You know, we are breaking Brian's rules right now," Roger commented and Freddie simply shrugged, "What Brian doesn't know, doesn't hurt him."

After the incident where Roger and Freddie tried to cook something and ended up almost burning the kitchen down, Brian prohibited them from ever messing with fire again. That did not bother them too much, because neither of them was actually a fan of cooking.

After concluding the pan was hot enough, Freddie added just under a ladleful of batter to the pan and immediately started swirling it round the pan to get a nice even layer. He looked at Roger with a smug expression.

"How long does he have to wear the compression wrap?" Roger asked while they waited for the pancake to be ready to turn over.

Freddie sighed, shaking his head, "We don't know exactly. Until it heals. He can't play or ... do anything with the hand, really."

"That's bad," Roger looked worried, not wanting to say the words that both of them were thinking.
Finally Freddie decided to approach the subject, "Roger, I don't want anyone to put pressure on him. His wrist needs to heal. We already fucked up by letting him play at the gig."

The drummer agreed, "Yeah, of course. We'll wait for him."

"I-I didn't mean you," Freddie said quietly, "I meant Brian."

"Don't worry about him, Fred. I think he understands now."

That caught Freddie's attention, "What do you mean?"

Roger seemed uncomfortable as he spoke, struggling with his words, "At the gig ... when we were changing ... he saw John's bruises. And he felt awful about it."

There was understanding on Freddie's face, "He didn't know. If he had, I'm sure he wouldn't have mentioned the gig to John."

"That's what I told him - "

"Do you smell this?" Freddie interrupted him, looking suspiciously around the kitchen.

"It smells like smoke," Roger replied, then remembered the pancake that was currently burning up.

"Shit!" the word escaped Freddie before he could stop himself. He turned the heat down, removing the pan from it. He grimaced in disappointment at the sight of the completely burnt pancake. Roger placed a hand on his shoulder, holding back laughter, "You know what they say, Fred. It's the thought that counts."

The singer gave him an annoyed look, but before he could say anything, a voice interrupted them both.

"What are you two doing?"

They immediately turned around and found a very confused John standing behind them. Freddie was the first to speak, "Oh, we ... nothing ... just ... " he finally gave in, looking down in defeat, "We tried to make pancakes."

John looked behind them, noticing the burnt pancake on the pan and he smiled, clearly trying very hard not to laugh.
"I'll do it," he finally said, "You two better step away."

"But, darling, your wrist," Freddie said quietly, a concerned expression on his face.

"I-I can flip the pancake over with my left hand, don't worry," John replied, already throwing the burnt pancake in the trash and oiling the pan again.

Roger simply shrugged his shoulders, taking a seat, "Alright, Deaky."

But Freddie did not follow him. He just moved slightly, making enough room for John, but stayed near him, observing his every move, ready to help if the bassist needed anything. John took notice of this and smiled at Freddie before getting to work.

Twenty minutes later they were all eating pancakes, enjoying each other's company.

"These are the best pancakes I have ever eaten, darling!"

John blushed at that, rolling his eyes, "You are just saying that."

"Am not!"

Roger nodded, stuffing his mouth with a pancake, "He's right."

"Well, you two made the batter," John pointed out, "It was a group effort."

They all agreed on that and enjoyed the rest of the breakfast together. Roger did see the compression wrap on John's wrist, but decided not to bring it up. It was not the time nor the place.

Later in the afternoon Brian decided to pay a short visit. Roger immediately understood and asked Freddie to help him with something in his room.

"What?" the singer looked at him in confusion.

"There's ... something in my room and I need your help," Roger said, not very convincing. He was really bad at this.

"If there's a spider in your room, I'm not going anywhere near it," Freddie said, getting up with a
sigh, following the drummer out of the kitchen.

John looked at Brian, offering a slight smile and the guitarist returned the smile, clearing his throat awkwardly.

"John," the taller man slowly started, "I'm actually here to talk to you."

John tensed up, turning all his attention to Brian, "Alright?"

Brian seemed to struggle with his next words and all John wanted at that moment was for Freddie to return.

"I feel the need to apologize to you, John."

"W-Why?" the bassist couldn't hide the surprise in his tone. Brian May, the smartest guy he knew, was apologizing to him?

"For pressuring you into doing the gig with us," Brian finally said, "It was very egoistical of me. I apologize."

John did not understand where that was coming from. What could have happened to make Brian think like that?

And then he looked at Brian in fear, "I-I sucked, didn't I? I messed up too many times and - "

"No, no, no. John," the guitarist smiled at him, "You were wonderful. You did better than expected, given ... everything."

"Then why - ?"

Brian looked slightly uncomfortable, "Lets just say that I didn't realize the full extent of your injuries. And it was foolish of me to drag you to that gig and ... I really am sorry."

John simply stared at him in confusion, not sure if he wanted to know what the guitarist saw that made him change his mind. The look in Brian's eyes was very warm and friendly, but then his eyes dropped to the compression wrap on John's wrist. Immediately there was panic on his face, "What happened? Is that because of ... the gig? Did you hurt yourself - "

"No," John quickly shook his head, "I-I fell."
"What do you mean?"

"I-I fell. Yesterday. It's nothing. Freddie can tell you about it," John said, not really feeling it was his story to tell. Even though that he was the one who got hurt.

Brian seemed to understand and decided not to ask any more questions.

The younger boy struggled with his next words, "I-I promise to try and get better as soon as possible. I think it'll take a few days to heal and - "

Brian cut him off, offering a reassuring smile, "Don't worry about it. Take how ever long you need. We'll wait for you."

The bassist could not explain in words how good that made him feel. He was used to hearing it from Freddie, but him and the singer have gotten quite close and it was understandable that he would say those things to him, trying to reassure him. But hearing it from Roger and Brian as well ... it was something that couldn't be explained. John felt like he finally had real friends.

ooo

Not long after Brian left, Roger left as well, saying he had a date only to come back an hour later with a girl under his arm. They went straight to Roger's bedroom, barely acknowledging Freddie and John in the living room. Soon after John excused himself, going to Freddie's room to work on his song while Freddie stayed in the living room, playing a new melody on the piano.

A few hours passed and Freddie started to wonder what the bassist was doing. He decided to make him some tea, giving himself an excuse to go see him.

He slowly opened the door, careful not to spill the cup of tea he was holding in his hands. He found John on the bed, writing something down on the paper. When the bassist looked up at him, his eyes lit up, "Hi."

"Hello, dear," the singer made his way over to him, placing the tea on the nightstand, "I-I made you this."

"You didn't have to," the bassist smiled shyly.

"I wanted to," Freddie replied, taking a seat next to him, "Are you working on that song of yours?"

John nodded, "I'm trying to. It's bit ... difficult to write with my left hand."
Freddie immediately offered, "I can write for you!"

A laugh escaped John, "You just want to read the song."

"Well, that is true," the singer looked at him smugly, "But I also want to help you. I have nothing better to do, really."

John raised his eyebrow, teasing the singer, "I-I think I'll manage, but thank you for your offer."

Freddie laughed at that, then simply accepted the defeat and collapsed back onto the bed, yawning and stretching his arms over his head. Both of them were silent for a moment and John slowly took the cup of tea in his hands, bringing it to his mouth. He took one sip before turning to Freddie, "Thank you for this."

"Don't mention it, dear," Freddie smiled.

And then they both heard something.

Some kind of a sound coming from Roger's room.

Both Freddie and John stopped breathing, listening carefully and then they heard it again. The unmistakable sound of moaning. Freddie laughed, then brought a hand to his mouth, covering it to prevent any sound from escaping.

He immediately pulled himself into a sitting position, his voice barely above a whisper, "That was what I meant when I said the walls are paper thin."

Another moan could be heard, followed by the sound of heavy breathing and the bed squeaking. Freddie laughed again, but when he finally looked at John, the smile immediately disappeared from his face.

"John, are you alright?"

The bassist seemed completely frozen, his expression blank, eyes staring off into the distance. Freddie tried again, "John?"

The younger boy did not react. He was still holding the cup of tea in his hands, his body completely frozen. Only his eyes were moving, shaking almost. Freddie did not know what was happening, but he knew it wasn't anything good. The bassist seemed as if he was in some kind of a trance.

"John, darling, can you hear me?" Freddie was almost afraid to touch him, but when he finally
placed his hand on John's knee, the bassist jerked away from him violently, spilling the tea all over himself. The cup fell to the floor, breaking into pieces. The burning hot liquid on his skin seemed to do the trick and John finally snapped back into reality, his body trembling uncontrollably.

"Shit," Freddie said under his breath, "John, what's wrong?"

The bassist couldn't answer, but his face was contorted with pain. The singer tried to calm him down, speaking to him in a soft voice, "You are alright, darling. Just breathe."

He could see the bassist was trying to follow his instructions, but was failing miserably.

"W-We need to get you out of these clothes," Freddie said, helping the bassist to his feet and leading him into the bathroom. The singer placed the toilet seat down and made John sit on it. And then he stopped, unsure of what to do next.

"John, you need to .... take off your clothes. It's probably burning your skin," he grimaced at the thought of it, "Can you do that? I-I'll go find you something else to wear."

The younger boy didn't react to that, he only stared at Freddie like a frightened child and it broke the singer's heart.

He tried again, softer this time, "John, we need to get you out of these clothes."

This time the bassist nodded, holding the eye contact with Freddie.

"B-Burns," he managed to utter, his breaths coming in short bursts.

"You need to take off your clothes, sweetheart."

As he was very clearly physically shaking, Freddie realized he probably wasn't able to do it himself. Taking a deep breath, Freddie dared to ask, "Can I take your shirt off, darling?"

John nodded, still not breaking eye contact with the singer. For some strange reason he did not look away. Not even for a second. Freddie smiled reassuringly before slowly unbuttoning the shirt and pushing it down John's shoulders. He grimaced at the sight of red skin on John's chest.

"Your pants, John," Freddie said, hoping the bassist was alright enough to do it himself. But as the younger boy did not move, that hope was gone. The singer really did not want to do it.

"J-John, you need to get out of those pants, dear. Can you do that for me?" he asked, but John only stared at him, still shaking as if he was freezing. At that moment Freddie wasn't even sure if John
was understanding anything he was saying to him.

Freddie let out a deep breath before finally asking, "Can I do it?"

The bassist clearly understood that as his eyes filled with fear.

"Just the pants, darling, nothing else," Freddie immediately said, trying to calm the younger boy down. As John stared at him, Freddie noticed something in his eyes. He was very aware of the fact that he could be mistaken, but he could almost swear that he saw trust in his look. Hoping he was right in his assumption, Freddie asked with a soft voice, "Can you stand up, dear?"

And John obeyed, slowly standing up on his feet. Not wanting to make things even more awkward and wishing to be over with it as soon as possible, Freddie placed hands on the waistband of John's pants, meeting his eyes one more time, non-verbally asking for permission. When John weakly nodded, Freddie quickly pulled his pants down, helping him step out of it. John then quickly sat back down again and Freddie couldn't help but let out a pained sigh at the sight of John's thighs. The skin there seemed to be irritated from the hot liquid. Nothing that wouldn't disappear in a couple of days, but it still looked horrible. The singer quickly removed his gaze from John's body and tried to look him in the eyes the whole time, not wanting to make him even more uncomfortable.

"I'll go find you some new clothes," he said, but before he could move, John grabbed his shirt in panic. For some reason it reminded Freddie of the time he found John in that stall and tried to leave to get him a water bottle. The panic with which he grabbed his arm that night to prevent him from leaving, was the same with which he was now holding Freddie's shirt.

"Darling, you need clothes," he tried to explain, smiling at him reassuringly, "After you get dressed, we can go to the living room and hang out there. How does that sound?"

John seemed to be understanding his words and he slowly nodded, releasing his grip on Freddie's shirt. The singer nodded, "I'll be right back," and with those words he hurried into his room, grabbing the first pair of trousers and a T-shirt he could find before returning to the bathroom. He found John in the same exact position that he left him in.

"Here you go, darling," he said as he helped the bassist get dressed in silence. Without words, the singer then led him into the living room, sitting next to him on the sofa. He simply observed the younger boy in front of him, waiting for him to speak when he was ready. If he even wanted to talk about what happened. John kept looking down at his hands, an expression of embarrassment on his face.

And when he finally spoke, he still did not look at Freddie, "I-I'm so sorry."

"Don't say that."
"But I really am. I-I don't know what happened," John admitted quietly, "Just the ... noises that we were hearing. The breathing."

"It reminded you of ... something?" Freddie tried to help, but did not wish to put words in John's mouth.

The bassist nodded, swallowing hard, "When it happened ... I remember him breathing heavily into my e-ear. He was breathing so heavily I-I thought he was going to die."

"I wish he'd died," Freddie said before he could stop himself.

John was silent for a long moment, lost in his thoughts, before he simply shook his head, "It's stupid. I-I'm being stupid."

"Darling, don't say that. It's something that is out of your control."

"Everybody says that," John whispered, "That it's not my fault. That nothing is my fault."

Freddie leaned closer to him, even though the bassist still refused to look at him, "Because it's true."

It was obvious the younger boy did not agree with him, but he remained silent.

"John?" Freddie tried again, "Don't go there. Don't do this to yourself."

This time the bassist finally looked at him, "What if ... if I could have done something? I-I didn't even try."

"I'm sure you did - "

"No," he shook his head, frustration showing in his tone, "I-I don't think I did. Not enough, clearly."

Freddie stared at him for a couple of moments, noticing the inner struggle the bassist was having.

John finally continued, "A-And I don't want to keep causing trouble to you all because of something I-I could have prevented. It's .. stupid."

"John," the singer's voice was very firm when he finally spoke, "You couldn't have prevented it."

And then John looked at him, opening his mouth to say something, but at the last moment he decided
against it, simply shaking his head.

But Freddie couldn't help but ask, "What is it, dear?"

"Nothing."

"John."

The younger boy finally gave in, looking at Freddie and licking his lips nervously, "Can you ... show me?"

"Show you what, darling?"

Freddie had no idea where the bassist was going with it, but for some reason he had a very bad feeling about it.

John seemed to be struggling with words, "Can you show me that ... there was nothing I-I could have done?"

That confused the singer slightly, "I would do it in a heartbeat, if I could."

"Y-You can."

Freddie simply stared at him, not understanding what John was trying to tell him.

"Darling, how - " he asked, but then he realized it and he immediately shook his head, "Absolutely not."

"Why not?" John pleaded, then almost whispered, "Is it because you know there was something I could have done differently?"

"No," Freddie said firmly, "John, darling, I would do anything to help you, but you cannot ask that of me."

"Please, Freddie," John tried again, his lower lip trembling, "I need to know."

The singer could feel his heart beating uncontrollably, threatening to jump out of his ribcage, "I-I can't be ... him. You can't ask that of me."

"Just for a ... minute. Just so that I can see ... " John trailed off, dropping his shoulders in complete
"John, please," Freddie tried again, not being able to stand seeing the bassist so sad and lifeless. And
the fact that he was asking something of him, pleading with him and Freddie had to decline ... it was
killing him. All he wanted at that moment was to cheer the bassist up and see him smiling again.

And then he said something that he knew he would regret.

"What do you want me do to?" he asked quietly, closing his eyes for a moment.

John looked at him in surprise, a questioning look in his eyes. Upon noticing it, Freddie simply
nodded, encouraging him to continue.

"Can you ... hold me in place like he did and I-I'll try to escape," John said quietly, grimacing in
disgust as he said those words.

"Alright," was all Freddie said.

Suddenly John stood up, waiting for Freddie to do the same. It took him a few moments, but then he
finally followed. John went to stand in front of him with his back turned and he had to take a deep
breath before he finally brought his left hand back, placing it on his lower back. Just where his right
hand was during the attack. Freddie felt sick to his stomach. He couldn't move.

Finally John turned his head to look at him, "I-I'm fine, Freddie. I just need to see. Please."

The singer nodded, gently taking John's wrist in his hand, waiting for instruction.

"He ... twisted it."

"John, I can't do this - "

"You don't have to do it with full strength," the bassist said quietly, "Just ... show me that there was
nothing I-I could have done."

Freddie noticed that his own hands were shaking and he couldn't explain why this was affecting him
so much. He didn't want this. He didn't want to be in this position. He didn't want to hurt John or
even pretend to hurt him, even if it was the bassist's idea. Even if it was something that could help
him in some weird, fucked up way.

"Hold me in place with ... your other hand," John said, taking Freddie's hand and placing it on his
waist.
The singer swallowed hard, forcing away all the thoughts that were yelling at him how wrong this was and how horrible he was for doing this. He tightened his grip on John’s waist and noticed how John let out a shaky breath.

"A-Alright," the bassist said and then tried to free his wrist from Freddie’s grasp, but the singer simply twisted it just slightly and as expected, John let out a quiet cry of pain. Freddie immediately lessened his grip, but the bassist shook his head, "N-No, not yet. I-I'm fine."

Again he tried to move away from the singer, trying to escape from him, but once again Freddie just twisted his wrist, holding him in place with his other hand. It was impossible to escape. Despite all this, John was still not giving up, ignoring the pain and trying to escape. Freddie tightened his grip on his wrist, twisting it just slightly and the bassist doubled over in pain, his backside accidentally brushing against Freddie’s groin as he did so.

Immediately, Freddie released him, moving away from the bassist, disgust on his face.

"I-I can't," he whispered, shaking a bit, "John, no more, please."

The bassist stood frozen for a few moments, but the singer could see he was upset, judging by his erratic breathing. However, when he finally turned around to look at him, there was a slight smile on John’s face.

"Darling - "

"Thank you," John whispered, taking a shaky breath, "T-Thank you so much, Freddie."

Through all the sadness and disgust and awkwardness, there was slight relief on John’s face. And it confused Freddie.

"Are you alright, darling?" he asked softly, "I-I didn't hurt you, did I?"

The bassist quickly shook his head, "N-No. I'm fine."

After a moment of silence, Freddie finally dared to ask, "Did it work?"

And then John nodded, smiling, but it was a sad smile, "I-It did."

The bassist then sat on the sofa again, seemingly very calm, but at the same time very quiet. Too quiet. Freddie concluded the younger boy needed to be alone with his thoughts for a moment and decided to leave him alone. He sat in one of the chairs, crossing his arms over his chest. He needed a few moments for himself as well. At that moment he felt dirty. He needed a hot shower to wash
away every disgusting feeling he was having. Even though John asked him to do it, even *pleaded* with him, Freddie felt like a monster. He never wanted to be in that situation again. He kept looking at the bassist, making sure he really was alright. And he seemed to be. Even though he was quiet, there was something in his expression that made Freddie think that perhaps it did work. Perhaps the bassist was feeling better realizing there was nothing he could have done.

Even if he did help him, Freddie still felt like shit.

oooo

John and Freddie were still sitting in silence when they heard voices. And soon Roger and a girl appeared in the room. The drummer seemed surprised to see them both sitting in silence, but he let it slide.

"This is Lucy," he pointed at the girl who looked at him with an annoyed expression.

"It's Lisa," she corrected him, rolling her eyes.

Roger nodded, not at all embarrassed, "Right. My bad. I'll call you."

"Sure," the girl said then waved at him, "Bye, Robert."

Both Freddie and John laughed at that, even though they tried to hide it.

"It's ... Roger," the drummer said in a quiet voice, walking the girl to the door. When he finally returned, he stopped awkwardly, not saying anything.

"Did you have fun?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I-I did, thank you for asking," Roger replied.

"You know what I said about the walls being paper thin?" Freddie stared at the drummer, resisting the urge to smack him.

Roger acted clueless, "No idea, actually."

"You have a very bad memory then, Robert," Freddie said and John actually laughed at that. The singer immediately looked at him, his own lips forming a slight smile at the sight of John laughing.

"Piss off, Farrokh," Roger said, grinning. The singer shot him a glare and threw a cushion at him,
but missed.

For the rest of the evening Freddie and John barely exchanged words. They hung out in the living room for quite a while before Roger decided it was time for bed. Both Freddie and John looked at each other awkwardly, knowing that meant they would be left alone again. The singer tried to fight off that horrible feeling in the pit of his stomach telling him that even though he might have helped John, the bassist could be now looking at him in a different way. Perhaps he was now afraid of him? Or weirded out by him? Perhaps he reminded him of his attacker that much that he wanted nothing to do with him anymore? Freddie's throat closed up with sheer panic at the thought of that.

When they were finally left alone, John stood up, smiling slightly, "A- Are you sleepy?"

Freddie quickly nodded, "I'll be right there, darling."

John nodded in understanding, then left the room. Immediately, Freddie hurried into the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of whiskey. He took it in his shaking hand, bringing it to mouth and quickly drinking all of it, hoping it would help him fall asleep easier. He decided to smoke a cigarette, which then turned into two, then three. He finally had to admit to himself that he was stalling. He did not want to be alone with the bassist, didn't want to face John acting different with him. He couldn't handle it.

Finally, he dragged himself to the bedroom and to his surprise, John was waiting for him, clearly still very awake. Freddie tried to think of a reason to leave the room again, but John smiled at him awkwardly, "I-I wanted to talk to you."

"Oh," he tensed up, "I-I'm sorry I kept you waiting, darling."

John just nodded, averting his gaze as Freddie quickly changed into his pajamas. When he finally crawled into bed next to him, John tensed up, clearly struggling with something.

Freddie noticed it and looked down, "I-I can sleep in the living room, darling, if that's - "

"What?" John sounded very surprised, "Why? Do you want to sleep there?"

"Of course not, but ... if I make you uncomfortable - "

"Why would you make me uncomfortable?" John asked quietly, "I'm the one who made everything ... complicated. I-I'm sorry. And I understand if you don't wish for me to sleep here anymore - "

That made Freddie look up, "That's nonsense, dear. I want you here."
John blushed slightly, then quickly changed the subject, pointing at the floor that he spilled the tea on earlier, "I-I cleaned it the best that I could. I don't think it'll leave the stain on the rug."

"Oh, darling, forget about the rug," Freddie sighed, then looked at John, "Are you alright?"

The bassist quickly nodded, "I am. Really," but then he awkwardly continued, "Can I ... that thing that we do?"

That confused Freddie for a moment, but John quickly added, "Can I ... hug you?"

The singer let out a breath he didn't even know he was holding and he couldn't help but smile at the relief of hearing those words. For the whole evening he was afraid he'd never hear them again.

"Of course, darling."

Very slowly John then moved closer to Freddie, pressing himself against him. They fell back on the bed with John still holding Freddie, pressing his face against his chest. The singer took a deep breath, closing his eyes for a moment, enjoying the feel of John safely in his arms. He caressed his back gently, then moved his hand a bit lower, touching his rib cage and John quickly moved away from the touch, a giggle escaping him.

"John Richard Deacon, are you ticklish?" Freddie asked, a big smile spreading across his face.

"No," came a reply from John and Freddiecocked an eyebrow, poking John's rib cage with his finger and the bassist giggled again, his body jerking away from the touch.

"Are you lying?" Freddie asked, grinning.

"No," the bassist insisted, trying to sound serious, but Freddie could hear the smile in his tone. He once again tried to touch him, but the bassist let out a nervous giggle before he was even able to do so.

"I did not even touch you, darling," Freddie laughed.

John was unable to form words as he giggled into Freddie's chest, his body trembling with the anticipation. As amusing as it was, the singer decided not to torture the younger boy any longer.

"I'm not going to tickle you, dear," Freddie assured him and his hand returned to rubbing the bassist's back gently.

When he was finally calm again, John looked up at Freddie, smiling in confusion, "I-I didn't know I
was ticklish."

"Roger is as well," Freddie replied, letting out a laugh, "He nearly kicked me in the face one time when I merely made the tickling motions with my fingers. I did not even touch him."

John laughed at that, snuggling even closer to Freddie. They enjoyed the next couple of minutes in silence, but then the bassist looked up at the singer again, almost whispering, "Today when I was in the bathroom I noticed it's almost gone."

Freddie narrowed his eyes in confusion and John continued, tilting his head slightly and exposing his neck, "The ... thing. Hickey on my neck."

The singer tensed up at the mention of the hickey, quickly covering his own with his hair, hiding it, before his eyes dropped to John's neck and he was right. The mark was still there, but it was much smaller and less visible than before.

"It's barely noticeable," he said quietly, smiling at the bassist, "In a couple of days it will be gone completely."

Even though John smiled back, there was a hint of sadness in his eyes and Freddie couldn't help but ask, "What's the matter, darling?"

John shook his head, "N-Nothing. I just ... can't wait for it to disappear. Every time I see it ... It's gross and disgusting. I feel ... just disgusting. It's like ... a constant reminder of what happened and that ... I'm ..." he didn't finish the sentence, but Freddie understood.

"You are not dirty," he said firmly, tightening his grip around the bassist.

"I-I know," John's voice was barely above a whisper, "But ... you have to admit it's disgusting. It looks disgusting and vile. I don't want it on me. I can't ... even touch it."

Freddie was silent as he listened to John, observing his face closely, noticing the variety of emotions on his face. Shame. Disgust. Sadness.

"Disgusting," John repeated, letting out a shaky sigh.

They had this conversation before and the singer knew there was nothing he could say to convince the bassist that there was nothing dirty or disgusting on him. Before he could stop himself, Freddie slowly leaned closer to John, moving to his neck and placing a soft kiss on the hickey. His lips lingered there for a moment before he finally moved away. John stared at him in what seemed to be a mixture of shock and surprise. 
For a moment Freddie feared he'd made a mistake, but then John finally spoke, his voice shaking a bit, "Can ... can you do that again, p-please?"

"John -"

"Please?"

The singer smiled, bringing his lips to John's neck again. This time he hesitated for a moment, noticing the way John was breathing and how he suddenly seemed to be shivering. But he couldn't bring himself to pull away from the bassist. He brought his lips to the barely noticeable hickey on John's neck, placing a very soft kiss on the skin, lingering a bit longer than the first time. When he finally moved away, he looked at John in concern. The younger boy seemed overwhelmed with something because he couldn't stop trembling in Freddie's arms. It was the thing that he saw in John's eyes that scared him for he had no name for it but it caused Freddie's heart to beat faster, his breath to catch in his chest, and a tightening somewhere deep in his abdomen.

"Darling, are you alrig-"

Before he could finish the sentence John pressed his lips against his. It was not fast and sudden. Freddie could have rejected it, he had plenty of time to move away before John's lips touched his, but for some strange reason he was frozen. The kiss was gentle and soft; a tentative question, a shy request and Freddie felt his insides flip over at the contact. In response, he pulled John even closer. He both heard and felt John moan against his lips and that caused him to move, rolling on top of John, deepening the kiss.

But then he felt a hand on his chest and it seemed to push him away, just slightly. Immediately Freddie stopped what he was doing, breaking the kiss. He looked at John in concern and noticed the bassist had his eyes closed, still breathing heavily. Freddie couldn't stop himself from staring at his lips, so soft and wet and slightly swollen. It took everything in him to not kiss him again.

"John?" he asked quietly, almost afraid of his reaction. His own brain was barely able to form a coherent thought.

When John finally opened his eyes to look at him, he didn't seem angry. He seemed ... frightened.

"Freddie," he whispered, hiding his face in his hands, "I'm so so sorry. I-I don't know what ... why ..."

"Don't ... apologize, it's fine, really," he replied, still a bit breathless. His thoughts were all over the place.

"Don't hate me, please. I promise to not do it again," John was panicking and Freddie gently took his hands, pulling them away from his face. When the bassist finally met his eyes, Freddie offered a
reassuring smile, "It's fine. It's ... understandable. I don't hate you, darling. Don't be ridiculous."

"I'm sorry," John whispered again, "I-I don't know why I did that."

Freddie was silent for a moment, collecting his thoughts, but then he cleared his throat, "You are confused, darling. And that is ... perfectly understandable, given the situation. After everything that's happened you've relied on me and ... you trust me and ... you're confusing our friendship with something else. Don't worry, dear. I understand."

John listened to him patiently and he seemed to calm down a bit.

"I'm really sorry," he said again, looking at Freddie apologetically. The singer just pulled him closer, trying to act as if everything was normal, trying to pretend that he was not at all bothered by what happened.

"Everything is alright, darling," he said reassuringly and felt the bassist relaxing against him. John said nothing more and Freddie shifted slightly, moving his lower body away from John, not wanting the bassist to accidentally feel how very much he liked the kiss.

As he laid there in silence, Freddie could not lie to himself anymore. He liked the kiss. He enjoyed it. He was all over John, completely forgetting that he shouldn't do that. But it seemed as if his body had a will of it's own. He could only hope that the bassist did not realize how much he liked the kiss. Freddie realized that the only reason he stopped was because he felt John's hand on his chest. If John hadn't done that, would Freddie continue? Did he frighten the bassist? He didn't seem frightened, but perhaps he was hiding it.

Fuck.

The singer refused to admit that perhaps Roger was right. They were both just very confused. That had to be it. Freddie was very aware of the fact that he enjoyed the kiss, but it wasn't because he liked John in that way. No. It was because he was ... very fond of the boy. As a friend. And because he craved physical contact.

And John kissed him because he was confused. That was the explanation that Freddie kept repeating to himself. As far as Freddie knew, the bassist wasn't gay. Or bisexual. He was simply confused. They shared a lot of intimate moments and that made him confused. He didn't like him in that way. Of course not.

Freddie looked at the sleeping boy in his arms and immediately he remembered how good kissing him felt. He found himself licking his lips at the thought of it, but he forced himself to snap out of it. What was wrong with him? How could he have such thoughts about the bassist after everything that's happened to the boy? Immediately he felt guilty.
He was attracted to John.

*Oh, fuck.*

Chapter End Notes

Finally, at least one of them admitted that something might be happening. ;) And John really is asking too much of Freddie, clearly not realizing how it's affecting the singer. Hope you enjoyed! :)
To John's surprise, he was the first one to wake up. That did not happen many times, if ever. It was late in the morning, but Freddie was still deep asleep. John could not help but observe the singer closely. He never really had the chance to do so. Every morning he woke up to an empty bed with the singer already up and about. That was why he decided to appreciate this moment he got to look at Freddie as he slept innocently next to him. He seemed very peaceful, laying on his back with his mouth slightly open, breathing evenly.

John caught himself smiling and then he remembered the events of the previous evening.

*Oh god.*

Even though the singer assured him it was alright and that he understood, John wasn't sure if he himself understood. All he knew was that he wanted to kiss the singer. When Freddie kissed his neck and looked at him, John felt as if time stopped. He couldn't really explain it, but it felt as if he was drunk. Even though he clearly wasn't. But everything around them seemed to slow down and nothing else existed. Except the two of them. Even though it was very unusual for John, but at that moment he simply did what he felt he should do. Without overthinking it. And that was to kiss Freddie. There were too many emotions inside of him after the singer softly kissed the mark on his neck. He was surprised Freddie would ever do something like that knowing the disgusting thing that was done to him, he felt so touched and happy that he could literally cry. He felt loved. He felt so many things. But there were no words to explain all of that and a kiss seemed to convey all of those emotions.

He was surprised when he felt the singer respond to the kiss, his lips moving against his in a more passionate way and John had to admit that when he felt Freddie roll on top of him, he felt panic. He didn't know why. He trusted Freddie. There was no way he would ever hurt him or go against his wishes intentionally. The singer wasn't even on top of him entirely, but for some reason the movement frightened John and instinctively his hand went to the singer's chest. A small gesture, but Freddie immediately understood, breaking the kiss and moving away from him.

And John was thankful for that. He was thankful he did not have to explain anything to the singer, thankful he didn't have to apologize for ending the kiss after being the one to initiate it. Suddenly one very important thought occurred to him.

Freddie was a man.

For the last couple of days John tried very hard to keep ignoring that voice in his head that kept telling him what him and Freddie were doing was too intimate. Too intimate for *friends*. He wasn't supposed to want being held by Freddie. Or wish for Freddie to cuddle him, caressing his back. It was not something that two boys did. Even though they never spoke about it, John knew him and
Freddie were not normal friends. The circumstances that forced them to get closer were not exactly normal either. John could not answer the question that he kept asking himself.

Would him and Freddie become this close if *that* hadn't happened to John?

Probably not. Freddie was probably right. He was just confused.

At the same time, John could not keep that stupid smile off his face as he observed the singer sleeping next to him and he wanted nothing more than to snuggle against him. And a few moments later he found himself doing just that. He moved closer to the singer, but was afraid to actually touch him, not wanting to wake him up. Perhaps the singer would not appreciate being touched while sleeping and John respected that. He was completely fine just observing him. The singer slept in the craziest positions possible, John noticed. One of his legs was hanging off the bed and he had one arm under his head while the other one was resting by his side. But then John noticed something that caught his attention. He didn't know why he even looked there, but as soon as he noticed it, it was impossible to ignore. Freddie's lower half was covered with a blanket, but there seemed to be something under right where his crotch area should be. John wanted to look away, but the curiosity wouldn't let him. There *had* to be something under the covers. Even though John tried very hard to not look at Freddie's lower half each time the singer decided to wear very tight pants or ... leotards, the eyes just ... went there. And John was sure he wasn't the only one. How could you *not* look? And in that one second or perhaps two there was no point in denying that Freddie was very well endowed. But not that much that it would just poke from under the covers like that.

It just wasn't possible.

It took him a few moments and then John finally realized what it was, or at least suspected and quickly averted his gaze. Immediately he felt the heat in his head and he just knew he was completely red in the face. The realization did make him slightly uncomfortable, but he tried to think of it as a very normal thing. Nothing to be afraid of or embarrassed about.

*It happens to everyone.*

But for some reason he couldn't stay in the bed after that. He quietly left the room.

ooo

"Freddie?"

The singer let out a groan, refusing to open his eyes.

"Fred, wake up."

It was Roger's voice and upon realizing that, Freddie forced himself to open his eyes, looking at the drummer who stood by his bed, staring down at him.
"What ... " the singer started, looking around in confusion. "Where's John?"

"He's already up. He's in the living room," Roger replied, "You need to go to the store."

"What? Why?"

"Because we're out of milk. And bread. And eggs," the drummer answered, "It's your turn to do the grocery shopping."

Freddie slowly pulled himself into a sitting position, an annoyed expression on his face. Roger only grinned at the singer, "Do you see now how wonderful it is being woken up early in the morning?"

"Oh, shut it, Rog."

"Get your arse out of the bed," Roger laughed, repeating the things the singer used to say to him, "The next time I come into this room I will be carrying a glass of water."

Freddie simply glared at him and Roger left the room, laughing.

ooo

John would be lying if he said he didn't tense up slightly at seeing Freddie again. Even though the singer acted normally, offering him a smile, John felt butterflies in his stomach and could barely hold the eye contact with him. He was still embarrassed about what he did the previous night, even though Freddie was acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Roger is making me go to the store, darling," he informed the bassist, "I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Do not forget the milk," Roger said casually, not looking up from the magazine he was reading.

Freddie mumbled something under his breath in slight annoyance, but John was unable to understand what. Immediately after the singer was out of the flat, Roger closed the magazine he was holding and looked up at John.

"Y-Yes?" John asked, noticing the questioning look on the drummer's face.

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering how you've been, Deaky."
That surprised him, but he nodded, "Fine, I guess."

Roger smiled, then narrowed his eyes at John, "I've also been wondering ... what are you and Freddie doing in his room all the time? You seem to spend a lot of time there, just the two of you."

John immediately tensed up, remembering all the cuddling and the touching and the kiss from the previous night, "N-Nothing much. We just talk. I-I've been working on a few songs."

"That's great," Roger said enthusiastically, but John could see the drummer was struggling with something. And it made him nervous. Did he know about what happened the previous evening? Did Freddie tell him? Why would he? Did he ... hear them?

Oh god.

The walls were paper thin. Perhaps the drummer could hear them last night. John quickly pushed that thought out of his mind. They weren't that loud.

"You and Fred have gotten really close, haven't you?"

The bassist blushed, trying to think of an answer, "I guess so, yes. He's been really helpful and patient through all of this."

"Fred's a really good friend."

"H-He is," John found himself smiling again.

Roger took a deep breath, "I couldn't help but notice that thing on his neck. The hickey."

Immediately the smile disappeared from John's face, "Y-Yes, I've seen it too."

"Do you know perhaps how he's gotten it? I mean ... from who?"

The bassist looked at Roger and noticed the strange way the drummer was staring at him. Why was he asking him about Freddie's hickey? And why was he observing him closely as he waited for the answer?

John cleared his throat before continuing, "I think it happened at the gig. When he went to the restrooms. I-I didn't ask much, but when we came back home I-I noticed it."
Immediately Roger's whole demeanor changed and he seemed to relax slightly, "Oh. Alright."

John remained silent, lost in his thoughts. Him and Freddie never discussed what exactly happened that night, but why would they? Freddie had the right to do whatever he wanted. With who ever he wanted.

"He's my friend and I love him," Roger said, breaking the silence, "But he is ... like that."

That caught John's attention, "Like what?"

"Not boyfriend material," the drummer said, then added with a playful smile, "Just like I'm not."

"Oh... I-I guess..." John trailed off, looking down at his hands.

The next few minutes were spent in silence. The bassist could not shake off the feeling that there was a deeper meaning behind Roger's words. It felt as if he was trying to tell him something, but did not dare to say it directly. John could not help but feel absolute panic at the sheer thought that the drummer was perhaps onto something. That he perhaps somehow knew what John did the previous night. That absolutely terrified him. Even John himself could not rationalize it completely and he was still struggling with the memory of it, but having anyone else know about it, would be just too much.

He kissed Freddie.

Why?

He didn't know why. He just felt like doing it at that moment. And that wasn't like him at all.

John was very thankful when the drummer seemed to drop the subject, not mentioning Freddie anymore. But there was still that little voice that kept whispering to him that perhaps the drummer knew more than he let on.

ooo

The rest of the morning was spent very peacefully. When Freddie returned from the store, they all had breakfast together and nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary. Freddie and Roger bickered as usual and John observed it with a smile on his face, bringing his hands up in surrender each time one of them tried to drag him into the argument.
Even though Freddie seemed to be acting normal towards him, John did notice those little things that made him slightly worried. The way the singer would quickly look away if they made eye contact or how he seemed to tense up just slightly as their fingers touched when Freddie passed him the milk. Or how he was sitting across from him, not next to him as he usually did.

But those were such little and unimportant things that John was probably imagining. At least that was what he was telling himself.

Other than those details, Freddie seemed like his usual self.

ooo

A bit later in the afternoon, John retired to Freddie's bedroom, deciding to finally finish the 'Spread my wings' song. He was a bit nervous about finally having to show it to Freddie and he only hoped the singer wouldn't tear it apart completely as was the norm with each Queen song.

Not soon after, Freddie joined him in the bedroom and he sat at his dressing table, brushing his wet hair.

"I've just taken a shower," he said to John, "There's still some hot water left if you'd like to take one too, dear."

"Maybe later," John replied quietly.

"Oh, darling. Brian called earlier. He'll swing by this evening for another game night," the singer informed him, "It'll be a fun evening."

"Another Spin the bottle?" John asked slowly.

Freddie laughed at hearing the nervousness in his voice, "Don't be scared, darling. It wasn't so bad the last time, was it?"

"I-I guess not," John couldn't help but smile at hearing Freddie's laugh.

Even though he was trying to concentrate on the writing, John couldn't help but look up from his paper, his eyes fixing on the singer who was observing himself in the mirror. Freddie was a very confident person, but every now and then John could see the slight weakness in his eyes. Just for a second or two. It happened every time Freddie laughed and his hand immediately went up to cover his mouth, hiding his teeth. That seemed to be his biggest insecurity. John barely even noticed the
The last time he was reminded of them was when they were approached by those arsehols on the street. John felt his heart break when that guy called Freddie ‘toothy’ and even though he was not a confrontational person, at that moment he couldn't just stand back and let them talk that way to Freddie. John realized they never really talked about that incident. They did talk about the unfortunate consequences that followed regarding John's wrist, but never how it affected the singer.

"Freddie?"

The frontman turned to look at him, "Yes, dear?"

"Were you ... afraid?" John asked, then slowly continued, "That evening when we went for a walk and those guys approached us."

Freddie seemed a bit taken aback by John bringing that up again, but he quickly composed himself. He had to think about it for a moment, but then he simply sighed, "It's hard to explain, darling."

"What do you mean?"

"I wasn't afraid ... for myself. It wasn't the first time it happened and it won't be the last one, either," the singer explained, then slowly continued, "I wouldn't be as afraid if I was alone."

John looked at him surprised, "You were afraid because I was with you?"

Freddie nodded, looking down at his lap, "I didn't want to drag you into my problems. God knows you have enough of your own at the moment."

"They don't have to be your problems," John said quietly, "You know you always have Roger and Brian to back you up. And ... me."

This made the singer look up at John, smiling slightly, "I know, darling. Roger's already defended me more times than I can count. He even hurt his damn hand doing just that. And Brian's not exactly for physical confrontations, but he's managed to shut a few ... homophobes down using just his words."


Freddie turned serious again, "But I don't want you getting involved into it, darling."

"W-What? Why not?"
The singer did not answer and that made John even more curious, "You don't have to protect me all the time, Freddie. I'm not that ... fragile."

The singer still said nothing, but his eyes moved to the compression wrap around John's wrist. The bassist let out a sigh, "This is ... nothing. I would do it again in a heartbeat. I won't stand by and listen to people insult your clothes or your teeth or ... " he trailed off, surprised by his own determination.

Judging by the expression on Freddie's face, the singer was very surprised as well, but not in a negative way. There seemed to be a slight smirk on his face as he cleared his throat before continuing, "Thank you, darling. I really mean it," and then he raised his eyebrows, flipping his hair back, "But insults don't bother me. I think I look quite fabulous, darling."

John laughed at that, "I-I think so too. I actually quite like your teeth."

That made Freddie stop for a moment and when he smiled at John, he seemed to be completely sincere and vulnerable. Just for a moment though, before he shrugged his shoulders, "I might have them fixed. When I'm famous."

"But there has to be something you were self-conscious about. At some point in your life?"

Freddie had to think for a moment, but then he let out a chuckle, "There were times when I was ... sort of embarrassed about my hair."

John looked at him with a puzzled expression, "But your hair looks great."

The singer was slightly uncomfortable, "I-I mean my body hair, darling."

"Oh."

"There is quite a lot of it, might I say," he continued, "And here I am living with Roger who literally does not even shave yet, darling. And there's Brian who does have crazy hair on his head, but other than that ... " he sighed, looking down at his hands.

"I like your chest hair," the words were out of John's mouth before he could stop himself. Immediately he blushed when Freddie looked at him with interest, raising his eyebrow, "Oh, do you, darling?"

"I-I mean ... yes," John struggled with words, breath caught in his throat, "You wear it ... quite well."
Freddie seemed to enjoy torturing him, "What do you like about it? Do you like seeing it or touching it?"

John was convinced his head was on fire. There was no doubt about it. Freddie stared at him for a couple of moments, simply grinning at the embarrassed expression on John's face, but then he finally showed mercy, "I'm just messing with you, darling."

"O-Oh," John let out a breath he was holding for the last three minutes. The singer said nothing more after that, but the bassist could not concentrate on his song anymore. His thoughts were all over the place. Freddie could be very seductive at random times and it confused John. He never knew if the singer was being serious or if he was making a joke. It was so very confusing. And it didn't help that John blushed furiously each time it happened.

Thankfully, the evening was quickly approaching and when Brian finally arrived at the flat, John couldn't be more glad to see him. It was a nice change of ... personalities. Freddie and Roger were very opinionated and sexual and hot blooded and short-tempered and Brian was almost the exact opposite. Even though the guitarist could stand his ground in arguments and was very stubborn, he was also very calm and logical. For that reason John felt very calm around the guitarist and that was exactly what he needed after the last two days.

After they were all seated in the living room again, with Brian and Roger on chairs and John and Freddie on the sofa, the game could begin.

"What are we playing today?" Brian asked, bringing a beer to his mouth and taking a sip.

"I'm feeling adventurous," Roger smirked, "Truth or dare? But this time with dares as well?"

"Sounds good to me, darling," was Freddie's reply.

Brian agreed as well and John had to agree, nodding his head.

"We need a bottle, dear," Freddie said, looking around, but before he could stand up to go search for one, Roger brought his bottle of beer to his mouth and kept drinking until he drank the whole thing. When he was finished, he burped and laughed at himself. Brian shot him a look, "Manners, Roger."

"I apologize," the drummer rolled his eyes, placing the bottle on the table in front of him.

"Don't you know, Bri?" Freddie tried to keep a serious face, but failed, "Roger is from now on Robert."

"Fred, shut up!"
"What? Why?" Brian asked, looking confused.

The singer let out a laugh, "He brought a girl over yesterday and when she was leaving she called him Robert."

John chuckled at the memory and what made it even funnier was the drummer's face when it happened. He looked like a hurt puppy.

"I guess he just wasn't that memorable," Brian teased the drummer, enjoying the annoyance he could see on his face.

"Oh, I'm very memorable, Bri, don't you doubt it," the drummer shot back.

"How about we start the game before Roger drags you into his bedroom to show you his ... abilities," Freddie smirked, then decided he would be the first one to spin the bottle.

It landed on Roger.

"Truth or dare, darling?"

"Dare," the drummer raised his eyebrow at him.

"I dare you to ... lick the floor," Freddie said and immediately after Roger was kneeling on the floor, bringing his mouth to it and giving it a long lick.

"That's disgusting, Roger," Brian grimaced, but the drummer seemed to be very proud of himself. He returned to his chair and spun the bottle. It landed on Freddie.

John leaned back, crossing his arms against his chest. He could get used to that, seeing the other three play amongst themselves while he relaxed and enjoyed the banter.

"Truth or dare, Fred?"

"Dare," the singer shot him a defiant look.

John couldn't help but chuckle at the competitiveness that Roger and Freddie seemed to have between them. It was very amusing.

"I dare you to .... " the drummer had to stop for a moment, but then a smirk appeared on his face, "I
dare you to give me a massage for five minutes."

Freddie rolled his eyes as he stood up and walked over to the drummer, placing his hands on Roger's shoulders.

"I'll have you rub my feet, darling. You just wait," he said threateningly as he started to massage Roger's shoulders and neck, causing the drummer to groan at the pleasure.

An hour later, they were all still playing the same game. The only difference was they were all a bit tipsy which again resulted in deciding to leave the dares for another evening. They were all too drunk and lazy to move. Except for John who politely declined any alcohol that was offered to him, but he didn't mind that. The bassist did not think he'd enjoy this evening as much as he did. It was one of the best nights he's had in a while. He did, however, notice how Roger seemed a bit frustrated, as if he was not happy when the bottle landed on Freddie or Brian. His questions were not well thought out, it seemed as if he just wanted to get it over with so that he could spin the bottle again.

"Alright, Fred," the drummer sighed, trying to think of a question, "What was the quickest sex you've had?"

"It was probably still longer than the quickest one you've had, darling," the singer drawled and Roger flipped him off.

Freddie took a deep breath, "I guess ... five minutes."

Roger only scoffed at that and Freddie spun the bottle. It landed on Brian.

"Brian, darling," he started, a mischievous smile on his face, "If you absolutely had to ... who would you smack? Me, John or Roger?"

Everyone looked at the guitarist who did seem to think about it for a long moment, but then he simply shrugged, "Roger."

"What did I ever do to you?" the drummer acted offended, but Brian did not bother to answer, simply shooting a glare at him. He was the next one to spin the bottle and it landed on John.

"Your first kiss?"

John tensed up, "I-It was a girl from my ... umm ... class. We were sixteen."

Not wanting to explain further, he quickly spun the bottle and it landed on Roger.
"Make it a good one, Deaky," the drummer grinned.

"A-Alright," John nodded, feeling a bit courageous, "If you had to ... kiss one of us, who would it be? And I mean ... kiss on the lips."

All the boys looked at John as if he'd grown another head. Clearly, they did not expect that kind of a question from the bassist. But Roger quickly composed himself, clearing his throat, "If I really had to, it would be ... Freddie."

The singer placed his hands on his chest, clearly very touched, "Oh, darling! Thank you!"

"Sorry, Bri," Roger said, teasing the guitarist, "But Freddie looks like he knows what he's doing."

Brian faked being sad, "You really hurt my feelings, Rog."

The drummer laughed, then spun the bottle. John immediately stopped laughing when it landed on him. For some reason Roger seemed to be a bit too excited about that. The bassist did not think too much of it, trusting that the drummer would not ask anything inappropriate.

"Deaky," he slowly started, "This is a hypothetical question, alright?"

Freddie rolled his eyes, "Oh, god. Here we go."

That did make John a bit worried, but still he felt he had nothing to panic about.

"If aliens took over the earth and they killed everyone - " Roger spoke, but was cut off by Freddie's laugh, "Rog, what the fuck?"

"Don't interrupt me, Fred," the drummer glared at him before looking at John again and continuing, "They kill everyone, right?"

"A-Alright?" John was a bit confused.

"And the only one left alive are Brian, Freddie and me."

"How are we alive when you said before they killed everyone?" Freddie was still laughing, clearly very amused.

"Well, they didn't kill us," Roger rolled his eyes again, "Just shut up, Fred."
"I'm intrigued," Brian said, "Continue, Roger."

The drummer took a deep breath, meeting John's eyes again, "If you absolutely had to ... you know ...
\textit{get it on} with one of us, who would you chose?"

Silence.

John could feel the heat in his head and immediately after the question was asked, he heard Freddie's voice, "What the fuck, Roger?"

"It's a question," the drummer defended himself.

"A quite strange one, might I say," Brian agreed with Freddie.

"I-I ... \textit{get it on} as in - " John asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Like ... shag," Roger replied, staring at the bassist in front of him.

"Why would he have to shag one of us?" Freddie asked again.

"Because the aliens are watching, Fred!"

"That's very kinky of them, darling," the singer replied, "Why would they want to watch humans shag, anyway?"

"I-I don't know. To learn stuff," the drummer sounded annoyed, "It's just a question."

"That only \textit{you} would think of, Rog," Brian chuckled, trying to keep a serious face.

"What's next?" Freddie inquired, making fun of the drummer, "\textit{If you absolutely had to, who would you shag? A cat or a dog?}"

"Freddie," John said quietly, interrupting the banter the other three were having.

The singer turned to look at the bassist, "Yes, darling?"

John blinked at him, blushing even more, "N-No, I mean ... The answer is you. Freddie. I-I mean if I \textit{absolutely had} to. If the aliens were threatening us."
Freddie just stared at him for a couple of moments, not knowing what to say. John was almost afraid to meet the singer's eyes, afraid to see the judgment or the disgust on his face. Well, not really disgust, just ... Awkwardness. He was afraid the singer would laugh at his answer, saying how absurd it was.

"Why Freddie?" Roger finally asked, breaking the silence.

"I-I just - " John stuttered, not knowing how to explain it without it sounding strange. He trusted Freddie. That was it.

"You already asked one question, Rog," the singer said, then turned his attention to John, smiling slightly, "Spin the bottle, darling."

John obeyed, wanting the attention to be off of him as soon as possible. They continued playing the game until it was almost midnight. Brian was already asleep in his chair and Roger barely managed to wake him up to help him move to the sofa.

After that the boys said goodnight and went to their bedrooms.

ooo

John felt it. The slight tension in the room. He was already in bed and Freddie was getting ready, slipping into his sleeping clothes. He wasn't able to point his finger on it, but the atmosphere was ... strange.

Before he could stop himself, the words flew out of John's mouth, "Is there something wrong, Freddie?"

The singer seemed surprised by the question, "What would be wrong, dear?"

"I-I just ... nothing."

As Freddie crawled into the bed, John tried again, "Are you angry because of the answer I gave about the ... aliens and ... " he trailed off.

Freddie shook his head, smiling slightly, "I'm not angry. That's nonsense."

He was distancing himself, John could feel it. He hated it whenever it happened.
"Was it because of ... what happened last night?" John asked quietly.

The singer licked his lips nervously, "Of course not. We've already discussed that. Everything is fine, dear."

"Clearly it's not," John insisted.

A hint of annoyance flashed across Freddie's face and John felt a bit taken aback by that.

"John, darling. Everything is fine, really. There is no need to talk about it again."

"You are annoyed," the bassist said quietly, his voice shaking just slightly.

"I am not annoyed," the singer argued, his tone a bit harsher than he intended. John flinched at it, swallowing hard. He suddenly felt very uncomfortable being there, in Freddie's bed, sitting next to him.

After a long moment of silence, Freddie simply let out a deep breath, rubbing his forehead, "The situation is very confusing, John, and I take full responsibility for it."

"F-For what?"

"What happened between us and what is ... happening," he replied quietly, "You ... kissing me and ... responding to my kiss is wrong."

John felt as if he was stabbed, "W-Why?"

"Because you are not like me, darling. You are not ... gay. And I have been confusing you with my actions while you are very vulnerable and susceptible and that was wrong of me. I realize that now."

"What are you talking about? Who told you that?" John did not like where the conversation was going.

Freddie quickly averted the gaze, "That does not matter."

"I'm not a child. I-I know why I did those things. I-I mean ... it is a bit confusing, but it wasn't because of you confusing me."

"I am the only person who you've let get that close to you after your attack and it is understandable
that you confuse friendship - "

"Freddie, stop," John interrupted him, "And don't ... mention that thing."

"Why not, darling? I'm sorry, but we can't pretend it didn't happen when it clearly still affects you very much."

John could not believe what was happening. Why were they fighting?

Freddie continued, "You were raped and because of that you are confused about your sexuality, but soon you'll realize that you still like girls and we need to stop what is happening between us. It'll only damage you further."

John was frozen. His throat seemed to close up and each breath he took was exhausting. Freddie noticed this and tried to touch him, but John flinched away from him.

"Darling - "

"You used that word," John whispered, not able to meet Freddie's eyes, "Y-You know I don't ... like that word."

Regret could be heard in Freddie's voice, "I-I'm so sorry - "

"Don't. Just ... don't."

At that moment John felt like a child, wanting nothing more than to curl up into a ball.

Silence.

Usually Freddie was the one who always managed to put him in a better mood, but John could not even look at the singer at that moment. He felt hurt and embarrassed and nothing Freddie could say would make him feel better.

"I don't want either of us getting hurt, John," the singer said quietly.

"It's ... a bit too late for that," his voice was shaking.

"I need to do whatever it takes to stop that from happening, do you understand, darling?"
"N-No," he replied, but then he looked at Freddie, "Stop assuming I'm confused."

"But you are, dear."

"Stop."

The singer's eyes then turned hard, all emotion disappearing from his face, "I know you feel hurt at the moment, but it's nothing compared to how you'd feel, how we'd both feel, if this thing between us continued happening."

What thing? John felt dizzy with all the emotions. He couldn't understand why the singer was saying all those things. What triggered it? Who triggered it?

"I-I liked the kiss," John said quietly, "And I-I don't know why, but ... "

"You'll find you like it better with girls," Freddie completely dismissed him and those words cut through John like a knife.

It hurt to breathe. All he wanted to do at that moment was to cry, but surprisingly enough, he was able to hold it together.

"I-I'll leave in the morning," he said quietly.

"What? No, darling. Don't misunderstand," slight panic could be heard in Freddie's voice, "I want you to stay here, but we need to stop with the ... things that we were doing. Things that friends do not do."

John shook his head, "I-I'll leave," with those words he forced himself to lie down, turning away from the singer.

"Fuck. I-I need a smoke," was all Freddie said.

John could hear him changing clothes again and just as he looked at him, the singer grabbed his jacket and disappeared from the room. Even though he was still hurt and angry, he couldn't help but feel concerned about where the singer was going. And his concern only grew when he heard the front door open and close.

That night John cried himself to sleep. The fight did was horrible and it did hurt, but what hurt even more was falling asleep in an empty bed.
John awoke from a nightmare with a ragged gasp. His eyes snapped open to a room that was utterly dark and still. He was in a cold sweat and had that uneasy feeling.

He could still feel someone's hands on his body, grabbing and touching. He still felt someone sucking on his neck, licking his face and breathing heavily into his hear. He could hear that disgusting, raspy voice telling him to 'hold still'. John felt sick to his stomach and had to cover his mouth with his hand to prevent himself from throwing up.

His other hand instinctively reached to Freddie's side of the bed, but there was no one there.

And then the memories came flooding back.

Freddie wasn't there.

John could not stop shaking, his eyes kept looking around the room, expecting someone to jump at him from the shadows. He stayed like that for a couple of minutes, trying to calm himself down, doing the breathing exercises that Roger taught him, but it wasn't working.

He could still hear that disgusting man breathing into his ear. He simply sat there in the darkness, hugging his knees and then he remembered the sleeping pills that he had in his nightstand drawer. He swallowed two and waited.

He wasn't completely sure if it was minutes or perhaps hours later, but he still felt horrible. He was too afraid to even move from the bed. And then he made the decision to take another two pills, wanting desperately for them to start working so that he could fall asleep again.

But then he started feeling strange. Very light headed and too sleepy. Everything seemed to move slowly. John could hear his heart beating in his head and that frightened him. He somehow managed to get up from the bed, stumbling and almost falling to the floor. When he finally reached the door, he struggled to get them open as he could barely see where the handle was. Leaning against the wall for support, John finally reached Roger's room and managed to knock a few times on the door before collapsing on the floor.

Chapter End Notes

As expected, Freddie started distancing himself from John, but who was the person who
told him to do that? ;)
Hope you enjoyed, sorry for all the angst. :}
John collapsed on the floor, but he was still pretty conscious and he managed to knock on the door a few more times. He heard a noise and a few moments later the door finally opened and he was faced with a very sleepy Roger. The moment he saw the bassist on the floor, he immediately woke up and sprung into action, kneeling down next to him.

"John? What's wrong?" there was panic in his voice, "Did something happen?"

"I-I'm a bit ... dizzy," John replied shakily, blinking a few times to clear his vision. Everything seemed to be a bit blurry.

"Why?" the drummer asked, looking at him in confusion, not understanding what happened, "W-Where's Fred?"

"He's ... out, I-I don't know where and I think ... I accidentally took too many sleeping pills. I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, it just ... " he trailed off.

"You what?" Roger sounded even more panicked now, "We need to get you to a hospital."

"N-No," John shook his head, "Please. They'll ask questions and ... No."

Roger was silent for a moment, then grabbed John's arm, pulling him to his feet, "Bathroom," he said then helped the bassist into their bathroom and sat him down in front of the toilet. John had trouble keeping his balance and had to lean against Roger, barely even able to sit straight.

"You need to get it out of your system, Deaky," the drummer said, "Try and make yourself throw up."

"I-I can't."

"You have to. It's either that or the hospital," Roger's voice left no room for arguments, "Try to put your finger down your throat, it should work."

John obeyed, hovering over the toilet and bringing a finger to his mouth. He tried to do as he was told and his eyes watered, but nothing else happened. He felt Roger's hand rubbing his back comfortingly and John tried again, pushing his fingers just that bit deeper and suddenly he lurched forward, mouth open wide, gagging.

He could feel Roger holding his hair back as he vomited into the toilet, his body shaking uncontrollably. Soon there was nothing else left in his stomach, not that there was much in there to begin with, and he was simply dry heaving until finally he moved away from the toilet, leaning against Roger again, closing his eyes for a moment.
"Deaky, open your eyes."

He immediately obeyed, even though all he wanted to do at that moment was to sleep.

"How many pills did you take?" came the next question.

He struggled to remember, his memory a bit hazy, "I think ... four? Two and then after a while another two."

"Alright, that's not that much," the drummer let out a breath, "You scared the shit out of me, Deaky."

"Mhmmm. S-Sorry," John closed his eyes again, but Roger was not having it.

"Open your eyes," he ordered, "Keep talking to me. I need to know you're alright."

John nodded, still trembling. The bathroom was still spinning around him, but it wasn't getting worse. Roger then moved him and John leaned against the wall. He could hear the drummer standing up, walking over to the sink. He could hear the water running and the next moment he flinched in surprise as a wet, cold towel was being pressed against his face and neck. He tried to push it away, but Roger insisted, holding it against the bassist's face.

"I can't let you fall asleep," he explained, then added, "Also, you need to drink."

He wrapped the towel against John's neck and the bassist didn't resist, trying to concentrate on staying awake.

"I'll go get you a glass of water, I'll be back in less than a minute, alright?"

John nodded and then he could hear the drummer running out of the bathroom. He was still shivering, but slowly the feeling was returning to his hands. They weren't as numb as they were a couple of minutes ago. What really frightened John and made him go to Roger for help was the fact that his limbs felt a bit tingly, like pins and needles and it was slowly taking over his whole body. John wasn't sure what exactly helped, but that feeling was starting to fade away.

And then Roger returned, followed by a very sleepy and worried-looking Brian. The guitarist kneeled down next to John, observing him with wide open eyes, "How are you feeling, John? Look at me."

John obeyed, meeting Brian's eyes and the guitarist seemed to relax slightly. He then felt Roger bring a glass of water to his lips and he drank almost all of it, suddenly feeling very thirsty.
"Do you feel better?" Roger asked, bringing a hand to John's face, checking for temperature.

"I-I guess," he stuttered, still shivering from the cold towel around his neck.

"Sorry about that, but it's preventing you from falling asleep," the drummer said gently and John only nodded in understanding.

"Where's Fred?" Brian asked, looking at Roger who shrugged his shoulders, "Apparently he went out?"

"What?" the guitarist seemed confused, "Out in the middle of the night? Why?"

"He said ... for a smoke," John replied quietly. Regardless of their argument, John wanted nothing more than for Freddie to return safely. Even if the singer never wanted to speak to him again. He didn't want him out and about alone in the middle of the night. The worry was starting to make him physically sick.

"It's two o'clock in the bloody morning," Roger sounded annoyed, but there was concern in his tone, "Where would he go at this hour?"

The bassist wanted to explain what happened, but for some reason he couldn't. It was too painful to remember, let alone talk about it. He just hoped the singer would return soon, unharmed.

Suddenly the attention was on him again. Both Roger and Brian helped him stand up and then the drummer said something that sent John into a state of panic.

"We're taking you to a hospital."

"W-What? No, no, no," the bassist panicked, trying to sit down again, but Roger wouldn't let him.

"I'm sorry, John, but we need to make sure you're alright," he said softly, "Everything is going to be fine, Deaky."

"No, no, no," the bassist kept repeating, trying to escape from the drummer's grasp, but failing miserably.

"I'll go get you a jacket," said Brian and disappeared from the bathroom.

Perhaps it was because of the sleeping pills or because of the state of panic that he was in, but John could barely register what was happening around him. After realizing there was no point in fighting anymore, he simply went numb, allowing Roger to walk him outside to Brian's van. The drummer
helped him inside and sat beside him, rubbing his arm the whole way to the hospital. Roger and Brian kept asking him questions, trying to keep him talking and John couldn't find it in himself to give proper answers. He only shook his head 'yes' and 'no', staring blankly in front of him.

"You are going to be fine, Deaky," Roger said, "We're not going to leave you alone."

But that was a lie.

Immediately after arriving at the hospital, John was taken away from them and the nurse left no room for arguments.

"He's our friend!" Roger argued, noticing the panic on John's face.

"We'll take care of him, don't worry," was all the nurse said before taking John away into one of the rooms.

"But - " Roger tried again and Brian put a hand on his shoulder, trying to reason with him, "You need to let them do their job."

"Did you see how frightened he was?" the drummer's voice was shaking. Just barely, but Brian noticed it.

"He'll be fine, I'm sure," the guitarist tried to reassure him, offering a smile.

Immediately after they took a seat in the waiting room, Roger brought his head down, hiding it in his hands, "Oh, god. What was I thinking?"

"What do you mean, Rog?"

The drummer looked at him, clearly very upset, "What was I thinking leaving him with all those pills? I should have known better! I'm an ... idiot!" the drummer kicked the chair in front of him, making the people around them look at him in surprise.

"Alright, try and calm down, Rog," Brian said quietly, placing his hand on Roger's back.

"He could have ... died," the last word was whispered, "What the fuck was I thinking?"

"Neither one of us thought about the possibility of that happening," Brian sighed, "Not you, not me, not Freddie. We are all responsible."
Roger remained silent, staring off into the distance.

Brian said his next words very carefully, "Do you think it was done on ... purpose?"

It was something the guitarist did not even want to say out loud, the mere thought of it was horrifying, but he could always rely on the drummer to simply blurt out things that he shouldn't.

"You mean if he actually tried to kill himself?"

Brian tensed up, but nodded. Roger shook his head, "I-I don't know. He said he only took four. Perhaps it was accidental. I mean, if he really wanted to do something more serious, he would have swallowed more than just four."

"That is ... if he was telling the truth."

Roger stared at Brian for a few minutes, then simply shook his head, not wanting to go there.

"Where the fuck is Freddie?" he asked angrily, making everyone look at him again.

"Rog, there are children here," Brian said quietly, offering an apologetic smile to the mothers staring at them.

"I don't give a fuck," Roger replied, crossing his arms over his chest as he leaned back in his chair. He was worried. More than worried. He was terrified. The mere thought of John overdosing on the pills that he gave him ... it was too much. The drummer felt the need to punch something.

Brian observed the blond next to him very carefully, looking for signs that he was about to blow up. It was a known fact that the drummer would fly off the handle very easily and the tapping of Roger's foot against the floor and the way he kept making a fist, told him an outburst wasn't very far away.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" he asked, making Roger look at him.

"What? Where?"

"Down the hall, maybe?"

"What if the nurse comes back and isn't able to find us?"

Brian thought about it for a moment, "Then around the room?"
Roger shook his head at first, but after a minute he realized he could not simply sit still and wait for the news. Listening to Brian's advice, he stood up and started pacing up and down the room.

About an hour later, the nurse finally came back and to both Roger's and Brian's surprise, John was walking beside her. Immediately they were next to the bassist, Roger rubbing his arm and Brian placing a hand on his shoulder.

"A-Are you alright?" Roger asked, then looked at the nurse, "Is he alright? He can go home?"

"He's more or less fine," she answered and Roger let out a breath, closing his eyes for a moment.

"Rog, why don't you go and sit down with John?" Brian suggested, then turned his attention to the nurse, "May I have a word?"

The drummer wasted no time in helping John to a chair, then sitting down next to him. He did notice the way the bassist kept avoiding eye contact with him.

"How are you feeling, Deaky?" he asked quietly, trying to ignore the fact that for some reason the bassist seemed worse now than when they arrived at the hospital.

John was lost in his thoughts. He was hugging himself, arms wrapped around his torso and he was swaying back and forth slowly, as if in a trance. Roger carefully placed a hand on his knee and that seemed to work as John snapped out of his thoughts, looking at the drummer.

"Are you alright, Deaky?"

It took him a moment to answer, "I-I'm fine. She ... they ran a few ... tests and I was given some kind of a medication and ... " he trailed off, "She said I can go ... home."

Roger let out a sigh of relief.

"W-Where's Freddie?" John's voice was barely above a whisper and the way he kept looking around the waiting room, his eyes searching for the singer, made something break inside Roger. He could clearly see the disappointment and the sadness in John's eyes when he realized that Freddie wasn't there.

"I don't know where Freddie is, John," the drummer replied, then smiled, "Perhaps he's already back at the flat."

John nodded at that and kept his head down, looking at his lap.
"What's wrong, Deaky?"

Before he could question the bassist further, Brian came back, interrupting their conversation, "We're good to go."

Roger was a bit skeptic, "Are they sure?"

"He's fine. The pills that he took were strong, but he's pretty much gotten it out of his system," Brian explained, placing a hand on Roger's shoulder, "You did good, Rog."

A slight smile appeared on the drummer's face, but it quickly disappeared, "Are they sure he's fine?"

"The nurse assured me he's good to go," the guitarist replied and Roger finally seemed to believe him. They helped the bassist stand up and they slowly walked out of the hospital to their van. John did not say a single word the whole way back to their flat. He did seem physically fine, perhaps a bit weak and sleepy, but there was something else wrong with him. Roger could see it clearly, but each attempt to find out what was wrong was met with silence. Finally, he simply decided to let it go, not wanting to pressure the bassist into talking about things he did not want to talk about. Perhaps John really was just tired and needed to sleep.

It was four o'clock in the morning when they arrived back at the flat. Brian and Roger exchanged worried glances upon realizing that the singer was not home yet. After putting John to bed, Brian offered to stay with him and watch over him, allowing the drummer to get some rest. The blond did seem to be the most stressed out. Before leaving the room, Roger grabbed the bottle of pills on John's nightstand, taking it with him.

Even though it was still pretty much the middle of the night, at least by Roger's standards, the drummer knew he was too worried to fall asleep. He collapsed onto the living room sofa, lighting up a cigarette, hoping it would calm him down. He sat in silence, smoking and then he heard the front door open.

And then Freddie walked in the room, surprise on his face, "Why are you still up, darling?"

Roger immediately stormed over to the singer, pulling him into a hug. Freddie was a bit taken aback at that, but figured the drummer was still drunk from their little party a few hours earlier.

"Yes, yes, I love you too, dear," he said, patting the drummer's back but then the blond pulled away and smacked his arm in anger.

Freddie let out a cry of surprise, "What was that for?"
"Where the fuck were you, Fred?"

"I went for a ... walk," the singer replied, walking past the drummer and sitting down on the sofa.

"In the middle of the night?"

"Well, yes," Freddie replied, "What are you? My mother?"

Roger sat down next to him and something about the way the drummer was looking at him, made Freddie slightly worried. He knew something had happened.

"What is it?"

Roger seemed to struggle with his words, but then he simply said, "It was a rough night."

Freddie took a deep breath, "I have to agree with you on that one, dear."

"Fred, I'm being serious," the drummer said, "Something happened and ... Look. We just returned from the hospital ... about half an hour ago."

"What?" the singer almost shrieked, turning his whole attention to Roger, "Hospital? Why? Are you alright?" he traced his eyes all over the drummer, "Is it Brian? Did he have too much to drink?"

When he got no answer from Roger, Freddie went deathly pale, "It's John."

Roger nodded and before he could say anything, the singer was on his feet, but Roger managed to grab his arm, pulling him back on the sofa, "He's fine now."

"What - "

"Listen to me, Fred. He's fine now. He's in your room and Brian's there with him."

Freddie's eyes were wide open in shock and he was almost afraid to ask, "W-What happened?"

Immediately the singer started thinking about the events that happened that evening. Him and John did part on bad terms, but the bassist seemed to be alright when he left him. At least physically alright.

Roger took a deep breath, "I woke up to a knocking on my door and when I went to check ... it was
Deaky and he was collapsed on the floor. It appears he ... Accidentally took too many sleeping pills."

"Oh god," Freddie whispered, his throat closing up with sheer panic.

"After making him throw up, Brian and I took him to a hospital. He ... It appears he's alright. The nurse assured us he could go home. They did give him some medication, but you'll have to ask Brian what it was. I forgot," the drummer let out a tired sigh.

Freddie only stared at him, complete shock on his face. He felt frozen, unable to move or talk. There was that feeling again. Guilt. While he was wandering the streets, enjoying a smoke and some alone time, they were at the hospital.

"How ... how many pills did he take?" Freddie asked slowly, not sure if he wanted to hear the answer. Roger immediately knew what the singer was trying to ask and he shook his head, "I don't think he was trying to ... you know. If that were the case, he would have taken more pills. He said he only took four."

The drummer pulled the bottle from his pocket, "But I'm still taking these away from him."

Freddie nodded, then shook his head in disbelief, "Shit."

"Why did you go out, Fred?"

It was a question that Freddie was afraid to hear. And one he did not want to answer at that moment. He was ashamed of his behavior, he was embarrassed about how he reacted and he wasn't ready just yet to admit to the drummer that he was fighting with John. At that moment he did not even want to think about it.

"He kept asking about you," Roger said quietly and Freddie's head shot up, "H-He did?"

"Yeah. He was worried. We all were," the drummer said, "Don't do that again, Fred."

Freddie gave him an apologetic look, but said nothing. Roger simply smiled back, noticing that the singer looked tired and that it probably was not the right time for big confrontations and fights.

"I-I want to see him," Freddie said quietly as if asking for approval.

That seemed to surprise the drummer, "Well, it's your room. Go see him. I think I'll go to sleep. I'm tired as fuck."
Freddie quickly nodded, standing up, but not moving from the spot he was standing at. He was nervous and even though he tried to hide it from Roger, it was still pretty noticeable. Finally, he gathered his courage and slowly walked to his bedroom.

ooo

John was on the bed, curled into a ball, covered with as many blankets as possible. Only his head was peeking out and he could see Brian sitting on the chair next to the bed. The guitarist struggled to keep awake, but every few moments his head dropped as he fell asleep.

The bassist wanted to tell him that it was perfectly fine if he wanted to leave and get some sleep, but he knew it was pointless. The guitarist probably wouldn't want to leave him alone.

He wanted to ask where Freddie was, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. All he wanted was to fall asleep and forget everything about the horrible events of the last few hours, but he couldn't. He didn't dare to. He didn't want to wake up from a nightmare again and realize he was alone in the room. Or even worse, panic and cry like a child and embarrass himself in front of Brian.

He tensed up when he heard the door open and then footsteps. He didn't react, thinking it was probably Roger. But then he heard the voice.

"Brian, darling."

It was Freddie.

John could feel his heart beating faster and immediately there were tears in his eyes at the sheer relief he felt. Freddie was home. And he was safe.

The guitarist stood up, walking over to the singer. John could hear them talking quietly to each other, but was unable to make out words. Not soon after, the guitarist left, closing the door behind him. John tensed up as he felt the bed sink beside him. How he wanted to simply turn around and wrap his arms around the singer, but he knew he shouldn't. He was convinced that after the fight, the singer wanted as little contact as possible.

"John, darling? Are you awake?"

It did cross his mind to simply ignore the words and pretend that he was asleep, but for some reason he couldn't do that.

"Mhm," was the only sound he let out.
Silence that followed was deafening. John could hear Freddie's breathing and he was sure the singer could also hear his.

"Darling, I am so terribly sorry," he heard Freddie say with a trembling voice, "Please, forgive me."

John did not expect that. And for a moment he was simply frozen, unable to react.

"Please, please, forgive me," the singer continued, "I-I was being a ... dick. John, sweetheart, I am so sorry."

The bassist then forced himself to move and he slowly pulled himself into a sitting position, finally turning around to face the singer. Freddie was looking at him with wide open eyes, waiting anxiously for a reply and his entire body seemed to be trembling.

"F-Freddie," John started slowly, surprised at how weak his own voice sounded, "Why are you apologizing?"

"For the way I acted. I was rude and stupid and ... I never should have left you, darling. I am so sorry," the singer made an attempt to touch him, but changed his mind, bringing his hand back. John couldn't stand seeing Freddie in pain and even though they did have a pretty bad fight and said some hurtful things to each other, John did not want to see Freddie sad. He couldn't handle it.

"I-It's fine, Freddie," he smiled weakly, "We can talk about it some other time. I-I'm just glad you're safe. I was ... worried about you."

That caused surprise to appear on the singer's face, "You were worried about me?"

"You were alone at night ... outside. I kept thinking ... if those guys ... " he trailed off, swallowing hard.

"Darling, I'm fine. Nothing is going to happen to me, alright?" he tried to soothe the bassist, "Don't worry about me."

John remained silent, looking down at his hands.

The singer continued carefully, "Why did you take those pills, darling?"

Immediately John tensed up, "I-I didn't mean to ... take that many. I swear, Freddie. It was an accident, I was ... stupid and ... "
"You couldn't fall asleep?"

The bassist shook his head, "After you left, I did manage to fall asleep, but I woke up ... an hour later. I was ... I had ... "

"A nightmare?" Freddie asked quietly and John only nodded, refusing to meet his eyes. He was embarrassed. It was only a nightmare. He knew that nightmares weren't real and he was ashamed of the way he reacted. Ashamed of acting like a child that had to be comforted after a bad dream. He was an adult. Why couldn't he handle a simple nightmare?

"Fuck," he heard Freddie swear and he looked up him, noticing the guilt on the his face.

"Freddie - "

"I should have been here," the singer's voice was barely above a whisper, "I should have been here and I wasn't. I-I fucked up again."

John needed a few moments, carefully choosing his next words, "It's not your responsibility to take care of me. Or to ... be there every time I might ... need someone. I really appreciate it, but ... it's not your job, Freddie. Don't feel bad about not being here."

The singer seemed to disagree, "I shouldn't have said those words. At least not in the way that I did. I shouldn't have ... " he paused, taking a deep breath, "I shouldn't have said that word. You weren't ready to hear it yet. I should have known."

John did tense up again at the mention of that word. The horrible word that begun with an R. He quickly looked away, "I-It doesn't matter now."

"It does, darling. I feel terrible about it. I'm sorry, alright?"

The bassist quickly nodded, clearly not wanting to talk about it anymore. Freddie took notice of that and decided to drop the subject.

"What happened at the hospital, darling?" he carefully asked, knowing that John probably did not want to be taken there. He could only imagine how he must have struggled and resisted being taken there, but thankfully Roger decided to do it regardless.

"I ... " John started, but couldn't continue. He was blinking nervously and doing everything else but meeting Freddie's eyes.

"Was it that horrible?" the singer asked softly, "Weren't Roger and Brian there with you?"
"N-No, they ... weren't allowed to. They had to wait in the ... waiting room," John replied, taking a shaky breath.

He could feel the singer observing him closely, clearly noticing the nervousness.

"John, what's wrong?"

"N-Nothing."

"I can see something's wrong, darling," he said gently.

The younger man finally gave in, "I-I had to take my shirt off for the nurse to check ... I don't know anymore. Listen to my heartbeat or ... something."

Realization dawned onto Freddie, "She saw the bruises?"

John's voice was barely above a whisper, "She ... did."

"Oh, darling. How did you explain it?"

It was the last thing John wanted to talk about. It was something he wanted to forget about and never mention it, but there was something about the way Freddie was looking at him, concern on his face. John could not ignore his questions and before he even realized what he was doing, the words were coming out of his mouth, "She seemed ... really nice and ... she was worried. And ... I-I ended up ... telling her."

He could see that Freddie was really surprised about it, "You told her about what happened to you?"

"Not e-everything. Just ... the main part. I told her what happened."

"Darling, that's ... good," there was a slight smile on Freddie's face, "I'm proud of you."

John quickly shook his head, "Don't be."

"What do you mean?"

At that moment John realized how close he was to crying. He could feel the tears in his eyes and he had to tilt his head back to keep them from spilling down onto his face.
"John, what happened?" Freddie sounded very serious.

"After I told her, she ... changed. She wasn't so nice to me anymore."

Freddie was silent, waiting for the bassist to continue.

"She, um ... said that I should ... rethink my life choices and that ... that kind of a lifestyle wasn't good for me, especially with all the diseases going around that community."

After he finished talking, John stared at the wall behind Freddie, not daring to look him in the eyes. Silence that followed was deafening and John simply wanted to escape and hide and not talk about it anymore.

"What ... " Freddie started, but stopped to clear his throat, "What did you reply?"

"I-I said that ... I'm sorry and that I'll try to be more careful in the future."

Silence.

John wanted the singer to speak, to say something, anything. The silence was unbearable. When he finally spoke, Freddie's voice was shaking, "Darling, you ... apologized for what happened to you?"

"She said that it's not possible for it to be, um ... non-consensual and ... with that the conversation was over, " John was speaking so quietly that he was surprised Freddie was even able to hear him.

"John, look at me."

The bassist forced himself to obey and when he met Freddie's eyes, it actually frightened him how angry and upset the singer seemed to be. It was clear that he was trying to remain calm, but his body was shaking with rage.

"John," Freddie started, "what that ... woman ... said was a complete and utter bullshit. I don't want you to believe or even waste your time thinking about her and her words, alright?"

"But she's a ... nurse -"

"That does not matter, darling. There will always be stupid people on this earth, remember? You told me that."
John smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. There was still that haunted look on his face, but he did not wish to talk about it any longer. All he wanted was to push it out of his mind and never think about it again. The way he felt while sitting in front of that nurse while she almost mocked what happened to him and looked down on him ... he never wanted to go through that again.

"Can we just go to sleep, please?" he whispered, almost pleading with the singer.

Freddie offered a smile, "Of course, darling. It's almost morning already. Make yourself comfortable, I'll be right back."

John nodded as he lay down on his side, facing away from the singer. He pulled the covers over his body, finally allowing himself to relax. He could hear the singer leaving the room, probably to go to the bathroom. After he returned a few minutes later, he turned the lights off and crawled into bed. John closed his eyes, but immediately they snapped back open.

"Good night, darling."

John was silent for a moment, feeling the nervousness building inside of him, "F-Freddie?"

"Yes?"

He took a shaky breath, "I-I can't fall asleep."

"Why not?"

It wasn't something that John wanted to talk about.

"I keep having the same dream. I-I mean ... nightmare."

He felt Freddie moving a bit closer to him, "Do you wish to talk about it? Usually it helps."

John disagreed with it. Talking about it would only make it more real, but he couldn't keep it to himself anymore.

"I keep having this dream about ... that night. Everything happens exactly the same as it did that night," he whispered, "He ... leaves and I lock the door ... and then I hear you. I hear your voice and I-I open the door and it's not you. It's h-him. And he comes back to ... finish what he's started," when he was done talking, John was completely out of breath. He could see the horrible scene play before his eyes.
"It's just a dream, darling. You know it didn't happen that way," Freddie's voice was softer than ever.

"But it feels as if it's real. I-I can't even explain how real it feels," the bassist was aware of how crazy he sounded, but he continued, "And I-I wake up in a dark room and I can't see anything and I can't feel anything and .... it takes a while for the feeling to go away."

"John, I know what I said earlier this evening and we are going to have another talk about that," Freddie said, "But ... would it be alright with you if I hold you? Just this night?"

Something in his tone made John realize that it wasn't just about Freddie offering comfort to him. The singer needed it as well. He could hear the despair and the need in Freddie's voice. John only nodded, moving a bit closer to the singer. He felt the him moving behind him, placing a blanket and a pillow between their lower bodies before pressing himself against him. Freddie hesitantly placed his hand on John's waist, not knowing how the younger boy wanted to be held. The bassist took his hand, bringing it to his chest and holding it there. Then he moved just slightly, pressing his back against Freddie's chest.

"Good night, Freddie," he said quietly, enjoying the safety and the warmth the singer's body was offering.

"Good night, John."

ooo

John jerked awake from a nightmare, his body shaking and covered in sweat. He looked around the dark room, trying to remember where he was and how he got there and then he felt the grip around his body tighten.

"You're alright, darling."

Freddie's voice.

Immediately upon hearing the familiar voice and realizing it was the singer's arm that was around his body, John relaxed, taking a few deep breaths, his heartbeat slowing down.

"I'm here," Freddie said, pulling the bassist closer.

John nodded, closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep again.
When the morning finally came, everything was a bit tense. Freddie woke up before John and quietly left the bedroom, allowing the bassist to get the rest he needed so desperately. When he entered the kitchen he found both Brian and Roger already awake, sitting at the kitchen table, both looking completely exhausted.

"Good morning," Freddie greeted his two friends, an apologetic look on his face.

"Morning, Fred," Brian replied with a polite smile, "How did you sleep"?

"Quite well, actually. Those five hours that I managed to get," Freddie let out a short laugh, then turned to the kitchen counter, deciding to make some coffee.

"How's John?" the drummer asked.

"He's ... well. He's still sleeping," Freddie answered. After a few minutes he turned around, placing two cups of coffee in front of Brian and Roger, offering an apologetic smile again. The gesture seemed to surprise the two boys and Brian was the first one to speak, "Is there a reason you are being overly nice to us?"

"Can't I just make some coffee for my two favorite people on this earth?" Freddie joked, then took a deep breath, deciding to approach the ... elephant in the room, "I-I have to thank you for everything you did last night."

"There really is no need, Freddie. John is our friend too, you know," Brian replied, "We are just glad that everything ended well."

"Yeah, Fred," Roger finally spoke, "Don't mention it. Just ... tell us if everything's alright?"

"What do you mean?" the singer couldn't hide the surprise on his face.

"You leaving in the middle of the night to go for a smoke," Roger raised his eyebrow, "You do know we smoke in this flat, right? You don't need to go out for that."

Freddie quickly nodded, a nervous smile on his face, "I-I know that, dear. I just ... needed some alone time. That's all."
"Is everything alright?" Brian asked.

"It is, really. Nothing to worry about," Freddie answered, but could see that Brian was not buying it.

Roger, on the other hand, quickly changed the subject, standing up, "Brian and I are leaving now. We'll swing by John's flat and pick up some clothes for him. Like we said we'd do a few days ago."

"Oh, that's a wonderful idea," Freddie nodded, "He'll probably feel more comfortable in his clothes. Thank you, darlings."

"It's no problem, Fred," Roger smiled and it was something about that smile that Freddie found strange. Not in a bad way, just ... strange. It was as if the drummer had a lot to say, but decided to keep it to himself. Also, there was no playfulness in his smile. It was just a real, sincere smile.

After Brian and Roger left, Freddie moved to the living room, sitting in front of the piano. Playing was something that he always enjoyed, but unfortunately there wasn't a lot of time for it anymore. With everything that was happening, playing the piano was the last thing on his mind.

But that morning, for some strange reason, he was drawn to it. He placed his fingers on the keys, pausing for a moment, not knowing what he wanted to play. But after a minute or two his fingers started to move, almost as if they had a mind of their own. Before Freddie even knew what he was happening, he was playing a melody that was stuck in his head for years. He kept repeating the same melody, over and over again, his fingers moving with grace, not playing but caressing the piano.

"Mama, just killed a man,

put a gun against his head,

pulled my trigger, now he's dead.

Mama, life had just begun,

but now I've gone and thrown it all away."

Freddie stopped singing, his fingers hovering over the keys. He sat like that for a long moment, not moving. His chest heaved as he struggled to control his breathing. Where did those words come from? And why couldn't he get that damn melody out of his mind? Why couldn't he finish the damn song? His anger surged out of him and he slammed down on the keys loudly.

"Should I be worried?" a voice asked from behind him.
Freddie jumped, turning around in surprise. He found John standing by the door, observing him with a shy smile.

"I-I didn't hear you, darling," the singer let out a nervous laugh.

"I'm sorry," John said apologetically, then walked over to the sofa, sitting down, "Well ... should I be worried?"

"Worried about what?"

The bassist raised his eyebrows, "You ... do realize you were singing about killing someone?"

"Oh, that," Freddie laughed again, trying to dismiss it, "It's just words, darling. It's a ... metaphor."

"For what?"

That made Freddie think, "I-I don't actually know. It just ... came to me."

John stared at him for a moment, before he chuckled, "You said Roger was the one with the weirdest lyrics and here you are, singing about murder and ... guns."

"Are you comparing me to Roger, darling?" Freddie put his hands on his chest, pretending to be offended.

John laughed again, shaking his head, "Absolutely not. I would never. I'm just saying that out of all the existing bands I seem to have chosen to join the strangest one."

"Cheeky," Freddie said with amusement, looking at the bassist in front of him. And then he remembered, "Oh, darling, that reminds me. Roger and Brian went to your flat to pick up some clothes for you."

Immediately John tensed up, looking down, "I-I thought ... You know what I said last night."

"I do know. You said you're leaving," Freddie took a deep breath, then moved to sit on the sofa, next to the bassist, "But is that something you truly wish to do?"

"You know it's not, Freddie."

"Then don't."
"I-I don't want to make you uncomfortable anymore."

Silence.

Freddie wished he could take his words from the previous evening back, or at least word it differently.

"You are not making me uncomfortable, darling. It's not about that," he sighed, not knowing how to start, "John, I ... how do you feel about me?"

He kept his eyes on the bassist, wanting to see the reaction that question would cause. John tensed up slightly, a confused expression on his face.

"You're my friend," the bassist replied quietly, "My ... best friend."

Freddie couldn't stop the smile from appearing on his face at hearing that. He knew John for less than a month and for the younger boy to say that about him was ... a lot.

"You are very special to me, darling," the singer said, "And ... please excuse me for asking this next question and feel free to refuse to answer, alright?"

John nodded, slightly concerned.

Freddie took a deep breath, "John, what is your ... who are you ... " he shook his head, "There really is no right way to ask this. John ... are you straight?"

Immediately, the bassist blushed, his eyes widening, "I-I ... I think so. I don't ... know. Yes?"

"Darling, that is a very confusing answer."

"I-I don't know," John swallowed hard, "Why are you asking me that?"

Freddie offered a smile, "Honey, you need to realize the things we have been doing are not very ... straight."

"What ... what do you mean?" the bassist kept looking away from him, clearly uncomfortable.

But Freddie could not simply stop talking about it and pretend he never asked anything. He started
and he needed to continue.

He carefully chose his next words, "I hope you understand that two straight men do not ... cuddle like we did. They do not ... kiss. And I am not saying that anything that happened was wrong, darling. Or a mistake. I was simply wondering if you realize that those things are not a regular occurrence between two men that are only friends."

John was silent, licking his lips nervously. For a moment Freddie thought that he had made a mistake asking the bassist about it, but then he younger boy finally spoke, "I-I never thought about it. I just always assumed it's ... girls ... who I'm ... attracted to, you know. Because that's how it's supposed to be. At least that's what we keep hearing from other people. And the ... society. And there were a few girls I was interested in ... just slightly. I-I never thought of boys in ... that way before."

"Then you are straight, darling," Freddie said, a strange tone of disappointment in his voice, but he quickly tried to hide it, offering a smile, "It's alright, John. We don't have to talk about it anymore. Forget I said anything, darling."

"Freddie, wait," John whispered, looking down at his hands.

The singer was silent, observing the bassist in front of him who seemed to struggle with what he was trying to say.

"Freddie," he finally spoke, "Please, don't make me explain why, because I-I can't. But ... I feel good when I'm with you."

"Feel good how?" the singer asked slowly, his heart starting to beat faster in his chest. He didn't know why he was that nervous about hearing the answer.

"I-I don't know. You make me laugh. I like talking to you and ... hugging you," John spoke, then his head shot up, meeting Freddie's eyes, "Please, don't think I'm weird."

Freddie couldn't help but smile, "Why would I think you're weird? Breathe, darling," he said, noticing how nervous the bassist was, his breath coming in short gasps.

"I always knew I wasn't ... normal, you know," John continued, the words escaping him, "Other boys and girls seemed to be a lot more ... carefree with ... dating and stuff like that. Some people can actually look at a ... picture of a good looking person and feel ... attracted to it. I was never ... like that. I need to like the personality first before I ... like the person in that way," John covered his face with his hands, "I-I'm not making any sense."

"You are, darling. It makes perfect sense to me," Freddie replied with a reassuring tone, "I was never like that, but I ... understand what you are trying to say."
That made John relax slightly and he moved his hands away from his face, "Y-You do?"

"I do," Freddie nodded, then took a deep breath, "And don't misunderstand. I don't know what or why this is happening between us. I don't feel the need to cuddle with Roger or Brian. Just ... you."

John blushed slightly at his words and Freddie continued, "Perhaps the connection is because of ... what happened to you, darling. I can't assure you that we'd be this close if that thing hadn't happened. Perhaps things would be different if that night went well, if ... nothing bad happened. Perhaps we'd be just ... normal friends, bandmates."

"But I don't want that," John whispered, "I like ... " he didn't finish the sentence.

Freddie did not want to torture the bassist any longer. The younger boy had given him more than enough answers and he really did appreciate that. Even though some things were left unspoken, Freddie felt everything was much clearer than before. At least they had a sincere talk and weren't pretending anymore that what was happening between them was a normal friendship between two boys. For the moment that was all they were willing and capable of admitting.

"Where do we go from here?" John asked shyly, "Do we ... stop with all those things?"

Just the thought of all the touching and cuddling and caressing suddenly stopping, made John sad beyond words, but he would respect Freddie's wishes.

"Oh, absolutely not, darling."

That made John look at the singer with questioning eyes. Freddie offered a reassuring smile, struggling a bit with his next words, "I want to ... keep doing what seems natural to me. To us. If I feel like giving you a hug, I will give you a hug. And I wish you'd do the same. And with time ... we'll see what it means. Regardless, my priority is still your well-being and your recovery after what ... happened. Alright, darling?"

John smiled, his eyes lighting up, "Alright, Freddie."

"It take it that means you are staying?"

"I-I am," the bassist nodded, then his expression changed to worried, "If ... you want me to. And if Roger wants me to."

Freddie laughed, "Don't be ridiculous, darling. We love having you here."
They were interrupted by a noise and not soon after Brian and Roger entered the room, each carrying two small backpacks.

"Don't tell me how to drive, Rog," Brian rolled his eyes.

"Grandmas were walking faster than we were driving," Roger shot back and then he noticed Freddie and John, "Oh. Hello."

"Hi," John smiled, offering a grateful look to the two boys standing in front of him. There were no words to explain how thankful he was for them and for what they did for him the previous night. Even though they refused to listen to him and decided to take him to the hospital against his will, John understood why they did it. And he was glad they did.

"This was what we could take," Roger said, showing a backpack stuffed with clothes that he was holding. Brian raised the backpack that he was carrying, showing it to the bassist.

"I-I think it's more than enough," John laughed, wondering if they completely emptied his closet.

"Here," Roger said, hanging his backpack on Brian's shoulder, "Take it to Freddie's room."

The guitarist rolled his eyes at Roger's manners, or lack thereof. No matter how hard he tried, the drummer did not seem willing the learn the importance of words 'please' and 'thank you'. Roger only grinned at seeing the annoyance on Brian's face.

"I-I'll help you," John immediately offered, making his way over to the guitarist and taking the backpack from Brian's shoulders. Then they hurried out of the living room, leaving Roger and Freddie alone.

The atmosphere was a bit tense.

Roger sat in the chair across from Freddie, placing his feet on the table. The singer nervously licked his lips, not knowing how to start. He knew he had to say something.

"You were right - " Freddie started.

At the same time Roger said, "I was wrong - "

They both stopped, looking at each other in confusion.

"You first," the drummer said, his lips curling up in a smirk, "I'd like to hear what I was right about."
Freddie let out a short and nervous laugh, but then continued in a more serious tone, "You were right about John and I. Well, not entirely right. But ... I agree that ... it went beyond a normal friendship. It was wrong and naive of me to think if it as such. But I assure you, Rog, I have no ill intentions with John. Nothing bad or ... perverted is happening between us."

Roger seemed to think about it for a moment and then he nodded, "I know that. I never thought you'd try and ... you know. I may have said some stupid things," he paused for a moments, his face turning very serious, "What happened last night ... it was horrible. I was responsible for John for just one night and it was ... exhausting. And I even had Brian's help. I-I don't mean exhausting as if ... it was hard for me to do it, but ... it's a lot of pressure. I can't imagine what's it like for you, Fred."

The singer tensed up, looking away. It wasn't easy. Not at all. Being with John every day, sharing a bed with him, feeling attracted to him but at the same time feeling guilty and protective of him ... it was a lot. It was more than Freddie was willing to admit to the drummer.

Roger continued, "What I'm trying to say is ... I trust you. Deaky seems to trust you and that's ... good enough for me. What I'm trying to say is ... I won't be sending you ... threatening glares every time you touch him," he laughed at the last part, but then looked at the singer, "I promise."

Freddie smiled, "While it brings me immense pleasure hearing you apologize to me, I need to ask you to continue."

Roger looked at him puzzled, "What do you mean?"

"I need you, Rog," the singer took in a deep breath, "If I ever do something that you think is inappropriate, please, feel free to call me out on it."

"Alright?" the drummer still wasn't understanding him.

But before Freddie could explain further, John and Brian returned to the room, chatting amongst themselves and chuckling. John automatically took a seat next to Freddie, not thinking twice about it.

"So," Roger cleared his throat, "What are the plans for today?"

"I've nothing planned," Brian admitted and Roger immediately jumped on that, "That's great! That means you have time to make us lunch?"

John and Freddie laughed and the guitarist only sighed in disappointment.

"Come on, Bri," Roger insisted, a playful smirk on his face, "Make yourself useful."
"Don't talk to him like that, darling," Freddie intervened, "Brian, dear, can you cook us something, please? We are starving."

It took a bit of convincing, but the guitarist finally gave in, perhaps only to shut both Freddie and Roger up. He disappeared into the kitchen, but not before threatening to poison Roger's food.

"I'll make Freddie taste it before I take a bite," the drummer replied, "We can't afford to lose our lead singer, Bri."

"Yes, we can!" Brian answered from the kitchen.

"What?" Freddie opened his mouth in shock.

"You're actually right," the drummer agreed, ignoring the shocked expression on the singer's face, "I'll have Deaky taste it, then!"

"You will do no such thing!" Freddie shot back, his hand instinctively moving to John's back, rubbing small circles there.

Roger noticed it, but when he met Freddie's hesitating eyes he only offered a smile, no signs of judgment in his look. Freddie smiled back and John did notice that silent exchange of smiles between the two of them, but thought nothing of it. He let himself enjoy the moment. The previous evening was the second worst night in his life and he thought nothing would ever make him feel better again. He was aware of the fact that the problems were still there and that there were probably a lot of terrible days and nights ahead of him. But as he was sitting there in the living room between his friends, he realized he felt happier than he did in a long time.

Chapter End Notes

Please feel free to share what you'd like to see happen between Freddie and John now that things are a bit clearer. :) Hopefully, you didn't mind a bit of fluff after the previous chapter. Hope you liked it! Thanks for reading and taking your time to comment. I really appreciate it. :)
Later that evening after they were done hanging out, they all retired to their bedrooms, much earlier than they usually would as they were all still completely exhausted from the previous evening. Brian insisted he would stay the night, still feeling the need to keep an eye on John and be there in case anything else happened. Roger gave him a pillow and a few blankets and the guitarist made himself comfortable on the sofa, falling asleep almost in an instant. Roger could barely keep his eyes open and with a quick "good night" he disappeared into his room. And even though Freddie was exhausted as well, for some strange reason he felt very inspired that evening and did not want to waste the opportunity to finish a few songs of his. While John was taking a shower, Freddie cuddled up on his bed with a pen and a notebook. He was completely absorbed in the writing, not even noticing when John entered the room.

"What are you doing?" the bassist asked with curiosity upon noticing Freddie's concentrated look.

"Oh, I'm finishing the lyrics for a song I started writing a few weeks ago," the singer replied, clearly very proud of himself, "I actually think it's done."

"Can I see?" John sat on the bed next to Freddie and the singer raised his eyebrow, smirking, "I'll show you mine if you show me yours?"

John immediately blushed, his ears turning red at the comment. He needed a few moments to gather his thoughts enough to form a sentence, "M-Mine is not finished yet."

"It doesn't matter, darling. I'm just want to see what it's about," Freddie chuckled, "You worry too much."

The bassist seemed to struggle with the answer, but then he finally nodded, "A-Alright. I'll show you."

Freddie immediately smiled a big toothy grin.

"But you first," John said and the singer did not argue, simply handing him his notebook. John wished he could be that confident, not caring what anyone said and just be proud of what he created. He accepted the notebook and looked down at the page.

His eyes widened in shock when he read the title.

"G-Get down ... make love," he said quietly, tensing up. He looked at Freddie and noticed the singer
did not seem to be uncomfortable in the slightest. There was only pride and a bit of cheekiness in his expression.

John looked down at the notebook again, reading the words out loud, "You take my body, I give you heat," he had to stop after that sentence, feeling the said heat in his head. Freddie still said nothing, only waiting patiently.

After a moment John continued, "You say you're hungry, I give you ... meat."

Again, he had to stop and he looked up at Freddie, a questioning look in his eyes. For a moment he thought the singer was playing a joke on him, but the expression on Freddie's face told him that wasn't the case and that he was very serious about the song. The lyrics were so sexual that John had trouble reading the words out loud even in the comfort of Freddie's bedroom. He couldn't understand where the singer got the confidence to wish to sing that song to an audience.

"Well, continue, darling," the singer encouraged him, obviously very excited to hear John's opinion.

John cleared his throat and continued, "I-I suck your mind, you blow my head. Make love inside your bed. Everybody get down, make love."

He paused again, feeling slightly uncomfortable about reading the rest. At least out loud and with Freddie staring at him.

"Well, what do you think, darling?"

"It's ... very ... um ... " John struggled with his words, sweating a bit and wondering if he'd need another shower.

"Read all of it, then tell me your opinion on it."

John tried to smile to hide his awkwardness and embarrassment and looked down in the notebook again. His eyes widened even more at the words he saw there, "I can squeeze, you can ... shake me."

Oh god.

Perhaps he was misunderstanding the song. Perhaps it was about something else. It could be possible the words were a metaphor for something. Or at least he hoped that was the case.

John forced himself to continue, "I can feel when you break me. Come on so heavy ... when you take me."
The bassist stopped to take a deep breath and when they locked eyes with each other, John finally got the courage to ask, "F-Freddie? Is this song about ... "

"Sex, yes," Freddie smirked, "What do you think?"

"It's ... good," John tried to smile, "It's very ... creative and ... " he trailed off, not knowing what to say.

Freddie couldn't help but chuckle, "Relax, darling. It's just a song. Besides," he smirked, "I'll be the one singing it, not you."

And John was very thankful for that.

"It's meant to shock people," Freddie explained, raising his eyebrows at John, "And I see it's doing exactly that."

John let out a nervous laugh, but he immediately stopped laughing when Freddie said, "Now show me yours, darling!"

After seeing Freddie's song, John felt even more nervous about sharing his. It was nothing like that, there was nothing sexual about it, nothing remotely provocative and for a moment the bassist thought of simply discarding the song all together. But then he leaned over Freddie, opening the drawer and pulling out a sheet of paper. He handed it to Freddie and waited, looking down at his hands nervously. Freddie was completely silent for a few long moments as he read through the song and John was almost afraid to look at him, afraid to see his reaction. He was probably disappointed or trying to think of the way to let him know it wasn't strong enough.

"How do you want me to sing it, darling?" came a question from Freddie.

John immediately looked up and he was surprised to see a smile on the singer's face.

"What ... what do you mean?" he asked, feeling a bit confused.

"How do you wish for me to sing it? What's the melody like?"

For a moment, John was completely speechless, but then he finally found the words, "You ... want to sing it?"

Freddie laughed, "What kind of a question is that, dear? Or course I want to sing it. That is what lead singers do, you know," he smiled at the bassist playfully.
John blinked, "I'm sorry. I just ... thought you'd hate it."

"I actually think it has a lot of potential, vocally, I mean. It all depends on how you want me to sing it and the melody," Freddie explained, looking down at the lyrics again.

It made John feel all warm inside at the sight of Freddie concentrating on his song, working on his song, thinking about his song. And most of all, approving of his song.

"Sammy was low. Just watching the show. Over and over again. Knew it was time. He'd made up his mind. To leave his dead life behind," Freddie sang to himself quietly and John couldn't keep the stupid smile off of his face.

Freddie suddenly moved closer to him, pointing at the second verse, "I like this part, darling."

John could not concentrate anymore on what the singer was saying. He simply nodded at everything, but his mind was elsewhere. He loved watching Freddie work. It was such a mesmerising sight. The people who had the privilege to see Freddie perform probably had no idea how gentle he was behind the scenes. John witnessed that at their gig a few days ago. He could not believe how the singer was able to transform into the persona of Freddie Mercury. He couldn't believe that the soft spoken, gentle and sweet Freddie that was now sitting next to him, completely absorbed in the song, was the same Freddie that flirted with the audience, crawled on the stage, jumped up and down and acted out some very sexual acts.

"Who's Sammy, darling?"

The question brought him back to reality.

"I-I don't know. It's just ... words, you know," he replied shyly, then took a shaky breath, "So ... what do you think? Feel free to correct anything you want."

At hearing that, a smirk appeared on Freddie's face and he nodded, bringing his pen down and writing something. John leaned closer, trying to see what the singer wrote. He blushed again, his eyes meeting Freddie's, "Y-You just took out the word 'wings' and wrote legs."

Freddie's smirk grew even bigger and then he laughed, "I'm just playing with you, darling. I like the song, really."

"It's not ... like yours," John replied quietly.

"But that is a good thing," Freddie said, "We are four different people with four different styles, writing about different things. That is what I would like Queen to be, darling."
That seemed to put John at ease and he relaxed slightly. When John finally agreed, nodding his head, Freddie clapped his hands enthusiastically, "That is settled, then. Marvelous. What do you say we go to sleep now? I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted."

"I've been half asleep for the whole day, Freddie," John admitted, yawning.

"Why didn't you say so? You know you can go take a nap anytime you want, dear."

"I-I know. I just ... wanted to hang out with you guys," he said, smiling slightly.

Freddie's face softened and then he cleared his throat, moving to his side of the bed and slipping under the covers. John went to turn the lights off and then he crawled into the bed, making himself comfortable.

"Good night, Freddie."

"Good night, darling."

ooo

"Keep still."

"Such a pretty arse you have."

"Don't say a word."

"So tight."

John awoke with a start, breathing heavily. He blinked a few times, looking around him, but the room was completely dark and no matter how hard he tried to, he couldn't see anything. For some strange reason he felt physically ill. A pained whimper escaped him as he tried to breathe and calm himself. His heart was beating so fast he was afraid it might jump out of his chest.

"F-Freddie?" he whispered, but got no reply. The singer was probably deep asleep. John could hear his steady breathing and he felt bad about waking him up. Finally he decided against it, forcing himself to lie back down.

He closed his eyes again and then he heard those disgusting words again.
"You feel so good around my cock."

John's eyes snapped open and he covered his mouth with his hand, afraid he might throw up. Where were those words coming from? Why could he hear them so clearly in his head? That .... man ... said nothing to him when he ... attacked him. John was sure of it. Well, almost sure of it.

God, he felt so dirty.

He reached towards Freddie's side of the bed and touched the singer's arm. He realized the singer was sleeping on his back again and before he could stop himself, John moved closer to him, snuggling against Freddie's warm body and hiding his face in the crook of the singer's neck. He only hoped he wouldn't wake the older boy up. Just as he was about to relax again, John felt an arm being wrapped around his torso and he tensed up, waiting for the singer to speak and question his actions, expecting he would have to explain himself. But that didn't happen. Freddie only tightened his grip around John's body and slowly let out a deep breath.

He was certainly awake, that much John knew. The way Freddie's hand gently caressed John's back, there was no way he was doing it in his sleep.

But he decided not to say anything and John was grateful for that. Nothing needed to be said. There were moments when spoken words wouldn't make any difference and that was one of those moments.

In a matter of minutes, John drifted off to sleep again.

The next morning Roger somehow managed to convince Brian to make them all scrambled eggs. And while the guitarist was in the kitchen, Roger made himself comfortable on the living room sofa, flipping through a magazine. When Freddie entered the room, he couldn't help but blink a few times at the sight. He couldn't see Brian in the kitchen, but he could hear him. The singer sat down next to the drummer, surprise on his face, "How did you manage to convince him into doing that, you dumb blond?" he asked, referring to Brian making them all breakfast.

Roger only raised his eyebrows, clearly very pleased with himself, "Never doubt my convincing skills, Fred."

"What did you say to him?" the singer asked again, lowering his tone.
A chuckle escaped the drummer, "I pretended to be ill. I coughed a few times, rubbed my eyes 'till they were red and sneezed one or two times."

"You sneezed?"

"I can sneeze on demand, Fred," Roger said, completely serious.

Freddie laughed, "Have you ever thought about an acting career, darling?"

That made the drummer shrug his shoulders, "I'll consider it," then he cleared his throat, closing the magazine that was in his lap and putting it aside, "I-I happened to read something interesting a few days ago."

Freddie nodded, waiting for the drummer to continue. The blond regularly kept him updated about what was happening in the world as he enjoyed reading magazines, newspapers, literally *anything* he could get his hands on. He was very in touch with the news and the trends. Every now and then he would simply inform Freddie of a random fact that the singer didn't know what to do with. One evening Roger simply stated that he read somewhere that Switzerland was considering making it illegal to have one guinea pig. Freddie did not know what to do with that fact and how could it possibly enrich his life, but ... clearly Roger felt it was something he should know.

There was also one time when Roger was drunk and he said that if you lift kangaroo's tail off the ground it can't hop. He read that somewhere.

Freddie leaned back in the sofa, intrigued by what Roger was going to say this time to enlighten his day.

Roger finally continued, "I read that when you cuddle with someone you care about, your body releases a hormone called oxytocin that calms you and makes you more likely to deal better with stress."

That got Freddie's attention and he raised an eyebrow, "Did you really read that somewhere, darling?"

"I did," Roger insisted, "What I found interesting was that the oxytocin it releases can actually help block pain signals."

Freddie was silent for a long moment, thinking about Roger's words. God knows what magazine the drummer read that from, but with everything that happened in the last few days, Freddie had to admit there was some truth to it. John always seemed to calm down after receiving a hug. And that also made him realize something. His heart sank at the thought that perhaps the bassist was enjoying the hugs not because it was Freddie who was giving them, but because of the ... hormones that the cuddling released?
Before Freddie had a chance to ask more about it, the drummer already changed the subject, "Are we going out anytime soon, Fred?"

That question caught him a bit off guard, "What do you mean, Rog?"


Freddie couldn't help but smile, "Of course I remember, darling. Don't be ridiculous."

"It's been a while."

The singer looked down, "I-I know. With everything that's been happening, partying hasn't been exactly on my mind."

"It'll do you good to blow off some steam, mate," Roger said, clearly implying something, but not daring to say it out loud.

"I'm fine, Roger, really," Freddie tried to act as if it didn't bother him. Truth be told, for some reason he really liked staying home every evening. It wasn't something that pained him to do. But at the same time ... he was acting as if he was in a relationship. When in reality he wasn't.

"Fred, can I ask you something?"

The singer did see the playfulness in Roger's eyes, but he still nodded, "Ask away."

"What happened that night at the gig? When you disappeared for a while?"

Freddie tensed up, clearly a bit uncomfortable, even though he couldn't explain why. Roger and him regularly talked about their ... adventures and neither one of them was ever embarrassed. Freddie did find it a bit strange in the beginning when the drummer asked him about his one night stands with boys, but he quickly got used to it. Roger seemed comfortable asking about it, therefore why should Freddie feel uncomfortable answering?

But this time it was different. For some reason.

"Oh, don't you dare deny it," Roger teased, a big smirk on his face, "I don't know if you've noticed, but you have a big love bite on your neck," he paused for a moment, looking down in shame, "I-I actually thought Deaky was the one who gave it to you."
"What?" Freddie shrieked, then reminded himself to keep his voice down, "How did that thought ever make sense in your head?"

"I don't know, I'm sorry, alright?" Roger took a deep breath, "I was wrong. Clearly. But ... who did you then get it from?"

"Brian," Freddie couldn't help himself.

"What?"

Freddie rolled his eyes, "I am joking. What is it with you thinking I want to shag everyone in this damn band?"

"In my defense," Roger started slowly, "You were ... very serious when you said it."

"Ever heard of sarcasm, darling?" Freddie asked, then sighed, "It was some ... guy at the gig. It was nothing, Roger," then he paused, correcting himself, "Well, almost nothing. It was a mistake."

"Why? It wasn't any good?"

The singer struggled with his next words, "It ... was good. But I was not feeling it, darling. I wasn't in the mood."

"But you're always in the mood," Roger laughed and Freddie smacked his arm, "You are the one to talk, darling."

The singer had to admit he was getting sexually frustrated, but it wasn't anything that a couple of extra minutes under the shower couldn't solve.

Roger's eyes widened as he realized something, "Perhaps we should date each other."

"Sorry to burst your bubble, but blondes aren't really my type," Freddie smirked back.

That caught Roger's attention, "Oh, really? Then what is your type?"

Freddie only rolled his eyes, but after noticing the serious look in Roger's eyes, he realized the drummer really did want to know. He struggled a bit with his words, "I-I don't know. But unfortunately, not you, darling."

"Well, Fred. You are not exactly my type either," Roger shot back playfully, then continued, "Tall,
"dark and handsome?"

Freddie opened his mouth to answer, but couldn't really think of anything to say. What could he say? That he liked big muscular guys, but at the same time he enjoyed smaller and a bit leaner ones? Finally he cleared his throat, patting Roger on the knee, "Anyone who doesn't remind me of you, will do."

"Fuck off," Roger shot back, but couldn't help but laugh, "Alright then. What do you say? Tomorrow night?"

A big part of Freddie did want to say yes and go party with Roger like they used to. But there was that thing that no one was talking about. Even though no one wanted to admit it out loud, John was Freddie's responsibility. It was unspoken, but they all knew it. Freddie couldn't even imagine just leaving John at the flat and going out with Roger.

"You know I can't, Rog," Freddie let out a deep breath, rubbing his forehead.

"You can," Roger disagreed.

"But ... John."

"Brian can stay with him, I'm sure," Roger said quietly, "You need to get away from it all, relax a bit. I know you, Freddie. You go crazy if you're kept inside the flat for too long."

Freddie agreed with it all, nodding his head, "Yes, but ... John."

"What about me?" John's voice interrupted them both and they couldn't help but tense up, trying to think of something to say. John made his way towards them, sitting down in a chair, a polite smile on his face, "What about me?" he asked again, looking from Freddie to Roger.

"Oh, darling, we ... " Freddie started, but the drummer cut him off.

"I was trying to convince Fred to go out with me tomorrow night," Roger said, "But he refuses."

Freddie shot him a glare, but the drummer simply shrugged his shoulders. He saw no point in lying to John. The bassist immediately looked at Freddie, "Is it ... because of me? You don't want to go because of me?"

"No, darling, that's not ... "

"I said it'll do him some good to go out of the flat," Roger cut him off again, "Brian can stay
here with you, Deaky."

John immediately blushed, "I-I don't need a babysitter," he said, even though he knew that was a lie. He did not want to be alone.

"It doesn't matter," Freddie finally said, his voice calm, but determined, "Because as I was saying to Roger, I don't think it's a good idea."

Silence.

John took a deep breath, meeting Freddie's eyes, "What if we all go?"

"What do you mean, darling?"

"All f-four of us. We can all go out," John said, a bit shyly, "I mean if you'd ... want to take me with you."

That seemed to surprise both Freddie and Roger. For a long moment they both just stared at the bassist, not sure if they heard him right. John did not seem like someone who enjoyed partying or the night life. But to be fair, they've only known him for a month.

"If you'd like," Roger was the first to speak, a very excited smile on his face, "Sure, Deaky!"

"No, no, no," Freddie shook his head, meeting John's eyes, "Darling, you ... you don't have to go out. I don't even want to go - "

"I-I want to," John said quietly, "It'll be a ... nice change of space."

Before Freddie was able to say anything, they all heard Brian's voice from the kitchen, "Breakfast is ready!"

In an attempt to avoid Freddie's questioning glare, John was the first one to get up and he hurried into the kitchen.

With nothing better to do, the boys remained in the kitchen for a couple of hours, talking and hanging out. The breakfast then turned to lunch and it was only then that Brian realized something.

"You aren't even ill, are you, Roger?"

The drummer couldn't help but laugh, "Took you long enough."
Brian closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, "Why do I always fall for it?"

"Because you care about us, darling," Freddie said, patting Brian's knee.

But then the smile disappeared from Roger's face when he noticed Brian looking at him with *that* look.

"Well," the guitarist started, "Guess who will be doing the dishes today."

Freddie and John laughed and all color disappeared from Roger's face, "No, Bri. I-I can't. Do you see how much there is?" he pointed at the kitchen sink which was overflowing with dirty dishes.

"I don't want to hear it, Rog," Brian shook his head, a satisfied smirk on his face.

Then the phone rang and the drummer immediately stood up, almost running out to the living room, "I'll get it!"

"You are not getting out of doing the dishes, Rog. Even if you stay on the phone 'till evening," Brian called after him, then looked at Freddie and John, "Did you two know about it?"

John had no idea what Brian was asking about.

"About the dumb blond acting ill so that he could manipulate you?" Freddie couldn't prevent a chuckle from escaping him, "No, I had absolutely *no* idea, darling."

"For some reason I really doubt it, Fred," Brian stared at him suspiciously, "What if you both join him? I don't want to see a single dirty spoon in the kitchen sink."

Freddie opened his mouth in shock, "D-Darling, you do realize you are in our flat? You cannot tell us what to do in our flat. You have no authority here."

The guitarist remained silent, only looking at Freddie with that look of his. Everytime Brian got like this, he reminded Freddie of his father. And he couldn't say no to him.

"Alright," the singer finally gave in, letting out a sigh, "But leave John out of it. He shouldn't be doing anything because of his wrist. Roger and I will clean everything, don't worry."

"I-I really had no idea," John said nervously and Brian smiled at him, "I believe you, John. But I don't believe anything that comes out of Freddie's and Roger's mouth."
Freddie again gasped in shock, pretending to be offended and John only laughed at that. Finally Roger returned to the kitchen, a strange expression on his face. Freddie immediately knew something was off.

"That was Susan," Roger announced, making all three of the boys look at him. Both Freddie and John tensed up, while Brian kept his calm, waiting for the drummer to continue.

"She wanted to speak to you, but I figured you didn't want that," Roger said, meeting John's eyes, "I hope that was alright?"

The bassist quickly nodded, "Y-Yes, it's fine."

"What did she say?" Freddie carefully asked, aware of the fact that they were waiting for the results of the blood test and a bunch of other tests that he had no clue about.

The singer then turned to John, "Darling, perhaps you'd wish to talk to Roger in private?"

John shook his head, "No, no. It's fine. Whatever he has to say, he can say it in front of you two."

Freddie smiled and nodded, but it was very clear he was nervous. Roger finally spoke, "The tests all came back negative for any diseases."

John could hear Freddie let out a sigh of relief and he too relaxed, glad that he was sitting at the moment. His legs were shaking from the nerves and he doubted he would be able to stand.

"That's great news," Brian said, relaxing as well.

"Yeah," Roger nodded, but then carefully continued, "But ... the tests can be a bit ... well, they are not completely reliable. Also, some abnormalities can show up later. That is why she suggested you test again in a couple of months, Deaky."

John's face fell and he looked down, clearly very uncomfortable. He thought he was over with it. He thought the hardest part of it was already over, but apparently not. He felt sick at the thought of having to go through all the trouble of getting tested again in just a few months.

He felt Freddie's hand on his back, "I'm sure it'll be fine, darling. Don't worry."

John wanted to believe him. He wanted nothing more than to believe him and hope that everything will be fine. That there would be no lasting consequences of the ... attack. But there was still that little voice telling him that nothing will ever be okay again. He would have to test again and again
and again. He would never be able to forget about what happened.

"Also," Roger continued slowly, "She did say there were traces of methaqualone in your blood."

Before John could ask what that was, Freddie beat him to it, "What does that mean, Rog? We did not all study biology, you know."

"She said it's a ... synthetic barbiturate that was first made in the 50's and used as a sedative since the 60's," Roger explained, trying to keep his voice normal. As if they were talking about normal, every day stuff.

Silence.

The atmosphere was very tense. John kept staring at his hands, not daring to look up and accidentally meet anybody's eyes. He felt embarrassed and the last thing he wanted was to see anyone looking at him with pity.

"That is a proof he was drugged, right?" he heard Freddie speak, "It's a proof that something was put in his drink."

"Well, not exactly," Roger replied, clearly struggling with his next words, "It's a recreational drug. People also take it willingly. Perhaps you've heard of it under a different name. Ludes or sopers."

Realization dawned on the singer's face, "Oh. I-I have heard of it before."

"It's impossible to prove it was slipped in his drink," Brian said, "I haven't heard of it before. What are the effects?"

"Blood pressure drops and the breathing and pulse rates slow, leading to a state of deep relaxation. If you use it regularly, you build up a physical tolerance, but ... " the drummer paused for a moment, "If a person isn't used to it ... it can lead to nervous system shutdown, coma and ... death."

Horrible silence filled the room.

"Fuck," was all Freddie said.

John felt the need to change the subject, already feeling his throat close up with panic, "B-But nothing like that happened. I-I'm fine. It doesn't matter now."

He forced a smile and looked up and immediately he was sorry he did. Brian was looking at him with concern and there was a polite smile on his face. Roger seemed frightened and tensed, probably thinking about all the possible scenarios that could have happened, but luckily didn't. And John
didn't dare to look at Freddie. If he saw pity on his face as well, he'd lose it. And breaking down and
crying in front of all of them, was not something he wanted to do.

"I'll ... I need to be alone for ... a few minutes," he said, standing up.

"John, darling - "

"I'm fine, Freddie, really," the bassist replied and then hurried out of the kitchen. The remaining three
boys sat there in silence for a couple of minutes, each lost in their own thoughts. After a while Roger
simply stood up, walking over to the kitchen sink and started doing the dishes. Freddie soon
followed, desperately needing something to keep himself busy. Even though all he wanted to do was
to go after John to try and talk to him and make him feel better, he respected his wish to be alone for
a while.

ooo

A couple of hours later Brian left, leaving Roger and Freddie alone in the living room. Freddie was
sort of stuck there. He knew that John was in his room and he did not want to disturb the younger
boy. Even though it was his bedroom, he wanted to give John the space he needed.

But then they heard the shower running.

"I thought he fell asleep," Roger said, "Well, there you go. You can go to your room now, Fred."

The singer shook his head, "Rog ... where are those pills?"

"You mean the sleeping pills? In my room. Why?"

Freddie seemed uneasy, "I-I think he needs them, darling."

Roger looked at him, confused, "He has trouble sleeping?"

"Yes, well ... " Freddie trailed off, not sure if he should even be talking about it, "He does manage to
fall asleep, but he wakes up multiple times during the night with nightmares."

"Shit."
Guilt was evident on Freddie's face when he continued, "I've just noticed it recently, but it has probably been happening ever since the attack."

Roger seemed to be really shaken by that. He quickly nodded, "Yeah, sure, I can give you the pills," then he paused, meeting his friend's eyes, "To you, Freddie. Give him one. Perhaps two. Don't hand him the whole bottle."

The singer seemed to agree with that, "Absolutely, darling. I am not risking it."

That seemed to relax the drummer. He still couldn't shake that horrible feeling of guilt and terror at the thought of anything happening to John because of those pills that he gave him. He would never be able to forgive himself.

Freddie and Roger remained in the living room for the next hour or so and then it suddenly occurred to Freddie that he could still hear the shower running. Immediately he stood up, "I'll go check on him, Rog."

He quickly hurried out of the room towards the bathroom. He stopped in front of the door, knocking a few times, "John?"

When he got no answer, he tried again, a bit louder this time, "John, are you alright in there?"

Still nothing. That worried Freddie and for a few moments he simply stood there, struggling with what to do. He couldn't just enter the bathroom, could he?

He leaned closer, listening carefully for any sounds. All he could hear was the water running, nothing else. He took a deep breath, "John, I'm coming in."

He waited for a few moments, but when he got no reaction, he placed his hand on the doorknob, slowly pushing the door open. He was met with steam from the shower swirling around him. And then he saw him.

John was standing under the shower, not moving, his eyes closed. Even from where he was standing, Freddie could see how red the bassist's skin was.

"Shit," he swore under his breath, quickly grabbing a towel and walking over to John. He pushed the shower door open, trying very hard to keep his eyes off John's body as he reached over him, turning the water off. The bassist seemed to snap back into reality at that and Freddie quickly covered him with a large towel, pulling him out of the shower.

"John, darling, what were you doing?" Freddie asked, "That water was scalding hot!"
The bassist simply shrugged, "I-I'm fine."

"You are not," the singer argued back, "Look at your skin, darling. What were you doing?"

"I was trying to get clean," his voice was barely above a whisper.

Freddie blinked at him, "What? You were standing under hot water for almost an hour! What do you mean you - " and then he understood. He took a deep breath, his voice immediately getting softer, "John. We've talked about this. You are clean. There is no need for you to do this to yourself."

"I-I had to."

"Why? I have told you this already, darling. There is absolutely nothing dirty on you. You agreed with me, remember?"

John refused to meet his eyes as he spoke, "I know. But ... today after Roger said ... all those things. About the diseases and after that nurse said that ... " he trailed off, his voice shaking, "It made me remember that he really was ... he was ... "

"He was what, darling?" Freddie asked, softly.

John swallowed hard before he whispered his next words, "I-Inside of me."

His face grimaced at that and for a moment Freddie feared the bassist might get sick. He forced his voice to remain neutral as he spoke, "John. Regardless of that, there is nothing dirty on you. Why don't you believe me, darling?" he placed his hand on John's shoulder but the bassist flinched at the touch, pushing his hand away. That actually made Freddie's stomach drop.

"I-I'm sorry, dear - " he immediately apologized, but John cut him off, shaking his head, "N-No, it's not ... You did nothing wrong. I just ... I don't want you to feel like you have to touch me when I'm dirty."

"But you're not."

"I am. You just ... don't see it," John whispered, his voice still trembling, "Or ... you're pretending to not see it. So you don't ... hurt my feelings."

Freddie remained silent at that, completely shocked at the words that were coming from John's mouth. He could hear the hate and the disgust the bassist felt towards himself and it made no sense to Freddie. He wished John could see himself through his eyes. That way he could see how pure and
sweet and funny and talented he was. Freddie's heart was beating so fast he was afraid it might burst out of his chest.

He cleared his throat, "John. Do you trust me?"

"You know I do, Freddie," the bassist immediately replied, finally looking up and meeting the singer's warm eyes.

Freddie nodded and smiled, "Alright. Put your clothes on and come to my bedroom. I'll wait for you there."

"W-Why?"

"Trust me, darling," with those words he left the bathroom. John had no other option but to obey. He quickly dressed in his pajama clothes and hurried into the bedroom.

He found Freddie sitting on his bed, his back leaning against the headboard.

"Come here, darling," he said to John, offering an encouraging smile. John didn't hesitate to obey, quickly walking over to Freddie and sitting down on the bed next to him.

"I-I know what you're going to say, Freddie," he started, looking down at his hands awkwardly,"You are going to say there is nothing on me, but ... I still feel it. I-I can't even explain it."

It surprised him when he heard nothing from the singer. Finally, he looked up and noticed Freddie simply staring at him with those beautiful, soft eyes and John couldn't help but smile for a moment.

Freddie finally spoke, "I am not going to say those things to you, darling. I am going to show it to you."

That confused John, "H-How?"

"Do you trust me?"

"I do," John whispered, tensing up slightly.

And then the singer moved, spreading his legs, making room for John, "Come here, dear."

The bassist hesitated for a moment, but then he obeyed, moving his body so that he was sitting in
between Freddie's legs, with his back against his chest. He could feel Freddie's hands on his shoulders and then they moved down his arms until they reached John's wrists. Slowly, Freddie moved his hands back up John's arms, placing it on his shoulders again.

"Look at it as something ... therapeutic, darling," Freddie said quietly from behind him, "I'll prove to you that there is nothing dirty on you."

The singer could smell his shampoo and soap on John and it made him smile.

"Is that alright with you?" he asked gently and John nodded, "Y-Yes."

Freddie only hoped it wouldn't backfire, but at that moment he had no other idea how to help John. Nothing he said made a difference. And he was not willing to simply let it go, allowing John keep thinking and feeling as if there was something wrong with him. As if there was something of that ... bastard still on him.

Freddie continued the slow trace of his fingers up and down John's arms. At first the bassist tensed up, but soon Freddie could feel him relaxing against his touch as he leaned back against his chest completely.

"Nothing dirty about your arms," Freddie whispered, then his hands moved to John's back, at first gently caressing it over his pajama top, but then he decided to do something that he hoped wouldn't upset the bassist. He decided to take the risk and slowly he slid his hands under the material, touching the soft skin on John's back, rubbing small circles with his fingers. Freddie observed the bassist closely, ready to stop immediately if he noticed any sign that John was uncomfortable.

"Nothing dirty on your back," he whispered, slowly pulling his hands from under John's shirt and that actually caused the bassist to let out a groan of protest. Freddie could feel himself getting hotter and his breathing quickened, especially when John started moving against him. It was barely noticeable, but Freddie could feel John pressing back against him, his body trembling slightly.

He cleared his throat, pushing those thoughts aside and continuing with what he was trying to do. Hesitantly, his hands reached John's waist and he stopped his movements, giving the younger boy the opportunity stop what was happening. When John said nothing, Freddie gripped his waist, then traced his hands down John's thighs as far as he could reach.

"Nothing dirty about you," he whispered, bringing his hands up again, placing it on John's waist. He could literally feel John's body shaking in his arms, but it wasn't from fear or anything like that. If he was reading the signs correctly, John was ... enjoying it.

Freddie knew that he probably should not do it, but at that moment he couldn't stop himself. He was only human after all. He placed a gentle kiss on John's neck and that seemed to push John over the edge, his body shaking uncontrollably, pressing back against Freddie. His hands found the singer's thighs and he was gripping them with such need, need for something, anything.
Freddie placed another kiss on John's neck, his lips roaming over the younger boy's soft skin. He kissed and nibbled his way across his shoulder and John only pressed back against him, tilting his head to the side to expose his neck even more.

"D-Darling, are you alright?" Freddie managed to stop and ask, surprised at how hoarse his voice sounded.

John only nodded frantically.

"You do realize that this isn't ... only for therapeutic purposes anymore?" Freddie asked, his own body now moving against John. He writhed around helplessly when another hot jolt of pleasure ran along his spine.

"Mhmm," was all John was able to say.

Freddie knew he should stop. He knew. Something inside of him was screaming at him to stop, but he wasn't able to. It felt too good. Not only physically. But emotionally. The fact that John wasn't uncomfortable or afraid of him. That he was very much enjoying whatever was happening ... Freddie couldn't explain how good that made him feel.

And then the bassist turned around, facing him. The singer could see him breathing heavily, his face flushed. He looked too good to simply push away.

And then Freddie kissed him.

The singer was aware of the fact that this was not the part of the plan. Clearly, he overestimated his self control.

He could feel John's lips moving against his, a bit hesitantly at first. Freddie had to hold himself back, keeping the kiss slow and soft and innocent. He seemed to be rational enough to not pin the bassist underneath him, kissing him passionately.

He felt John place a hand on his shoulder to support himself and that made him smile against his lips. Neither one of them made a move to do anything else besides kissing. Freddie couldn't help but shiver when he heard John moan against his lips. It sent a shock wave of pleasure to his groin and that was when Freddie decided to stop what was happening. He pressed his lips against John's one last time, biting his lower lip slightly before finally moving away, breaking the kiss.

John could not move for a few moments after that. Freddie stared at the boy in front of him in amazement, observing his flushed face, the way his lips were parted slightly as he breathed heavily. His eyes were still closed and Freddie touched his cheek gently, "Darling?"
Hearing that, John opened his eyes and immediately he blushed, looking down, though there was a smile on his face. Freddie noticed it and he couldn't stop his own lips from curling up into a smile.

"Are you alright?" he asked and John nodded.

"Use your words, darling."

John let out a shaky breath, "I-I'm fine, Freddie."

The bassist finally looked up, meeting the singer's eyes and for a moment they were both silent, simply staring at each other. Freddie could hear Roger in his head, telling him that what he did was wrong, but at that moment Freddie couldn't bring himself to care, "Should we ... talk about it?" he asked hesitantly.

John seemed to think about it for a moment, but then shook his head, pressing himself against Freddie and resting his head on his shoulder.

"We should talk about it, darling," Freddie said, wrapping his arms around John.

"Tomorrow."

Freddie smiled at how relaxed John sounded. He wondered what on earth he did to make the younger boy trust him the way he did? How did he earn that trust? With all of his fuck-ups, John had every right to keep him at a distance. But he didn't.

Freddie took a deep breath, realizing that he only made the things more complicated. But he would worry about that the next day. He placed a kiss against John's temple and ran his hand comfortingly through his hair.

If what happened truly was such a horrible mistake, why did it feel so right and perfect and good?

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't resist it anymore. They had to kiss or I'd lose it. :) Hope you enjoyed. :)
It was early in the morning when Freddie woke up. Usually he would get up right away and start his day. He was never the one to laze in the bed, but that particular morning he had no wish to be anywhere but where he was. In his bed, cuddling sleeping John in his arms. He couldn't help but observe the bassist and before he even realized it, his lips curled up into a smile.

In the last few days he realized that John could sleep a lot. Clearly, he was not an early riser and for some reason Freddie found that endearing. Even though it sounded a bit creepy, Freddie liked to watch John sleep. He liked seeing him relaxed and at peace.

The other reason for why Freddie was not getting out of the bed was because he knew they needed to have the talk. Even though the previous evening felt absolutely perfect to Freddie, they did need to talk about it. And that slightly worried the singer. He had such beautiful memories of everything that happened and he didn't want to ruin it with explanations.

And then John started to move and it pulled Freddie out of his thoughts. The bassist groaned, slowly opening his eyes and blinking. Again, Freddie couldn't help but smile at the sight of John, confused, sleepy, with his hair all ruffled. He looked absolutely adorable.

"Good morning, darling," he said quietly.

He did notice the smile that flashed across his face before the younger boy only snuggled closer to him, hiding his face against Freddie's chest.

"Morning," he replied with a yawn, "Too early."

"It's almost half past nine, dear," Freddie said with amusement.

"Still too early," John chuckled, not moving away from Freddie.

And the singer did not want him to. He thought back on Roger's words about cuddling and the hormone it releases. At that moment he realized he never thought about how it was affecting him. Freddie absolutely adored hugging John and cuddling with him.

"You really do like sleeping in, don't you?" Freddie teased, feeling John's body shake slightly as he laughed.

"Who doesn't like sleeping in, Freddie?"
"I don't," Freddie replied truthfully, "I think it's a waste of time."

"Well, then you aren't doing it right," John said, pressing himself closer to the singer.

Freddie tensed up, feeling his body reacting the warmth coming from John and the way the bassist felt so soft. For some reason there were literally butterflies in Freddie's stomach and he had to admit he felt like a teenager going through puberty.

"John, darling, are you alright?" he finally asked, slowly approaching the subject.

"Mhm," the bassist nodded, clearly still half asleep, "Why do you ask?"

"I'm asking because of what happened last night," he said quietly, observing John for any kind of reaction. He did expect to feel John tense up or stutter awkwardly, but neither of that happened. In fact, John said nothing.

For a moment Freddie thought the bassist fell back asleep.

"John?"

"Yes?"

Freddie let out a laugh, "I am discussing the last night's events with you, darling. Please, say something."

John was silent again and Freddie felt his stomach drop, thinking that silence was not a good sign. Expecting the bassist to admit he did not like what had happened between them, Freddie tensed up, preparing himself.

"I really liked it, Freddie," John said quietly.

It caught the singer completely off guard and this time it was him who stuttered, "Y-You did?"

John nodded against his chest, "It was ... perfect."

"Perfect?" the singer repeated, not believing what he was hearing, "John, please, look at me?"

The younger boy obeyed, moving slightly away from Freddie and looking up at him. Freddie could see the sheer calmness in the bassist's eyes. He wasn't nervous or anxious or ... lying.
"What do you mean 'perfect', darling?" he asked, keeping the eye contact with John. He needed to know.

A smile appeared on John's face as he tried to explain, "I-I mean ... it was perfect. I've never felt ... that," then the smile disappeared from his face and concern replaced it, "Why? Did you not like it?"

A short laughed of disbelief escaped Freddie, "Darling, how can you ask me that? Of course I liked it."

That seemed to relax the bassist and he nodded, smiling again, "Alright."

"But ... " Freddie started carefully, "Where do we go from here?"

John seemed to think about it for a few moments and he did seem a bit anxious then. Upon noticing the struggle on John's face, Freddie had to help him. Had to get the pressure off of him. He gently touched John's face, caressing his cheek, "Darling, nothing needs to come out if it. We can leave it at that. I'd understand."

John immediately shook his head, "N-No."

"No what?"

The bassist blushed, breaking the eye contact, "I'd like it very much if ... it happened again, Freddie."

"You would?"

"V-Very much," John replied, taking in a deep breath.

They were interrupted by a knock on the door. Freddie immediately removed his hand from John's face and the bassist returned to his side of the bed, making some space between him and the singer.

"Yes?" Freddie asked, clearing his throat.

"Oi, are you awake?" came Roger's voice from the other side of the door.

"We are, Rog. What do you need?"

Silence.
"Rog?" Freddie asked, looking at John in confusion.

"How do you start the washing machine?" they finally heard Roger ask.

John couldn't help but laugh at that and Freddie only rolled his eyes, "Are you serious?"

"Y-Yes," the drummer acted annoyed, "I've never done it before, Fred."

The singer sighed, "Just give me a minute."

He could hear the drummer walking away and Freddie looked at John again, "We'll have to finish this conversation later, alright? I have to help him before he floods our bathroom."

John laughed again and made himself comfortable in the bed, "I-I think I'll have another nap. Your bed is really comfortable."

"Don't tempt me, darling," Freddie smirked before finally getting up and leaving the room. He did stop when he reached the door, looking at the bassist who seemed to be already asleep and he couldn't help but simply stare at him for a few moments, enjoying just how right it felt. John peacefully asleep in his bed. Before John could catch him staring, Freddie quickly left the room.

ooo

After the bathroom scene in which Freddie spent twenty minutes trying and failing to explain to Roger how a washing machine works and in the end simply starting it himself, the two boys were were eating breakfast in their kitchen.

"Which club do you want to go to tonight?" Roger asked, stuffing a spoonful of cereal into his mouth.

"One of the normal clubs," Freddie sighed, "I really don't have a preference."

"Sure. We can go to that one down the street from us," Roger suggested and then noticed that Freddie wasn't really paying attention to the conversation.

"Yes, yes, sure," the singer answered, staring down at the cup of tea in front of him.
"And after," the drummer carefully started, keeping his voice normal, "I'm thinking of robbing a bank. Care to join me? We'll just have to find a way to keep it from Brian."

"Sure, I'm in," Freddie replied nonchalantly.

Roger had to laugh at that mental image, but then he cleared his throat, "Fred. You are not even listening."

That got his attention, "What? Of course I am, darling."

"You just agreed to rob a bank with me."

"You want to rob a bank?" Freddie asked, completely confused.

"What? No," Roger took a deep breath, then started again, "What are you thinking about? Because clearly, your mind is somewhere else."

Freddie looked up at the drummer and clearly there was something on his mind and he opened his mouth to speak, but in the end decided against it, simply shaking his head. Roger knew Freddie really well and he knew if something was visibly bothering the singer, it had to be really important.

"Freddie. Talk," he ordered, leaning back in his chair, giving the singer all of his attention.

"It's nothing," Freddie tried to brush it away, smiling.

"Alright. It's nothing," Roger agreed, "But I still want to know."

The singer looked at him again, simply staring at him, clearly struggling with the decision whether to say anything or not. Finally he simply let out a deep breath, carefully speaking, "Roger, do you think ... can someone be turned ... gay?"

The drummer's brows furrowed in confusion, "How do you mean?"

"I mean ... Do you think a situation or a ... person could turn another person gay?"

Roger had to think about it for a moment, but then he grinned, "I am sorry, Freddie, but sadly I am 100% straight."

Freddie smacked his arm in annoyance, "Oh, forget about it, you ... dumb blond."
"No, no, wait. I'm sorry, alright?" Roger apologized, trying to act serious, "Alright. Do I think someone can be turned gay?"

Hesitantly, the singer met his eyes again, waiting for the answer. Judging by the expression on his face, Roger realized this was something he was very serious about. He did wonder why Freddie was asking about it, but decided he did not want to know. At least for the time being.

When he finally spoke, Roger tried to keep his voice neutral, "I think you are the most appropriate person to answer that, Fred. I can only say that ... " the drummer sighed, trying to find the right words to explain, "I understand if someone who is ... straight finds another person of the same sex relatively attractive. But turning gay for that person ... when you were completely straight before ... I don't know. It's a tough one. It depends, I guess."

Freddie thinks about his answer for a few long moments, "Theoretically, if you as a ... completely straight male were to find me attractive ... that wouldn't mean that I turned you gay?"

"No, that would just mean you're really hot," Roger grinned and Freddie smacked his arm again.

"You are completely useless, darling," the singer sighed, taking a sip of his tea.

Roger was still laughing, rubbing his hand over the spot where Freddie hit him, "Why are you asking me these questions, Fred? It's too early for those serious subjects. Besides, what's wrong with being turned gay? What's wrong with being gay?" the drummer casually asked as he stood up and walked over to the fridge.

Freddie couldn't help but smile at his words, feeling all kinds of warm and fuzzy inside.

"I tell you, there is only one person I would go gay for," Roger said and Freddie immediately turned around, facing the drummer, his eyes wide open with interest,"And who would that be, darling?"

Roger raised his eyebrow, clearly enjoying the attention, "I'm not telling you."

"Is it me?" Freddie asked, running his finger through his hair and acting seductively.

A laugh escaped the drummer, "No."

Immediately the singer rolled his eyes, "Well, who is it?"

"I'm not telling you!"
"Come on, Rog. Tell me."

"No."

The boys spent their whole afternoon hanging out in the living room with Freddie playing on the piano and showing Roger his song *Get down, make love* which the drummer really liked. He kept laughing and smirking as he read through the lyrics.

John kept himself in the background, not really voicing his opinion on anything, only looking at Freddie every now and then and then quickly blushing and looking away. But it wasn't in a negative way as the singer could very clearly recognize the shy smile on his face and every time it happened, Freddie couldn't help but smile back. He found the way in which the bassist was responding and reacting to him very adorable.

When he was finally done reading through the lyrics, Roger took a deep breath, meeting Freddie's eyes, "You're a bottom, Fred."

"What?" the singer looked at him with a puzzled expression.

The drummer held up the notebook, "This right here? The song? It is *obvious* you are a bottom."

Rubbing his forehead in annoyance, Freddie asked, "Why are you that fascinated with my sex life, darling? I am starting to suspect you might want to be a part of it," then he arched an eyebrow, "Though unfortunately, two bottoms together? That doesn't work, darling."

Roger's eyes widened. "Did you just admit you're a - " but then he realized what the singer also implied, "Hey! I wouldn't be a bottom, I assure you."

"It takes one to know one," Freddie teased and started playing the piano again, completely ignoring Roger as he tried to explain why he wouldn't be a bottom.

John had to laugh at the scene in front of him, but then his mind went elsewhere. He never thought about it, but for some reason the bickering between Freddie and Roger made him question some things about himself. What would he be if he ... were to ... try it with a man? Was it something that came naturally or was it something that a person needed to decide about? John couldn't help but wince at the memory of *that* night in the bathroom stall and he realized that at that moment he was a bottom. And he wouldn't want to be that ever again. It was horrible and painful and just ... *horrible*. But at the same time he didn't see himself as a top, as Roger would say. He knew he didn't have it in
him to be that. And he had no interest to. Perhaps sex simply wasn't for him?

His thoughts were interrupted by a doorbell and immediately Roger got up to answer the door. It was Brian who came a bit early to hang with them before they left for a fun night out. After talking for a while and Freddie showing his new song to Brian to which the guitarist only replied with a facepalm and a "Really, Freddie?", Roger pulled a small box from under the desk, placing it on top of it.

"I have an idea," the drummer said with a smirk, "This morning I was thinking about new ways we could hang out and ... get to know each other better and I came up with a game."

"Oh lord," Freddie sighed, rolling his eyes.

Roger ignored it as he continued, opening the box which seemed to be filled with small, folded pieces of paper, "I wrote some questions and each gets to pick one, read the question and answer it."

The other three boys only stared at him and then Freddie finally spoke, "So it's like Spin the bottle, but it's only you asking the questions?"

Roger had to think about it for a moment, but then he nodded, grinning, "When you put it that way, yes."

"What is it with you and questions?" Brian asked, staring at the box on the table.

"How bored were you?" Freddie laughed, staring at the box as well, "That's a lot of questions!"

The drummer was starting to get annoyed, "I put my heart and soul into this game and you don't like it!"

"It's just a bit weird, Rog," Brian commented, trying to be polite.

John did notice that Roger seemed to be genuinely hurt by the mocking he was receiving from Freddie and Brian. It must have taken the drummer at least an hour to write all those questions down.

"I'd love to play," John said quietly, making the three boys look at him in surprise.

"Really?" Roger's face lit up and the bassist nodded, smiling.

"Alright," Freddie let out a breath, "We have nothing better to do, really."

Roger explained the rules that he came up with. Everything was the same as with 'Spin the bottle',
only that there was no bottle and all the questions came from Roger. It was then that John felt slightly uneasy, but he pushed those thoughts aside.

Freddie was the first one to choose his question. He randomly picked out one folded piece of paper, his lips curling up in a smile as he read the question, "What do you think about Roger?"

The drummer grinned as he leaned back in his chair, waiting for the answer.

Freddie cleared his throat before he begun, "I used to think that Roger was a really smart, intelligent and talented young boy. But then I started living with him and I realized he is a dumb blond. That is all."

That caused the drummer to grab a cushion and throw it at the singer, "Really, Freddie?"

The singer finally gave in, "Fine. I think Roger is a really talented drummer. I think he is really sweet, even though that is easily overshadowed with his outbursts of anger. Overall, I actually really like the dumb blond. Most of the time."

John noticed that Roger blushed just slightly, before he cleared his throat and brought his hand to the box, choosing his question.

"Do you like dirty talk?" he read the question and laughed, "Yes, I do."

"Roger, you do realize you are answering your own questions?" Brian asked, pointing out the flaw in the game.

"So?" came a reply from the drummer.

"There is no surprise in it for you as you were the one who came up with the questions?"

Roger quickly dismissed that, "Bold of you to assume I remember all the questions I wrote, Bri. Your turn."

Brian only rolled his eyes, picking his question. He unfolded the small piece of paper and when he read the question, he shot a look at the drummer, "Really, Roger?"

"What's the question, darling?" asked Freddie, slowly getting really into the game.

Brian cleared his throat, "Are you a top or a bottom?"
Freddie laughed at that, quickly covering his mouth with his hand. John couldn't help but chuckle at the obsession that the drummer seemed to have with Freddie's sex life.

"I was hoping Freddie would pick that one," Roger admitted, uttering a quick 'sorry'.

"Do I need to answer it?" Brian asked and Freddie nodded, "Only hypothetically, darling. If aliens took over the Earth ... If you had to be one or the other, what would you be?"

Brian had to think about it for a moment. A long moment. The room was completely silent as the other three boys waited for Brian to decide and answer the question.

Finally, Roger seemed to lose his patience, "Oh, god, Bri. It's a hypothetical question. No one is going to hold you to that."

"I guess I would be ... a top?" Brian replied, though there was uncertainty in his voice. Both Roger and Freddie seemed to accept his answer and they nodded, then all three boys turned to John. It was his turn. John smiled, bringing his hand to the box, picking out a piece of paper. He unfolded in and his stomach dropped as he read the question. His heart started beating faster and he swallowed hard, staring at the words written on the paper.

"Well, Deaky?" Roger asked, then continued a bit playfully, "Don't keep us waiting. We won't judge, don't worry."

Freddie immediately noticed that something was wrong. It wasn't just the normal awkwardness or embarrassment. He noticed the way John's face fell and the way he was blinking nervously.

"Deaky?" Roger asked again, "What's the question?"

John finally looked up, "Um... Have you ever had sex with someone whose name you didn't know?"

"Well, did you?" Roger teased, clearly completely oblivious to the obvious, "Don't be shy."

John's brain seemed to stop working. He couldn't think of a thing to say. If he refused to answer, it would be suspicious and they would all probably assume the answer was 'yes'. But he didn't want to answer truthfully and he didn't want to lie. At that moment he wanted to get up from the sofa and run into Freddie's bedroom to hide.

He felt the singer's hand on his back in an attempt to comfort him. And then he heard Freddie speak, "Of course he hasn't, Rog. Who do you think he is? You?"

"Piss off, Fred," Roger acted offended, "I always ask for their names, but by the end of it ... I forget."
Freddie said something to that and the Brian joined the discussion and John's question was completely forgotten which made the bassist relax slightly. He met Freddie's eyes, trying to show him just how grateful he was for his assistance and the singer smiled back, not removing his hand from John's back.

After a few more rounds, it was already time to start getting ready. Grateful that he didn't have to answer anymore of Roger's weird questions, John hurried to Freddie's room. The singer followed him immediately, taking advantage of the fact that they were alone to ask a question that was on his mind since they decided to go out.

"Are you really sure you want to go out, darling? We really don't have to."

"I'm sure, Freddie. I-I'll be fine."

John was probably really convincing because the singer seemed to believe him.

"Alright. Promise to tell me the moment you want to leave?"

The sheer concern from Freddie brought a smile to John's face, "I promise."

About half an hour later they were all dressed and ready to leave. Fortunately, the club they were planning to visit was not too far away and they could walk there. As they approached it, they could already hear the music coming from the inside. Even though John really tried, he couldn't help but feel slightly nervous at the sight of people dancing and drinking and making out. It was pretty dark inside and the music was very loud, but his eyes and ears quickly got used to it. John grabbed Freddie's arm as they made their way though the group of people on the dance floor. Thankfully, they found a free table and they all sat down, looking around. John realized he was still holding Freddie's arm and he quickly released it, not wanting to seem weak. He was fine. He just needed to breathe.

"What are you all drinking?" Roger asked, "I'll go order."

"Gin and tonic, please," Freddie replied.

"Same," came from Brian.

"I-I'll have ... a beer?" John said and immediately all three of them looked at the younger boy.

"Are you ... sure, Deaky?" Roger asked, a bit suspiciously.

John felt awkward with all three of them staring at him like he was a child who needed to be
protected at all cost. Before the attack they treated him as equal, offering him alcohol and cigarettes and now they looked at him in shock when he ordered a simple beer.

"Are you sure, darling?" Freddie leaned closer to him.

"I-I'm sure," John tried to smile politely, "I haven't taken any pills and besides it's ... just a beer."

Freddie, Brian and Roger exchanged worried glances, but then the drummer simply shook his shoulders, "Alright," and with that he was gone. He returned only a minute later, saying the bartender would bring the drinks soon.

John looked around, his eyes moving frantically from a person to person. It appeared everyone was having a good time and he was the only one who was nervous. He couldn't help but smile as he realized Freddie was sitting closer to him than necessary. He did feel safe. He knew nothing would happen to him, but there was still that feeling. That weird feeling of panic, but he succeeded in keeping a neutral face. However, that changed when a bartender appeared, bringing them the drinks they ordered. As the beer was placed in front of him, John only stared at it, his entire body tensing up. He noticed it was already opened and immediately he felt terrified. Could he trust the bartender? What if something was put in his beer? What if something was put in Freddie's drink? Or Roger's? Or Brian's?

And then John felt someone touch his hand under the table. He looked at Freddie and the singer gave him an encouraging smile before interlocking their fingers in the sweetest way. Hidden under the table where no one could see, Freddie gently rubbed his thumb over the soft skin on John's hand.

"Are you going dancing?" Roger suddenly asked, pulling them both from the intimate moment they seemed to be sharing and immediately they broke the contact, both placing their hands on the table.

"I don't dance," Brian answered, bringing his drink to his mouth.

"John?" Freddie asked gently.

"I-I'll stay here too," the bassist replied, thankful he at least had Brian.

"Then I'll stay too," the singer said, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his back pocket.

John leaned closer to him, "Freddie, if you want to dance, go. I really don't mind. I'll stay with Brian."

The singer looked at him and shook his head, "No, John. I am staying."
There was something in his eyes that made John shiver. He felt there was no point in arguing or trying to convince him otherwise. Freddie was staying with him and that was it. Soon after, Roger simply disappeared into the crowd. Freddie brought a cigarette to his lips, taking a long drag from it. Even though he really tried, John could not keep up with the conversation that Freddie and Brian were having. He was too distracted with reminding himself to breathe. When he finally felt brave enough, he brought the beer to his mouth and took a sip. But he was still anxious. He tried to concentrate on Freddie and Brian, he observed them as they talked and laughed and it did seem to help, but only slightly.

And after a while and a few sips of his beer he realized he really needed to use the restroom. Immediately he tensed up, not knowing what to do. Should he ask Brian or Freddie to accompany him? Like he was a child.

But he couldn't. He couldn't go there by himself. There was absolutely no way he was able to do that.

Hesitantly he touched Freddie's leg under the table, making the singer look at him, "Yes, darling?"

John could feel himself blushing and there was no point in trying to hide it. It was a humiliating situation. He leaned a bit closer to the singer, whispering to him, "I-I need to use the ... restroom."

Thankfully, the singer immediately understood what he wanted from him and he stood up, "We need to go take a leak, Brian, dear."

John blushed even more at the way Freddie phrased it, but Brian did not seem to be bothered by it. He simply nodded, bringing his drink to his mouth again. Freddie said nothing to him as he took a hold of John's arm and led him towards the restrooms. Upon entering, John realized there were urinals and toilet stalls. There were other men there doing their business and John opted for the stall.

"I'll wait for you here, darling," Freddie said with a smile, making his way over to the urinals. Before the singer could unzip his pants, John escaped in the stall, closing the doors behind him. He could hear the music and for some reason it made his heart beat faster. He thought back to that night and remembered he could hear the music while he was ... being attacked. It was so loud that it was no surprise that no one was able to hear anything. Even though there were people in the restroom, no one heard John cry out or whimper. No one heard that other man groan in pleasure.

John suddenly felt sick to his stomach. He quickly finished his business and left the stall. Freddie was right where he promised to be; waiting for him by the sinks. John offered him a smile before washing his hands. And then he stopped, looking at himself in the mirror. He could see the hickey on his own neck, even though the hickey was no longer visible. But John could see it there. Purple. With teeth marks. Realizing his own brain was playing tricks on him, John quickly moved away from the mirror.

"You alright?" he heard Freddie ask with concern and John only nodded, looking down. Freddie knew that was a lie, but decided to let it slide. When they both returned to their table, they found
Brian and Roger in a heated debate.

"It's a song about a car, Rog," Brian let out a laugh, "You don't even own a car!"

"It's a metaphor, Brian," Roger shot back, clearly getting very angry and irritated, "Besides, it's not yet finished."

"Still. It's about a car!"

"What's wrong with that?" Roger asked, glaring at the guitarist.

Brian only stared at him, not sure if the drummer was being serious or not. They kept arguing, John could hear them in the background, but his mind was elsewhere. He kept his eyes down, hoping he would go unnoticed.

But he was mistaken.

Freddie reached towards him, brushing his hair behind his ear in a most delicate way, "What's wrong, darling? Do you wish to go home?"

John felt his entire body shiver at the feeling of Freddie's fingers brushing against his cheek and then his neck. He did want to go home, but didn't want to ruin it for the other three.

"I-I'm fine," he forced out, trying to sound cheerful.

"I can see that you're not," Freddie replied, still caressing his cheek.

They were interrupted by Roger's angry voice, "Oi, what are you looking at, mate?"

Both Freddie and John turned to see who Roger was talking to and they realized there were three guys standing behind them.

"Nothing," one of the guys answered, acting smug.

Roger stood up angrily, "You were pointing at my friends and laughing. You got a problem with something?"

Brian stood up as well, placing a hand on Roger's shoulder in an attempt to calm him down. John had no idea what was happening. Why were they getting in a fight? Why was Roger so angry?
"I wasn't," the guy replied, but Roger was having none of that.

"Oh, you could say it behind his back, but now you don't have the balls to do it?" the drummer asked, trying to move, but Brian grabbed his arm, not allowing him.

"Calm down, mate," that guy said and that seemed to push Roger over the edge.

"Don't fucking tell me what to do. And don't call me *mate,*" he raised his voice. John tensed up and Freddie stood up as well, moving to stand in front of Roger. He was talking to him, saying something, but he spoke so quietly that John couldn't hear a single word. Whatever he said, it seemed to work and the drummer seemed to calm down.

"I suggest you move your arses somewhere else, gentlemen," Brian said to those guys, using his cold and authoritative tone. It did the trick and without saying a word, they disappeared into the crowd. Brian, Roger and Freddie finally sat back down and immediately John noticed the mood change in Freddie. The singer seemed down and distanced, not saying much for the rest of the night. John kept sending him worried glances and at one point he even touched Freddie's hand under the table, but the moment their fingers met, the singer moved his hand away, placing it on the table.

John didn't understand what was happening or why the sudden change in Freddie's behavior. Even though they all tried to pretend that nothing happened, it was clear that the night was ruined and they decided to go home. They walked to their flat in silence. Brian and Roger did exchange a few words, but Freddie was uncharacteristically quiet. After reaching their flat, Brian said his goodbye and drove off in his van, leaving the other three in an uncomfortable silence.

Roger quickly disappeared to his room and Freddie decided to take a shower. John had no other option but to wait in Freddie's bedroom. He needed to talk to him. He needed to understand what was happening.

When the singer finally returned, drying his hair with a towel, John wasted no time, jumping straight to the point.

"Why did Roger almost attack that guy?" he asked quietly, aware that the walls were paper thin. The last thing he wanted was the drummer to hear John asking about him.

Freddie stopped his movements for a moment, but then he continued, "It's nothing to worry about, darling. Forget about it."

"You changed, Freddie," John whispered, "After that happened ... you changed."

"Well ... it was an intense situation."
"Why? Why happened? Why was Roger so angry?"

Finally Freddie made his way to the bed, sitting down next to John. He seemed to be struggling with his next words, "Roger is ... he has anger issues."

"I-I have noticed that," John admitted, not knowing where the singer was going with it.

"He sometimes overreacts," the singer sighed, his face turning soft, "Roger had a ... difficult childhood, darling. He doesn't speak much of it, but there was a lot ... of domestic violence."

Freddie could still remember the evening when Roger got drunk and started talking about his life, opening up like never before. The alcohol helped, of course, but it seemed as if the drummer really needed to get it off his chest. He talked about his father and violent he was, regularly beating Roger's mother, his sister and him. When the drummer was old enough and strong enough to defend them, he did. The story shocked Freddie completely. He couldn't even imagine living in a home where violence was something completely normal. The most awful thing Freddie's own father did to him was a glare. They had their problems, of course, but Freddie's father rarely even raised his voice at him and his sister.

Since hearing Roger's story, the singer had a lot more understanding for the drummer and his outbursts of anger and violence. Yes, it did happen over minor things like arguing over songs, but most of the time, Roger got into fights to defend someone. Or to right something that he thought was wrong.

Freddie continued, forcing the words out of his mouth, "Those guys were probably pointing at us and laughing amongst themselves and Roger noticed it."

John tensed up, "What ... what were we doing wrong? Why were they laughing at us?"

There was surprise in Freddie's eyes at hearing John's question, "Darling, I was caressing your cheek. And we were in a normal club. Something like that between two ... males is frowned upon."

"Don't call it like that."

"Call what like that?"

"Don't say normal club because ... it implies that ... gay clubs aren't normal."

Freddie remained silent, staring down at his hands. It was then that John realized it, "Y-You ... you don't think that gay clubs are normal."
"John - "

"You don't think being ... gay is normal, do you?"

The singer swallowed hard, "Darling. It was illegal up until a few years ago."

"But it's not anymore."

Freddie forced a smile, even though there was clear guilt and sadness in his eyes, "I don't want you to go through what I went through. Or ... am still going through. Daily."

"W-What do you mean?"

The singer moved closer to John, gently taking his hands in his, "Forgive me for rejecting your touch, darling. I-I don't want people pointing at you and laughing and ... mocking you. I don't want that for you."

"I-I don't care."

Freddie didn't understand why the bassist was staring at him with such intensity, "Darling - "

"You make me ... feel good," John admitted quietly, "I like being near you. With you."

It was obvious to both of them that they were saying so much without actually saying anything directly.

"C-Can I touch you?" John hesitantly asked and Freddie looked down at their intertwined fingers, "You are touching me, dear."

John let out a breath, blushing, "I-I mean ... Can I touch your ... chest?"

He was afraid to meet the singer's eyes and only after the words left his mouth, John realized how weird it sounded. Why was he asking to touch his chest? He felt so embarrassed he wanted to hide under the covers.

"Why do you want to do that, darling?" Freddie asked softly and slight surprise could be heard in his tone.

"I-I ... want to try it. You don't have to i-if you don't want to - " he babbled, the nerves getting the best of him.
“Did you mean over the shirt on under?” he heard Freddie ask and he had to remind himself to breathe. Somehow, he managed to force himself to meet Freddie's eyes and he couldn't reply. He just stared at the singer, his face burning up.

Freddie understood and smiled, pulling his hands away from John only to unbutton his shirt and remove it from his body. John quickly averted his gaze but then realized how stupid that was. He was the one who asked him to remove his shirt and now he was looking away in embarrassment.

“What now, darling?” Freddie asked as he waited patiently.

John could not will his hands to move. He hesitantly looked at the singer, blushing even more at the sight of his naked upper body. It wasn't the first time he was seeing Freddie topless, but it was the first time it was this intimate. For some reason.

“Have you changed your mind?” the singer asked, “It's alright if you did, dear,” with that he made a move to get dressed again, but John stopped him, grabbing his wrists.

Freddie smiled and waited. John couldn't understand why he was feeling so nervous.

“C-Can I?” he asked and the singer responded by gently taking his hands and placing them on his chest.

“You can, darling,” he said with a reassuring smile while John simply rested his palms on his chest. After a long moment, the bassist finally forced his hands to move, tracing them up to Freddie’s shoulders, then slowly down his chest, feeling his heartbeat. John wondered if he was supposed to feel it? Or was the singer as excited and nervous as he was? Freddie's skin was warm and soft and John couldn't understand why he liked the singer's chest hair as much as he did. And then Freddie caught his left hand as it made a descent along his chest, lifting it to his mouth and placing a soft kiss on the skin there.

“John,” Freddie carefully started, “Do you ... find me physically attractive?”

That made the bassist tense up. He didn't know. Clearly, there was something happening there, but John was afraid of what Freddie was trying to ask with that question. If he answered 'yes', would that mean he was saying yes to ... doing things with him? He didn't know if he was ready for that. Well, he knew he wasn’t.

“Darling?” Freddie asked softly, noticing the struggle on John's face.

“I-I don't want to ... F-Freddie ... ” he stuttered, completely breathless, "I-I don't think I'm ready to do ... t-that yet. I'm sorry,” he pulled his hands from the singer.
"Do what, dear?" Freddie sounded a bit confused and concerned.

"That ... thing. The ... sex," the last word was whispered and Freddie barely heard it.

"What?" he asked in complete confusion, "Darling, who said anything about sex?"

"Y-You asked if ... I find you ... attractive and - "

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I want to jump you right this instant," Freddie explained, his voice becoming softer, "Darling, you don't need to worry about that. Please, trust me."

John did seem to calm down slightly at those words and then he nodded, "Then ... alright. I-I think I do find you ... attractive."

"Do you like me because of the role I play or because you ... like me?"

That question seemed to surprise him, "W-What role?"

"The ... friend role," Freddie replied, quietly, "The ... care giver after what happened to you."

John moved closer to the singer until their legs were touching, "Freddie, I love that about you. I-I love how ... sweet and caring you are. And I would love that about you even if that night never happened. I-I liked you even before that night happened."

"You did?"

John blushed at the memory, "You were ... really sweet to me. And you actually looked me in the eyes when you ... talked to me. And you wanted to hear my opinion on things. I-I liked you since the first day."

"As a friend?" Freddie asked carefully.

"Freddie," John breathed out, "Can you ... just ... kiss me?"

When he looked at the singer, he noticed the playfulness in his eyes and John completely froze when the singer moved closer to him, bringing his face to John's. The bassist's immediate reaction was to close his eyes as he waited for Freddie's lips on his. But then he felt a soft kiss on his cheek. He opened his eyes in surprise to find Freddie staring at him with a smirk on his face.
"F-Freddie," he pleaded, "Can you ... please?"

Again, the singer leaned closer to him, this time placing a kiss on his forehead. John had to smile, even though he was getting ... frustrated?

"Please," he whispered again.

This time, Freddie pressed his lips on his nose, then on his chin, then on his temple. John couldn't help but laugh at the feeling of small, feather like kisses being planted all over his face. Just as he opened his mouth to protest, he finally felt Freddie's lips where he wanted them for the last few minutes. On his own lips. He could feel when Freddie cupped his face gently in his hands, holding it in place. John did have one or two kissing sessions with girls in his life, but Freddie's lips were the softest, warmest, sweetest lips he ever felt against his own. He could feel the singer's fingers gently brushing down his cheek and along his jaw while his lips moved tenderly against his. Tenderly, but at the same time intensely. John nearly passed out when he felt Freddie break the kiss, only to trace his tongue slowly across the bassist's lower lip before pressing his mouth against his again.

When it was finally over, this time John forced himself to open his eyes so that he could look at Freddie and see the emotions on his face. He needed to see if the singer felt the same about the kiss as he did. Their eyes locked, staring at each other.

And John could see it. Freddie did like it. He could see it in his eyes, he could tell by the way that he was breathing, his chest heaving.

And then John felt guilty. Guilty for not wanting to do anything more. For not being able to do anything more. He placed a hesitant kiss on Freddie's cheek.

"What was that for, darling?" the singer asked softly and John shook his head, "A-Apology. For ... doing only that. Just the kissing. I-I know you want more, but - "

"Who says I want more?" Freddie pulled him closer as he leaned back until they were both lying in bed.

When John remained silent, the singer tightened his grip around his body, "Don't worry about anything, dear. It was perfect."

Immediately he felt the younger boy relax against him and Freddie couldn't help but smile. Was it really happening? Just a few days ago he was seeing John as a friend in need. But now ... was he really falling for the bassist? Freddie was well aware how ridiculous it sounded. But everything he did with John felt absolutely perfect. If only he could show the affection towards him outside the comfort of his own bedroom.

But Freddie knew that was impossible. At least for the time being.
Some more fluff and love for our boys. The things get kind of heated in the next chapter. ;) Just a tiny bit. Hope you enjoyed!
John woke up to an empty bed, which did disappoint him slightly. He much preferred the previous morning when the first thing he became aware of upon waking up, was Freddie's warm body against him. Especially after what happened between them. Even though John tried to push those thoughts away, not wanting to be too needy and dependent, he did feel a bit uneasy about waking up alone after the ... making out session they had the night earlier. At the same time, he did understand that Freddie did not like to laze in bed, like he himself put it. And he was not about to expect that the singer suddenly changes his habits just because of him.

As he cuddled up on the bed, John couldn't help but think back on the previous night. Before he even realized it, he was smiling and touching his lips with his fingers, remembering just how good it felt kissing the singer. There was a bit of uncertainty regarding what Freddie thought of the kiss. He knew the singer liked it; the smile on his face and the look in his eyes immediately afterwards told him that, but John knew that he probably wasn't an extraordinary kisser. Even when it was him who initiated the kiss, pressing his lips against Freddie's, John wasn't sure what to do next and usually the singer took control, setting the movement and John followed, trying to keep up. At least he thought he was able to keep up.

And then the doubt settled it and the smile immediately disappeared from the bassist's face. What if he sucked at it? He could clearly hear Freddie's words in his head 'who says I want more?'. John's stomach twisted as dozens of possibilities ran through his mind. What if the singer was not interested in him in that way? John just assumed that he was, but did Freddie ever actually say he wanted to ... do things with him?

John thought back to the night of the attack when him and the singer went to that club and Freddie was off dancing with his friend or ... boyfriend at the time. Even though it was dark, John could see the man dancing with Freddie was very attractive. He looked like a man. Not like a boy. Not like John. The bassist was very aware of the fact that there was nothing special about him. He looked normal and ... boring.

Immediately John became self conscious and his mind was now filled with doubts and suspicions. Even though he knew he should probably get out of bed and start his day, he decided to stay in the room for a bit longer.

ooo

There was a reason why Freddie got up immediately after waking up. He wanted to talk to Roger and thought the best time would be while John was still asleep. Because of what he wanted to
discuss with the drummer, he thought it would be best if they had some privacy.

After his usual morning routine in the bathroom, Freddie gently knocked on Roger's door, hoping the drummer was already awake.

"Yeah?" he heard a sleepy voice from the other side of the door.

"Can I come in, darling?" the singer asked and after receiving a 'yeah, sure' he pushed the door open, walking into the room. He found the drummer still in his bed, looking very sleepy and exhausted.

"Oh no, did I wake you up?" Freddie asked with concern, sitting on the bed next to Roger.

"When did that ever stop you?" the drummer asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

Freddie offered a sincere smile, "I'm sorry, darling."

Usually the singer would reply to his rude comment with another rude and snarky comment and the fact that Freddie apologized to him and it sounded sincere, made Roger a bit worried.

He looked at the singer in front of him, "Is something wrong?"

"No, no, nothing is wrong, dear."

Roger gave him a puzzled expression, "Then why are you in my room, sitting on my bed at ... " he paused to look at the clock, "Eight in the morning?"

Freddie's face softened and he smiled again, "I wanted to talk to you about what happened last night. We haven't really had the chance to do so yet."

At hearing the reason for his visit, the drummer looked down, shrugging his shoulders, "There's nothing to say, really. I fucked up and I'm ... sorry."

"Why are you saying you fucked up?" Freddie asked, clearly surprised.

There was shame on Roger's face as he spoke, "Because I flipped out in front of Deaky again. And ... I shouldn't have done that. I'm really sorry if I scared him, Fred. I-I can talk to him and ... apologize - "

"You didn't scare him, darling," Freddie replied softly, bringing his hand to Roger's hair, brushing his fingers through it. Even though the drummer would never admit it, he liked when Freddie played
with his hair. It happened rarely, usually when the drummer needed comfort of some kind.

Freddie continued, "You stood up for us - " then he quickly corrected himself, "I-I mean me. They probably had a problem with me, as per usual."

Roger gritted his teeth in anger, "It's not fucking fair, Fred."

"What is not fair?"

"How come I can hold hands with a girl in public or literally make out with her and no one says anything? But the moment you just ... brush hair out of Deaky's face, someone seems to have a problem with that?" the drummer was angry, but tried to keep his voice low, not wanting John to hear him.

Freddie swallowed hard, trying very hard to keep a reassuring smile on his face, "That is just how it is, darling. I don't want you getting upset over it, alright?"

Roger shook his head, clearly not agreeing with him.

The singer tried again, "But that's a subject for another time, darling. I-I just wanted to make sure you don't feel bad about how you reacted. I appreciate it."

It took him a few moments to respond, but then Roger looked up at Freddie, smiling slightly, "You aren't ... angry at me?"

"Why would I be angry at you for defending me? Don't be ridiculous, darling," Freddie offered a big smile, "But don't put yourself in dangerous situations, alright?"

"I could have taken him. All of them," Roger muttered under his breath.

"Rog," Freddie tried to get his attention again, "I don't want anything to happen to you because of me. Besides," the singer arched an eyebrow, "I did a lot of boxing in my younger years, darling. Don't you forget that. I can take care of myself, dear."

Roger smiled at that, but said nothing.

"Can I hug you now or are you too tough for that?" Freddie teased and Roger rolled his eyes in a playful way.

"Shut it, Freddie," the drummer then leaned closer to Freddie, wrapping his arms around him. Freddie let out a deep breath, caressing the back of Roger's head with his hand. He couldn't help but
smile as he realized how far the drummer has come. Freddie could still remember the times when the drummer did not want anyone to touch him as he thought of hugs as a sign of weakness. It took a while, but Freddie somehow managed to break down those walls.

They held still for a few moments, just hugging, before finally Freddie pulled away, still keeping his hands on Roger's shoulders, "Now, do you care to join me for breakfast?"

"Have you prepared something?" the drummer asked, surprised.

"Er ... no," Freddie let out a laugh, "We can eat cereal?"

The singer then stood up and Roger followed, rolling his eyes, "Really, Fred? You could've at least made me some breakfast if you decided to wake me up this early in the morning."

"Shut it, you dumb blond."

ooo

Freddie did notice that John was acting weird around him the whole morning. When he joined him and Roger for breakfast he seemed normal, but every now and then Freddie caught John staring at him, then quickly looking away. The bassist seemed to be in deep thought, clearly struggling with something.

"How's your wrist, Deaky?" Roger asked, making John snap back to reality.

"Er ... I don't know," the bassist answered, looking down at the compression wrap around his wrist, "I-I haven't taken it off yet. I'm not sure how long I'm supposed to ... keep it on."

"Better you leave in on longer than if you take it off before it heals properly," Freddie replied, "As I said, we are in no hurry. You take your time."

John felt really bad about holding the band back. They needed the money, but because of him, they were on hold, not able to perform anywhere.

"I'll ... take it off tomorrow and see how it feels," he said, smiling nervously.

"Freddie's right," Roger added, "Taking it off before it heals properly would only cause you more damage. Long term. Keep it on for a few more days."
John nodded, then cleared his throat, "I-I'm really sorry about it."

"About what?" the drummer asked, confused.

"The ... wrist. I know I'm holding you guys back and I-I promise to make up for it - "

Freddie cut him off, his voice soft, "Darling, if you need to blame someone, blame me. It happened because of me, not because of you."

"No," John disagreed, shaking his head, "I-I should have fallen differently. I should have done something to not fall on the wrist that's already been ... hurt. I'm just ... clumsy."

Roger couldn't believe his ears. He kept looking from Freddie to John, wondering how it was possible that both of them were missing the point.

"Alright," he started slowly, "When I have to be the voice of reason, you know something is wrong here."

Both Freddie and John looked at him in confusion.

Roger continued, "It wasn't Freddie's fault. And it wasn't your fault either, Deaky. It was that guy's fault. The one who pushed you. Why am I the only one realizing that?"

Freddie offered a smile, nodding, "You are right, Rog," then he looked at John, "Not our fault."

The drummer relaxed, letting out a deep breath, "Don't ever again force me to be the logical one in the group. It's ... weird."

John and Freddie laughed, but promised to not do it again.

Later in the afternoon, Roger left the flat, saying he had some errands to run, but Freddie knew that was a lie and that the drummer had a date. When he was finally alone with John, the singer wasted no time in sitting next to him on the sofa, an exciting smile on his face, "What do you wish to today, darling?"

John smiled, biting his lip nervously. Freddie caught himself staring at the bassist's lips and he had to remind himself to look away.

"I-I actually wanted to ask you something," John started, his voice quiet, "I'd like to go out with you."
That surprised the singer a bit, but he nodded, "We can do that. Where do you wish to go? Out for a walk? We can go to the store. I think we're out of milk again."

John let out a nervous laugh, shaking his head, "No, no. I-I meant later in the evening. I'd like to ... go out with you. For a ... drink or something."

Freddie stared at him, not sure if he heard right, "For a drink? You mean ... to a bar or - ?"

"A ... club," John replied, meeting Freddie's eyes.

"Darling, why do you want to go there?" the singer was confused and it was very obvious, "You told me once that you don't really enjoy the ... night life."

"I-I know, but ... I'd like to try it," John said, then his voice got even more quiet, "With you. If ... you want to."

Freddie smiled at the nervousness the bassist was showing, "Of course I want to, dear. I thought after the last night's disaster you'd never want to try it again."

John shook his head, then swallowed hard, struggling with his next words, "But ... I'd like to go to a ... gay club."

"What?" the word escaped Freddie, before he could stop himself, "Why?"

"Why not?"

Freddie raised his eyebrows at the bassist, "Darling, I asked first. Why?"

John shrugged his shoulders, "I'd just ... like to see how it's like."

"You've already been to a gay bar before," Freddie forced the words out, tensing up.

"Yeah, but I don't remember much," John let out a short laugh, even though there was nothing humorous about it.

And judging by Freddie's expression, the singer was really disturbed by the bassist's attempt at humor, "That was a terrible joke, John. Don't say that."

"I-I'm sorry," John immediately apologized, "I shouldn't have said that. I just ... I'd really like us to
"Who is us, dear? All four of us or - ?"

The bassist shook his head, blushing, "N-no, just ... the two of us."

Silence.

The real reason John wanted to go to a gay club was because Freddie could be himself there. He was sick and tired of seeing Freddie hold himself back and pretend he was something he was not. He was sick and tired of seeing people mock him. And at the same time he knew that the singer wanted to go out, he loved the night life, he loved to have a good time. John felt guilty for taking all of that away from him. It was the least that he could do for him.

Also there was that reason. The one that John did not really want to say out loud yet, afraid it would shock the singer. John really wanted to go out with Freddie and hang out with him like ... normal people.

"I don't think that's a good idea, John," Freddie dismissed it, shaking his head.

"Why not?" the bassist argued back, "I really want to go."

"I don't think that we should - "

"You don't want to go out with me," John quietly said, "Is that it?"

Freddie immediately took the bassist's hands in his own, "No, that is not it, darling. I would love to go out with you, but ... how can you ask me to take you to a gay club again? After what happened the last time you were there? I don't understand why you'd ever want to go back there. Aren't you ... disgusted by all of it?"

"No," John replied, "And I'm not ... scared of it either because I know you'll be there with me."

"I was there the last time too, dear," Freddie replied, his voice even lower than John's, "And look what happened."

That made the bassist glance up at the singer, determination on his face, "Freddie. I want to go out with you to a gay club. And I-I don't mean that club. I'm sure there are others. Take me to one of those. We can go there ... talk, have a drink and ... come back."

Freddie simply stared at him, but it was obvious he was thinking about John's words. The bassist took that opportunity to move closer to the singer, gently pressing himself against him. Freddie
accepted the hug, wrapping his arms around the younger boy.

Finally he let out a breath, "I am not going to win this argument, am I, darling?"

"No, you're not," John chuckled.

"Fine," Freddie sighed, finally giving in, "We can go to a gay club. There's one about twenty minutes away from here."

John moved away from the singer so that he could look at him, smiling, "Thank you."

"You are going to be the end of me, you know that?" the singer laughed, "I can't seem to say no to you, darling."

That made John blush again, but he decided to change the subject, afraid that the singer might change his mind if they keep talking about it. For some reason at that moment John realized that him and Freddie never kissed or ... did anything in the daylight. It was always in the evening or late at night. And almost always there was a complete darkness in the room. Why was that? Did the singer not want to see who he was ... kissing?

The bassist couldn't understand where those thoughts and doubts were coming from. Well, he had an idea. Ever since they kissed and Freddie said he didn't want anything more, John felt self conscious. Not that he would want to do anything more with Freddie, at least not for the time being, it still stung hearing that. Freddie didn't want anything more with him. Just kissing. He did think about asking the singer about it, but that was an uncomfortable conversation that he really did not wish to have just yet. It was right there with the 'what are we to each other' conversation. It wasn't the time yet. They were just exploring and doing what feels natural to them. Just like they agreed. Clearly, it wasn't natural to Freddie to find John attractive.

They hung out in the living room, simply chatting and waiting until they had to go get ready.

"Really? Roger said that?" John asked, surprise written on his face.

"I swear, darling!" Freddie laughed, clearly very excited, "He said there is one guy that he would go gay for. If such thing even exists. I must find out who that guy is!"

John stared at the singer, "Freddie, I think it's obvious who he was referring to."

"What do you mean?"

"Are you really not seeing it?" the bassist laughed, raising his eyebrows at the confused older boy in
"I haven't got a clue, darling," Freddie replied, leaning closer to the bassist, "Who do you think it is?"

"It's ... Brian," John said, waiting for the singer to react. At first Freddie grimaced, but then surprise showed on his face, "Brian? Where did you get that idea?"

"I mean ... I'm surprised you don't see it," John let out a nervous laugh, "They keep fighting, yes, but there's that strange ... thing. You know. The ... " he refused to say it.

"Sexual tension?" Freddie helped, still staring at the bassist completely shocked.

"I-I guess," John nodded, "I mean ... it could be just me, but I-I can see it when they interact."

Freddie was completely silent for a few long moments, but then he burst out laughing, not even bothering to hide his teeth.

"Oh, this is good," the singer grinned, "This is very good."

John could see the playfulness in his eyes and he knew exactly what the singer was planning to do, "You are going to tease him for it for the rest of his life, aren't you?"

"Not just him, darling. Brian too," Freddie laughed again, "If it's not true, then it shouldn't bother them. I'll ask him that question about the aliens taking over the Earth."

The singer couldn't stop laughing and John couldn't stop smiling at the sight of it. He was afraid the singer might catch him staring dreamily at him, but he couldn't wipe the smile off of his face.

But then Freddie looked at John, suddenly very serious, "That reminds me, darling."

John tensed up, already suspecting what the singer might ask.

"That evening when we played the Spin the bottle and you got asked that question," Freddie said softly, "If aliens killed everyone and ... you had to choose between us three. Did you - ?" the singer left the question hanging, but John knew what he meant to ask.

He nodded his head, "I-I meant it. I would chose you."

"You said because ... because you trust me."
"Well, I do, Freddie," the bassist met the singer's eyes and smiled. He felt like he could melt at the very moment when Freddie reached out to his cheek, gently caressing it, "You are very special to me, John."

At first the bassist just blushed even more, if possible and his breathing quickened, but then he realized something. What exactly did special mean? Did it mean he liked him as a friend? Or that he found his attractive? Or that he ... loved him? In some way. What did special mean?

"You're very special to me, too, Freddie," he whispered before he could stop himself. That word explained exactly what was happening between them. It was still too early to put any labels on their relationship as they were still discovering what exactly was happening and 'special' seemed to sum it up.

ooo

As it was almost the time to leave and Roger wasn't back yet, Freddie wrote a note explaining him and John went out and left it on the table in the living room. He didn't know how long they were going to be out and didn't want the drummer to worry. Even though John was the one insisting they go out, he could feel the anxiety creeping in as him and Freddie called a taxi and drove to the club. Everything reminded him of that night. Why did his mind go there? John tried his best to push those thoughts away and was doing everything in his power to concentrate on the conversation with Freddie. And that turned to be an easy task because Freddie was one of the funniest and the most interesting people he's ever met. The taxi ride was longer than expected, but they didn't even mind, completely lost in their own little world.

"At first they didn't want me in their band," Freddie shook his head in disbelief, "I almost had to do cartwheels in front of them to convince them. Can you imagine, dear?"

John laughed at the mental image of Freddie doing cartwheels, "Why didn't they want you?"

"They already had a singer, but he was not me, obviously. It took me a while to convince them," Freddie sighed, "And then their singer left and that was an opportunity I was not willing to waste."

John tried to keep a serious face, even though he was failing at that, "Roger said you sounded a bit like a ... sheep when they first met you."

Freddie gasped in shock, "He said what? That dumb blond," he paused for a long moment, clearly thinking about it, "What did he mean like a sheep? What does that even mean?"
"I-I don't know, I didn't ask," the bassist laughed at pure confusion on the singer's face.

When they finally reached their destination, John realized he didn't want to get out of the car. He liked talking to Freddie about normal things, hanging out with him, getting to know the other part of Freddie; the fun and careless side of him. He wished he could just pay the driver to drive them around the town, but then he dismissed that thought and got out of the car.

Immediately Freddie took a hold of him arm, quickening their pace towards the entrance, "We should hurry, darling. It's not ... smart to stand outside of it."

John found that a bit weird and wanted to ask questions, but then he noticed the worried look on Freddie's face and the way his eyes kept looking around nervously.

And then he realized it. It probably wasn't very ... safe.

When they entered the club, the bassist couldn't help but compare it to that club. It seemed the same. It was underground, the music was too loud, it was dark and there were a lot of men. Anywhere he turned he saw men. And he tried, he really tried, but he couldn't help but feel frightened. They sat next to each other on two bar stools as they waited to be served. John fixed his eyes on Freddie and clearly, he was doing a bad job of keeping his face neutral because the singer looked at him with concern, bringing his hand to his, interlocking their fingers just like he did the previous evening. But this time there was no stigma, not need to hide it, no fear of being seen and mocked. Freddie brought John's hand to his chest, keeping it there, covering it with his other hand.

"You don't have to be afraid, darling," the singer said to him, offering a smile, "Nothing is going to happen to you, alright?"

John could not help but smile at the sheer sweetness in Freddie's tone. He knew that the chances of anything bad happening to him were almost non existent. What are the chances of something bad happening to you twice in a row? Besides, Freddie was right there with him.

But something the singer did not know was the fact that John was not anxious because of what might happen, but because of what had happened. There were too many things reminding him of that night, of the attack. There were too many similarities, but John realized he should have thought about that before he suggested to Freddie that they go out. It was his own fault he was now feeling the way that he was feeling.

Thankfully, they did not need to hide their affection towards each other, because John didn't even want to think about how he would feel if he wasn't allowed to hold Freddie's hand at that moment.

"Talk to me, darling," the singer said, "What are you thinking about?"

John wasn't sure if he should answer that truthfully, but there was something in the way Freddie was
looking at him. He felt as if he could tell the older boy anything.

"About ... *that* night," he said quietly and immediately felt Freddie tighten the hold on his hand.

"Should we leave?" the singer asked softly. "We can leave, John, you don't have to sit here if you don't want to."

"N-No, I want to," John quickly said, not wanting to leave the place where Freddie could be his true self. And where they could interact without feeling judged or stared at.

Freddie seemed to observe him for a few moments, but finally he seemed to believe him. He took a deep breath, clapping his hands in excitement, "Alright, darling. Tell me about yourself."

John tensed up, "A-About myself?"

"Yes, dear. Where are you from? Where do you live? Well, I already know that, but do you live alone or - ?" Freddie questioned and he seemed really interested.

That was what John liked the most about the singer. The way Freddie really wanted to hear the answer to a question he would ask. It wasn't out of politeness. He seemed to be sincerely interested. John wasn't used to that. He was aware of the fact that he was a bit socially awkward and before he would put the sentence together in his head, other people usually already lost their interest.

"I-I actually share a flat with two roommates," John replied, "I've called them a few days ago, explaining where I was. I mean ... I-I said I was staying with family for a ... while."

Freddie nodded, looking at John in a strange way. It seemed as if he was struggling with his next words.

"What is it?" John carefully asked.

The singer smiled hesitantly, "What if you move in with me and Roger?"

John's eyes widened at the suggestion.

"Think about it, darling," Freddie continued, "It's ludicrous that you're paying rent, but not actually living there."

"I-It is," John agreed, taking in a shaky breath, "But ... there are only two bedrooms in your flat."
"We can share a room," the singer smiled, "And maybe ... we could find a larger flat in the future if ... you'd want your own room."

John could feel his heartbeat quicken at the suggestion of moving in. He liked the idea very much and not just because he would live with Freddie, but because he would live with friends. Even though he was sharing the flat with his roommates for a couple of months now, he wasn't nearly as close to them as he was to Freddie and Roger. And even Brian, even though the guitarist wasn't living with them.

"Take some time and think about it, darling," Freddie suggested, "Besides, we work together. It's only smart we live together. Now we only need to convince Brian to move in as well. A live-in chef. That would be marvelous," the singer grinned.

"Where would he sleep?" John laughed, "He's way too big for the sofa."

Freddie cocked an eyebrow, "After what you have told me earlier today ... perhaps Roger would be willing to share a bed with him?"

The bassist blushed, but couldn't stop a chuckle from escaping him, "I-I'm not saying my theory is correct, Freddie."

"I'll do some investigating to find out, don't you worry!"

Then they were approached by a bartender and they both ordered a drink. John opted for a beer and strangely, Freddie ordered the same, saying he didn't want to be too intoxicated while out with John. Even though he tried to play it off as something small, John could imagine what that meant. Freddie clearly still felt it was his duty to take care of John and he didn't want to be drunk while performing that duty. And even though John knew he shouldn't expect that of Freddie and he didn't, but at the same time he found it very endearing.

As minutes passed, they kept moving closer to each other, randomly touching each other's arm or knee. After a while John completely forgot that he was in a gay bar, because he couldn't move his eyes off of Freddie. Just the way the singer moved as he talked, his hands movements, his laugh. John found it fascinating and absolutely cute.

"I actually have a diploma in Art and Graphic Designing," the singer explained and John's eyes lit up with admiration, "I-I saw the Queen logo that you drew. It's ... really good."

The singer smirked, "I got the idea for it a day after meeting you."

"You drew it the day after we met?" that surprised John, "I-I didn't know if you were going to pick me to be your new bassist until days after the audition."
"Well, I knew I wanted you," Freddie smiled at him and there was admiration in his eyes as he stared at the bassist, "It took a bit of convincing because Roger was worried about your age, but ... I knew what we had and I wasn't willing to lose you."

John blushed at the compliment, feeling the heat on his face and then he opened his mouth to say something, but they were interrupted by someone. A man approached them, placing his hand on Freddie's shoulder, immediately making the singer turn to face him.

"Freddie," the man said, "Long time no see."

"Tom, hi," the singer immediately tensed up, "It has been a while, really."

John tried not to feel hurt when Freddie immediately let go of his hand as he stood up to speak to that guy.

"Where have you been?" the man asked and John could feel the tension between the singer and him.

"I have been ... busy," Freddie replied casually and the man looked past him, his eyes fixated on John who smiled politely, but before he could introduce himself and greet the guy, he simply looked away, completely dismissing the bassist. John lowered his eyes, feeling utterly embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"I can see that, yes," the man replied, then raised his eyebrows at Freddie.

"Oh, don't worry, darling," the singer let out a laugh, "He's just ... John here is just a friend. Don't be ridiculous."

John could hear the man say something close to 'he's not your type', but he couldn't be sure. His heart sunk and all he wanted at that moment was to go home. He was ... just a friend. John didn't know why but he could already feel tears in his eyes and he tried to blink them back, not wanting to further embarrass himself.

But then he heard the words that made him snap back to reality.

"Are you fucking him?" the man asked, clearly more angry with each minute that passed.

John tensed up, looking at the singer who shook his head, "Of course not, dear. Don't be stupid," then his voice got icy cold, "Besides, I do not think I owe you an explanation."

"You really think so?" the man demanded, taking a step closer to the singer in an almost ...
threatening way. The bassist wondered if he should intervene, saying him and Freddie really were .... just friends and ... bandmates.

John could feel Freddie's entire demeanor change. He straightened up, placing his hands on his hips as he puffed out his chest, his voice really low as he spoke, "I really do think so, Tom. And I suggest you leave now."

It would be almost funny if it wasn't terrifying. Tom was larger than Freddie, but the singer clearly didn't care about that as he stood his ground.

The bassist felt a sting of anger or envy or ... jealousy when he saw Tom place his hand on Freddie's waist, trying to pull the singer closer, but Freddie simply pushed him away, clearly very irritated, "Fuck off, Tom. I'm serious. Leave."

The man did not seem to take the rejection well and he looked at John angrily which immediately made the bassist tense up with fear. He could hear his heartbeat thumping in his ears. The man was larger and older than John was and the way he was looking at him with pure rage, made John completely freeze.

"Don't look at him like that, Tom," Freddie said angrily, "Leave him out of it."

"I see you have lowered your standards, Freddie," the man spat out, "You could at least have chosen someone more fuckable than ... that."

That. John was that.

The word choice seemed to make Freddie snap and he pushed Tom away with such force that he almost lost balance and fell to the ground.

"F-Freddie," John started, touching Freddie's arm, hoping to calm him down. The bassist was terrified of what was happening. He disliked confrontations and violence in any way.

"I mean it, Tom," the singer said in a low tone, "Fuck off and leave us alone."

"Fine, have it your way," with those words the man disappeared back into the crowd, but not before he shot an angry look at John.

Freddie stood frozen, observing the man until he was out of sight and even then it took him a few moments to finally move. He sat down again, clearing his throat awkwardly.

"Who was that?" John hesitantly asked.
"Clearly a mistake, dear," Freddie scoffed, forcing a smile on his face, but it was very obvious that the singer was shaken up by the incident.

After a few moments of awkward silence, John spoke up, "It's ... pretty late. We should leave."

Freddie agreed and called a taxi. Not even ten minutes later they were already on their way home, barely speaking to each other. John noticed that Freddie was in his own world and it was obvious what he was thinking about. The bassist couldn't understand why would the singer ever involve himself with someone as ... violent as that man at the club. Granted, John was in his presence for only a couple of moments, but that Tom guy did seem aggressive. But he was good looking. Attractive. Perhaps that was all that mattered to Freddie. John cursed himself for thinking those thoughts, but couldn't stop himself. How could he ever even think for a second that the singer would find him attractive?

After arriving at the flat, they realized Roger wasn't home yet.

"I think our dear Roger got lucky tonight," Freddie commented with a slight smirk.

"G-Good for him?" John replied awkwardly.

The singer nodded, "Indeed, yes," then he looked at the bassist, "I'll go take a shower, dear. Or did you want to go first?"

"No, no, it's fine. I'll go after you."

Freddie smiled, then disappeared into the bathroom. John made himself some cheese on toast and after he finished eating it, he retired to Freddie's bedroom. He was exhausted, but tried to not fall asleep. He intended to take a quick shower after Freddie was done with his. He made a mental note to give Freddie and Roger some money for monthly expenses. He was technically living with them for two weeks now.

When Freddie finally returned to the room, drying his hair on a towel and humming something to himself, John couldn't will himself to move. He just kept staring at the singer, a stupid smile on his face. He found the singer with wet hair really adorable.

"Why are you looking at me like that, dear?" the singer suddenly asked, chuckling a bit.

John blushed at being caught, "I-I wasn't ... looking."

"No, you were staring," Freddie teased and then noticed how John's face fell, "What's wrong, darling?"
"N-Nothing," John answered, a bit too quickly.

Freddie approached him, "Is this about Tom? Don't worry about him, dear. We'll probably never see him again."

The younger boy tensed up, refusing to meet Freddie's eyes, "Were you two ... together?"

"Why does it matter, dear?" for some reason Freddie got defensive, "Whatever happened is in the past now. I don't like to think about it."

Silence.

John wasn't jealous. It wasn't that. Well, perhaps that was a very small part of it. He was very aware of the fact that the singer had many partners. Friends, as he would call them. What bothered John was that he didn't look one bit like them.

"He was ... very handsome," John finally forced the words out, his tone very quiet.

"What ... what do you mean by that?" Freddie asked, confused.

"Just ... he's very attractive. And that other guy I saw you with that night at the club. He was also good looking." John almost whispered as he kept looking at his hands.

"Yes, they are fairly attractive. I still don't understand what your point is, darling."

John took a deep breath, "Why did we kiss, Freddie?"

Silence.

Immediately the singer was beside him on the bed, "Is that what this is about? Are you comparing yourself to them?"

John shrugged his shoulders, not saying anything. He felt the singer's hand on his knee, "Don't do that, darling."

"I mean ... I understand.. I'm not ... I don't look like them," John babbled, the nerves getting the best of him, "I just don't want you to ... keep doing those things with me just because you ... feel sorry for me or something like that."
"John," Freddie's voice was very serious, "Do you really think I would do all that simply out of pity?"

The bassist shrugged again, not knowing how to answer. He didn't think it was out of pity, but seeing Freddie's .... boyfriends really made him question some things.

"Darling, I've enjoyed doing those things with you. I can't even begin to explain to you - " he paused, noticing the hesitant look on John's face. Suddenly the singer stood up to turn off the lights. John looked at him in surprise, but Freddie offered no explanation as he got in bed, making himself comfortable. There was only one scented candle that Freddie lit up earlier, offering some sort of light. After a couple of moments, John's eyes got used to the darkness and he could see Freddie lying in bed.

"Care to join me, darling?" he asked softly and John couldn't say no to that.

Even if Freddie wasn't attracted to him and didn't find him visually pleasing, the bassist couldn't refuse the cuddles from the singer. Slowly, he crawled into the singer's embrace, pressing his face into his chest. Freddie wrapped his arms around him and the bassist couldn't help but let out a quiet moan as the singer slowly sneaked one hand under John's shirt, caressing the skin on his back.

"I don't want to hear you speak about yourself like that again," Freddie said quietly, but firmly.

When John remained silent, the singer spoke again, "You are beautiful, darling."

"You don't have to say that," the bassist whispered, taking a deep breath, completely relaxing against Freddie.

"It's the truth. And I don't want you thinking that I did anything with you out of pity because that is not true," Freddie said, running his nails across John's back, eliciting a gasp from the younger boy.

"Too much?" Freddie asked, immediately stopping his movement.

"N-No, I like it," John quickly replied, a bit breathless.

The singer relaxed and continued, moving his hand up and down John's back, his nails dragging up the flesh of John's back gently. It was such a good sensation and it actually sent shivers down the younger boy's body.

After a couple of moments of silence, John forced himself to speak, "You asked me yesterday if ... if I find you attractive. Do you ... find me attractive?"
Freddie didn't answer immediately and that worried the bassist.

When he finally spoke, the singer's voice was quiet, "I-I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

"You won't, Freddie."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it's you."

For some reason that made the singer tighten his grip around John, pulling him even closer. But he still did not answer the question.

"Freddie?"

The singer swallowed hard, "Y-Yes, I do find you attractive, John. Very much."

That should make him slightly uncomfortable. After what happened to John, it was to be expected that the confession would send him into a state of panic. But it didn't, because it was Freddie.

"Attractive how?" John needed to know and he couldn't stop the words from escaping his lips.

"What do you mean how, darling?"

John took a deep breath, "Do you want to ... you know? Because last night you said you didn't want to. And I'd understand. Because knowing everything that you know about me and what has happened to me and what that ... man did ... it's understandable you don't want to go anywhere near that and - "

Freddie cut him off, "Darling, don't mention him, please. When I look at you, I don't think about him and what he did to you. I think about you. Alright?" he paused for a moment and when he spoke next, he did sound a bit breathless, "And yes. I do find you sexually attractive, if that is what you are trying to ask."

If anyone else said that to him, John would probably have a panic attack, running as far away as possible from that person. But he knew he had nothing to fear with Freddie. It was unbelievable to him how comfortable and safe he felt with the singer.

But there was still that tiny voice of doubt in his head.
"Are you ... sure, Freddie?"

"Do you want me to show you?" the singer asked quietly.

That question caught John off guard, "What do you mean?"

"I can prove it to you, but ... I don't want to make you uncomfortable or awkward, darling."

Well, now John needed to know. The offer piqued his interest.

"Show me," he said, tensing up just slightly.

It took him a couple of long moments, but then finally Freddie moved. John didn't know what exactly the singer was doing, but then he felt him press his groin against John's thigh. The contact was barely for a moment, but it was enough for John to feel something ... hard in Freddie's pants.

The singer immediately moved away from John, making a bit of room between their lower bodies. John had to remind himself to breathe and he was suddenly feeling very hot.

"Darling? Was that too much?" there was concern in Freddie's voice, "I'm sorry - "

"No," John cut him off, letting out a shaky breath, "It's ... okay. I'm just ... I've never experienced that. I-I mean, other people's. I-I mean - " he trailed off, stuttering.

He could feel Freddie let out a chuckle, "I understand, dear. I know what you are trying to say."

"How did you ... ? When?" John didn't even know what he was trying to ask, but somehow the singer seemed to understand.

"Do you see what you do to me in just a couple of minutes?" Freddie breathed out, swallowing hard, "Simply holding you in my arms and hearing you ... let out those ... sounds every time I caress your back. It's all it takes, darling."

John should feel uncomfortable. But for some reason he felt intrigued and he wondered if that happened everytime they cuddled, but he didn't want to ask that question, not wanting to make the singer uncomfortable. He just pressed himself against Freddie, breathing in deeply. There was that stupid smile on his face again and every time he tried to be serious, his lips just curled up again.

Also. He felt very hot. Did the temperature suddenly change in the room? He was starting to sweat, but he clearly remembered the room being cold when he first entered it earlier that evening. Was being pressed against Freddie's body cause it? He felt hot but at the same time he was shivering. Was
it because of the nerves? He shifted a bit and accidentally brushed his lower half against Freddie's stomach. He could clearly hear the singer suck in a breath at the contact.

*Oh no.*

*Oh no.*

John immediately moved away from Freddie, his face burning up with embarrassment. He looked down at his lower body and realized he too was very ... excited. Suddenly he understood. That was why he was feeling all hot and ... almost itchy everywhere. John turned away from the singer, still lying on his side. He hid his face in his hands.

"I-I'm sorry, Freddie. Oh god."

And then he heard Freddie laugh. It was a sweet and innocent laugh, clearly the singer wasn't bothered by what he just felt against his stomach, but for some reason John was mortified.

"This takes the *I'll show you mine if you show me yours* to a whole other level, darling," Freddie joked, placing a hand comfortably on John's waist.

"I'm sorry," John forced out, still hiding his face.

He felt the singer lean over him, gently placing his hands on top of John's, removing them from his face. When John finally dared to met the singer's eyes, he was surprised to see only understanding and warmth in them.

"Don't be embarrassed, darling. It's ... normal," he spoke softly, smiling at the bassist, "These things happen."

John shook his head, "I didn't mean to do it, Freddie, really. Please, don't think I'm ... weird or -"

"Why would I think that?" Freddie asked, surprised, "Besides, I have just shown you mine. Do you think I'm weird because of it?"

"N-No, but it's different."

"Why is it different?"

John couldn't explain it. It could be that he was very inexperienced compared to Freddie and random boners were still very embarrassing to him.
"You do realize that I take it as a compliment?" the singer asked, his tone low, "Just a few minutes cuddling with me and ... voilà," he chuckled at the last part, finding John's hand and interlocking their fingers.

"Freddie," John almost shrieked, hiding his face in the pillow.

"Oh, come now, darling, don't be like that," Freddie said softly, "You remember when you were worried that because of what happened to you, you wouldn't be able to respond normally? That you were broken and couldn't function properly? I told you that was rubbish."

That made John open his eyes and he hesitantly looked at Freddie, "You aren't weirded out by it?"

"Are you weirded out by me?"

"No."

Freddie smiled and leaned closer, placing a soft kiss on John's cheek, "There is your answer."

John kept staring at the singer, his body shivering in a strange way. And why was he still feeling hot? Freddie seemed to take notice of it, "Are you ... cold?"

"N-No, I'm actually burning up," John confessed, clearing his throat.

At hearing that, something changed in the way Freddie was looking at him. John couldn't explain it, but there was something in his eyes. Something that sent shivers down John's body and not in a bad way.

Freddie seemed to struggle with his next words, but then he finally spoke, "I-I could help you with it, darling."

"With ... what?"

The singer simply raised his eyebrows and it was then that John understood. And that caused him to tense up slightly. "F-Freddie, I-I don't think I'm ready for that yet. I-I'm sorry I made you ... get a ... you know, but I can't - "

The singer shook his head, smiling reassuringly, "No, John. Don't misunderstand. I wasn't proposing sex."

That confused John and he relaxed, "A-Alright. Then what were you proposing?"
"Do you trust me?"

"You know I do, Freddie."

The singer moved, "Come lay with me, darling."

John obeyed and they both returned to their previous position, lying on their side, facing each other with John in Freddie's arms. The bassist made a move to press his face against Freddie's chest again, but the singer stopped him, "No, no, darling. I need to be able to see your face for this, alright?"

John wanted to ask 'for what?', but decided against it.

"Are you sure you want to try this?" Freddie asked gently.

"I-I don't know what this is," the bassist admitted shyly, "Freddie, I ... don't think I'm ready for certain things."

"Darling, I promise to keep my cock and my hands off of you," Freddie said softly, making John blush again.

But then the singer wrapped his arms around him, his hand going beneath John's shirt again, "Well, I promise to keep my hands above the waist. Is this alright?"

John nodded, not sure if any of it was helping. If anything, John felt even more hot than before. But then he felt Freddie's knee push between his legs, just barely touching the place that seemed to be the problem and a gasp of surprise escaped John before he could stop himself.

"Is this alright, darling? Just say the word and we can stop," Freddie's voice was understanding and so soft and ... at the same time husky.

John quickly nodded, desperately needing to feel that again. And Freddie delivered, moving his leg again, brushing against that spot, making John moan again.

"Are you nervous?" Freddie asked, his fingers softly caressing the skin on John's back.

"Y-Yes."

"Is this your first time?"
John shook his head, "N-No, I've been nervous before."

He could hear Freddie let out a laugh and it surprised him. But hearing the singer's laugh always made him smile and this time it was no different.

"No, John. I meant ... is this your first time doing anything like this?" Freddie asked, still chuckling a bit, "I know you said you haven't had sex before, but some would call this just ... fooling around."

"No, I-I haven't done anything ... below the belt before," John could barely speak, his body shivering.

Freddie replied by pressing his thigh between John's legs again, moving it just slightly against that spot that made the bassist moan with pleasure. John had to bite his lip to keep quiet.

"Don't hold back, darling. Roger's not home and I love hearing the sounds you make," Freddie whispered, placing soft kisses all over John's face.

The bassist's heart nearly melted at that. It was so different to .... that night. To that man. John knew he shouldn't be comparing, but it just happened. That man ordered him to keep still and to keep quiet and Freddie was encouraging him to be as vocal as he needed to be.

"Do what feels good to you, darling," the singer whispered and John obeyed.

He moved his lower body a bit hesitantly, pressing against Freddie's thigh. At the sheer pleasure that shot through him at that, he couldn't even keep his eyes open anymore. He felt the singer find his hand and interlock their fingers again and for some reason that made him feel even closer to him. John was breathing heavily, not able to control his own body while he was grinding on Freddie's leg. It was slow, but very intense. The tension in John seemed to be building and he felt like he might just explode. The singer helped him, moving his thigh to match John's movements and the bassist was barely able to form thoughts or sentences or words. The only thing that he could remember at that moment was the singer's name.

"F-Freddie," he whispered, not knowing why.

And when he felt a kiss being planted on his neck, it sent John over the edge and he exploded with pleasure, his breath coming in short pants as every muscle in his body seemed to seize. His hips were bucking and his back arched and the quietest moan escaped his lips before he could stop it. John was convinced he blacked out for a few moments and when he finally opened his eyes again, he was met with a pair of the sweetest, warmest brown eyes he'd ever seen in his life.

"Freddie," he breathed out, his body still shivering.
"Yes?" the singer asked, placing another kiss on his cheek before stopping to look at him.

"I-I ... " John started, but didn't know what to say. He could barely keep his eyes open.

Freddie smiled playfully at him, "That seemed ... rather intense, darling. Rest for a bit and then we'll talk."

All John could do was nod. What even were words?

He let his eyes fall shut, relaxing against Freddie. For some strange reason tears filled his eyes and he couldn't understand why. He wasn't sad. He was happy. He was more than happy. Currently he was in total bliss. John quickly brushed the tears away before the singer could see them and pressed himself even closer against him.

Chapter End Notes

Well ... here it is. :) Hopefully you're not disappointed after I made ya'll wait 20 chapters for some heated moments. ;) Thank you to all of you who are still reading, haha. :)}
John could feel himself drifting to sleep, but he tried to fight it, knowing he first needed to talk to Freddie and then ... change his pants. It was a bit uncomfortable feeling the wetness there, but honestly ... at that moment he did not want to move. He wished he could stay in this position forever. He took a deep breath, enjoying Freddie's smell, the warmth coming from his body and all he wanted was to press himself even closer to him. But that would be physically impossible. He relaxed completely, his breathing slow and steady. But then he flinched when he felt the singer's nails on his back again. It was very soft and gentle but it still sent shivers down John's body. Good shivers. The way he ran his fingers up and down his skin gave John actual goosebumps.

"You are so sensitive, darling," he heard Freddie chuckle.

"I'm not," John tried to argue back, even though he knew he was going to lose that argument.

The singer simply ran his nails down John's back again and the bassist moaned at the sensation, his eyes rolling back with pure pleasure. Freddie laughed again, but then stopped, removing his hand from underneath John's shirt only to wrap it around the bassist, pulling him closer.

"It's perfectly fine if you are, dear," he explained gently.

"If I'm what?

"Sensitive," Freddie replied, "It's ... adorable."

"J-Just adorable?"

Clearly Freddie could hear the uncertainty in John's voice and he chuckled, "And hot. Especially hot."

John blushed at that, hiding his face in the crook of Freddie's neck. It was a bit weird that he would blush at such a simple comment regarding what just happened between them, but he couldn't help it.

"I have to say, you do look a lot calmer now," Freddie teased, then hesitantly asked, "Did ... did you like it?"

John nodded, but clearly the singer was not satisfied with that answer, "Use your words, John. Please."
"I-I liked it," the bassist replied, the state of his pants were the evidence of how much he liked it.

"I'm glad that I was able to help," Freddie said and the bassist could hear the smirk in his tone.

And then he realized something. He wasn't sure how those things worked, but Freddie helped him. Was he supposed to ... return the favor? Immediately he tensed up, panic slowly creeping in. He should return the favor. He couldn't just leave Freddie with ... that. John tried to calm himself down, repeating to himself that this was Freddie and that it would be alright. He had no idea of what to do or how to start.

Reluctantly he placed his hand on Freddie's lower stomach, his hand dangerously close to what he thought he should be touching.

"Y-You'll have to explain to me what you want me to ... do," John whispered, swallowing hard.

"What do you mean?" Freddie asked, confused.

"I-I don't know what feels good to you," the bassist said and after a moment he felt Freddie place his hand on top of his shaking one. John sucked in a breath, nervously waiting for the singer to show him what to do.

It will be alright, John kept telling himself. He tried to convince himself that Freddie would show him what to do and he would do it and everything would be alright. But then the singer gently removed his hand from where it was resting on his belly and brought it up, placing it on his chest.

John couldn't help but move his head away so that he could look at the singer. He found Freddie already looking at him with a smile on his face.

"That is not necessary, darling," he said, his tone very soft, "Tonight is about you."

"But I-I should return the ... um ... favor," John struggled with his words.

Freddie raised his eyebrows, "Favor? Darling, as much of a good person that I am, I did not do it out of politeness."

"You didn't?"

"No," the singer leaned closer, placing a kiss on John's forehead, "I did it because I wanted to do it. For ... quite a while now. And I enjoyed it. There is no need for you to ... return the favor."
John blushed again, hiding his face against Freddie's chest. He could not believe what had happened between them. Could that be considered sex? Did he just have sex? But he always imagined sex differently. Be that with a girl or a boy, John always had an image in his head of what sex consisted of. And neither of those things happened. What he did with Freddie was just touching, wasn't it?

He was confused about a lot of things, but at that moment he didn't care. He felt so blissfully happy and part of it was from the sheer physical pleasure that he just felt a few minutes ago, but the other part was ... he was happy on the inside. He felt mentally good.

Finally, John broke away from Freddie, pulling himself up in a sitting position, "I-I should go take a shower. And ... change my clothes."

Freddie grinned at that, "You really should."

The bassist blushed again at the teasing tone which Freddie used. How could the singer feel so comfortable talking about such things or insinuating sexual things? Without looking at him, John awkwardly climbed out of bed, grabbed fresh clothes and hurried into the bathroom.

It was a first normal shower in over two weeks. Every shower after the attack was just another traumatizing experience, having to face the bruises on his body, having to see his body and be reminded of every disgusting thing that was done to him.

But as John jumped under the shower this evening, there was nothing but smile on his face. And he tried to make it go away because he did feel a bit ridiculous, standing in the shower with a grin on his face, but every time he remembered Freddie, his lips curled up again in that stupid smile.

He quickly finished in the bathroom and upon returning to Freddie's room, he found the singer bundled up in bed and he seemed to be asleep already. John moved very quietly, not wanting to wake him up, but when he got in bed and made himself comfortable, he felt Freddie's arm moving over his waist, pulling him closer. That surprised him and he looked at the singer, but Freddie kept his eyes closed. And he seemed to be asleep. However, it didn't escape John's attention that there was a smile on Freddie's face.

The bassist relaxed, letting out a deep breath. He was very tired, but at the same time he didn't want to fall asleep because he very much enjoyed the current position and didn't want the morning to come. He wished he could stay like this forever. But the exhaustion took over and within minutes he drifted off to sleep.

ooo

The next morning John was woken up by a loud noise. He opened his eyes, blinking a few times and was surprised to see the Freddie standing in the room, looking at him with a frightened expression.
"Shit, I'm so sorry, darling. I-I didn't mean to slam the closet door that hard. It was an accident. Go back to sleep."

But John sat up, yawning, "N-No, it's alright. Where are you going?"

"I just woke up a couple of minutes ago. I'm going to the bathroom to get ready," Freddie answered quietly and started walking over to the door, "You go back to sleep, dear."

"No!" John suddenly said, making the singer stop in his tracks, "Can I go first? And while you're in there I can ... make us some breakfast?" he finished that sentence with that stupid, dreamy smile.

"Oh, darling, you don't have to. You can go back to sleep - "

Not letting him even finish the sentence, John got up from the bed, walking over to him, "Please. I'll make us all some ... pancakes. You seemed to love them the last time."

Freddie smiled, biting his lower lip, "They were very good, actually. Better than Brian's, but don't tell him that."

John laughed, "I-I promise," then he walked over to the door, "I'll be out in five minutes."

Freddie nodded and sat back on the bed, "I'll wait here."

The bassist hurried out of the room. After quickly finishing in the bathroom, he almost ran into the kitchen, wanting to make the best pancakes ever. Midway through he realized they were out of milk. Again. John couldn't understand where all of the milk went. It was too late to cancel the pancakes and he decided to use water instead of milk, hoping the difference wouldn't be too obvious. He added just under a ladleful of batter to the pan and immediately started swirling it round the pan to get a nice even layer.

"It smells delicious," he heard Freddie say and he immediately turned around, facing the singer.

"Y-You weren't supposed to be here yet," John replied with disappointment.

"Oh, you want me to go back to the bathroom then?" Freddie teased, a laugh escaping him.

"No," the bassist rolled his eyes, but couldn't help but smile, "But I haven't made one pancake yet."

Freddie smirked, raising his eyebrow and slowly making his way over to the bassist, "You remember when I said I love a guy that can cook?"
"Y-Yes," John stuttered, already feeling the heat in his head.

The singer pressed himself against him, leaving absolutely no space between them as he brought his hand up, cupping John's face and making him meet his gaze. John's legs nearly gave out under him, but he leaned against the kitchen counter for support.

"Explain to me how you made the batter," Freddie said softly, placing a soft kiss on John's neck.

"B-Batter?"

Freddie chuckled, "Yes, the batter. For the pancakes."

"Oh. I-I um ... Put the flour into a bowl and uh - " he paused, not able to continue when he felt Freddie placing small kisses all over his neck.

"Yes?" the singer urged him to continue.

"T-Then I added eggs and poured in some ... milk. No, wait. We are out of ... " John shuddered, his eyes rolling back at the sensation of his neck being kissed and caressed. In his opinion, that was the best feeling in the world.

Freddie stopped what he was doing to look at him, a confused look on his face, "We're out of what?"

"M-Milk," John replied, but it came out as a moan and it earned him a smirk from the singer before he returned to his neck.

"We'll have to buy some, then," the singer replied casually as if he wasn't literally kissing John's neck at that very moment.

"Y-Yes," John quickly nodded, "And then I added water and a table spoon of vegetable oil and - " he paused, biting hard on his lower lip to prevent him from moaning. He had no idea what Freddie was doing with his neck but it felt too good. He thought he could feel a tongue, but wasn't sure.

Before he could continue explaining how he made the batter for pancakes, Freddie moved away from his neck and stopped to look at John before he pressed his lips against his. Very gentle. Just barely touching and for some reason it frustrated John and he wanted more.

But then they heard someone walking towards the kitchen and immediately they broke apart, Freddie jumping away from John, nearly falling over a chair, quickly wiping his lips with his hand.
But John couldn't move away from the counter. If he let go, he would most definitely end up on the floor. His legs were not working.

Not even a second later, Roger casually walked into the kitchen, greeting both of the boys, but then he looked at John, a bit surprised, "How come you're up already, Deaky?"

John swallowed hard, not able to pull himself together as quickly as Freddie could. Besides the slightly heavier breathing, the singer seemed normal.

"I-I just ... woke up," the bassist finally replied, staring at Roger with eyes wide open. The drummer did seem a bit confused at the state in which John was, but then something else caught his attention.

"Ah, Deaky," he said slowly, "I think your pancake is burning, mate."

"Pancake?" John looked at him, puzzled.

He heard Freddie let out a short laugh, but then the singer walked over to him to help him. He removed the pan, throwing the burnt pancake in the trash. John could see the sheer amusement on Freddie's face even though he tried to hide it. Roger simply stared at the two of them, clearly confused by what was happening. It was clear that something was happening, at least with John, but the drummer couldn't quite put his finger on it. Finally, John succeeded to get it together and he cleared his throat, turning his back to both Freddie and Roger, returning to his task of making breakfast. He couldn't even look at the singer without blushing or smiling or completely embarrassing himself and that was why he decided to simply not look at him.

"Brian's coming over today," Roger finally said, breaking the awkward silence, "He's buying a van and I'm coming with him."

"He's buying a van?" Freddie asked, very surprised, "He hasn't mentioned anything to me."

"It was a quick decision," the drummer explained, "He realized it would cost us more money to keep renting vans for our equipment and he decided to buy one."

Freddie nodded, a big smile on his face, "That's great! No more cabs for us! Free rides to everywhere!"

Roger laughed, "That was exactly what I was thinking."

John listened to the conversation, minding his own business and waiting for his face to return to a normal color. When the pancakes were finally done and everyone was eating and enjoying the breakfast, Freddie decided to bring something up.
"Roger," he slowly started and John could hear the playfulness in his voice, "I have a question for you. It is a very serious one."

The drummer stopped stuffing with face with a pancake and nodded, "Alright. Shoot."

Freddie met John's eyes for a brief second before turning his attention to the drummer again, "If aliens took over Earth and they killed everyone ... besides me, John and Brian ..."

Roger nodded, listening patiently.

"And you had to shag one of us. Which one would you choose?" Freddie asked, a big grin on his face.

John couldn't help but laugh, but he quickly covered it with his hand, staring at the drummer, waiting for his answer. Roger did not seem to be bothered by the question and he seemed to be seriously thinking about the answer.

When he finally decided, he simply shrugged his shoulder, "It would probably have to be you, Fred."

The smirk immediately disappeared from the singer's face, replaced by confusion, "What? Why?"

"Because," the drummer said casually, "If I really have to fuck one of you, I think I'd have much more fun with you. I believe you know a thing or two about gay sex."

John laughed again at the sheer confusion on Freddie's face. Clearly, the singer wasn't expecting that answer.

"But ... " Freddie started, "Really think about it, darling."

Roger looked up and he seemed to be contemplating something in his head. Finally he spoke, "On the other hand ... I think I'll go with Brian."

That made Freddie smirk and he raised his eyebrow, his words slowly making their way out of his mouth, "Is it because of ... his ... long ... fingers?"

Roger looked at him weirdly, "What's up with you? No. It's because he's the smart one and he'd probably think of a way to get us out of there."

"What?" Freddie shook his head in confusion, "Where would you go if they took over the Earth and
"There are still survivors, Fred," Roger replied, bringing a pancake to his mouth again.

"But you said the aliens killed everyone - "

The drummer cut him off, "It's my question, Freddie. And I've changed the circumstances. You have no right to question it."

John covered his face with his hands, laughing at the sheer absurdity of the conversation they were having. And then he felt Freddie's hand on his own, slowly moving them away from John's face.

"You have the cutest smile ever, darling. Don't cover it," the singer said softly.

John could literally melt right there and then, but he could see the confusion on Roger's face from the corner of his eyes and that forced him to keep a neutral expression.

"T-Thank you, Freddie," he replied politely, looking down at the plate in front of him.

The silence that followed was a bit awkward and John's mind raced, trying to think of something, anything that he could say and make things less awkward.

And then Freddie spoke, clearly very excited over something, "Roger, darling. I have something to tell you. I've asked John to ... move in with us."

"Oh," was all the drummer said, a bit taken aback.

"He's been living with us for a while now and soon we'll start working again and I think it's absurd he lives on the other side of London," Freddie explained, waiting for Roger's reaction.

"But ... " the drummer was hesitant, "This is a two bedroom flat. Where would he ... sleep?"

"Well, where do you think he's been sleeping the last two weeks?" Freddie asked, letting out a laugh, "In my room of course. But ... it would only be temporary. I was thinking we could ... perhaps find another flat?"

That seemed to calm the drummer down and he nodded, "That's actually a pretty good idea. All the neighbors hate us here."

"What? Why?" John was confused.
"Because someone," Roger seemed to emphasize the last word, "plays the piano all the fucking time, even late at night."

Freddie glared at him, "And someone keeps singing high notes in the shower," he then turned to John, "One time a neighbor came knocking on our door and when I answered it, he politely asked if the girl in our flat could stop singing because it kept waking the guy's baby up."

"Piss off, Fred," Roger kicked the singer's leg under the table, making the older boy wince in pain.

"Don't make me smack you, Rog," Freddie shot back, trying to return the kick, but the drummer moved back in his chair and Freddie couldn't reach him. At that moment John knew how Brian probably felt all the time, having to keep Freddie and Roger from bickering and well ... killing each other.

ooo

Later that day Freddie decided to play something on the piano while John relaxed on the sofa, observing the singer. The older boy kept playing the same melody over and over again and John thought it was absolutely beautiful.

And then Freddie started to sing, "Mama, just killed a man. Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead."

John kept silent, simply listening to that strange song about a ... well, murder and admiring the way Freddie's fingers seemed to dance across the keys. Again, he felt that horrible feeling of guilt at holding the band back and keeping them from performing. It was clearly something they desperately wanted to be doing, but couldn't.

"Too late, my time has come. Sends shivers down my spine. Body's aching all the time," the singer suddenly stopped, looking a bit uncomfortable. He cleared his throat and suddenly stood up, walking away from the piano.

John noticed the struggle on Freddie's face, but he didn't want to ask any questions about it. He didn't want to torture the singer even further as it was clearly something he had trouble dealing with.

Freddie sat down next to John and the bassist decided to take the opportunity to ask him something else. They were alone for the time being as Roger decided to take a quick shower.

"Freddie," he carefully started, licking his lips nervously, "There's something ... I'd like to talk to you about."
The singer tensed up, clearly having his suspicions about what the question was going to be about.

"Last night at the club," the bassist said, then paused for a moment, "Who was that guy?"

Freddie did not want to talk about it, that much was obvious. He started fidgeting, opening his mouth to speak, but then closing them again. His eyes kept moving around very nervously and that worried John very much.

"Is it that horrible?" the bassist carefully asked.

Freddie let out a nervous laugh, trying to dismiss it, "No, it's not like that, darling. It's nothing serious, really. Tom and I ... we had this thing ... " he trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

"You ... dated?" John tried to help.

"No, no. Well," the singer stopped for a moment, "What do you consider dating, darling?"

John tensed up, "Um ... hanging out, going to ... dates," he stopped, not knowing what to say.

"We just had lots of sex," Freddie simply said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh," John was blushing again, he could feel it. He didn't know what to say.

"It happened a couple of months ago. Perhaps a year ago," Freddie said, taking a deep breath, "And ... at first it was alright, but ... "

John noticed the shame on the singer's face and that was something he did not see often. He moved closer to Freddie, offering a smile, "You can talk to me. I-I won't ... judge or anything."

Freddie finally met his eyes, "Darling, I don't know if you want to know this."

"If you want to tell me, then I want to know," John said firmly.

That seemed to calm the singer down, but he still looked a bit tense, "We couldn't ... we weren't ... " Freddie struggled with words, but then he sighed, "We weren't sexually compatible."

"I-I don't understand?"
The singer smiled sweetly at John, "Darling, we couldn't agree on ... what to do in the bedroom. Or ... how to do it."

John simply stared at him, but then the realization dawned on, "Oh. Oh."

Freddie nodded, looking down at his hands, "I was willing to ... do it his way for a very long time, but there were more and more arguments about it and ..."

Silence.

The bassist still wasn't completely sure if he was understanding correctly.

Finally the singer let out a breath, "He had a very quick temper. Things escalated very quickly more than one time."

John tensed up, "What do you mean by that? D-Did he ever ... force you - "

Freddie quickly shook his head, "No, no. It wasn't like that, darling. What I had with him was mostly very ... rough, but I always consented. I just didn't ... enjoy it very much."

Oh god.

John couldn't stand to see Freddie like that; looking down, clearly very ashamed. He wanted to hug him, but for some reason he couldn't move. And it seemed that the singer wasn't yet finished talking.

"Roger once saw the bruises on me and demanded to know what the fuck was happening with me," Freddie let out a nervous laugh, "And ... later that night I was at Tom's and we were fighting again. Screaming at each other. The next day my voice was gone. I couldn't even speak, can you imagine that, dear?"

The bassist quickly shook his head.

Freddie raised an eyebrow, "And that was it for me. I sent Tom packing. No one messes with my voice, darling."

Even though the subject matter was very serious, John couldn't help but let out a chuckle at the way Freddie said that last sentence. The singer smiled at him, then looked down at his hands again.

"How long?" John carefully asked, "How long were you with ... him?"
"A couple of months."

John felt sick to his stomach at hearing that. He couldn't imagine someone being violent towards Freddie or hurting him in any way. He couldn't stand it when people bullied the singer on the streets and that usually lasted just a couple of minutes. He tried, but couldn't understand why Freddie would allow himself to be treated like that. Freddie that he knew was always ready to stand up for himself and his mind couldn't fathom why the singer would suffer abuse for months.

And then he realized something.

He awkwardly cleared his throat, "Were you ... were you in love with him?"

Immediately Freddie scoffed, "That wasn't love, darling. We were just ... "

"Having ... sex," John said quietly, then he hesitantly looked up at the singer, "You are able to do that without feeling any kind of ... affection of love towards that person?"

Freddie nodded, "I can. Love and sex are two different things, darling."

"Oh," John breathed, suddenly tensing up.

He didn't want his mind to go there, but he couldn't stop it. There was that little voice in his head whispering that what happened between them last night was just that. Sex. Or something close to it. It wasn't for John because the bassist wouldn't be able to do it if he didn't feel some kind of affection towards Freddie. But clearly, the singer did not have that problem.

John pushed those thoughts out of his mind and gently touched Freddie's knee, making the singer look up at him in surprise.

"You are the most ... gentle person I know, Freddie," John said quietly, offering a nervous smile, "You deserve much better than ... that guy."

The singer let out a laugh, his next words coming out as whisper, "Do I?"

Before John could ask what the singer meant with that, they heard the doorbell and immediately Freddie was on his feet, "That must be Brian!"

He hurried towards the front door and John used those few moments as he was alone to calm himself. He tried to keep a neutral face as Freddie explained his story with Tom, but on the inside he was a wreck. He took a few deep breaths and forced a smile on his face as Freddie returned to the room, bringing Brian with him.
"John, how are you?" the guitarist smiled as he sat down. He did seem very excited, clearly over the moon about being able to buy a van.

"I-I'm great," the bassist replied, "You seem very happy?"

"Of course he is, darling. He's buying us a car!" Freddie clapped his hands in excitement.

"I'm buying me a car," Brian laughed, "Well, a van."

"It will be the band's property!" Freddie argued, crossing his arms over his chest, "Roger said so."

"Well, where was I when that conversation took place?" the taller man asked, still laughing.

Freddie rolled his eyes and leaned back on the sofa, annoyance evident on his face.

"Where's Roger? We have to be there in twenty minutes," Brian asked, looking around.

"He's taking a shower, I think," John replied.

Freddie let out an exasperated sigh, "He's been in the bathroom for over half an hour now! It's like he's getting ready to go on a date."

"Well, you know how he is with cars," Brian remarked, looking a bit awkward.

"Oh, I know, darling. Every time we walk down the street and he sees a nice car, he has to literally stop and stare. And drool."

John wasn't exactly sure if Freddie and Brian were joking or not. They sounded serious, but what they were saying was too ridiculous to be real.

"He's a car enthusiast?" the bassist asked, confused.

"Oh, I'll tell you what he is, darling," Freddie offered, "He's a car fuc - "

"Freddie!" Brian interrupted him before the singer could finish his sentence, "Can we try and use less of those words, please?"

"What words?" Freddie grinned, acting innocent, "You mean fuck?"
John laughed, then cleared his throat, trying to keep a serious face.

"That word, yes," Brian took a deep breath, forcing a smile, "And anything related to that word."

"As in ... fucker?" Freddie teased again, enjoying getting on Brian's nerves.

"I'm ready!" they heard Roger's voice and when the drummer suddenly appeared in the room, they were all speechless.

John had never seen Roger dressed so ... elegantly. He was actually wearing a tie.

"Roger, what the fuck?" the words escaped Freddie, "Are you going to buy a car or become a lawyer?"

"I dressed for the occasion," the drummer defended himself, "I'm buying - . I mean ... Brian is buying his first car ever. That's ... a big deal."

Brian seemed completely speechless. He literally had no words for it. He had seen Roger go to funerals dressed in ripped trousers and a shirt, but he dresses up to go with Brian to look at vans? The drummer was a very special kind of a person, there was no other way to put it.

"Well, are we going or not?" Roger snapped, already making his way towards the front door. Brian stared after him, shaking his head.

"I'll see you guys later," the guitarist said, standing up, "We could go for a ride in my brand new van."

"That would be marvelous, darling!" Freddie said with excitement, "Good luck!"

The guitarist quickly said his goodbyes and then hurried off to catch up with Roger. Freddie and John could hear them arguing before finally leaving the flat.

Once they were alone again, John met Freddie's eyes and he realized the singer was smiling at him.

"I'll go make us some tea," the older boy offered and quickly disappeared into the kitchen. John wanted to go after him, but didn't want to appear too needy. Freddie returned a few minutes later, carrying two cubs of tea in his hands. He placed them on the table and then sat down next to John.

"Thank you," the bassist said, biting his lip nervously.
"You made the breakfast, it's only fair I return the favor," the singer replied gently.

John forced himself to meet Freddie's eyes, "What am I to you?"

The question surprised even John himself. Where did that come from? And why did it just escape his mouth like that? Freddie was taken aback by it, but he quickly composed himself, "What do you mean, darling?"

"Last night you said I was ... just a friend," John whispered, his voice shaking a bit, "Freddie. I-I don't do those things with just friends. And if ... " he paused for a moment, not sure if he wanted to say the next words, "If that is all that we are ... I'm not sure if we should keep doing i-it."

Freddie was silent for a long moment and John could feel his stomach twist with anticipation. He wanted to take those words back. He didn't want to hear the answer.

"Darling, no," the singer sounded surprised, "I said that to make Tom leave you alone. I didn't want him to be ... an asshole towards you," he said, then noticed the hurt on John's face and it was then he realized it, "And by doing that ... I was an asshole towards you. Shit, John -"

John quickly shook his head, forcing a smile, "N-No, it's fine. I just wanted to know. It's fine if we are just friends -"

"But we're not."

That made the bassist meet Freddie's eyes and he could see something in his look. He couldn't explain it, but it was there. Something that couldn't be explained with words.

"We aren't?" John asked hesitantly.

Freddie moved closer to him, taking John's hands in his own, "No, we aren't just friends," then he let out a short laugh, "I think that is fairly obvious by now."

Concern showed on John's face, "I-I think Roger's starting to suspect something."

"Oh, darling. That blond's been suspecting something since the first day."

"W-What do you mean?"

Freddie sighed, "He ... thought I was being too affectionate with you."
John smiled shyly, "I-I like when you are being affectionate. I didn't think that I would after what happened, but ... "

He felt Freddie's hand brush the hair away from his face and he leaned against the touch, "It was such a ... contrast to that, because that was so ... awful and violent and painful."

Freddie tensed up, "You mean - ?"

John nodded, swallowing hard before finally whispering, "T-The rape."

Silence.

The bassist's heart was beating so fast he thought it would jump right out.

"John?" Freddie asked, "Darling. Did you just say - ?"

The younger boy nodded, finally looking up to meet Freddie's eyes. It was obvious that the singer did not know how to react to that and he simply stared at him, not even blinking.

Immediately shame shot through John and he looked away, "I-I'm sorry, I - "

"No, dear, don't apologize," Freddie breathed, "I'm just ... I'm so proud of you, John."

"W-Why?"

"Because I know how difficult it was for you to even hear that word," Freddie said and then pulled the bassist into a hug. As soon as he felt Freddie's arms around him, John relaxed and he let himself be held and comforted.

"I'm so proud of you," Freddie kept repeating, gently rubbing circles on John's neck. It was a very important milestone on John's road to recovery and Freddie was very proud of the younger boy. But he didn't take into the account how hearing that word come out of John's mouth would affect him. Freddie felt sick to his stomach and he only hoped that John couldn't feel his body shaking. They always referred to it as that night or simply that. And while they all knew what had happened, not using that word gave them a false sense of security. And now finally hearing it out loud and from John's mouth ... it was terrifying.

The bassist broke the hug, moving slightly away from the singer, "A-And those things are gone. Well, almost gone. The hickey is gone completely and um ... the bruises are ... well, some are gone. Can I show you?"
Freddie was shocked by the question and deep inside him he didn't want to see, but he nodded, offering a reassuring smile, "Sure, darling."

John slowly raised his shirt and showed his chest, "T-There's nothing here anymore. It used to be a bruise right here," he pointed at the spot under his collarbone and Freddie's eyes immediately went there.

"And now there's nothing there," John whispered and while his voice was shaking, he was happy.

The bassist turned around, holding his shirt up to expose his back, "I-I don't think there's anything there anymore. I couldn't see in the mirror, but I think - "

"There's nothing there, darling," Freddie said quietly, resisting the urge to touch John's back.

John turned to face him again, a bit nervous, "There's still a bit ... right here," he pulled the waistband of his trousers a bit lower, exposing a barely visible bruise just above his hip bone. Before Freddie could stop himself, he gently touched the bruise, caressing the skin with his fingers. John looked at him in surprise, but the singer seemed to be completely lost in his thoughts, a serious expression on his face.

"I-It's alright, Freddie," the bassist said, placing his hand over Freddie's in an attempt to comfort him. He could see the guilt on the singer's face and that was not John's intention when he showed him the bruises. The last thing he wanted was to awaken the singer's feelings of guilt, he was just really glad that the bruises were disappearing and wanted to share it with Freddie. But perhaps that was a mistake.

"Freddie," he said softly upon noticing the sadness in his eyes, "I-I'm fine now. Really."

That was a lie. He wasn't fine. There were still ... other things on his body that were not completely healed yet. He was just ... better. But if saying he was fine would wipe the guilt and the sadness off of Freddie's face, then he was more than willing to keep repeating it. He tried to think of something to make him feel better and then he remembered. Something that always succeeded to make John smile, no matter how bad he was feeling.

John leaned closer to the singer, placing a small, delicate kiss on his cheek. Then he repeated it on his other cheek. Then he kissed his forehead and his nose and his chin. He noticed Freddie's lips curling up into a smile, "What are you doing, darling?"

"T-Trying to make you feel better?" John hesitantly said, "Is it working?"

Freddie cocked his eyebrow, "It is, but ... I happen to know what would work even more."
John blushed, biting his lower lip nervously. And then he leaned closer again, this time pressing his lips against the singer's. It was just a soft feather-like kiss and strangely, this time Freddie did not take over. He simply responded, letting John set the pace. For some reason, John felt brave and, wanting to see the reaction from the singer, he gently bit Freddie's lower lip. The singer shuddered, letting out a surprised moan. After a few moments, John broke the kiss, moving slightly away from the singer so that he could look at him. It surprised him when he noticed that Freddie kept his eyes shut for a few more moments, but when he finally opened them, John could melt at the warmth and the gentleness that he saw in his look.

"Well," the singer started, "I meant a hug, darling. But the kiss was alright too," he teased, "I am not complaining."

"Freddie," John let out an embarrassed smile, gently smacking the singer's arm.

"I'm joking, dear," Freddie laughed, then cleared his throat, quickly standing up, "I am sorry, John, but I need a cold shower after this."

"What?" John asked, slightly confused, but then he understood, "Oh. A-Alright. I-I'll just wait for you here then."

"I'll be quick," the singer hurried out of the room.

John just sat there awkwardly for a few minutes, trying to think about anything else but Freddie in the shower. And he wasn't even thinking about it that way. He sincerely just wondered what he was doing. Was he really taking a cold shower or was he doing something else that would also save the problem?

John shifted uncomfortably. Why was he wondering about that? Freddie had every right to do whatever he pleased while in the shower.

The bassist needed something to distract himself with. It was already dark outside and he realized all he had to eat that day were pancakes. As he stood up to go to the kitchen, he heard someone knocking. He froze, thinking he imagined it.

But then he heard it again.

Someone was knocking on the front door. He did find that a bit strange because they had a bell. Hesitantly, he walked over to the front door and stopped, wondering if he should answer it. He could still hear water running and clearly, Freddie wasn't even close to being done.

John flinched when he heard the knocking again. Wanting to be polite, he decided to answer the door. But the moment he opened it, he was regretting that decision.
Standing right there in front of him was that guy from the club. At that moment of panic John had trouble even remembering the guy's name.

Tim?

No, Tom.

The man seemed surprised to see him. It was obvious he was not expecting him to answer the door. John watched as the surprise on his face turned to anger and the man aggressively pushed his way past John, walking into the flat.

John stood there, completely frozen. Tom closed the front door behind him then turned to face the bassist.

"Where is he?" he asked, impatiently.

"W-Who?"

"Don't play stupid. Freddie. Where is he?"

"He's ... not here," John replied, staring at the larger man in front of him.

Tom stopped for a moment, listening for sounds.

"Who's in the shower then?" he demanded.

"R-Roger," John lied through his teeth, hoping the guy would leave if he thought that Freddie wasn't home.

But as Tom walked into the living room, John realized he was wrong in thinking that. He followed him into the room, not knowing what to do. He couldn't call for Freddie. He wouldn't call for Freddie. He didn't want that guy anywhere near Freddie.

"So you live here?" Tom asked with a smile, but there was something just ... evil about it.

"No," John breathed out, "I-I'm just visiting."

"Don't bullshit me. I saw you two last night. I've been observing you for quite a while before I decided to approach you."
John tensed up even more, if that was possible.

Tom raised his eyebrows at John, looking up and down his body which made John very uncomfortable and he crossed his arms over his chest.

"Does he let you fuck him?" suddenly Tom asked and John could feel bile rising in his throat at the disgusting manner in which the question was asked.

"I-I think you should leave," he said quietly.

Tom just laughed, "I'm waiting here until Freddie returns home. He's been avoiding me for months now," there was something so dark and threatening in his voice, "He said we should take a break. And then he goes and finds himself ... a bottom."

John swallowed hard, not saying anything.

"You are, aren't you?" Tom grinned, "No offence, but you look like a bottom."

"Y-You really need to leave before Roger - "

Tom cut him off by moving closer to him and before John could react, he saw Tom reach towards his groin and felt him touch him there. John jerked away from him violently and his back hit the wall.

He couldn't breathe.

"You don't have much there, do you?" Tom laughed, stepping a bit closer to John. It only caused the bassist to slide down the wall, his legs gave way and the fight disappeared from him in an instant.

He really couldn't breathe.

He blinked a few times, but everything seemed to be blurry. He tried, he really tried to breathe, but no air was entering his lungs. Or at least it felt like that.

"No, no, no, no," he kept repeating, his eyes shut tightly and his body was shivering and trembling. It wasn't even Tom anymore. Tom was the least of his problems. Tom wasn't there anymore.

That man was. That faceless man that hurt him and just left him on the dirty restroom floor. John pulled his knees up, bringing them to his chest as he tried to protect himself.
The word *no* kept escaping him, but he knew it wouldn't make a difference.

He felt someone's hands.

He could feel that disgusting breath on his neck.

*No, no, no, no.*

Chapter End Notes

I usually don't do cliffhangers, not really a fan of those, but ... it happened. :D I apologize! P.S. I really love writing about John as he swoons over Freddie. :D Thank you all for still reading. :)
Freddie shuddered as the cold water first touched his skin and it took all of his will power to not just jump right out of the shower. But it got easier and a few moments in he could already feel his excitement going away. Which was a good thing. He could take care of it another way, but that didn't seem right to him. He couldn't just run away for a quick wank every time John touched him. He needed to learn how to control himself because it was embarrassing. Not the boners. But the fact that it happened very quickly and even at the slightest touch. He really felt like a teenager. Freddie suspected what the problem was. It has been a while since his last time and it pained him to realize that he couldn't see it happening in any near future.

His thoughts were interrupted by voices. Freddie stopped what he was doing and listened. He could clearly hear someone talking and he brushed it off, thinking it was probably Roger and Brian returning because they forgot something.

Freddie was shivering and when he was certain that his problem was gone, he turned on the hot water, closing his eyes and relaxing completely. He was about to reach for the shampoo bottle but stopped because he thought he could hear voices again, but this time louder. And the tone seemed angry. He turned the shower off and then he could clearly hear John's voice and he could recognize the panic in it although he couldn't understand what he was saying.

In his mind there was absolutely no possibility of anyone besides Roger and Brian being there with him and he found it strange that they were having a heated argument which clearly resulted in John being very upset.

*What the fuck is happening?*

He quickly got out of the shower, putting on the minimum of clothes, desperately wanting to see what was going on in the living room. His stomach dropped at the thought of Roger accidentally doing something to upset John and send him into panic mode again. Freddie just threw on his pants, not bothering with a shirt, and hurried out of the bathroom to see what was happening. He was still zipping his trousers when he entered the living room and then he froze at the sight there.

John sitting on the floor against the wall, his knees pulled up to his chest and his eyes were closed as he rocked back and forth, his breath coming out in short gasps. There was someone hovering above him and Freddie didn't recognize him immediately, but once he did he was beside him in less that a second, grabbing his arm, pulling him from John and pushing him away. Tom nearly tripped over the coffee table, but he caught himself. Freddie was torn, not knowing what to do. He wanted to kneel down next to John and take care of him, but he knew he couldn't ignore Tom and turn his back to him for even a second.

Freddie turned to face his ex, a furious expression on his face, "What the fuck are you doing here?"
"I came looking for you," Tom replied, breathing heavily and the singer noticed the anger in his eyes.

"Who let you in?"

Tom pointed to John on the floor, "That thing you are fucking currently."

Freddie could feel absolute rage shoot through him, but he tried to keep calm, "What did you do to him?"

A quick glance at John told him that the bassist was not reacting to anything that was happening, it seemed as if he was in his own world, his body still trembling and rocking back and forth.

"Nothing," Tom casually replied, "He's mental."

Freddie stepped towards him and pushed him back with such force that Tom nearly lost balance.

"If you did something, Tom, I swear to god - "

"You are going to do what?" Tom asked, stepping towards Freddie and grabbing his wrist, making the singer cry out in pain.

Still, Freddie tried to remain calm, "Just get the fuck out of here."

"And what if I don't?" he sent him a blistering glare.

"Then I'll fucking make you," the singer shot at him, trying to get Tom to release his wrist, but failing. Freddie could feel his entire body shaking with anger and shock and other strange emotions caused by being that close to Tom again. He never wanted to feel like that again. And when he felt Tom pull him closer, his other hand gripping Freddie's waist, the singer wanted to jump out of his own skin.

"Don't act like you don't want it," the words came out of Tom's mouth and Freddie could feel bile rising in his throat. And then he did something that he had wanted to do for such a long time. For the entire duration of their relationship, actually. Freddie used the palm of his free hand and thrust it in an upward, forward motion against Tom's nose. Not enough force to break it, but enough to fucking hurt for days if not weeks. Unlike Roger who just kicked and punched without thinking about it, whenever Freddie found himself in a fight, he always planned how and where to hit. Usually one or two punches to the right place and the fight was over. Every time it happened, he was thankful his mum forced him to take boxing classes when he was younger.
As expected, Tom immediately let go of Freddie's wrist and he covered his nose with his hands, letting out a painful yelp. His eyes watered and he doubled over in sheer pain that he was feeling, "Fuck!"

Freddie couldn't stop the satisfied smirk from appearing on his face and, knowing that he had a few moments while Tom was dealing with his almost broken nose, he turned his attention towards John, noticing the bassist was still not reacting to anything. Freddie's eyes traveled all over John's body, trying to see if he was hurt in any way and upon seeing no injury, he turned to Tom again.

"Out," he demanded coldly, pointing at the door, "If I ever see you here again, I will call the police."

"You wouldn't," Tom let out a short laugh, still holding his nose.

Freddie saw red. In less than a second he was next to his ex, grabbing his arm and twisting it behind his back. Tom tried to struggle against it, but it did no good. A thought crossed Freddie's mind that this was the exact position that John was in when he was attacked, but he quickly pushed it away, the anger of it only making him twist Tom's arm even more.

"If you ever, ever as much as lay your eyes on him, I'll cut your cock off, darling," Freddie said and then dragged Tom towards the door, opening it with his free hand and literally throwing him out.

"Keep acting all high and mighty," Tom said threateningly, shaking his head, "You'll come back to me, baby."

Freddie felt sick at hearing the last word, but he just slammed the door in Tom's face, quickly locking it. Immediately Tom was forgotten and Freddie's entire attention was turned to John. He carefully approached the bassist, kneeling down next to him, not knowing what to do. John rested his head on his knees and Freddie slowly reached out to touch him. The moment a hand touched John's leg, the bassist jerked away from the touch and the sheer force with which it was done nearly knocked Freddie back. He let out a shaky breath, bringing his hands up, "I-I won't touch you, darling."

At hearing his voice John froze and stopped rocking back and forth. After a moment he slowly raised his head up, meeting Freddie's eyes. The singer felt as if someone punched him right in the stomach as he realized how red and puffy John's eyes were. He had never seen him like that before. Not even on the night of the attack, because he was too out of it to be completely aware of what happened and cry about it.

"John," Freddie breathed out, not knowing what to do. He felt completely useless. He just stared at the bassist, trying hard not to reach out and touch him, not wanting to upset him again.

"Freddie," John whispered with relief, smiling weakly.
"Y-Yes, darling, it's me, Freddie," the singer smiled back, his own voice trembling.

Before the singer could do or say anything else, John moved from his position, literally crawling on Freddie's lap, wrapping his arms around the singer's neck and holding onto him as if his life depended on it. It completely shocked Freddie because just a minute ago, the bassist reacted very negatively to his touch. Hesitantly, he brought his hands to John's back, simply placing them there, just barely touching. When the bassist didn't seem to mind that, Freddie started rubbing his back in a comforting manner. It didn't escape Freddie's attention that John didn't notice or care that Freddie was shirtless.

"Shh, you're alright," Freddie soothed even though he didn't know if he was alright. He still had no idea what could possibly have happened to send John into a state of panic.

The bassist did not say a word as he kept clinging onto Freddie and the older boy noticed how John's body still seemed to shiver. They just stayed like that for a while, sitting on the floor, holding onto each other. When Freddie felt John calm down a bit, he softly said, "Let's move you to the sofa, darling. You'll be much more comfortable there."

At first John didn't react and Freddie wondered if he even heard him, but then the bassist nodded, slowly moving off of the singer to stand up, but still clinging onto him. They slowly walked over to the sofa and immediately after they sat down, John crawled into Freddie's lap again. That kind of behavior coming from John completely terrified the singer. Something had to be very wrong for the bassist to act like that. The younger boy was literally sitting in his lap, his arms wrapped around Freddie's neck.

"You're alright, darling. Everything is alright," the singer kept repeating, but he got no reply from the bassist. He wished he could see John's face, but it was impossible from the position that they were in. Every time he tried to gently move the bassist so that he could look at him, John only tightened his grip around Freddie and soon the singer gave up, simply holding John as he wished to be held.

Concern started slowly creeping in and Freddie couldn't help but wonder what exactly happened while John was alone with Tom. He didn't want to think about it because, knowing Tom, he could imagine all the horrible things that could have happened, but at the same time his mind just ... went there.

"Can you talk to me, John?" he asked softly.

Again, he received no reply.

"John, sweetheart, I'm ... worried," Freddie admitted, his voice shaking slightly. When he got no reply from John, he carefully continued, "Should I be worried?"

Relief washed over him as he felt John shake his head 'no'. It wasn't a lot, but it was something. He was aware of the fact that John could be lying to him, but at the same time he allowed himself to
relax just slightly. And they sat like that for what seemed like hours. But one glance at the clock told Freddie that only one hour passed, perhaps an hour and a half. And John was still not saying anything. The singer stopped trying to make him speak after a failed few attempts, realizing it was pointless. He did the only thing that he could at that moment and the only thing that John apparently needed him to do; hold him.

But then they heard a noise. Voices. Fighting. Doors unlocking and then opening. Immediately Freddie felt John tense up in his arms, sucking in a breath.

"It's alright, dear. It's probably just Roger and Brian," he tried to calm him down.

"Well, it's my van. How did that escape your attention, Rog?" Brian's annoyed voice could be heard.

"It's our van," Rogers shot back.

"Really? And how much money did you contribute?"

Freddie could clearly hear them arguing and walking towards the living room, but because of John sitting on top of him, he couldn't turn around or ... do anything actually. And then he heard Roger shriek. It was a very high note and if it wasn't for the seriousness of the situation, Freddie would have been impressed.

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" Roger kept repeating.

Freddie couldn't understand what the hell the drummer was so shocked about.

"Roger, would you calm down?" Brian said firmly.

Then silence.

Freddie did his best and turned his head around, barely seeing Roger and Brian standing behind the sofa, staring at him and John. He could see the shock on Roger's face, but then the drummer seemed to walk closer to them, apparently calming down a bit.

"Oh, you two are just ... " the drummer managed to say, clearing his throat, "Oh. It's ... fine."

Freddie wanted to ask what the fuck Roger was talking about, but before he could, Brian spoke, "Fred, what is happening? John?"

Roger and Brian both slowly walked over to them, staring at the scene in front of them. When John refused to talk or react in any way, Freddie was forced to speak, "S-Something happened."
"We can see that," Roger pointed out the obvious, "What did?"

Freddie didn't want to say it. He just knew how Roger was going to react. At the same time, he couldn't just not tell them. Clearly, something had happened and it was only expected Roger and Brian would question it.

"Do you ... remember Tom?" Freddie asked quietly.

"That sick fuck? Of course I remember," Roger replied with disgust and then his eyes widened in shock, "Why are you asking me that? Did you ... see him again or - ?"

"Who is Tom?" Brian asked, looking confused.

"He's - " the singer started, but was cut off by Roger.

"He's a maniac. Him and Fred ... had a fling and ... " the drummer paused for a moment before continuing, "Let's just say I'm glad it was only a fling."

"He came here," Freddie suddenly said, looking down and refusing to meet his friends' eyes.

Anger was evident in Roger's voice, "He ... he what?"

"He came here after you two left and ... I went to take a shower," Freddie explained, feeling John tensing up in his arms, "I-I guess John let him in."

"I'm sorry," came a quiet reply from the bassist.

Freddie just barely heard it. Immediately, he tightened his grip around John's body, caressing his back, "No. You have nothing to be sorry for, darling. You did nothing wrong."

"Is that Tom guy dangerous?" Brian carefully asked.

Freddie and Roger answered at the same time.

"Not really," the singer said while Roger nodded his head, "Yes, he is."

Both the singer and the drummer looked at each other in surprise and Roger sounded pissed off when he spoke, "How can you say that, Fred? Not dangerous? Remember that time when you winced in pain every time you stood up or - "
"Roger," Freddie snapped at him, clearly very embarrassed to be having that discussion in front of Brian and well ... John. The drummer quickly realized he had made a mistake and looked down in regret.

The guitarist seemed to understand what was happening and did his best to move on from that subject, "Alright. Tom came here and John let him in. Then what happened?"

"I-I could hear voices when I was in the bathroom and I thought that perhaps you two came back," Freddie explained, "But then I heard fighting and when I came to see what was happening ... I saw John on the floor and Tom standing over him. I-I don't know what happened between them and he refuses to speak about it."

Roger slowly walked over to John and placed a hand on his shoulder, "Deaky?"

Freddie noticed how the bassist seemed to be comfortable with Roger's touch. At least he didn't jerk away from it or have another panic attack.

Still, John said nothing.

"I'll go make us some tea," Brian offered with a smile, quickly disappearing into the kitchen.

Roger sat down on the table in front of the sofa and he seemed to be struggling with his next words, "How did you make him leave?"

The singer cocked an eyebrow, "I asked nicely and after he ignored the request ... "

"Please, tell me you kicked his ass?" Roger asked with hope in his eyes.

"I kicked his nose. Well. I smacked his nose."

The drummer grinned and there was a satisfied expression on his face, though he was still angry. Him and Freddie exchanged a smile and then the singer turned his attention towards John again.

"Darling, are you feeling better?" he asked quietly, "Please, just say ... something. What happened before I came?"

"N-Nothing," John replied, a bit too quickly.

Freddie nodded, not wanting to question the bassist in front of Roger, thinking the younger boy might be uncomfortable with that. When Brian finally returned, carrying four cups of tea, John
hesitantly made a move to get off Freddie's lap. The singer helped him sit next to him and John still refused to meet anyone's eyes. He accepted the cup of tea that Brian offered him and thanked him, but other than that still refused to say anything.

They drank the tea in silence, the three older boys exchanging worried glances, but refrained themselves from commenting on anything.

"I-I feel kind of sleepy," John suddenly said.

Immediately Freddie was ready to take the bassist to his bedroom, but Roger cut him off, "Brian will help you, Deaky. I need to have a word with Fred."

John looked a bit surprised at that, but nodded his head, slowly standing up. Roger nudged Brian with his elbow and the guitarist stood up as well, clearing his throat, "Lets go, John."

Freddie kept staring at John until the boy was out of the room. He was anxious about not being with him, even though the bassist was just in another room.

"Where does Tom live?" Roger suddenly asked, making Freddie look at him with surprise.

"Why?"

"You know why."

Freddie took a deep breath, "You are not going there."

"Don't tell me what to do, Fred," Roger shot back, "He came here. He came to our flat and did god knows what to Deaky - "

"I have taken care of it, Roger."

"You didn't even break his nose!"

"I did some damage," Freddie argued back, "And I kicked him out, Rog. He is not coming back here ever again. He knows what will happen if he does."

Roger raised his eyebrows, "What will happen?"

"I'll cut off something that is very important to him," Freddie replied casually.
The drummer immediately understood and winced in pain at the mental image of that. He slowly started, "Well ... as much as that disgusts me ... I'll help you."

Freddie couldn't help but smile, knowing that Roger would always have his back, "I knew you'd say that."

Awkward silence followed and then something occurred to Freddie.

"Roger, why exactly did you shriek like a girl upon entering the living room?" he asked, staring at the drummer and noticing the way he seemed to blush at the question.

"I-I just ... It was a strange sight. I-I didn't expect it," Roger babbled, clearly very nervous and embarrassed.

"Strange sight?"

"Yes, Fred. Strange sight," Roger sighed in annoyance, "I-I saw you from behind and you were shirtless and Deaky was sitting on top of you, clearly straddling you."

"Rog - "

"I honestly thought he was riding you," the words escaped the drummer's mouth.

"Roger!" this time it was Freddie who shrieked, but then he lowered his voice, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Well, you should have seen how it looked from behind," Roger defended himself, "I-I nearly ran out of the flat. Brian was shocked at the sight too. I could see it on his face."

"You two ... idiots really think John and I would fuck in the damn living room?"

That question, or the way it was worded, surprised Roger and he looked at Freddie with a confused expression, "What do you mean 'in the living room'? Would you be willing to fuck somewhere else?"

Freddie blushed, immediately tensing, "Of course not. What a stupid question, darling," he took a deep breath to calm himself, "I-I don't know how you could possibly think anything like that was happening."

It did bother the singer that he was straight up lying to his friend, but there was no other way. What
could he possibly say? That he and John were fooling around just two days ago and that Freddie would not say no to something more than just fooling around if it was offered to him? The drummer would kill him. First for ever touching John and then for lying straight to his face.

The singer stood up, "I-I'll see you in the morning, Rog. I need to be with John."

"Yeah, alright, I'll see you then," Roger sighed and Freddie hurried off to his bedroom.

ooo

Freddie slowly entered the room and found John cuddled up in bed with Brian sitting next to him. The lights were off, but Freddie could still see guitarist lock eyes with him.

"I think he's fallen asleep," Brian whispered, slowly getting up from the bed.

"Really?" Freddie couldn't hide the surprise in his voice.

He expected the bassist to still be awake, he wanted the bassist to be awake so that he could talk to him in private.

"I gave him one sleeping pill," Brian explained, "Found them in Roger's room."

Immediately the whole thing with John falling asleep made more sense to Freddie, "Oh. I see."

"Do you need to ... talk?" Brian asked, putting his hand on Freddie's shoulder and offering a comforting smile.

"I'm fine, darling," Freddie shook his head, "Just exhausted."

"I'll leave you two alone then," Brian replied, squeezing Freddie's shoulder in a comforting gesture, "Good night."

"Good night, darling."

The guitarist left the room, quietly closing the door behind him. For the first couple of moments, Freddie just stood there, not knowing what to do with himself. He stared at John, realizing the bassist really was asleep and while he would prefer to first have a conversation with him, he was glad that John seemed peaceful and relaxed. Even if it was in his sleep.

Freddie slowly crawled into bed, trying to move as little as possible, not wanting to accidentally
wake John up.

Tom.

The moment the singer closed his eyes, he could clearly see Tom and that stupid smirk on his face. And that rage in his eyes. Freddie wondered what the hell he ever saw in him. But who was he kidding? He had to admit he knew exactly what attracted him to Tom in the first place. Ignoring his good looks, Tom gave him exactly what Freddie thought he needed at that time. Or deserved.

Trying to push those thoughts out of his head, the singer turned to look at John sleeping peacefully next to him and he couldn't help but smile.

Why was he smiling? Why was he feeling those weird butterfly things in his stomach every time he looked at the bassist? Why was he ready to cut Tom to pieces for hurting John, but was not ready to do it when Tom was hurting him? He was losing his mind. That had to be it.

ooo

John did not seem to be any better the next morning. When Freddie woke up, he found the bassist already awake, but still lying in bed. He asked questions, tried to talk to him, but the bassist simply nodded or shook his head 'no'.

Freddie could feel his throat closing up with panic.

"John, darling," he started slowly, "Please."

Finally, the bassist spoke, but he didn't turn to look at him, "I-I'm fine, Freddie. I-I just need some time alone, that's all."

It hurt him to hear that, but he nodded, deciding to give the bassist the space he needed, "I'll be in the living room if you need me, dear."

John did not say anything to that.

Somehow, Freddie forced himself to move and he left the room. The whole morning went by quicker than expected. After breakfast with Roger, Freddie decided to go to the store and buy some groceries to keep his mind off of ... some things. He needed to do something with himself, he couldn't just sit and wait and think and worry. The trip to the store took him over an hour and when he returned he looked at Roger with hopeful eyes, "Did he come out of the bedroom yet?"
Roger slowly shook his head, "I'm sorry, Fred."

"But he should eat something," the singer said, clearly very concerned, "It's almost three in the afternoon!"

Roger agreed, "He should, but ... clearly, he doesn't want to come out."

"I'll bring it to him then!"

Freddie wasted no time, hurrying into the kitchen and preparing some cheese on toast. It was the only thing that he knew how to make, besides sandwiches and ... cereal.

"And then he stopped at the stop sign!" Roger complained as he watched the singer prepare some food for John.

"How dare he!" Freddie pretended to be shocked, but his voice was dripping with sarcasm.

"The street was completely empty!" the drummer continued, rolling his eyes in annoyance, "And he stopped at the stop sign. Looked around. Waited for a couple of moments and then drove off."

"Rog. Isn't that what you are supposed to do? I mean, I don't have a driver's license, but I am fairly certain you are supposed to stop at the stop sign."

"Everyone knows that's more what you'd call guidelines, than actual rules," Roger insisted, sounding very convinced about what he was saying.

Freddie couldn't help but turn to look at the drummer. He simply stared at him in amazement. Amazement that with his kind of logic the drummer somehow managed to stay alive for twenty-three years.

"Remind me to not let you drive me anywhere ever again," Freddie said, turning his attention back to the toast.

When three slices of toast were finally done, Freddie poured a glass of milk, placing it all on a tray.

"Wish me luck," he said, nervously.

"Good luck," Roger replied, feeling a bit nervous himself.

And then Freddie slowly walked to his room, carrying the tray in his hands. He did have trouble
opening the door, but he somehow managed. He found John still in bed, but the bassist was awake and he looked at him in surprise. Freddie pushed the door shut with his foot and made his way to the bed, placing the tray there. He looked at John with hopeful look in his eyes, almost afraid to speak to him. He didn't want to be rejected and ignored again. For some reason that got to him more that he was willing to admit.

"Freddie," he heard John say and his heart could literally melt at that.

"You didn't have to do this," the bassist smiled, looking at him.

It took him a moment to respond, but Freddie managed to pull himself together, "Of course I had to, darling. You haven't eaten anything yet."

"I-I wasn't hungry," John admitted quietly, then looked at the food in front of him, "You know that's my favorite thing to eat?"

Freddie arched an eyebrow, "I do happen to know that. No wonder you are that skinny, darling."

John chuckled, but then met Freddie's eyes again, "Will you eat with me?"

Just hearing John talk again made Freddie want to jump around with happiness. It was clear that the bassist still wasn't completely alright, but at least he was communicating.

"Of course I'll eat with you," Freddie offered a big smile and reached towards the toast, bringing it to his mouth.

"What's that on your wrist?" John suddenly asked, staring at his hand.

Not knowing what the bassist meant by that, Freddie took one quick look at his hand and then he noticed it. His wrist was badly bruised, the color already slowly turning to purple. How come he didn't notice it before or feel it?

"It's nothing, darling - "

"Did he do that to you?" John asked, his voice starting to shake.

"P-Probably, I don't remember, dear," Freddie smiled, trying to brush the subject aside, "It's nothing."

John gently took Freddie's hand in his, observing his wrist with a concerned expression. The way he kept brushing his finger softly over the bruised skin, made Freddie want to melt. He wasn't used to
that. People being that tender to him.

"I'm sorry, Freddie," the bassist finally spoke, looking up at him, "I'm sorry I let him in. I-I didn't know -"

"No one is blaming you, darling. Stop that," Freddie replied firmly, "You did nothing wrong. Tom is ... my problem and somehow, yet again, you are the one who got hurt."

"I-I'm not hurt," John whispered, looking down.

"You were," the singer insisted, "The state you were in last night ...

That made John tense up, but he said nothing.

Freddie forced his voice to be softer, "Please, tell me what happened before I came."

"D-Did he hurt you?" John suddenly asked, "I-I lied and said you weren't home. I said Roger was taking a shower."

Before he could stop himself, Freddie reached towards the bassist, gently caressing his cheek, "That was very smart and brave of you to do, darling."

"But ... did he hurt you? I-I can't remember anything."

Hearing the concern in John's voice made Freddie wonder what he did to deserve it. He just kept fucking things up and bringing John along for the ride. He didn't deserve the sympathy he was receiving.

"He didn't hurt me, darling," Freddie replied, smiling, "I hurt him. And you will never see him again. Don't worry."

But John still seemed to be worried, "Will you see him again?"

That was a question that Freddie could not answer. He wouldn't see him willingly, but ... things could happen that would cause him and Tom to meet again.

"Freddie, I don't want you anywhere near him," John whispered, staring at the singer, "Promise me."

"I promise, darling. I promise I won't seek him out," the words sounded sincere and the bassist seemed to relax slightly.
They turned their attention to the food again, eating in silence, their eyes meeting every few moments. As it was November it got dark pretty early and soon they were sitting almost in the darkness. Freddie stood up to turn the light on, but John stopped him, "Wait! Don't. Can you just ... light a candle?"

Freddie did find that a bit weird, but then he remembered that John felt the most comfortable talking about serious things if the lights were off. The darkness clearly offered him some feeling of security. Freddie grabbed a large white candle, "This one is scented. Vanilla."

John smiled, "I like vanilla."

When Freddie lit the candle and placed it on the nightstand, he sat back on the bed, waiting for John to speak. He just felt it was going to happen. John removed the tray from the bed, placing it on the floor. And then he let out a nervous breath.

"Darling, it's alright," Freddie tried to soothe him, observing the bassist's face closely.

It took him a few moments, but then John finally spoke, "We ... we just talked. Mostly. I mean ... he talked. He asked about you and I-I lied, saying you weren't home. And I said I was just visiting and that we weren't ... together."

Freddie just nodded, waiting for him to continue.

"But he said that he was observing us for a while," John whispered, looking down at his hands, "When we were at the club."

"You said," Freddie started carefully, trying to keep his tone neutral, "You said you mostly just talked."

John nodded, his breath quickening, "He, um ... said some things about you."

This time it was Freddie's turn to tense up, "What things?"

"He asked if you let me ... you know. Do things to you," John was clearly blushing and Freddie decided to help him out, "I understand, darling. Go on."

"But then he ... " John had to pause for a moment, "He said I look like a ... bottom. And he said that you two were on a break and he was angry that you found yourself ... a bottom."

Freddie kept silent, not knowing what to say. Mostly he felt embarrassed, ashamed and guilty about
the fact that John was forced to listen to those things. Also, there was that burning rage that almost made him go look for Tom and just -

"And then he grabbed me," John said quietly.

"He ... he what?"

The bassist took a shaky breath, "H-He grabbed me. Reached towards me and ... his hand went ... there," John threw a quick glance at his groin.

That made Freddie's blood boil. There was no way he was able to hide his anger, "He fucking grabbed you?"

John winced at his words, but nodded.

"That complete and utter piece of shit touched you there?" Freddie was boiling with rage.

Perhaps Roger's idea of finding Tom and beating the shit out of him wasn't such a bad idea after all. Freddie made a mental note to himself to talk to Roger about it later.

"I-It was very fast, he wasn't ... *touching,*" John tried to explain, blushing furiously, "He just *touched.* For a moment. I jumped away and he ... he said it was clear I was a bottom because I ... wasn't ... because there wasn't very much there."

Freddie had to take a deep breath to calm himself, trying to push his rage aside and save it for later. It wouldn't do much good if he was furious while talking to John.

"Don't listen to him, darling," he forced the words out, "He's a cunt. That is all that he is."

John kept looking down at his hands, not saying anything. Freddie slowly covered John's hand with his own, interlocking their fingers. That made the bassist look up at him and smile.

"Did anything else happen, darling?"

John shook his head, "N-No. I don't remember much after that. I think I blacked out and the next thing I remember is you. You're somehow always there when I need you."

*Except that time at the club. Except that time when you took too many sleeping pills.*

Freddie pushed that voice away and forced a smile, "Thank you for telling me, darling. I promise
nothing like that will happen again, alright?"

John was just looking at him with those big, trusting eyes and Freddie almost couldn't stand the way the bassist was staring at him. It was too much. Too much trust. He couldn't handle it.

Silence.

"Freddie?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can I ask you something ... personal?" John's voice was barely above a whisper, "If you don't want to answer it ... it's fine."

"You can ask me anything. I promise to answer everything you want to know," Freddie replied. It was the least he could do after everything that John had to go through because of him.

"T-Tom said some ... things that ... " John struggled with his words, "I have noticed that you refuse to reveal some things about yourself. Like ... what you prefer in ... you know, sexually."

Freddie immediately tensed up, regretting the promise he made just a few moments ago.

The bassist continued, "Is there a ... reason for that? Do you just enjoy teasing Roger or ... is there another reason why you don't want to say what you ... prefer?"

"I-I told you that before, dear," Freddie swallowed hard, forcing a smile and trying to act unbothered, "I said I tried both. I was both top and bottom. Not at the same time, though," he joked, trying to hide how nervous he was.

But that didn't confuse John, "You said you tried both, but you also said that you prefer one over the other."

Freddie was silent, looking down.

John squeezed the singer's hand slightly in a comforting manner, looking down and smiling at seeing their fingers interlocked.

"I don't want to make you uncomfortable, John," Freddie finally spoke.

"You won't."
"Freddie, I can see that it's bothering you. P-Please, talk to me," John said softly, moving closer to the singer.

A few long moments later, Freddie finally gave in, taking a deep breath, "When I started ... sleeping with guys I was ... I bottomed. I-I didn't think I had it in me to ... be the active one. You know. A top. I didn't think I could and that I'd like it. But then I tried it and ..."

"You liked it?" John asked, offering a weak smile.

Freddie was shocked by that smile. How could the bassist offer him comfort? How did he find it in himself to talk about such things with him and be open minded enough to not judge or feel disgusted?

"It's perfectly f-fine if you ... liked it, Freddie."

The singer forced the next words out, "I-I thought you'd be ... Terrified of me because of that."

John seemed confused, "W-Why would I be terrified of you?"

"Because of what happened to you?"

"Freddie. That ... makes no sense."

"It does, darling. I enjoy the same thing that you attacker enjoys."

That made John slightly disgusted and he tensed up, "D-Don't say that. You don't enjoy hurting other people, Freddie. You would never ..." he trailed off, not able to finish the sentence.

The singer was silent for a long moment, preparing himself to continue, "That was something I-I didn't want you to know about me, darling."

"Freddie," the bassist started, "I am not terrified of you. I could never be terrified of you."

When the singer remained silent, he slowly continued, "I-Is that what you and Tom were always fighting about?"

"Among other things, yes," Freddie replied, rolling his eyes, "I was willing to compromise and he
wasn't. It was always the same. I was the one who had to ... "

"I-I understand," John said, not wanting to torture Freddie by making him say it out loud.

"He's ... disgusting," the bassist continued, swallowing hard.

"He's a cunt. He always envied me, but he'd never admit it," Freddie's voice was icy cold.

"Envied you? W-Why?"

"Because I'm bigger than him."

Clearly John was confused by that as it was very obvious that Tom was taller and heavier than Freddie.

"W-What?" the bassist asked, "He could barely walk through the door without hitting his head on the door frame."

Freddie raised his eyebrows, "No, John. Not taller. I'm bigger," he emphasized the last word.

And then John understood, immediately blushing, "O-Oh."

Silence.

"I'm sorry if ... I said too much and I'd understand if you decide to not share a bed with me anymore," Freddie said quietly.

"Why would I not want to - " the bassist stop mid-sentence, "Just because you're ... big? I-I don't understand."

"No," Freddie quickly shook his head, "Because of what I said earlier."

"Oh. A-About you being a ... um ... top," John breathed out.

He had to admit he never really thought about it, but he couldn't say it surprised him. Well, if he was being completely honest, John could see Freddie as both. It just depended on who he was with.

"The fact that now I-I know your ... preference doesn't change anything, Freddie. I'm not ... afraid of you. I'd never be afraid of you because of that."
Upon noticing that the singer still seemed concerned and was clearly having an inner struggle, John leaned over to Freddie, hugging him. He let out a deep breath when he felt the singer hugging him back.

They stayed like that for a few moments and then John felt that familiar feeling. In his lower body. He tried to ignore it, but that proved to be nearly impossible. He liked that feeling. It wasn't a bad feeling and soon John started breathing heavily, not able to stop himself. He placed a soft kiss on Freddie's neck, eliciting a moan from the singer.

He pressed his lips to Freddie's neck again and when he heard another moan, he felt a bit brave, kissing his neck once again and this time using his tongue. After another moan escaped him, Freddie pulled the bassist away from him, holding him by the shoulders with his hands.

"Where ... where did you learn that, darling?" he breathed out, his face flushed.

"F-From you," John admitted quietly, "Why? W-Was is that awful?"

Freddie could help but laugh, "It was very good, dear. Too good."

"What do you mean?"

The singer did not answer, but his heavy breathing was all the answer John needed. It didn't escape John's attention that the singer was shifting around uncomfortably, trying to find a better position to sit in. Nervously, he looked up at Freddie, biting his lip, "Can we .. ?"

"Can we what, dear?"

"Y-You know," John knew he was blushing more than ever.

They stared at each other for a few long moments and Freddie was the first to break their staring contest for only a brief moment as his eyes flicked down to John's lips and back up again. John's breath hitched in his throat at that and he couldn't help but bite his lips nervously again.

"Why?" the singer suddenly asked.

Why?

This time John was the one who couldn't help but laugh, "I-I think it's pretty obvious why, F-Freddie."
He grabbed a pillow and placed it over his groan, looking around nervously. And then he felt the singer lean closer to him, whispering in his ear, while he traced his arm down John's back. "I can't do anything with that pillow right there, darling."

John had to remind himself to breathe, "Y-You can move it away... if you'd like."

"Can I?"

"Y-Yes. Please."

Freddie moved the pillow away, throwing it at the floor before pulling John in for a kiss. Their lips were ghosting together in the lightest of touches, tingling sensations that shuddered through John's spine and lit his senses on fire.

And then suddenly, the pressure was gone as Freddie pulled back. Lips barely apart, he pressed his forehead against John's as his eyes slid open almost drowsily and there was a question in the singer's eyes.

John immediately recognized it.

_Is this alright?_

"Yes, please, continue," John replied, slightly embarrassed at how _breathless_ he was. Before he even realized what was happening, they were lying on the bed, next to each other, simply kissing and hugging. Freddie kept his promise from a few days ago and he kept his hands above the waist. It seemed as if John's body had a mind of it's own as his legs parted just slightly and it surprised even him.

Freddie noticed it and chuckled, "Impatient, are we?"

"N-No," John felt embarrassed, but before he could close his legs, Freddie's knee found it's way between them, making the bassist cry out in pleasure.

"Is this alright?" Freddie asked carefully, the smirk disappearing from his face as he stared at the bassist, who just nodded his head quickly.

"John."

_Oh, right. Words._

"Y-Yes, it's alright, Freddie."
"Just alright?" Freddie teased and John laughed, shuddering at the feeling of being touched.

That was all the encouragement the singer needed as he pushed his knee up, knowing exactly what he was doing to the bassist.

"F-Freddie."

The singer leaned closer to him, smiling at him, "Darling, Roger's home. We'll have to be quiet if we don't want the blond barging into the room, demanding to know what I'm doing to you."

John laughed at that mental image, but then he felt Freddie’s thigh hit that spot again and his eyes rolled back in pleasure. It was almost too much. Perhaps he was too sensitive. He felt Freddie’s tongue gently trace the outline of his lips in a polite but also needy request.

"W-Wait," John suddenly said, placing his hand on Freddie's chest.

The singer immediately stopped, removing his leg from between John's thighs and leaning away. When John opened his eyes, he could clearly see the concern in the singer's look.

"No, no, Freddie," John had trouble forming words, "I'm fine. Don't stop, please."

The singer seemed to relax slightly, but he still stared at the bassist with concern. John smiled up at him, "I-I don't want this to be just about me."

"What do you mean, darling?"

"I-I want you to enjoy it too."

Freddie smiled at that and moved to John's neck again, leaving a trail of kisses there, "I am enjoying it, dear."

"I-I want you to enjoy it more," John whispered, swallowing hard.

That seemed to confuse Freddie, "What do you want me to do, dear?"

John laughed nervously at that, "I-I thought you'd have some idea. I-I don't know. I don't mean going all the way or ... I don't think I can ... touch you. Not yet."

Freddie just stared at him and then bit his lip and looked down.
"You just thought of something, didn't you?" John asked, his lower body unconsciously moving closer to Freddie, desperately needing some kind of contact.

"I-I really don't need it, darling," Freddie smiled and tried to kiss him again, but John stopped him.

"I want you to, Freddie. I-I want us both to ... enjoy it."

The bassist could clearly see that Freddie's skin was deeply flushed across his neck and ears and the thought that he was the reason for it only made John giddy.

"Are you sure, darling?"

John couldn't nod his head fast enough, "I-I'll tell you if ... "

"If you get uncomfortable?"

"I promise," John breathed out, "Just ... " he parted his legs again, feeling embarrassed at how desperate he was. He saw Freddie smirk and then the singer moved so that he was on top of John, but not completely. He was supporting his weight on one arm and then one of his legs found it's way in between John's.

"Oh god," was all the bassist could say at the familiar contact.

And then he felt something else on his other leg. Something hard was pressing into his thigh and he experimentally tried moving his leg and he heard Freddie suck in a breath, closing his eyes for a second.

Oh.

Their eyes met and for a long moment they didn't even move as they just stared into each other eyes, but then Freddie smiled, bringing his lips to John's neck again. The bassist couldn't help but buck his hips up to get some kind of relief and thankfully the singer understood and started moving against him, his thigh offering just enough pressure to John to make his eyes roll back in sheer pleasure.

"You're beautiful like this, darling," he heard Freddie whisper and he forced himself to open his eyes so that he could look at him.

And he was glad he did. The way Freddie's lips were slightly parted and how he struggled to keep his own eyes open, pleasure evident on his face ... it was too much for John. He closed his eyes, but he could still hear Freddie's rapid breathing and it brought a smile to his lips. It was even better than
the last time. He could feel the singer moving against him and John couldn't decide what felt better; either Freddie's thigh between his legs or the feeling of Freddie's groin against his leg.

"F-Freddie."

"Darling, Roger will hear you," Freddie chuckled, followed by a very quiet moan, "I don't want him to ... ahh ... kick my ... arse."

John bit his lip, trying to keep quiet. And then he felt Freddie's lips on his neck again, but this time it was more intense.

"Can I?" the singer asked against his ear, then dragged his tongue down John's neck, sucking at the skin just slightly.

"Y-Yes," it came out more like a moan than a word.

Freddie knew, he knew, that he should not do it, he knew that he would regret it, but he couldn't stop himself. He couldn't resist. He brought his lips down to the skin on John's neck, first kissing it gently, then licking it and finally he started to suck on the skin there, careful not to use his teeth. He knew it would leave a mark and for some reason that just made him more excited. He could feel John's movements were becoming more and more erratic and while still sucking on John's soft neck, he moved his pelvis up, meeting John's. The bassist let out another moan at the feeling of their groins moving together, against each other.

It didn't take long.

John's hips jerked up in surprise and his back arched as he gasped, his body tensing up and then stilling completely. Just hearing and feeling that sent Freddie over the edge and he grinded his hips against John's a few more times before he too exploded, not able to prevent a moan from escaping his lips.

They both remained in that position for a few long moments, perhaps even minutes, just catching their breaths and coming down. Freddie was the first to move, looking up at the bassist, placing a small kiss on the corner of his lips. He did want to kiss him, but the younger boy seemed to still be out of it, his body twitching every few moments.

"Come back to me, darling," Freddie chuckled, placing another kiss on John's chin.

"I-I love you."

Freddie froze.
He didn't hear that right.

"What did you say, darling?"

"I love you," John breathed out, still not able to even open his eyes. And then he felt the singer's weight being lifted off of him and the sudden movement surprised him, forcing him to look at what was happening.

He found Freddie sitting on the edge of the bed, very, very far away from him, looking rather tense. He refused to meet his eyes, that much was clear.

"F-Freddie?"

"I need to go clean up, darling," the singer offered a quick smile and hurried out of the room. John just stared at the door, not understanding what just happened. He was still feeling the aftershocks of what they just did but the pleasure was slowly overtaken by loneliness. He pulled the covers up to his neck and tried to not feel hurt by the singer's sudden departure.

But it was already too late for that.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for not running Tom over with a van. Perhaps another time. :P Hopefully I've redeemed myself for leaving you with a cliffhanger. :)

John waited and waited. And waited. He could hear Freddie leave the bathroom, but he didn't return to the bedroom. John tried not to let it get to him, he tried to think of the reasons why Freddie wouldn't come back to him. Perhaps he was hungry and decided to find himself something to eat? That had to be it.

John waited for a couple of minutes more and then decided to go clean himself. He took a quick shower, changing his clothes and then he returned to Freddie's room and noticed the singer still wasn't there. Hesitantly, John decided to go check where Freddie was and was surprised when he found the singer sitting on the sofa in the living room, staring down at his notebook. It seemed as if he was writing something, or drawing. Perhaps doodling.

John was confused. After what they just did about half an hour ago, Freddie decided to just leave and ... doodle? The bassist just stood frozen for a few long moments, not knowing how to react. Did he do something wrong to upset the singer?

When Freddie finally noticed him, he smiled, but it was a nervous one, "John, why are you still up? It's almost midnight."

"I-I was waiting for you to come back," John replied quietly, walking over to Freddie and sitting down next to him.

"Oh. I apologize, darling. I-I was just ... I wasn't very sleepy and decided to try and finish a few songs," the singer answered, looking down at his notebook again.

John was silent, noticing the weird tension between them. He was positive he wasn't just imagining it. And it was painful. After how close John felt to Freddie just half an hour ago, the singer's strange new attitude was quite a shock.

Silence.

The bassist didn't know if he should say something. Address what happened between them, address what he said to him after. Perhaps that was the reason Freddie was acting strange?

"Freddie - " the bassist started hesitantly, but he didn't know how to continue.

"Yes, dear?" Freddie looked up from his notebook.
"Is there ... is there something wrong?"

The singer raised his eyebrows in confusion, "What could be wrong?"

"I-I don't know," John let out a nervous laugh, "Was it ... me? Was I ... not good?"

"Don't be ridiculous, darling."

But then he said nothing else, simply looking down at his notebook again. John noticed he wasn't even writing words or drawing something, he was just doodling. The bassist felt as if someone punched him right in the stomach, pushing all the air out of him. Slowly, he stood up, "I-I'll just go to bed, then."

"Good night, darling," Freddie offered a quick smile before looking down again.

"G-Good night," John managed to say and then turned to leave. Tears were building in his eyes before he even managed to leave the room. The second he stepped into the dark bedroom, he couldn't hold them back anymore and tears spilled down his face, but he quickly brushed them away, trying to act normal. He tried to convince himself that he was exaggerating, acting stupid over a small thing. Perhaps Freddie didn't feel the need to cuddle or hang out with him after they were done. That was perfectly understandable. They weren't a couple or anything.

With that thought in his mind, John crawled into bed and fell asleep.

ooo

When John woke up the next morning, Freddie was nowhere to be seen. The bassist wondered if he even came to bed last night. He could hear noises from the kitchen and the living room, but he decided to stay in the bed for a bit longer. He stared down at his injured wrist for a while and then removed the compression wrap, carefully moving his wrist around a bit. He couldn't help but smile at the realization that he felt no pain while doing that. His wrist seemed fine. Immediately his eyes found his bass guitar resting against the wall in the corner of the room and he felt excited. He couldn't wait to play again.

That was the thing that managed to put him into a slightly better mood.

After his usual morning routine, John walked into the kitchen, noticing all the other three boys were already there.

"Morning," he greeted with a smile, anxiously meeting Freddie's eyes.
As usual, the singer smiled back and quickly got up from his chair, offering the place to John. The welcoming personality was the first thing that John really liked about Freddie. Being the new one in the group was very uncomfortable, but never with Freddie. Since day one he has been welcoming and generous, making John feel as if he belonged. Even even now, when things were a bit tense between them, Freddie still couldn't stop being his usual generous self.

"Here you go, darling," Freddie said, moving away from his place.

John knew better than to argue and he just smiled as he sat down, "T-thank you."

"We were just discussing Brian's new van," Roger said while stuffing his face with bread.

"Oh, that's right," John's face lit up, "Did you buy it? How much was it?"

Brian nervously looked down, "It was quite pricey even though it was pre-owned," but then he took a deep breath, "I'll manage it. It's cheaper than renting every week or so."

"He's the smart one," Roger teased, "He's done the math."

"I have, thank you very much," Brian replied, "It's good at least one of us has common sense."

Both Roger and Freddie gasped in shock.

"Excuse me, darling?"

"What are you saying?" Roger stared at the guitarist.

"Nothing at all," Brian said casually, bringing a cup of tea to his lips.

Roger looked at Freddie, "I think he just insulted us."

"I think so too," the singer agreed, glaring at the guitarist.

"Don't jump to conclusions," Brian replied casually.

"Oh, we didn't jump, darling. We took a tiny step and there conclusions were," Freddie drawled.

John decided to interrupt the conversation, awkwardly clearing his throat, "I-I think we could start earning money soon."
And then he brought his wrist up, showing it to everybody. Brian and Roger both smiled, looking at each other excitedly, probably already making arrangements for gigs in their heads.

"Darling!" came a worried reply from Freddie, "Are you sure that's a good idea? You are not rushing it, are you?"

"N-No, I've had it on for days. Besides, I ... " he stopped mid sentence, moving his wrist around experimentally, "I think it's fine."

"Are you sure?"

"I am, Freddie. I too wouldn't want to risk permanently damaging my wrist," he said firmly, but on the inside he was melting at the concern that he could see on Freddie's face. Even though, for some reason, things were awkward between them, Freddie was still worried about his well-being.

"Alright then, dear," the singer relaxed slightly before allowing himself to get excited as well. He turned to Brian, "Can you get us some studio time? And some gigs?"

"I'll see what can be done," Brian replied and him and Roger could barely hide their excitement.

John flinched in surprise when he felt Freddie gently take his wrist in his hands, inspecting it, his eyes concentrating. The bassist felt the heat building in his head at the simple touch, but he tried to act normal. Trying to act as if it didn't have an effect on him when it clearly did.

"It really is fine, F-Freddie," he managed to let out.

"It looks fine," the singer commented, then met John's eyes and for a long moment they just stared at each other, neither being able to break the contact.

But then Roger's voice interrupted them, "And when did you study medicine, Fred?"

Freddie rolled his eyes, letting go of John hand and turning to face the drummer, "Oh, you know. Around the same time I was dating your mother."

"You did not just say that," Roger opened his mouth is shock, then raised his eyebrow, "Don't you mean my father, Freddie?"

"Perhaps I meant you grandfather?"

Brian sighed, rubbing his forehead as if he was having a headache. Meanwhile, John just ate his cereal in silence, hoping he wouldn't be dragged into the argument with the usual 'Deaky, what do
you think?'. While normally he appreciated the other asking about his opinion, he didn't want it to happen while they were having an argument about Freddie dating Roger's mother or his father.

After the breakfast both Roger and John each disappeared to their own room, leaving Brian and Freddie alone in the kitchen. For some reason the guitarist did not seem to be planning to leave anytime soon and while Freddie found that a bit strange, he brushed it aside.

"What are your plans for the day, darling?" Freddie asked casually, bringing a cup of tea to his mouth and taking a sip.

"Oh, nothing much," the guitarist replied, "I thought I'd just stay here for a few hours, but I can leave if you and John need some privacy."

That caught Freddie's attention, "What do you mean?"

"I could take Roger out of the flat if you two would like to be alone?"

The singer slowly placed the cup back on the table, forcing a smile on his face, "I am not sure I understand."

Brian sighed, slowly continuing, "Fred, how long has this thing with you and John been happening?"

Freddie froze. He was usually very witty and could come up with quick replies, but for some reason, at that very moment, he was completely speechless.

"Fred?"

The singer swallowed hard, letting out a laugh, "W-What do you mean, dear?"

"You know what I mean, Freddie. I happened to notice that hickey on John's neck and considering that John doesn't leave the flat for someone else to give it to him, that leaves you and Roger. And I somehow doubt it was Roger."

"W-What hickey? Don't be ridiculous, Brian," Freddie laughed, but refused to make eye contact with him.
He had completely forgotten about the hickey. He didn't even see it while John was sitting next to him at breakfast. But apparently Brian noticed it. Damn him and his eye for detail.

"Fred, please. I am not angry. I am a bit disappointed, but ... you should be glad it was me who noticed it first and not Roger," Brian spoke calmly, "How long has ... this been happening?"

"I really have no idea what you are talking about."

That was it. Deny it until the end. That should work.

"Alright, then I better go ask Roger about what he's been doing with John - " Brian made a move to get up and Freddie's immediately stopped him, panic in his eyes, "No!"

Brian sighed, sitting down again, "Fred."

There it was. That tone. The same tone that Freddie's father used with him. It always worked like a charm. Freddie stared at the guitarist for a few long moments, not saying anything. But then he cracked under the pressure.

"A-A few days," he confessed, letting out a tired breath.

"Just a few days?"

"I-I'm not even sure what you mean by it."

Brian seemed to be struggling with his next words, "How long have you and John been ... having a relationship?"

Freddie looked at him in shock, "There is no relationship, darling. It's just ... we are friends. That is all."

"Friends with ... benefits?" Brian carefully asked.

"Perhaps, I-I don't know," the singer shrugged, "But we are most certainly not in a relationship."

Silence.
Brian seemed lost in his thoughts and Freddie was holding his breath in, waiting nervously for the guitarist to speak. How could he explain what was happening between him and John? How could he explain that he was willingly having sex with John? Not even a month after that thing happened to the bassist? Freddie would understand completely if everyone thought he was absolutely irresponsible and disgusting for doing that with the younger boy.

"Fred," Brian slowly started, "I didn't know John was ... into guys."

"He isn't," Freddie replied quickly and upon noticing the confused expression on Brian's face, he attempted to explain it, "He .... He's just ... into me. I mean, not me. He likes how I ... " he let out an annoyed sigh, "I don't know how to explain it, darling. I don't even understand it. You'll have to ask him."

"Fred," Brian said slowly, "Normally, I wouldn't care what you do in your private life. As long as you two are both consenting - " he emphasized the last word and it caught Freddie's attention.

"What do you mean 'as long as we are both consenting'? Do you think it could be possible that one of us wasn't consenting?" Freddie asked and it came out angrier than he intended. But he didn't care.

"Of course not. I would never think that. Just - "

"Oh, just Freddie grooming poor, innocent John? Turning him into a toy for his needs? Is that it?"

Brian brought his hands up in surrender, "Alright, let's all calm down."

"I am perfectly calm, dear. I don't think I liked your tone," the singer said coldly.

"Freddie. No one is accusing you of anything. It's just a figure of speech."

That seemed to calm the singer down just a bit and he relaxed, though he was still biting the inside of his cheek in frustration.

After a long moment of silence, Brian continued, "Like I said. Usually, I wouldn't care what you do in your private life, but since John is a part of the band ... it makes things more complicated. We really can't afford losing another bass player."

Freddie lit a cigarette, bringing it to his lips, "John's not quitting the band. Don't be ridiculous."

"And what if things end badly between you two? Have you thought about that?"

"There is nothing to end badly. John and I are ... friends, darling," the singer replied, taking a long
Brian just stared at him in confusion and slight surprise. Clearly, he didn't understand what was happening between Freddie and John, because not even Freddie could explain it properly.

"Oh, don't give me that look," the singer rolled his eyes, "Nothing serious is happening. No hardcore fucking has happened, don't worry."

Brian winced at the vulgar words, but then slowly asked, "And that is all you are considering serious? What if ... one of you catches feelings? You do not consider that serious?"

Freddie tensed up, bringing the cigarette to his lips once again, buying himself more time to think of an answer.

But before he could speak, Brian continued, "I hope you know what you are doing, Fred. I truly hope so."

"Everything is fine, darling. You worry too much," Freddie forced a smile, "John and I are friends and that is it."

The guitarist didn't believe him, that was obvious. But he decided to drop the subject, realizing he was not getting anywhere with it.

"When Roger sees that mark on John's neck - " Brian raised his eyebrows, not finishing the sentence.

Freddie grimaced, "He is going to kill me. I know," but then something occurred to him and a playful smile appeared on his lips, "I guess I'll just have to make sure he doesn't see it."

"What do you mean, Fred?"

"Thank god for John's long hair and my collection of scarves, darling," Freddie grinned.

ooo

Later that day Freddie managed to get John to his bedroom, slowly closing his door behind him and when he spoke, it was barely above a whisper.

"Dear, there's something ... " he started hesitantly, "Your neck."
John turned to look at himself in the mirror and he raised his eyebrows in surprise at seeing a mark there. It was just barely there, slight skin discoloration, not even close to the hickey that guy gave him. But it was still visible.

"I'm sorry," Freddie's tone was very apologetic, "I don't know what I was thinking. I clearly wasn't thinking at all."

"I-It's fine, Freddie," John whispered, observing his neck carefully in the mirror. It was a strange feeling, knowing that the singer left his mark on him. An evidence of what happened between them. It wasn't a negative feeling, it was just overwhelming.

"I believe we can both agree on the fact that we do not want anyone to notice it?" Freddie asked, deciding to keep to himself that Brian had already noticed it.

John nodded, "H-How"?

"Well," the singer sighed, "You could use your hair and I have scarves that could help hide it?"

Again, John just nodded, still staring at his own reflection.

"I am truly sorry, darling."

Hearing that, John finally turned to face the singer, offering a slight smile, "D-Don't be. I don't ... hate it."

With those words he walked past him, sitting on the bed. Freddie wanted to ask 'but do you like it' and it took everything in him to push that thought aside.

"I-I'll be in the living room, dear," he managed to say before he hurried out of the room.

He was distancing himself, John realized with sadness. And what made him even more sad was the fact that there was nothing he could do to stop it. If he pushed him for answers, the singer would just close himself off even more.

For the rest of the day, John remained in the bedroom. He desperately needed some time alone and at the same time, he was too anxious to face Roger, afraid of accidentally revealing his hickey. When John was getting ready for bed, he was still alone in the bedroom. He could hear voices coming from the living room and that made him feel less lonely, but he missed Freddie so much.

It did take him a while, but finally John managed to fall asleep.
Freddie wasn't sure what exactly woke him up, but as he was pulled from his sleep, his eyes snapped open immediately. It took him a few moments to get used to the darkness in the room, but then heard something. It sounded like heavy breathing.

He turned around, wanting to check on John, but was surprised to see the younger boy wasn't lying in bed as he expected him to. He was sitting on the edge of the bed with his back turned. Freddie could clearly see his body shaking with each breath that he took.

"John?"

That seemed to frighten the bassist and he tensed up, but still didn't turn around. Freddie sat up in bed, "Darling, why are you up?"

"I-It's nothing, Freddie. I-I had to go to the - " voice cut off, all the power gone out of it. He sounded short of breath, but he forced the last word out, "Bathroom."

Freddie gently placed a hand on John's shoulder, not wanting to startle him, "Darling, did you have another nightmare?"

"No," John answered, a bit too quickly.

"What happened to your shirt?" the singer asked, noticing that John wasn't wearing anything on his upper body. And he clearly remembered seeing a shirt on his body when he finally entered the bedroom late at night while the bassist was already asleep.

"It was ... wet. I-I woke up ... drenched in cold sweat," the bassist explained, his voice still shaking, "You can go back to sleep, F-Freddie. I-I don't want to bother you. I'm fine, really."

Freddie just moved closer to the bassist, "Don't say that. You are not bothering me. What's wrong, John? Clearly, something is. Was it a nightmare?"

After a long moment, John finally nodded, "It wasn't ... that horrible. It just woke me up and then I-I went to the bathroom and I saw myself in the mirror and ... "

"Darling?"

John forced himself to continue, "The mark is there again, Freddie. T-The one he gave to me. On my
Immediately Freddie understood and he cursed himself mentally for ever deciding to do that to John's neck. He didn't even think how seeing something like that on his neck again could negatively affect the younger boy.

"Shit," Freddie whispered, "John, darling, can you look at me?"

John slowly obeyed, turning around to face the singer, but he refused to meet his eyes. Freddie took in the panicked expression on the bassist's face and how his body seemed to twitch as if he had hiccups. And his eyes were red and puffy. Freddie felt his stomach drop at the sight of that and all he wanted was to pull the bassist into his arms, but he needed to explain something to him first.

Gently, he took John's hand in his, "Darling, that's not him. I did that. Do you remember?"

That seemed to confuse the bassist and he remained silent for a few moments.

Freddie continued slowly, "I asked you if I can do it and you said yes. Don't you remember, darling?"

"It's not ... his?" the bassist asked hesitantly.

"No. No. It's mine. I was the one to give to you," Freddie tried to make him remember and he hesitantly reached towards him, gently touching the hickey, tracing his finger over it. He tried to push away the strange feeling of possessiveness that came creeping up at the sight of his mark on John's soft skin.

John did relax slightly, his breathing slowly becoming normal again, but he was still shivering.

"Are you cold?" Freddie asked, but then smacked himself mentally for that stupid question. Of course he was cold. The room was freezing. For some reason his room was always colder than Roger's, but that usually didn't bother Freddie because he was always hot.

The singer made some room for John next to him, "Come here, darling," he said and the bassist obeyed, hesitantly moving to lie down next to Freddie. The older boy covered him up with covers and blankets, but the bassist still seemed to be shivering. And than it occurred to Freddie that perhaps the shivering wasn't all just due to the coldness in the room. But some of it was and after John not getting much better after a few minutes, Freddie decided to try something. He sat up, taking his own shirt off and lay back down.

"Darling?" he asked quietly.
He knew he didn't have to say it out loud. He knew John would understand. And he did. Hesitantly, the bassist moved closer to him, pressing himself against Freddie's warm body. It was slightly awkward at first, but within moments, the awkwardness was completely forgotten and John snuggled closer to the older boy, putting a hand on his chest.

"Next time you have a nightmare or anything even remotely close to that, you wake me up," Freddie said firmly, leaving no room for arguments. John just nodded.

The singer continued, "Whenever something bothers you, you come and find me, alright?"

He felt the bassist only snuggle closer to him, nodding against his chest again. Freddie relaxed at that, pressing a light kiss on top of John's head.

That was exactly the reason they were sharing a room. That was why it started. So that Freddie could help John and what was the point of it, if the bassist refused to let him know when something was wrong? With John safely in his arms, Freddie allowed himself to relax and even though he could barely keep his eyes open, he was doing his best to stay awake for as long as John was awake. As soon as he realized the younger boy had fallen asleep, Freddie closed his eyes, drifting off to sleep himself.

ooo

The next day started out as did every other day, but more work oriented. John kept to himself and even after the cuddling that happened in the middle of the night, he still felt as if Freddie was distancing himself from him. He was still very sweet to him and to everyone else it looked as if nothing was different, but John could feel it. No more intimate smiles, no more back rubbing, no more holding hands under the table.

Thankfully, John had music to keep his mind busy. For the first time in two weeks, almost three, he picked up his bass guitar and played a few riffs, just to get the feel of it. And it was like he never even stopped playing.

They were all hanging out in the living room, except for Brian who had some errands to run that day, probably trying to get them some studio time. Freddie was playing the piano, trying a few different melodies for his song 'Get down, make love'. John joined in with the bass and they experimented with the sound while Roger listened impatiently.

"I think it's too slow," the drummer said.

Freddie rolled his eyes, "It's supposed to be slow."
Roger raised his eyebrows, "It's the dirtiest song I've ever heard, though."

"Thank you, darling."

John smiled at the proud expression on Freddie's face.

"How'd you come up with the lyrics?" the drummer asked, teasing a bit, "Is it a metaphor for something?"

"It isn't a metaphor. I'll leave those to you, darling," Freddie shot a glare at the drummer, then shrugged his shoulders, "It's about the best sex I've ever had in my life."

That got Roger's attention, while John looked down at his hands awkwardly. For some reason he did not want to listen to that, but it would be strange if he suddenly just stood up and left the room.

"Tell me more," Roger stared at Freddie, his eyes wide open, "What exactly did you ... squeeze?" he laughed at the last word.

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

But then he ignored Roger's question and started to play the piano again, his fingers dancing across the keyboard. Roger simply shrugged, leaning back onto the sofa, putting his feet on the table.

When Freddie finally stopped playing, Roger took advantage of the silence in the room, "I think we should celebrate!"

"Celebrate what exactly?" came a question from Freddie.

"The fact that Deaky's wrist is healed and that we'll soon start playing again!" Roger said excitedly, "We should go out."

John tensed up, but tried to act normal. Going out to celebrate wasn't exactly his cup of tea, he would much rather stay at home and celebrate there.

"We could," Freddie agreed with the drummer, "Tomorrow night? We could go out, have a few drinks."

John kept nodding his head, agreeing with what was being said.
"Is that alright with you, darling?" Freddie suddenly addressed him, his tone softer, "If you don't want to, we could have a small party here."

"No," John quickly shook his head, forcing a smile, "I-I'm fine with it. We can go out."

Freddie stared at him for a few moments, clearly trying to figure him out, but before he could say anything, Roger spoke again, "Which club could we go to?"

"Oh, the usual, I guess. I don't really care either way, dear."

"No, Freddie," Roger slowly continued, "We could ... we could go to a gay club, if you'd like. For a while we've only been going to normal clubs."

Both Freddie and John tensed up and looked at each other before the singer finally broke the eye contact, shaking his head, "No, no. It's fine. We can go to the usual one."

"Why? The music is better in gay clubs," Roger insisted.

Freddie gave him a look and laughed nervously, "Why do you suddenly want to go to a gay club, darling?"

"I just think you deserve some time off," Roger replied, then grinned, "You could perhaps find someone to bring home and ... well, you know. Deaky could sleep in my room."

John's eyes went wide in panic and he stopped breathing as he waited for Freddie's reply. The singer did look at him for a short moment before he let out a nervous laugh, "You really want me to bring someone home, Rog? Are you sure about that?"

"Yeah, why not? Someone tall, dark and handsome," Roger teased, "Your type, right?"

John swallowed hard, suddenly very aware of how not tall, dark and handsome he was. What was he even thinking? And hearing Freddie's next words just made him feel even worse.

"I'll consider your offer, darling," the singer drawled, turning his attention back to the piano.

The bassist couldn't even move. He didn't want to draw attention to himself by leaving the room and he just sat there, staring at the bass guitar resting in his lap. He was acting stupid, at least that was what he tried to convince himself. He wasn't in a relationship with Freddie. The singer owed him nothing. If anything, John owed him. In some weird way, it felt as if Freddie saved his life. Not literally, but John couldn't even imagine what would happen to him if Freddie didn't offer he could stay at his flat for as long as he needed to. John would probably just stay locked in his room at his
flat, not talking to anyone, not confessing to anyone what had happened to him.

For the rest of the afternoon, John acted normal. He forced himself to engage in conversations, he laughed at Roger's jokes, he even talked to Freddie. It was about small and not important things, but they talked.

As the afternoon turned to evening he felt as if he was suffocating. He needed some time alone, but he couldn't get it in the flat. Roger was in the bathroom and Freddie went to fetch something from his bedroom. Knowing that Freddie would return soon, John quickly grabbed his jacket and left a note saying he went for a walk. When he reached the door, he stopped for a moment, his nerves getting the best of him, but then he forced himself to walk out of the flat.

ooo

John didn't really know that part of the town. Even though he was living with Freddie for three weeks now, they didn't go out much. Especially not in the daylight. Not wanting to wander the dark, unknown streets by himself, John decided to go to a place he knew.

The park that Freddie took him to a while back. He still pretty much remembered the way, but was very nervous, looking around as he passed people, listening for every sound. His body was tense, but John was very proud of himself for managing to remain relatively calm. At least on the outside. The park wasn't too far away and a couple of minutes later, he was already seated at a bench, staring off into the distance, lost in his thoughts.
It wasn't as relaxing as when Freddie was with him, because he kept looking around nervously, expecting someone to jump from the bushes at any moment. His whole life John preferred to be alone. He enjoyed being alone, but ever since the attack he couldn't stand it. The fact that he always needed someone to be with him and baby-sit him, made the bassist feel embarrassed. Thankfully, neither of the boys ever showed that he was inconveniencing them in any way, but he still felt ashamed.

John sat there in silence and then he heard a familiar voice.

"John Richard Deacon!"

Before the bassist could even react, Freddie was standing in front of him, his hands on his hips. He did seem a bit breathless as if he was running and John didn't even know how to respond. He just stared at the singer in surprise.

"Care to explain why you decided to go for a walk in the middle of the night?" Freddie demanded, still breathing heavily.
"I-It's not even seven o'clock in the evening," John replied, confused.

"That is besides the point, darling. It's dark outside."

"It's ... November, Freddie," the bassist said hesitantly, "It's ... supposed to get dark sooner."

"Oh, don't give me that tone, young man."

John almost chuckled at the sight of Freddie talking to him as if he was his parent. When he said nothing back, the singer seemed to relax and he sat down next to him, letting out a deep breath.

"Don't do that, darling," his tone was softer now, "I-I've been worried sick."

"W-Why? Because I went for a walk by myself?" John asked, then looked down at his hands, "I used to do a lot of things by myself before the ... you know. Before you all thought I was ... fragile."

That actually made John laugh and he did understand what Freddie was trying to say to him and ... he agreed. He was nothing like Roger and Brian. John wasn't even sure what he would do in a dangerous situation. If someone was trying to mug him? The bassist concluded he would probably just hand over all his money without resisting one bit.

"I-I understand, Freddie," he finally whispered, "I'm sorry for making you worried. But I'm fine."

Freddie was silent for a long moment before he carefully asked, "Why did you come here, dear?"

"I guess I ... wanted to be alone."

Silence.

"Oh!" the singer suddenly realized, "Is this you trying to give me a hint to leave? Because that is not happening, darling. You can be alone with me here."
John smiled, biting his lip. "You promise to be quiet?"

Freddie said nothing, only pretended to zip his lips and throw away the key. The bassist laughed again and then crossed his arms over his chest, looking off into the distance again. After a moment he tilted his head back, looking up at the sky, observing the stars.

"Well, this is fucking boring," he heard Freddie say.

John let out a chuckle. He knew the singer wouldn't be able to keep silent for longer than a minute. Still, John refused to respond and he remained quiet, trying to relax.

"Oh, John, please. I'm so fucking bored, I'm not even joking!"

"Freddie!" John laughed, "It's called enjoying the silence."

"Well, I enjoyed it. For the first ten seconds. Then I got bored."

The bassist sighed, facing the singer, "Alright. What would you like to talk about?"

"Anything!" Freddie replied, desperately.

Hearing that, something occurred to John and he tensed up, looking down at his lap again. But he forced himself to speak, "F-Freddie. What ... what did I do wrong?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've been acting strange ever since that night when we ... did that," John swallowed hard, feeling his voice shake, "Is it because of what I said after? I-I know you heard it even though you ... pretended you didn't."

Silence.

John didn't want to look at Freddie. He was too nervous to do so.

"It was a mistake, dear," the singer finally said, his voice barely above a whisper.

That made the bassist look up at him, "What was?"
"Us," Freddie replied, shaking his head, "Us having sex. It was a mistake and - 

"Wait," John cut him off, blinking a few times in confusion, "What did you just say?"

"That is was a mistake?"

"The other part. Us ... d-doing what?"

Freddie was staring at him, clearly very confused, but he repeated it, "Us having sex?"

This time it was John's turn to stare. And he did. His eyes were wide open as he remained silent, not knowing how to reply to that. Sex? Why was Freddie using that word? They weren't having sex. They barely did anything. They were both clothed each time. How could they ... have sex if they were both fully clothed and -

"Oh god," Freddie gasped as the realization dawned on him, "You didn't know."

"I-I didn't ... " John stuttered, not able to speak.

"Darling, you didn't know that was sex?"

"Was it?"

They both just stared at each other in complete shock for a few moments.

"Yes," Freddie was the first one to speak and he sounded desperate, "I-It was. How ... how did it escape your attention?"

"Well ... we were both clothed and there was no p-pen ... penetr - " John didn't finish the word, blushing furiously.

"What do you consider handjobs then? Or blowjobs?" Freddie's voice was very high, it almost reached the shrieking level.

"Freddie!" John blushed even more, "I-I didn't know."

"Oh god," the singer started speaking, more to himself than to John, "I had sex with you without you knowing it. Roger is going to kill me. I am never going to become a famous singer and Roger will be sent to jail and - " 
"What?" John nearly laughed at the panic in Freddie's voice, but he managed to control himself. He cleared his throat, "Freddie."

The singer slowly met his eyes.

"Freddie, I-I didn't know what we were doing was considered sex, but now that I know," he smiled nervously, "I-It doesn't change anything. I liked it."

The singer seemed to relax slightly, "Are you sure? You are not just ... saying that?"

"No. I enjoyed it. I-I thought that much was obvious," John felt his cheeks turn red.

"And you are alright knowing that you had sex with a guy?"

"Y-Yes?" the bassist couldn't really understand why Freddie was asking him that. If he wasn't comfortable with it, he wouldn't keep doing it. And he most certainly wouldn't keep living with Freddie, sharing a bed with him.

The singer let out a breath, throwing his arms up in despair, "I-I don't get you, John."

"What do you mean?"

"How did you manage to ... get to age nineteen without ever having sex? Or .. at least feeling sexual attraction to anyone? How is that possible?" Freddie asked, staring at him as if there was something wrong with him. Like he was a math problem, too difficult for him to solve.

"I-I don't know. I just ... didn't," John replied, feeling a bit uncomfortable, "I didn't feel the need to."

"And now you do?"

John nodded, his tone barely above a whisper, "O-Only with you."

"I don't believe that," came a reply from the singer.

"You think I'm ... lying to you?" John asked, a bit shocked and hurt.

"No, darling. I believe you think that," Freddie sighed, struggling with his next words, "In any case, it's ... too early for what you said to me after."
"That I love - "

The singer cut him off, "John, don't. Please."

"What's ... so wrong with it? Has nobody ever said it to you?"

Freddie shook his head, "Not really, no," and then he let out a nervous chuckle, "I think it's pretty clear what kind of relationships I've been in."

John slowly moved closer to the older boy, "But ... I meant it."

"You didn't."

"I did."

"John," Freddie said firmly, meeting his eyes, "It's still too early for you to know that. You could ... like me, but you don't ... love me. You couldn't possibly, not after one month."

The bassist just stared at the singer for a few moments, noticing how vulnerable he seemed to be. It was clearly something that he was struggling with and the last thing John wanted to do was to put pressure on him.

"F-Fine," John nodded, hesitantly placing a hand on Freddie's knee, "I-I like you."

That made Freddie smile and he didn't even bother covering his teeth. He placed his warm hand over John's, "I like you too, darling."

As they stared at each other, not speaking, John started playing with Freddie's fingers without realizing it. He always did that when he was anxious, he started fidgeting and playing with random things. Freddie interlocked their fingers, trying to calm him down.

"We should stop doing what we were doing, dear," the singer whispered.

"Doing what?"

"Having sex."

John tensed up, "W-Why?"
He immediately blushed as he realized how desperate he sounded at that moment. It wasn't the sex and the physical aspect of it that John was worried about losing. It was the other stuff. John couldn't really describe it, but emotional connection seemed very close. Not to mention how good he felt in his own body and how proud of that he was. Proud that he was able to enjoy himself and allow another person to touch him after what happened to him. Even though everything they did was still pretty innocent, it was more than John thought he would ever be capable of doing. But somehow with Freddie it was alright. And now suddenly it would all stop?

"I don't think it's very wise for us to continue doing it," Freddie replied quietly, "You should take some time and think about it. Figure out if that is what you truly want."

John knew there would be no point in arguing. The singer was decided and there was nothing he could say to change his mind. He nodded and kept looking down at his lap.

"Are you cold?" came a question from the singer.

It was then that the bassist realized he was trembling. He didn't even notice because of the heated conversation that they were having.

Before he could reply, Freddie was already taking off his jacket.

"No, that's not necessary, I'm not that cold," John said quickly, but the singer ignored him, placing his jacket around John.

"Freddie, now you're going to be cold," the bassist felt horrible, but the singer simply flashed a smile, "I'm wearing the warmest jumper I have in my possession. Besides," he flicked his hair back, exposing his covered neck, "I have my scarf, darling, don't worry about me."

John quickly stood up, "Alright, but we should head back then."

"It's a warm night, dear," the singer leaned back, making himself comfortable.

"I don't want you catching a cold. Not after my wrist just healed. How are you going to sing with a sore throat?" John knew that would get to Freddie and he was right. He couldn't help but smile as the singer immediately stood up.

"Perhaps you are right, darling. We should head back."

On the way back to their flat, they were both mostly silent, but it wasn't an uncomfortable silence. However, John felt horrible as he noticed Freddie shivering just slightly, even though he singer tried to hide it. He tried returning the jacket multiple times, but Freddie was not having any of that,
insisting that he was fine. And then John hesitantly took Freddie by his arm, pressing himself against him, not caring if anyone saw that or had a problem with it. The singer didn't fight it, a weak smile on his lips as he allowed John to press against him while they walked home in silence.

ooo

The moment they stepped into the flat, they relaxed, grateful to finally be away from the cold. Roger was home, that much was obvious, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"He's probably in his room, wanking off," Freddie said casually as they walked into the living room.

John did not know what to say to that. It always surprised him how blunt both Freddie and Roger could be, not caring what was appropriate and what wasn't.

They both collapsed onto the sofa and John took off his two jackets.

"Do you want some tea?" Freddie asked.

"M-Maybe later," John replied, nervously staring at the singer in front of him, biting his lip.

"Yes?" Freddie immediately noticed there was something bothering the bassist.

"The last day or two were ... hard," John let out a breath, "I felt as if ... you weren't really there. I mean ... you were but ... " he trailed off.

"I know what you mean, darling."

"Please, don't ... distance yourself," the bassist whispered, then smiled, "I'm glad we talked about it."

"I am, too," a large smile appeared on Freddie's lips.

That gave John the courage he needed, "Can I ... hug you?"

"Of course, silly!" Freddie laughed, extending his arms towards John, "You don't have to ask."

Immediately, John was pressing himself against the singer, hiding his face in the crook of his neck. He could stay like this forever. No one's hug ever made him feel like that before. Happy. Relaxed.
Comfortable.

After a few moments, John made a move to pull away, but he couldn't. At least not entirely. He moved his head so that his face was just inches away from Freddie's. He could see the weak smile on the singer's face and how warm his eyes were. He never met anyone else whose eyes possessed such kindness.

Even though John did his best to not do it, he couldn't stop himself. His eyes moved lower, stopping on Freddie's lips. The singer was breathing heavily, his lips slightly parted and John found his protruding front teeth especially adorable.

Before he could even do anything, he felt Freddie's lips pressing against his own. It did catch him by surprise and for a long moment he did not even know what to do, half expecting the singer to stop, but he didn't. And John started kissing him back, bringing his hands to Freddie's neck, gently caressing the skin there.

It started out innocently, but within moments, John was lying on the sofa, on his back, with Freddie on top of him, kissing him with more force than ever.

So much about not doing that again. John couldn't help but chuckle against Freddie's lips.

The singer kept running his hand up and down John's chest, always stopping at the waist. A bit hesitantly, John moved a hand under Freddie's shirt, touching his chest, feeling the chest hair under his fingers. The singer shivered at the contact and John realized his hand was probably still very cold.

"S-Sorry," he managed to say between the kisses and he felt Freddie smile against his lips again.

And then they heard it.

Footsteps.

John froze, but thankfully Freddie was off of him in less than a second, pulling the bassist up in a sitting position.

"Oh, look who's home," they heard Roger's voice before they could see him. John noticed Freddie grab a cushion and place it over his lap awkwardly.

The drummer finally entered the room, sitting in an armchair across from them. John stared at him with wide open eyes, not knowing what to say and how to react. His mind was completely blank.

"I found him in the park," Freddie spoke and he was a bit breathless, even though he was trying to
hide it.

Roger turned to John, "Deaky, next time you feel the need to go for a walk ... ask me or Freddie to go with you. There are quite a few creeps in this neighborhood."

Usually, John would try to protest, saying he was perfectly fine doing things by himself, even if it wasn't completely true, but at that moment he didn't trust himself with words. He just nodded.

"All's well that ends well," Freddie laughed, then changed the subject, "Are you hungry, Roger? What should we have for dinner?"

John has never been more thankful for the singer's ability to talk. As he looked at the drummer, he wondered how it was possible he didn't notice something was off? How could Roger not tell what was happening just before he walked into the room? Were they that good at acting? Freddie, perhaps, but not him. Not John. Was the drummer really that clueless? John felt as if it was obvious what had just happened. It almost felt as if it was written on his forehead.

*I just made out with Freddie.*

He was being paranoid, that much was clear. Taking a deep breath through his nose, he tried to calm himself and he fixed his eyes on Freddie.

Didn't they agree to stop doing ... *that?* Not only an hour ago they agreed and ... then it suddenly happened again. Not that John was complaining. There was that stupid, dreamy smile on his lips again.

There were a lot of things John wasn't sure about. But this thing he was sure about. He knew they couldn't just stop doing it. Whatever it was. It was almost physically impossible. And for some reason, John wasn't bothered by that. The rational, logical part of him was screaming at him to stop it before it gets out of hand; the singer did just forbid him from using the word *love* and John still wanted to do those things with him. Why?

Stop it before it got out of hand.

It already got out of hand and John couldn't bring himself to care.

Chapter End Notes
Hi! A bit of a more laid back chapter before the next one. Prepare yourselves. :P Thank you all for still reading! :)
Chapter 24

See the end of the chapter for notes

John could not remember the last time he was laughing this much. Roger and Freddie together were too much for him to handle. The constant bickering and the amount of crazy stories they had up their sleeves was unbelievable. No one cared that it was almost midnight, they barely even noticed it. After Freddie and John returned from the park, they quickly made dinner, which was simple pasta with tomato souse, because they had nothing else in the kitchen and after dinner the evening turned into a party. Roger got the alcohol and poured a glass of whiskey to himself and Freddie, saying they needed to celebrate the fact that they'd soon be playing again.

John was perfectly fine with a simple beer and he wasn't even able to finish it because he was laughing too much.

"Yeah, we did run a stall at the Kensington Market, but unfortunately we went out of business," Roger said, glaring at Freddie, "Someone kept giving things away for free."

"Rog, darling, I was not giving things away for free. I was merely very generous with the discounts. You should have seen some of the people who came to the stall. Their fashion sense was absolutely awful. They clearly needed my help, dear," Freddie replied, bringing a cigarette to his lips.

"That is no way to run a business, Fred!" the drummer rolled his eyes.

"What about you?" Freddie raised his eyebrows, "Remember when you sold my favorite jacket?"

"I didn't know it was yours! I already told you that!"

Freddie turned to John, completely ignoring the drummer, "I had to run after that guy like a crazy person and I had to buy back my own damn jacket. And he ripped me off, the bastard."

"And I offered to pay you back, didn't I?" the drummer asked.

"You did, yes," Freddie nodded, then he narrowed his eyes at him, "But you never did."

Roger laughed, "Well it's the thought that counts."

"And you had to close it?" John asked, still chuckling.

"We went bankrupt!" Roger exclaimed, letting out an annoyed sigh, "I was really sad about it,
though. I was having a lot of fun selling clothes and - "

"He rearranged the mirrors so that he could peak into the girls changing room," Freddie quickly said and took a sip of his whiskey, grimacing at the strong taste.

Roger gasped, trying to fake shock, "I did no such thing, Fred. Who do you think I am?"

Freddie did not respond to that, he only sent a glare to the drummer and took another sip of his drink.

"What about you, Deaky?" Roger suddenly asked, turning all his attention to him, "We've known you for a month, but we don't really know you."

"Yes! Tell us something about yourself, darling!" Freddie joined in.

John did not like being put in the spotlight like that. He never enjoyed when all eyes turned to him. That was probably the reason he was a bass player and not a singer. Well, that and the fact that he couldn't sing to save his life.

"I...I am..." he stuttered, "I was born on 19th August, 1951."

Both Freddie and Roger stared at him for a moment and then they both laughed at the same time.

"Well, I was born on 26th July, 1949," the drummer announced, still laughing.

"And I on 5th September, 1946," Freddie said, flicking his hair back, "What about Brian?"

Roger narrowed his eyes as he thought about it, "I think... on 19th July, 1947."

"Well, now that we all know our birthdays," Freddie let out a laugh, turning to John again, "Tell us something more personal about you, darling."

John blushed, "P-Personal?"

"Yeah, like..." Roger said, then paused for a moment before a smirk appeared on his face, "Your first time."

"My first time doing what?" John asked innocently.

Freddie smacked Roger's arm, "Don't be too noisy, Rog," then he turned to John again, smiling,
"Tell us ... what did you study?"

"Um .. electrical engineering," the bassist replied.

That caught Roger's attention, "Nice! That means you're good with ... electricity and stuff?"

John laughed, nodding his head, "I-I guess so."

"We could use a handyman in this flat," Roger said slowly, "Because someone cannot even change a simple lightbulb," when he ended the sentence, he pointed at Freddie from behind his back.

Freddie didn't need to see it to know the drummer was pointing at him, "Oh, please! Who needed help last time with starting a washing machine?"

Roger blushed in embarrassment, but said nothing.

"He's a momma's boy," Freddie continued, chuckling, "He's never lived alone before."

"A-And you did?" John asked, "I remember you telling me you got sent to India?"

"Farrokh," Roger whispered, grinnting at the annoyance on Freddie's face.

The singer ignored him, meeting John's eyes, "Yes, I was sent there to a boarding school, dear."

John did noticed the slight change in Freddie's demeanor when mentioning that. He looked a bit uneasy, but after a moment there was a smile on his face again, "It made me learn to fend for myself. Unlike some people who shall not be named."

He was talking about Roger. There was not doubt about it.

"I can fend for myself, Fred!" the drummer argued.

The bickering lasted for a few more minutes and John took advantage of that time to quickly finish his beer, standing up, "It's been really fun, but I-I think I'll go to bed now."

"Same here, Deaky," Roger agreed, standing up as well.

The bassist looked at Freddie, biting his lip nervously. He could see that mysterious gleam in the singer's eyes and for some reason that made him excited, even though he didn't know what to expect.
John knew part of that playfulness in Freddie's expression was due to many glasses of whiskey that him and Roger had, but he was still Freddie. He wasn't overly drunk.

John had to admit he wasn't expecting it. The moment they stepped into Freddie's bedroom and the door closed, the singer's arms were around him and he was kissing him. John chuckled against the kiss and when Freddie finally pulled away, the bassist met his eyes, "I-I thought you said we weren't doing this anymore?"

Freddie bit his lip, "I said we shouldn't have sex anymore. But kissing is a different thing."

"I-Is it?" John smiled, wanting nothing more than to feel Freddie's lips on his own again.

"I think it is," the singer said, then slowly leaned towards John again, touching the bassist's nose with his own before placing a small kiss on his cheek. His lips lingered there for a long moment and John felt shivers down his body. Especially when he heard Freddie's voice in his ear, whispering.

"I could barely keep my hands to myself this entire evening, darling."

"R-Really?"

Freddie nodded, gently nibbling on John's ear. That sensation was too much and John's knees buckled. Freddie caught him, his hands holding him up by his waist.

"Darling," he chuckled, "How much did you drink?"

"Just one b-beer," John managed to answer.

"Are you sure about that?" the singer teased, "You didn't take any shots of tequila while Roger and I weren't looking?"

"No," John laughed, shaking his head. He felt Freddie moving him towards the bed. When the back of his legs touched the edge of the bed, he sat down and Freddie didn't waste any time; leaning over him and kissing him again. Before John even knew what was happening or how they'd gotten into that position, he was lying on his back and Freddie was on top of him, caressing his face with his hand, brushing his hair behind his ear while kissing him. And then he felt that familiar tension between his legs and Freddie was all too eager to help, his knee making it's way in between John's thighs. The bassist swallowed a gasp of pleasure, remembering that walls were paper thin.

"I-Is this still considered just kissing?" John managed to ask when they broke apart.

Freddie stopped his movements, looking down at John with a serious expression, "It's not, darling."
This is *more*.

"Do you *want* more?" the bassist needed to ask. This was all confusing too him. Just a few hours earlier Freddie was telling him they needed to stop and now they were at it again?

"You know I do," the singer smiled, biting his lip, waiting for John to respond.

It took him a long moments, but then John finally spoke.

"Can you ... take your jumper off?" he asked, hesitantly, blushing at hearing himself say those words out loud.

The singer's smile only grew and immediately he sat up, raising his eyebrow at the bassist, "Only if you help me."

"Freddie -"

"Please, darling."

It wasn't that he didn't *want* to do it; the problem was that he was embarrassed. He thought his fascination with Freddie's chest and his attraction to it was slightly odd. Thankfully, Freddie didn't think it was weird. Or at least he didn't show it.

Hesitantly, John reached towards Freddie, grasping the material of his jumper and with Freddie's help, they pulled it over the singer's head. John chuckled when he saw that the singer was wearing a white undershirt underneath it.

"Does this stay on?" Freddie asked with a teasing tone, but John quickly shook his head.

This time he was more brave, wasting no time as he grasped the shirt, pushing it up, making it very clear that he wanted it off. Freddie chuckled and pulled the shirt over his head, throwing it on the floor. And then he didn't move. He just sat there and John couldn't look away from him.

He was beautiful.

He never thought he would find another man's chest that ... attractive, but at that moment he couldn't deny it any longer. The chest hair made it even more appealing to John. It was somehow perfect; thicker near the center of the chest and then drawing a dark line down the center of his stomach, disappearing into his pants.

And then the owner of said glorious chest cleared his throat and John blushed immediately, realizing
he's been staring.

"My eyes are up here, love," Freddie teased and John turned even redder at hearing what name the singer just called him by.

"You can touch, I don't bite," this time Freddie laughed, making the atmosphere a lot more relaxing. But John didn't move and he looked down at his hands nervously.

"What's wrong?" concern could be heard in Freddie's voice and he leaned closer to the bassist, observing his face.

John took a deep breath, meeting his eyes, "Can you ... kiss me again?"

Freddie just smiled and pressed his lips again John's again. Soon they were both lying down again, sharing lazy kisses, just touching and moving against each other. John did manage to find the confidence to explore Freddie's chest, his fingers dancing over the skin.

The singer realized that he never thought simply making out would ever feel so good and so satisfying. For him the foreplay has always been something that apparently needed to be done to get to the main part and was usually even skipped. But with John there was no rush, no trying to get to the next part because he knew there was no next part. And for that reason he found himself enjoying the slow making out session more than he would ever thought possible. His hand slowly moved from John's neck down his chest, stopping at his waist. He felt John tense up slightly and immediately the singer broke the kiss, looking at the younger boy, "It's alright, darling. No touching below the belt, I remember," he tried to reassure him, keeping his hand still on John's waist. But then the bassist smiled nervously at him, swallowing hard, "N-No, it's ... you can, if you want to."

Freddie narrowed his eyes in confusion, "I can do what if I want to?"

John licked his lips, not knowing how to say it out loud. He didn't want to say it out loud. And then he put his own hand over Freddie's, slowly moving his hand down, closer to his groin. He met the singer's eyes, hoping he was making sense.

"Are you sure?" Freddie was sceptical.

"I-I think so?" the bassist replied, but it sounded more like a question.

"What do you want me to do?" Freddie asked, placing a kiss on John's forehead before meeting his eyes again.

"I-I don't know."
He was sincere. He didn’t know what he wanted Freddie to do. All he knew was that he wanted to try letting Freddie touch him.

He took a deep breath, doing his best to explain, "What you ... usually do with y-your ... knee. I-I mean ... thigh."

That made him blush and he looked away, anywhere but at Freddie’s face, but then he heard the singer chuckle, "I can do that. But are you sure?"

John just nodded.

"We can try," Freddie said quietly, pressing his lips against John's again. The bassist immediately responded, all the embarrassment suddenly forgotten as his hips bucked up instinctively. And then he felt it.

Just the slightest touch. Probably just one finger, caressing him through his pants and John could not help but moan at the contact.

"Roger," Freddie whispered a warning while laughing.

John really did not want to think about the blond drummer while doing this with Freddie, but he couldn't help but chuckle at the whole absurdity of the situation.

But then he felt Freddie's whole palm on him, not just a slight touch of the fingertip and he shuddered and groaned, pressing up into his palm in an uncontrollable, undulating movement of his hips. It was too much. How did Freddie expect him to keep quiet? At that moment John couldn't care if Roger heard them or even saw them.

He felt Freddie press against his groin more firmly, trying to wrap his fingers around him through the thick fabric of John's pants and a loud moan escaped the bassist's mouth.

"Darling," Freddie laughed again, but then he kissed him, trying to muffle the sounds coming out of John's mouth. It didn't work because John could still groan while being kissed.

The bassist was in heaven.

He felt Freddie remove his hand from his groin and he wanted to protest, but then he felt something else. A hand on his backside.

He froze.
A hand gripped his arse and it was all that it took for John to freeze completely. He couldn't respond to the kiss anymore and he just ... froze. He sucked in a breath, his entire body tensing up.

**No, no, no.**

He couldn't be touched like *that*. That was exactly how he was grabbed when ...

"Darling?"

He couldn't even push Freddie off, he couldn't even tell him to stop or put a hand on his chest which would make the singer stop immediately. He couldn't move.

"John?"

He felt that hand move away and suddenly it was on his face, gently caressing his cheek.

"John, sweetheart?” there was panic in Freddie's voice.

And what was that strange feeling of wetness on his cheeks? Freddie kept wiping it away. Was he crying? But he didn't *feel* as if he was crying.

"John, I am so sorry,” he heard Freddie panic, "Oh god. I'm really sorry. I-I didn't think ... Shit. John?"

And then he couldn't even feel Freddie anymore. Somehow that made him snap back into reality and he blinked a few times, looking around and he found the singer sitting on the edge of the bed, far away from him, holding his hands up in front of him.

"I-I won't touch you again, John. I-I promise," Freddie's voice was shaking, "Are you alright? Please, say something, darling."

John couldn't stand the guilt on Freddie's face and he forced himself to speak, "I-I'm fine."

"You're not."

He wasn't, but ... that wasn't Freddie's fault. They were in the heat of the moment, how could Freddie have known what to do or not to do? It was such an innocent thing; just a simple arse grip, but it made John sick to his stomach, sending him into a complete panic mode. He knew Freddie would never do anything to hurt him and he knew there was no reason to fear him, but his body still panicked.
"I'm so fucking sorry," came from Freddie again.

John forced himself to move, slowly sitting up. It surprised him how much his body was shaking and he pulled the covers up to his neck, needing a few moments to collect himself.

Freddie just sat there, staring at him with a pained expression, not knowing what more to say. He couldn't do more than apologize. He would if he could, but nothing came to mind. And so he apologized over and over again.

"I-I can go ... away, darling. If you want me to," Freddie whispered, "I can sleep in the living room -"

And with that he made a move to get up from the bed, but John stopped him, "Don't go. I-I don't really want to be alone."

That made Freddie stop, but he still didn't move away from the spot on the very edge of the bed.

"Can we just .. go to sleep?" John asked quietly, offering a weak smile.

When the singer still didn't move and simply stared at him, John patted the empty spot next to him, "Come here, Freddie."

The older boy hesitantly moved, slipping under the covers beside John, but keeping his distance.

"I'm really sorry," he said again, turning to look at John with concern in his eyes, "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

John quickly shook his head, shame appearing on his face, "N-No, you didn't. I just ... I don't know what happened. I didn't expect ... it."

"I made you cry," Freddie whispered, swallowing hard.

"No, Freddie. It's ... I'm fine now. It just ... caught me off guard, that's all," John tried to smile again, hoping to make the singer feel slightly better. He didn't blame Freddie. He knew the singer had no ill intentions and if he was being honest, John didn't expect a simple pat on the bum would have such an effect on him.

Whose fault it was that the evening ended badly?

John couldn't answer that question.
"Freddie, it's alright," he said again, moving to lie down. The singer followed, doing the same, but he still did not say anything.

They were both quiet for a while, neither of them able to fall asleep. And then John hesitantly reached over to Freddie, finding his hand and simply holding it. He couldn't help but smile when he felt the singer respond, gently tightening the grip and then interlocking their fingers. That was slowly becoming John's favorite thing. For some reason he loved it when Freddie did that.

And with that thought in his mind he finally fell asleep.

ooo

The next morning John woke up before Freddie, which was a surprise, but not an unwelcome one. He quietly slipped out of the room and after doing his business in the bathroom, he found himself standing in the kitchen in front of an open fridge. There wasn't much food left.

Just barely any bread and a few slices of cheese.

John decided he wasn't that hungry after all and made some coffee. While he sat there, enjoying the silence and sipping his coffee, he heard someone yawning and walking towards the kitchen. Just by the sound of it he could tell it wasn't Freddie.

And not even a second later Roger popped into the kitchen, surprised to see John up already.

"You couldn't sleep?" the drummer laughed, walking over to the fridge, opening it, grimacing and then closing it again.

"I-I did sleep quite well, but for some reason I woke up early," John replied, then added, "I've made some coffee."

"Thank god," Roger let out a breath, quickly moving to the kitchen counter, pouring himself a cup and then he sat down at the table, across from John.

His eyes widened when he took a first sip, "This tastes amazing."

"Um ... thanks," John chuckled, blushing a bit.

"Perhaps I'm just used to coffee that tastes like shit," Roger laughed, then lowered his voice, "Freddie thinks he makes great coffee and I don't have it in me to tell him the truth."
"It did taste a bit ... sour," John agreed, still chuckling.

They both sat there, laughing at Freddie's expense and then Roger turned serious, "We didn't really get a chance to talk, just you and me. You know. After everything."

"E-Everything?" John asked, slightly confused.

"Tom," Roger simply said and the bassist immediately tensed up.

"I-I just ... wanted to forget about it," John admitted.

"Well, I can't. The bastard had the nerve to come to our flat and what? Demand to see Freddie? Who the fuck does he think he is?" Roger's tone started turning angry.

"Do you think he'll cause any more trouble?"

"I honestly don't know. He's such a cunt," the drummer rolled his eyes, "Out of all of Freddie's ... boyfriends, he was the most horrible. I hated him."

John bit his lip hesitantly, knowing he shouldn't question Roger about it. If he had any questions, he should go to Freddie, but ... he couldn't stop himself. The drummer seemed more than willing to share the things he knew and it probably meant it wasn't that personal.

"What ... what were they like together?" John quietly asked, taking a sip out of his coffee.

"Well, they rarely came here," Roger said, "Most of the times they were at his flat and we saw each other at the clubs. He always had ... this weird possessives over Freddie. He couldn't even order his drink without Tom giving him dirty looks for talking to the bartender."

John grimaced, "Really?"

"Yeah. And what was the worst? Freddie allowed it. He just brushed it off. God, it pissed me off," Roger clenched his fists in frustration, slowly continuing, "We were at a club one night. Gay club. I just tagged along 'cause I didn't want Freddie to be alone with Tom. And while I was sitting there, the two of them were a bit further away, dancing. And they started fighting over god knows what, Tom probably minded the way Freddie breathed, and ... suddenly he ... slapped him. Right across the face."

"Tom slapped Freddie?" John felt his heart sink.
"Yeah, right in front of me! I almost killed him and we were thrown out of the club," Roger explained, breathing heavily, his fists still clenched in fury.

"Oh god," was all John could say.

Yes, the singer was very outrageous, flamboyant, loud and snarky, but he was the gentlest person John knew. He couldn't ... didn't even want to imagine someone hurting him; slapping him.

"Freddie just tried to shrug it off, forcing a smile, saying I don't have to worry or defend him because he was a man and could do it himself," a short laugh escaped the drummer, but there was nothing humorous in it, "I knew he was more than capable of defending himself, but ... he was just allowing that kind of behavior. After that I never saw Tom again. Fred made sure of that."

"B-But they were still seeing each other?"

"For a few more weeks, yeah. Random bruises kept appearing on Fred's body and he tried to explain it, saying it was from ... crazy, adventurous sex."

John's eyes widened and he looked down, blushing.

"But I knew that was a fucking lie," Roger continued, "And then finally one day he said him and Tom were done. Well, he whispered it, mouthed it to me, because he'd lost his voice," the drummer let out a chuckle, "That was funny actually. Imagine Fred having to be silent for two days. He was losing his mind."

John smiled, remembering the previous evening at the park when the singer couldn't even keep silent for a minute without literally dying out of boredom.

"Hello, my darlings!" Freddie's voice suddenly interrupted them and they both tried to act normal as the singer appeared in the kitchen, wearing only a bathroom robe.

"Really, Fred? And you gave me a hard time for wearing only my underpants! Why are you naked?" Roger demanded, raising his eyebrow at the singer.

"I am not naked, thank you very much!" Freddie replied, causally pulling his robe up to reveal he was, in fact, wearing underwear.

"Ugh!" Roger grimaced, looking away, "Put that away, Fred."

John felt his cheeks turn red because he saw more than he perhaps wanted to see. Everything Freddie wore was very tight; apparently even his underwear.
"Morning, darling," the singer turned his attention towards him, his voice very soft, "How did you sleep?"

"Um ... very well, actually," John smiled, noticing the concern on Freddie's face, "Really. I'm fine."

That made Freddie relax slightly, but before he could say anything, Roger slapped his shoulder, "It's your turn to go to the store, mate. We are completely out of food."

"What?" Freddie narrowed his eyes in suspicion, "How is it my turn again?"

"It is. Don't you trust me?" Roger asked, acting innocent. Too innocent.

"I trust you as far as I can throw you, darling."

"I'll go to the store," John suddenly offered, making the other two boys look at him in surprise.

Finally Freddie spoke, "You don't have to. I'll go, darling."

"I'll go with you," the bassist insisted, "I-I want to go out of the flat. And ... make sure you buy enough ... cheese," he let out a chuckle at the last word.

Freddie couldn't help but smile and finally he nodded, "Alright, dear. We'll go grocery shopping together."

They hung out in the kitchen for another hour or so and then both Freddie and John got ready to go out, while Roger collapsed onto the sofa, reading a magazine.

"Don't forget to bring at least five different bags of chips!" he ordered, not looking up from his magazine.

Freddie rolled his eyes as him and John left the flat. The store wasn't too far away, only a ten minute walk and John was happy he could get some alone time with Freddie. Normal alone time. He really didn't want to talk about deep things, he just wanted to talk. Like a normal person having a normal conversation with another normal person.

"I can't wait to start working on your song, darling," Freddie said, clapping his hands in excitement.

"W-What?"
"Spread your legs?"

"What?" John's eyes widened in shock.

The singer laughed, "I'm joking, darling. Spread your wings and fly away?"

"Oh," John relaxed, letting out a nervous laugh, "I hope Roger and Brian won't hate it."

"They won't!" Freddie tried to reassure him, "And if they happen to have a problem with it, I'll defend it, don't worry. I really think it has potential."

The bassist smiled, biting his lower lip. When they reached the store, Freddie pushed the door open, holding it until John walked in. He took a look around, realizing it wasn't a very big store, but they had all the things they needed. While Freddie walked away to the bread section, John immediately hurried towards the cheese, grabbing a few different kinds of it, not forgetting to grab a few packs of toast. He could barely carry it all in his hands and when he found Freddie, he just dropped it all in the basket the singer was carrying.

Freddie couldn't help but laugh when he saw what John had picked, "Darling, you need to eat more than just cheese on toast."

"A-Alright. Do you want me to go grab a salad or ... some vegetables?" he asked.

"Oh god no," Freddie shook his head, "Who eats salads? We need pasta. Tomatoes. Cereal. Milk. We can't buy any meat because then Brian refuses to cook for us. I swear, he's trying to turn us all into vegetarians, darling."

John laughed, "I don't really miss meat."

Freddie's eyes turned playful and he opened his mouth to speak, but clearly he changed his mind at the last moment, "Just so you know, I had a very good and dirty joke to respond to what you just said, but I'll save it for next time."

Before John could ask what the joke was, the singer stormed off to the cereal aisle. When they both had everything they thought they needed, they made their way to the checkout. When all the food was in the bags and Freddie was getting ready to pay, John pushed him out of the way gently, pulling his own wallet out.

"No, no, no, darling," Freddie argued, trying to push the bassist away, but John wouldn't move.

"I'll pay. It's the least I can do," John said, giving the money to the cashier.
"John!" Freddie sighed, giving a bassist a look, "You didn't have to do that."

"It's fine, really," John smiled, taking the receipt and thanking the cashier. They each grabbed a bag and left the store.

For the whole way back to the flat, Freddie would not shut up about how John didn't have to pay for the groceries.

"I have enough money, darling, don't worry."

"I know you do, I just wanted to ... pay you back for everything."

"For what?"

John struggled with his words, "Everything you did for me. Everything you've been doing for the last month. You and ... Roger."

"But you don't have to pay us back," Freddie insisted.

"I wanted to help. Contribute."

"John."

"Freddie," the bassist smiled, "It's fine, really. Just let it go."

The singer was silent for a few moments, but then he finally nodded his head, "Alright. But the drinks are on me tonight!"

John agreed with that, nodding his head and Freddie finally relaxed, dropping the subject of money.

The rest of the day was spent peacefully. The only disturbance was Roger arguing with Freddie because apparently he bought only three bags of chips instead of five. When Brian finally arrived at the flat sometime in the afternoon, he informed them that he did manage to get them a few gigs in the course of the next few weeks and some studio time the day after tomorrow. Completely absorbed in the conversation and excited over the future, they completely lost track of time. Once they realized it was already time to leave for the club, they all, except Brian, hurried off to get ready. John was the first one to return to the living room, already wearing his jacket and one of Freddie's scarves to hide his hickey.

"Do you know where we're going?" Brian asked.
"Um ... I don't know the name, but I think Roger said a gay club," John replied, noticing the surprise on Brian's face.

"Roger wants to go to a gay club? Is there something I missed?" the guitarist chuckled.

"He said he wants Freddie to ... have a good time for once."

"I guess it'll be fine. I just don't really enjoy the music there," Brian admitted, shrugging his shoulders.

"Really? Roger says he especially loves the music."

"He hates the music in gay clubs," Brian laughed, shaking his head, "He just loves being hit on, but doesn't want to admit it. It gives him an ego boost."

Before John could reply, Freddie and Roger appeared in the room, feeling a bit too eager to leave. Especially Roger.

"Come on, Bri. Get your arse up!" the drummer teased, then asked, "Can I drive?"

"Absolutely not," was all Brian said while walking towards the door.

"Come on, Bri," the drummer pleaded, "If you drive, we'll get there tomorrow!"

"Roger, no."

They all left the flat and once Roger realized Brian was not going to let him drive his van, him and Freddie started arguing over who would sit in the passenger seat. While John quietly went to sit in the back row, the singer and the drummer continued to argue on the side of the road.

"I called shotgun for eternity!" Roger yelled.

"You can't call shotgun for eternity!" Freddie rolled his eyes.

"Well, I just did, Fred."

Brian and John waited patiently in the van and then the guitarist turned to John, letting out a sigh, "What do you say we just drive off and leave them both here?"
"I heard that!" came reply from Freddie.

After a few minutes Freddie finally let Roger have his dumb shotgun and he took a seat next to John, crossing his arms over his chest in annoyance. For the whole ride to the club Freddie kept kicking the seat in front of him, annoying Roger who threatened to throw him out of the van.

In a desperate attempt to just make them both shut up, Brian turned the volume on the radio all the way up, but he could still hear them bickering. Thankfully, once they arrived at the club, the fight seemed to be forgotten and both Freddie and Roger were walking together, talking and chuckling amongst themselves. Once they reached the entrance, however, Freddie was beside John in an instant. Such a simple gesture, but John appreciated it more than he could explain.

Once they found a free table, they all took a seat, but Freddie quickly stood up again, "I'll go order. What do you all want, darlings?"

John again opted for the beer, not really being in the mood for anything stronger. Especially when he was in a situation that made him slightly anxious. He did not want to be tipsy.

John's eyes followed Freddie as the singer made his way to the bar, not far away from where they were sitting. He could see him leaning over to talk to the bartender and while he waited for the drinks, John noticed someone approach Freddie. Some tall, dark and handsome guy. He leaned closer, whispering something in Freddie's ear and apparently it was funny because Freddie smiled. John felt his stomach twist with something he couldn't really describe. He didn't want to look, but at the same time he couldn't force his eyes to look away.

He kept staring and noticed the way the guy touched Freddie's leg.

"That's just Freddie," he suddenly heard Brian say to him.

"W-What?" he asked, confused.

The guitarist leaned closer, "Freddie's always flirting with everyone. Most of the time it's nothing serious. I wouldn't worry about it."

John just nodded and smiled awkwardly, not really understanding why Brian was telling him this. It seemed as if he was trying to reassure him of ... something.

And then Freddie was back, carrying the drinks.

"I almost tripped on the way back. Almost fell arse over tits," he chuckled, finally sitting down next to John.
"See anyone you fancy, Rog?" Brian teased, staring at the drummer.

"Yeah," Roger replied, smirking, "I caught a glance of myself in the mirror just before."

Brian rolled his eyes, bringing his drink to his mouth.

Freddie could not sit still, his body kept moving with the sound of the music and he kept looking at John, which the bassist appreciated, but couldn't help but blush at the amount of the attention he was receiving.

After a couple of minutes someone approached them. Some blond guy and while he was good looking, Freddie was not interested.

"Can I buy you a drink?" the guy looked at Roger, completely ignoring Freddie.

"I'm good, mate," the drummer replied a bit awkwardly. Brian could not help but laugh, even though he tried very hard to control himself.

The guy then turned to John, "Excuse me, could you help me out?"

John immediately looked at him, ready to help, "S-Sure."

The guy smirked, "I have an incredible itch that's buried deep in my butt - "

"Alright, that's enough," Freddie interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. He picked up John's beer bottle, showing it to the guy, "I can help you with that itch, darling."

The guy grimaced at that, "I'm sorry. Are you his boyfriend?"

"No," Freddie replied a bit too quickly, "Just ... Oh, fuck off. No one's interested here in scratching your itch."

Realizing it was pointless, the guy accepted the defeat and left. Feeling frustrated, Freddie brought John's beer to his mouth, taking a sip before placing it back on the table.

"I love gay clubs," Roger smirked, breaking the awkward silence.

John was a bit too overwhelmed with everything to actually speak. He wasn't used to getting hit on. Especially not by men. Was that guy just making fun of him? He wouldn't really ... hit on him,
would he? Why?

Freddie did seem to be in a bad mood, but after a while he lightened up and they continued to chat and laugh and bicker.

"Are you sure you don't want anything else to drink, Bri?" the drummer asked, eyeing the beer in front of the guitarist.

"I'm sure?" Brian replied, a bit puzzled. The whole evening Roger kept offering to get more drinks for him, "What are you drinking?" he asked.

It took Roger a moment to answer, "T-Tequila."

"They serve it in those big glasses?" Freddie looked at the drink in front of the drummer and before Roger could react, the singer grabbed the glass, bringing it to his mouth and tasting it. And then he blinked at the drummer, confusion on his face, "Rog, this is ... apple juice."

"No, it's not," Roger argued back.

And then Brian realized it.

"Are you trying to get me drunk so that you could drive back to the flat?" he asked, staring at the drummer with amusement.

Both Freddie and John couldn't stop laughing and while Roger kept denying it, it was very obvious to everyone what his plan was.

"Are you really drinking fucking apple juice in a gay club?" Freddie almost died with laughter, "I had no idea they actually served apple juice."

"It's not apple juice," the drummer insisted, not giving in, "It's tequila!"

"Oh, really?" Brian asked, raising his eyebrows, "Can I try it?"

"No!"

John listened to the conversation, but for some reason he started looking around, observing everything and everyone. He never thought he'd feel relaxed in a club, let alone a gay club. But he did. He was having fun.

But the more he observed the people around him, the more he felt ... a bit sad at the fact that gay clubs were the only place where these people felt they could be themselves. Where they felt they
could touch or kiss or hold hands with their partner or their ... one night stand. Or do something more just like that couple in the corner. John quickly averted the gaze and then he saw him.

A guy standing next to the bar, talking to a bartender. When he turned around, John could clearly see his face and it pushed all air out of his lungs.

He was terrified the guy would meet his eyes, but at the same time he couldn't look away. He was frozen. He recognized that guy. He had seen him before.

John felt as if everything was spinning around him and suddenly he couldn't hear the music anymore. All sounds were coming from far away. All John could hear very clearly was the heartbeat in his head.

That was the guy that bought him the drink that night. He was sure of it. He remembered his face very clearly, even though he didn't see the face of the man who attacked him. But if something was intentionally put into his drink, that guy who did it, could be the guy who -

John swallowed hard, feeling sick to his stomach. His hand found Freddie's thigh and he gripped it, hard, immediately getting the singer's attention.

"John? What's wrong?" he heard Freddie ask, concern evident in his tone.

The bassist couldn't look away from that guy. The more he looked, the more sure he was that it was the same guy.

"T-That ... man ... at the bar," he whispered.

"Yes, I see him," Freddie replied, "Do you know him?"

John just nodded his head.

"Deaky, what's wrong?" Roger asked, "Do you want to go out, get some fresh air?"

"Darling, what's wrong?"

"I-I think that's him," John's voice was barely above a whisper and Freddie wasn't able to hear him.

He leaned closer to the bassist and John repeated the words, "I think that's him. The ... guy who bought me a d-drink that night."
"John, are you sure?" Brian asked.

"I-I think so," John breathed out, still not moving his eyes away from the guy.

He felt Freddie's hand on his neck, gently caressing the skin and it helped keep him focused, preventing him from panicking completely, "Darling, are you absolutely sure?"

Again, John nodded, barely able to breathe. He thought he was going to be sick and his hand flew to his mouth, covering it.

"You're alright, darling," Freddie soothed, "You're safe here with us, alright?"

"A-Alright," the bassist stuttered, but didn't feel any more calm. He could see Freddie lean closer to Roger and whisper something in his ear, but then the singer was back beside him, gently gripping his arm, "Alright, let's go. Up."

"W-Where are we going?" John asked, feeling confused and disoriented.

"Home," was all Freddie said and helped him get up. Brian stood up as well and they both walked on either side of John as they hurried towards the exit. Once they were finally on the street, John looked around, "W-Where's Roger?"

"He stayed inside, darling," Freddie explained, smiling at John, "Brian will take care of you. Rog and I will come home as soon as possible."

"W-What?" John didn't understand what was happening, "Where are you going?"

"I'm just going to have a word with that guy, dear. Nothing to worry about."

"No!" John almost screamed, holding onto Freddie's arm, "You're not going back there."

"Darling, please. Everything's going to be alright," he tried to calm him down, smiling again.

"No, no, no, no."

Brian joined the conversation, "Freddie and Roger can take care of themselves, John. They are going to be just fine. Am I right, Fred?"

"I promise."
"Why do I need t-to go home? I-I can wait here for you," John panicked, his breath coming out in short pants.

Freddie's tone turned serious, "If that is the guy, I don't want him anywhere near you."

"F-Freddie -"

Realizing that Roger wasn't around and that Brian pretty much already knew about the two of them, Freddie brought his hand to John's face, cupping it gently and then he slowly pressed his lips against John's. It was the most chaste kiss they ever shared, but it did seem to calm him down slightly and Freddie took that opportunity to help get the bassist into the van.

"I'll be home in less than an hour, I promise," Freddie smiled and closed the door.

He watched as Brian got in the driver's seat and drove off.

ooo

As soon as Freddie returned to the club, he found Roger just where he'd left him. The blond was taking the task very seriously and he kept glaring at the guy, not letting him out of his sight.

"Are you sure that's him?" the drummer asked.

"John says he's sure," Freddie replied, gritting his teeth in pure rage and disgust, "But we still need to check."

"How are you planning on doing that?" the blond asked, "We beat the shit out of him until he confesses?"

"As enjoyable as that idea sounds, I had something else in mind," Freddie's expression turned dangerous, "Keep your eyes on us, darling. And follow us if we decide to go somewhere."

"We?" the drummer asked in confusion, but before he could question it further, Freddie walked away, slowly and seductively making his way over to that guy. He stopped right next to him and after a long moment he leaned in and whispered into the guy's ear, "Can I buy you a drink?"

The guy seemed surprised and he took a good look at Freddie, his eyes moving up and down the singer's body. Satisfied with what he was seeing, he nodded, a smirk appearing on his face, "Why not?"
Freddie grinned, then ordered them both drinks. Not wanting to waste time, he leaned closer to him again, using that famous pick up line of his.

"How big's your cock?"

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know, another cliffhanger, but I thought we should all get a little breather before the next scene. :D Hope you liked it. :)}
"How big's your cock?"

The man was taken aback by that, letting out a nervous laugh, but he quickly composed himself, "Would you like to see?"

Freddie grinned, "Perhaps after I finish the drink," he said, bringing his glass of vodka to his mouth. He couldn't seem too easy. That would be suspicious or perhaps the guy wouldn't like that. Apparently he liked when people resisted him. Freddie had to swallow back the bile rising in his throat at the mere thought of that.

"Are you alone here?" the guy asked, taking a sip out of his own drink.

Freddie had to think about the answer. Perhaps the guy had seen him with the other three. But he decided to take the risk, "I'm alone, darling. What's your name?"

"Todd."

"Nice to meet you, Todd. I'm Fred."

Because of the loud music Freddie had to keep leaning closer to him and each time he did so he made sure to touch his leg with his.

"Have you ever been to that other club? A bit further away?" Freddie asked, "Cock Island?"

That made the guy tense slightly, "I have, yes. But I don't really go there anymore.

"Why not?" the singer raised an eyebrow.

"I've had a few problems there," was all he said and Freddie did not want to push the matter further.

After a few minutes of flirting and touching, Freddie bit his lip, "I would offer to take you home, but unfortunately I don't live alone."

"And I don't really have a ... habit of taking anyone home," the guy replied casually, but Freddie could see the hunger in his eyes. He was interested, that much was obvious. The singer threw a
glance at the table where he knew Roger was sitting at and was reassured by the fact that the drummer was still there, observing them closely.

"Do you have any other idea then?" Freddie asked playfully, this time licking his lips.

"Have you ever done it in a restroom stall?"

That question took Freddie by surprise a little and he couldn't help the flash of anger that shot through him. He could only hope the guy didn't see it and thought it was strange.

Freddie forced out a short laugh, "Have you?"

"I have. A few times," there was such smugness in his tone that it was disgusting.

"Isn't it a bit crowded, though? Not much space to move around?"

"You don't have to move," the guy replied, smirking, "You just stand there and let me do all the work."

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "Well, we can try."

And with those words he stood up, waiting for the guy in front of him to do the same. And he did, clearly interested in Freddie. The singer leaned closer to him, pushing his groin against the guy's thigh, "I don't really know where the restrooms are," he lied, letting the guy take the charge.

Todd smiled and led Freddie through the crowd of people on the dance floor. Before they disappeared completely into the mass of people, Freddie could see Roger getting up from his table, making a move to follow them.

There were quite a few guys at the urinals, but no one batted an eye when Freddie and Todd walked past them and both squeezed into one of the stalls. Sex in the stalls and strange sounds were nothing unusual in a gay bar. The moment they both stepped inside, Todd went to lock the door behind them, but Freddie stopped him, grabbing his hands and forcing them down to his groin.

The guy laughed, "Impatient, are you?"

"I don't like to waste my time, darling," Freddie replied, faking a moan of pleasure as the guy started to touch him through the material of his pants, "Some people take it too slow for me. I haven't got all day. Usually I would drop a pill into their drink to make them hurry to fuck up."

The last sentence made the guy freeze, "Really?"
"Yes, especially the bartenders at that other club. You just slip them some change and they don't mind adding a bit of something to someone's drink," Freddie laughed, kissing the guy's neck as he started to undo his trousers. He wasn't getting the answers he needed as fast as he needed. He didn't want to touch the guy, but he had to keep playing. Even though Freddie trusted John, he still could not attack someone without some kind of proof and confirmation.

Freddie slipped his hand into the guy's trousers, gripping him through his underwear. The guy let out a moan and then a shaky laugh, "Yes, I can confirm the part about the bartenders."

"Really?" the singer faked surprise, "You've slipped something in someone's drink?"

Even if that wasn't the guy who assaulted John, he was still a piece of shit and Freddie considered just knocking him unconscious for being a disgusting person. The guy did attempt to kiss Freddie a few times, but the singer always dodged it, not wanting to feel him on his lips. Not after he kissed John tonight. Thankfully, the man didn't think anything of it; he probably wrote it off as playfulness.

"I've had to. A few times," the guy answered, breathing heavily at the feeling of Freddie's hand on him, "If it's a ... slow night and I want someone."

"When you want someone," Freddie repeated, forcing a grin, "Do you want me?"

"Yes."

Freddie let out a laugh, tightening his grip around the guy's most delicate part of his body.

"Did you happen to be at Cock Island about a month ago?" the singer suddenly asked, "Did you fuck someone in the restroom? You seem familiar to me. I think I saw you leaving the restroom in a hurry."

"You'll have to be more ... specific," the guy was barely able to speak, moaning loudly.

Freddie leaned in, nibbling at his ear and whispering, "Did you happen to be at Cock Island about a month ago on a Friday night? Did you pay the bartender to slip something in some guy's drink and then fucked him in the restroom?"

That did make the guy tense up a bit and he tried to push Freddie away, but the singer wouldn't let go of his cock.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Freddie warned him, tightening his grip around him until it was painful.
And then the door burst open and Freddie relaxed at the sight of Roger. The drummer grimaced when he noticed the singer's hand in that guy's pants, but he decided not to comment on it.

"Is it him?" he asked, his hands clenched in fists.

"I don't know yet," Freddie replied truthfully, "In any case, he's a piece of shit."

The guy tried to free himself, but everytime he moved, the singer only tightened his grip around him and immediately he stopped struggling.

"Check his wallet. I want to know his name," Freddie ordered and Roger obeyed, pulling a wallet from the guy's back pocket.

"Todd Harris," Roger read out loud as he found his ID.

"Look, I don't know who you two are - " the guy started, but Freddie cut him off, pushing him harder against the restroom partition wall.

"I am going to ask you a question once again, darling," Freddie was calm, but his tone was dangerous, "Did you pay the bartender to slip something into some guy's drink? Did you follow him to the restroom and attack him there?"

"Why do you care?"

"Because he's my ... friend," Freddie replied in a low tone, tightening his grip once more, making the guy cry out in pain.

"I-I fucked some random guy at that club, yes. So what? He was conscious as far as I can remember," he forced the words out, breathing deeply through the pain that Freddie was causing him.

"You disgusting piece of shit," was all Roger could say. He could barely hold himself back, wanting nothing more than to punch the smugness right off of that guy's face.

Freddie was silent for a moment, caught in his own thoughts. This was affecting him more that he thought it would. Ever since the attack, Freddie allowed himself a couple of moments where he fantasized about finding the attacker. He would imagine all the horrible ways he would make him suffer for ever laying a hand on John, but those were just fantasies. Killing someone and throwing the body into the river was just a fantasy. Cutting someone's cock off was just a fantasy.
"Freddie?" he heard Roger's voice and it brought him back to reality.

"What do we do with him?" the drummer asked, surprisingly very calm.

Freddie forced a smile, "Perhaps we could recreate what he did to John."

The guy turned white at that and he started struggling again, but when Freddie pulled hard at his cock, he froze immediately.

"You don't agree, darling?" the singer asked in an innocent tone, "You don't want to be turned around and fucked without any preparation? Without lube? Without consent?"

"Or perhaps we could just ... beat the shit out of him?" Roger suggested, clearly very disgusted and uncomfortable with Freddie's words.

But it was the truth, no matter how hard it was to hear. That was exactly what was done to John. And a simple beating did not seem to be a good enough punishment.

Without saying anything Freddie turned the guy around, pressing his face against the wall and twisting his arm behind his back. It was the exact same position that John was forced into that night.

"A broken wrist could prevent him from attacking anyone else anytime soon," the singer said calmly and twisted the guy's wrist, not stopping even when a loud gasp of pain escaped his mouth. Roger looked around the restroom nervously, hoping they weren't too obvious.

"Don't worry, Rog," Freddie shook his head in disappointment, "What happens at a gay club, stays at a gay club. Strange sounds coming from the restroom? Crying? Sounds of a struggle? No one bats an eye."

Finally the guy spoke, clearly very nervous, "I didn't force your friend into anything that night. He was more than ... willing. The drugs only made him more relaxed. I-I didn't fucking put him to sleep. He was more than able to stand and - "

Without even letting him finish the sentence, Freddie twisted the guy's wrist with more force than he intended to and judging by the crack they all heard and the sharp cry of pain that the guy let out, the wrist was clearly broken.

"Shut up." Roger ordered, then leaned over Freddie, throwing the guy's wallet into the toilet, "Oops."

For some reason Freddie felt sick to his stomach. He couldn't force the horrible image of John with
that guy out of his head. Before, he would just imagine John and a faceless shadow figure, but now he knew the guy. He'd seen his face and he could clearly see him holding John against the wall, unbuckling his pants and -

Freddie had to take a deep breath to calm himself down. He couldn't do anything seriously damaging to him because he didn't want to end up in jail. How could he help John from jail?

With that thought he released the hold he had on the guy, stepping away from him.

"We know your name now," the singer said calmly, "We can find out where you live. Be careful what you do from now on."

The guy didn't react to that in any way, he was only holding his injured wrist to his chest, letting out cries of pain.

"You fucking creep," Roger spat at him, but respected Freddie's decision to end it there, even though he really wanted to throw punches. Judging by the expression on Freddie's face, the singer wasn't feeling alright and clearly it was all affecting him too deeply.

Without throwing a last glance at the guy, Freddie made a move to walk out of the restroom and Roger moved away, making room for him.

All Freddie wanted at that moment was to be back at home. With John. Holding the younger boy in his arms and placing soft kisses all over his face. For some reason Freddie felt dirty and he couldn't wait to get take a shower. Just the thought that he was touching something that hurt John and caused him that much pain, made the singer sick to his stomach.

And then suddenly he heard Roger's panicked voice, "Fred!"

Freddie immediately turned around and he just barely caught the moment that guy jumped at Roger with a knife. The drummer grabbed his hand, knocking the knife out of it. Freddie reached down, picked it up and before he could say anything or react, Roger delivered a punch to the guy's face, almost knocking him unconscious. His legs gave up on him and he slid down the wall, breathing heavily.

"Rog, stop," Freddie quickly grabbed the drummer before he could deliver a kick, and pulled him out of the stall. And it was then that he noticed it. A large cut on Roger's arm; from his elbow to his wrist.

"Shit!" the singer swore, concern evident in his tone, "What happened?"

"When you turned around ... " Roger said, hissing in pain as Freddie touched the skin around the cut, "The fucker pulled out a knife and tried to ... jump at you."
Freddie's face softened, "Darling."

The drummer really needed to stop putting himself in danger to protect him.

"Attacking people when they turn their back. Pathetic," Roger spat out and tried to kick the guy, but Freddie stopped him, pulling him away from the stall.

"He’s down, darling. You know we can’t hurt him more than that without serious consequences,” the singer explained quietly, "We need to leave now."

Even though Roger was still pissed, he allowed Freddie to drag him out of the restroom and out of the club.

ooo

John tried to keep his eyes on the road, doing everything in his power to avoid looking at Brian.

"They’ll be alright, John," the guitarist suddenly said in a soothing tone, "Freddie and Roger together are ... a bit crazy, but they look after one another."

"T-That guy's dangerous," John whispered, looking down at his hands.

"I don't know exactly what Fred and Roger are planning on doing with him, but ... if he's dangerous, he needs to be stopped. Or at least taught a lesson."

That made John look at the guitarist with a surprised expression. Was Brian really supporting violence? Because it was very obvious that was exactly what Freddie and Roger were planning on doing and Brian always seemed like the type that would try and solve problems with a conversation.

"Y-You do know they are probably ... beating him up?" John hesitantly asked.

Brian only nodded, keeping his eyes on the road.

"A-And you're fine with that?"

Again, Brian nodded.

John didn't know what to say to that.
"They'll probably be back at the flat in half an hour, John. Don't worry."

The bassist nodded, smiling slightly. And then he heard Brian clear his throat awkwardly and he just knew what was going to happen. Ever since they got in the van and left, John tried to hold on to the hope that perhaps Brian did not see the kiss that Freddie gave him. Perhaps he looked away in that exact moment and he missed it. But his hope was crushed when he heard Brian's next words.

"John ... You and Fred."

The bassist swallowed hard, "Y-Yes?"

"It is none of my business, but I would still like to have a word with you. If that's alright?"

John let out a shaky breath, realizing there was no way to escape the situation. They were in a van, driving. Even though, with the speed at which Brian was driving, John doubted he would get injured if he decided to just jump out of the vehicle. But he didn't want to risk it.

"S-Sure," he nodded, waiting for Brian to continue.

"I have suspected for a while now that perhaps something could be happening, but seeing the hickey on your neck the other day just confirmed my suspicions."

John tensed up, touching the scarf around his neck.

Brian continued slowly, "I would just like you to know that I know and that ... I support what you and Fred decide to do," he paused for a moment, smiling slightly, "Fred's a genuinely good guy."

That made the bassist blush and his lips curled up into a smile, "I know he is."

"If you two both are willing and know what you are doing ... " Brian trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

The bassist remained silent, not wanting to say that they in fact did not know what exactly they were doing. All they knew was that they liked spending time together and talking and being physical with each other, but ... what was that called? Two friends who liked each other a bit more than it was appropriate for friends?

"We're not doing ... much," John whispered.

Brian awkwardly cleared his throat, "I know Freddie and Roger think I'm clueless in these things and probably think I'm still a virgin, which is not true, but I happen to know how those marks on the neck are made."
John turned completely red at that and he felt the need to explain, "We didn't ... we didn't go all the way."

"Fred's a gentleman, after all," Brian said, clearly amused, but then he carefully continued, "Roger still doesn't know. But he suspects. I know it's none of my business, but ... Given the fact that we are a band and that you all live together ... I really think you should tell him. The longer you hide it, the harder it will be to confess."

"I-I don't even know how to explain it," John admitted, "I don't know what it's called."

"A ... relationship?"
John shook his head, his smile turning into a sad one, "Freddie doesn't ... he doesn't think that's what it's called."

"He is ... confused. That much is obvious," Brian said, "That is why I think you should tell Roger. I hope I'm not overstepping my boundaries, but ... he knows Freddie better than anyone and he could be of use to you. I cannot really tell you why Freddie does the things that he does, but perhaps Rog could," and then he let out a laugh, "Unfortunately for me, him and Freddie are in some ways the same person."

John looked down at his hands nervously, "Freddie and I just ... we ... " he struggled with words, "I like being with him. I-I like how he makes me feel."

"Have you told him that?"

"I-I don't know."

"Well, you should."

John nodded and then remembered where Freddie and Roger were at that moment and he started to worry again; the concern for Freddie's and Roger's safety overshadowing any problems he was having regarding his and Freddie's relationship.

ooo

It took them a while to get a taxi, but then finally Freddie and Roger were on their way home. They talked quietly amongst themselves, not wanting the taxi driver to hear them.

"You really need to stop doing this, Rog," Freddie sighed, grimacing at the sight of the cut on the drummer's arm.
"Doing what?"

"Putting yourself in danger."

"The cunt was about to attack you with a knife," Roger said, staring at Freddie, "What did you expect me to do?"

Freddie said nothing, just offered a sad smile.

"I still feel like we didn't do enough," the drummer sighed, gritting his teeth in anger.

"I know," Freddie agreed, "That bastard's wrist will heal and in a couple of days he'll be fine. John, on the other hand ... " he trailed off, shaking his head.

John wasn't fine. And Freddie didn't know if he'll ever be fine again. There was improvement, yes, but he could still see the sadness on John's face when he thinks no one's looking at him. The singer noticed how John still jumped at unexpected sounds or how he tensed up when someone stood too close to him. There were a few moments when little things caused John to look at Freddie with such panic in his eyes that all he wanted was to take him into his arms and hug him and comfort him. But the most painful thing to Freddie was seeing John react that way to something he did. How could he comfort him if it was his touch that sent John into panic?

"I think he's doing pretty well, though," Roger said casually.

Freddie smiled sadly at that, but nodded his head. It did seem like that to the outside world, but the singer knew better. He was the only one who knew that John was still waking up almost every night with terrible nightmares and that he was taking long, hot showers to wash away the feeling of disgust.

It was very easy to miss those things and a small, selfish part of Freddie wished he didn't notice those details. But he did.

ooo

The moment Freddie and Roger stepped into the living room, John was on his feet, running over to Freddie and wrapping his arms around him.

"You're alright," the bassist whispered, pressing his face into the singer's chest, inhaling deeply.
"I'm alright, darling," Freddie smiled, "I promised, remember?"

John just nodded, still not letting go of the singer.

"I'm alright too, if anyone cares," Roger said, looking around the room.

Immediately John broke the hug, but kept his arm around Freddie's waist as he turned to look at the drummer. At first he smiled, wanting to apologize, but the moment he noticed the blood on the drummer's jacket, his eyes went wide with worry, "Whose blood is that?"

That caught Brian's attention and he stood up from the sofa, "Blood?"

Freddie took a deep breath, "Roger got ... cut."

Both John and Brian looked at him with shock, but the drummer simply shrugged his shoulders, "It's nothing."

"It's a cut that needs to be taken care of," Freddie's voice left no room for arguments, "Sit down."

Roger rolled his eyes in annoyance, but took off his jacket, letting out a hiss of pain when the material rubbed against the cut on his arm. He sat down on the sofa, pulling his sleeve up, exposing the wound.

"Jesus Christ, Rog," Brian immediately sat down next to the drummer, "What happened?"

Freddie and Roger both tensed up and refused to answer. And then finally the singer spoke, "John, darling. Can you go fetch us the first aid kit? If it's not in the bathroom, it's probably in one of the drawers in our room."

John nodded and quickly disappeared from the living room. The moment they were left alone, Freddie approached the other two boys, sitting down on the table in front of the sofa.

"What happened?" Brian asked again, noticing the seriousness on Freddie's face, "Please, tell me you didn't do anything ... too illegal."

"Do you really think we're that stupid?" Roger asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes," was all Brian said, looking desperately at Freddie for answers.
The singer sighed, "He was the guy. He ... admitted it. And I think I broke his wrist."

"I think I broke his nose," Roger added, proudly.

"And when I turned to leave, apparently he pulled out a knife," Freddie explained, "Rog jumped in and ..."

"Just got a tiny cut," the drummer shrugged his shoulders.

Brian remained silent for a long moment, then looked at the blond boy beside him, "You could've been seriously injured, Rog."

"But I'm not."

"You could have been," Brian repeated, his tone very serious, "We could all be in the hospital at this very moment."

Freddie winced at that, realizing how very true the guitarist's words were. The evening could be a lot worse than it already was. He would never forgive himself if something happened to the drummer because of him.

While the other three boys had a serious discussion, John was searching for the first aid kit. He looked through every drawer in the bathroom and was unable to find it. He then went to his and Freddie's bedroom, walking up to the big closet. He opened it, but there were just clothes there. And then he started opening the drawers and the first one he opened had something in it. It did look like something that could be ... used for medical purposes. It was a small bottle. And next to it were ... handcuffs. John blinked a few times in confusion, taking the handcuffs out, looking at them. Why would Freddie have handcuffs?

And then he snapped out of it, quickly opening another drawer and finally he found the thing that he was looking for. He grabbed the first aid kit and the bottle from the first drawer, thinking it was perhaps some kind of a cream and that it could be of some use to Roger. Perhaps it was an antibacterial cream?

With those things in his hands, he hurried back into the living room and dropped it all on the table next to Freddie who was holding Roger's arm, eyeing it carefully.

"That's all I could find," John said, looking at the cut on Roger's arm.

"Thank you, darling," Freddie replied, his eyes not moving away from the drummer's arm, "It doesn't seem that deep. I don't think you need stitches."
And then Roger let out a nervous laugh, "Uh, Deaky. I don't know what you thought Freddie was going to do to me, but I'm pretty sure we don't need lube."

Freddie's eyes went wide, "Lube?"

Brian raised his eyebrows and looked at the ceiling, pretending to not hear anything.

"L-Lube?" John repeated, his cheeks turning red.

Freddie looked at the stuff that John placed on the table next to him and quickly recognized the bottle of lube. He grabbed it and placed it in on the floor under the table.

Noticing the slight awkwardness on Freddie's face, John quickly tried to apologize, "I-I'm sorry. I didn't know. I-I found it in a drawer with the handcuffs and - "

"Handcuffs?" Roger's shriek cut through the room, "You own actual handcuffs?"

Brian was still acting as if he wasn't hearing any of the conversation the other three boys were having.

Freddie tensed up, "They aren't mine. Someone forgot them and - "

Roger was still laughing, "You were giving me a hard time for owning a blindfold and all this time you had handcuffs in your drawer. Really, Fred?"

"Shut it, Roger," Freddie sent him a glare.

"Tell me something," the drummer grinned, "Were you the one who got handcuffed or did you handcuff someone?"

"I'm going to handcuff you to fence outside if you don't shut up, darling," Freddie threatened, opening the first aid kit.

John remained silent for the rest of the evening, feeling really bad about exposing Freddie's secret like that. The singer didn't seem to be that embarrassed by it, but John was still feeling guilty and made a mental note to apologize to him in private. At the same time it didn't escape his attention that neither of them mentioned the incident at the club and John didn't want to be the first one to do it.

Freddie took his time cleaning Roger's cut, ignoring the protests from the drummer. After he disinfected the cut, he bandaged it carefully. Not satisfied with the way it turned out, he took the
bandage off and tried again, wrapping the bandage around Roger's arm again, this time a bit differently.

"There," he finally said, letting out a sigh, "All done."

"Finally, mate," Roger rolled his eyes.

Freddie smacked his knee in annoyance, "You're welcome, darling."

"I think we should all go to sleep," Brian finally spoke, "It's pretty late and it's been a ... rough evening."

"Alright," Roger agreed, then looked at the guitarist in confusion, "Then why are you still here?"

"I'll sleep here."

"Oh, really?" the drummer raised his eyebrow, "Look, Bri. I am a nice person and I'm allowing you to sleep here. Just like you should be a nice person and allow me to drive your van."

Brian rolled his eyes.

"Don't be an arse, darling," Freddie said to Roger, quickly grabbing the bottle of lube from under the table, "John and I are off to bed. Good night, my lovies."

"Good night. See you in the morning," John smiled and walked out of the room with Freddie. Once they were finally alone in the bedroom, John opened his mouth to speak but before he was able to do so, Freddie cut him off, saying he desperately needed to take a shower and that they would talk when he returned.

"Oh, a-alright," John stuttered, smiling nervously.

Freddie noticed it and walked over to the bassist, placing a soft kiss on his forehead, "It won't take long, darling."

John's smile grew and he nodded, "I-I'll wait for you."

Before Freddie left the room, he quickly put the bottle of lube away in one of the drawers, not making any comment regarding that. John decided to wait with his apology after the singer's shower.

And the singer kept his promise, returning to the room only a few minutes later. John just barely
managed to change into his sleeping clothes and he couldn't keep the surprise from his face, "That was quick."

Freddie smiled, "I didn't want to keep you waiting."

The singer then crawled into the bed, patting the empty spot next to him. John turned the lights off and got in the bed, pulling the covers up to his neck as he stared at Freddie, waiting for him to speak.

"John, darling," the singer started softly, "You were right. That was the guy."

The bassist swallowed hard, "I-I was hoping it wasn't."

"It was. He ... admitted it."

"How?" John couldn't keep the surprise from his face, "D-Did you just ask?"

"It doesn't really matter, dear," Freddie offered a comforting smile.

"How did Roger get cut?" John asked with fearful eyes.

That was something Freddie did not want John to know, but at the same time couldn't bring himself to lie to him.

"He ... defended me. That ... cunt pulled out a knife and lunged himself at me. Rog jumped in and ... " he trailed off, taking a deep breath.

He could see the panic on John's face and the way his breathing quickened.

"We're alright, dear. Nothing happened to us," he tried to soothe the younger boy.

"What did you and Roger do?" that was the question John was afraid to ask.

It took Freddie a long moment to answer and John could see anger on the singer's face.

"Freddie," he said quietly, staring at the older boy in front of him.

"I am pretty sure I broke his wrist and Roger almost knocked him unconscious. We also threw his wallet in the toilet," he said casually.
"Nothing else?" John asked, carefully.

Freddie decided not to share the other gruesome details; like squeezing the guy's cock until he cried out in sheer agony.

"Nothing else," he replied, "Although I wish I could have."

John shook his head, "Don't, Freddie. It's alright."

"It's not, darling. He hurt you. He should pay."

"It is what it is," John forced a smile and it broke Freddie's heart.

"Don't say that," he whispered, taking the bassist's hands in his own, "I wish there was more that I could do."

John raised his eyebrows, "More? Freddie. You've done more than enough. You do realize that, right?"

When the singer remained silent, breaking the eye contact, John shook his head in disbelief.

"Freddie. You've offered me to stay at your flat. In your bed. You hold me in the middle of the night when I ... wake up from a nightmare. You hug me. You keep telling me that ... there's nothing wrong with me. That I-I'm not broken. You stayed with me when ... I had to be examined. You listen every time I talk about that night and you don't look away or ... grimace in disgust. Even that nurse did that," John's voice started shaking and he had to pause before continuing, "You ... kiss me. And touch me. There is nothing more that you can possibly do."

Freddie looked at him, "I wish I could make him pay."

"Well, it seems you've ... already hurt him."

"Not enough."

"F-Freddie," John whispered, his voice breaking, "I-I feel ... panicked when I talk about ... him."

The singer moved closer to the bassist, looking at him with concern, "Oh, darling. I-I didn't realize. I'm so sorry."
"I-I don't really talk about the whole thing that much. I realize that Roger and Brian know about what happened, but I don't ... talk about it with them. You are the only person I talk to about ... that night."

Freddie couldn't stop himself as he took the bassist into his arms, resting his chin on John's head.

"I know that, darling," he said softly, playing with John's hair.

The bassist relaxed a bit, leaning onto Freddie, "And I-I can talk about what happened and ... how I felt, but I-I can't talk about ... him. I get terrified. I'm terrified of him."

"He's not coming anywhere near you ever again, sweetheart. Do you believe me?"

John nodded against his chest, smiling a bit.

Freddie let out a breath, "Alright. We can talk about something else then."

And then John remembered it and he blushed in embarrassment, "Oh god, Freddie. I'm so sorry."

"For what?"

John pulled back so that he could look at the singer's face.

"For ... bringing l-lube to the living room. I-I really didn't know it was ... it didn't say on the bottle and - "

Freddie laughed, "It's alright, darling. I'm not ... embarrassed by it. I mean ... both Roger and Brian probably knew I have it in my possession."

John gave him a confused look, "But ... you looked embarrassed."

The smile disappeared from Freddie's face, "I wasn't embarrassed about them seeing it. I didn't want you to see it, dear."

"W-Why not?"

The older boy shrugged his shoulders, "I don't really know. I guess I didn't want to ... make you uncomfortable by ... reminding you that I ... you know."
"Have sex?"

Freddie struggled with his words, "That I have ... *that kind of sex.*"

"You know ... I've sort of known you have that kind of sex ever since... you told me you were gay," John teased, letting out a chuckle.

"Darling," Freddie smacked his shoulder playfully, "You know what I mean."

John smiled and then his expression turned nervous, "I-I know. And ... actually there are a few questions I wanted to ask you."

"Alright?" the singer said, but he couldn't keep the surprise from his tone.

"That stuff ... *lube.* Does it really ... help and ... you know. Make it easier?"

"It does, darling. It makes a big difference," Freddie tried to keep his voice and answers neutral, even though he suspected what the bassist was actually trying to ask.

"And ... it doesn't hurt if you ... use it?"

"I can still be uncomfortable if ... there's no preparation beforehand," Freddie explained, "Lube just makes it easier, but it's not all that is needed to be done."

John nodded, looking down at his hand, clearly lost in his thoughts.

"Darling," Freddie sighed, finally giving in, "Why are you asking me this?"

"N-No reason."

"John."

The bassist bit his lip, "I-I was just thinking ... I don't think anything was ... used that night. But if it had been used - "

"It would still be painful," Freddie cut him off, "There are other things that need to be done as well. Lube is not the only important thing."

"Oh," John let out, still biting his lip anxiously.
"What are you thinking about, darling?" Freddie asked, bringing his hand to caress John's cheek.

"It's stupid."

"I still want to know."

The bassist continued without meeting Freddie's eyes, "I keep thinking I should have fought harder. Perhaps he'd realize it's ... not worth it and .... leave."

"John, look at me."

The bassist hesitantly obeyed.

Freddie's voice was very firm when he spoke, "I'm sure you fought back. I'm sure you struggled. And I am glad that you didn't struggle more, because ... John, darling, he had a knife today. Who says he didn't have it that night?"

John tensed up, panic shooting through him. He didn't think of that.

"I am glad you didn't struggle more. You could've been hurt even more," Freddie said, "You did absolutely everything right, dear. You are still here today and that is what matters."

There was nothing John could say. His throat closed up and tears were threatening to spill down his cheeks and he hugged Freddie, pressing himself against him. Neither of them said nothing more. Not breaking the hug, they slowly moved into a more horizontal position and soon both of them drifted off to sleep.

ooo

The next morning started off as usual. As all the boys gathered in the kitchen for breakfast, neither of them mentioned the events of the previous night.

"Bri, pour me a glass of milk, will you?" Roger asked, taking a bite out of his sandwich.

The guitarist blinked a few times, "The milk is right in front of you, Rog."
"Yes, but I'm hurt, remember?" he asked, bringing his bandaged arm up.

Brian leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest, "What happened to 'it's just a cut'?"

"Well ... I guess I was wrong. It hurts really bad," the drummer was exaggerating, that was obvious to everyone in the room.

Still, Freddie grabbed the cartoon of milk, pouring it in a glass, "Here you go, darling."

"Thank you, Fred," Roger said while looking at Brian, "It's nice that at least someone is willing to help a man in need."

Brian rolled his eyes, "You are unbelievable."

"I am injured, Brian. I'm hurt really badly, alright? I couldn't sleep the whole night."

"Really?" the guitarist raised his eyebrow, "Then who could I hear snoring all the way to the living room? Was it Fred?"

"I don't snore, thank you very much," Freddie announced.

"He really doesn't," John confirmed, taking a bite out of his own sandwich.

"What do you want, Roger?" Brian asked, taking a deep breath.

"Just ... a few minutes in your van," the drummer said quietly.

"Oh for god's sake!" Freddie rolled his eyes, "Here we go again."

"Alright," Brian suddenly said, making them all look at him, "We can go for a drive down the street."

"Are you joking?" Roger could not believe what he was hearing.

"Well, you were willing to drink apple juice during a night out," Brian laughed, "I think you've suffered enough," and with that he pulled the keys out of his pocket, throwing them at the drummer who did manage to catch them, but he was still suspicious.

"Are you actually serious, Bri?" he asked slowly, "You are giving me permission to drive your car?"
"Yes and we should do it before I change my mind," Brian stood up and Roger followed, letting out a shriek of excitement.

Freddie flinched at the sound of it, "Please, keep it down, darling. I really don't feel like explaining to the neighbors, once again, that there is no girl living with us."

"We'll be back in an hour or so," Brian said and followed the overly excited Roger out of the flat.

Two hours passed and they were still not back. Both Freddie and John couldn't help but laugh at the mental image of Roger driving Brian's van like a maniac, completely ignoring Brian's orders to drive back to the flat.

The boys spent their day in the living room and the bassist could see how tired and sleepy the singer seemed to be. He offered to make them both some coffee and Freddie accepted. John hurried off into the kitchen, but when he returned with two cups of hot coffee, he found the singer snuggled up on the sofa, sleeping peacefully.

John couldn't help but smile at how adorable he looked. He quietly placed the coffee on the table and gently covered the sleeping singer with a blanket. And then something occurred to him. He decided to make good use of the alone time he was given and tidying Freddie's room seemed to be a good idea. Since they were both sleeping there, things tended to get a bit more messy; clothes laying on the floor, random things all over the shelves, messy bed.

It took him an hour, but John cleaned everything up. He folded all the clothes and if they were Freddie's, he'd put them in the closet and if it were his, he'd place them back into the backpack. He took the trash out and took extra time to make the bed. He remembered Freddie once telling him he liked vanilla scented candles and he lit two candles up, hoping the singer would like his room smelling like that.

Satisfied with his work, John returned to the living room, realizing the singer was still asleep. And that was when he decided to make some pancakes, remembering how much Freddie liked them the last time.

John spent the next hour in the kitchen and surprisingly enough, despite all the noise, Freddie still did not wake up. Once the pancakes were done, the bassist added some chopped up strawberries, put it all on a tray and carried it to Freddie's room, placing it on the bed. As he was rearranging some pillows, a voice from behind him startled him.

"What happened here, darling?"

John turned around to find a very confused, surprised and sleepy-looking Freddie standing next to the door, his eyes moving all over the room.
"I-I just cleaned it up a bit," John said, biting his lip nervously.

"A bit?" Freddie let out a laugh as he stepped into the room, "I didn't even know my room could be that beautiful," he then noticed the backpack with John's clothes sitting in the corner of the room and he turned to look at John, "I'll make some room in my closet for your clothes, dear."

"N-No, it's fine - " John started saying, but stopped upon noticing the determination on Freddie's face.

"And what is that smell?" the singer asked, taking a deep breath.

"Vanilla scented candles," John replied, then showed a tray with pancakes and strawberries, "A-And this."

Freddie's face lit up, "You made pancakes? Why?"

"I-I just ... wanted to. Figured you'd be hungry when you wake up," John replied with a smile.

Freddie just stared at him, not saying anything. And that actually worried John; it wasn't a reaction he was expecting. Or hoping for.

"I-Is there something wrong?" he asked, "Are you not hungry?"

Freddie narrowed his eyes at him, "Why did you do all of this, dear?"

"Because ... I wanted to do something nice for you?"

"But ... why?"

The singer was staring at him with such intensity that John wanted to hide under the bed.

"I-I just wanted to," he replied nervously, "I-If you don't like it, I'll just take it away - " he made a move to take the tray from the bed, but Freddie stopped him, walking over to him and taking his hands in his own.

"No, I love it, darling."

"A-Alright?" John couldn't be more confused. The singer was saying that he was happy, but the expression on his face was saying something else.
"Freddie, what's wrong?" he asked quietly.

Suddenly the singer turned away from him.

"Are you alright?" John asked again.

"O-Of course, darling," Freddie's voice was shaking a bit.

John's eyes widened in shock, "A-Are you crying?"

"No."

After a long moment the singer finally pulled himself together and he turned around, facing John. The younger boy could see Freddie's eyes were shimmering with tears, but the singer blinked them back and forced a smile, "Lets eat, darling. I am absolutely starving!"

John decided not to question the singer's strange reaction and he nodded, "Lets eat."

The next half an hour was spent peacefully, with the two of them just chatting and having a good time.

"I think Roger's kidnapped poor Brian," Freddie tried to keep himself from laughing.

"Are you sure they're fine?" John asked, trying to keep a serious face, but just seeing Freddie laugh made him laugh as well.

"Oh, I'm sure they're alright. We would have heard by now if something was wrong," the singer dismissed it, then let out another chuckle.

Once they finished the pancakes, Freddie placed the tray on the floor, "That was delicious, darling."

"T-Thanks. I added more - " John was cut off by Freddie suddenly pressing his lips against his.

It did catch him by surprise, but he quickly relaxed, letting the singer caress his face and his neck while moving his lips against his. And then Freddie slowly moved his mouth down to John's neck, leaving a trail of kisses there.

John giggled at the how ticklish that felt, "F-Freddie, what are you doing?"
"Do you like it, darling?" the singer managed to ask while dragging his tongue up John's neck, stopping to nibble at his ear, causing John's eyes to roll back with sheer pleasure.

"Mhm," was all the bassist was able to say.

He could feel Freddie's hands on his back, gently massaging the muscles there and a loud moan escaped him at the feeling.

"Can I suck you off?"

That question made John's eyes snap open, "W-What?"

"Can I give you a blowjob?"

John tensed up, placing a hand on Freddie's chest, pushing him away slightly so that he could look at him, "F-Freddie, what are you ... why are you saying those things?"

The singer seemed confused, "You don't want that? I could ... give you a handjob?"

"Freddie," John blinked at the older boy in confusion, "Why are you offering to do those things in ... that way?"

"I want to return the favor, darling."

"What favor?"

Freddie looked around the room and then pointed at the tray on the floor, "I want to thank you for everything you've done. I should show my gratitude."

"I know you're grateful. You've said it," John said slowly, "You don't have to ... do any of those things to me just to show your ... gratitude. I didn't do it for that."

Once again, Freddie just stared at him, clearly trying to figure him out.

When he finally spoke, his tone was very quiet and uncertain, "You did all of that and you don't want anything in return?"

John nodded, looking down, "I-I just wanted to make you happy."
And then finally Freddie realized how stupid he'd been acting.

"Shit," he swore, "John, I'm really sorry. I don't know what I was thinking. I just wasn't ... I'm not used to ... this."

"To what? People doing nice things for you?"

Freddie nodded, swallowing hard, "Not without expecting anything in return, darling."

"Well, I-I don't want anything in return," then his tone got more quiet, "And I don't want you doing things with me just because you want to return the favor or ... something."

Silence.

"I am so sorry, darling," Freddie finally spoke, moving closer to John and gently running his hand through the younger boy's hair, "Let's start from the beginning, alright?"

John smiled, nodding his head.

Freddie cleared his throat, repeating his words from before, "Well, that was delicious, darling."

"Thank you. I added more sugar this time," John replied, letting out a chuckle.

Their eyes met and even though both tried to fight it, it really was a pointless fight. Surprisingly, John was the first one to move, leaning closer to Freddie and kissing him. That was all the encouragement Freddie needed as he pulled John closer to him, holding him by the waist. John could not help but moan when he felt Freddie's tongue gently nibbling at his lower lip, clearly asking for permission and the bassist allowed it, opening his mouth slightly. For some reason, feeling Freddie's tongue in his mouth, gently playing with his tongue, felt so intimate to John that he couldn't help but moan again and again and again, eliciting an amused chuckle from Freddie.

Soon they were both lying in bed and John broke the kiss only to look at Freddie a bit hesitantly. The singer immediately understood, "My shirt?"

John blushed, but he nodded, "I-If you want to."

"It will be my pleasure, darling," the singer said, moving away a bit so that he could take his shirt off. John used the two seconds when Freddie was off of him to take his own shirt off, dropping it to the floor. Freddie stopped to look at him, "Are you sure, dear?"

"I-I've been shirtless with you before," John replied, blushing again.
"This is different," Freddie explained, offering a smile.

"I-I know," the bassist swallowed hard, "I like the feeling of ... your chest on mine."

That made Freddie grin and he lowered himself onto John to do just that, "And why do you like it?"

"The ... ahh ... I like how warm you are and uh ... hairy."

"Hairy?" Freddie chuckled, making an effort to move his chest up and down John's, causing the bassist to cry out in pleasure.

"God, I-I love your hairy chest," John moaned, the sound of it surprising even him. He couldn't even keep his eyes open and then suddenly the feeling was gone and something else replaced it.

Something wet and warm on his left nipple. John's eyes snapped open and he saw Freddie licking and gently biting his nipple and that felt too good. John never thought that could feel good. He never saw nipples, especially man's nipples, as a source of pleasure but ... oh boy, was he wrong.

John could barely remember his own name when Freddie turned his attention to his other nipple, repeating the things from before.

"F-Freddie," he managed to let out.

The singer stopped and looked at him, placing a soft kiss on John's chin.

"I-I want to touch you," John whispered.

He could feel the singer's groin resting on his thigh and for some strange reason he felt the need to touch him.

"What do you mean, dear?" Freddie asked, placing another kiss on John's cheek.

"Your ... " the bassist said, then moved his leg, causing the singer to suck in his breath.

"You don't have to do that."

"I-I want to try."
"John -"

"Freddie, please," the bassist insisted, once again moving his leg and Freddie cried out in pleasure, closing his eyes for a second.

When he finally opened them, there was hesitation in them and John could see it.

"I just want to try," the bassist repeated, "Please."

Freddie said nothing as he gently took John's hand and moved it down his body, placing it on his groin. It was just a light touch, but Freddie had to bite down on his lip to prevent another moan escaping his lips. And then John pressed his palm against Freddie's groin a bit more and suddenly his hand jerked away as if he was burnt. Freddie immediately noticed John's breathing changed and that he was starting to panic again. In less than a second he was off of him and John pulled himself into a sitting position, his hand at his throat, trying to control his breathing. The bassist did notice the slight hurt that flashed on Freddie's face when John pulled his hand away from the singer's groin.

"F-Freddie," he started, "I-I'm sorry."

The singer smiled as he grabbed a pillow placing in on his lap, hiding his lower body from John's sight.

"It's not your fault, darling."

"I-It is," John said desperately, "I-I'm not freaked out by you, just ... "

"My cock," Freddie finished the sentence for him, "I understand, darling, really. Don't worry."

"No. It's not - " John trailed off, hiding his face in his hands, "I-I messed everything up again."

"Stop that."

"I-I did. It just ... frightened me for a moment, but ... I-I can try again and - "

Freddie pulled the younger boy in a hug, "Perhaps some other time, darling. This evening we just cuddle."

"I-I'm really sorry."

John wanted to die at that moment. It was his idea to try that and it ended up hurting Freddie. He
could clearly see the hurt on the singer's face and he had to make him understand that he wasn't rejecting him. He loved every part of him. Well, liked. He wasn't allowed to use that word just yet. Every part of him made Freddie Freddie. He was just ... afraid.

"I'm sorry, Freddie," he murmured against his chest, "I-I really wanted to do it. I thought it'd be alright."

"You can't predict those things, dear. I understand."

Feeling desperate, John slowly reached down Freddie's body, wanting to try again, but the singer caught his hand before it could reach it's goal. He brought it up to his lips, gently kissing his hand.

"Some other time, darling. I'm alright, I promise. I want you to feel safe. Don't feel pressured to do anything you don't like."

"But you're hurt. And angry," John whispered, "I could see it."

"Not because of you, dear."

That was all Freddie said and John understood. It was because of that guy. Because all of this was his fault. Because he hurt John with his cock, John was now terrified of Freddie's. How was that fair? It wasn't.

They just stayed like that for a while. Cuddling, holding onto each other.

"Are you sure you're not angry at me?" John asked again, then added, "Do you want a ... a blowjob?"

"John!" Freddie shrieked in shock.

John laughed, "I-I'm just joking, Freddie."

"Dear god, darling," the singer faked disappointment, letting out a sigh, "And here I was, getting excited."

"Perhaps a ... handjob?"

"John!" the singer couldn't help but laugh again, pulling the bassist closer to him.

"I'm joking, Freddie," John chuckled, finally relaxing a bit.
"I like that," the older boy suddenly said.

"The fact that I'm joking?"

"No, no. I like that you call me Freddie."

John was confused, "But that's your name?"

"Yes, but Roger and Brian also call me Fred, which I don't mind, but ... " the singer explained, his tone getting softer, "You only call me Freddie. I like that."

John smiled, placing a soft kiss on the skin on Freddie's chest, "I like the sound of it, Freddie."

The singer grinned, "I especially like how you moan my name when I'm giving you such pleasure you can barely remember your own name. But you still remember mine."

"Freddie!" John cried out in embarrassment, hiding his face into the older boy's chest, "Shut up."

Freddie only laughed, tightening his grip around John's body. He could stay in his position forever. It was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! How many of you are still reading this story? Haha. Thank you all. :D
Chapter 26

Freddie looked at the sleeping boy in his arms and couldn't help but smile and feel grateful for being able to hold him like this. And while he was glad that the bassist was able to fall asleep after everything that happened, Freddie was too frustrated to even close his eyes. It was understandable; while John was probably emotionally exhausted, Freddie was just ... frustrated and conflicted. His head was filled with thoughts and it was keeping him awake. Besides, it wasn't even that late at night.

Slowly, he maneuvered them both, gently slipping from underneath John, covering the younger boy with as many blankets as he could find because he knew John liked to be wrapped up in blankets; feeling more safe that way.

Looking at the sleeping bassist one last time, Freddie picked up the tray from the floor and quietly left the room.

He didn't know what to do with himself. After washing the dishes, he simply collapsed onto the sofa in the living room, lighting up a cigarette. For some strange reason he felt dirty, even though he just took a shower an hour or two ago. Freddie tried very hard to think about anything else but the incident in the bedroom, but his mind kept going back there. He kept seeing John's face when he touched his groin. The sheer panic on the younger boy's face. Freddie tried to convince himself that there wasn't disgust on his face aswell, but he couldn't be sure. It all happened in a second. Either way, John rejected him.

Freddie took a long drag out of his cigarette and it was then that he realized his hands were shaking. Letting out a nervous laugh, the singer shook his head in disbelief. Why was he allowing the whole situation with John to affect him this much? It wasn't the first time he was rejected.

Oh.

But it was the first time someone rejected him while looking at him with such fear and panic in their eyes. Freddie couldn't push that image out of his mind. Did John actually think Freddie would ever be capable of hurting him? Because it sure looked like that. The singer was on his third cigarette when he heard the front door open and he cleared his throat, trying to pull himself together and not look completely mortified.

When he finally saw Roger enter the room, he raised his eyebrows in surprise, "Please, tell me you didn't crash Brian's van."

The drummer just sat down in the armchair, his expression very serious.
Freddie was a bit alarmed by the silence and his face dropped, "Oh god. Did you crash the van?"

Roger shook his head, "No. Something even more horrible happened."

"What?" Freddie's voice got higher, "What happened?"

The drummer swallowed hard, taking a deep breath before finally forcing the words out, "I-I think Brian's ... flirting with me."

Freddie only stared at his blond friend for a couple of moments and then he burst out laughing. Leave it to Roger to always put him in a better mood.

"Fred, I'm serious," Roger rolled his eyes.

"Of course, darling," the singer leaned back, bringing the cigarette to his lips, "I'm all ears. Please, do explain."

"Well," Roger started, "At first we were just driving around the neighborhood and after half an hour I expected him to tell me to drive back to the flat. But he didn't."

"And that means he's flirting with you, darling?"

"No. Listen. We kept driving and he didn't seem to be annoyed at all. We ended up on the other side of London and then he offered to buy me lunch," Roger explained, his eyes wide opened with shock, "And he ... took me to this fancy restaurant and we ate and ... "

That did seem to get Freddie's attention, but he was still not convinced it was Brian flirting with Roger. There had to be something else.

"It seemed as if he didn't even want to leave!" Roger almost shrieked, "And then he ordered me a dessert and asked about my day."

"Well, that is unusual," Freddie agreed.

Roger hid his face in his hands, letting out a sigh, "Oh god. Brian's hitting on me. Where did he get the impression that I could be ... interested? Was it the constant yelling at him or the fighting with him? Was I giving him the signals?"

That made Freddie laugh again, "The only one with the yelling fetish is you, dear."
Roger shot him a glare, not saying anything.

Freddie carefully continued, "Darling, Brian's not flirting with you. Believe me."

"How do you know?"

"Do you know who you're talking to?" the singer raised his eyebrow, "I am an expert in such matters."

Roger scoffed at that, standing up, "Such an expert, yes, not even noticing the major crush that Deaky has on you."

With that the drummer walked past Freddie, into the kitchen, leaving the singer completely speechless. He didn't know how to react to that.

"W-What do you mean, darling?" he tried to act dumb.

Roger returned from the kitchen, carrying a beer, "Are you serious? You don't see the way he's looking at you?"

"N-No," Freddie tried to play it off, "You're probably imagining it. Like you're imagining that Brian is flirting with you, darling."

Roger sat down next to Freddie, rolling his eyes again, "John is completely over the moon for you, mate. You'd be blind if you don't see it. He's probably just fascinated by you, it'll pass, don't worry."

Freddie felt a sting of disappointment at hearing that and he couldn't explain why it bothered him that much. He should want John's ... fascination with him to pass.

"Speaking of ... where is John?" Roger asked casually.

"He's ... asleep," Freddie tried to keep his voice neutral, not showing the previous words really got to him.

"What did you two do the whole day?"

"Nothing," Freddie quickly replied. A bit too quickly and defensive.

And it got Roger's attention. The drummer raised his eyebrows in curiosity, "You did nothing the
whole day? That doesn't sound like you, Freddie."

"I was tired, I-I guess. I actually took a nap and ... then John made pancakes," Freddie couldn't help but smile as he mentioned it, "We ate and ... then John fell asleep," he quickly explained, bringing the cigarette to his lips again.

And then we almost had sex again, but John panicked at the feel of my cock and it ruined the whole evening.

"Are there any pancakes left?" the drummer asked hopefully.

"Sorry, Rog."

"I thought I was your best friend," Roger rolled his eyes, acting offended, "And you don't even remember leaving a pancake or two for me."

Freddie cleared his throat, teasing a bit, "Actually, Brian's my best - "

"I'm your best friend," Roger interrupted him, sending him a glare.

The singer only laughed at that, standing up, "I should go to bed. It's pretty late."

"Brian will pick us up tomorrow at eleven. Studio time."

"How long have we got?"

Roger looked up as he tried to remember, "I think from eleven to ... three o'clock."

"That's good," Freddie replied, "Alright. See you in the morning."

"Good night, Fred."

The first thing Freddie realized as he entered his bedroom was that John was still asleep. And by the looks of it, he was in the same exact position as before. The singer slowly slipped into bed, moving
very carefully as to not disturb John. When he finally made himself comfortable, he closed his eyes, but then strange thoughts entered his mind.

A month ago his bed was his own. He wasn't sharing it with anyone. Every night he went to sleep alone. But now he couldn't even imagine not having John there. He has gotten so used to him that he couldn't even picture himself being alone in his bed. What would he do with all the extra space? His bed suddenly seemed too big for only him.

Carefully he moved a bit closer to John, not enough to actually touch him, but enough to feel him. He concentrated on the bassist's relaxed breathing and within minutes he was asleep.

ooo

Freddie woke in the middle of the night. Well, he was awoken by something. He blinked a few times as his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Before he could even see it, he knew what was happening. Judging by John's whimpers and his rapid, shallow breathing, Freddie could tell the bassist was having another bad dream. He didn't even need to ask or speak, it was so natural to him to pull the younger boy closer, wrapping his arms around him. There was no need for John to speak or explain anything. Freddie already knew what was happening and he knew exactly what he needed to do to help.

John hugged him back, pressing his head against Freddie's chest, taking a deep breath. There was no better feeling for Freddie than knowing that he helped John calm down and relax. That he actually helped him feel better.

Even as John drifted off to sleep after a few minutes, Freddie couldn't help but wonder when the nightmares would finally stop. Would they ever? Or would John have to deal with them for the rest of his life? It wasn't fair. At that moment he truly wished he'd done more to that bastard at the club.

Still, he was certain about one thing. No matter how long it would take; even if it takes years, Freddie knew he'd always be there to calm John down. There wasn't any doubt in his mind about that.

ooo

The next morning the boys had a quick breakfast before Brian picked them up. They had a work day
ahead of them which was a nice change after such a long time of not doing anything. Understandably, they were all very excited and just bursting with ideas which caused a bit of fighting, starting as early as in the van on the way to the studio.

The first song they started working on was Freddie's 'Get down, make love' which needed to be heavily supported by the bass sound. Thankfully, Freddie was content with the way John was playing and didn't feel the need to correct much. And every time he did suggest that John does something differently, he was always very polite and sweet about it which sort of made John a bit uneasy. He had seen the way Brian, Roger and Freddie communicated while they worked, especially if there were disagreements. And while it was nice that Freddie was considerate of him, it didn't seem fair to John that he was treated differently than Brian and Roger.

"That's good, darling, but can you try it a bit more like this - " and then the singer made a strange sound with his mouth which apparently John was supposed to understand.

The bassist just stared at Freddie with a puzzled expression on his face. After getting no reaction, Freddie tried again, making that strange sound and this time incorporating his hands, clapping along as he tried to show John how he wanted him to sound.

"A-Alright," John nodded his head, deciding to just go along with it, even though he had no idea what Freddie wanted him to do.

He picked his bass guitar up and played the same riff again, this time slightly differently. He watched as Freddie's expression went from serious to excited, "That's it! Yes! Love it." And with those words the singer hurried back into the control room.

A nervous laugh escaped John, but he couldn't help but feel proud of himself. It did help seeing Freddie excited and in a very good mood. The singer seemed to be controlling everything, most of the time he was hunched over the control desk, pushing the buttons up and down, playing with the sounds.

When it was Freddie's turn to record his part, John couldn't wipe the smile from his face as he observed the singer and noticed just how completely absorbed into the singing he was. Freddie wasn't just singing, he was acting. Even though there was no audience, Freddie was still theatrical, moaning, closing his eyes in pleasure, breathing heavily. At some point John felt as if he was intruding on Freddie's privacy just by looking at him.

"Who's going to tell him he looks like he's having sex?" Roger suddenly asked, making Brian laugh nervously.

"He's just ... overwhelmed by singing," the guitarist replied, awkwardly clearing his throat.
"I'll tell you what he is," the drummer said, crossing his arms over his chest, "He's **horny**. I mean, look at him. He's about to shag the mic stand. He better leave my drums alone."

John tensed up at those words, but he tried to keep a neutral face. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't look away from Freddie.

"I think I can do a better job with the second verse," the singer suddenly said, "Roll the tape again."

And they did.

John stared at Freddie, and then their eyes met just as the older boy started singing again. And it was then that it hit him. Was Freddie singing to him?

"**Every time I get hot, you wanna cool down.** Every time I get high, you say you wanna come down. You say it's enough, In fact it's too much."

Not able to stand the intense look Freddie was giving him while singing those words, John broke their eye contact, looking anywhere *but* at the singer.

"He should get laid. This is getting ridiculous," Roger commented again, this time letting out a short laugh.

When Freddie was finally done recording his part, he rushed into the control room, feeling excited to listen to the recording. He seemed thoughtful for a few long moments, trying a few different things, pushing the buttons up and down, playing with different sounds. While Freddie's singing seemed absolutely perfect to John, it was absolute torture having to listen to those lyrics over and over again.

"Don't you think I sound like shit?" Freddie suddenly asked, looked at the other three boys.

John's eyes widened in surprise at those words. He sounded perfect to him.

"No, you're good," Brian replied, looking at Roger for confirmation.

"Yeah, you're alright," the drummer agreed.

Freddie rolled his eyes, "I don't want to be alright. I want to be perfect. Let me try it again."

And with those words he hurried back into the recording room. For the next hour John was forced to listen to Freddie's beautiful voice that actually sent shivers down his body, but the words he was singing made John want to literally disappear.
When Freddie was finally satisfied with the way he sounded, he clapped his hands, "Time for the group recording. Get your arses in there."

"W-What?" John blinked at him in confusion.

"There's a part in the song where I want all of our voices," Freddie explained, grinning.

Roger and Brian already left the control room and they could be heard arguing about something, but John's entire attention was on Freddie. He could already feel the panic slowly creeping in.

"I-I don't sing, Freddie," he whispered.

Freddie narrowed his eyes in confusion, "Oh, we'll all be singing together, darling. You won't even be able to hear yourself."

"But I-I really don't - "

"The emphasis is going to be on Roger's raspy voice, but I still need all of us singing."

John just stared at Freddie, opening and closing his mouth, not really knowing what to say. He didn't want to do it, he couldn't do it. He hated his singing voice and he just wasn't comfortable singing.

He swallowed hard, doing his best to explain, "I-I did ... say I don't sing. Before you ... accepted me into the band."

"I thought you meant solo singing," Freddie said, feeling a bit confused.

"Freddie," was all John could say. He hated being put on the spot like this. He hated saying no more than once, it made him very anxious and uncomfortable. At the same time he felt pressured to sing because he didn't want to waste the precious time they had at the studio by explaining why he didn't want to sing.

"Darling?" the singer asked softly, walking closer to him, "This is really bothering you, isn't it?"

"I-I really can't sing, Freddie," John admitted shyly.

"You don't even want to try?"

The bassist just shook his head, feeling completely defeated and sad for disappointing them all.
"Alright," he finally heard Freddie say, "You don't have to if you don't want to."

John looked up at the singer and when their eyes met, Freddie offered him a comforting smile.

"Really?"

"Really. You then wait here and tell us how we sound," the singer said, then made his way to Brian and Roger.

John sat down in a chair and even though Freddie seemed to understand, there was still a slight disappointment in his expression. John could see it very clearly and it made him feel horrible. At the same time, he did warn them before they accepted them into the band. He did make it very clear that he wasn't a singer and it wasn't his fault if they misunderstood.

He thought he would enjoy the studio time more. But between Freddie's strange lyrics that seemed to be targeted towards him and the slight tension because John didn't want to sing, it wasn't a very enjoyable experience and all the bassist wanted was to go home.

Thankfully, it was soon time to leave.

"I'm so terribly sorry, John," Freddie looked at him with apologetic expression, "I thought there would be time to work on your song too, but mine just took forever."

"Oh, it's ... fine. I'm in no rush," John smiled politely, "Next time."

And then they both hear Roger's voice, "Deaky wrote a song?"

Freddie grinned, "Yes. It's called Spread your legs!"

That made John blush and he quickly shook his head, "N-No, it's Spread your wings, actually."

"But it's a lot more fun if it's Spread your legs!" Freddie laughed.

Roger cleared his throat, awkwardly placing his hand on Freddie's shoulder, trying to act concerned, "Fred. I'm really worried about you."

Both John and Freddie stopped laughing and just stared at the drummer, waiting for him to continue.

And he did.
"I really think you need to get laid, mate. You need to shag someone and *fast,*" Roger's tone was serious.

Once again, John tensed up, his gaze dropping to the floor. It took Freddie a few moments to react, but then he raised his eyebrow, "Oh, really, darling? Are you offering yourself to help me with that?"

Roger grimaced, quickly removing his hand from Freddie's shoulder, "No."

"Oh, that's right," Freddie laughed again, "You prefer tall people with curly hair. And it's even better if they yell at you all the time."

That got Brian's attention, "Excuse me?"

The taller boy stopped packing his guitar and he stood up, walking over to the rest of the boys. Before he could speak, a loud laugh escaped Freddie, "Rog thinks you are flirting with him!"

"Fred, shut up!" the drummer blushed, looking anywhere but at Brian.

"I'm ... what?" Brian couldn't be more confused, "Where did you get that very entertaining idea?"

While that conversation was happening, John distanced himself, walking away from the rest of the boys. He couldn't really understand why he was in a bad mood.

"You *did* take me out," Roger said quietly.

"No, I let you drive my van," Brian corrected.

"But then we had lunch and you paid for it."

The guitarist stared at the blond in front of him, a puzzled expression on his face, "Because we were on the other side of London and I knew you didn't have any money with you."

"It was still weird," Roger whispered, refusing to look at Brian.

Freddie interrupted the conversation, placing a hand on Roger's shoulder, "I'm sorry, darling. I guess he's not that into you."

Roger pushed his hand away in annoyance, "Don't think I didn't notice how you changed the subject, Fred."
"What subject?" the singer acted innocent.

"You are *horny*. That much is obvious to all of us here. Isn't that right? Brian? Deaky?" Roger asked, looking around for confirmation.

John's eyes shot up at hearing his name being called and he just nodded, agreeing with Roger, not really wanting to contradict him and attract attention to himself. He did notice Freddie giving him a confused look, but then the singer turned to Roger again, "My sexual frustrations are my own, darling. Nothing to worry your pretty little head with. Besides, I think you have enough on your plate as it is. I mean, your blossoming relationship with Brian and all that."

"What relationship?" Brian let out an exasperated sigh.

And as if his day couldn't get any worse, John's mind kept repeating those two words.

*Sexual frustrations.*

When they finally did leave the studio, John kept to himself for the entire ride home. His quietness did not raise any suspicions because even on a good day John wasn't much talkative and energetic. It didn't escape his attention that Freddie seemed to keep his distance too. He was still very sweet and nice, but something was off. He was treating John was if he was just a friend. Just like he was treating Brian. It was heartbreaking and John had a pretty good idea about what caused it. The events of the previous night.

When they arrived and Brian parked the van, the boys slowly made their way to the flat.

"No studio time tomorrow?" Freddie asked with disappointment.

"They were all booked," Brian sighed, "But I can get us in a day after tomorrow."

"Well, it's better than nothing," the singer replied.

As they reached the flat and Roger was searching for the keys, they were approached by an old lady. She could barely walk, but she was headed straight towards them with an angry expression on her face.

"Oh god, there she is," suddenly Freddie said, "Would you hurry up, Rog?"

The drummer nervously searched through his pockets, not able to find the keys, "I don't know where they are!"
"Shit," Freddie swore just as that old lady reached them.

"Language," she almost barked at them.

While Brian offered a polite smile, John simply looked confused. Who was she and why were Roger and Freddie trying to avoid her?

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Flores!" Roger screamed at her, making the other three boys jump.

"I am not deaf, young man," she drawled with annoyance, then her eyes moved to John.

The bassist smiled politely, but she did not return the smile. It was very obvious that she disliked them and wasn't even trying to hide it.

"Where the fuck are your keys, Rog?" Freddie asked, smacking the drummer's arm.

"Fuck! I-I don't know!"

"Is that how you were raised?" the old lady asked, "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"

"No, I kiss yours," came a response from Roger.

The other three boys opened their mouth in shock and Freddie smacked Roger's arm, "Stop that, darling!"

The old lady seemed disappointed, simply shaking her head. It was clear to everyone she was already used to Roger and his comebacks and it was nothing surprising to her. Then her eyes moved to John.

"Who are you?" she asked, "Do you live here?"

John opened his mouth to reply but Freddie was faster, "Of course not, he's just visiting. He's a ... cousin."

"Keep the noise to a minimum or I'll be forced to talk to your landlord," she said, sending a glare at both Freddie and Roger.

The drummer seemed to finally find the keys and he unlocked the door, letting Brian and John in. The old lady just shook her head, walking away from them, muttering to herself, "Only boys. I
Roger took offence to that and he shouted after her, "Well, Brian here doesn't get any, but I had a girl over about two weeks ago!"

Before he could say anything else, Freddie dragged his ass into the flat, slamming the door shut.

"Darling, are you trying to get us kicked out?" he stared at the drummer, waiting for an explanation.

"No, I was just conversing," the drummer acted innocent, "Besides, she should mind her own business."

While the other three continued talking, John quietly slipped out of the room. The moment he entered the bedroom, he collapsed on the bed, pulling the blankets over him and curling up into a ball. For some reason he was exhausted and it wasn't even five in the afternoon. He could still hear the other three boys talking in the other room and that relaxed him. He closed his eyes, slowly feeling sleep take over him.

But then he heard the door open. He didn't even need to look, he knew it was Freddie. For a moment there was a complete silence and the bassist thought Freddie wasn't even in the room anymore, but then he felt the bed shift under the singer's weight.

"Are you feeling alright, dear?"

John just nodded, feeling all warm inside at the concern he could hear in Freddie's voice. Immediately after he felt the singer move closer to him, pressing himself against John's back and wrapping an arm around his waist.

John couldn't help but giggle, "Freddie, what are you doing?"

"I'm giving you a cuddle."

"Why?"

"You look like you could use one, darling," he replied, pulling the bassist closer and pressing his face into the crook of John's neck.

And he was right. John really needed that.

For a few moments they were completely silent and John wondered if the singer had fallen asleep.
"Freddie?"

"Mhm?"

Silence.

John tensed up, preparing himself to ask a question he knew he needed to. The moment was perfect, they were alone and relaxed. But no matter how hard he tried, the words just wouldn't leave his mouth. There was no other way around it, so John just blurted it out, "Are you horny?"

Immediately he felt Freddie tense up, "W-What?"

"I am ... making you horny?"

The singer was confused and shocked at the question, "You mean at this very moment?"

"N-No. I mean ... every day. Usually. Am I making you horny? Or ... sexually frustrated?"

Silence.

And then Freddie realized it.

"Is this about what Roger said in the studio? Don't listen to him, darling," Freddie replied, pulling the bassist closer to him.

John really wished he could turn around and see Freddie's face, but the position they were in was so comfortable and he didn't want to ruin it.

"It ... it's not just Roger," he whispered, "It's .. the lyrics. When you were singing, you ... looked at me."

"Yes?"

John carefully continued, "Were you talking to me? I-I mean ... were you talking about me? Am I making you sexually frustrated? Because I keep teasing you and then we never do ... much and I-I understand - "

And then Freddie interrupted him, "John, that song isn't about you. I started writing it before we even met."
"Oh," the bassist said, "I-It just seemed - "

"Do you really think I would do that?" this time Freddie sounded a bit hurt, "Sing about you not being able to .... do certain things?"

"I-I don't know .... " John trailed off, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, I would never do that, darling. It is perfectly understandable that you don't wish to do certain things - "

"But I do wish to do them," John let out a tired sigh, "I do wish. I-I just ... can't."

"What do you mean?"

"I want to do everything with you, Freddie."

The singer placed a kiss on John's neck, making him shudder. The bassist really wanted to turn around and just kiss him, but he needed to get some things off of his chest first. And he wouldn't be able to do that if he had to stare at Freddie's beautiful face.

"I want to do it, but my mind won't let me. Or ... my body," he confessed, awkwardly shifting around a bit, "And I know it's ... frustrating to you."

"It's not," Freddie said, but John knew that was a lie.

The bassist let out an exasperated sigh, "I really want to, but ... it's hard."

And then he heard Freddie chuckle from behind him, "Well, it's not yet, but if you keep wiggling like that against me, it soon will be."

"What?" it took him a moment to understand, "Freddie!"

That made the singer only laugh harder and he placed another kiss on John's neck.

"Freddie, I'm serious," John said, finally breaking away from him, pulling himself up into a sitting position.

When he finally met the singer's warm eyes, he couldn't help but smile.
"Why are you smiling, darling?" Freddie asked softly.

"N-Nothing," John replied, clearing his throat, "Do you believe me when I say I really want to work on it?"

"Work on what exactly?"

"I want to be able to ... do stuff with you," he blushed, looking down.

"Darling, if you can't even say the words, then you aren't ready - "

"Have sex with you," the bassist forced out, feeling himself turn even redder. He could tell it took the singer by surprise because for the next couple of moments he was completely silent.

"Darling, I ... I don't want to do that."

Oh god.

Immediately, John looked up, meeting Freddie's eyes. He couldn't hide the hurt and the embarrassment in his voice as he asked, "Y-You don't?"

"No," Freddie smiled, taking John's hand in his own, "You'll think I'm cheesy and ... old fashioned, but ... if we ever were to do those things, I'd like to ... make love to you."

John's heart threatened to jump out of his ribcage, "L-Love? But you said - "

"It doesn't feel right using the word sex with you," Freddie smiled hesitantly, "That's what I did with ... others. What I do with you is different."

"Worse?" John quietly asked.

"No," the singer shook his head, "Just different. This isn't just some casual fucking."

The bassist winced at that word, but he agreed. He wasn't the type of person to have casual sex and was glad that Freddie agreed what they were doing was more than just that.

Freddie played with John's hand, brushing his thumb over the soft skin, "You deserve better than just ... sex."
John could literally melt at hearing those words.

And then the singer slowly continued, "Are you sure you want ... me? I mean, what happened last night -"

"That wasn't about you, Freddie," the bassist interrupted him, his voice shaking a bit, "I'm not afraid of you."

"Are you sure, darling?"

"Yes," John answered, holding the eye contact with the singer.

The determination in John's voice did seem to finally convince the singer and he relaxed, smiling a bit, "Alright. If that's really what you want ... we could perhaps try and work on it?"

"I-I would really like that," the bassist replied and then bit his lip nervously, "You want to start now?"

Freddie laughed at that, raising his eyebrow seductively, "Impatient, are we, darling?"

"J-Just a little," John chuckled.

And then he felt Freddie raise John's hand to his lips and place a soft kiss on the skin there. Freddie was usually very affectionate and tender, but for some reason his gestures at that moment were even more loving than normally.

"Brian and Roger are waiting for us in the living room, dear," Freddie said, then smiled, "But later this evening we can start ... working on it."

John wanted to start working on it at that very moment, but he somehow forced himself to get up from the bed, following Freddie out of the room.

ooo

"We have a gig at a college bar in a week from now," Brian said, looking at his notebook, "Then the next day we have ... a gig at some new bar that opened down the street from here."
The other three boys listened, nodding their heads.

"That's all I got," Brian sighed, "It's not much, but it'll make us some money."

"It's fine, darling. We just need the money to rent the studio and record a few tracks," Freddie said, "And then we send that to a few record companies and ... hope for the best."

Silence.

"I-I think we have the potential," John finally spoke, breaking the awkward tension in the room. The other three boys looked at him in surprise, not expecting him of all people to be that confident.

John slowly continued, "This is ... the best band I've ever been in. Freddie's an amazing singer. Brian, I've never heard of anyone building their own guitar before. And you, Roger. The sounds you are able to ... produce with your drums ... it's unbelievable."

Freddie immediately placed a hand on John's lower back, "And you, darling, are the best bass player we've ever seen."

The compliments did seem to lift their spirits a bit and the next few minutes Roger wouldn't shut up about things he intended to buy in the near future.

"When I get rich, I'll buy a huge house," he said, "And when Fred and I move in - "

Brian blinked in confusion, ""You and Fred will still be living together?"

"Yes," the drummer replied, looking at the guitarist as if he was crazy for even asking such a question.

"I want a house with a large garden, Rog," Freddie added.

"We could get that," Roger nodded, then grinned, "And a pool."

Brian was amused by the conversation, "Will you two be sharing a room?"

"We're not that close," Roger quickly shook his head, grimacing, "I don't want to see Freddie naked or having a wank ever again, thank you very much."

The singer gasped in shock, "And when exactly did you see that, darling?"
"Er ... you do remember that one time in the bathroom?" the drummer asked, raising his eyebrows.

Immediately Freddie blushed, "You should have knocked, dear."

"I didn't know you were in there! You should have been louder!"

Once again, Brian looked up at the ceiling, pretending not to hear any of the conversation that was happening right in front of him.

"Oh, really?" Freddie asked, "I should have been louder? What do you expect me to do? Bang my head against the tiles while doing it? Scream? Sing?"

John quickly covered his mouth with his hand, trying to keep himself from laughing.

"You should have been louder, that is all I am saying," Roger rolled his eyes, "It's your fault you got walked in on."

The singer grabbed a cushion, throwing it at the drummer. Roger threw it back at Freddie, but it accidentally landed on Brian.

"Alright, this is my cue to leave," the guitarist said, standing up, "Sometimes I feel I'm in a kindergarten."

When Brian finally left a couple of minutes later, John kept looking at Freddie, biting his lip nervously. The fact that he didn't know what to expect later that evening was killing him. He couldn't even keep up with the conversation. After a few minutes of not being able to sit still, John quickly stood up, "I-I should go to bed. It's been a long day."


"I'll be right there, darling," said Freddie and John noticed something mischievous about his smile. Or was he just imagining it?

He quickly nodded and hurried into their bedroom. Not knowing what to do with himself, he paced up and down the room and then he saw himself in the mirror.

_Ugh._

He couldn't understand what Freddie even saw in him. He wasn't ugly, but he wasn't ... attractive. People usually just called him cute and adorable, but that was it. He could never radiate such
confidence and sexual energy like Freddie could.

He jumped in shock when he heard the doors open, but he relaxed when he saw it was only Freddie.

"Hi," he giggled at the singer, awkwardly crossing his arms over his chest.

"Hello, darling," Freddie smiled, but he was confused, "Why are you laughing?"

That just made John giggle even more, "I-I don't know. I'm nervous."

"You laugh when you're nervous?"

"Only when I'm nervous about something good," John replied quietly.

Freddie sat on the bed, motioning for John to come closer and the bassist obeyed, slowly stepping in between Freddie's thighs.

"Do you trust me?" the singer suddenly asked.

And John nodded, "Of course I do."

"Really?"

"Yes."

The singer still seemed to be a bit conflicted and then John leaned down, pressing a soft kiss onto Freddie's lips. Before he broke the kiss, he felt Freddie smile and that only made John kiss him more passionately, placing his hands on Freddie's shoulders.

He felt arms being wrapped around his waist and before he even knew what was happening, he was being pulled forward and they both fell onto bed, with John on top of Freddie. It was a new position and John didn't really know what to do. He broke the kiss, pulling away slightly, "I-I'm sorry. I'm probably heavy - "

Freddie laughed at that, "Don't be ridiculous, darling. You are not heavy."

But they did stop their kissing, both sitting up again. John was a bit breathless and his heart was threatening to jump out. Freddie did seem a lot calmer, but he was still conflicted about something.
"I would like to suggest something, darling."

"S-Sure."

"If we are going to keep doing this, you need to let me know when I overstep your boundaries," Freddie said softly, "I-I can't ... I can't read your mind, darling. What if I do something you don't like and I fail to notice the signs that you are not comfortable anymore? I'm terrified of that."

John looked down in shame, "I-I'm sorry."

"I know it's difficult, but you need to let me know," Freddie said firmly, "That is why I've thought of something. Perhaps we could use the ... colour system?"

"What's that?" John looked at him in confusion.

"You haven't heard of it before?" Freddie asked, then carefully continued, "Usually it's used in ... different scenarios, but I thought it could be of use to us. It's simple and to the point. Are you interested?"

The bassist nodded, waiting to hear more.

"It's basically three colours. If you say red, it means *stop whatever it is you are doing to me right now*. if you say yellow, it means *slow down, give me a minute, you are getting way too close to my hard limits*," Freddie slowly explained, observing John's face closely, "And green means *keep going*."

John relaxed, "That's actually ... pretty useful."

He hated when he was forced to say he was uncomfortable out loud, he despised he needed to ask Freddie to stop and and he hated explaining why or saying he wasn't feeling very good. Being able to use just one word and having Freddie understand it immediately would make everything a lot easier.

Freddie's face lit up when John agreed it was a good idea.

"Really, darling?"

"Yes, Freddie. It ... It would make everything easier for both of us," John smiled nervously, taking a deep breath.

"Do you want to try?"
The bassist quickly nodded his head, staring at Freddie's lips and unconsciously biting his own. The singer moved closer to him, bringing a hand up to cup his face as he gently pressed his lips against John's. John completely relaxed, but shuddered in pleasure when he felt Freddie trailing the tip of his tongue around the edges of his lips. When Freddie slowly moved down, placing kisses on John's collarbone, John's eyes rolled back in pure pleasure.

"Colour, John?" he heard Freddie ask.

"G-Green," he barely managed to answer.

He could feel Freddie dragging his tongue up his neck until he reached his ear and started to gently nibble on it.

"G-Green," he said even though the singer did not even ask.

And then he felt Freddie's hands on his waist, slipping under the material of his shirt. He did tense up a bit, but he didn't want Freddie to stop.

"Colour?"

"Still green," he replied shakily.

And then Freddie moved away from his neck, leaning away so that he could look at the bassist as his hands made their way up his shirt, gently caressing John's chest.

He smiled reassuringly, "Colour?"

"G-Green," John replied, wanting nothing more than to pull his shirt over his head, but he forced himself to stay still, letting Freddie explore his chest under the material.

He couldn't help but let out a surprise yelp when he felt Freddie gently twist one of his nipples. It made every hair on his body stand up and when he looked at the singer, he found him grinning at him, raising his eyebrow in question.

It did hurt, but in a good way. And it didn't remind John of anything bad.

"Green," he said, noticing the slight surprise on Freddie's face as he heard that.

And then Freddie's hands disappeared from his chest only to reappear on his thighs. The whole time John kept his eyes fixated on Freddie's deep brown eyes. For some reason he found it very relaxing.
He felt the slight touch become more firm as the singer gripped his thighs, his fingers digging into the skin.

"Still green," John breathed out, feeling very proud of himself for getting that far.

But as Freddie's hands slowly made their way up his legs, he tensed up, forgetting to breathe. The singer did seem to notice it and he stopped, arching an eyebrow, "Colour, darling?"

Silence.

"It's alright, John. Just tell me the colour, please."

"Yellow," he forced out, his voice shaking.

Freddie nodded in understanding, keeping his hands completely still on John's thighs as he leaned in to press a feather like kiss on the bassist's cheek, "You are doing wonderful, darling."

The praise made him blush and again, John giggled, biting his lip nervously. As Freddie kept kissing his cheek, the yellow slowly started to turn into green.

"It's green now, Freddie," John whispered.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Green."

John expected Freddie to move his hands further up and was surprised when he felt the touch disappear completely. But then he felt his hands on his waist again, but this time they were moving down.

John's breath caught in his throat and his heart skipped a beat, but he tried to keep calm, focusing on Freddie's warm eyes.

"What's the colour, darling?"

"It depends," John said quietly.

"It depends on what?"
"On ... what you are planning to do next," the bassist whispered.

The moment he felt Freddie slide the tips of his fingers under the waistband of his pants, John completely tensed up, panic shooting through him, "R-Red."

Immediately Freddie let go of him and it took John a few moments to calm down. When he did, he quickly apologized, "I-I'm sorry, Freddie. I tried - "

"Darling, you did well. I'm proud of you," the singer smiled at him, "I expected you to want to stop much sooner."

"But - "

"No but. I am proud of you," the singer repeated, pulling John into a hug. The bassist let himself be held and he relaxed completely. Before he realized what he was doing he was pressing himself against Freddie, gently kissing his neck.

That made the singer chuckle and John continued, his hands sliding under the material of Freddie's shirt, slowly moving up his chest. He could never get enough of Freddie's chest. Feeling brave from all the praise he received, his shaking fingers fumbled with the buttons on Freddie's shirt. When he finally managed to unbutton it, he pushed it down his shoulders.

Not soon after, John's shirt was on the floor as well and they were both lying on the bed, kissing and touching, exploring each other's chests. John broke the kiss only to slowly trail his tongue down Freddie's chest, until he finally reached his goal. He wanted to try doing the same thing Freddie did to him and he softly licked one of Freddie's nipples. The older boy sucked in a breath, his hips thrusting against John's leg uncontrollably.

Satisfied with the reaction he got, John decided to get back at Freddie for something he did to him a few minutes ago. After giving Freddie's nipple another soft lick, he gently bit it, eliciting a delicious moan from the singer.

"You saucy little minx!" he heard Freddie chuckle and John moved up so that he could look at him.

"D-Did you like that?" he asked hesitantly.

"Did I like that?" the singer asked, then grinded his hips against John's leg, letting him know how much he liked that.

Feeling Freddie's thing on his leg was a lot less frightening than having to touch it with his hand. It wasn't logical; it made zero sense, but it was the truth. He felt Freddie touch his hand, interlocking their fingers.
And then something caught John’s attention. The way that Freddie was looking at him. The singer was completely silent, only staring at the bassist with such intense look that it almost frightened him. At that moment it felt as if he was staring directly into his soul and John could almost swear he could see right into Freddie’s. And they just stayed like that for a few minutes, just smiling at each other, holding hands.

And then the singer cleared his throat, pulling the bassist into a warm embrace.

"Is something wrong?" John asked, wrapping his hands around Freddie.

"Nothing, darling," the singer let out a long breath, playing with John’s hair, running his fingers through it.

"You don't want to ... continue?" the bassist asked in surprise, still feeling how very excited Freddie was.

"This is good too."

"But you're ... " John didn't know how to say it and he only moved his legs against Freddie's groin again, making the singer let out a loud moan.

"Roger," John chuckled.

"Oh, he's still in the kitchen, probably eating everything in the fridge, don't worry, darling," Freddie replied, letting out a short laugh.

"But ... Isn't it uncomfortable?" John hesitantly asked, "Having ... that? I mean ... "

"I'll take care of it later, don't worry."

That piqued John's interest, "What do you mean?"

"Nothing you need to worry yourself with, sweetheart."

"But I-I want to know," John said, looking up at the singer, noticing the surprise on his face.

When Freddie still said nothing, John slowly continued, his cheeks turning red, "Are you going to ... do it yourself?"
Freddie chuckled, "Are you really asking me that?"

"I-I guess," John blushed.

"I am planning on taking care of it by ... wanking, yes," the singer let out a laugh, "Why? Do you want to watch?" he teased and the smile immediately disappeared from his face when he noticed the very serious but at the same time very nervous expression on John's face.

"Darling? What - "

"You don't need to go the bathroom. I-I mean this is your bedroom," John said quietly, "You can do it here ... if you want to."

Freddie couldn't keep the surprise away from his face, "You want me to touch myself in front of you? Why, darling?"

John blushed even more, closing his eyes in embarrassment, "Because I-I want to see it, Freddie. I'm ... curious."

Upon receiving no answer from Freddie, John quickly hid his face in his hands, completely embarrassed and ashamed, "I-I'm sorry. Just ... forget it, Freddie. It's stupid."

But then he felt the singer moving and when he looked up, he found Freddie sitting on the bed, leaning against the headboard. The covers were pulled up to his waist and John's eyes widened as Freddie patted the spot next to him, "Come here, darling."

John immediately obeyed, sitting next to the singer, not able to look away from him. The lights were still on and he wondered if he should go turn them off. But the singer did not seem to be bothered by them, so he stayed put. He watched in fascination as Freddie's right hand sneaked under the covers.

"You can pull the covers away anytime you want, darling," the singer said and then let out a shaky breath.

John's eyes widened in shock as he realized what was happening. He couldn't decide where to look. Freddie's face twisted in erotic agony, his low moans of pleasure escaping him every few moments were too intriguing. But at the same time he was curious about what was happening under the covers. He could see the material moving, only slightly.

"How often do you ... do this?" John managed to ask.

Freddie's eyes snapped open and he looked at him, teasing a bit, "Wank off in front of you?"
"No," John let out a nervous laugh, "Just ... wank off."

Freddie bit his lip, another moan escaping him and he struggled to form a sentence, "Since you've moved in ... almost ... every day."

John could feel himself sweating. Why did it get so hot suddenly?

The singer's movements started getting more erratic and his breathing changed too. If John didn't know what Freddie was doing, he'd actually be worried about him. It became impossible for Freddie to keep his eyes open and he kept biting hard onto his lower lip, trying to keep himself from moaning.

Swallowing hard, John slowly and hesitantly touched the covers, debating if he should pull it off of Freddie or not. The singer sensed his struggle and he managed to offer a comforting smile, "I-I'm not ... naked under it. I'm still wearing my ... pants," he breathed out.

That made John relax slightly. He wasn't sure if he was ready to see Freddie in all his glory just yet.

Very slowly, he pulled the covers down, exposing Freddie's lower half. John couldn't prevent a shiver going down his body at the sight of Freddie's hand in his pants, moving up and down. The singer seemed to be enjoying it immensely, his hips thrusting up, his legs shaking.

Before he could rationalize what he was doing or why, John leaned closer to Freddie's chest, tracing his tongue from one nipple to another, gently biting and sucking. He couldn't help but smile at the groan that escaped Freddie's lips at that. John didn't need to look to know that the singer's movements have sped up and when he moved up to meet Freddie's lips, pulling him into a soft kiss, the singer made a sudden, violent jerking motion with his hips and then he completely stilled for a moment or two before finally relaxing again, his chest heaving as if he had been running and his legs twitching in the aftershocks.

"Oh god," Freddie breathed out, pulling John closer, kissing him passionately, before placing soft kisses all over his face.

John giggled at the feeling and kissed Freddie's nose, "D-Did you enjoy that?"

"You are killing me with those questions, darling," Freddie laughed, still breathing heavily, "Did it look as if there was a moment I didn't find enjoyable?"

"N-No," John smiled, observing Freddie's face closely. He looked absolutely beautiful, his face sweaty and flushed, his eyelids half open, his lips parted just slightly as he calmed down. He could just stare at him forever.
After a minute or two, Freddie forced himself to move, standing up, "I should really clean up, darling. I'll be back soon."

And he was. John just barely managed to crawl under the covers when the singer returned, turning the lights off and getting into bed, moving closer to John, pressing himself against his back. John smiled as he felt Freddie’s arms around him. They didn't need to say anything more as they both drifted off to sleep.

ooo

The next morning both John and Freddie could barely keep their hands off of each other. They kept looking at each other lovingly, holding hands under the kitchen table. But they quickly broke apart as Roger walked into the kitchen, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"Morning," he greeted sleepily as he sat down.

"Morning, darling," Freddie cleared his throat and stood up, moving from his spot next to John to sit across the table from him. He wouldn't be able to stop touching him and with Roger right there, it wasn't such a good idea.

"We've made some scrambled eggs," John said, "Would you like some?"

"Please, Deaky. I'm starving," Roger yawned again, bringing a cup of coffee to his mouth.

"That's my coffee, Rog," Freddie rolled his eyes, but Roger ignored him, taking a sip.

When John returned, placing a plate with eggs in front of the drummer, the blond boy lit up with happiness, "This looks delicious. Please, tell me you made it, not Freddie."

The singer gasped in shock while John just chuckled, sitting down again, "I-I made it. Freddie just observed."

Freddir grinned at John, slowly moving his leg under the table, trying to reach John's.

"Fred, stop kicking my leg," Roger said casually, stuffing his mouth with food.
Immediately, Freddie pulled his leg back, awkwardly uttering a quick apology. John couldn't help but laugh at Freddie's blushed face.

"What's up with you two?" Roger asked, his eyes moving from John to Freddie.

Before either one of them could speak, they heard the doorbell. Freddie was the first one to stand up and he hurried off to answer it. Only a moment later he returned with Brian.

"Morning, everybody," the guitarist greeted, sitting down.

"Oh, it's you again," Roger yawned, looking at the taller boy, "Tell me, don't you have a flat of your own?"

"Don't listen to him, darling," Freddie jumped in, "He's been a real arse this entire morning."

Completely ignoring Freddie's words, Roger jumped up, "We should celebrate! We didn't get to do it last night."

"Celebrate what?" John asked, confused.

"Well ..., that we sort of recorded a song yesterday. And that we have two gigs ahead of us," Roger replied, already opening the cupboards, making them all a drink.

"You think everything's a reason to celebrate, Rog," Freddie rolled his eyes, "Besides, it's not even ten o'clock in the morning."

Again, the drummer ignored him as he handed each of them a glass of vodka.

"Are you serious, Rog?" Brian laughed, "We really need to drink this?"

"Yes. Don't argue with me," the drummer shot back, raising his glass, "To Queen."

Freddie smiled, raising his own glass, "To Queen."

Both Brian and John did the same. And then they all took a sip, grimacing at the strong taste. It was too early in the morning for vodka.

John swallowed the liquid, feeling it burn his throat. And then he started to feel ... strange. Anxious. He tried to ignore it, bringing a glass to his mouth again, taking another sip. But the feeling didn't go
away. For some reason he started panicking, strange images flashing in front of his eyes.

A drink being placed in front of him.

John saying he didn't order it.

The bartender pointing at the guy across the bar, who only smiled, raised his drink, nodding his head.

John smiling back, bringing the drink to his mouth, tasting it. Vodka. He preferred that to gin and tonic.

John could still see Roger, Freddie and Brian talking amongst themselves, laughing, but he couldn't hear them. There was a complete silence in his head. The only thing he could hear was the sound of his own heartbeat pounding in his chest.

He wasn't alright. Suddenly he was sweating profusely, his hands shaking. And then he heard a shockingly loud crash and he realized he had dropped his drink. That made the other three boys look at him in concern and they were talking to him, but he couldn't hear anything.

He couldn't speak, but he needed to tell them that he wasn't alright.

"R-Red," was all he was able to say at that moment, "Red, red, r-red...."

He could see Freddie moving over to him.

John felt himself panic as he realized everything was moving slowly, too slowly. He started walked backwards until he bumped into the kitchen counter and then he slid down, collapsing onto the floor.

Roger observed the scene in front of him in shock. He was terrified that it was something he had done. Again. He could hear John repeating the word red, but he had no idea what it meant.

"What's red?" he asked, looking at Brian who had no idea.

Somehow Freddie seemed to understand and he was beside John in an instant, barely managing to catch the younger boy before he collapsed onto the floor. Freddie carefully lowered them both down, gently cupping the bassist's face with one hand, speaking quietly to him. Roger couldn't understand a word and apparently neither could Brian. They both could not even move from the spot they were standing at, afraid if they moved, they would somehow disturb Freddie as he was trying to calm John down. It did seem to be working.
It was a bit strange seeing Freddie's face *that* close to John's, with their foreheads touching, but Roger figured he was just trying to comfort him. The singer kept whispering to John and the bassist kept nodding, sniffing a bit.

And then John moved, pressing a kiss onto Freddie's lips.

Roger blinked, wondering if he saw that right. He looked away and then back at Freddie and John and their lips were still pressed *together*, with Freddie gently rubbing John's thigh.

The drummer could not move. He could not speak. Even though he was *seeing* it, he wasn't believing his own eyes.

Slowly, Freddie helped John stand up and lead him out of the kitchen.

"We'll be in my room," the singer said as they walked past them.

After they were left alone, it took Brian and Roger a while to actually be able to move again. The drummer cleared his throat awkwardly, "Er ... Brian. I was just wondering. Did you happen to see ... what I saw? Perhaps it was the vodka ... making me see things."

"And what exactly do you think you saw?" the guitarist carefully asked.

"John kissing Freddie."

Chapter End Notes

I was really touched by all the comments left on the previous chapter. <3 I can't believe people are still reading this. xD But here you go, Roger finally found out. I was planning on including a scene of him and Brian discussing it, but it would be too rushed. It will be in the next chapter, I promise. Thank you for reading! :)
Chapter 27

Freddie was sitting on his bed, leaning against the headboard with John in between his legs; the panic making the bassist grip the singer's thighs very firmly.

"It's r-red. Red, red," John kept repeating, his breath coming out in short gasps.

"I know, honey," Freddie said reassuringly, "It's red. I hear you. Nobody is going to do anything bad to you, alright?"

The singer kept running his hands slowly over John's arms, gently massaging his shoulders. Even though he was also panicking on the inside, he tried to keep as calm as possible. It did seem to do the trick and as minutes passed, John slowly relaxed, leaning back against Freddie completely, his grip on the singer's thighs lessening.

"You're alright, sweetheart," Freddie kept whispering into John's ear, "You are safe and alright."

John nodded, letting Freddie know he could hear him, but still shaking a bit. He didn't want to face the singer, he was too embarrassed for that.

"Just breathe, darling," Freddie said, taking a deep breath himself and John obeyed, letting his lungs fill with air. He kept it in for a few moments before letting out a shaky breath.

"Talk to me," the singer said quietly, "What happened? What caused it? Was it something we did? Or say?"

John shook his head no, too embarrassed to even say anything.

"Please, talk to me," the singer insisted, his hand moving up to play with John's hair, "We need to know otherwise we're bound to do that again."

"It's ... nothing you guys have done," John finally whispered.

"Then what caused it?"

John let out a pained cry, "I-I think it was the drink. The ... taste of it."
"Vodka?" Freddie asked, confused.

"I-It's stupid, I know."

"It's not stupid, darling."

John was silent for a few moments before slowly continuing, "I-I was fine and then I took a sip and ... I started feeling strange. And when I drank some more of it ... " he paused, his hand going to his throat and then over his mouth in panic, "I-I think I'm going to be sick."

Immediately he jumped out of the bed, hurrying towards the bathroom. Freddie followed, kneeling down next to the bassist who was doubled over the toilet and wretched a few times. His heaves were dry and his throat felt sore, but nothing was coming out. After a few more failed attempts, John just gave up, feeling utterly exhausted. He could feel a hand on his back, rubbing small circles and it made John smile.

They just sat on the bathroom floor for a few minutes until Freddie finally asked, "Do you want to return to bed?"

John just nodded and let himself be pulled up from the floor and almost carried off back to Freddie's bed. They got into their usual position which John found comforting and safe. He rested his head on Freddie's chest, his arm wrapped over the singer's waist.

"I-I don't think I'll ever be able to face Roger and Brian again," the bassist confessed, "I embarrassed myself completely."

"Don't say that. You did not embarrass yourself, dear," Freddie's voice was very firm, "They understand and they would never think any less of you."

"It's like I'm ... fragile. I don't know when or what will cause these ... outbursts," John said, pressing his face onto Freddie's chest, wanting to hide from the world.

"Darling, I've told you this already. I think you're incredibly brave," Freddie said, pulling the bassist closer.

"I'm not."

"You are," Freddie argued, but his voice was still very soft as he spoke, "You've been hurt, terribly, but you are still here, still standing, living your life. And you did not become bitter or angry, you are still the sweetest, the nicest person I've ever met."
John couldn't help but smile, "Freddie, stop."

The singer chuckled, but continued, "And you are the most open minded, most caring, most - "

"Freddie, stop," John repeated, smacking the singer's stomach gently. The bassist could feel himself blushing, but he'd be lying if he said hearing those things come from Freddie's mouth didn't feel good. Everytime Freddie praised him over something, he could literally feel butterflies in his stomach.

And they stayed like that, just holding onto each other.

ooo

"Huh, who would have thought?" Roger shook his head in disbelief, "Deaky hitting on Freddie. Unbelievable. He didn't seem like the type."

Brian just blinked at him in total confusion, listening as the drummer continued, pacing up and down the living room.

"Well, someone has to tell him it's not going to work," Roger said, looking at Brian, "I think it'll have to be you."

"What? Why me?"

"Because I don't want to do it and Freddie probably doesn't want to do it as well," Roger sighed, "Poor Deaky. You should let him down easy."

A short laugh escaped Brian, "Rog, you do realize that you are currently deep in denial?"

The drummer shot him a confused look, "I don't understand."

"What we witnessed earlier ... it wasn't Deaky hitting on Freddie," Brian carefully explained, staring at the drummer.

"What do you mean? I saw him kiss Fred."

"Yes and what did Fred do?"
The drummer remained silent, clearly thinking hard about what they just witnessed. When a couple of moments passed and Roger still said nothing, Brian let out an exasperated sigh, "Oh for God's sake, Rog. They kissed each other," he said and waited.

And then it happened.

Realization dawned onto Roger's face and he gasped in shock, "Oh my god! They're together."

Brian couldn't help but laugh at that, barely managing to stop himself from clapping his hands and yelling 'Bravo' at the drummer.

"They are together!" Roger repeated, almost shrieking, "They're like boyfriend and ... well ... boyfriend!"

"I don't think I'd go that far, but yes. Something has clearly been happening for a while now."

And then Roger's shocked expression turned into a grin and he raised his eyebrow at the guitarist in front of him, "I told you so."

"Rog -"

"Didn't I tell you so? I was right all along! I was right and you were wrong," there was such pride and satisfaction on Roger's face that it was actually funny.

Brian opened his mouth to speak, but Roger interrupted him, clapping his hands together and jumping up and down, "I told you so. And you said I was seeing things. You thought I was going crazy! Well, dear Bri. Who's the crazy one now?"

"I'm fairly certain that it's still you," Brian replied, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I was right from the beginning!" Roger said triumphantly, but then he realized something, "Wait. Why are you not shocked?"

Brian struggled with his next words, "I-I sort of ... knew."

"What?"

"For a few days now," he explained, awkwardly looking around, "I saw something that .... made me realize it."
"Did you see them shagging? Oh my god, was it in the living room?" Roger's expression turned to shock as he looked at the sofa.

"What? No, Rog." the guitarist sighed. The drummer was really testing his patience. But what else was new?

"Then what did you see?"

"I saw ... a small hickey on John's neck and I confronted Freddie about it."

Roger grimaced, covering his ears, "I don't want to hear about Freddie giving John a hickey! Why would you tell me that? What is wrong with you?"

Brian smacked Roger's arm, "Would you lower your voice? They'll hear us!"

Before Roger had a chance to say anything, Freddie stormed into the room, ignoring both of them as he walked into the kitchen. Roger and Brian exchanged confused glances before following him.

"Uh, Fred - " the drummer started, but stopped as he noticed the singer opening cupboards, clearly searching for something.

"Freddie?" Brian tried, "Is everything alright? How is John?"

The singer ignored them both and then it seemed he finally found what he was looking for. A bottle of vodka. Roger thought for a moment the singer might actually pour himself a glass and if he was being completely honest, it was something Roger desperately needed as well. But then Freddie walked over to the sink, turning the bottle upside down, emptying it.

Roger was beside him immediately, "Fred, what the fuck? That wasn't cheap!"

Only when the bottle was completely empty, did Freddie finally turn his attention to his two friends who only stared at him in confusion.

He leaned against the kitchen counter, letting out a deep breath, "John's asleep."

"Alright," Roger said, then slowly continued, "But ... what did the vodka do to you?"

Freddie seemed to struggle with his words, "John doesn't ... he doesn't like it."

"Well, I don't like Brian, but do you see me throwing him out of the flat?" Roger asked.
The guitarist shot an annoyed glare at the drummer, but then he looked at Freddie, "What happened?"

"It was vodka," Freddie sighed, taking a cigarette out of the pack that was on the kitchen counter. After lighting it up, he brought it to his lips, taking a long drag, closing his eyes for a moment.

"Alright, what did the vodka do?" Roger decided to play along, even though he had no idea what Freddie was talking about.

"That's the drink that guy paid for that night and ... spiked it," the singer explained, "And after tasting it again today ... I guess it brought back memories."

"Shit," was all Roger said as he realized it was again something that he did that caused John's panic attack. He could have chosen any other alcohol, but he just had to chose vodka. Just his luck.

Freddie continued, "I don't want vodka anywhere near John. I don't want him seeing it, tasting it, smelling it. I don't want any of us to be drinking it in his presence."

"Alright. That's understandable," Brian nodded and then the three of them just stared at the floor, completely silent.

But Roger felt as if he would literally explode if he didn't say something. He knew it wasn't the right time, but he couldn't stop himself. He couldn't keep his mouth shut, it just wasn't in his nature.

"Fred," he slowly started, "So ... You and Deaky, huh?"

The singer's eyes widened in shock as he remembered the kiss. With everything that was happening, he had completely forgotten that Roger witnessed it.

He let out a nervous laugh, "I know, darling. He caught me completely off guard. I think you're onto something, dear. Perhaps John really does have a crush on me. I can't believe it."

Roger rolled his eyes, "Oh my god, Freddie. Cut the act. Brian told me everything."

"He did?" the singer shot an annoyed glare at the guitarist and then looked back at the drummer, smiling awkwardly, "I'm ... sorry?"

"Yeah, you better be sorry, Fred!" the blond lunged at the singer who shrieked and jumped to hide behind Brian.
"Oh for God's sake," Brian sighed as he felt Freddie holding his arms from behind, using his body as a shield.

Roger kept trying to get to Freddie, but failed each time as the singer kept placing Brian in between the two of them.

"Fred, stop being childish!" the blond yelled at him.

"I'm being childish?" Freddie yelled back, still not moving from behind Brian, "You are the one threatening me with physical violence, darling."

"Would you both stop being such brats?" finally Brian spoke, grabbing Freddie and pulling him from behind him. He shot a warning glare at the drummer when he made an attempt to jump at Freddie.

"Don't even think about it, Rog," the guitarist said in an authoritative tone.

After a few moments of silence that gave everyone a bit of time to calm down, Brian spoke again, "What seems to be the problem here?"

"He lied to me!" Roger complained, "I asked him if there was something between him and John and he lied to my face!"

"You asked if we were shagging and we weren't then!" Freddie shot back, crossing his arms over his chest.

"You weren't then?" Roger grimaced, "That means you are now? Oh god, Freddie!"

"Let's all take a deep breath and calm down," the guitarist tried to defuse the tension, but it wasn't working.

"Why does it matter to you, Rog?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrows.

"He's ... Deaky. He's too ... young," the drummer replied, still grimacing in discomfort.

"He's nineteen! He's not ten years old!" the singer rolled his eyes, "And I couldn't tell you anything because it wasn't just my story to tell. It involves John too."

That actually made Roger stop trying to kick Freddie's arse and it seemed to calm him down a bit, "Well, are you two together?"
"I-I don't know."

"How do you not know?" Roger gave him a look, "Are you just ... shagging then? Like fuck buddies?"

"No!" Freddie quickly replied, "Don't say that."

"Well, what are you then?" the drummer seemed confused.

"I actually agree with Rog," Brian joined in on the conversation, turning his attention to Freddie, "What is this that you and John seem to have?"

The singer let out a nervous laugh, "I didn't know you two are that invested into my love life, darlings."

"Love life?" Roger asked.

"Oh, it's just ... a figure of speech, Rog," the singer rolled his eyes, "You don't need to go buy a wedding tuxedo just yet."

"You are giving me a headache, Fred," the blond said, rubbing his temple.

The older boy just sighed, muttering to himself, "Well, how do you think I feel?"

"Let's change the subject, alright?" Brian suggested, desperately wanting some peace and quiet, "We are clearly not going to solve anything by discussing this matter further. At least not at this moment."

Both the singer and the drummer seemed to agree and Freddie gave his blond friend a slight smile before offering him a cigarette. The drummer rolled his eyes, but returned the smile, taking one cigarette out of the pack. He leaned closer so that Freddie could light his cigarette up and they shared a moment.

"Well, I'm glad you two seem to be bonding," Brian drawled, "Even if it is over something as unhealthy as smoking."

"Shut up, Brian."
It was much later in the afternoon when John finally woke up from his nap. As he looked around the room, he realized he was alone. As the memories of the morning came back to him, he grimaced in embarrassment. He never wanted to leave the room again; he didn't want to face Brian and Roger. He had embarrassed himself too many times in front of them already.

But he knew it was just something he had to do. Staying in the room all day wouldn't solve anything. Very slowly, he got up and froze when he reached the door. He could hear voices and immediately he just wanted to crawl back into the bed, but somehow gathered the courage to open the door and walk out of the room.

"I really feel we connected with the audience the last time," he could hear Freddie say, "We should try and incorporate them in the show."

"What did you have in mind?" Brian asked.

"Well, I was thinking about some vocal improvisation, but ... It could totally flop."

John walked into the living room, forcing a smile onto his face.

"John!" Brian seemed a bit too happy to see him. Clearly he was trying to make him feel less awkward.

"Darling, you're up," Freddie smiled, patting the empty spot next to him on the sofa, "Come, sit with us."

John obeyed, quickly sitting down next to Freddie. He awkwardly looked at Brian, not knowing if he should address what happened that morning or just ignore it completely. He knew Freddie probably told them something and perhaps it wasn't necessary for him to bring it up again. Finally, he just decided to pretend nothing happened. He could not bring himself to talk about it.

"Um ... " he started awkwardly, cutting through the silence, "Where's Roger?"

"He went shopping," Freddie replied, "It was a bit weird, but he said it won't take long."

"Are you hungry, John?" Brian suddenly asked, "I could ... cook something."

A genuine smile appeared on John face and he did appreciate the offer, but he really wasn't hungry, "I really can't ... bring myself to eat anything at the moment. But thank you. Really."

"Are you sure, darling?" Freddie asked with concern, "You haven't eaten anything since this
"I'm sure. It just ... I'm really not hungry," John looked down at his hands awkwardly and he felt Freddie move closer to him, rubbing his back. And then the singer leaned in, placing a kiss on John's forehead. It did catch John completely off guard and he couldn't help but look at Freddie in surprise, but the singer only smiled at him.

And then John realized that he and Freddie never actually discussed Brian finding out about them. Well, seeing them kiss. And after weeks of hiding their affections towards each other, finally being able to express their feelings openly felt a bit strange. John wasn't used to it.

And then Freddie cleared his throat, making John look at him, "Darling. I-I don't know how much you remember from this morning, but ... Roger knows."

"Roger knows what?" the bassist asked, a confused expression on his face.

"About .... us. He saw us - " the singer stopped for a moment, "He saw you kiss me. Don't you remember that?"

Oh.

John did remember that.

Oh no.

"I-I'm sorry," he immediately panicked, "I-I don't know why I did that."

John couldn't exactly rationalize it, but he remembered Freddie touching him and grounding him, whispering sweet nothings to him and at that moment all John wanted was to feel loved and safe. And he always felt like that when kissing Freddie. At that moment the rest of the world faded away and he didn't remember he was in the kitchen with both Brian and Roger staring at him. His mind was in a state of panic, horrible memories and emotions nearly drowning him and all that he could see was Freddie's beautiful face. And he kissed him.

But perhaps that was a mistake.

"Freddie, I'm really sorry," the bassist apologized again.

"Don't worry about it, darling," the singer smiled reassuringly at him, "Roger's fine with it."

He intentionally left out the part about the drummer trying to kill him.
"He ... doesn't find it strange?" John hesitantly asked.

"He'll come around. Don't worry. He's mad at me. You have nothing to worry about," Freddie explained, doing everything in his power to not burden the bassist.

"Why is he ... mad at you?"

"Oh, just for .. keeping secrets from him," Freddie shrugged, "He'll be fine."

Just as those words left his mouth, they all heard the front door open and only a few moments after, Roger appeared in the room, carrying a small bag.

"Well, that was quick. What did you buy?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrow.

"Hey, Deaks," the drummer smiled awkwardly, "How are you?"

"F-Fine," John quickly replied, finding it very difficult to make eye contact with the drummer. He wasn't ashamed of his ... thing with Freddie, but it felt a bit strange that suddenly everyone knew.

Thankfully, the drummer didn't ask any questions or speak on the matter. He only started undressing.

"What are you doing, Rog?" Brian asked as the blond took off his jacket, followed by his shirt.

Freddie clapped in excitement, "A strip show!"

"You wish," the drummer shot at him and then pulled something from the bag he was carrying. It seemed to be a T-shirt. The other three boys all stared at him in confusion and when Roger finally managed to get it on, he paused, placing his hands on his hips as he posed, puffing out his chest.

"Oh, don't mind me," he drawled, "I'm just standing here."

Brian just stared at him, not understanding and then his eyes dropped to the T-shirt the drummer was wearing. It was black, but there was something written on it.

Mr. Always Right.

The guitarist rolled his eyes, "You have got to be kidding me, Rog."

Roger grinned, "What does it say, Brian?"
"It says *Mr. Always Right*. I can read, you know."

"And why does it say that?" the drummer continued, raising his eyebrows, "Why is it very fitting that I chose to wear it today?"

Brian refused to say the words, completely ignoring the drummer.

"Because I was right!" Roger almost screamed in excitement, "I was right and therefore you can all call me *Mr. Always Right*."

John leaned closer to Freddie, whispering into his ear, "What is he talking about?"

"He's gone insane, darling. Don't listen to him."

The drummer shot a look at the singer, "I heard that, Fred."

Freddie could not prevent a laugh from escaping him, "Did you really go out while it was pouring rain ... just so you could buy that T-shirt and brag about how right you were?"

"Uh, yes," the drummer replied as if it was a stupid question, "It took me a while to find it, though. There were many *Mrs. Always Right* shirts, but I then finally in the fifth store I did manage to find this one."

"And we are all very proud of you, Roger," Brian said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

They spent the rest of the evening just hanging out, already making some plans for the upcoming gig. Every time Brian and Roger disagreed about something, the drummer just puffed out his chest, pointing at his T-shirt and reminded the guitarist that he was always right.

It didn't take long for Brian to be completely fed up with the drummer and he quickly excused himself and went home.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow at one o'clock," he said before finally leaving.

"What are we recording tomorrow?" Roger asked, putting his feet on the table.

"We need to finish my song and then we could try working on John's," Freddie said, smiling at the bassist.
John just blushed, nodding his head. He was nervous, but at the same time very excited.

And then Freddie turned his attention to Roger, "Did you write anything?"

"Well, there's this one - "

"No songs about fucking a car, Rog, or anything involving machines," the singer rolled his eyes.

"Piss off, Farrokh."

ooo

Later that evening John decided to take a quick shower. As he stood under the hot water, washing his hair, he suddenly stopped. He looked around awkwardly, making sure no one was there, even though he was in the bathroom.

He could feel himself becoming nervous, but at the same time there was this strange feeling of excitement. Ever since the attack he didn't even look at himself naked. After the first few weeks it was because he didn't want to see the bruises; the reminder of what had happened. But when the bruises faded away, John still refused to look at himself. He knew it didn't make sense, but he somehow felt his body was responsible for what happened to him. He was aware of how crazy that sounded and that was why he never said those words out loud, but there was this feeling that his body was to blame. If his attacker didn't find his body attractive he wouldn't have - John stopped himself before he could finish that thought.

Freddie.

The singer suddenly entered his mind and John couldn't help but smile. Freddie also found his body attractive. The bassist held onto that thought, hoping it would erase all the negative feelings.

Freddie liked his body.

John took a deep breath, forcing himself to look down.

And there it was.

The thing between his legs. John almost giggled at how sad and alone it seemed at that moment, just hanging down, minding its own business. The bassist laughed. He always did find the most odd things very funny, laughing randomly at stuff other people wouldn't find humorous.
And then a thought entered his mind. Freddie would probably be disappointed by his ... well, cock. John had nothing to compare it to, but he was positive it wasn't exactly big. Besides, there was that thing that Tom said.

That it wasn't much there.

Immediately, John's eyes shot up and the smile disappeared from his face as he remembered how disgusting that touch felt. Just the slight touch through the material of his pants. But it was Tom's touch. And it was disgusting and just ... wrong.

John turned the water off, quickly stepping out of the shower. He did want to be able to enjoy himself. He could clearly see Freddie's face twisted in sheer pleasure as he touched himself and John wanted to feel like that as well. He just didn't know how.

ooo

John was already in bed, slowly drifting off to sleep as the singer changed in the corner of the room, pulling his pajama bottoms up. The bassist couldn't help but look, noticing how long and slim Freddie's legs seemed to be. As the singer turned around, John quickly closed his eyes, pretending to be asleep or at least trying to fall asleep. He could feel the singer get in bed and cover them both up.

And then John's eyes snapped open.

"Freddie?"

"Yes?"

"Have you talked to Roger? About ... us?"

"I-I did. Sort of."

John moved a bit closer to Freddie, "And what did you say to him? How did you ... explain?"

Silence.

The bassist didn't want to pressure Freddie into telling him, but at the same time he needed to hear it. It was obvious that Freddie kept avoiding the subject of them being together. He enjoyed being with John, but he refused to put a label on the ... thing they had. He kept saying they were more than friends, but what did that mean?
"Freddie?" John tried again after not receiving an answer.

"I-I just told them we don't know yet, darling. And that it's our business."

"Oh," John couldn't hide the disappointment in his voice.

The singer seemed to notice it, "Oh, sweetheart. You know I ... like you."

John smiled sadly, even though he wasn't sure Freddie was even able to see him through the darkness, "I like you too."

"Why can't that be enough?" Freddie asked quietly.

And then the bassist took a deep breath, acting as if he was fine, "No, no, it's ... enough. Don't worry about it."

Silence.

At that moment John regretted ever bringing that subject up.

"I care about you, John," the singer tried to explain, "Deeply. I've never cared about anyone in such a way before."

"Are you sure it's not just because ... " John had to pause for a moment, "Just because of what happened to me? It's not just pity? Or guilt?"

John was almost too afraid to hear the answer.

"No," came a reply from Freddie, "It's not that."

Not really wanting to talk about it more and risk getting hurt, John decided to change the subject, bringing up something a bit lighter.

"Can I ask you something? It's a bit ... weird," the bassist asked, blushing.

"Ask away, dear."

"I was just ... wondering. Last night while you were ... you know," John laughed awkwardly, "What
"did you think about?"

"About you, darling. How can you ask me that?" the singer replied, his hand finding John's under the covers.

The bassist shook his head in disbelief, "You're not lying?"

"Why would I be lying?" Freddie asked, "John. You do realize that you were sitting right next to me? Touching me? Kissing me? Of course I was thinking about you, darling."

John could feel himself getting a bit hot, "A-Alright. But what were you thinking about? What were you imagining?"

Freddie squeezed his hand, letting out a short laugh, "Oh, I don't think you are ready to hear that just yet, dear."

Yes. John was definitely getting hot.

"Um ... Freddie, I was just thinking ... " he took another deep breath before continuing, "What you did last night. I-I'd like to do that too.

"You'd like to wank off in front of me?" Freddie blurted out.

"What? No," John panicked, "I-I mean yes, but not ... not in front of you."

"Oh," the singer laughed, "I got excited, darling," and then he paused, his voice turning serious, "Wait. Are you telling me you haven't ... been doing that?"

John tensed up, feeling utterly embarrassed. But at the same time, he was the one who brought the subject up and he was the one to blame for feeling uncomfortable.

"I-I mean ... not since the ... attack, no," he replied quietly.

"It's been weeks since that happened," Freddie sounded shocked, "Not even once?"

"N-No," suddenly John felt as if something was wrong with him.

Was it really that shocking and concerning that he did not touch himself? Judging by the tone in Freddie's voice, you'd think he just found out John has only a few weeks left to live.
Freddie carefully continued, but there was still complete shock in his voice, "Well. What about before?"

John awkwardly cleared his throat, "I've tried it a few times, but ... I mean it worked, but ... I never really saw the appeal. I didn't know what to think about while doing ... it."

"You think about attractive people, darling. People you find hot. That's what people think about while doing that," the singer said, then laughed, "Except perhaps Roger. I'm positive he thinks about himself, dear."

"Freddie," the bassist giggled, not really wanting that image of Roger in his mind.

After a few moments, Freddie squeezed John's hand again, his voice serious, "You really haven't been doing it?"

"No," John whispered.

"But ... " it was very clear that Freddie was struggling to understand him, "Do you just don't feel the need or - ?"

"Oh, I-I feel the need," the bassist admitted awkwardly, "These last few days I did feel ... the need."

"Darling, I am no doctor or anything, but I think that would actually be very helpful," Freddie spoke, "You should be able to ... have fun with your body. Enjoy it. It's healthy. So I've read."

This was something John never imagined would happen. Him having a conversation with another human being about masturbating. And while it was slightly awkward, it wasn't as horrible as John expected it to be. Why did he feel comfortable discussing any kind of subject with Freddie? What was it about the singer that made him so relaxed and comfortable?

And then he heard Freddie's seductive voice, "Or perhaps I can do it for you, darling."

"Freddie," John groaned in embarrassment, hiding his face in the pillow.

That made the singer laugh, "I'm just joking, dear."

"Go to sleep, Freddie," John ordered, turning away from the singer, only to feel Freddie pressing himself against him from behind, pulling the bassist closer to him. John giggled, not being able to stop himself. The singer could really be very needy at times and John didn't mind it at all. It did feel good it wasn't only him who needed the closeness every once and a while. Without saying anything
else, they both soon drifted off to sleep.

The next morning they all had to get ready fast because for some reason that was the morning they all decided to sleep in. After a very rushed breakfast, they almost ran out of the flat because Brian was already waiting for them outside. Freddie and John did not act any differently in front of Roger. Even though they knew that the drummer knew, it was still too early to openly express affection. What Freddie found a bit strange was the fact that Roger did not bring up the subject of him and John having a thing. He didn't act any different towards them, there were no strange glances, nothing. It was as if Roger did not know; as if he forgot. It was making Freddie slightly nervous because he suspected the drummer was planning something, but he didn't have the time to think about that.

They spent their afternoon in the studio, first rehearsing their old songs for the upcoming gig. Considering they didn't play together for weeks, they sounded pretty alright. Freddie explained to them all the idea of incorporating a bit of vocal improvisation into their performance.

"I don't understand," said Roger, looking at the singer in confusion.

"I can't really explain, darling, but I have this idea. Imagine the whole audience repeating after me, singing with me," Freddie's eyes lit up with excitement.

"Yes, but ... " Roger said awkwardly, "Imagine them remaining silent, not understanding what you want them to do."

"It's worth a try," Brian said, "Freddie knows how to connect with an audience."

Roger shrugged his shoulders, "We can try. If it doesn't work, I'm throwing my drums at you."

"Thank you, darling!"

John knew it would work. He had no doubts about it. He thought back at their last gig and how Freddie had those people literally eating out of the palm of his hand. If he demanded they take off their clothes, they would probably do it in an instant.

After re-recording a few parts for Freddie's song, they finally started working on John's. The bassist expected a lot of critique, especially from Roger and Brian, but they seemed to like the song. He couldn't help but wonder if they were acting nice towards him because of what happened the
previous morning, but he pushed that thought aside.

Freddie did end up changing a few words, but John didn't mind. He couldn't explain the feeling when he heard Freddie experimentally singing a few verses of his song. The feeling was unreal. Seeing and hearing Freddie sing something he wrote and actually like it, getting into the song, literally almost destroying his throat, trying to make it sound just as John imagined it.

The bassist felt the sudden need to just kiss him.

But he couldn't do that. They were in a studio. With Brian and Roger and a random guy that helped them in the control room.

While Freddie was singing the second verse, he suddenly stopped mid sentence and laughed, "Shit. My voice cracked. Why am I turning into a teenage boy all of the sudden? I'll sing that part again. Roll the -"

"No," John suddenly intervened, "I-I liked the slight voice crack. Can we leave it in?"

Freddie gave him a surprised look, but nodded, smiling, "It's your song, darling. I'll sing it how ever you want me to. I can sing opera, if you'd like."

The bassist laughed, "We'll leave the opera for the next time."

No matter how long they were in the studio, it always felt like ten minutes. After spending the entire afternoon there, it was soon time to leave and while they felt they could have done more, it was still something. At least they finished Freddie's song.

"Uh, Fred," Roger was suddenly beside the singer, whispering to him, "I need a favor."

"Sure, darling. What is it?"

"I can't really explain, but I need you to go somewhere with me."

That confused the singer, "Go where?"

"I can't tell you."

"What?"

Roger gave him a look, "Freddie, you owe me. Remember that one time you wore pants that were
too tight for you and managed to rip them just down your arse - "

Freddie smacked his arm, trying to make him to shut up, "Alright! I'll go with you. Is it going to take long?"

"An hour max."

"Fine," the singer rolled his eyes, turning his attention to John and Brian who were packing up their guitars, preparing to leave, "Darlings, Rog and I have ... some errands to run, apparently. Would you two mind going to the flat by yourselves?"

John did seem slightly surprised, but he shook his head, "No, I-I don't mind. It's fine."

The singer walked over to him, placing a soft kiss on John's cheek, "I'll be home as soon as possible, dear."

John blushed at the affection and even more because he knew they were being watched by Roger and Brian. This would certainly take some getting used to.

ooo

As they got in the taxi, Freddie kept asking Roger where he was taking him, but the drummer refused to say. But as they kept driving, Freddie realized he recognized the neighborhood. But he didn't want to say it out loud until he was completely sure.

The moment they got out of the taxi, Freddie looked at the building in front of them, sending a confused look at Roger, "Rog, this is a gay club."

"Yes, I'm glad you've noticed," he said, grabbing Freddie's arm and almost dragging him inside. The singer still had no idea what Roger's plan was and he followed him as they sat at the bar.

"What are you drinking?" Roger asked, leaning a bit closer to the singer.

"What? I-I don't want anything," Freddie replied, looking around. It wasn't even eight o'clock in the evening, but the club was almost too crowded.

"We'll have two beers," Roger ordered, then looked at the confused singer, "It's on me."
"Roger ... why did you bring me here?"

The blond did seem to be struggling with his next words, "I wanted to talk to you."

"And you thought a club would be the most appropriate place for a conversation?"

"Freddie, you need to get laid," the drummer suddenly blurted out.

"What?"

"How long has it been?" Roger asked, "When was the last time you had a good, proper shag?"

That made Freddie tense up and he looked down at his hands, "You know when. I've told you."

After noticing the confused look on Roger's face, the singer continued, "That night when John was attacked."

"Oh. Shit," came a reply from Roger, but then he shook his head, "But, Fred ... That was more than a month ago. Almost a month and a half."

Freddie did not want to be reminded of how little time has actually passed since that night. Even though Roger thought it was a very long time, John would probably disagree. Not even two months since he was assaulted.

Suddenly he felt very ashamed of doing anything sexual with John that soon after, no matter if the bassist wanted it or not.

As if he could read his mind, Roger asked, "How far have you and Deaky gone?"

Freddie gave him a look, "Are you really asking me that, darling?"

"Yes. I-I don't mean the details, just ... you know. With everything that's happened to him ... " he trailed off, not really wanting to say the words out loud.

Freddie brought a beer to his mouth, taking a sip, "Not very far. Not as far as I would have liked, anyway."

He felt horrible for saying that, but it was the truth. God, how he wished to feel wanted. How he wished to feel attractive. Just looking around the club, he noticed a few guys staring at him. Immediately his confidence went up.
"There are a few candidates," Roger said, clearly noticing what Freddie was looking at.

"No shit, Rog," the singer rolled his eyes, "People come here to fuck."

"Well, do you see anyone you fancy?"

He did. Freddie didn't even need to look for long, he immediately noticed two guys that he found very attractive. He wanted to do what he would usually do. Go up to them, whisper his pick up line in their ear, dance for a while and then ...

But he couldn't do that now.

"What's stopping you, Fred?" Roger asked, raising his eyebrow at him. Freddie really felt the drummer could hear his thoughts. There was no other logical explanation. Or perhaps it was because he knew him that well. Yes, that seemed more logical.

"You know why I can't do that, dear," he replied, looking down at his lap.

He refused to meet that guy's eyes again, even though he could feel him staring. Oh god, how he longed to be touched. And feel wanted and desired. He knew John liked him and Freddie understood why the bassist wasn't able to do much with him, but at the same time he wanted to have sex so badly. It wasn't even funny anymore. If it ever even was. When he was at home he could push those thoughts out of his mind, but being at the club really made things more difficult. If he decided so, he could be having sex in less than ten minutes. Freddie tried not to imagine how physically good that would feel.

"Fred," the drummer carefully started, "Are you sure you want to give up on all of this? Can you walk away from it?"

"Y-Yes."

"That doesn't sound very convincing, mate."

"I'm horny as fuck. How do you think I should sound, darling?" Freddie snapped at him, bringing the beer to his mouth again.

"Look, I don't want Deaky getting hurt. And I don't want our band to fall apart."

Freddie ignored him.
"What do you feel towards Deaky?" Roger suddenly asked, "I mean, you obviously continue having this thing with him, but you aren't shagging."

"I-I like him," Freddie replied, blushing a bit. It took a lot to make him blush and at that moment he couldn't prevent his cheeks from turning red.

Roger scoffed, "Well, he's a cool dude. I like him too."

"Not like I like him," Freddie got defensive, but upon noticing the look on Roger's face, he immediately regretted it.

"Are you ... in love with Deaky?"

That made the singer look up and he seemed shocked, "W-What? Darling, let's not get ahead of ourselves."

"The old Freddie would never turn down a one night stand."

"Well, I'm not in the mood for a one night stand."

"Well, what are you in the mood for?"

John.

Freddie wanted John. He missed him. He wanted to talk to him, to touch him, to hug him. Kiss him. And other things that were not that innocent.

Roger sighed, looking around the club, "You don't enjoy these places anymore?"

Freddie did enjoy them. But he would enjoy them more if John was there with him.

"Let's go home, darling," Freddie said, standing up.

When he looked at Roger, he noticed the drummer was smiling at him. It wasn't a mischievous smile, it seemed sincere and Freddie wanted to ask what it was about, but for some reason the words wouldn't leave his mouth. Whatever the drummer wanted to understand or prove by taking him to the club ... apparently he was satisfied with how it turned out. It did seem a lot like a test of some kind that only Roger could come up with, but Freddie really didn't want to question it and waste time. He just wanted to go home.
As they entered the flat, the drummer rushed into the bathroom, his bladder threatening to explode. Freddie laughed at him as he made his way to the kitchen and then he froze.

"John?"

He blinked at the sight in front of him. It was the most adorable thing Freddie has ever witnessed in his life. Right there, standing in the middle of the kitchen was John, wearing a big, oversized T-shirt and the smallest, shortest shorts Freddie had even seen in his entire life; all that while innocently eating ice cream right out of the container.

"Darling ... " Freddie didn't even know what to say.

John blushed, pulling the T-shirt down, trying to cover himself.

That only made the singer laugh, "Sweetheart, when you pull your shirt down it only makes it seem as if you're not wearing anything underneath."

"I found these in your closet," John admitted, "I have nothing else to wear. All my sleeping clothes are dirty and ... I couldn't find anything else in your closet comfortable enough to wear for sleep.

Freddie grinned, "We keep ruining our pants, yes. I'll have to do the laundry tomorrow," and then his eyes traveled down John's body, "Or perhaps not. I quite like you in those shorts."

John blushed, but at the same time he giggled at Freddie's comment.

"Are you sure you found those in my closet, dear? I don't remember ever buying those," the singer seemed confused, "And where did you get the ice cream?"

"We bought it at the store. You don't remember?" he asked, then offered the it to Freddie, "Do you want some?"

"No, no, thank you, darling," Freddie couldn't stop grinning. John was really messing up with his mind, standing there in those very short shorts while innocently eating ice cream. The singer was confused about what he was supposed to feel. As John walked back to the fridge, placing the ice cream back inside, Freddie sucked in a breath at the sight of John's legs from behind.

"Do you ... do you work out, dear?" he couldn't help but ask.
John laughed, but then realized Freddie was serious, "N-No, I don't work out."

Freddie tried. He really tried to not think about those legs being wrapped around him, but it was out of his control. He walked over to the bassist, pulling him closer to him, kissing his cheek, "Where's Brian?"

"Oh, he ... left."

"He left you alone?" Freddie raised an eyebrow.

"I told him it was fine," John smiled, pressing himself against the singer, taking a deep breath.

"I'm proud of you."

Freddie could still remember the times when John was afraid to be alone in a room, not to mention a flat.

"What did Roger make you do?" John laughed, then he looked down in exaggerated sadness, "You were gone longer than an hour, Freddie. I missed you."

"Oh, you did?" the singer smiled, biting his lips, "I guess I'll have to make it up to you, darling."

"You better," John teased, then moved away, breaking the hug, "Do you want to go to ... bed?"

It was an innocent question, but being asked immediately after the teasing bit made it sound very ... playful.

"Y-Yes, I'd like that ... very much," Freddie breathed out, stuttering a bit.

John just smiled and walked past him. It took Freddie a while to finally move and once they were in the bedroom, John paused in front of the mirror, looking at his lower half.

"They are really short," he blushed in embarrassment, "But it's either this or my underwear."

Suddenly Freddie did not want to do the laundry tomorrow.

"You wear them better than I probably could," the singer replied, taking his jacket off.
He truly did not remember owning those shorts and he probably never wore them before. Considering how short they were, the singer was positive something might accidentally peek out from underneath them if he tried them on.

Freddie quickly changed into his pajama bottoms, purposely taking his shirt off and leaving it like that. That didn't go unnoticed by the bassist and John's eyes stayed a bit too long on his exposed chest. But the singer acted innocent as he crawled into the bed, pulling the covers up just to his waist. It was a bit cold, but Freddie enjoyed seeing John blush and get all hot and bothered by his chest. He had never met anyone who was that attracted to his chest and he wasn't complaining.

John quickly turned the lights off and jumped in bed, moving a bit too close to the singer. He was definitely on his side of the bed, but Freddie wasn't saying anything about it. That gave John a bit of confidence and he trailed his hand over the singer's chest, making him suck in a breath.

"D-Darling," Freddie laughed, "You can't sleep?"

"I-I don't want to sleep," John whispered, his hand resting on Freddie's chest.

"Oh, really?"

"Mhm."

The bassist was a bit embarrassed. He was never the one to initiate sex or ... sexual things. And he wasn't exactly sure how to do it, but he knew he didn't want to just turn around and fall asleep.

"Y-You were great in the studio today," John said quietly.

"You were too, darling," Freddie moved closer, bringing his hand up to play with John's hair.

Silence.

It couldn't be more obvious to the both of them that they both wanted something but for some reason neither made the first move. They just kept touching each other innocently for a few moments and John could feel himself getting hot.

"What do you want from me, darling?" Freddie finally asked, cutting through the silence.

The bassist laughed nervously, "A-Almost everything."

He did understand, but he needed to hear more, so he acted stupid, "I'm not sure I understand."
"I want you," John stated, taking a shaky breath.

"How?"

"I-I don't know," there was a pause, "Kiss me?"

Freddie's lips curled up into a big smile. He never got tired of hearing John asking him for a kiss. It was the most adorable and at the same time the hottest thing Freddie has ever heard. And he did have a lot more dirty things said to him in the past, but John asking for a simple kiss overshadowed all those moments.

John could feel the singer move closer to him and he was smiling when he finally felt Freddie's lips pressing on his. It got heated very fast, much faster than all those previous times. In a matter of moments, he felt his tongue playfully dancing with Freddie's, and his heart fluttered slightly.

The singer's hand skillfully slid under John's T-shirt, caressing his skin, dragging his nails gently all over it and John shuddered at the feeling. The moment he felt Freddie kissing his neck, John's eyes rolled back in pure pleasure and he moaned loudly.

"Darling, as much as I enjoy hearing you make those sounds," Freddie whispered, letting out a short laugh, "Roger is home."

John nodded and soon found himself biting his fist to try and muffle the noises he was making. Somehow his leg found it's way in between Freddie's thighs and he moaned again at the contact.

"What's the colour, darling?"

John could barely think at that moment. Wasn't it obvious what colour it was?

"G-Green," he somehow managed to force out.

"Good," he heard Freddie whisper and then the singer got even more into it, his hand traveling all over John's chest and his back and his neck. While he was doing that, he kept grinding his groin against John's leg and the bassist was trying to do the same, desperately needing some contact.

"Colour?"

"Hmm?" John at first didn't understand what Freddie was asking, but then the singer delivered one particularly rough thrust against John's thigh and the bassist shuddered at how hard Freddie's groin felt against his leg.
"Green," he breathed out.

Satisfied with the answer, Freddie's hand slowly traveled down John's chest, stopping at his waist. *Oh god,* how he wished he could go further down. He wanted to *touch* John, he wanted to see him naked, he wanted to *taste* him. At that moment, Freddie was really, *really* impressed by his self-control.

But after hearing another moan from the bassist, he couldn't stop his fingers from sliding just a tiny bit under the waistband of John's shorts. Immediately he felt John tense up and his hand gripped Freddie's, holding it in place.

"Freddie," the bassist whispered, "Yellow."

"A-Alright, I won't move my hand. but ... *Please,* John," the singer couldn't sound more desperate if he tried, "I want to touch you. Please, darling. I promise to make you feel good."

The fact that John didn't say anything and didn't immediately decline, gave Freddie the confidence he needed to try again.

"I'll stop the moment you say the word," he said, placing another kiss on John's cheek, his lips lingering there for a long moment.

When John remained silent, Freddie feared he had made a mistake and went to pull his hand up, but John gripped it harder, not letting him move.

That confused the singer, "Darling?"

"I-I'm not ... " John struggled with his words, "I'm not *big.* You'll be ... disappointed."

Freddie was taken aback by that, "What ... who told you that? I'd never be disappointed and besides ... judging by all the times I had the pleasure of feeling *it,* you have nothing to complain about, dear."

John let out a nervous laugh, "He ... Tom said so. That it wasn't much - "

The singer cut him off, "Tom's a fucking idiot. I don't want you thinking about him or about anything he might have said. I'm not going to be disappointed, darling. *Please.*"

"A-Alright," the bassist nodded, letting out a shaky breath, his grip on Freddie's hand lessening.

"You know what to say if you want me to stop?"
"Yes. R-Red."

"That's it, darling," the singer smiled, pulling John in for another gentle kiss.

The bassist got completely distracted by it and when Freddie's hand slowly moved inside his shorts and his underwear, John couldn't help but gasp in surprise, tensing up again.

"It's alright, sweetheart. You're doing so well," Freddie said quietly, placing another kiss in the corner of John's lips.

"Green," the younger boy whispered.

"Are you sure?"

"I-I'm sure," John replied, forcing his body to relax.

And then he felt Freddie's hand moving even lower, finally reaching their goal. He sucked in a breath when the singer's fingers wrapped around him, touching him where he's never been touched before.

"Y-Yellow," John stuttered out.

Freddie froze, not moving, "Alright, darling. I'll wait."

The bassist took a few deep breaths, realizing how strange the situation was. Freddie was literally touching his most private part, his fingers wrapped around him and they just held still. He felt himself relaxing when Freddie kissed him again, touching his nose with his own.

"Can you ... talk to me?" John asked quietly.

"Er ... sure, darling," the singer seemed a bit confused, but then he cleared his throat, "Your cock feels so good in my hand - "

John's eyes snapped open at those words, "Not like that, Freddie! Not ... dirty talking. Just talking."

"Oh," a laugh escaped the singer, "That makes more sense. I'm sorry, darling."

Even though the situation was absurd, John did giggle and he did appreciate how Freddie seemed to be willing to do anything he asked of him.
"You're beautiful," the singer whispered, kissing John's neck, "There's nowhere I'd rather be in this moment than here with you."

"R-Really?"

"Mhm," the singer murmured, nuzzling his neck and sending glorious spirals of pleasure ping-ponging throughout John's body.

"I-I think it's green now," the bassist whispered. It was still a strange feeling, someone touching him there, but Freddie's hand was warm and soft and he desperately needed him to do something with it.

Freddie experimentally moved his hand, slowly stroking and a deep moan escaped John's lips and the bassist bit into his fist again, trying to keep quiet.

"We need to do this again when Roger isn't at home. I want to hear every sound you make, dear," Freddie's voice sounded deep and hoarse and it just sent shivers down John's body. He could still feel the older boy grinding on his leg, but he couldn't concentrate on that. His entire attention was on Freddie's hand that was currently in his underwear.

The singer's hand was slowly moving up and down and he was kissing his neck, breathing into his ear. It did occur to John that that could bring back bad memories, but for some reason it didn't. He could clearly tell it was Freddie who was breathing and moaning quietly against him.

But then the hand was suddenly gone and John's eyes snapped open in protest. He looked at the singer in confusion and saw him licking his hand before reaching down again.

"This will feel better," Freddie reassured him with a smile and he was right. It did feel better.

"Oh god," John whispered, pulling Freddie closer so that he could press his face into his neck, whining in to the black hair, hoping to muffle the sounds that way.

Freddie did not want to finish before John, but the soft, quiet moans coming from the bassist were almost too much. There was something incredibly hot about the way John sounded at that moment. Freddie found it unbearably hot; more than those high pitched shrieks he had the displeasure of hearing during his previous sexual encounters. For some reason, Freddie found the over the top yelling to be a huge turn off.

"Don't stop," John whispered, pulling him closer, wrapping his arms around Freddie's neck.

"I won't," the singer breathed out, his own voice shaking.
Never before did sex feel so intimate. Yes, Freddie did have a few mind-blowingly good experiences, but it was never like this. None of his previous experiences included that much of hand holding, soft caresses, eye contact, laughing and talking.

"F-Freddie, I-I think ... " John trailed off, not able to form words at that moment.

But Freddie understood, speeding up his movements. He let out a deep growl when he felt John slightly pushing into his hand, his hips moving just barely, but it was noticeable.

"It's alright, dear," he whispered, brushing his thumb over the head, making John hiss in pleasure.

That was all it took.

John sucked in a breath and with an upward thrust of his hips he exploded with a wordless cry. When it happened, it left him out of breath and panting for air. He held onto Freddie, not wanting to let go. He did feel Freddie's hand slowly move out of his shorts, but John was unable to open his eyes. He was lying helplessly in bed, delirious and twitching with aftershocks.

"Are you alright, honey?" he heard a soft voice.

John just nodded, finally letting go of the singer's neck, his arms falling lifelessly at his sides. He smiled when he felt Freddie touch his hand, interlocking their fingers.

"I guess we ruined another pair of pants," the singer chuckled, "What will you sleep in tonight?"

John just shrugged, not able to wipe the smile off of his face. He was still too out of it to feel embarrassed about what just happened.

"What ... " he tried, but had to pause to catch his breath, "W-What about you, Freddie? You didn't ... ?"

"Don't worry about me, dear. It's ... been taken care of," the singer replied, brushing the hair out of John's face.

That made John open his eyes and even through the darkness he noticed how flushed Freddie's face was.

"D-Did you ... ? When?" he asked in confusion.

Freddie chuckled again, "Not long after you, darling."
"But - "

Before he could finish the sentence, Freddie kissed him, eliciting another deep moan from John.

And then they both heard Roger's voice from the other room.

"Don't even think about doing it again! I heard all that!" he yelled.

John's eyes widened in shock and he immediately hid his face in the pillow, completely mortified while Freddie laughed, rubbing John's back reassuringly.

"We were merely doing push-ups, darling!" he yelled back.

Roger just groaned in response and it only made Freddie laugh harder. They definitely needed to lay out some ground rules. Hearing each other shag was not something they were into.

Chapter End Notes

Well, this was the longest chapter yet. xD Hope you enjoyed!

P.S. Poor Roger. :P
The next morning Freddie had to practically drag John out of the bedroom. After pleading with him for almost an hour and John still refusing to step a foot outside, Freddie was worried the bassist might remain in that bedroom for the rest of his life. Or perhaps escape through the window.

"Darling, please," he tried again, "I've heard weirder sounds from Roger's bedroom in the past, don't worry."

John gave him a look, whispering, "He heard us," and then his eyes widened in realization, "He heard m-me. You were quiet! How could you be quiet?"

Freddie cocked an eyebrow, "Practice."

"Ugh," the bassist hid his face in his hands, "I'm not coming out of the room."

"Ever?"

"Yes."

The singer laughed at that, sitting down next to John on the bed, "Darling, Roger doesn't care. He's probably forgotten about it by now."

"You know that's a lie, Freddie," John whispered.

"Do you plan on only whispering from now on?" Freddie laughed again.

"Yes."

The singer placed his hand on John's back, trying to rub comforting circles on the skin there, but the bassist jumped away from him, "Don't do that, Freddie."

The older boy gasped in surprise, "I'm not even allowed to touch you from now on?"

"No," John replied, but then a small smile appeared on his face, "Not when Roger's at home."
Freddie grinned, "How about we practice you being a bit quieter? Hmm?"

He seductively moved closer to John, but immediately the bassist jumped from the bed, almost running away from him.

"Darling," Freddie chuckled, standing up as well and walking over to John, taking his hands in his, "I'm starving and I'm not leaving this room without you."

The bassist gave him a pained look, nervously biting his lower lip.

The singer continued, "If Roger decides to bring up the last night's events, I will shut him up. Don't worry."

"How will you do that?" John asked hesitantly.

Freddie grinned at the question, "I've lived with him for a while, dear. I think I know a thing or two about his embarrassing moments."

And that seemed to do the trick. John finally agreed to leave the room. When they walked into the kitchen, Roger was already there, eating cereal. The drummer greeted them both as usually, but John refused to meet his eyes, blushing as never before. He just listened to the conversation, not actually participating in it. But from what he could hear, Roger and Freddie's interactions seemed normal. As if he hadn't heard them have sex last night.

John grimaced in embarrassment again, stuffing his mouth with bread.

"Where's the milk?" Freddie asked, closing the fridge.

Roger pointed at the bowl in front of him, "Here with my cereal."

"Really, Rog? You've used up all the milk? Again?" Freddie sighed in annoyance, "How do you expect me to drink my coffee?"

"Black?" the drummer just shrugged his shoulders and continued eating his cereal.

"I can go to the store," John offered, speaking for the first time since entering the kitchen.

"That's really nice of you, sweetheart. But it's Roger's turn," Freddie glared at the drummer, "He keeps avoiding his responsibilities."
"I really don't mind, Freddie. I sort of ... want to go outside for a bit," John tried again.

"See?" Roger asked, teasing the singer, "John doesn't mind going to the store."

"But I mind, darling. It's your turn and you are going," Freddie ordered, leaving no room for arguments.

The drummer just rolled his eyes, but didn't argue back. John relaxed a bit as he realized that Roger wasn't doing anything to mention the last night's events. Even though he knew it wasn't possible, he tried to convince himself that the drummer forgot about it. Sometimes denial was the best way to go.

But Freddie was apparently doing everything in his power to remind Roger of it. He kept looking at John with literal lust in his eyes, he kept smiling at him, leaning against him and touching his leg with his. John found himself burning up, but Roger didn't seem to notice anything. How was that possible?

Freddie then found John's hand under the table and intertwined their fingers and just as John thought it couldn't get any more obvious, the singer brought his hand up to his lips and placed a soft kiss on the skin there.

John felt as if he might melt onto the floor. His heart was beating like crazy and he was sweating, but Roger just sat there, eating his cereal. How was it possible that he wasn't noticing anything that was happening right in front of him? Was the cereal just that good?

And then John realized something. Freddie was acting more affectionate towards him than ever before. The singer has always been a very caring and touchy person, but for the last few days he was acting more lovingly than ever before. And it didn't seem to bother him if Brian or Roger were in their presence. Was it because of their ... sex life? John realized the more he allowed Freddie to do in the bedroom, the more progress he made, the more affectionate Freddie seemed to be with him. It only made him love the singer more; his caring and gentle side were always John's favorite thing about him. It was very heart-warming and he could just kiss him right there and then, but then Roger's loud yawn brought him back to reality.

Freddie finished his sandwich and sighed, "I need to do the laundry."

"I can help?" John offered.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, darling. You are not doing the laundry at our flat," then he shot a glare at the drummer, "Rog should be the one offering to help."

The blond let out a laugh, "You know I'm useless with the whole ... laundry ... doing ... thing. I'll go to the store, alright?"
Freddie nodded, then noticed what the drummer was wearing. It was the black T-shirt he bought the day earlier. It was then that the singer realized Roger was going to milk the while 'I was right' matter until there was nothing left to milk.

"Did you sleep in that, Rog?" he asked, pointing at what the drummer was wearing.

Roger yawned again, "Of course not. You know I sleep naked."

John grimaced at the mental image, but tried to act as if it didn't bother him.

"Alright, darlings," Freddie suddenly stood up, 'I'll be in the bathroom if anyone needs me. It won't take long. I hope.'

John tensed up, his eyes widening in shock. He really didn't want to be left alone with Roger, but before he could say anything to stop him, Freddie was already gone. And jumping out of his seat and hurrying after the singer might seem slightly strange, so John remained where he was, keeping his eyes on the plate in front of him.

And then he heard Roger clear his throat and he just knew. He knew what was coming. He felt it, just like he felt it with Brian in the van.

"So, Deaky," the drummer started.

John's heart was racing, threatening to jump right out of his body. He had already formed an apology in his mind; saying he was sorry him and Freddie were loud and that it was never going to happen again.

"There's something that I've been thinking about lately. Quite a lot, actually," Roger said.

John took a deep breath and forced himself to meet Roger's eyes.

The drummer slowly continued, "I know it's personal, but ... we're all friends, right?"

John quickly nodded, but he had nothing to say. Oh god. He really did not want to be talking about his sex life. Wait. His sex life. When did that happen?

Roger pulled him out of his thoughts, "I know you and Freddie have gotten quite ... close and that's fine. There's just something I would like to talk to you about."

"I-I'm sorry for being loud," John blurted out.
The drummer first gave him a surprised look and then he laughed, "Fred is the one who should be apologizing."

"W-Why him?"

"I just love blaming him for everything," Roger shrugged, then took a deep breath, "And my question has nothing to do with last night. Well, sort of."

John visibly relaxed, "Oh."

And then Roger looked around, making sure they were alone before he leaned in closer to John, almost whispering, "Is Fred a top or a bottom?"

John just stared at him for a few long moments. Did he hear that correctly?

Roger raised his eyebrows, "Well? Was I right? I was, wasn't I? He's a bottom."

And then John laughed, all the tension disappearing from his body. Clearing his throat, he tried to act serious, "I-I don't think Freddie would appreciate me telling you that."

"Oh, he doesn't mind," Roger grinned, "He's a bottom, isn't he?"

John just shook his head, "I-I don't know what to tell you."

"Is he a top?" surprise could be heard in Roger's voice.

John blushed, unable to wipe the embarrassed smile from his face, "I-I really can't tell you that. I-I don't know."

That confused the drummer, "How do you not know? Were you two just playing Scrabble last night then?"

The bassist looked towards the door, hoping Freddie would just suddenly appear and save him from this conversation. But it didn't happen. The singer was probably drowning in all the dirty laundry.

Slowly, John took a deep breath and spoke, "We ... haven't really gotten that far."

Realization dawned on Roger's face and he quickly nodded, "Oh. Alright then. But you'll tell me as soon as you find out?"
John blinked at him in confusion. At that moment he realized being with Freddie also meant ... being with Roger. In some strange way. You couldn't get one without the other. It was an adorable friendship, even though John did find Roger's questions a bit ... too personal.

"The second I find out whether Freddie is a top or a bottom, I'll tell you," John said, trying to keep a serious face.

Roger seemed to believe him, "Thanks, mate."

ooo

After Roger finally left for the store, John cleaned the kitchen, washing the dishes and putting everything that was left from the breakfast back into the fridge. After he was done he went to the living room and hesitantly approached the piano. He didn't know if Freddie approved of anyone else touching it and he didn't want to risk it. Turning away from it, he collapsed onto the sofa, closing his eyes for a moment.

"Oh god, I'm exhausted!" he heard Freddie's voice and immediately he sat up straight, his lips curling up in a smile as the singer collapsed down next to him.

"There was so much laundry!" Freddie complained, "And most of it was Roger's. I swear, I'm surprised he's not walking around naked."

John chuckled, then looked at him apologetically, "There's a lot of my clothes as well. I should have helped you."

"No, darling," Freddie said firmly, then he smirked, "Besides, I am the one responsible for making your ... ruin your clothes."

"Freddie," John blushed, looking down. He would never get used to the singer suddenly turning a normal conversation into a sexual one. It was funny and it always made him chuckle, but he couldn't stop his cheeks from turning red.

And then he felt the singer moving and when he looked at him, he noticed Freddie was taking off his shirt.

"W-What are you doing?" John asked, his eyes widening.
"Oh, I'm all ... sweaty," Freddie laughed, throwing his shirt on the floor and then meeting John's eyes.

Judging by the smirk on Freddie's face and the way one of his eyebrows was raised, John knew what the singer was trying to do. He was trying to seduce him. Good thing it wasn't working.

John took a shaky breath, trying to ignore how hot he was getting, "Well ... you should take a shower then."

"Care to join me?"

The bassist laughed, shaking his head, "Freddie."

"Say that again, darling."

"Say what?" John looked at the singer, noticing how Freddie seemed to be staring at his lips.

"My name."

The bassist let out a laugh, "Er ... Farrokh."

Freddie smacked his arm gently, "Darling! Don't be like Roger."

Still laughing, John nodded his head, "A-Alright. Freddie."

He could see the singer suck in a breath at that and it actually excited him. For some reason he had to do it again, he wanted to see Freddie's reaction again.

"Freddie," he whispered and the singer bit his lip, meeting John's eyes.

"Darling," he said quietly, "Can you kiss me, please?"

John's heart fluttered at that. Freddie rarely, if ever asked him for a kiss. It was always the other way around and John realized at that moment that he quite liked being asked for a kiss.

"Of course," he smiled and leaned over to Freddie, softly pressing his lips onto his. It was a very different kiss than the one they shared last night. This one was soft and innocent.
When John pulled away from Freddie, he noticed the singer was smiling at him.

"What?" he asked, his own lips curling up into a smile.

"Last night - " Freddie started, but John let out a yelp of embarrassment and hid his face into the crook of Freddie's neck.

That made the singer laugh, "Darling, don't be like that. I might think you didn't like it."

"I-I liked it," John whispered.

"What was that?"

John knew Freddie was just teasing him and he cleared his throat before repeating in a stronger voice, "I liked it."

"Look at me, darling," Freddie gently moved the bassist away so that he could look at his face. John was blushing, but he did manage to meet Freddie's eyes as he waited for the singer to continue.

"You're beautiful," Freddie suddenly said.

John rolled his eyes, blushing even harder, "F-Freddie, you need to stop. Are you trying to turn me into a potato?"

Freddie blinked at him in confusion, "You mean a tomato?"

A laugh escaped the bassist and he hid his face in his hands, "I-I meant a tomato, yes. What is wrong with me?"

Freddie chuckled, kissing John's neck, "Perhaps I'm the reason you can't concentrate, darling. I know, I'm magnificent. I mean ... my chest is."

John just groaned in response and then he felt Freddie gently take his hands in his and move them away from his face.

And then he kissed him. This time it was more passionate and after a couple of moments of just kissing, they fell back onto the sofa. John found himself on top of Freddie, in between the singer's legs. Normally, John didn't like being on top as he didn't know what to do and he felt he was too heavy, but this time it was alright because Freddie was still taking the lead, running his hands over John's back and clenching his thighs around him.

Soon John's shirt was pushed up and the bassist moaned when he felt the singer's naked chest on his own skin. He felt as if he could stay like this forever.
He rested his hand on Freddie's chest as he felt his neck being kissed and licked and his eyes closed in pure pleasure. A thought occurred to him. Were they really doing this here? In the living room? On the sofa? Roger could return any minute now.

"I want to touch you," he could hear Freddie whisper while placing small kisses onto his neck.

"I-I want to touch you too," he replied, his voice shaking.

And then he felt Freddie's hand over his and soon the singer gently forced his hand down his body. John didn't mind touching Freddie's chest, but before he could realize where Freddie was leading his hand, it was already too late. He felt the hardness of Freddie's groin and immediately his hand jerked away, out of Freddie's grasp and off of his groin. A pained sob escaped him as he tried to untangle himself from Freddie and the singer immediately let go of him, allowing him to get up.

John stared at the floor, not saying anything, just breathing heavily.

"Darling," Freddie slowly started, guilt very evident in his voice, "I'm so sorry. I-I wasn't ... thinking."

Silence.

"Sweetheart, forgive me. I-I promise I won't do it again. Ever. You have my word."

John needed a few moments to collect himself. But when he heard the remorse in Freddie's voice, he couldn't stand it. He turned to face the singer and was surprised to see complete devastation on Freddie's face.

"N-No, Freddie," he offered a weak smile, "It's not you."

"It is."

"No," John said firmly and then almost broke down in tears, "I want to touch you. You ... can't even imagine. I want to be able to give to you what you've given me, but ... "

"You don't like cocks," Freddie said, looking down, hurt flashing across his face, "That's fine -"

"I like yours," the words escaped him before he could stop himself.

That did make Freddie look up at John with surprise, but it didn't last long as he lowered his gaze,
smiling sadly, "You don't need to say that, darling. I understand."

John gently touched Freddie's leg, "Can you ... hold me? I'd ... like to tell you something."

When it was obvious that Freddie did not understand what John meant by it, the bassist moved closer to him, leaning with his back against the singer's chest and wrapping his arms around his waist.

"Like this," John said when he was done.

And then he felt Freddie tighten his grip around him and bury his face in John's neck, taking a deep breath. It did take John a few minutes to finally be able to speak and even then his tone was uncertain, his voice shaking.

"That night ... when I was attacked - "

The singer cut him off, "Darling, you don't ... have to talk about it. I don't want you to feel like you have to explain anything to me. I-I understand. Don't torture yourself because I was an idiot and - "

"You weren't an idiot, Freddie," John protested, "I-I just need to say some things out loud. And I want you to listen, alright?"

He could tell the singer was struggling, but then finally he nodded, "Alright, darling."

John took another deep breath, "That night ... " he said and realized he couldn't continue. The words would not leave his mouth.

"Honey?"

The bassist swallowed a sob and decided to just jump to the point. He was planning on explaining a bit more, but he couldn't.

"It hurt so bad," he whispered and immediately felt Freddie wrap his arms tighter around him. It was embarrassing to say those words out loud and it pained him to hear it, but he needed to let Freddie know.

After a few moments of silence, he slowly continued, "I didn't remember much right after and ... I didn't want to. But it's like the memories are coming back to me. Through .... nightmares."

"John," Freddie tensed up, "I-I thought the nightmares were just that. Bad dreams."
"They were at first, but then I realized it's mostly memories. I-I was remembering things from that night. It was coming back to me through dreams and I-I could remember him talking to me, saying disgusting things - "

John had to stop to take a deep breath and calm himself. He felt Freddie press a kiss on top of his head and he leaned back against the singer.

When he finally continued, his voice was barely above a whisper, "I remember him ... having trouble doing it. It just wouldn't go ... in. And when he finally managed to ... "

"I understand, darling," Freddie said, trying to spare John from saying the actual words.

The bassist nodded, tears suddenly forming in his eyes, "I-I thought ... I was being torn in half."

Freddie remained completely silent. At first John thought the singer didn't hear him and he felt absolute dread at the realization that he might have to repeat those words.

"Darling, I'm so sorry."

He heard.

John relaxed a bit, then forced himself to continue, "It hurt and it just wouldn't stop. I-I wanted to die. It burned and hurt and .... it didn't stop hurting when he stopped doing ... it. He left and it still hurt."

"Darling, please."

At first John didn't understand what Freddie meant with it, but then he felt the singer's body shaking slightly and just then did he realize how horribly it was affecting the singer.

"Freddie, I-I'm fine now," he tried to comfort the older boy, placing his hands over Freddie's.

"John."

"I-I'm just saying this to explain why I'm .... terrified of ... " he trailed off, not wanting to say the word.

When he felt the singer nod, he continued, "I-I didn't say this to you then, but ... there was blood. I-I know I've first brought it up to you days later, but I-I was bleeding on and off for days."
"John," the singer sounded panicked, "You should have told me, darling."

"I couldn't," the bassist whispered, "He did that. With his ... I'm terrified, Freddie. And I know you would never do anything to hurt me, but ... when I see or feel ..."

He didn't finish the sentence and then he felt the singer move away from him, gently turning him around to face him. John forced himself to meet Freddie's eyes and realized with shock that there were tears in Freddie's eyes. Immediately his hand went up to cup his face gently, his thumb brushing over the skin.

That did make the singer smile weakly, but there was still such sadness on his face.

"Freddie, don't be sad," John said, trying to keep his voice light, "I'm fine now. Please. I-I can't stand to see you like this."

The older boy nodded, forcing a smile again, blinking away the tears. John placed his other hand on Freddie's leg comfortingly.

"I just told you all this to make you understand I don't hate your ... cock," this time he did say the word, "And I would understand if ... if you don't want to wait."

"What do you mean?"

"Just ... if you think it's taking too long and if you can't wait anymore," John said quietly. "I would understand if ... you want to end this thing between us and ... be with someone who can touch you. I-I wouldn't hold it against you."

"I think it's a bit too late for that, darling."

That made John look up and he noticed the intense look in Freddie's eyes.

"What do you mean? Why is it too late?" he asked, not understanding what the singer meant.

And it seemed as if Freddie wanted to answer him, he opened his mouth and struggled with his words, but at the end he just gave up, only offering a smile.

"Freddie?" John tried again.

"Forget about it, darling," he smiled, bringing his hand up to John's face, brushing his thumb over John's lower lip. The bassist could tell something was bothering Freddie and it was obvious he wasn't telling him everything, but at the same time he didn't want to push him into talking.
They just stayed like that for a few moments, just staring at each other lovingly and then they both jumped at the loud noise of the front door being opened and closed.

Roger walked into the room only a minute later, carrying two full bags of groceries.

"I am dying," the drummer breathed out.

Immediately John and Freddie stood up and hurried towards him, taking the grocery bags away from him.

"They are not even that heavy, Rog," Freddie commented, holding the grocery bag easily with one hand.

"Well, I guess all those late night push-ups are really paying off, Fred," Roger drawled, raising his eyebrow.

John let out a mortified sound and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Don't be an arse!" Freddie said quietly, smacking Roger's arm.

The drummer only grinned, realizing he finally had something to tease Freddie with. As they entered the kitchen, John was already sorting through the grocery bag.

"There's no milk in this bag," he said, looking at Freddie, "Is it in yours?"

The singer placed the bag onto the table, looking through it. And then he closed his eyes, taking a deep breath through his nose.

"Oh no," was all Roger said as he realized what was the problem.

"Roger, darling," the singer said sweetly, "Where's the milk?"

"Er ... It isn't in the bag?" the drummer let out a nervous laugh.

"I-It isn't," John replied, smiling slightly and then he quickly added, "It's fine. I'll go to the store and get it."

Freddie let out a exasperated sigh, "I sent you to the store to get milk! And you come back with two full bags of things, but no milk."
"I guess I got distracted," Roger shrugged, "There was this girl ... Carol or Casey, I don't remember. But she gave me her number - "

"Oh for god's sake," Freddie rolled his eyes.

And it was then that Roger took a good look at the singer in front of him.

"Why ... why are you topless, Fred?" he asked, a bit confused.

John pretended he didn't hear anything as he sorted through the groceries, even though he was blushing profusely.

"I-I was hot, darling," Freddie replied, keeping his voice casual.

"Sure you were," the drummer glared at him, then took a deep breath, "We need to set down some ground rules. First, no shagging in the living room."

John nearly dropped the can of soup he was holding as he heard those words and he refused to turn around and face the other two boys. He swallowed hard, trying to keep himself busy and then he felt Freddie approach him from behind, gently wrapping his arms around John's waist, leaning closer to him.

"Why don't you go to our bedroom for a few minutes, darling?" he asked quietly.

John did not need to be asked twice. He nodded, quickly disappearing from the kitchen, not daring to look at Roger as he ran past him.

When they were alone, Freddie turned to face the drummer who only stared at him with a grin on his face.

"Why are you an arse, darling?" the singer asked, letting out a deep breath.

Roger acted innocent, "How am I an arse?"

"You do see what your teasing does to John."

"Yeah, well. I'm just joking, Fred. Besides, I am the one who suffered horribly last night," he said, trying to act sad, but he couldn't wipe the grin from his face.
"Oh, please," Freddie rolled his eyes, "As if it was that traumatizing for you."

Roger laughed, then made his voice sound very high pitched as he moaned, "Oh, Freddie. Please, don't stop."

The singer grabbed a bag of crisps and threw it at the drummer, hitting his chest.

"Would you stop that, darling?" he hissed at him. It surprised Freddie that he actually felt himself blushing a bit. It wouldn't bother him as much if Roger had heard him with some other guy, but the fact that heard him and John ... it was a bit uncomfortable. What he shared with John was intimate and he didn't want Roger to make fun of it.

"I didn't know you were that good, Fred," the drummer laughed, opening the bag of crisps he just got hit with.

"How could you not know, dear?" the singer raised his eyebrow, placing his hands on his hips, "I mean look at me."

"I'll pass," Roger laughed, then cleared his throat, "Alright. Ground rules."

Freddie sighed, but remained silent, waiting for the drummer to continue.

"No sex in the living room," Roger said, "Foreplay is allowed, but no actual sex," then he got confused, "I-I don't really know what counts as foreplay with two guys."

"And I am not going to tell you, dear," Freddie rolled his eyes for the tenth time, "What's next?"

Roger had to think for a moment, but then he remembered, "No sex when there is only a wall separating us. That means you and John can shag in your bedroom when I'm in the bathroom or the living room or the kitchen. But not if I'm in my room. Because I can literally hear everything and I don't want to go through that again. I had weird ... dreams about you last night, mate."

Freddie blinked at him, ignoring the comment about the erotic dreams he apparently starred in, "Alright, anything else?"

"Yes! I don't want you parading around half naked, Fred!" the drummer grimaced, "Cover up, will you?"

"As if you haven't seen me topless before, darling."

Roger smirked, "If you want to walk around topless, I'll walk around in my underwear."
Freddie winced at the mental image, quickly nodded, "Yes, yes. No walking around half naked. Agreed. Anything else?"

"I think that's it," the drummer said, stuffing his mouth with crisps.

Freddie was glad John didn't have to be there to hear any of the conversation. As mortified as the bassist was, knowing that Roger had heard them shagging, Freddie was convinced if John heard this conversation, the younger boy would not let him near him ever again.

John being all shy and awkward around the subject of sex actually made him even more adorable in Freddie's eyes. He couldn't help but smile every time he saw John blush at the mention of the previous night. Even though the bassist was blushing, there was still that look in his eyes. The look that you get when you remember something nice from your past. Freddie's heart fluttered at the realization that John loved what had happened between them the previous night. He actually enjoyed it. And Freddie did too. Not just the fact that he actually touched John, but that John trusted him enough to let him touch him. It was something Freddie previously did not need to worry about. If he went for a quick shag or if he had a fling with someone, he knew that person would let him touch them. It was expected he touched them. But with John it was different. The bassist wasn't just going around letting everyone touch -

And then Freddie realized it. He was the first one to do that. To touch John like that. He couldn't stop the butterflies in his stomach at the realization that John trusted him enough to allow it to happen.

It was perfect.

If only there wasn't Roger making everything awkward with his teasing and comments.

ooo

An hour or so later, John managed to convince Freddie to let Roger off the hook regarding the whole milk thing and he insisted to go to the store instead of the drummer. After a bit of convincing, Freddie finally agreed and started looking for his jacket.

John smiled as he realized the singer was going with him. He was perfectly fine going by himself because it was a five minute walk, but it seemed as if it wasn't even a question in Freddie's mind; if John wanted to go to the store, Freddie was going with him.

"It's a dangerous neighborhood, darling," Freddie explained to him as they left the flat.

"What do mean? I-I've never seen anything dangerous," John said, a bit confused.
"Well, how often have you been outside?"

John let out a nervous laugh, "Three or four times."

"Exactly, darling," Freddie smiled, then continued, "Roger was mugged once. He won't admit it, of course, but he came home with no money and a bit shaken up."

"Really?"

"He asked to sleep in my room that night," Freddie remembered, his face turning serious.

"But Roger's ... I mean ... He handles himself well in a fight."

The singer nodded, "I know. That's why I think there could have been more guys. Or perhaps a ... knife involved. Or some kind of weapon. I don't know."

John tensed up, suddenly moving a bit closer to Freddie as they walked. He wished he could hold his hand or press himself against the singer, but he knew that wasn't such a smart thing to do in public. And at the same time he didn't know if Freddie would appreciate those displays of affection.

They decided to change the subject, talking about something a bit more light-hearted and that apparently involved a lot of complaining from Freddie.

"I swear, Brian wants every goddamn song to have at least five minutes of just him playing his damn guitar."

John laughed, "I-I did notice he really enjoys his solo parts."

"I mean, I don't mind a minute of his guitar solo, but what am I supposed to do on stage for five minutes or more while he plays? Am I supposed to do cartwheel or push-ups?"

John's eyes widened and he blushed at the mention of push-ups.

Still, he couldn't stop himself from making a small joke, "I don't think I'd be comfortable doing push-up on stage ... in front of all those people."

At first Freddie did not understand what John was insinuating and when he realized it, a big grin appeared on his face, "Cheeky, darling. I'm sure I'd be able to persuade you if I really tried."
John laughed, shaking his head, "I-I don't think so."

"I can be quite persuasive, darling," Freddie's tone got slightly seductive.

Before John could reply, they were interrupted by a loud voice.

"Freddie!"

They both turned around to see a guy running towards them. John eyed him carefully, noticing the guy seemed about the same height as Freddie, but his hair was short and very light brown.

Who ever he was, Freddie seemed excited to see him.

"Oliver!" the singer almost shrieked, pulling the other guy into a hug that lasted longer than John expected.

He stepped away a bit, allowing Freddie to have some alone time with the guy. He couldn't help but notice how Freddie kept his hand on that guy's arm even as they broke apart.

"I haven't seen you in ages! How have you been?" the singer asked with a big smile on his face.

"I've been fine, Freddie. What about you? Anything new?"

"Oh, nothing much," Freddie grinned, "I don't want to brag, but ... I'm in a band. Look, meet our new bassist."

The singer stepped away, making room for John. The younger boy moved closer, smiling shyly, "Hello."

"Hi," that guy greeted with a smile. He did seem like a nice guy, but him and Freddie were very touchy towards each other. And for some reason John realized that really bothered him. He couldn't help but wonder where they met and if they were just friends or ... if they were something more at some point. There was something about their body language that made John think they were more than just friends.

"This is John," Freddie introduced him.

"Nice to meet you," John said, forcing himself to smile.

"Likewise," the guy replied and a moment after his eyes moved to Freddie again.
And then Freddie turned his attention towards the guy and John stepped back again, not feeling as if he could participate in the conversation. He couldn't help but stare at the guy, noticing how different he seemed from Tom. This guy, Oliver, seemed a bit more ... feminine. The bassist couldn't really explain it; there was just something about the way he moved his hands as he talked and the tone of his voice.

"Where have you been, Freddie? I might think you're hiding from me," Oliver said, gripping Freddie's arm.

"Well, I haven't been really ... enjoying the night life as much, darling. I've been busy with work. Songs and studio and gigs. It's exhausting."

"Swing by some time. I'd really like to catch up with you."

"I might," Freddie said seductively, "Where do you go most of the time?"

"That new club. Cock Island," the guy laughed at the name.

Both Freddie and John immediately tensed up. It was that club. The one neither of them had any intention of visiting ever again.

"Oh, that one's a bore, darling," Freddie said casually, but John could sense the tension in his tone.

"Really?"

The singer nodded, "I went once, but it wasn't much happening. Mostly I go to that other club, the one we used to go to together."

Oh.

They met at the club, John realized. Immediately he shut down, subconsciously taking a few steps away, suddenly feeling like a third wheel. The conversation only reminded him of what he was keeping Freddie from. The singer probably missed the night life, the clubs, the partying and ... the other stuff. And John was keeping him at home.

The bassist suddenly didn't feel very good. He felt like a burden.

He snapped back to reality as he heard Freddie and Oliver saying goodbye to each other and John sucked in a breath when they hugged again.

And then he heard Freddie say, "Alright, I love you. Take care, darling."
John felt those words cut through him. He didn't hear anything after that, he completely spaced out. Freddie could say *I love you* to a random person he met at club and he couldn't say it to him? Those three words rolled down Freddie's tongue easily, yet he struggled to even hear it from John?

The bassist felt sick to his stomach.

The whole trip to the store could not be more uncomfortable. John tried his best to act normal, to not let those thoughts get to him, but no matter how hard he tried ... he felt as if he could start crying at any moment.

Freddie did not seem to notice anything was wrong and for some reason that made John even more sad. They talked about their upcoming gig, well *Freddie* talked and John mostly just listened, nodding his head and agreeing with everything.

Half an hour later they were finally back at the flat and they were surprised to find Roger and Brian in the living room.

"Look who decided to pay us a visit, again," Roger said, pointing at Brian.

"He kept me waiting outside for ten minutes before he let me in," the guitarist complained.

"I was *naked*, Bri. I told you!"

Freddie laughed, sitting down on the sofa while John went to the kitchen, putting the milk in the fridge. When he returned to the living room he noticed the singer moved closer to Roger, making room for John next to him, but the bassist ignored it, sitting down on the chair instead. He did notice the surprise on Freddie's face, but the singer quickly composed himself, not saying anything.

"Oh, by the way," Roger suddenly said, "The light in the kitchen ... exploded."

All three boys looked at him in confusion.

"What do you mean ... exploded, darling?" Freddie asked carefully.

"I went to turn it on and it just ... exploded. I almost died," the drummer explained, his voice serious.

"You mean ... the bulb went out?" Brian asked, staring at the blond in front of him.

"No, it *exploded*. There was smoke and everything," Roger rolled his eyes, "I'm not *stupid*, Bri. We have two light bulbs in the kitchen and they both just ... exploded at the same time."
"Shit," Freddie swore, "Do we need to call the landlord?"

"Did the power in the whole flat go out or was it just the bulbs in the kitchen?" John finally spoke, looking at the drummer.

"What do you mean?" the blond asked, not understanding.

"It could be electrical overload," John explained, "If you had too many devices plugged in it can lead to an overloaded circuit."

When he finished talking he noticed Freddie and Roger were looking at him as if he was speaking a different language. Only Brian seemed to at least partly understand what he was trying to explain to them.

Roger narrowed his eyes at him, "Overloaded ... what now?"

"Circuit," John said, blushing a bit, "I-I can take a look."

He quickly stood up and walked to the kitchen. After moving the chair so that he could stand on it and take a closer look at the bulb, he noticed the other three boys followed him and he tried to ignore the warm feeling in his heart when he noticed Freddie grip the chair so that it wouldn't accidentally fall over while John was standing on it.

After further inspecting the bulb, John realized it was just burned out. He unscrewed it and eyed it carefully.

"I-It's just burned out," he said, smiling, "I can change it for you."

"It exploded, didn't it, Rog?" Freddie rolled his eyes at the drummer, "I almost called our landlord over a burned out light bulb."

"It did explode!" the drummer tried to defend himself.

John couldn't help but chuckle and then he asked, "Do you have any two-watt, 4-volt bulbs?"

"For what, darling?" Freddie asked.

"No, two," John replied.
Roger blinked at him in confusion, "Two what?"

John nodded, "Yes."

And then Roger shook his head, "No."

"What?" the bassist couldn't be more confused.

Brian let out a loud laugh and he finally offered his help, "I don't think these two *geniuses* have any working light bulbs laying around, am I right?"

"I don't think we do, *no,*" Freddie shook his head, "We'll have to go buy them tomorrow."

John nodded, still chuckling a bit and went to step down from his chair and then Freddie offered his hand to help him. The bassist almost melted at that and he took Freddie hand, carefully stepping down from the chair.

It *hurt* him that the singer acted so sweet and caring towards him while he was ... well, angry at him. Not angry, just *hurt.*

After half an hour John finally could not stand it anymore. Freddie kept looking at him lovingly and John wanted nothing more than to be able to return those glances, to touch him, to lean against him, to talk to him. But he couldn't push away that feeling. The feeling of not being good enough for Freddie.

The singer could say the *'I love you'* to one of his flings, but he could not say it to him. *Really?*

The bassist stood up, excusing himself with some lame excuse and then he hurried into the bedroom. He let out a deep breath as he sat on the bed, finally allowing himself to relax.

But that didn't last long.

Not even five minutes later Freddie entered the room, slowly closing the door behind him. John tensed up, already thinking about taking a shower just so he could have some alone time.

"What's wrong, darling?" he heard the singer ask.

Oh. He *did* notice that something was off.

"N-Nothing," John replied, refusing to look at the singer.
"I can see you're ... different. Ever since we came back from the store," Freddie said, walking over to him.

"It's nothing, Fred. Really."

Silence.

The singer sounded very surprised when he spoke next, "You ... you never call me Fred."

John tensed up again; he hadn't even realized he called him that.

"Darling, what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Did I do something to upset you?"

Silence.

"I did, didn't I?" Freddie asked, panicking a bit, "What did I do?"

John let out a short laugh, but there was nothing humorous in it, "You ... you really don't know?"

"No. I wouldn't be asking if I knew, darling."

The bassist finally forced himself to look at the singer, "What am I to you, Fred?"

Fred. There it was again. John couldn't understand why that sudden change. For some reason he found it very difficult to call the singer Freddie.

"You know, darling."

"What? Am I a ... friend? A boyfriend? A ... lover?" John asked quietly, "You keep saying you ... care deeply about me, but ..."

"Do you not believe me?" Freddie seemed a bit taken aback by that.
"Do you love me?" the words escaped John before he could stop himself.

He could see the singer tensing up and trying to talk his way out of it, "We've talked about this, darling. You know I care about you and I love being with you -"

"But do you love me?" John asked, his voice breaking.

He swallowed hard, forcing himself to remain calm. At least on the outside. Every time Freddie ignored his question, it felt like a slap to the face.

"John ..." the singer trailed off, looking anywhere but at the bassist.

"Who's Oliver?" John asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Is that what this is about?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrows, "Oliver is just a friend, darling."

"But was there a point when ... he was more than that?"

The singer was silent for a few moments before he finally nodded, "He was. But nothing serious, dear."

John looked down in sadness, not even able to hide it anymore. It didn't bother him that Freddie had lovers before him; what bothered him was the fact that apparently he had no problem telling them he loved them.

"I'm sorry I can't have sex with you," John forced the words out, "I'm sorry I can't ... give you what you want. And ... if you don't feel the same about me as I feel about you ... perhaps we shouldn't be doing this anymore."

Freddie was completely silent, but when he spoke next he sounded annoyed, almost angry, "What are you talking about, John?"

The bassist stood up, looking at the singer, "I know I'm not like ... your previous lovers."

"Did I ever say I want you to be like them? If I wanted that, I could easily go to a club and pick someone up, darling," Freddie replied, a bit too harshly.

John's eyes widened, "And ... me being here is preventing you from doing just that? I'm in the way, is that it?"
Freddie let out a sigh, "You are talking nonsense, John."

"No, I-I'm not. I am very aware of the fact that you can go out and ... pick up guys and - "

The singer cut him off, "Yes, I am very promiscuous, darling. Is that what you are trying to say?"

John could not believe what was happening. Why were they arguing? How did it come to this? He knew he should just keep his mouth shut, but for some reason he couldn't.

He took a shaky breath and shrugged, "You are the one who said that, not me."

"Yes, I used to sleep around, darling, but at least I'm not an 'I-love-you' whore."

Those words cut through John like a knife. He did notice the immediate regret on Freddie's face and how his eyes widened in shock the moment those words left his mouth.

"I-I didn't ... " the singer tried to apologize, "I didn't mean ... "

"Did you just ... call me a ... whore?" John whispered, feeling tears welling in his eyes.

Freddie reached out towards him, trying touch him, but John flinched away, hugging himself with his arms. At that moment he felt so very small.

"I didn't mean it like that, darling," Freddie's voice was soft, "You know what I meant."

"You called me a whore," John repeated, not even believing his own words.

"I only meant you ... you said I love you way too fast, John."

The bassist looked at him, trying to blink away the tears, "You were the first ... the only person I've said that to. I don't ... go around telling that to random people."

"I know, John. I-I'm sorry," the singer's voice was shaking.

John took a deep breath, "It's fine. Forget about it."

With those words he sat on the bed again, looking down at his hands.
"Darling, talk to me. You know I didn't mean it like that, don't you?"

"It's fine, Fred."

"Don't call me Fred, John. Shit," the singer snapped, "Talk to me. Yell at me. Don't just ... sit there and pretend everything's fine when clearly it's not."

"It's fine, Fred."

John wanted the arguing to stop, he really couldn't take it anymore. He had a feeling he might just burst into hysterical crying if it continued for any longer. No matter what Freddie said, he couldn't take those words back. That was the thing with words. Once you say them out loud, you can't take them back.

"You can't go your whole life avoiding conflicts, John," Freddie said, clearly annoyed, "That is not how arguments are solved."

"I am not going to yell at you," John whispered, not even looking at the singer.

"Why not? I fucked up. You have every right to yell at me, to call me names, to hit me!" Freddie was close to shouting and it made John even more non-responsive.

"John, say something, for god's sake!"

And then the bassist finally looked at the singer, meeting his eyes, "I-If you want someone to yell at you and be aggressive towards you, you can go back to Tom. You are not getting that from me," he said calmly.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Freddie swore, letting out a deep breath.

Silence.

John had to remind himself to breathe because he was on the verge of a panic attack. Every time he felt bad, he could away rely on Freddie to make him feel better. But not this time. This time he was alone. He kept his eyes down, staring at floor. He could barely see anything, his vision was completely blurred with tears.

And then he heard Freddie rush out of the room.
The singer needed to be alone. He was literally shaking; all kinds of emotions rushing through him. He grabbed his jacket and rushed out of the flat, completely ignoring Roger and Brian who were still in the living room.

As he walked down the streets, he smoked one cigarette after another and it only made him more nervous. He tried to think about everything else but the fight he just had with John, but his mind kept going there.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

How could he have used the word whore in any kind of reference to John? Freddie felt actual physical pain as he remembered the expression on John's face when those words left his mouth. If anyone in that room was a whore ... it was Freddie. Not John. Never John. In any kind of sense of the word.

He hurt John. Freddie had to stop and take a few deep breaths to try and calm himself. He felt horrible; at that moment he felt as if he might vomit.

And what made it worse was the fact that John refused to yell at him. If the bassist had done that, Freddie would feel slightly better. If they had yelled at each other and called each other names ... they would be equal. But it was only Freddie standing there, almost screaming at John, desperate to get some kind of a reaction from the bassist.

He was hurting because of John's words and he was hurting because his words hurt John. Perhaps the bassist was right. Perhaps Freddie really should return to Tom; apparently he needed the yelling and the shouting and the arguments.

For quite some time Freddie kept wandering the streets, but when it got dark he finally decided to return to the flat. He felt slightly better. Calmer. A part of him was too ashamed to ever face John again, but the other part could not wait to see him, to get on his knees and beg for forgiveness.

When he arrived at the flat he found Roger in the living room.

The drummer wasted no time, shaking his head in disappointment, "Fred, what did you do?"

Freddie immediately broke down, collapsing next to the drummer, his voice shaking, "I-I fucked up, Rog. I really fucked up."

"I have noticed that, yes. What did you do? Brian and I heard you two fighting," and then he paused for a moment, "Well, we heard you yelling. We couldn't hear much of Deaky."
"I don't even know how it started, darling," Freddie hid his face in his hands, "I-I did something horrible."

"What did you do?" Roger carefully asked.

Freddie's voice was barely above a whisper, "I-I called him a whore."

"You what?" Roger smacked Freddie's arm, "What the actual fuck, Fred?"

The singer looked at him with shame, "I didn't mean it ... in that way. I didn't mean sexually. It was just a ... a figure of speech."

"You calling Deaky a whore is a figure of speech?"

Freddie stared at the drummer for a long moment and then he broke down, "I-I fucked up. I need to apologize. Is he in the bedroom?"

Roger tensed up, looking away.

That made Freddie a bit suspicious, "Rog?"

"He's ... " the drummer struggled with his words, "He's ... not here."

Immediately Freddie felt his stomach drop, "What do you mean? Where is he, darling?"

"I ... I tried talking him out of it, but he was pretty upset. He ... asked Brian to drive him back to his flat."

Freddie stood up, rushing to his bedroom. He quickly scanned the room, noticing a few of John's things still there. His backpack was still on the floor, his bass guitar was resting against the wall in the corner and John's clothes were still all over the bed.

Freddie almost ran back to the drummer, "His ... things are still here. He didn't take anything."

"He left in a rush, Fred. He might come pick them up later."

The singer had to remind himself to breathe as he felt panic creeping up, taking over his whole body. He kept pacing up and down the room, not knowing what to do.
"What did I say to you yesterday?" Roger asked, raising his eyebrows at the singer.

Freddie knew what he meant, "Don't kill the band."

"Don't kill the band," Roger repeated, "Don't hurt Deaky. And what do you do? You go and get into a fight with him? Who is going to change the light bulbs in our kitchen now, Fred?"

The singer rolled his eyes, "Do shut up, darling."

"Can you fix it?"

"What? The light bulbs?" Freddie stared at him in confusion, "You know I can't."

Roger let out an exasperated sigh, "Not that. Your ... thing with John. Can you fix it?"

"I-I don't know if he wants to see me," Freddie whispered.

Roger offered a smile, "He seemed pretty upset to me. Hurt, but ... not really angry. And he was worried about you."

Freddie's eyes lit up with hope, "He was?"

"Yeah, when he noticed you went out by yourself. He asked if ... if I can go look for you and make sure you're alright."

"You're not just saying that, darling?"

Roger acted offended, "Would I ever lie to you, Freddie?"

Upon noticing the expression on Freddie's face, the drummer let out a laugh, "Alright, I would. But not about something as serious as this."

The singer relaxed a bit, feeling the tiny spark of hope and he decided to cling onto it. He looked around the room, searching for his notebook. He found it laying on the piano and he grabbed it, flipping through pages, trying to find the one he had written John's address on.

When he found it, he ripped the page out and looked at the drummer, "I need to go to him."
With those words Freddie hurried out of the flat. It was a long taxi ride to John's place because the bassist really lived on the other side of the city. Freddie could not remember the last time he was this nervous. He needed to fix it.

He did not want to go to sleep by himself, not feeling John next to him. He didn't want to wake up in the morning and John's sleeping face not be the first thing he sees. He couldn't imagine not being able to talk to John and hear his laugh and make him blush.

The singer kept biting his lower lip nervously, trying to think of an apology. What could he say to make it better?

Even when he finally arrived at the address, Freddie still did not know what to say. Slowly, he walked over to the house and then hesitated for a moment. What if John didn't want to see him? What if John yelled at him and told him to ... well, fuck off. He deserved it.

Freddie took a deep breath and rang the bell.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that fight hurt me more than it hurt you. xD Sorry, guys. It had to happen. Tell me what you think. :)

Well, that fight hurt me more than it hurt you. xD Sorry, guys. It had to happen. Tell me what you think. :)
Freddie had to ring the doorbell again because no one was answering. He could not remember the last time he was this nervous; perhaps those last few moments before having to go on a stage, but even then he was less fidgety than at this moment; standing at the door of John's flat.

When the doors finally opened, he was surprised to see a stranger. For some reason he expected John and was completely lost for words for a few moments as he stared at the guy who answered the door.

"Can I help you?" the guy asked, raising his eyebrows.

Finally Freddie seemed to pull himself together and he cleared his throat, "Yes, I-I'm looking for John. John Deacon."

"Yeah, he lives here," the guy answered, moving aside so that Freddie could enter, "Come on in."

The singer offered a smile and walked inside. He looked around, realizing it was a pretty nice flat. From where he was standing he could see into the living room, but there was no John in sight. And then he realized his nerves made him completely forget about manners. The singer turned around to face the guy again, introducing himself, "I'm Freddie."

"I'm Rick," he replied, shaking Freddie's hand and then he seemed amused, "So, you're Freddie. I finally get to meet you."

"Excuse me?"

"John wouldn't shut up about you," Rick explained, "I mean, before he left to go live with his parents."

Freddie's heart fluttered, "Really?"
"Really," the guy nodded, smiling a bit and then he walked a bit further down the hallway, yelling, "John! Someone's here to see you!"

Freddie tensed up, suddenly struggling to remember his own name.

"You're in a band with John, right?" Rick asked, "What's the name again?"

The singer blinked at him, "Er ... It's ... Queen."

Freddie couldn't understand what was wrong with him. Why was he this nervous?

"Interesting name, mate," Rick laughed, crossing his arms over his chest.

Freddie let out a laugh as well, but his was a nervous one. As he was trying to think of a way to explain the band's name, he heard that familiar voice.

"Freddie?"

The singer's eyes moved from Rick who was standing in front of him, to a smaller figure who suddenly appeared at the end of the hallway.

"John," he couldn't help but smile, "Hi."

The bassist needed a few moments to react, but then he smiled back and Freddie let out a breath he didn't even realize he was holding in. John's smile was probably out of politeness, but it was something. Freddie was afraid the bassist wouldn't even want to see him, let alone talk to him, but when John slowly approached them, Freddie relaxed a bit.

The bassist just stared at Freddie, but then he seemed to snap out of it.

"This is ... Freddie," he said to Rick, never taking his eyes off of Freddie, "He's a really good friend of mine."
"I know, we've talked for a bit," Rick replied casually.

Freddie could melt at the way John introduced him.

*A very good friend of mine.*

But then he realized how *he's* been introducing John. As their new bassist. As *just* a friend. Freddie looked down in shame, not knowing how to start the conversation with John's flatmate right there.

Thankfully, Rick seemed to sense the awkward tension and he excused himself, "Well, I'll leave you two alone now."

Freddie just smiled and then the guy disappeared down the hallway. The singer had trouble looking up from the floor. He was afraid of what he would see on John's face now that they were alone and he didn't have to pretend anymore.

"Why are you here, Freddie?" John asked quietly.

*Freddie.*

The singer couldn't stop his lips from curling up into a smile at hearing his name again. *That* version of his name. Not *Fred.* It was a good start.

Finally he forced himself to look at John and what he saw broke his heart. The bassist seemed to be wearing his pajamas, but what cut through Freddie was *John's face.* His cheeks were puffy and his eyes were red. Freddie refused to believe that John was crying; he couldn't stand knowing that *he* made John cry.

"I-I .... " the singer started, not knowing how to start and what to say, "Can we talk?"

John seemed surprised by it, but he nodded, walking into the living room. Freddie followed and sat down next to the bassist on the couch.
"Would you like something to drink?" John offered, "Tea, perhaps?"

"No, no. I'm fine, darling."

Freddie noticed that John tensed up at hearing the last word. *Darling.*

Silence.

The singer took a deep breath, deciding to jump straight to the point, "Why did you leave, John?"

The younger boy met his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, "I figured ... you don't want me there anymore."

"What? You know that's not true," Freddie could hear the desperation in his own voice, but he didn't care. He needed to let John know that he would never simply give up on him and expect him to leave; no matter how awful their argument might be.

"You left first," John whispered, looking down at his hands.

"To calm down," the singer said softly, "John, I didn't ... expect you to leave. I-I came back from my walk and when I heard you weren't there anymore ... " he trailed off, not knowing how to explain the panic he felt at that.

When the bassist said nothing, Freddie continued, "Why did you leave, John? What does this mean? Is this ... the end?"

John's head shot up and he met Freddie's eyes, "What do you mean the end?"

"End of the band. End of ... us," the singer forced the words out. He didn't expect to see the shock and the surprise on John's face at hearing those words.
"No," the younger boy said, "I wouldn't want it all to end because of one argument. I-I just ... needed some time alone. And I honestly thought you ... didn't want me there anymore."

Freddie had to stop himself from moving closer to John and taking his hands in his. He desperately wanted to touch the bassist, but John's body language told him he wouldn't particularly like that.

Silence.

Freddie could literally feel the tension in the room. John clearly kept his distance and he avoided eye contact; although he was pretty civil towards him. Freddie knew he wouldn't be able to be that polite towards a person who called him a whore.

"I'm so, so sorry, John," he whispered, "I can't ... begin to explain how sorry I am."

John remained silent, but he sucked in a breath, his lower lips trembling.

"I don't know what I was thinking," Freddie continued, this time sounding more angry; angry at himself.

"It's fine," John replied calmly. But Freddie knew the bassist was nervous and tense because he kept playing with the cushion on his lap, his finger tracing the pattern on it.

"I didn't mean it, John. Darling," the singer almost pleaded, "I would take it back in an instant, if I could."

And then John finally spoke, "I-I've only had ... two. There's only been two."

That confused Freddie, "Two what, darling?"

John blushed, still refusing to meet Freddie's eyes, "Partners. I-I mean, sexual partners."

Freddie just looked at him in surprise, not really understanding. John had told him he was a virgin and the only person he's been with sexually was Freddie. It didn't add up.
And then the singer realized, "John. That's not true."

"I-I didn't ... think I'm a ... whore."

Freddie's heart broke at that and this time he couldn't help but moving closer to John, although he didn't touch him.

"You're not a whore," he said firmly, "I said that ... because I'm a idiot. A fucking idiot. And you didn't have two sexual partners. You've only had one."

That made John look up at him and there was hesitation in his eyes, which only made Freddie even more heartbroken. Knowing that he was the one who caused John to think about those things again .... That he made John doubt himself ... he couldn't stand it.

"You have had one sexual partner, darling," he said softly, "And that's me."

John smiled weakly, but he looked down again.

"The only whore in this room is me," Freddie continued, shaking his head.

"Don't talk about yourself like that, Freddie," John said quietly, not looking up.

"It's the truth."

"No," John said firmly and then he seemed to struggle with his next words, "I-I think I overreacted. The thing that bothered me was ... Oliver."

"Darling, Oliver is just a friend of mine. Not even a very good friend. Just an ... acquaintance," the singer tried to explain, "You don't have to ... " he wanted to say be jealous of him, but that didn't sound right.

John bit his lip hesitantly, clearly still very much bothered by the events of that day; the fight and
everything leading up to it. And at the same time it was *obvious* he wasn't being entirely truthful.

"It's ... difficult, Freddie."

"What is, darling?"

The bassist let out a deep breath, smiling a bit, "Being with you, but at the same time ... not *really* being with you. I-I mean ... *what* are we?"

It was the question Freddie was afraid of hearing, "We ... we are ... together, darling."

"But *how*? In what way?"

The singer let out a shaky breath, the nerves getting the best of him, "We like ... being with each other. We like doing things together. Does it matter if it's not ... official?"

"It matters to me," John whispered, "You said you love him."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Oliver. You said you love him," the bassist repeated, meeting Freddie's eyes again.

"Oh, that didn't mean anything. I meant as a friend. I love him as a *friend,*" Freddie put the emphasis on the last word, but that didn't seem to calm John down.

"Why can't you say that to me?"

"I ... can't."

"W-Why not, Freddie?" John demanded, almost on the verge of crying again.

Silence.

Freddie took a deep breath, lowering his voice a bit, "I can't say I love you as a friend, darling."

"I heard that, Freddie. But why not?"

"No, darling. Listen to me," the singer said softly, although his voice was trembling a bit, "I-I can't
say I love you ... as a friend."

There it was. Freddie only hoped that John would understand it and that he wouldn't have to say it out loud. He wasn't even sure what he meant by it, but it was clear to him that he didn't love John as a friend. Freddie couldn't tell when exactly that happened, because at first John really was just a friend. He wasn't Freddie's type. But for a while now ... things felt different.

Freddie observed as John's expression went from confused to shocked.

"You mean you ... Freddie?" the bassist asked, "What do you mean?"

The singer let out a short laugh even though he was feeling terrified at that moment, "I don't know, John. This is all very new to me. I feel like a fish out of water."

Freddie couldn't help but smile as he noticed that John did seem to calm down a bit. And he was looking at him with those soft, warm brown eyes again. Whenever John looked at him like that, Freddie felt like he could literally melt.

"I love you, Freddie," John whispered, smiling.

There it was again. Freddie could not help but tense up, although those words did not shock him as they did the first time he heard them. And if he was being completely honest, they did make him feel a certain way; even though he tried not to think about it.

"John, sweetheart," he breathed out, "Lets take a few days to think about it, alright? Both of us. And I mean it. Think about it. Think about the consequences, about the ... risks. And if you're still willing to ... " he trailed off, losing himself in John's eyes that were now sparkling with hope and excitement.

"I love you, Freddie," the bassist repeated, biting his lips.

"John, stop that," the singer said, although he couldn't help but smile, "I'm serious. Lets take a few days."

Finally John seemed to understand what Freddie was saying to him and he nodded, "A-Alright. That sounds reasonable."

"Don't just say that, darling. Promise me you'll think about it."

"I promise."

Freddie finally let himself relax. It felt as if a burden was lifted off of his shoulders; a burden he
seemed to be carrying for weeks.

And then they were both silent, just staring at each other until Freddie finally forced himself to look away.

"This is ... where you live?" he asked, looking around, "It looks nice. Nicer than my flat."

"I haven't been here for ... a month and a half," John said, shaking his head in disbelief.

Freddie immediately noticed the sudden change in John's mood. Just a moment ago he was relaxed, excited even and now he seemed tense again.

"What's wrong, darling?"

"It's ... " the bassist sighed, "I've phoned my family. I-I mean, I did call them a few times from your flat, but today ... they know something's wrong."

"Have you told them about ... ?" Freddie asked softly.

"No," came an immediate response from John, "And I-I am not going to. Ever."

"John - "

"No, I-I can't," the bassist said firmly.

"Alright," Freddie nodded, smiling reassuringly. *If* and *when* John decided to tell his family was his business and Freddie knew he had no right to pressure him into anything. He could tell that something else was bothering John and he remained silent, waiting for John to speak when he was ready.

He didn't have to wait long. John looked around the room, making sure they were alone and then he met Freddie's eyes.

"I-I don't want to be here, Freddie," his voice was barely above a whisper, "I-I can't. It's ... horrible."

"What is, darling?" concern could be heard in the singer's voice and he subconsciously moved even closer to John.

"My room," John forced out, "The last time I was here was ... *that* evening. When *that* happened. I-I remember getting ready to go to your place and ... there are still clothes on the bed from ... I didn't
know what to wear. And ... there a ... box of chocolates still on the bed. Where I left it that evening."

"Box of chocolates?" Freddie asked, a bit confused.

John blushed, looking down, "I-I wanted to give it to you as a ... thank you gift for accepting me into the band. But ... I was afraid you'd think that was weird and I left it here."

Freddie's heart fluttered at hearing that, "I would have loved it, John. I love chocolate."

The bassist looked up, his eyes wide, "You do?"

"I love it."

John let out a laugh, "Well, I can't give you those because I'm fairly certain they're past their expiration date, but I'll buy you some chocolate soon."

"That would be lovely, darling," Freddie was smiling so big it almost reached his ears. For some reason he felt he didn't have to hide his teeth in front of John. Every time he smiled and forgot to cover his mouth, John did not stare. And that was why most of the time Freddie completely forgot that there was something wrong with his teeth. And when he caught himself doing it, not covering his mouth, he didn't care. Because John didn't care.

"I can't believe you came here," John shook his head, "It's literally more than one hour drive from your flat."

"And hour and a half, darling," Freddie said, "But I would do it all over again. I needed to apologize."

"You do realize that ... you have my phone number?" John carefully asked, "You could've called."

Oh.

It didn't even occur to Freddie.

"I guess I wasn't thinking clearly, dear," the singer laughed, "Also, I wanted to see you. And beg you to ... come back with me."

John just stared at Freddie, his chest moving slowly as he breathed.

"Darling?"
That seemed to pull John from his thoughts, "Are you ... sure?"

"That I want you to return home with me? Of course I'm sure," Freddie smiled, resisting the urge to touch John, "Besides, Roger would kill me if I came back without you."

"I don't want that to happen," John chuckled, then took a deep breath, "Are you sure, Freddie?"

"Come home with me, honey," the singer whispered, smiling at the younger boy.

The moment John heard those words, he stood up, nodding his head, sniffing a bit. Freddie couldn't tell if the bassist was crying again or about to start crying and before he could take a better look, John just turned around, hurrying out of the room.

"J-Just give me a minute," he said and disappeared.

Freddie was left a bit shocked by the suddenness off it all, but he couldn't help but smile like a literal dork. He got his John back. Even though he knew their issues were nowhere near to being solved completely, they could at least start working on them. His heart hurt at the memory of him insulting John and he knew he'd have to spend ages just redeeming himself. Not because John would hold it against him, but because Freddie could not bring himself to forget it.

It was something he'd never experienced before. By hurting John he ended up hurting himself. It was a strange and unfamiliar phenomenon to Freddie, but he was willing to discover what was behind that.

He could hear John talking to someone and then the bassist appeared again, wearing a jacket and he seemed ready to leave. He stared at Freddie anxiously, playing with the zipper on his jacket. Freddie immediately stood up, walking over to him, "All done, dear?"

"Y-Yes, we can leave," John replied, smiling. The bassist seemed to be really excited to return to Freddie's flat, which made the singer feel all warm inside.

He got John back and he made a mental note to himself to not fuck this up again.
For some reason they did not talk much on the way home. Even though it was a long ride back to Freddie's place, they both remained silent, but it wasn't an uncomfortable silence. Every time Freddie looked at John, the bassist offered a smile and that was more than enough for Freddie. He did feel John leaning against him a bit, even though he pretended not to notice.

Freddie could not explain how right it felt entering the flat with John. He was positive if he hadn't managed to convince the bassist to return home with him, there would be no sleep for him that night. How could he sleep alone in that suddenly very large bed?

What surprised the boys upon entering the flat, was the fact that it seemed as if no one was home. There was complete darkness and not a sound could be heard.

"Roger?" Freddie called out as they walked into the living room.

They both stopped in surprise at what they saw there. The lights were off, but there were candles all over the living room. On the piano, on the table, on the drawer. And the candles were lit.

"What the fuck?" the words escaped Freddie before he could stop himself, "Roger?" he called out again, looking around. He noticed John walking over to the table and picking up a piece of paper.

"He left a note," the bassist said quietly, reading what was written on the paper.

"What does it say?" Freddie asked as he noticed the bassist blush furiously and then let out a nervous laugh.

John cleared his throat, "It says 'If you've managed to bring Deaky back enjoy the romantic evening. I won't be back until tomorrow morning. No shagging in the living room. If you are alone you can - " John laughed, refusing to read the rest.

"What does is say, darling?" Freddie asked, clearly intrigued.

The bassist put on a serious face as he read the rest of the note, "If you are alone you can wank off. I guess? But not in the living room. Love, Roger."

The singer rolled his eyes, "Oh god, Rog. He lit the candles and then just left? He could have burnt this whole bloody place down. The stupid blond."

"Thankfully nothing happened," John replied, sitting down onto the sofa.

Freddie had to admit the atmosphere did feel relaxing and warm. And seeing John sitting on the sofa, his pale white skin illuminated by the candlelight, his chest steadily heaving up and down as he
breathed ... Perhaps Roger was right. It was romantic.

"Would you like something to eat?" Freddie offered.

"I'm fine. I ate something at my place."

The singer cocked an eyebrow, "Was it cheese on toast?"

A laughed escaped John, "It might have been."

"That's not very nutritional, is it?" Freddie teased, sitting down next to John.

"Oh, you're the one to talk. You only eat sandwiches!"

"I can't cook," Freddie laughed, "And neither can Roger. We're absolutely hopeless, darling."

"Oh, I know, believe me."

The singer smiled, simply staring at the younger man in front of him. John happy and relaxed; that was the image the singer wanted to have of John whenever he thought of him. He was willing to do everything in his power to erase the memories of their fight.

"I hated it," the bassist finally whispered.

"You hated what, darling?"

"Us ... fighting," he refused to meet Freddie's eyes as he spoke, "I felt horrible and then I found out you just ... left the flat. Don't do that, Freddie. Not in the middle of the night."

"It was late afternoon, darling," Freddie said, a bit confused.

"I-It was getting dark outside and ... after what you told me about this neighborhood," John explained, "I-I don't want anything to happen to you."

"Nothing is going to happen to me, darling. I promise," Freddie smiled, reaching out to touch John and then he stopped himself, clearing his throat, "But ... I hated the fight as well. However, it is most certainly going to happen again at some point."

John looked at him with a terrified expression, not saying anything.
"Darling, we are only human," Freddie said softly, "But I promise to never call you that word again. I promise to never insult you like that. I promise."

He could see John's expression softening at those words and then the bassist nodded, "And I promise to -"

"You did nothing wrong, darling."

"You know that's not true, Freddie," John offered a weak smile, "I-I pressured you into ... saying things you are not ready to say yet. I-I was ... jealous."

Freddie's heart skipped a beat at the last word. John really ... cared about him; he wanted him that much that it caused him to act jealous over someone. That realization alone made Freddie feel all kinds of feelings; feelings he couldn't explain yet.

"We both ... over-reacted," John said, taking a deep breath.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore, darling. Not tonight, please," Freddie pleaded.

He could see that John tensed up at that and he did look a bit anxious and the singer couldn't tell what caused that change.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"I-It's just ... Roger's note," John said nervously, "I-I don't want to ... not tonight. I-I can't really ... do that and ... " he trailed off.

It took Freddie a moment to understand and when he did, he quickly shook his head, "Don't stress about it, darling. I'm not in the mood for shagging at this moment. Don't worry."

That was a lie. Freddie was in a mood. Well, he was always in the mood. And he did happen to know how amazing the make-up sex felt and he was positive that having that kind of sex with John would feel even better. Besides, he really wanted to redeem himself and offering sexual pleasure was the only way he knew how to do it. He could apologize over and over again, but those were just words. He wanted to do something.

"Can we just ... hold each other?" John asked a bit timidly, clearly afraid of a rejection.

"Of course," Freddie smiled, "Do you want to do it here or -?"
"Here's fine," John bit his lip, "I-I mean, Roger did go through all the trouble of lighting those candles up."

"Yes, almost burning the entire flat down, but a very nice gesture, indeed," the singer drawled sarcastically.

John laughed, then awkwardly looking around, not knowing how to do it. Freddie noticed the slight discomfort on the younger boy's face and immediately moved, lying down on the sofa.

"Care to join me?" he asked, softly.

John smiled and nodded, trying to lie beside the singer. It was a bit uncomfortable; touching again and being *that* close to each other after a fight like that, but Freddie soon discovered it was like riding a bicycle; he could never *unlearn* how to cuddle John. And apparently John remembered how to press himself against the singer; resting his head in the crook of Freddie's neck, placing a hand on the singer's chest.

It was perfect.

And to think he almost lost it all. Freddie pushed that thought out of his mind, pulling John closer to him. He did expect John to say something, to try and *talk* and after a few minutes of silence, Freddie found it a bit suspicious.

"Darling?" he whispered.

No reply.

"John?"

Nothing.

Freddie observed the bassist closely, noticing how steady his breathing seemed to be and he realized that the bassist fell asleep. The singer could not help but chuckle at that; Roger had planned a romantic evening, full of *shagging* for his two friends and then John just ... fell asleep. After just a few minutes of cuddling. As funny as it was, Freddie could not help but find it adorable and very telling. He never gave it much thought, but at that moment he realized how much John trusted him. Falling asleep next to someone, on top of someone, requires a lot of trust. You are trusting that person with your body, trusting them to not do anything to you while you are sleeping. It was lesson that Freddie had to learn the hard way with Tom, but the singer didn't like to think about that.

He slowly maneuvered himself from under John, crawling over the sofa, almost falling onto the floor, but he somehow managed to steady himself. And as he stood there, staring at the still sleeping
bassist, he realized he did not want to wake him up.

And then an idea occurred to him.

Gently, he placed his arms under John and literally scooped him up from the sofa. The bassist did groan in protest, but surprisingly did not wake up. For some reason Freddie felt like a groom carrying a bride and a mere thought of that made him laugh out loud.

Slowly, he carried John to the bedroom, gently putting him to bed, covering him up with as many blankets as he could find. And then he hurried back to the living room, taking care of all the candles before returning back to the bedroom and crawling into bed.

The singer then hesitated for a long moment; he stared at the sleeping John, feeling the need to do something, but at the same time fearing it would be too corny.

Finally, he just decided to do it and he placed a soft kiss on John's forehead.

"Good night, darling," he whispered, smiling.

John just groaned again, rubbing his nose, but not waking up. Freddie moved closer to him and he drifted off to sleep in a matter of minutes.

John woke up to the sound of screaming. His eyes snapped open and he looked around, completely confused. He could tell he was in Freddie's bedroom and that it was already day outside.

But who was the screaming woman? Why did it seem the screaming was coming from the living room? And where was Freddie?

Quickly, he jumped out of bed and hurried out of the room. When he found no one in the living room, he ran into the kitchen, following the screams. The screams did not sound as feminine now that he was closer to the kitchen.

And then he saw it.
John had to stop, unable to move as he took in the sight in front of him.

There he was. *Freddie Mercury*, the lead singer of the band Queen, the most courageous man John has even known ... standing on the chair, holding a broomstick in his arms.

"Oh god, John, darling, you're up," Freddie said to him, still panicking.

"The screaming sort of woke me up, yes," he laughed, "Why exactly are you standing on a chair, Freddie?"

"There!" the singer pointed at the table, "It's right there."

"What is?" John asked as he approached the table, wanting to ask if he should be careful or not. He had no idea what to expect and ... then he saw it.

A small spider.

John looked at the spider, then back at Freddie who still seemed absolutely terrified, holding the broomstick in front of him as a shield of some sort. The bassist could not help but chuckle, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Did the spider cause all this?" he asked, pointing at Freddie who was still standing on a chair.

"I-I was minding my own business, trying to make myself some breakfast and ... and then I saw it. Right there, on the table, darling," the singer explained, "It almost gave me a heart attack! I-I can't ... I don't like spiders."

John chuckled again, staring at the small spider. The poor creature seemed absolutely frightened, not moving from the spot.

"I-I think your screaming might have traumatized it a bit," John giggled as he slowly approached the table, "I think it's in shock."

"Well, it should have stayed outside then," Freddie replied snarkily, "Oh, John, darling. Can you take care of it? Please?"

"Sure," John replied.

"You're not going to kill it, are you?" concern could be heard in Freddie's voice and it made John smile.
"Of course not. I-I'll take it outside," he replied, scooping the spider up in his hand.

He could hear Freddie let out a breath of relief and when he walked past him, Freddie lowered his broomstick, relaxing a bit. When John returned back to the kitchen after taking the spider out, he noticed that Freddie was still standing on the chair.

"Are there ... any other spiders?" John asked carefully, chuckling a bit.

Freddie's eyes widened at that, "Don't even say that, darling! It's just ... are you sure it's out? It didn't fall out of your hand on the way out?"

"I'm sure. I saw it crawling into a nearby bush."

Finally the singer seemed to believe him and as he was about to step down from the chair, John offered his hand, helping the singer down.

"Thank you, darling," the singer smiled and then his face twisted and his eyes screwed shut. Before John could ask what was wrong, the singer sneezed, letting out the cutest sound John has ever heard.

"Bless you," the bassist said, secretly wishing he could look that adorable while sneezing.

"Thank you, dar - " Freddie stopped mid sentence, his face twisting again.

John waited and then the singer sneezed again. This time the bassist couldn't help but let out a laugh at the adorableness, "Bless you again."

The singer blinked, rubbing his forehead, "Thank you, dear. I don't know what that was about. It's probably from all the dust in this damn kitchen."

And it was then that John noticed the hoarseness in Freddie's voice and when the singer coughed John had to ask, "Are you sure you're not getting sick?"

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "I never get sick, darling."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes. Whenever I start feeling sick, I stop it immediately and become fabulous instead," the singer explained, flicking his hair back.
"Alright," John laughed awkwardly, not sure if the singer was realizing how in denial he was. But perhaps Freddie was right; perhaps it was the dust in the kitchen.

As they sat down for breakfast, they heard the front door open and in came Roger with a very smug expression on his face.

"Oh, Deaky, you're back," he said casually, clearly expecting John to return, "Did you forgive Freddie for acting like an arse?"

The singer rolled his eyes at the drummer, but said nothing to defend himself.

"We talked," John replied shyly.

Roger just nodded and went to sit down next to Freddie. The second John was occupied with doing the dishes, Roger leaned closer to the singer, nudging him with his elbow.

"And?" the drummer whispered with a smirk on his face, "Did you hit that?"

"What?" Freddie asked, trying to keep his voice low.

"Did you hit that?" the blond repeated, more slowly this time.

"No, I did not hit it, Rog. We just ... talked," the singer replied, really not wanting John to hear them talking about his sex life.

"Why did I waste my time litting up candles, then?"

"That reminds me," Freddie spoke normally, "You could have burnt the place down! What were you thinking?"

Roger's voice was very loud when he replied, "I was trying to get you laid. But fine, yell at me. No one ever appreciates my efforts."

Freddie could see John tensing up slightly, but clearly the bassist was pretending to not hear the conversation. That was something he and Brian had in common; they both suddenly became deaf and blind whenever Roger and Freddie were doing something embarrassing.

000
Throughout the day it was becoming clear to everyone that Freddie was sick; or at least on his way there. The singer kept sneezing and coughing and he seemed to be very exhausted, not having the energy to do anything.

However, Freddie kept denying it and insisting that he was fine.

"We have a gig in three days, darlings. I can't possibly be sick," he said, forcing a smile on his face.

"Those two aren't mutually exclusive, you know," Roger replied.

"I'm fine," Freddie insisted, "Should we go to the store? We need to buy those ... things that go in the ... the light?"

"Lightbulbs," John helped, shaking his head at how utterly incompetent both Roger and Freddie were. At least regarding the electrical things.

"We can all go," Roger said, "I could use a walk."

It was around six o'clock when the boys left the flat. John insisted that Freddie wore something more than just a leather jacket, but the singer kept saying that he was perfectly fine and that his sneezing was due to allergies. Both Roger and John noticed that Freddie's voice changed, a clear sign that he was sick; and given the fact that they had to perform in just three days ... that wasn't a good thing. Freddie should stay at home and drink lemon tea and rest his voice, but clearly that was not going to happen.

As they walked to the store, John noticed Freddie cross his arms over his chest, shaking slightly. It was a very cold night and the singer's jacket was doing literally nothing to keep him warm. Following his instinct, John moved closer to Freddie, placing one hand on the singer's back, rubbing it up and down, trying to warm the older boy up. Freddie did seem to appreciate the efforts as he smiled, but still insisted that it wasn't necessary because he was more than fine.

Without thinking, John's other hand found Freddie's, but then the singer quickly jerked his hand away, not allowing the bassist to do whatever he intended to do.

John did want to hold Freddie's hand, but the singer's reaction told him it wasn't a smart thing to do. Especially not in public. It was something that did not even occur to John; he couldn't express his love towards Freddie when they were out and about. John understood that. Still, Freddie snatching his hand away like that did hurt. Even if John understood why it was done and that the singer was only trying to protect him.

When they reached the store, Freddie suddenly stopped, grabbing John's arm, making him stop as
well. The bassist sent him a confused look, not understanding what was happening.

"Just wait, darling," Freddie whispered, pointing at Roger.

The drummer clearly did not notice the other two boys stopped as he walked towards the entrance of the store, pushing the door.

Nothing happened.

He tried again, trying to push the door open.

Again, the doors wouldn't budge.

The blond tried again, getting frustrated, "What the fuck? Are they closed? I can see people inside."

Freddie covered his mouth with his hand, trying to keep himself from laughing out loud. John couldn't help but giggle at the sight of Roger getting angry, pushing the doors that clearly said 'pull'.

"How long are we going to let him do that?" John asked quietly, ignoring Roger's groans of anger.

"It happens every damn time we visit this store, I'm not even joking," Freddie explained, than cleared his throat, walking over to Roger, "Let me help you, darling."

Roger was still very frustrated, breathing heavily and then Freddie gently moved him aside, opening the door with one swift movement. When he grinned at the drummer, the blond only flicked him off in response.

When they were finished in the store, it was already getting dark outside. The boys hurried back home, John and Freddie carrying a few packages of lightbulbs that would last them for a couple of months, while Roger carried four bags of crisps which he insisted they needed to buy.

After arriving home, John quickly changed the lightbulbs in the kitchen while Freddie and Roger stared at him in amazement.

When he was done, Freddie grinned at him, "My hero."

John blushed and it would be a romantic moment if it wasn't followed by a sneezing attack. The singer sneezed four time in a row.

"Bless you," said Roger after the first sneeze.
"Thank you, dar - " Freddie couldn't finish the sentence as he sneezed again.

"Bless you again," the drummer said.

The singer sneezed *again*.

"Now you're annoying me, Fred," Roger rolled his eyes, walking into the living room.

John offered a sympathetic smile, "I-I'll make you some tea, Freddie."

"Thank you, darling," the singer said, sniffing a bit.

As he walked into the living room, collapsing onto the sofa, next to Roger, the drummer quickly stood up, moving to sit in the armchair.

"I'm not contagious!" Freddie complained.

"You are. Colds are contagious," Roger said, "Besides, we have a gig in a couple of days. I wouldn't want to get sick. That's what you get for walking around half naked, Fred."

"When did I walk around half naked?"

"You know when. Don't act innocent. *Yesterday*, when you were trying to seduce Deaky. Serves you right," the drummer laughed, "Try and be seductive now. I must say, you don't ... look very good."

Freddie glared at him, but before he could say anything, he sneezed again.

When John returned to the room, he was carrying a cup of tea.

"Here," he said, placing in on a table.

"Thank you so much, dear," Freddie managed to say and he couldn't help but feel all warm inside when John sat down next to him, clearly not afraid of getting sick as well. And then the bassist moved even closer, pressing the inside of his wrist on Freddie's forehead.

"You don't feel very hot," John said, "Perhaps you'll get better over the night."
"I'm fine," Freddie said, bringing the cup of tea to his mouth.

ooo

But he wasn't fine. As the night approached, Freddie was getting worse, until finally he retired to the bedroom; saying he was feeling a bit under the weather.

"I'll be right there," John said to him, smiling reassuringly.

The moment Freddie left the room, Roger let out a laugh, "I feel sorry for you, Deaky."

"W-Why?"

"You don't know what Fred's like when he's sick," the drummer shook his head, "At first he insists that he's fine. And then he goes to another extreme, insisting that he's dying. He gets annoying, snarky, a cry-baby and a know-it-all. You'll see."

John looked at him with a worried expression, "Is it really that horrible?"

"It's even worse," Roger replied, then grinned, "He's your boyfriend now. You take care of him."

At hearing the word boyfriend John could not stop himself from turning into a literal potato. He'd never expected to have a girlfriend, let alone a boyfriend. Even though him and Freddie weren't official, John let himself entertain that idea for a few moments.

Boyfriend.

Why did it sound so right?

Before he even realized it, he was smirking and biting his lip, thinking about Freddie being his boyfriend. And him being Freddie's boyfriend.

Being his.

And with that thought in his mind, he stood up, "Well, I-I better go see how he's doing. Good night, Roger."
"Night, Deaky," the drummer laughed, "Good luck, mate."

ooo

Freddie did not seem to be in a very bad condition when John entered the bedroom. He was bundled up in bed, but he wasn't coughing or sneezing.

"How are you feeling?" John asked as he quickly changed into his sleeping clothes.

"I'm feeling absolutely perfect, dear," the singer replied, clearly trying to sound more energetic that he really was, "I'm just tired. That's all."

John really hoped that was the case; even though the hoarseness in the singer's voice told him otherwise. As he crawled into the bed, he noticed Freddie moving closer to him and then he felt the singer's hand on top of his own. It surprised him and he looked at the singer, "What's - ?"

"I'm really sorry about earlier, darling," Freddie offered a smile, "I do want to hold your hand all the time, but ... I don't think we should be doing it in public. And it's not because I'm ashamed of you or - "


Freddie took a deep breath, struggling with his next words, "I don't want you to go through what I had to go through. I don't want that for you, John."

It was something that the bassist had no experience with; being ridiculed, harassed about his sexual preference. Or anything, really. John spent his life minding his own business and he never had to deal with people being mean to him. For some reason, everyone always liked John.

"What ... what did you have to go through?" the bassist carefully asked.

Immediately Freddie's expression turned serious.

"I-I mean," John quickly said, "You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

"No, it's ... fine, dear."

It did take him a few moments, but then Freddie forced himself to speak, "I was being laughed at,
yelled at, insulted, mocked. People were flicking their cigarettes at me, pushing me. Running after me and ... they once stole my coat. I had this fabulous fur coat and they just ... pulled it right off of me and ran away with it. It was a really nice coat."

John tightened his grip on Freddie's hand, trying to do something, anything to make him feel slightly better.

"Freddie, I hope you don't mind me asking," the bassist carefully started, "When we first met ... I mean ... in those first few weeks, you said to me that you sleep with girls, boys and cats. I figured the cats part was a joke, but ... what about girls? I-I mean ... did you - ?"

"I did have a few relationships with girls. A few years ago," Freddie replied, then shook his head, "Oh god, that was embarrassing."

"Why? I-I mean ... were you just not attracted to them?"

Freddie was silent for a few moments, clearly struggling with his answer.

"I'm not attracted to girls, no," he finally answered, "I was able to have sex with them, but it wasn't .... " the singer trailed off, taking a deep breath, "It didn't feel right."

"I-I think I understand," John said quietly.

And then Freddie grimaced, "Oh god. I remember one particular incident. For some reason I ... this is utterly embarrassing, but I was in the middle of it with a girl and I-I just couldn't do it. I started bawling my eyes out."

John's heart broke at that. He couldn't even imagine how hard it must have been for Freddie. John was aware of the fact that his own sexual journey has been fairly easy; no one was mocking him, he wasn't being told constantly that his sexuality was a sin and wrong. Everyone who knew about John being with Freddie was very understanding. He couldn't even imagine how it would feel like if Roger or Brian mocked him or insulted him about a subject as delicate as his sexual preference.

"I just cried hysterically, darling," Freddie let out a short laugh, but there was nothing humorous about it, "Right in the middle of it. Suffice it to say, the girl broke up with me."

"I'm sorry, Freddie."

"Don't be sorry, darling," the singer forced a smile, "It took me a while, but then I realized I like cocks."
John couldn't help but laugh at that, "I-I'm glad you realized that," and then his voice got a bit more quiet, "I wish I would like them too. I-I mean yours. Yours is the only one I-I care about."

For a moment Freddie seemed touched by that, but he quickly collected himself, "It's fine if you don't like it, darling. You can't force yourself to - "

"But I like it. I'm just ... " John tried to explain, but it wasn't coming out right, "I-I'm afraid of it. But I want to start working on it. I think I-I need to get more comfortable with it. Somehow."

John finally met Freddie's eyes and he noticed the singer was struggling with whether or not to believe him.

"I'm serious, Freddie," the bassist said firmly, "I want to get more ... familiar with it. Step by step."

And then finally the singer nodded, "Alright. If that's what you really want to do - "

"It is."

Freddie stared at him, clearly trying to figure him out and after a few moments of a staring contest, he finally nodded, "We could start working on it. Some other evening when I'm not sic - I mean, feeling under the weather."

John chuckled, "If you say so."

And then the singer's tone got soft, "We can talk about it. If you'd like."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for starters," the singer laughed, "His name is Frederico."

John just blinked at the singer, not understanding, "Who is Frederico?"

Freddie pointed at his lap, "He is. It's a he. And I've named him Frederico."

"You've ... named your .. ?"

"I did, yes. Roger named his as well. Although his is a she."

John was lost for words. A part of him wanted to burst out laughing, but the other part was intrigued
and wanted to hear more.

So he forced himself to remain serious, "Please, continue."

"Well, Rog and I were drunk one night and we decided to name our cocks. I wanted a name that was ... majestic, but at the same time close to my name. And I named him Frederico."

"Isn't that Spanish?" John asked, a short laugh escaping him.

"Is it?" Freddie asked, then grinned, "Roger said he felt that his cock is more of a she and we spent hours trying to come up with a name for it. He wanted a girl name and at the same time it had to be connected to his own name. In the end we just named it Rogerina."

John bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from laughing, "You ... named Roger's bits Rogerina?"

"It was the only name we could come up with, darling."

"How about .... Regina?"

Freddie just blinked at him, "We ... haven't thought of that."

This time John did laugh, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Well, how did you name yours?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrow.

John blushed at the question, "I-I didn't know it's a thing. People naming their ... cocks."

Freddie gasped in shock, "You didn't name yours? Darling, we need to do something about that immediately. Think of a name."

The bassist laughed again, letting out a sigh, "I-I don't know. Perhaps ... William?"

"A proper English name," Freddie teased.

"Do you want me to name him Jose?" John chuckled, "That way him and Frederico could be the best of friends."

Freddie smirked, licking his lips slowly, "Do you want them to be best friends?"
John suddenly felt hot again.

"I-I mean ..." he stuttered, "Not right away. You can't just ... become best friends with someone. First you introduce yourself, shake hands - "

"Would you like to shake hands with Frederico?" Freddie laughed, "Darling, is this your way of offering me a handjob?"

John's eyes widened, "What? I-I didn't mean ... Not yet. Perhaps - "

"I'm joking, honey. Breathe," the singer offered a reassuring smile, "I can talk to you about Frederico, describe him to you. That way when you do want to meet him ... you'll know what to expect."

Immediately John relaxed, "That would be perfect."

The bassist could not understand what he did to deserve someone as kind and loving and patient as Freddie. Especially patient. Not many would be able to do that. Or would want to do that. John was very aware of the fact that the singer was not perfect, especially after their fight; but he was perfect to John. At that moment he was exactly what John wanted and needed.

"We'll talk more about Frederico tomorrow," John said firmly, "Now you need to sleep. Rest."

"But I'm fine, darling!"

"Freddie," John gave him a look and Freddie immediately shut his mouth, nodding his head. He turned to his side, facing away from John. And then he felt John's body pressed against his from behind, the bassist's arm finding it's way around Freddie's wait, pulling his closer.

Well, this was different.

Freddie was never the one getting cuddled; at least not with John. It was different, but good. Of course, Freddie only allowed it because he was feeling a bit under the weather.

And then he sneezed again.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath.

"Bless you," John said, placing a kiss on Freddie's neck.
The singer could melt right there and then. He couldn't understand how he managed to get so lucky. How did he manage to get John to like him? To want to be with him? To cuddle him? What did John see in him?

The singer pressed himself back against John, feeling his warm body against his as he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

No Brian in this chapter, but he'll be in the next one! ;) Also, not to tease, but some very hot moments in the next chapter. Finally. xD
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

When John woke up the next morning, he was surprised to find Freddie still in bed, still very much asleep. The bassist quietly slipped out of the room, not wanting to wake the older boy up. If Freddie really was coming down with a flu or anything like that, it couldn't have come at the least appropriate time. John would be lying if he said he didn't worry about the upcoming gig; with Freddie sick they couldn't even rehearse; not to mention how awful it would be if Freddie lost his voice. That would be like John having to perform without his bass guitar. How would he be able to do that?

John pushed those thoughts out of his mind, not wanting to give himself a panic attack this early in the morning. As he walked into the kitchen, he realized he was the only one up. John has always enjoyed some peace and quiet and the thought of finally eating breakfast alone was more exciting to him than he was willing to admit. Yes, he did enjoy having Roger and Freddie around, but he was having them around every day, literally 24/7. For the last month and a half. John desperately needed some alone time. Besides, he had some serious thinking to do. He couldn't stop thinking about officially moving in with Freddie and Roger. He was throwing away money, paying a rent for a flat he wasn't staying at. But at the same time he didn't want to make any decisions before he knew for a fact what was happening between him and Freddie. He wouldn't want to move in, only to have Freddie tell him he wants to be just friends with him. How would that work out?

When John was done eating his cereal, he heard footsteps and judging by the yawning sound, it was clearly Roger. The blond entered the kitchen and was a bit surprised to find only John there.

"Morning, Deaky," he said while still yawning.

"Morning," John smiled.

"Is Fred still asleep?" surprise could be heard in the drummer's voice, "Oh, god. He's really getting sick."

"Perhaps he'll feel better after waking up?" John replied, hopefully.

"I hope so! What are we going to do about the gig?"

"I-I don't know. We'll have to wait and see how Freddie feels," the bassist sighed, rubbing his forehead, "We should probably talk to Brian about it."

Roger just groaned and placed his head on the table, looking totally defeated.
"I'll go and check up on him," John said, standing up.

Roger just waved at him, still not raising his head up from the table.

oooo

Freddie seemed to be in the same position he was in when John left the room. The bassist slowly crawled into bed, moving closer to Freddie who was turned with his back to him.

"Freddie? Are you up?"

The singer responded with a groan.

"You're awake," John smiled, leaning over Freddie's shoulder so that he could look at him, "How are you feeling?"

It took him a while to answer, but when Freddie finally spoke, his voice sounded very weak, "Terrible, darling. I don't want to worry you, but ... I think I'm dying."

John couldn't help but giggle at that. He was warned by Roger about Freddie's tendencies to exaggerate things while sick.

"You are not dying, Freddie. You are just ill," the bassist explained calmly, "Would you like something to eat? I can bring it to you here."

"I'm not hungry, darling," the singer answered, still not opening his eyes.

"But you need to eat something. How about ... some cereal? That is not too heavy, I think."

Silence.

"Freddie?"

"I feel terrible, John," Freddie sniffled, "My head hurts and ... my whole body hurts, my muscles are aching and ... my eyes keep watering and my throat burns and - "
"Yes," John chuckled, interrupting him, "Those are all symptoms of a cold. Or perhaps a flu. But you don't seem hot to me," the bassist said, pressing his hand against Freddie's forehead.

"Darling," the singer opened his eyes, acting offended, "As if I'm not feeling horrible as it is, you go and insult me? What do you mean I don't look hot?"

John rolled his eyes, "Freddie. I-I meant you don't look like you have a fever."

Silence.

"Oh. I knew that. I'm always hot, darling," Freddie drawled, trying to act seductive, but then a sneeze surprised him and he just let out a sound that was anything but hot.

"Bless you," John said, playing with Freddie's hair, running his fingers through it.

"Thank you, dear."

"So, what do you say? How does cereal sound?"

"I-I don't think -"

John realized this was the moment he needed to take control of the situation and he ignored Freddie's protests, "I'll bring you some cereal and then I'll make you some tea. I expect you to eat and drink all of it. Understood?"

Even John was surprised by the fact that he did not stutter once while saying all that and that he did manage to sound pretty firm.

"Or what?" Freddie shot back, "Are you going to spank me?"

Of course Freddie would manage to say something to throw John completely off and make him blush. The bassist ignored the comment, pressing a soft kiss on Freddie's cheek and then stood up, "I'll be back in a few minutes."

It took John ten minutes to make some cereal and a cup of tea. While he was busy in the kitchen, he could hear Freddie calling Roger into the bedroom. Twice.

When the drummer returned, he slowly approached John, taking deep breaths, clearly trying very hard to not lose his patience.
"First he wanted me to bring him some tissues," Roger explained, "And now he wanted me to scratch his back. What's next? Wiping his arse?"

John grimaced at that, "I-I didn't believe you when said he could be ... er ... "

Roger was more than happy to help, offering a word, "Dramatic?"

"Yes. Dramatic."

And then they heard Freddie's voice again, "Roger?"

The drummer closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath, "John. I'm serious. Control your woman."

The bassist blushed, "I-I'll be there in a minute."

ooo

Things were getting more difficult as the morning went on. John realized that Freddie was more than capable of acting like a total child, refusing to eat, refusing to take the medicine; insisting it tasted bad and overall ... just being very difficult.

John literally had to feed him, bringing the spoon to his mouth because Freddie said his arms hurt and he couldn't move them. It was a good thing that John was a very calm and patient person as Roger was already losing his patience, threatening to throw Freddie out the bloody window.

But that smile at the end, when Freddie was finished eating his cereal, was more than enough for John.

"Thank you, dear," the singer said softly, offering the gentlest, most adorable smile ever.

John felt like he could literally stare at him all day.

"I promise to give you the handjob of your life, darling," the singer suddenly said, "Once I feel better, of course."

John's eyes widened at those words, he did not expect that at all. One minute Freddie was looking at him innocently and the next the was talking about ... handjobs.
"I-I don't ... " John stuttered, "That's not ... necessary."

"I don't mind, darling. Don't worry. I'll take good care of you," Freddie said, lowering himself back into bed, closing his eyes.

"O-Of course," John forced out, reminding himself to breathe.

"You'll be finishing in three minutes, you'll see. I'm very good at it."

John's head felt like it was on fire, "I-I believe that. Now go to sleep, Freddie."

"Mhmm," the singer nodded, trying to make himself comfortable.

John hurried out of the room, trying to calm himself down. That was one thing Roger forgot to mention; Freddie getting overly sexual while sick. Perhaps he was just delirious?

For the next couple of hours, John kept checking up on Freddie every now and then, but the singer seemed to be asleep, which was a good thing. The bassist wanted nothing more than to snuggle up next to him and hug him, but was afraid that might wake the older boy up. And there was also that part where Roger threatened to kick his arse if he wakes Freddie up.

The two boys spent their time in the living room, simply talking while Roger flipped through some magazines which seemed to include lots of pictures of naked women.

And then the doorbell rang.

John first looked at Roger in surprise; they weren't expecting anyone. When the drummer did not react at all, John stood up to go and answer the door.

"Wait, Deaky! I'll go," Roger said casually.

John was a bit surprised by that, but he sat down again, "A-Alright?"

The doorbell rang again, but the drummer still did not move, totally absorbed into the magazine he was ... reading.

"I-I can get it, really," John tried again, standing up.

"No, no. I'll go," Roger insisted, still not moving.
When the bell rang for the third time, John was very uncomfortable; he didn't like to keep people waiting, it made him nervous.

"Roger, I - "

"I've called for backup," the drummer finally met John's eyes, grinning, "With Fred being sick and all, I figured we need as much help as possible."

"And you've called ... Brian to come over?" John guessed.

"Yeah."

Silence.

John cleared his throat, "And ... you are not going to let him in?"

"Oh, I'll let him in. I just love making him wait," Roger smirked, than finally stood up to go answer the door. John was able to relax and he only hoped the doorbell ringing did not wake Freddie up.

And then he could hear the familiar bickering.

"Really, Rog? You kept me waiting for five minutes!"

"I was naked."

"You weren't naked."

"I was. I swear."

"Why are you always naked when I come over, Rog?"

"Don't get any ideas. It's just coincidence."

"Hi, Brian," John greeted the guitarist as he and Roger walked into the room.

"Hello, John," Brian replied, then looked at Roger. "You were naked? With John right here?"
"I was," the drummer insisted, winking at John, "Wasn't I, Deaky?"

"Er ... H-He was," John stuttered.

Brian shook his head in disappointment, "Roger's a bad influence, John."

As they both sat down, the guitarist asked, "What's the emergency?"

"The emergency?" the drummer acted stupid.

"Yes, you called, saying I need to come over as soon as possible," Brian said, looking around, "I don't see any emergency?"

"Fred's sick," Roger quickly said.

Brian was silent for a moment and then he just shook his head, making a move to stand up, but Roger was faster, grabbing his arm and pulling him back down on the sofa. And then he grabbed Brian's car keys, throwing them across the room.

"What the hell was that for?" the guitarist demanded, pretty annoyed already.

"I'm not letting you leave," Roger replied.

John just observed the scene in front of him, not knowing what was happening and what to do.

"This is called kidnapping, you know," Brian rolled his eyes.

"We need your help, Bri. You know what he's like," Roger said, sighing, "We can't handle him alone."

Finally John found his voice, "I-If this is about Freddie ... it's fine. I-I'll take care of him."

Immediately Roger looked at him in shock, "You don't know what you're talking about, Deaky. The worst is yet to come. I expect him to reach the most insufferable point by this evening."

John let out a laugh, but then he noticed that the drummer was being serious. And then they all heard Freddie's voice from the bedroom, followed by a cough.

"I'll go see what he wants," Roger quickly stood up, leaving the room.
"Is he really that ... difficult?" John asked, turning his attention to Brian.

The guitarist was rubbing his forehead as if he was getting a headache already, "He is a bit ... childish. Haven't you noticed?"

John smiled, "I-I think it's adorable."

"The last time he was ill, he somehow ... passed it onto Rog as well," Brian explained, "I had to live here for three days, taking care of both of them. I was just running from one room to another. That is until they decided to sleep in the same bed."

"They ... what?" John was a bit confused.

"Yes, they came to a realization that being sick is actually pretty boring. And then Roger moved to Freddie's bed and remained there for two days, until they both got better."

The bassist chuckled at the mental image, but before he could say anything, Roger stormed back into the living room.

"I am never going back there again," he said, collapsing into the armchair.

The bassist was confused, "Why? What did he do?"

"He couldn't reach a glass of water that was right on his nightstand," Roger drawled, clearly annoyed, "And when I handed it to him, he offered to blow me."

John's eyes widened in shock, "H-He what?"

"He offered to blow me," Roger repeated, "I think he thought I was you. He's pretty out of it."

John could not help but blush at those words. Roger wasn't making a big deal out of it, but John still felt the need to explain that Freddie and him weren't doing anything of the sorts. For some reason though, he said nothing.
The boys spent the rest of the day watching over Freddie, catering to his every need. They agreed to take shifts and while Roger showered and Brian was in the kitchen making some soup, John quietly walked into Freddie's bedroom, noticing the singer was lying in the middle of the bed, staring at the ceiling.

"You're awake," John smiled, making a move to lie down beside him.

"No, no, you'll get sick too, darling," Freddie said, sniffling.

"I won't," John shook his head and crawled into bed with him, ignoring the singer's protests.

"Perhaps you should sleep in Roger's room until I get better or ... I'll sleep on the sofa -"

"I'm not leaving you," was all John said.

Freddie looked at him in confusion, but then he smiled, finally just nodding his head.

"Did you take your cold medicine?" John asked, looking at the small box on the nightstand on Freddie's side of the bed.

The singer shook his head, "I-I didn't. I couldn't reach it."

John laughed, "It's right there, Freddie."

"I can't move my arms, darling. Everything hurts. Every muscle in my body hurts," Freddie complained, looking up at John with sad eyes.

"Fine. I'll help you," the bassist said, sitting up and then throwing one leg over Freddie's body, reaching over him so that he could grab the medicine from the nightstand. But before he could return to his previous position, he felt Freddie's hands on his waist, keeping him there.

Sitting on top of him.

"Wait," the singer smiled, "I quite like the view."

John let out a nervous laugh, but didn't move. For some strange reason he just remained there, straddling Freddie while the singer held him by the waist.

As they made eye contact, John noticed that Freddie stared at him with such intensity it almost scared him. Almost.
"Do you like this position?" Freddie suddenly asked.

"I-It's ... alright," John awkwardly replied and then realized what the singer probably meant by it, "Oh. I-I don't ... I mean ... I don't know - "

And then Freddie sneezed, killing the mood instantly.

"Bless you," John let out a laugh, moving off of Freddie to lie down beside him.

"Thank you, dear. I-I'm probably ... hideous," the singer said, hiding his face in the pillow.

"You're not hideous."

"I'm all sweaty, my eyes are swollen, my nose is runny - "

"You're beautiful," John interrupted him, placing a kiss on his cheek, "And even though you're acting a bit childish, you are quite adorable, I must say."

Freddie tried to resist smiling, but he failed at that. And then he raised his eyebrow, "Who said I'm childish? Was it Roger? He's the one to talk!"

John laughed again, "Freddie. Please, do shut up. Take your medicine and try and get some sleep."

Surprisingly, the singer did not argue that, "Will you stay with me?"

"Of course."

ooo

An hour later, when Freddie finally managed to fall asleep, John quietly tip-toed out of the room. He found Roger and Brian having a serious discussion in the living room.

"We can't cancel it?" Roger asked.

"We can, but we wouldn't look good. Canceling two days before we're due to perform ... " Brian
explained, shaking his head, "I wouldn't advise we do that."

"But we haven't had time to rehearse much and Freddie's sick," Roger sighed, "We'll embarrass ourselves on that stage."

John sat down next to the drummer, listening to the conversation.

"Perhaps he'll feel better in two days?" Brian said hopefully.

"He might, but his voice could still be fucked."

"Language, Rog," Brian rolled his eyes.

"Oh, fuck me, Bri. What are you, my mother?" the drummer snapped.

Brian grimaced in disgust, "How can you say those two sentences together?"

Since it was Freddie's job to always intervene in make sure the fights between Roger and Brian did not go too far and the singer was currently unavailable, John felt it was his duty to step in.

"We can still go through with it," John suddenly spoke, making the other two boys look at him, "I-I mean, hopefully Freddie doesn't completely lose his voice. And even if he can't reach those high notes or sing more ... vocally challenging parts of songs, we can ... help him. Roger, you can sing?"

The drummer nodded.

"I can sing too," Brian quickly said, not wanting to be left out.

"See? And the most important thing is that the audience has fun. We can play harder, Freddie could ... " John chuckled, "Jump around the stage and - "

"Undress and insinuate having sex with my drums and use the microphone stand as an extension of his cock?" Roger asked casually.

John's cheeks turned red, but he nodded, "Y-Yes. He can do ... that. And we'll be fine. I-I mean, it won't be the best show we've ever done, but ... " he trailed off, looking at Roger and Brian for approval.

After a moment of thinking, Brian finally nodded, "We can try that. I mean ... canceling is not an option."
Roger nodded, clearly agreeing with that. Finally, John relaxed; it was always such a strange and at the same time a very good feeling when the others appreciated his ideas and took them into consideration.

It was decided.

They would be performing in two days.

The only thing left to do now was to take care of Freddie.

ooo

"What the fuck are you doing, Tom?" Freddie demanded, pushing the man off of him and pulling the covers up to his neck.

"I thought you would like it," Tom said, his hand reaching towards Freddie, trying to touch him.

The singer pushed his hand away, "While I was asleep?"

"I thought you would appreciate it," the man was now getting angry.

"Appreciate you undressing me in my sleep and - "

"Don't be like that, Freddie. You know you like it when I do it to you - "

"When I'm awake, yes," the singer snapped, swallowing hard. Everything was still very confusing to him; it was difficult to concentrate when you wake up to someone on top of you.

"What? Now suddenly you don't want it?" Tom asked, clearly very frustrated.

"No, I don't." Freddie shot back.

"Do I need to remind you that you are in my flat, Freddie? In my room? In my bed?"
The singer forced a smile, "I won't be for long, darling. Don't worry," he said, getting up from the bed and pulling his underwear and his pants back on. He felt Tom throw a pillow at him while he was getting dressed, but he ignored him.

"Where are you going, Freddie?" Tom asked, rolling his eyes.

"Home."

"I want you to stay here."

Freddie let out a short laugh while he struggled to button his shirt up, his fingers were shaking too much.

"Did you hear what I just said?" Tom asked again.

"I heard you perfectly, darling."

"Then why are you not back in my bed? Naked?"

Freddie finally managed to dress himself, throwing his jacket on as quickly as possible.

"I'll see you around, Tom," he said, but then he felt a hand on his arm, forcefully turning him around. He met Tom's angry eyes, but he still stood his ground, staring back at him in defiance.

"You're leaving? Just like that?" Tom asked, "You're not going to take care of...?" he finished the sentence by throwing a glance at his groin.

Freddie shook his head, "You take care of it, dear. I'm not in the mood -"

He let out a yelp of pain when he felt Tom tighten his grip on his arm. That is most certainly going to leave a bruise, Freddie thought. And he would have to hide it from Roger, the drummer would be livid if he saw it.

"Let go of me. I'm going home, Tom," Freddie said coldly and stared at the man in front of him.

After a long moment, Tom finally released him, looking at him in disgust, "Fine. Go home. Where you're a freak. That drummer friend of yours? You think he doesn't see you as a freak?"

Freddie ignored him and the tears that started forming in his eyes as he quickly turned around and left the room.
"And that stupid band of yours?" Tom called out after him, "You're being ridiculous! Grow up and get a real job."

Freddie awoke with a start, looking around in panic. He calmed down a bit when he realized he was in his own room. He did notice that he was alone in the room and it was slowly getting dark outside. He held his breath for a long moment, listening for any sounds and when he heard familiar voices coming from the living room, he relaxed, closing his eyes again and drifting off to sleep.

ooo

Later that evening, John had to hold back his laughter as he watched Brian return from Freddie's room after bringing him some soup.

"What?" Roger asked.

Brian took a deep breath after answering, "I had to feed him. He is too weak to feed himself, apparently."

"And we expect him to sing and jump around in just two days?" Roger groaned, hiding his face in his hands.

"He'll be fine, you'll see," John replied, standing up, "I'll go check on him."

When the bassist entered the bedroom, he found Freddie curled up into a ball, shivering a bit.

"Freddie?" he asked, concern evident in his tone, "Are you cold?"

"I-I'm not sure, darling."

John sat on the edge of the bed, brushing Freddie's hair away from his face and feeling his forehead, "You are warmer than you were this morning."

"I-I'm getting a fever?" the singer asked, shocked, "No, no, no. This is not good, darling."

"Perhaps it's because of the hot soup you just had?" John said, hopefully, "You need to change your
clothes, though."

Freddie seemed to agree, moving the covers off of his body.

"You've managed to sweat through your clothes," John said, caressing Freddie's cheek with his hand. When the singer smiled and leaned onto the touch, the bassist felt the need to just stay there and caress his face forever. But then he snapped out of it, standing up and walking towards Freddie's closet. After finding new sleeping clothes for the singer, he returned to the bed, offering the clothes, but the older boy did not move.

"F-Freddie," John said quietly, making the singer look at him.

"I-I can't, darling. I'm too weak."

For a change, he did sound serious when he said that and it made John worried. At first he thought that Freddie was pretending, trying to act seductive, but the tormented expression on the singer's face was more than enough proof that it wasn't the case.

"A-Alright, I'll help you," John said, trying not to panic. He did think of calling Brian or Roger to do it, but then he realized how stupid that was. The other two boys would think he's crazy; everyone knew that Freddie and him were physical with each other, but now he would be uncomfortable helping him change his clothes? That would only raise questions that John really did not want to answer.

The bassist put on a brave face, starting with Freddie's T-shirt. The singer moved his arm, helping John take the shirt off. John could not help but stare at Freddie's chest; it was still attractive, even though it was all sweaty.

He gently pulled the fresh pajama top over Freddie's head, helping him get his arms through it.

And then the hardest part.

For a moment John just stared at Freddie's pants, not knowing what to do. He looked at Freddie's face, noticing the singer's eyes were closed and he did seem slightly out of it. John slapped himself mentally; he was acting childish. Taking a deep breath, he grabbed the waistband of Freddie's pants and gently pulled down.

*Oh my god.*

John's eyes widened when he realized that Freddie wasn't wearing underwear.

His ... Frederico was right there, staring back at him. Well, not really staring back. Lying helplessly
against Freddie's thigh, looking all sad.

John realized this was his first time seeing another man's cock. He was probably gaping like a fish, but he couldn't force himself to look away. He just stared at it.

It was very large. Very. John swallowed hard, his nerves getting the best of him. That's what Freddie's been grinding against him?

How was it possible for it to go into someone and not cause extreme pain and discomfort?

John forced himself to push those thoughts aside, trying to concentrate on other things. Like the fact that Freddie's chest wasn't the only thing that was hairy.

John chuckled, but then quickly covered his mouth with his hand. He wouldn't want Freddie to hear him laughing at his majestic Frederico. It really did not look that majestic to John. It looked sad; probably because his owner was sick. Perhaps Frederico was feeling ill too. The way Freddie described it to him, John almost expected it to talk. But no. It was just lying there, helplessly, in all it's ... length. That was the only thing that John found worrying. The size of it. Other than that it did not look at all frightening. That was what he was afraid of all this time? It looked ... soft. John almost wanted to touch it, just to -

"John," Freddie suddenly said, slowly coming to and covering his groin with his hands, "I-I'm sorry - "

"Is there a reason you're not wearing underwear, Freddie?" John asked, trying to keep himself from chuckling.

"I find it restricting, darling. Especially when I'm sick. I'm so sorry, I should have told you - " panic could be heard in Freddie's voice and the singer suddenly seemed completely awake.

"It's fine, don't worry about it," John smiled, pulling Freddie's pants all the way down. He held up a fresh pair of underwear and then threw it on the floor, "I guess you don't need those," he giggled.

After finishing dressing Freddie up, he covered the singer with as many blankets as possible and then he noticed the worried expression on the older boy's face.

"What's wrong?" he asked quietly.

"Darling, that is not how I envisioned you meeting Frederico for the first time. I'm sorry. I should have warned you but I ... I was out of it. I'm really sorry. Are you alright?"
John could melt at the concern he could see in Freddie's eyes. Even while sick and feeling absolutely horrible, Freddie still managed to take care of him and worry about him.

"Freddie, it's fine. I'm glad I finally met ... Frederico," the bassist giggled, "I-I expected him to be much scarier, but he was quite polite. Very well-behaved."

Freddie was a bit taken aback by John's jokes as he was clearly expecting the bassist run out of the room screaming.

"We didn't ... " John struggled with words, blushing a bit, "We didn't shake hands though. Perhaps another time. When he's ... feeling more like himself."

He could see Freddie's eyes widening even more and for the first time ever, the singer was completely speechless. John just laughed again, pressing a soft kiss on Freddie's cheek, "Try and get some sleep. We miss you in the living room, hanging out with us."

The singer was still unable to speak and even as John crawled in bed next to him, covering them both up, Freddie was still lost for words. It amused John and he realized he quite liked the feeling of making Freddie forget how to talk.

ooo

John felt as if he couldn't breathe. That man was strangling him and John tried to escape, but he couldn't.

And then his eyes snapped open, taking in the complete darkness in the room. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder and he pushed it away harshly, at the same time kicking the body that was next to him, panic taking over him.

And then he heard Freddie cry out in pain and immediately John snapped back to reality.

"Oh, Freddie!" he panicked, "Freddie, I-I'm sorry. I didn't know it was you! Did I hurt you?"

He struggled to see the singer as it was completely dark, but then he heard Freddie's soft, very sleepy voice, "I'm fine, dear. Don't worry about me. I heard you whimpering in your sleep. Did you have another nightmare?"
John did not answer immediately. Freddie was sick; the last thing John wanted was to worry him with his problems.

"N-No," he finally replied.

"Are you lying, darling?"

"Maybe."

Freddie moved closer to John, somehow managing to find the bassist's hand, interlocking their fingers.

"Are you alright now?" the singer asked, "Do you want me to hold you?"

John always wanted Freddie to hold him; he would never be able to refuse a hug or a cuddle from him. But at the same time he felt guilty; waking Freddie up in the middle of the night, bothering him with his problems.

"I-It's fine. You're sick, just go back to sleep," John replied quietly, "You need to rest. Don't worry -"

He couldn't even finish the sentence because he felt Freddie moving closer to him, pulling him into a hug. At first John just froze, but then he relaxed into the hug, wrapping his arms around the singer.

"Brian is going to kill me if I manage to get you sick too, dear," Freddie chuckled, pressing a kiss on John's forehead.

"I'll defend you," the bassist said, taking in a deep breath.

Freddie let out a short laugh followed by silence. After a few moments, John could feel himself drifting off to sleep again, only to be startled by Freddie's voice.

"Do you ever think about him, darling?"

"A-About who?" John was a bit confused.

It was clear that Freddie struggled with his words, "About that ... that cunt."

Oh.
"Not really, no," John answered truthfully, "I mean ... I think about what happened, but not about
him. I don't like thinking about him."

"Do you have nightmares about him?"

John let out a shaky breath, not knowing what to say. It was difficult to explain, it didn't even make
much sense to him.

"Usually ... when I dream or ... have a nightmare, I see the act. I feel someone's hands on me,
someone's body against mine. I feel the emotions. I hear the words, but I never see him. I-I don't see
his face."

Silence.

"I know his name, darling."

John tensed up, "W-What?"

"That night when we saw him ... when Rog and I ... well, we did a few things to him. We checked
his wallet. I know his name."

For some reason that made John feel really uneasy; even if it was a bit cowardly of him, he preferred
not knowing anything about the guy. What good would it do? It was easier referring to the guy as the
guy, distancing himself from him. John didn't want to know his name, that felt too personal.

"F-Freddie," he said slowly, "Forget the name."

"What do you mean, darling?"

"I-I don't want to know his name and I don't want you remembering it. I just want to ... put it all
behind me and .. forget it ever happened. Forget that whole night."

He felt Freddie nod his head, "Done."

Even though John knew Freddie did not just magically forget the name, they could at least pretend
he did and he appreciated the singer's efforts.

After a moment of silence, John just snuggled closer to Freddie, "I'm sorry I woke you up. You
should really go back to sleep. I expect you to be feeling better by morning."
"I'll see what I can do, but I don't promise anything," Freddie chuckled.

After a few more minutes of playful bickering and Freddie attempting to tickle John, they finally fell asleep, lying in each other's arms.

The next morning Freddie was still deep asleep when John woke up. And that wasn't a good sign. Brian and Roger were already waiting for John and they attacked him with questions the moment he stepped into the living room.

"Where's Freddie?"

"Is he feeling better?"

"How's his voice?"

John shook his head, "I don't know. He's still asleep."

"Shit," Roger swore.

"Let's all try and stay calm," Brian advised, taking in a deep breath, "There's still some time. I mean, the gig is tomorrow evening. That's a day and a half."

"You're right," Roger agreed, "Besides, I don't think Freddie would want to cancel. He'll go up on that stage even if he has to take breaks to vomit."

John grimaced a bit, "H-He hasn't been throwing up. I think it's just a really bad cold."

"And he acts as if he's dying," Brian could not help but laugh, "He has all three of us taking care of him."

After the breakfast the boys realized they were out of tea which was something that sick Freddie desperately needed.
"I swear, we are going to that store every single day," Roger sighed, rolling his eyes.

"Well, it's your turn to look after Freddie," Brian said, "John and I can go shopping."

John agreed, desperately needing some fresh air. About half an hour later he left the flat with Brian and insisted that they walk to the store. The guitarist first wanted to drive there, but John explained it was only a five minute walk.

At first they talked about the business part, but then the conversation got a bit awkward.

"John," Brian said, clearing his throat, "How are things with you and Freddie?"

"Er ... Pretty much the same as the last time we ... talked about it," John replied, nervously.

"Is Freddie ... treating you well?"

"Of course," the bassist said, speeding up slightly.

"I-I only meant ... " Brian struggled with words, "The last time I saw you, you were begging me to drive you back to your flat."

"We ... we had an argument," John confessed, not really wanting to go into details, "We both over-reacted and ..."

"But you're fine now?"

The younger boy couldn't help but smile, "We're fine now," but then he decided to approach the subject that was in the back of his mind for a while, "Brian ... if we ... if this thing with Freddie makes you uncomfortable -"

"Why would it make me uncomfortable?" Brian seemed surprised, "Ever since I met Freddie he's had his boyfriends. I mean ... there are no secrets between us."

John relaxed slightly at hearing that. He had to admit, he was a bit worried about Brian's opinion on all this. Considering, that he was practically living with Roger, he knew the drummer really well and he knew there were no problems there. But he wasn't seeing Brian that regularly and didn't exactly know how the guitarist felt about the whole situation.

When they finally reached the store, John could not help but tell Brian about the incident with Roger and the push-pull doors.
The guitarist laughed, shaking his head, "And here I was defending him, saying he is actually smarter than he looks. I take back my words."

Brian and John separated once entering the store; the guitarist walked over to the vegetable section while John hurried off to get the tea. There were many different options, but John opted for the lemon tea, thinking vitamin C was what Freddie really needed at that moment. When he reached to grab it, he felt another person reach for the same thing and their hands touched.

"Oh, I'm sorry - " John immediately tried to apologize, but the moment he turned to look at the person standing next to him, he completely froze.

"It's fine, don't worry about it," the guy replied.

Tom.

John swallowed hard, the words stuck in his throat. He couldn't even move from the spot. The only thing he could do was stare at the guy in front of him, noticing he had some kind of a bandaid over his nose. John figured that was from when Freddie punched his nose.

"How have you been? John? Am I right?" Tom asked, smiling at him.

There was something really strange about his smile though, it didn't reach his eyes. And the look in his eyes seemed ... cold and aggressive.

"Here," Tom said, grabbing the tea that John reached for and offered it to him.

The bassist hesitantly took it from him, but was still unable to speak. He could hear his heart beating in his ears and too many thoughts raced through his head.

Why is Tom here?

Does he live nearby?

Did he follow us here?

What does he want?

"Are you mute or what?" Tom laughed, raising his eyebrows.
"N-No," John finally managed to force out.

"Where's Freddie?"

"I-I don't know," the bassist lied.

"Yeah, sure," Tom sighed, clearly not believing any of his words, "Tell him we're not done yet. And if he apologizes and ... does his best to make it up to me, I might consider taking him back."

When John said nothing to that, Tom took one step closer which made John flinch away in fear.

"What's going on here?" the bassist heard Brian's voice. The next moment the guitarist was next to him, staring at Tom in confusion.

"Is this guy bothering you?" Brian asked, not taking his eye off of Tom.

"N-No," John quickly shook his head.

"We were just ... talking about which tea to get," Tom smiled, "Isn't that so?"

Before John had a chance to reply, Brian spoke again, "I doubt we need tea advice. I suggest you piss off."

Finally Tom just shrugged his shoulders and left the store, not buying anything which John found very suspicious.

"Do you know him?" Brian asked, finally turning his attention to John.

And then the bassist realized it; Brian has never met Tom.

"N-No, he just approached me and started talking to me," the bassist lied.

"Freddie and Roger tried to convince me to move in with them, but I don't like this neighborhood. Too many strange people. Like this guy."

John forced out a laugh, "I-I know. Lets ... lets not say anything about this to Freddie and Roger. I-I don't want Freddie to worry."
Brian agreed, clearly not suspecting anything. For the whole walk back to the flat, John tried to keep himself from panicking, looking around, trying to see if they were being followed. The moment they stepped into the flat, John locked the doors behind them, finally relaxing.

He did not want Freddie to worry. Perhaps it really was a coincidence; perhaps Tom wanted something from the store and they just happened to be there at the same time.

He tried to stop thinking about Tom as he walked into the living room and immediately those thoughts were pushed out of his mind when he saw Freddie on the sofa.

"You're up!" he said with excitement, quickly moving to sit down next to him.

"I'm actually feeling a lot better, darling," Freddie said, his voice still a bit weird.

"We were talking about our gig tomorrow," Roger explained, "Freddie sees no problem with it. We'll have to help with the singing though. I, of course, have the powerful high voice."

"You've got the dog whistle, darling," Freddie teased and in return he got smacked with a cushion.

"Watch it! I'm still sick, you know!" the singer complained, over-reacting again.

Brian sat down as well, "Can I go home now? If Freddie's feeling better, there's no need for me to - "

Roger cut him off, meeting Freddie's eyes, "Is this the right time to start collecting blowjobs?"

Freddie looked at him as if he was crazy, "What are you talking about, Rog?"

"You've promised me at least five blowjobs and two handjobs," the drummer replied casually, looking over at Brian, "How many has he promised you?"

The guitarist seemed to be a bit uncomfortable, but he nodded, "I believe it was ... three. No handjobs though. He did say something about ... I forgot what it was called. Rimmi - "

Freddie's eyes widened in shock, "Alright! You're both lying! I promised no such thing."

John kept silent the whole conversation, but he could feel himself blushing. He only hoped he would not be dragged into the discussion. The second that thought entered his mind, he heard his name being called.

"Deaky!" Roger said, "How many blowjobs has he promised you?"
Freddie looked at him, waiting for him to answer.

"Er ... " John swallowed hard, "I-I wasn't exactly counting, but ... I think about ... ten."

The bassist noticed that Freddie was not shocked by that, if anything his smile got playful, but then he turned to Roger and Brian, "You cannot hold me to it. I was not in any state to give such promises."

Roger faked disappointment, "Oh no. And here I was, getting excited. How are we going to survive it, Bri?"

"Somehow I'll manage," the guitarist replied, standing up, "Well, I'll be going now. See you tomorrow morning."

After the guitarist left, the other three boys chatted for a bit until all the sexual innuendos became too much for John and he tried to excuse himself to go ... do something in the kitchen.

"Before I allow you to go anywhere near my cock," Roger said, smirking, "I need to know if you're any good at it. Is he, Deaky?"

John's eyes widened, "I-I don't ... I mean ... He's probably good."

" Possibly? " Roger asked in confusion, but before he could torture John with even more questions, the bassist disappeared from the room.

"Would you stop that?" Freddie whispered, throwing a cushion back at the drummer.

"Stop what?" Roger asked, clearly confused.

"Stop with the sex talk. Don't you see how uncomfortable you're making John?"

The drummer shrugged his shoulders, "If he's uncomfortable talking about it, perhaps he shouldn't be doing it."

"He's not doing it," Freddie said before he could stop himself.

That caught Roger's attention, "What do you mean?"

The singer rolled his eyes, "Were you not listening to me? When we were at the club and I said we
haven't *done much*? That we haven't gone as far as I would've liked?"

"I thought you meant like ... kinky shit and stuff like that."

"Why do you think I'd be into the kinky shit, darling?" Freddie asked, still whispering.

"Well, I am not the one with handcuffs in my drawer, Fred!"

Then John entered the room again and the boys immediately stopped talking. John did notice the weird tension and he couldn't help but laugh, "Did I interrupt something? I-I can go back - "

"No, darling. Come, sit here," Freddie smiled, patting the empty spot next to him.

Thankfully, Roger was not that stupid to continue the conversation and surprisingly enough, he managed to withhold from making sexual comments for the rest of the afternoon. Still, Freddie knew he'd have to have a conversation with the drummer about what was appropriate to talk about and what wasn't.

---

Later that evening Roger went to take a shower and Freddie and John decided to retire for the night; both were excited to finally be able to spend some quality time together. For the last two days all Freddie did was *sleep* and John really missed him. He didn't mind taking care of the singer, but he missed *talking* to him, he missed seeing Freddie healthy and happy.

Even though he was still sniffling a bit, the singer seemed to be much better.

"I don't want to make you sick too, darling," Freddie said sadly, dodging John's attempt to kiss him.

"You won't get me sick," the bassist insisted, "You're not contagious anymore. Besides ... I-I don't care. It's been over two days, Freddie."

That made the singer grin, "Oh, are you counting the days from our last kiss?"

John blushed, "Maybe."
And then he felt Freddie move closer to him, bringing his hand to John's chin, gently caressing, until he finally pressed his lips against John's. The bassist shuddered at the contact; it's been too long. At that moment he really could not care less if he got sick or not. He could handle it.

Obviously, they both missed being intimate with each other and within moments, that gentle kiss turned into passionate making out and before John even realized it, Freddie was on top of him, between his legs. John could not even remember spreading his legs, he must have done it subconsciously. And it felt right. He expected it to feel weird, because they were both males, but it felt natural. Needing to feel Freddie even closer, John wrapped his legs around Freddie's waist.

"Darling," the singer laughed, "Did you really miss me that much?"

"P-Perhaps," John giggled, his eyes rolling back with pleasure when he felt Freddie nibbling at his neck. They both struggled to get their shirts off while not breaking their kiss which did prove to be quite demanding and ultimately Freddie did have to break away from John, sitting up between the bassist's thighs, pulling the shirt over his head.

John expected him to come back down to him, but then the singer just stopped and stared at him, smiling.

"W-What?" the bassist asked, a bit confused.

Freddie stroked John's legs gently, but he did not move from his position. There was something in the way that he was looking at him that actually sent shivers down John's body.

"Freddie," he almost moaned, "Come here."

And finally the singer obeyed, lowering himself down again, pulling John into another kiss. The bassist traced his hands all over Freddie's chest and his back and shoulders, feeling the defined muscles on the singer's back as he supported himself on his elbows, holding himself above John, not wanting to crush the younger boy.

"I've missed you so much, darling," he could hear Freddie whisper.

It made John smile, "I've missed you more."

"That's impossible," the singer chuckled, placing small kisses all over John's face.

The bassist felt so very loved and desired and safe at that moment that he wanted to try something out. Not telling Freddie about what he was planning to do, he slowly traced his hand down the singer's chest, down his belly, even lower until he pressed his palm against Freddie's groin.
The moment he did that he felt Freddie's body twitch and a moan escaped him, "D-Darling, what - " he tried to speak, but couldn't finish the sentence as John's pressed his hand against his groin, feeling him up though the material.

"John," Freddie finally breathed out, his own hand finding John's, keeping it in place.

"Am I not ... doing it right?" John asked, clearly confused about why Freddie made him stop.

"No, no. It's not that," the older boy smiled, looking down at him, "Are you alright?"

John nodded.

"Colour?"

"I guess ... yellow," the bassist replied, letting out a breath, blushing a bit at the realization that his hand was still there, resting against Frederico.

"Why are you ... " the singer struggled to speak, "You don't have to do this."

"I want to try," John replied, moving his hand experimentally, making Freddie let out a moan. He wasn't doing much; just pressing against it, rubbing a bit, trying to get familiar with it, but it was hard through the material of the pants. Not even thinking about it, he slid his hand under the waistband of Freddie's pajama bottoms and realized that this time the singer was wearing underwear. Not knowing if he'd be comfortable just yet with feeling it without any barrier, John wrapped his hand around Freddie and immediately he felt the singer just collapse on top of him, not being able to support himself anymore.

"Oh god, John," Freddie breathed out, "C-Colour?"

"Green," the bassist smiled hesitantly, feeling the singer shudder against him.

"Y-You really don't have to, darling."

"You did say I should ... shake hands with Frederico," John teased, chuckling a bit.

"Ah, yes. I-I did say that - Oh, god," Freddie's voice was shaking, "How do you ... like him?"

"I-I think he's happy to see me," John let out a laugh, surprised at how little he was doing and how much it seemed to affect the singer. He was just holding it, tightening his grip around it, moving his hand up and down slowly. He could feel some kind of wetness on the material, but it didn't seem as
if Freddie ... finished.

The singer started to move his hips, pressing himself against John, letting out silent whimpers that John was only able to hear because Freddie's face was resting against his neck.

"A-Are you alright?" he heard the singer ask and hearing those words made John's heart melt with love.

"I-I'm alright," he replied, bringing his other hand up, placing it on Freddie's back.

And then suddenly he felt Freddie move, gently pulling the bassist's hand out of his pants, placing soft kisses all over John's neck, his chest and then he moved even lower, leaving a trail off kisses all the way down John's belly. The bassist giggled because he was very ticklish, but then Freddie stopped right above the waistband of John's pajama pants.

"Where are you going, Freddie?" John laughed, feeling a bit weird with the singer so far away from him.

When he met Freddie's eyes, he could see the playfulness in them, but it was almost completely overshadowed with desire.

The singer licked his lips slowly, "You know, darling ... I was raised well and I really think that I should keep my promises."

"What prom - " John started to ask, but then he realized it, "Oh."

"Can I?" Freddie asked softly, his hands moving up and down John's legs, slowly caressing him.

"I-I don't know, Freddie," immediately the bassist tensed up.

"Are you just nervous? I can work with that," the singer said softly, "But if there's another reason you don't want to do it, I'm not going to push you."

"N-No, I'm just nervous. It's not ... anything bad," John replied a bit breathlessly, "You don't have to do it, Freddie. Really."

The singer smiled, "I want to do it. I've wanted to do it for weeks, darling."

John just stared at Freddie, not knowing what to say or do. If he was being completely honest, he wanted to try it, but at the same time he was panicking.
"It's strange looking," John whispered awkwardly.

"It's not strange looking, honey," Freddie said, smiling, "I really wish to meet William. Can I? Please?"

John was really glad the lights were turned off and even though it wasn't completely dark in the room, it still offered some kind of comfort.

Freddie placed another kiss right on top of John's groin and involuntarily John's hips bucked up, almost smacking the singer in the face.

"Oh god, I-I'm sorry!" John panicked.

Freddie just laughed, "Don't worry about it, darling."

And then John felt the singer's fingers hook under the waistband of his pants and when he met his eyes, he could clearly see the question burning in them.

Finally, John nodded, "G-Green."

"Say the word and I'll stop immediately, alright?"

"Alright, Freddie."

Feeling a bit embarrassed, John shut his eyes the moment he felt Freddie gently pull down his pants, along with his underwear. He shuddered as the cold air hit him but only a moment later he felt something very warm on him.

"Oh my god!" he shrieked, his eyes snapping open.

The feeling was gone and he heard Freddie chuckling, "Sweetheart, we don't want Roger to hear us all the way to the bathroom."

John nodded, trying to catch his breath. He fixed his eyes on the ceiling, breathing slowly.

In and out.

In and out.
This time he felt Freddie kissing the inside of his thighs softly and it made him smile and relax. But then that feeling returned, the feel of something hot and wet right on his ... well, William. He struggled to keep his eyes open, but it was pointless.

"F-Freddie," he breathed out, biting into his fist to prevent himself from moaning.

At first he felt that warm feeling only on the tip, but slowly it spread all the way down and John could not resist looking. He opened his eyes and looked down at himself. He nearly passed out at the sight of Freddie swallowing all of him; he couldn't see anything of his William. It was all gone. The moment he locked eyes with the singer, John moaned again, not able to stop himself. He could hear Freddie giggling and the vibrations that it caused was too much for John. His head fell back onto the pillow and he breathed heavily, his entire body shaking.

"F-Freddie, talk ... talk to m-me," he barely managed to force out, needing to hear the singer's voice again, needing to feel the closeness.

He could feel Freddie release his cock with a pop and then the singer chuckled, "Darling, I know I'm very good at multitasking, but I am not that good."

John could not help but laugh, realizing only now how crazy his demand was, "I-I was just - Oh god," he moaned as he felt the singer licking the head teasingly before stopping, waiting for the bassist to continue.

"I-I miss you up here," John whispered, feeling a bit stupid. He did enjoy what Freddie was doing to him, but he needed to feel him closer. It was hard to explain and it probably did not make any sense to Freddie.

But he felt the singer kiss the inside of his thigh again, his voice low when he spoke, "I quite like William."

"Freddie," John laughed, trying to hide his face into the pillow.

But Freddie continued his teasing, "I think he likes me as well. He is very well behaved, I must say. He stood up to greet me and everything."

"Freddie," John laughed again, "Shut up!"

"Gladly," the singer grinned and then John felt his mouth on him again.

"Oh my god, oh my god," he kept repeating, not able to stop himself.
It was then that he felt Freddie's hands on his own, interlocking their fingers. That gave John the closeness he needed and soon he felt something building inside of him. His entire body started to tingle and his hips bucked up into Freddie's mouth; he tried to apologize, but the words would not leave his mouth and Freddie did not seem to mind.

It did not take long before John could feel it approaching, he knew the feeling pretty well by now and he tried to warn the singer.

"F-Freddie, you need to ... m-move away," he whispered, his eyes closed.

It did come sooner that John expected, though. And the intensity of it surprised him; he tensed - hips raised - and let out a long, heartfelt moan. At that moment he could not even remember his own name and the only thing he was aware of was his body exploding with pleasure, twitching with aftershocks. And one more thing that surprised him; he could still feel Freddie's warm mouth on him.

And then ... darkness.

John could not describe the feeling of tranquility that took over him.

But then he heard a familiar voice.

"Sweetheart, can you hear me?"

John nodded, still not opening his eyes.

"Look at me, darling."

It was a bit difficult, but John obeyed and the first thing he saw were Freddie's warm, brown eyes looking back at him.

"I think you blacked out, dear," Freddie said, a bit worridly. "I knew I was good, but not that good."

"I didn't ... " John struggled to speak, his lips curling up into a smile, "I didn't black out. I could still feel you and ... hear you."

The singer relaxed a bit, "That's good," and then he smiled back, "Did you like it?"

"Freddie," the bassist breathed out, "That was ... Oh my god."
"Thank you," the singer smirked, "You know that I have four extra teeth in my mouth? Well, that means more room in my mouth which - "

"Freddie!" John interrupted him, blushing and laughing at the same time. And then he remembered, "I-I'm sorry for not ... giving you a warning before I ... I mean, I tried to tell you - "

"Oh, I knew what was going to happen, darling," Freddie smirked, biting his lower lip, "You did not surprise me."

"How?"

The older boy raised his eyebrow, "Only a blind man would be able to miss the signs."

John blushed even more, "You didn't have to ... you know."

"But there's no mess that way. I cleaned you all up. No more ruined pajama bottoms," Freddie said seductively, "Besides, I love doing that. For the right person."

The bassist just stared at him, not believing how lucky he got with Freddie. Not because of the whole swallowing matter, but because Freddie was one of the kindest, most generous, most caring people he ever knew.

Suddenly feeling the need to kiss him, he leaned over to the older boy, but was surprised to see Freddie dodge the kiss, moving away a bit.

The singer smiled weakly, looking down, "You ... you don't have to do that."

John did feel a bit hurt and confused by the sudden rejection, "What do you mean?"

"You don't have to ... kiss me after I ... I-I really don't mind," the singer forced a smile, "I'll just go wash my mouth and I'll be back - "

Before he could move, John grabbed his hand, "Wait. I-I don't understand. Why can't I kiss you?"

"You don't have to, darling. I understand."

"Freddie. I-I want to," the bassist said firmly, not letting go of the singer's hand, "Did your previous partners refuse to kiss you after ... ?" he trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

It was clear that Freddie was struggling to answer and he just smiled again, acting as if it wasn't a big
deal, "I understand -"

John did not allow him to finish that sentence; he moved closer, pressing his lips against Freddie's. After a moment he could feel Freddie's hand on his face, gently caressing his cheek as they kissed, their lips slowly moving against each other.

When they finally parted, John was surprised to see Freddie's eyes shimmer with something that seemed like ... water. Were those tears? He couldn't really tell because of the darkness, but then the singer smiled and John returned the smile, still feeling Freddie tenderly palm his cheek and rubbing his thumb over the soft skin.

And then he heard it.

"I love you, darling."

Immediately John's smile disappeared from his face and his eyes widened in shock, "Did you ... what did you just say?"

Freddie let out a shaky breath, but he never broke the eye contact with John as he repeated, "I love you. I love you."

"You love me?" John couldn't not believe his ears, "Are you sure? You're not just saying that because ... I-I kissed you?"

"I love you, darling," Freddie smiled, his voice shaking a bit.

Silence.

John had dreamt about hearing those words and now when he was actually hearing them, he couldn't think of anything else to say but, "I love you too, Freddie."

Freddie let out a nervous laugh, "I can't believe this is happening."

"But are you sure?" John asked, "I-I mean, did you ... think about it? We promised to take a few days and ... think about it. Did you?"

"No," Freddie answered truthfully, "Did you?"

John shook his head, chuckling, "No."
"But ... I love you."

"I love you too," John replied softly, throwing himself into Freddie's arms. They just held each other like that for a few minutes, neither saying anything.

Freddie knew things were not going to be simple from that day forward, but at that moment he did not care. At least for this evening he did not want to worry and think about all the problems that would come their way.

Another nervous laugh escaped him.

He loved John.

He really was in love with John.

Chapter End Notes

It took him 30 chapters, but Freddie finally said it! <3 :D I think it's fair to say they are boyfriend and boyfriend now. ;D
Before John even opened his eyes the next morning, he felt someone's hand on his face. A finger was being softly traced down his cheek and then across his chin and when John finally opened his eyes, he found Freddie staring at him, their faces only inches apart.

The singer quickly removed his hand, "I'm sorry. Did I wake you?"

"No, don't worry," John replied, yawning, "How long have you been awake?"

"For almost half an hour now."

John did find that a bit strange as Freddie was not the one to waste time and remain in bed for longer than necessary. The singer was usually out of bed the moment he opened his eyes; a complete opposite of John.

"And what were you doing all this time?" the bassist asked, smiling.

Freddie returned the smile, biting his lower lip, "Looking at you."

It was than that John remembered the events of the previous night. That was how his mind worked.

Freddie biting his lip.

Lip.

Mouth.

Blowjob.

The bassist blushed before he could stop it and he hid his face in the pillow.

"What did I do?" Freddie chuckled.

"You know what," John replied through the pillow, "Why are you biting your lip, Freddie?"

"I didn't even realize it."

John just groaned, but a chuckle did escape him. Then he felt Freddie take the pillow away and John
was forced to meet Freddie's eyes again.
"Was it that horrible?" the singer asked, then smirked, "I was under the expression it went quite well.
I mean ... William certainly liked it."
"Would you - " John blushed ever harder, "Freddie."
"What?" the singer acted innocent.
And then John murmured something under his breath, looking down in discomfort.
"What was that, darling?"
"It's strndgelokng."
"What on earth are you saying, darling?" Freddie laughed harder this time.
Finally John took a deep breath, "It's strange looking."
"What is?"
"It. William," John replied quietly, "I-I mean it's ... not like yours."
"Well, of course it's not like mine, dear. We're two different people," Freddie explained, "What are
you worried about?"
"It's ... " it was clear that John was struggling with words and he even lowered his voice, fearing
Roger might hear him, "It's ... smaller."
Freddie just stared at him, waiting for him to continue. But when John didn't, the singer blinked at
him in confusion, "That's it, darling? You are worried because it's smaller than mine?"
"Well ... yes," John replied, as if it couldn't be more obvious.
"Honey, did it seem I was having a problem with it last night?"
"N-No," the younger boy replied, "But still ... "


"William is beautiful. Just like you are," Freddie said, running his hand through John's hair, making the bassist let out a moan. He really liked his hair being played with.

And then the singer continued, "Besides, you really should not worry about your size, darling. I've seen smaller. Much smaller. Half your size, actually."

"Fredke," John grimaced at the mental image.

"I'm trying to make you feel better, darling," Freddie chuckled, then raised his eyebrow, "I think William is going to fit just fine exactly where I want him to."

Before John could question that sentence, Freddie jumped out of the bed, walking towards the door.

"Wait!" the bassist called after him, making the singer stop and turn to him, "D-Did you ... mean it last night? When you said ... ?"

"When I said what?" Freddie teased, even though it was obvious he knew what John was asking about.

"That you ... l-love me?"

"I meant it," Freddie's voice was softer than ever and the smile he offered right after saying it, made John's insides melt.

"A-Alright," was all he was able to say, his lips curling up into a smile.

When he was finally left alone, John felt slightly relieved because he desperately needed some time for himself. There were quite a few things his mind needed to process.

First.

He had his first blowjob. And it was the best thing ever. Well, Freddie doing it was the best thing ever. Just the thought of Freddie doing that to him was enough to send shivers down his body. There was something so very intimate about it; letting someone get that close to you and the other person being willing to get that close to you. If John was being completely honest, he did think that blowjobs were a bit ... odd, but it didn't feel odd with Freddie. In fact, Freddie was the only person John could envision doing that to him. And at the same time, he could see himself doing it to Freddie only. If the singer had asked him to return the favor, John would actually try and do it. Even if he failed completely and embarrassed himself. He was that comfortable with Freddie last night that he was willing to do anything the singer asked of him.
And the second thing.

Freddie loved him back. He really loved him. How? And what did that mean? Were they *boyfriends* now? Were they in a serious relationship now? Are things going to change? Is John expected to move in with Freddie?

The bassist could still remember clearly the first time he met Freddie. It was about two months ago and John was a nervous wreck walking into the room where the auditions were being held. He wasn't nervous about his ability to play; he knew he was a very good bass player, he was just not very good with people. And even if did he manage to impress them with his bass playing, if they didn't click as people, they wouldn't accept him into the band.

But at Freddie's first "*darling*" directed at him, John completely relaxed. Because of the singer's caring nature and the ability to make everyone feel accepted and welcomed, John gravitated towards him since the very beginning and he couldn't believe that only two months later Freddie was saying the 'I love you' to him. *Him* of all people.

Even though John knew they had a gig later that night; a gig they did not rehearse for at all, and that he should be nervous about it, John could not find it in himself to care very much. Was this what being in love felt like?

It was going to be a beautiful day.

ooo

The weather did not seem to be agreeing with John, though. It was pouring rain and it did not seem as if it was going to stop anytime soon. But the bassist couldn't care less about the weather. He was on cloud nine. He was over the moon. He was -

"What's up with you two?"

John snapped back to reality, turning to look at Roger, "W-What?"

"What is up with you two?" the drummer repeated the question, "Neither one of you is paying attention to anything I say."

Roger was right. The three of them were having breakfast, but all John could see was Freddie. If he was being honest, he could hear Roger's voice in the background, but he could not understand one word that came out of the drummer's mouth. All he could concentrate on was Freddie and the way the singer was looking at him and touching his leg with his. It was obvious that Freddie as well was not paying any attention to Roger; he kept smiling at John and licking his lips, making John blush.
"Hello?" Roger's voice could be heard, "You are doing it again! If this keeps on happening, I might consider moving out and find flatmates that actually appreciate me."

Finally Freddie and John stopped staring at each other and Freddie was the first one to speak, "Oh, don't be ridiculous, darling. I don't think Brian would appreciate you showing up at his doorstep with five suitcases."

"I have other friends, you know," Roger acted offended.

Freddie rolled his eyes, "What is the emergency, darling?"

"Er, our gig? Were you even listening?"

"I was, Rog," Freddie rolled his eyes again, then cleared his throat, "Would you mind repeating it?"

John chuckled as Roger let out an exasperated sigh, shaking his head, "Forget about it, mate."

"No, Rog, I'm sorry, alright?" Freddie used his sweet voice, batting his eyelashes at the drummer.

At first Roger just ignored him, but after a few moments he smiled, even though he really tried not to, "Fine. I was saying that the gig should go fine. We'll just repeat the exact same thing we did at the last one. The same songs and Brian and I will help you sing. Our mics will have to be - "

He was cut off by a doorbell.

John jumped up, "That's probably Brian."

He went to answer the door, but before he left the kitchen, he turned around for some reason and it was then that he noticed Freddie staring at him. Well, staring at his lower half. The singer was totally staring at John's arse. And was he biting his lip again?

Not knowing how to react to that, John almost ran out of the kitchen, hurrying to answer the door. When he walked back in with Brian, John was very careful to not turn his back to Freddie again. What was the singer thinking, staring at his arse that obviously? What would Roger and Brian think if they saw it?

After the breakfast, both Roger and Brian got to work, loading the van with all their equipment and driving to the club they were set to perform at, making sure everything would be ready for them. Freddie insisted to go with them, but he was ordered to stay home, drink lots of tea and rest. John was ordered to stay with him and make sure the singer was resting his voice and even though John
was a bit worried about leaving Brian and Roger alone, fearing they might end up killing each other before they even arrive at the club, he had no choice but to obey.

As he brought another hot cup of tea to Freddie's bedroom, he found the singer on the bed, painting his nails with black nail polish. Freddie was just out of the shower, his hair was wet and he was wearing only a yellow bathrobe and there was something so very interesting about how concentrated he was on the task.

When he finished the nails on one hand, John expected him to do the same to the other hand and was surprised to see the singer simply put the nail polish back into the drawer, moving his hand up and down, blowing air on the freshly painted nails, trying to make it dry faster.

"Just one hand?" John asked, placing the tea on the nightstand.

"Well, of course, darling," Freddie replied, grinning, "It's more interesting that way."

John nodded, letting out a chuckle, "If you say so, Freddie. Do you know what you'll be wearing?"

The singer's eyes widened in excitement, "Yes! I bought this white leotard a while ago and I haven't had the chance to wear it. Tonight is the night, darling."

"White?" John asked awkwardly, "And er ... under the stage lights ... will it be see-through?"

Freddie's grinned, "Don't worry about it, dear. I have everything figured out," and with that he picked up something white from behind him, holding it up in front of John.

It took him a moment, but then he blushed as he realized what it was, "I-It looks like a ... male thong?"

"It's a dance belt, darling!"

"It looks like a thong, Freddie," John chuckled, eyeing the item in Freddie's hand.

"It's what male ballet dancers wear under their tights," Freddie explained, the excitement never leaving his face, "And I have just the right ballet shoes for it."

John could not believe how brave Freddie was for daring to go on stage wearing a white leotard and ballet shoes while being in a rock and roll band. "I'm sure you'll look beautiful," John smiled.
The compliment did seem to make Freddie blush and he cleared his throat, "I look beautiful every day, darling!"

"I-I can't argue with that," the bassist chuckled, "Now drink your tea. And stop talking. You need to rest your voice."

Freddie did roll his eyes at that, acting like a child again, but then his eyes got playful, "Do you really want me to stop talking?"

"Y-Yes?" John replied a bit hesitantly.

"Brian and Roger won't be back for another hour," the singer said, looking at John.

"Alright?"

John suspected he knew what the singer was insinuating, but he couldn't be sure and did not want to jump to conclusions. However, when Freddie leaned in and placed a soft kiss on John's lips, the bassist knew his suspicions were correct.

And he wasn't complaining.

"You should ... be ... resting, though," John said in-between kisses, feeling himself be slowly lowered onto the bed with Freddie on top of him.

"Oh, I'm not planning on doing any hard labor, darling," the singer chuckled, "Perhaps just a ... short make out session?"

When John said nothing, the singer stopped at looked down at him, waiting for his reaction. John pretended to be thinking hard about it and the singer's mouth dropped in shock, "You have to think that hard about it, dear?"

"I-I'm joking, Freddie," John laughed, brushing the hair out of Freddie's face.

"You better be," the singer teased, "I don't take no for an answer."

Freddie knew he made a mistake the moment those words left his mouth and he felt John tense up underneath him. Immediately, he propped himself up on his elbow, looking down at he bassist, "John, I-I didn't mean it like that. That was stupid of me, I-I'm sorry - "

"It's fine, Freddie," the bassist smiled, "I-I know you didn't mean it."
The concern was still on Freddie's face as he spoke, "Sometimes I say stupid shit -"

"Freddie," John interrupted him, caressing the singer's face, "Can you ... shut up and kiss me?"

"Are you sure, darling?"

"Yes."

Freddie gave him a big, toothy grin before obeying, pressing his lips against John's again, lightly biting his lower lip, before moving down, leaving a trail of kisses all over John's neck. And then he suddenly stopped, licking one particular spot on John's neck.

"Can I?" he asked quietly.

"Can you what?" John almost moaned, he was enjoying this way too much. He was getting really excited and they weren't even doing anything.

"Can I leave something on your neck?" Freddie whispered, placing another kiss right on that spot, "So that everyone in the audience knows that you are off the market?"

John chuckled, "And who says I am off the market?"

Freddie immediately looked up, meeting his eyes, "Darling."

Upon noticing the hurt on the singer's face, John quickly said, "I-I'm joking, Freddie. You know I'm ... you know. I-I mean, if you want me to."

"If I want you to what, dear?" this time it was Freddie's turn to tease and his traced his other hand down John's chest, slipping under his shirt, caressing his soft skin.

"If you want me .. " John shivered at the contact, "I-If you want me to be off the market."

"And why would you be off the market?" Freddie asked as he found John's nipple, gently playing with it.

"B-Because I'd be yours," the bassist breathed out, closing his eyes, enjoying the sensations that were going through his body.

He heard Freddie let out a growl and then he felt his mouth on his neck again, kissing and licking
and softly sucking the skin there. Slowly, his lips moved down to his collarbone and he pressed another gentle kiss there before sucking the skin very gently.

"Y-Yes," John whispered, his hips bucking up. He wrapped his arms around Freddie, pulling him closer, his eyes shut in pure pleasure. The singer kept caressing John's chest as one of his legs slipped in between John's, finally giving the bassist the touch that he apparently so desperately needed.

John felt Freddie sucking on his skin, kissing it, licking it and it almost became too much for him. It wasn't passionate making out, it was very slow and both were barely even moving.

"I-I love you, Freddie," John whispered, holding onto the singer. He did feel that familiar feeling bubbling inside of him, but he thought nothing of it.

"I love you, John."

But those words caught him off guard and that familiar feeling suddenly seemed ten times bigger and it was out of John's control.

"S-Say it again, please," he whispered, pulling Freddie even closer and hiding his face in the singer's neck.

"I love you, honey."

That was it.

John went completely still for a moment, a silent moan escaping his lips as he held onto Freddie, his body exploding with pleasure.

_Oh no._

After a few moments, John's body went completely limp and he finally let go of the singer, his arms falling lifelessly at his sides. He was still struggling to catch his breath and open his eyes, but then he felt a hand on his face, gently brushing his hair away.

_Oh no._

Silence.

And then finally John heard a familiar voice, "Darling, did you just - ?"
John refused to open his eyes, he *refused* to look at Freddie; he was utterly embarrassed. It wasn’t something he planned and it caught him completely off guard. They were only making out for a few minutes, fifteen at most.

"Darling?"

John could hear the amusement in the singer's voice and he just wanted to hide under the covers.

"I-I'm sorry," the bassist finally forced out, "I-I don't know what happened."

Freddie chuckled at that, "Well, *I* do. That, my dear, is called an orgas-"

"Freddie!" John cut him off, hiding his face in his hands, "I-I don't know how ... I'm really sorry."

"Look at me, darling."

At first, John just ignored him and kept his eyes shut, hoping the entire incident would just go away if he ignored it.

"John."

Finally, the bassist opened his eyes and noticed Freddie staring at him, offering a warm, comforting smile.

"Why are you embarrassed, dear?" the older boy asked in a serious voice.

"You know why. I-I just ... " he trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

"Do you realize how ... hot that is?"

Hearing that *did* surprise John and he narrowed his eyes at Freddie, waiting for him to continue.

"The fact that you got that worked up over me - " and then the singer stopped, "It was over *me*, right?"

"Yes!" John could not help but smile, the embarrassment slowly going away.

"And I did not even touch you, darling," Freddie continued slowly, almost purring, "Do you even realize what that does to me?"
"N-No?" John was starting to get hot again.

And then he felt the singer grind his groin against his leg and that was when he felt it. It seemed as if his Frederico was very interested. Before John could answer or react to it in any way, a noise could be heard from the front door. And then voices.

"Shit," Freddie swore, immediately moving off of John, "I thought they'd take longer to get back."

John sat up, looking awkwardly at his lap, "I-I have to ... change my clothes."

"I can clean you off, darling," Freddie offered, licking his lips again.

"Freddie!" was all John could say at that moment; he jumped out of the bed and hurried into the bathroom. He could heard the singer chuckling after him and if he was being completely honest, the situation was a bit funny.

Once he was all cleaned up, John returned to the bedroom to find it empty. He took that time to quickly change into what he was planning to wear for the gig. White bell bottom pants with a button-up shirt. And his favorite. Beige platform boots.

Satisfied with the result, he threw on his jacket and made his way to the living room, where the other three boys were already waiting to leave.

"Darling!" Freddie jumped up, walking over to John, "You're taller than me in those boots."

"You're shorter than your boyfriend," Roger teased, chucking to himself.

Freddie shot him a look, "Yes, you are the one to talk."

"What do you mean?" the drummer was confused.

As a reply, the singer only threw a glance at Brian, who was sitting on the sofa, minding his own business.
"Now, wait a second!" the guitarist stood up.

"I'm joking," Freddie rolled his eyes, "Don't be so butthurt, darling."

When they finally made their way out of the flat, it was slowly getting dark outside and it was still pouring rain, which caused Brian to drive even slower than usually. This time they didn't argue over shotgun; Freddie was more than willing to sit in the back with John. They were holding hands the entire drive to the club, completely in their own little world, barely hearing Roger and Brian arguing.

"I swear, Bri. If we are late to our own gig because of you," the drummer threatened.

"It's better to be late than dead, Roger. Do shut up."

"The street is empty! Why are you stopping?"

"Because it's a stop sign. Do you see it? It's right there - "

"I swear, I'll hit you over the head with it if you don't drive!"

"What's the magic word?"

"Oh, fuck me!"

ooo

The boys have never been to that club before because it was fairly new, but it seemed to be a normal club. Even though it wasn't very late yet, there were a lot of people there. The stage was small, as usual and all their equipment was already there. Brian led them through the crowd and finally they found a man that was apparently the manager of the club.

"You can get ready in that room over there!" he said, pointing at the door close to the stage.

"Alright, thank you," Brian replied, "How long have we got?"

The man looked at his watch, "About twenty minutes."
The boys nodded, quickly making their way towards the dressing room. Halfway there Brian noticed that Roger was gone and he looked around, noticing the blond talking to some girl. Rolling his eyes, he stormed off to him, grabbing his arm and dragging him away.

"He has work to do," he said to the girl who seemed very confused at the way Roger was being pulled away.

When they finally entered the dressing room, Brian finally released the drummer, "What were you doing, Rog? We are here to do our job."

The drummer looked at his arm, rubbing it, "If that leaves a bruise, I'm kicking your arse."

"This is supposed to be a dressing room?" Freddie complained, crossing his arms over his chest.

The room was pretty small and the only thing it offered was a mirror, a table and a few chairs.

"Well, what did you expect?" Roger asked, "A personal masseuse?"

"You know me so well, darling!"

John chuckled, wondering if a day would ever come when they could actually afford a personal masseuse. He quickly looked at himself in the mirror, realizing he looked fine and then he went to sit down and try and relax. He did not have to change his clothes; which was something that Freddie had to do and was apparently having problems with it.

"There's no privacy!" Freddie complained, "I need to change into my leotards. Where am I supposed to do that?"

"Oh, it's not like we haven't seen you in your underwear before, Freddie," Roger replied, "Don't be so dramatic."

"Dramatic?" Freddie gasped, "I have to change my underwear as well, if you must know. Do you wish to see that, darling?"

Roger grimaced, "Why do you have to change your - Ugh, never mind. We'll look away and you ... do your thing, Fred."

Brian cleared his throat and turned away, followed by Roger. John did the same thing and then he heard Freddie's voice, trying to act seductive, "You don't have to turn around, darling."

The bassist blushed, "Oh, I-I just ... It's fine - "
"Fred, shut up and get dressed," Roger said, letting out a sigh.

Freddie groaned something in response and they all heard him changing, giggling to himself a bit and then he finally said, "I'm all dressed up, darlings."

When they turned to face him, they all needed a moment to react. Brian raised his eyebrows, trying to remain diplomatic, "You look ... interesting."

"I can literally see your cock, Fred," Roger grimaced, covering his eyes, "Why do I always have to see your cock?"

Freddie gasped, looking down at himself, "You can't see it! You're lying!" then he turned to John, a bit worried, "Can you really see it, darling?"

The bassist cleared his throat, forcing himself to look down at Freddie's groin. The material of his leotard was a bit see-through, but all you could see was Freddie's underwear. Because the leotard was very tight, the shape of Frederico could be seen very well, but it didn't seem as if Freddie was worried about that.

"Er .. " John started awkwardly, "You can't really see it. It's just ... the ... what's it called again?"

"A dance belt, dear," Freddie replied, grinning.

John nodded, letting out a nervous laugh. The singer spun around, flicking his hair back, admiring himself in the mirror. Satisfied with how he looked, he sat down on a chair and put on his ballet shoes. John could not help but smile stupidly at the boy in front of him, wearing a white leotard with ballet shoes, about to go on stage and sing rock and roll songs.

And while he stared at Freddie, completely oblivious to anything around him, he heard Roger's voice, "Nice necklace, Deaky."

Instinctively his hand went up to his neck, "N-Necklace?" he asked in confusion. He wasn't wearing a necklace.

"He's talking about your hickey, darling," Freddie said, smiling at him.

Immediately John blushed, quickly walking over to the mirror, looking at his neck. There wasn't just one, but two little marks on his neck, not far away from each other. He was embarrassed, but if he was being completely honest, he could literally feel butterflies in his stomach at the sight of it. Freddie did that to him.
"Alright, you two lovebirds," Roger drawled, pretending to be annoyed, "Are you ready to go on stage?"

They all stood up, leaving the room one by one; they weren't as nervous as they expected to be. The moment Freddie stepped on that stage, he had the audience's attention. There were a few comments, one especially angered John. Before Freddie had a chance to even say anything someone called him a 'Paki', but the singer ignored it. After introducing himself, he handed the attention to his band mates, introducing them all one by one.

"This is Roger," he said, grinning at the loud applause from the crowd, especially the girls, "Yes, yes, he's very pretty. We know."

Then he pointed at Brian, who smiled and waved at the audience, "Brian May. He's got a big cock."

A laugh escaped John at Brian's horrified expression, but then the attention was turned to him and he felt like a deer in the headlights. Thankfully, Freddie noticed this and did not describe him with something that would make John feel really awkward.

"John Deacon," Freddie smiled at him, "Our new bass player. The best bass player around, I tell you."

John could melt with the sweetness, but then Freddie turned to face the audience again, "Are you ready for some rock and roll?"

The audience cheered and Roger started hitting his drums, introducing the first song of the night. It was Sheer Heart Attack which really made the crowd go crazy. Freddie's voice wasn't all there and it did crack a few times, but thankfully Roger and Brian helped to the best of their ability. John did notice that Freddie was going over his limits and he suspected the singer would barely be able to talk the next day.

The audience, however, did not notice a thing. How could they? Freddie was jumping around, rolling on the flow, literally exercising on stage. There was a point in the song where he made his way over to Roger's drums, grinding on them. John could not help but laugh at that; but strangely Roger did not seem to mind it. Him and Freddie held eye contact as the drummer literally pounded his drums hard and fast as he could and Freddie's body shook with the sounds it made. Before they even finished the first song, Freddie was sweating profusely and he pulled the straps of his leotard down, tying them around his waist.

_And he's topless._

After Freddie gave him a cheeky grin, John suspected the real reason behind Freddie's partial undressing and he was really glad that he had his bass guitar to hide behind.
"Listen to me, darlings," Freddie laughed, addressing the audience, "Now something a bit slower. Yes, yes, Rog, we all know you hate slow things. You see, Roger here is into fast things. Fast songs, fast cars ... and so on."

The girls cheered even louder, while Roger just waved at them, wearing a smug expression. Freddie really was a good wingman.

The next song they performed was Doing Alright.

John felt shivers run down his body as Freddie turned to him, staring directly into his eyes as he sang the first few words, "Yesterday my life was in ruin. Now today I know what I'm doing."

He couldn't really explain why, but at that moment it seemed as if Freddie was speaking directly to him. It was a good thing that his body remembered how to play bass and he was doing it without thinking, because for a few long moments his mind was elsewhere.

The song Liar was next and John was literally shaking with excitement, waiting for that part of the song where Freddie shared his microphone with him. He could remember how good it felt when they did that at their last gig, but that was a while ago and things were different then. Now, him and Freddie were ... together? All John knew was that apparently he was off the market.

"Listen, are you gonna listen?" Freddie growled, then waited a few moments before making his way over to John, "Mama I'm gonna be your slave."

The singer stood in front of John, leaning back against him, almost resting his head on John's shoulder as they sang together.

"All day long. Mama I'm gonna try behave. All day long."

It was strange; the effect that Freddie had on John. In Freddie's presence the bassist stopped being shy and at that moment, John wanted to sing the whole damn song with Freddie.

"Mama I'm gonna be your slave."

"All day long."

"I'm gonna serve you till your dying day."

And then John felt it. Freddie leaning even more against him, his backside rubbing on John's thigh. John could not believe what was happening. Could the audience tell that Freddie was moving his
arse all over John's thigh? Could Roger and Brian see it?

"All day long."

"I'm gonna keep you till your dying day."

"All day long."

With those words Freddie slowly moved away from him, but not before giving him a wink and a smile which caused John to blush and nearly forget that his solo part was coming up.

Thankfully, he did remember and he slowly walked over to centre of the stage, which clearly surprised Freddie, but John broke the eye contact, looking down at his bass as his fingers strummed the strings with passion, slamming the bass against his lower body. He remembered that Freddie once told him he liked seeing him to that; and John did it even harder this time.

When his part was finally done, he dropped his arm lifelessly and slowly walked back to his spot as Freddie took over the centre of the stage again.

After that song, Freddie gave a look to his band member, letting them know that he was about to try something.

"Now," the singer addressed the audience, breathing heavily as if he had just run the marathon, "Repeat after me, darlings."

He snapped his fingers, "Yeah yeah!" and pointed at the crowd.

The people seemed to understand and they repeated, singing back at him, "Yeah yeah!"

"Yeah yeah!" Freddie sang again and this time Roger joined in, accompanying the improvisation with his drumming.

"Yeh yeh yeh yeh yeh... ya," Freddie sang, pointing his microphone at the audience who immediately repeated the words after him. And they seemed happy to do it.

John could not believe what was happening; he exchanged looks with Brian who had a big smile on his face as he observed the scene in front of him.

"Yolaylay laylo yolaylaylay.. laylo!"
"All... right. All... right. Okay. Okay," Freddie snapped his fingers to the beat and after the audience repeated after him, Roger started playing the drum intro to the Keep Yourself Alive.

It was the best night ever.

ooo

The moment they stepped into their dressing room, Freddie pulled John into a kiss, wrapping his arms around him. Roger did let out a disgusted groan, but they both knew he was just teasing and they ignored him.

"I almost need to stand on my toes to be able to kiss you, darling," the singer laughed, "You are too tall in those boots."

"Yes, but I look good," John chuckled.

"That you do," Freddie grinned, pulling the bassist in for another kiss.

"Get a room, will you?" Roger groaned again, "Get changed, Freddie. We need to pack up our things and clear the stage."

"We were ... " Brian started, but was unable to find the right word. He was very excited, though. Literally bursting with pride and joy.

Then he looked at Roger.

"I'm so happy I could ... hug you, Rog."

"Eww. Please, don't," the drummer grimaced.

After finally breaking apart, Freddie quickly changed into his usual clothes while the rest of them just wiped their faces with a towel.

"We'll go move our stuff into the van," the drummer said, "Deaky, you stay here and pack these things up."

"Alright," John nodded, already picking Freddie's leotard up from the floor. He couldn't help but
smile as he watched the other three boys leave the room, chatting amongst themselves, giggling and clapping their hands.

Once he was left alone, John quickly packed all their clothes and towels and Freddie's makeup. He was wiping the sweat off of his own face as he heard the door open behind him. He turned around in surprise, not expecting the other three boys to return that quickly.

Only it wasn't them.

"Can I ask for an autograph?"

John felt his entire body just freeze when he recognized Tom. His mind went into panic mode, but his body refused to do anything, it just stood there. It was so unexpected, so random that John's brain needed a few moments to register what was happening.

Tom was really there, in their dressing room, alone with him.

"No autograph then?" Tom chuckled as he closed the doors behind him and stepped further into the room.

"W-What are you doing here?" John managed to ask, his throat closing up with panic.

"Well, I came to see the famous band," he replied, crossing his arms over his chest and looking around, "Though, this room does not look that fancy."

John could not speak. He just stared at Tom, carefully watching his every move.

"I wanted to talk to you, John," Tom smiled, "In private. If that's alright with you."

"I-It's not," the words escaped John before he could stop himself.

"Trust me, you really do not wish to have this conversation in front of anyone."

"Freddie, Roger and Brian are going to return soon and you better -" 

"Oh, I've seen them packing up their equipment and talking to some girls. I think it's safe to say we have a few minutes," Tom said, still smiling.

"N-No."
"No? You don't agree?" he asked, stepping closer to John, making the bassist take a step back, his body hitting the wall.

"Well, listen to this," Tom said, letting out a breath, "Either we have this talk and you are nice to me or ... I go out there and make a scene. Trust me, when the word gets out that the lead singer and ... what are you? You play a guitar or something? Anyway, when the word gets out that half of this band consists of fags, no one is going to let you play at their club ever again. Actually, more than a half. I've seen you with that tall guy with crazy hair. Bruce? Or something like that? Don't tell me there's nothing going on between you two."

John's throat closed up with panic, "Y-You wouldn't -"

"I would. I have nothing to lose, but apparently you have plenty."

Silence.

John kept looking at the door behind Tom, hoping, praying that Roger or Brian would just walk in. Not Freddie, though. He didn't want Freddie anywhere near Tom.

"Tell me, John. Now that I have your attention," he chuckled, "Did you give Freddie my message?"

It took John a few moments to remember what message he was talking about and then he just shook his head.

"No? You didn't? And why is that?"

"S-Stay away from Freddie," John whispered, but clearly Tom heard it and it really enraged him.

"You don't tell me what to do. I tell you what to do. That is how this works, alright?" he asked, his tone getting angrier by the second.

"A-Alright," John nodded in fear, surprised that his own legs were still able to hold him up. He didn't want Tom in this room anymore, but at the same time he didn't want him out of the room, making a scene.

Tom then traced his eyes up and down John's body very slowly and then he let out a laugh, "I honestly don't know what Freddie sees in you. It's probably the arse. I mean that's what's really important to him. Turn around."

"W-What?" John tensed up, pressing himself further into the wall.
"Turn around," Tom repeated.

"No."

It seemed to really piss Tom off and he bit his lip in frustration, rage flashing across his face, but strangely enough he remained calm, even smiling at John.

"I doubt you even know what he likes. I mean ... you look like you're fifteen. How old are you?"

John refused to answer and he crossed his arms over his chest, trying to protect himself against the man that was standing in front of him.

"Answer me, or I go out there and - "

"Nineteen," John quickly said, "I-I'm nineteen."

"See?" Tom smiled, "This would all work perfectly if you do as I say."

And then he just stared at John and it made him even more nervous; not knowing what was going on inside his head.

When he finally spoke, his tone was very low, "Do you know how he likes being sucked off?"

That question caught John completely off guard and he stuttered, "I-I don't - "

"You don't? That's a surprise," Tom let out a chuckle, "How about how he likes being fucked? Freddie can pretend all he wants, but he's no top. He's a bottom and he's a very good, needy bottom. Are you a needy bottom, John?"

John could not take it any more; just hearing Tom talk was enough to make him feel all dirty and gross and in desperate need of a shower.

"Go give Freddie my message," Tom suddenly said.

"N-Now?"

"Yes, now. Go on."

John just stood there for a few moments, not daring to move. But when Tom raised his eyebrows at
him, letting out an annoyed sigh, the bassist finally forced himself to move away from the wall. Very slowly, he walked past Tom and just as he was about to make a run for the door, he felt his arm being grabbed and yanked back.

A scream escaped him, but Tom covered his mouth with his hand, slamming him back into the wall. John nearly lost balance in his platform boots as his ankle twisted painfully to the side.

"How can Freddie stand you being so darn disobedient?" Tom asked, "When I say *turn around*, you turn around. Understood?"

John just nodded, but he could already feel tears well up in his eyes and soon all he could see was a very blurry image of Tom. Before he realized it, he was turned around, his face pressed into the wall.

*No, no, no, no.*

"I am not going to hurt you," he could hear Tom whisper, but then he felt his hand on his arse and John's legs just gave up.

"Freddie's an arse guy. Yours is not bad at all. How about we check for tightness?"

"S-Stop, please," John whispered, gasping for breath and then suddenly he dropped to the floor, Tom's hands not holding him up anymore.

"I'm *joking*. What is wrong with you, mate?" Tom chuckled, "Where did Freddie pick you up? At a mental hospital?"

John pulled his knees up to his chest, trying to push himself into the wall, trying to literally disappear.

"I did nothing to you. Stop over-reacting," he heard Tom say, "Well, I better get going now. Make sure to pass my message to Freddie. Nice show, by the way."

John could not breathe and he could not see anything, his vision was blurred. He could hear footsteps, probably Tom walking away from him and then the sound of doors being opened and shut.

Blinking the tears away, John managed to take a look around the room, realizing he was alone. He wanted to move, to crawl out, to find the boys, but his body would not move. No matter how much he tried to *breathe*, he just couldn't. He wiped the tears off of his face with his hand and it was then that he realized how much he was shaking. He probably could not even bring a glass of water to his mouth without spilling it.
John could not tell how long he just sat there, it could have been an hour or a few minutes.

And then he heard voices. Familiar voices, talking and laughing. And at that moment he just broke down; all the tension inside of him finally exploding.

"John?" he heard Freddie's voice and literally the next moment the singer was kneeling down next to him, looking at him, trying to figure out what was wrong.

"Freddie," the bassist whispered, meeting his eyes. He could see Roger and Brian kneeling down as well, both staring at him with a concerned expression.

"What happened, darling? What's wrong?"

"He was here," was all John could say, "He was here."

"Who was?" Freddie asked, panicking.

That word just wouldn't leave John's mouth. He tried and tried, but he couldn't.

"Who was here, darling?" the singer asked again, bringing his hands up to cup John's face, wiping his wet cheeks with his thumb.

"I don't like this," Roger said, clearly very alarmed, "Breathe, Deaky. Remember how I've taught you. In," he said, taking a deep breath and John did the same.

"Hold it in for a few moments," the drummer instructed, "Now out. Slowly."

John did as he was told and after repeating it a few times, he could feel himself getting slightly calmer; at least he wasn't feeling light-headed anymore.

"Who was here, honey?" Freddie asked again, complete panic and fear written all over his face, even though he tried to keep his tone calm.

"T-Tom," John finally replied, noticing how concern on Freddie's face turned to rage.

"What did he do? Did he hurt you?" he demanded and John just shook his head.

"He came in here?" Roger asked, "How?"
"Well, we don't exactly have security, Rog," Brian replied, "Who is this Tom again?"

"Freddie's crazy ex," Rog said, his own voice shaking with rage, "Do you think he's still out there? I can go and look for him."

It was obvious that Freddie wanted to do the same, but then John grabbed his hand, "C-Can we just go home? Please? Please? Just ... take me home. I-I need to shower and get clean and ... " John trailed off, suddenly fixing his clothes.

Freddie immediately found that alarming and leaned closer to John, lowering his voice, "Did ... did something happen, darling?"

"N-No, nothing ... nothing happened, just ... take me home, please."

The singer tried to smile reassuringly, "A-Alright, sweetheart. Can you stand up?"

John tried to, but failed miserably, letting out a quiet sob, feeling absolutely pathetic. Freddie gently gripped his arm, pulling the bassist to his feet. Brian placed a hand on John's back in a comforting manner, while Roger just stood there with rage written all over his face. He was shaking with pure anger and frustration; his hands closed into fists, more than ready to hit something. Or someone.

Brian noticed this and before the drummer could get into any trouble, Brian quickly tried to get his attention; distracting him, pulling the car keys from his pocket, handing it to Roger, "Here. You're driving."

Perhaps it wasn't the best idea ever, because the drummer was literally shaking with rage, but Brian trusted him enough to not accidentally kill them all.

ooo

John could barely remember anything from the drive home. All that he was aware of was the darkness and the sound of heavy rain and strong arms wrapped around his torso. He was leaning against someone's warm body and all he knew was that he felt safe.

His body was still shivering, but it wasn't from the coldness. He closed his eyes, allowing himself to doze off.

When he opened his eyes the next time, he was back at the flat; sitting on a living room sofa, wrapped in a blanket. Freddie was sitting next to him, rubbing his back comfortably.
"How are you feeling?" the singer asked, smiling at him.

John looked around, noticing Brian and Roger both standing up, staring at him in concern.

"I-I'm better," he replied quietly.

Silence.

It was a very tense atmosphere in the room.

"What did he do? What did he want?" was the next question from Freddie.

"An ... autograph," John said, trying to remember the conversation.

"What?" came a surprised question from Roger, "Do you think he was actually at the show? Watching us perform?"

"I-I think he was," the bassist nodded, "He ... wants ... Freddie."

The singer clearly tensed up at that, but didn't say anything.

"He wants Freddie to do what exactly?" Roger asked, crossing his arms over his chest, "Kick his arse? That's what he's going to get."

"I thought we'd never see him again," Freddie whispered, biting his lip in frustration, "I really thought he understood the message and would just ... fuck off."

"I-I couldn't do anything. When I saw him I just ... froze," John whispered, feeling completely useless and embarrassed.

It was Roger who spoke then, "Hey, that's perfectly understandable. We've talked about this, remember? I froze too when ... that thing happened to me."

The bassist looked at him and nodded, smiling weakly.

"Sometimes you can't help these things, Deaky," Roger continued, making both Freddie and Brian look at him in confusion. They had no idea what Roger was talking about, but apparently John knew very well.
"When *what* thing happened, Rog?" Brian asked carefully.

Immediately Roger tensed up, "N-Nothing. Just forget about it."

"But - "

"Forget about it," the drummer said firmly, avoiding eye contact with the guitarist, "Lets concentrate on Deaky and ... that cunt Tom. Why would he just randomly appear all of the sudden?"

"I saw him once before," John confessed, looking down at his hands.

"What do you mean?"

The bassist took a deep breath, "Two days ago. When ... Brian and I went to the store - "

"Wait," the guitarist interrupted him, "Was he that creepy guy with a bandaid on his nose?"

John just nodded while Roger and Freddie exchanged confused glances. They had no idea what Brian and John were talking about.

"John," the guitarist started, "You said you didn't know him."

"I-I didn't want ... to worry anyone," the bassist whispered, tensing up with all three boys staring at him.

"You lied to me at the store," Brian said firmly, "If this guy really is that dangerous -"

"Why did you keep this from us, darling?" Freddie asked.

"You were sick and ... I-I thought it was a coincidence that he was there and ... " John trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"He doesn't live anywhere near this part of town," the singer explained, "There was no other reason for him to be in that store other than to ... corner you."

"Alright, Fred. How could Deaky have known that?" Roger said, defending the bassist.

"I could have *told* him if he hadn't kept it from me, Rog."
"I'm sorry," John whispered, looking down at his hands, refusing to meet anyone's eyes.

"What you did was foolish, John," Freddie said, his tone getting angrier, "You don't hide things like this from me."

"I-I know. I just -"

"You could have been hurt," the singer cut him off, "You were hurt. By keeping it from me you made it impossible for me to prevent it. Do you understand that?"

"I know -"

"Lets all calm down -" Brian tried to defuse the tension, but failed.

"No," the singer cut him off, "What he did was extremely foolish and irresponsible. I thought we trusted each other, John."

Suddenly Brian cleared his throat, looking at Roger, "Perhaps we should ... give them some privacy?"

The drummer shook his head, "No, you can go. I want to hear this."

"Roger," the guitarist rolled his eyes, grabbing his arm and dragging him out of the room.

When they were left alone, John finally dared to look up and it felt like a slap to the face when he saw how angry and disappointed Freddie seemed to be.

"I-I didn't think anything would come out of it, Freddie," he confessed quietly.

"You were clearly wrong. That is why we don't keep secrets from each other. Especially not when it involves someone from my past."

John nodded, not saying anything to defend himself. He deserved it. What he did was really foolish, but he did not do it on purpose. His intentions were good; he didn't want to make Freddie worried, but now he made him angry. John couldn't tell what was worse.

"You've put yourself in danger, John."

"I-I know."
Silence.

Freddie swallowed hard before continuing, "What did that cunt do?"

John could see by the expression on the singer's face that he was terrified to hear the answer.

"A few minutes after you left he just ... walked into the room and ... talked to me. I-I couldn't get to the door past him. I couldn't scream because ... " John tensed up, not finishing the sentence.

"You couldn't scream because ... ?" Freddie raised his eyebrow, noticing the change in the bassist's attitude.

"N-Nothing - "

"John. We don't lie to each other, remember? We don't keep things from each other."

The bassist nodded, looking down at his hands again, "He said he'd make a scene. If I tried to do anything. He said he'd expose you and us and ... that nobody will ever want us to play at their club. Because half of this band are ... faggots."

With the corner of his eyes he could see Freddie tensing up and his breathing accelerated. However, his voice was calm when he spoke, "Darling. You shouldn't have put yourself in danger because of that."

"I wanted to protect you. Us. Queen."

Silence.

And then he felt Freddie's hand on his knee, "Sweetheart. Your safety is far more important than Queen. And if that cunt thinks he can blackmail us," he let out a short laugh, but there was nothing humorous in it, "He is in for a surprise."

"I'm really sorry, Freddie," John said, hesitantly placing his hand on top of Freddie's.

"Don't ever again put yourself in danger like that."

"I-I wanted to protect you."

"Don't do it by endangering yourself."
John let out a shaky breath, looking at the singer sitting beside him, "Y-You did it. You put yourself in danger because of me."

It took Freddie a moment to understand, but then he just shook his head, "That's ... it's not the same thing. I wasn't putting myself in danger, darling."

The bassist couldn't believe what he was hearing, "H-He had a knife. He managed to cut Roger. How is it different?"

"It's ... " Freddie started, struggling with words, "It's different because you did nothing to deserve that bastard ... hurting you. And I - "

"Wait. Freddie. You did nothing to deserve Tom hurting you. You know that, don't you?"

The singer took a deep breath, "He's someone from my past and I don't want him anywhere near you. Promise me you won't keep things like this from me, darling."

"I promise, Freddie."

Silence.

The atmosphere was still very tense and neither of them spoke for a few long moments. John found it very difficult to concentrate, his mind kept replaying the events of the night, he kept hearing Tom's words and feel his hands. Was he really that dangerous? Would he actually be able to do something to him? Or was he just trying to frighten him? John really could not tell; the only thing he knew was that it was working. He was terrified.

"D-Did we lock the front door?" he suddenly asked, looking at Freddie in panic.

"We did, darling," the singer replied softly and it was evident that the question surprised him, "What else happened? I need you to tell me, John. Please."

"Nothing," the bassist whispered, "Nothing important."

"We found you crying on the floor. If he did something, I swear - "

The rage in Freddie's voice actually worried John; he did not want the singer to do something that would get him in trouble. And if he actually explained what Tom had done, Freddie would probably be on his way to find him.

"He just said some awful things," the bassist smiled weakly, "I-It's just words, right?"
John could tell that Freddie wasn't buying it, but for some reason the singer did not push the matter further.

Instead, he offered a smile. "Alright, darling. I think we all need some rest. It's been an exhausting evening."

John could not be more thankful that Freddie decided to drop the subject of Tom. Everything was still too fresh and painful to talk about. He would tell him what happened, but when he was ready to do that. At that moment, the words seemed to be stuck in his mouth.

When Brian went home, the other three boys showered one by one; with Freddie insisting that John goes first, knowing full well that the water would probably be cold by the time the last person entered the bathroom. After having a quick shower, John quietly slipped into Freddie's bedroom, wasting no time getting ready for bed. Once he was all settled in and bundled up with as many blankets as possible, John finally allowed himself to think about Tom.

And he immediately regretted it.

All those doubts and insecurities came crawling back in and John had to admit there were some things that he knew he had to face, but refused to. Being with Freddie was like a dream come true; he truly felt like on cloud nine. But realistically, he knew they could not carry on like that forever. He knew there were going to be some problems; problems that perhaps would not have a solution.

It was very obvious that Freddie was a very sexual person and John could not keep pretending that what they were doing would be enough for the singer. Perhaps for the time being yes, but Freddie would probably grow tired of the same things repeated all over again; just touching, nothing more. And he was probably already tired of the fact that it was always him doing things to John and almost never the other way around. What could John do to Freddie to make him feel good? The bassist could feel his throat closing up with panic as those thoughts rushed through his mind.

He couldn't ... he couldn't bottom for Freddie. Just the thought of that terrified John so much that he wanted to escape and never return again. What could he do to make Freddie stay and remain interested in him? The singer did say he loved him, but ... The guilt and the feeling of inadequacy were not going away. Freddie had to hold himself back constantly and that wasn't fair to him.

The more he thought about it, the more awful he felt about the entire situation. Finally, he just closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep. He held his breath when he heard voices from Roger's room. Freddie and him were talking about something, but John could not understand anything that was being said. Only a minute later, the singer entered the room and John could hear him walking around, doing some things until finally he felt the mattress dip next to him and then the singer cuddled up beside him.

"Are you awake, darling?" Freddie whispered.
John smiled, but still kept his eyes closed, "Barely."

"You were magnificent today."

Such a simple sentence, but it made John feel all kinds of feelings and he couldn't help but face the singer, smiling at him, "You were magnificent, Freddie."

"Oh, I know," Freddie grinned, then placed a soft kiss on John's forehead, "Good night, dear."

"Night, Freddie."

They both remained in their positions, not actually cuddling, but their arms were touching. After a few minutes of not being able to fall asleep, John slowly moved closer to Freddie, listening to his breathing. It seemed as if the singer was already asleep and not wanting to wake him up, John just pressed his face against Freddie’s arm and rested his hand in his chest. He felt safe that way and he knew that Freddie was safe that way.

Still, John found it very difficult to fall asleep. He could hear the rain outside and he found it incredibly relaxing, but sleep just would not come, not matter what he did.

After tossing and turning for what had to be more than an hour, John just sat up, feeling very tired and frustrated. His brain would not shut off. He found himself staring at the window and noticed it seemed to be a storm outside.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his back and it startled him so much, he almost fell off the bed.

"Shit!" Freddie swore, "I'm so sorry, darling. I didn't mean to frighten you."

"I-I thought you were asleep," John let out a nervous laugh, still trying to catch his breath.

"I was, but I was woken up by this damn storm," the singer complained, yawning, "What time is it, anyway?"

"I think it's around three in the morning," John replied, getting back into bed, pulling the covers up to his waist.

He really hoped it wasn't his tossing and turning that woke Freddie up. It was possible the loud cracks of thunder and bright bursts of lightning did the job, but John probably wasn't helping.

"Why aren't you sleeping, darling?" Freddie asked, yawning again.
"I couldn't sleep."

"At all?"

John just shook his head, looking at Freddie. The room was completely dark, only the occasional bright bursts of lightning making it possible for him to see the singer's face.

"I-I'll be fine, Freddie," he smiled, "Just go back to sleep."

"And what will you do?"

"I'll ... just lie here, I guess."

Freddie propped himself on his elbow, "That sounds awfully boring, darling. I'll keep you company."

"You really don't have to do that, Freddie. I know you must be exhausted. I-I mean you were ... running up and down that stage, jumping, doing pushup - "

"Trying to shag Roger's drums," the singer chuckled.

"Also that, yes," John laughed as well, "You really can go back to sleep. I'll be fine."

"Well, I'm already up, darling. What do you want to do? Do you want to talk?"

Silence.

John tensed up, an idea occurring to him. He could try something.

"Can I sit on you?" he suddenly asked, breaking the silence.

"Excuse me?" the confusion in Freddie's voice was very evident.

"C-Can I sit on you?"

"What do you mean sit on me?"
"Just ... straddle you."

Freddie struggled with his words, "Why ... why exactly do you want to do that, dear?"

"I-I mean, you said you liked it when I straddled you two days ago. I sort of want to try it again and see ... how it feels."

The singer did not move for a few moments and just as John was about to tell him to forget about it and hide his face in embarrassment, Freddie finally moved, lying on his back.

"Be my guest, darling."

John tensed up even more, if possible and suddenly he felt regret; why was he trying to do this? He had no idea what to do. A small part of him knew exactly why he was doing it; he was trying to prove to himself and to Tom that he wasn't useless. He could make Freddie feel good, he could do things to him. And he should do them. It was only fair.

Slowly, he forced himself to move and he climbed over Freddie, straddling him. Hesitantly, he sat down, hoping he wasn't too heavy. Immediately he felt something hard poking him from underneath and he moved a bit further down, not wanting to sit directly on Freddie's groin.

"How do you like it, dear?" Freddie asked softly, slowly moving his hands up and down John's thighs.

"I-It's fine. Interesting," the bassist replied, his voice shaking.

He felt like such a failure, not being able to do anything without being a nervous wreck.

"Are you sure?"

Not answering that question, John just lowered himself enough to be able to kiss Freddie. Slowly, he pressed his lips onto the singer's; trying to seduce him. That's exactly what he was doing. He was trying to seduce Freddie, he was trying to prove to everyone that he could do this. He could be normal and do these things.

The moment he felt Freddie getting more passionate, gently biting John's lower lip, his entire body tensed up with panic. What now? What was expected of him now?

He broke the kiss, causing the singer to groan in protest, and then his hands found the waistband of Freddie's pajama bottoms. He could feel his hands shaking and no matter how hard he tried, he could not stop it.
Taking in a deep breath, he forced himself to continue, slowly pulling Freddie's pants down, letting out a sigh of relief upon realizing that the singer was wearing underwear. He did find it strange that Freddie kept silent, but he pushed that thought aside, concentrating on what he had to do.

He just stared at Freddie's groin for a few moments and then suddenly he realized his vision was blurred. Were those tears? Why was he tearing up? What was wrong with him?

Ignoring the panic and the sadness he felt, John moved down Freddie's body and then stopped. He could do this. He could give Freddie a blowjob; it didn't seem that difficult when Freddie did it to him. Of course, he had no idea what Freddie liked, but perhaps it could still feel somewhat good?

It really, really bothered him that Freddie was silent, but if John said anything about it, he would just break down crying. He was sure of it.

When his hands found the edge of Freddie's underwear, he paused again, almost laughing at himself. If he kept pausing every minute, this could take hours.

"Darling, what are you doing?" he suddenly heard Freddie's voice.

"I-I'm just ... I'm trying to make you feel good," he replied, trying to pull the singer's underwear down, but suddenly he felt hands over his, preventing him to do that.

"Are you crying?"

What?

John did not even realize it. He was so focused on his task that he ignored how wet his cheeks were.

Immediately, the singer sat up, moving from underneath John, "Honey, what's wrong?"

"I-I was trying to give you a ... a blowjob."

"Why?"

Silence.

"Because ... I want to."

"I find that really hard to believe while you're almost bawling at the same time."
John wiped the tears away with his hands, "J-Just ... ignore it. I'm just nervous."

"Darling," Freddie started slowly, "Even if I let you continue, I doubt you'd be able to go much further. Also, I wouldn't be able to go much further."

"W-What do you mean?" John sniffled, refusing to meet Freddie's eyes.

"What I mean is ... Frederico would find it very difficult to get excited with you crying over it. What's the colour, darling?"

John refused to answer.

"Colour?"

"R-Red."

He felt Freddie tense up underneath him, "Red? Why didn't you tell me? Why are you doing this, darling? What caused this? There has to be a reason."

"It's ... " John finally gave it, letting out a shaky breath, "Tom said - "

"I knew it. I knew it. I knew this is about him," Freddie said, shaking his head, "Why are you listening to anything he says? Why aren't you listening to me, darling?"

"Because ... I-I can't give you the things that you might want. That he was able to - "

"Yes, because he was so very generous with blowjobs," the singer drawled, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Silence.

Suddenly John felt very embarrassed and stupid. What was he doing? He made such a fool out of himself; he couldn't even look Freddie in the eyes.

"Come here, sweetheart," the singer said, patting the empty spot next to him. Hesitantly, John obeyed, moving off of Freddie, crawling under the covers beside him.
"I don't want you to compare yourself with him, alright?" Freddie asked, "Whatever he said to you ... it's bullshit. He's very good at that; speaking bullshit."

"I'm sorry."

"We'll get there, darling. And believe me, as much as I would enjoy you sucking me off, I don't want you to cry while doing it. I don't want you to be at colour red while sucking me off. What kind of a monster do you think I am?"

"I don't, I swear," John panicked, "I-I just ... I thought it would be alright."

"Don't push yourself. We'll get there. I might take weeks, months - "

"I-I don't know if I'll be ever able to bottom for you," John suddenly blurted out.

He could tell it took the singer completely by surprise because he needed a few moments to collect himself, clearing his throat, "John, darling. I-I never expected you to."

"W-What do you mean?"

"I never expected you to bottom."

"But ... " John trailed off, feeling confused, "I thought you wanted that."

"I do. But ... I can't. It's too much ... pressure. I don't think I'd be able to ... do that to you," Freddie explained, his voice shaking a bit, "Just the thought of .... "

"Yes?" John asked, urging the singer to continue.

Freddie forced a smile, "Forget about it, darling. We are not going to do that and you don't have to stress over it."

Freddie's words were meant to comfort him, to calm him down, but it only made John more insecure. Why was Freddie saying he didn't want to do that? What was so wrong with John that Freddie wasn't even willing to try it; try working on it? He just dismissed it completely.

No matter how hard John tried, he couldn't shake off the feeling of being damaged. Fragile. He was certain that Freddie saw him as exactly that. He was terrified of going all the way with Freddie, but he was willing to work on it. Hearing Freddie just ... flat out say he didn't want to do that with him ... it hurt. He didn't think it would, but it did.
"Come here, dear," Freddie whispered, moving his body so that he was lying on his side, making room for John right beside him.

The bassist snuggled up against him, wrapping his arm around Freddie, taking in a deep breath and forcing his busy to relax.

"No more foolish thoughts," Freddie said, bringing his hand up to play with John's hair, "Good night, darling."

"Good night, Freddie."

Chapter End Notes

I want to thank each and every one of you who take the time to read and comment. :) I read every comment, it's my favorite thing to do. <3 Thank you all!
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning Roger shook his head in disagreement as he walked the singer to their front door.

"John usually sleeps in," Freddie said quietly, "Which means he'll probably still be asleep for the next two hours at least. Perhaps even more. He ... he didn't sleep well last night."

"Apparently neither did you, mate. Have you seen the bags under your eyes?" Roger asked, a bit surprised at how tired Freddie looked.

"Oh, shush, darling," the singer dismissed it, "I'll be back as soon as possible. If he wakes up, tell him I went to the store."

Roger nodded, then stepped closer to the singer, "Are you sure you don't want me to go with you?"

"I'm sure, dear. I can take care of myself, don't worry," Freddie smiled, "Besides, I don't want John to stay alone in the flat."

The drummer seemed to understand and he nodded, "Alright, Fred. Be careful."

Freddie just offered a reassuring smile before walking out the front door.

ooo

When John finally woke up it was already half past ten in the morning, which really surprised him. He did love sleeping in, but never till half past ten. Well, he did fall asleep at around four in the morning, so perhaps it was understandable. When he finally dragged himself out of the bedroom he was taken aback by the silence in the flat. No one was in the living room and only when he slowly walked into the kitchen did he notice Roger sitting at the table, eating cereal in silence.

"Deaky," the drummer immediately greeted him, "You're up."

"I-I am. I don't usually sleep in till this hour. I guess I was just tired after last night," he explained,
sitting down.

"We all were," Roger yawned, rubbing his eyes.

"Where's Freddie?"

That question made Roger visibly tense up, "He went to the store. He said he had to ... buy something. I forgot what it was."

"When did he leave?"

"Er ... about half an hour ago."

That surprised John, "And he still hasn't returned? Which store has he gone to?"

"Who knows!" Roger let out a nervous laugh, clearly avoiding the subject and stuffing his mouth with cereal.

John did find that a bit odd, but did not think much of it. It wasn't the first time Roger was acting weird and it probably won't be the last time either. After making himself some cereal as well, John realized that him and Roger haven't been alone that many times and there was something that he had to talk to the drummer about.

"Roger," he took a deep breath, staring down at the bowl in front of him, "I-I would like to apologize."

"What for?"

"For ... " John let out a nervous laugh, "For being ... loud."

It took Roger a moment to understand, but then he just shook his head, "Don't worry about it, mate."

Finally John forced himself to meet the drummer's eyes, "I-I know it's probably strange seeing me and Freddie .... well ... doing things. Well, not seeing. Hearing."

"It really is," Roger agreed and it immediately made John tense.

"I-I'm sorry. We'll try and be more private - "
"I didn't mean it like that, Deaky," Roger laughed, "I don't care if you snog in front of me and it has nothing to do with you. It's just that I've never really seen Freddie do that."

John blinked at him in confusion, "Snog someone?"

"Yes. Well, no. I have seen him, but it was from very far away and never here."

"Here?"

Roger nodded, "Never at the flat. He's never brought anyone home. *Ever.*"

That did surprise John and he couldn't help but feel curious about it, "He's never had ... boys over?"

"Never. We did go out and every time he managed to find someone at the club, he just vanished. I don't know where they disappeared off to. Probably that guy's flat or ... I don't know. But he's never brought anyone home. I did think that was a bit weird, but ... " Roger shrugged his shoulders and continued eating his cereal.

For some reason that made John smile. Of course he knew that Freddie had dated around, but the fact that he never brought anyone home made him feel all kinds of emotions. Knowing that he was the only one that Freddie shared his bed with made his relationship with the singer even more intimate.

"Are you sure, though?" John asked, trying to act unbothered, "He really never brought anyone home?"

"I mean, there were some guys over occasionally, but they hung in the living room and then they left."

That made John's smile grow even wider and he cleared his throat, "I-I promise you won't be hearing any ... strange noises from our - I mean ... his bedroom."

Roger grinned, "No more oh Freddie, keep going. Please, don't stop?"

Immediately John's cheeks turned red and he wanted to just crawl under the table, hide and never come out. He knew that sex was something normal and that everyone did it, especially Roger, but the fact that someone else heard him while he was ... it was embarrassing to him.

"I'm just joking, Deaky!" the drummer was still laughing, "Be glad it was me and not Brian. He would probably sit you down the next morning and give you the sex talk."
John just let out a strange noise that was a half laugh and half a pained sob. Immediately he tried to change the subject, "W-When is Brian coming over? What's the plan for today?"

Roger yawned again, "He's be here at around four o'clock. And the gig is at eight," then a playful smirk appeared on his face, "Did you see how many girls wanted to talk to me last night? If we're half as good as we were yesterday, I'll need security. I can't handle that many girls."

John chuckled, "Brian can be your bodyguard. He's doing a pretty good job keeping the girls away from you."

"Right? I mean, what is his problem? Just because he can't get any doesn't mean we should all suffer with him. I have needs, you know."

That made John laugh even more, but he kept his comments to himself.

Roger continued, "He literally dragged me away from a girl last night! And she was the hottest girl I've seen in my entire life."

John nodded, trying to keep a serious face, "A-Alright. What was her name?"

"Carol. No, wait. Claire. No, it was definitely Clara."

ooo

Freddie knocked on the door.

Nothing.

He knocked again, harder this time.

Finally he heard something and he straightened up, moving his shoulders back and pushing his chest forward, raising his chin slightly.

When the door finally opened, he was met with a very surprised looking Tom. Without waiting for Tom to say something, Freddie just pushed his way past him, walking into the flat. He could hear Tom chuckling, "Well, come on in."
The singer took a look around, realizing not much has changed from the last time he was there. Tom lived alone; it was a very small flat, but at least there was privacy, which Tom and Freddie regularly took advantage of.

"To what do I owe this nice surprise?" Tom asked, smiling as he walked over to the singer.

"Oh, I've come to give you an autograph, darling," Freddie drawled, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "I heard you wanted one."

"I did, yes. But your presence is much better," Tom replied, still smiling, "Can I offer you something? Coffee, perhaps?"

"How about an explanation?"

Tom acted stupid, "Explanation?"

The singer crossed his arms over his chest, "Did I fucking stutter? Explanation, yes. I want to know what the fuck you were doing at our gig last night."

"I heard you were playing and I decided to come see you. Is that a crime?"

"When we were together I begged you to come see our shows, but you never had the time. Now, surprisingly, you have time to drive to the other part of the town?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders, acting innocent, "I was in the neighborhood."

"Like you were a couple of days ago? At a store five minutes away from my flat?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrows.

"What are you saying, Freddie?"

The singer looked at him coldly, "What is this game you're playing?"

Tom laughed, shaking his head, "I am not the one who's playing a game, Freddie. You are. What are you doing, baby? Fucking a complete mental cases like that guitar player of yours? I mean, really - "

Freddie took a threatening step towards him, his voice getting lower, "Don't ever call him that again."
Tom raised in hands in surrender, laughing, "I'm joking, Freddie. Do calm down."

The singer just glared at him, not even blinking. Finally, Tom walked past him into the living room, sitting down on a couch, motioning for Freddie to do the same, but the singer ignored it, still standing up.

"Do you remember this couch?" Tom chuckled, "We had some pretty good times right here, didn't we?"

Freddie forced a smile, "Yes. And do you remember that corner over there?" he pointed towards it, "I remember you slapping me and pushing me into the wall."

Tom rolled his eyes, "Don't try and blame it all on me, Freddie. You were not that innocent either."

"Leave John out of it. I'm serious."

"Are you two together or something?" Tom laughed, but then his expression turned serious, "You are, aren't you? Freddie Mercury, are you really dating a bottom?"

"That is none of your business, Tom. I don't want to see you ever again. Do you understand that? And I don't want you around John."

"We just talked, Freddie. I swear. All I wanted was to see you, but when I entered the room it was just him there and - "

"And you should have turned around and left, darling. What did you even talk about?"

"Oh, you know. Things. I really liked your show. You were magnificent."

Freddie just glared at him, not saying anything. And then Tom stood up, slowly walking towards him, "Actually," he said in a low voice, "You were more than magnificent. You were really hot."

The singer grimaced at those words, "Stop that."

"I mean it," Tom almost purred, getting into Freddie's personal space, "You were amazing."

"Oh, I know I was. Don't really need you to tell me that, dear," the singer forced a smile and tried to move away, but Tom grabbed his arm, not letting him.

The singer just rolled his eyes, letting out a deep sigh, "Get your hand off of me."
"Freddie -"

"Get your hand off of me or this time I'll actually break your nose," he said firmly, anger flashing across his face.

Tom nodded, finally releasing him, "I know who you are, Freddie Mercury."

"Oh, is that what you think?" Freddie laughed, but there was nothing humorous in it, "You know who I am?"

"Yes."

The singer raised his eyebrow, "Think whatever the hell you want, Tom. Even though you insist you want to see me, interestingly enough, we somehow always manage to miss each other. And you seem to constantly randomly bump into John. And that is why I am here. Leave him alone."

"I haven't done anything to him, Freddie. Who do you think I am?"

Rage flashed across Freddie's face, "I know you grabbed him. That night when you decided to pay a visit to our flat? You fucking grabbed him. Don't ever do that again."

"Did he say that?" Tom acted shocked, "I can't believe he said that. I would never -"

"You would," Freddie cut him off, "What did you want to see, anyway? How big his cock is? Let me tell you it's much bigger than yours, darling."

That seemed to anger Tom and judging by his breathing it angered him a lot, "How about that tall guy? How do you know how big his cock is?"

It took Freddie a moment to understand, but once he did, he let out a loud laugh, "Brian?"

"I saw him and that boyfriend of yours in the store together, acting very suspiciously. Don't be so sure you're the only one he's letting fuck him."

At first Freddie just laughed at the absurdity of it, but then he forced a cold smile, "I am the only one fucking him, darling. And he's the only one fucking me."

The singer knew that it probably wasn't a good idea to say those things, but at that moment he didn't care. It was worth it; seeing the anger in Tom's eyes.
Freddie slowly continued, "Tom. I'm being serious. I don't want to see your face ever again. And that foolish attempt at blackmailing me? You are being ridiculous. Do what you want with your stories. I don't care."

Tom just forced a smile, but said nothing.

"Touch any part of John again and I'll knock your teeth out. And I'll even let Roger have a go. You remember Roger, don't you? I must tell you, I barely managed to convince him to stay at the flat. He desperately wanted to see you. It's a good thing he doesn't know where you live. It would be a shame if someone were to ... tell him."

When Tom just stared at him, not saying anything, Freddie turned around and started walking towards the entrance door.

"You'll come back to me, Freddie. You'll beg me to take you back."

The singer just rolled his eyes, ignoring the comments as he walked out of the flat, slamming the doors behind him.

ooo

The moment John saw Freddie again, a big smile appeared on his face. It was just a couple of hours of not seeing him, but it still made John miss him terribly. Roger was very fun to be around, but John still wanted Freddie.

"Hello, my lovelies!" the singer greeted them both, sitting down on the sofa next to John, placing a kiss on his cheek.

Immediately, the bassist blushed, still not used to being affectionate in front of the drummer, but he still could not stop smiling. How was he able to hide the fact that he was in love with Freddie for so long? How come no one noticed him smiling like an idiot at everything the singer did or said?

"What have you two been up to?" Freddie asked, looking at Roger who was flipping through some magazine.

"Oh, you know. We had breakfast and then we ... did nothing," the drummer replied, still looking down at the magazine.
"What did you buy?" John asked, noticing that Freddie wasn't carrying a bag or anything.

Freddie tensed, letting out a short laugh, "Oh, I had an idea last night that perhaps today, after the gig, we could come here and celebrate. Perhaps cook something and I wanted to go buy these vegetarian steaks or something like that. I went to three different stores, but I wasn't able to find it."

"Yes," Roger suddenly said, looking up from his magazine, "Because Brian doesn't eat meat. I don't understand. If he loves animals so much, why does he eat their food?"

A laugh escaped John before he could stop himself.

"Don't be an idiot, Rog!" Freddie scolded him.

"It's a fair question," the drummer argued back.

"Roger, darling. Do not annoy Brian before our gig tonight. Do you understand?"

The blond just nodded, but then his eyes widened as he remembered something, "How come you couldn't say something about my cock last night?"

John let out a breath, pretending he wasn't hearing anything. He had a feeling all they talked about was sex. And cocks. Which is sort of understandable; three young boys living together. Of course they would talk about cocks. But John could almost swear that every other word in that flat was cock.

"What do you want me to say about your cock?" Freddie asked, confused.

"Well, you did say that Brian's got a huge cock, but you said nothing about mine!"

The singer raised an eyebrow, "Well, I can't exactly lie to the audience."

The drummer grabbed a cushion and threw it at the singer, "No one's ever complained about my size, thank you very much, Freddie."

It only made the older boy laugh, "Alright, I'm sorry. I promise to say something nice about your cock tonight, alright?"

Roger refused to look at the singer, acting annoyed, but after a few moments his lips curled up into a smile, "You promise?"
"I promise, darling."

Later that afternoon they all decided to rest for a bit. There was nothing they could do to practice for their gig and it was pointless to stress about it. Although they hated doing the same thing twice in a row, they decided to repeat the formula from the previous night. While Roger went to take a nap in his room, Freddie and John cuddled up on the sofa.

"We can stay at the club after we're done," John said, resting his face on Freddie's chest, "We don't have to immediately come back home. We can celebrate there."

"Are you sure?" Freddie asked carefully, "I was under the impression you don't like ... the night life."

"I don't mind it with the three of you," the bassist admitted, "It's always fun with all of you around."

Freddie chuckled, "Don't expect Roger to be around for long after we're done with the gig. He'll probably disappear god knows where with some girl. Or two."

"Probably," John laughed as well, "But we can stay. Have a drink or ... two. I really don't mind."

"Alright," Freddie agreed, pulling the bassist closer to him, "We'll have a drink or two. Or three."

"You can dance if you want to," the bassist said.

"Only if you dance with me."

John just playfully slapped Freddie's arm in response.

Silence.

There was a giant elephant in the room and they both knew it, but were doing their best to ignore it. John was not the kind of a person to approach the issue; he always ignored the problem and hoped it would go away. But this time it was different because the guilt was eating him up inside.
"Freddie?" he asked quietly.

"Hmm?"

"I would like to apologize."

"For?"

John tensed up, "For last night. Or ... this morning."

"You don't have to apologize."

"I do," the bassist insisted, biting his lip nervously, "I-I shouldn't have done it. Us doing things should never be because I want to ... prove something to anyone. It should be because we both truly want to do it."

He could feel Freddie suck in a breath and when the singer finally spoke, his voice was very soft, "That is true, darling. But I understand. You weren't yourself last night. I can imagine seeing ... that utter piece of shit threw you off a bit."

"Do you really think he'll try and do something?" John carefully asked.

"You mean if he'll try and expose me as a fairy?" Freddie let out a short laugh, "I don't care."

"You don't?"

"I don't care what people think about me, darling."

Freddie said nothing more after that and it made John think about himself. Would he care if suddenly people knew or suspected that he was gay? That he was in a relationship with a man? John realized that he couldn't bring himself to care what strangers thought about him, but he did feel a bit uneasy at the thought of his family hearing the rumors. If only because he wanted to be the one to tell them. It would not be easy, he was sure of it and his family might be shocked by it, but he couldn't see them turning their backs to him. They would love Freddie. What was there not to love? The singer was funny, charismatic and extremely polite. John was sure his mother would love him. Freddie's personality was something you could not help but fall in love with.

And then John realized it.

Would he have to meet Freddie's family? The singer did mention in the past that they were not
exactly supportive of his lifestyle, but he could still tell that Freddie loved them dearly. It actually broke John's heart knowing that Freddie was not feeling accepted by his family.

"I love you," he suddenly said, looking up at the singer.

Freddie smiled, "Where did that come from, darling?"

"I-I just wanted you to know. I love you. You're my best friend."

The singer just stared at him in complete silence, clearly taken aback and touched by his words.

"I-I love you too, honey," he finally replied, pressing a kiss onto John's forehead.

"Freddie," the bassist laughed, quickly changing the subject, "Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course."

"It's ... slightly weird and if you don't want to answer - " the bassist trailed off, babbling.

"John," Freddie cut him off, chuckling, "What is the question?"

"I was just ... wondering. For educational purposes, of course."

"Of course," the singer repeated, waiting for the question, slowly tracing his hand up and down John's back.

"Alright," the bassist took in a deep breath, "What it's like to ... top? To top someone, I-I mean. Is it better than ... er ... bottoming?"

He could feel Freddie tensing up beside him and immediately John felt the need to explain, "It has nothing to do with what happened between us this morning. I-I swear. I was just wondering, Freddie."

The singer was struggling with his answer, that much was obvious, but then he finally just blurted out, "To me it was much better. I can't speak for everyone, though. I actually know a few people who only bottom and they would never change that."

"Really?" that actually intrigued John.
"For me, personally," Freddie paused, clearly struggling with his next words, "I-I enjoy topping and ... I-I mean bottoming was nice, but - "

"Freddie," John interrupted him, snuggling closer to him, "You don't have to explain yourself or feel guilty about it. You like topping. That's it. There's nothing wrong with it."

He could feel Freddie relax slightly at that and then the singer chuckled, lowering his voice, "I don't want Roger to hear any of this."

"How long are you going to torture him?" John asked, giggling, "I don't know why he has this fascination about finding out if you're a top or a bottom, but it is slightly odd."

"Right?" Freddie laughed, "Do you see me investigating whether he likes doggy or missionary position better?"

John laughed ever harder at that, "I-I actually think he would tell you if you asked."

"I think so too," the singer grimaced in discomfort, then cleared his throat, "The first time I topped was ... very funny actually."

"How so?"

"Remember when I told you it ... didn't last very long?" Freddie asked, "Well. I was nervous, but very excited. Apparently I was too excited and ... I lasted for about two minutes, perhaps even less."

John really did not want to laugh, afraid that might offend the singer, but the story was funny. And it didn't seem as if it was a painful memory to Freddie; he just seemed slightly embarrassed.

"I was utterly humiliated," the singer chuckled, "But we laughed it off."

"We?" John carefully asked.

"Er, yes. It was ... You've met him. Remember Oliver? He's the first guy I ... " Freddie trailed off, "He's a really nice guy. Very sweet. We laughed it off and I have very fond memories of it."

"Were you two together?" John couldn't stop the words from escaping his mouth.

"No, no, darling. We were just friends who occasionally ... shagged."

"Oh - " John was interrupted by the bell.
"That must be Brian," Freddie said, moving from underneath John to go answer the door. The bassist could not push Freddie's words out of his mind.

I actually know a few people who only bottom and they would never change that.

What was it about being a bottom that was that pleasurable? Was John missing something? No matter how hard he tried to prevent his mind from going there, the bassist could not stop it. The memories from his attack came flooding back and he could remember clearly how physically painful it was. He was sure that it would still be painful, no matter if the guy did it slowly and even if he used lube. Of course it would still hurt. How could something so big go into something that small and feel good? Why was Freddie saying he didn't find bottoming painful? Was he lying to him? Or was something wrong with John?

ooo

When it was finally time to leave, they all waited for Roger in the living room. The blond was in the bathroom, getting ready and Freddie and Brian were losing their patience.

"We are going to be late," the guitarist complained.

"Roger, get your arse out here!" Freddie yelled, rolling his eyes.

"Would you shut up?" the drummer yelled back from the bathroom.

When Roger finally appeared, Freddie had to keep Brian from strangling the blond. In times like this, when the three of them were fighting, John found himself wondering why on earth did he decide to join this band.

At least the drive to the club was spent relatively calm. Well, to be honest, John would not notice if Brian and Roger started hitting each other; he was too distracted with kissing Freddie. The singer apparently did not care at all that Roger and Brian were sitting right there in front of them as he leaned to John, pressing his lips against the younger boy's. The first time he did it, John was a bit taken aback, but he quickly relaxed, moving his lips against Freddie's. Feeling Freddie smile while kissing his was the best feeling ever and he couldn't stop his own lips from curling up into a smile. Soon they were just smiling against each other, not even kissing.

When they arrived at the club, they realized it wasn't actually a club. It was more like a bar and it was smaller than the venue they performed at last night. Still, they weren't complaining and they remained
professional. It didn't matter if there were fifty people in the audience or it there were ten thousand, they would always do their best.

At least the dressing room was nicer than the one they had the previous night; there were a few large mirrors hanging on the wall as well as a couch which Roger immediately collapsed onto, claiming it as his own. While the other three boys relaxed and chatted, Freddie quickly changed into a pair of very short shorts and a velvet blouse.

"No leotards tonight, Fred?" Roger teased.

"I can't wear the same outfit twice in a row, darling. I take my profession very seriously," the singer replied, turning his attention to John, "What do you think?"

John had to admit he did look cute. He had always known that Freddie had nice legs, but those shorts really made him realize he had really really nice legs.

"You look amazing, Freddie," he replied, chuckling, "I wish I could pull those shorts off."

"Go ahead," the singer bit his lip.

"What?" John asked in confusion.

"Oh my god, Freddie!" Roger's voice could be heard, "Keep it in your pants, alright? There will be no shorts being pulled off tonight. I mean, not before the gig."

It was then that John realized what Freddie had meant with his comment and he blushed, looking down at his lap.

"Bri, want to hear a joke?" Roger asked, already laughing about it.

"I am fairly certain I will regret it, but go ahead, Rog," the guitarist replied, crossing his arms over his chest and waiting for the drummer to continue.

"Being a vegetarian is a big missed steak," Roger said, letting out a laugh, "Do you get it? Missed steak? Mistake?"

Brian rolled his eyes, "I get it."

"I have another one. Listen. I'd make a vegetarian joke ... but no one would carrot all," he said and laughed.
"You're an idiot," Freddie said to him while giggling. "What did I say about annoying Brian? Wait until after the gig, darling."

"Wait! This is the last one," the drummer grinned, "What do you call it when a chickpea murders another?"

Silence.

"A hummus-cide," Roger laughed, clearly very pleased with himself.

This time Freddie laughed as well, "That was a good one, darling!"

"Right?"

Brian just rolled his eyes and exchanged glances with John who offered a comforting smile. Sometimes they both wondered why they were putting up with Freddie and Roger. It really was like being in a kindergarten.

Their performance went well. The only thing that was different was the fact that they were all a bit more alert, constantly looking at the audience, looking around them. It was something no one wanted to say out loud, but they were nervous about Tom. John had a feeling that perhaps something was being kept from him; he did catch Freddie and Roger having a quiet, serious discussion amongst themselves and the moment they noticed him, they stopped talking. It was suspicious, but John decided to not worry himself with things he had no control over. All he should focus on was their gig and getting through it without any complications.

Like promised, Freddie introduced Roger as "The blond one with a very big cock."

John could not help but giggle; he would literally die on stage if Freddie introduced him like that. However, Roger seemed to be very pleased by it, judging by his smug expression.

Thankfully, there were no complications, except that one time in the middle when Freddie slipped and almost fell on his face, but he caught himself in time. Considering all the stunts that the singer pulled on the stage, it was a surprise that he managed to not break a bone yet.
There was also that part where Brian broke his guitar string and John and Roger had to jump into action, quickly improvising as they bought time for Brian to fix his problem. The audience probably had no clue what was happening; John could not understand why anyone would ever look at the three of them with *Freddie* right there.

In those shorts.

Moving his body like that.

The bassist had to snap out of his thoughts; what was he doing drooling over Freddie in the middle of their performance?


ooo

"Thank you for putting up with us, lovelies!" Freddie waved at the audience, "If anyone's interested in talking to us or perhaps ... some other activities, you can find us by the bar!"

John walked over to Freddie and took a bow, waving at the audience, thanking them. He could see that Freddie's initial reaction was surprise, but then the singer smiled, placing his hand on John's back as they walked off stage.

"You are the best, Freddie!" Roger grinned, patting the singer's shoulder as they entered the dressing room.

"Really?" Freddie almost blushed, "You liked my performance, darling?"

"What? Yeah, you were fine," the drummer replied, "But the best part was when you complimented my ... attributes!"

The singer rolled his eyes, "Don't you think the girls are going to find it slightly odd how I know about the size of your cock?"

The smile immediately disappeared off of Roger's face; he did not consider that. John just laughed at the panic on the drummer's face and sat down on a chair, allowing himself to relax a bit. After their shows, Freddie was always the one who was the most physically exhausted, sweaty and breathless. John did feel sorry for the singer and all he wanted was to run him a warm, relaxing bath and put him to bed, but the singer's energy levels were out of this world.
"Shall we get wasted, my darlings?" Freddie grinned, then pointed at Brian, "Not you, though. You are responsible for getting us home safe."

The guitarist sighed in fake disappointment, "Are you saying I can't get absolutely shit-faced and vomit in the back alley?"

"That is exactly what I am saying, dear," Freddie replied, chuckling, "Leave that to Rog."

"Hey! That happened once!" the blond complained.

ooo

After getting dressed and cleaned up a bit, Brian and Roger went to move all their equipment into their van, while Freddie and John stayed in with a mission to find them a free table. It was very obvious to everyone why John was not allowed to be left alone for one second, but no one wanted to say it out loud.

"What are you drinking, dear?" Freddie asked as they waited by the bar to order.

"I think I'll have a beer," the bassist replied, then made a move to walk away, "There's a free table right there. I'll go - "

Freddie gently grabbed his hand, "I'm not letting you out of my sight, darling. We'll go together," then he leaned over the bar, ordering them both drinks.

John had to admit the singer's protectiveness was very adorable and sweet and he didn't mind it at all. He would do the same thing for Freddie if the roles were reversed; he'd never allow anyone to put him in any kind of danger.

A couple of minutes later they were both sat at the table and from their position they could see Roger and Brian struggling to carry their drums and the other equipment off the stage. Freddie just waved at them, laughing a bit.

"Shouldn't we be ... helping them?" John asked, feeling a bit awkward just sitting there.

"Oh, a bit of exercise won't hurt them, dear. Besides, I'm still sick, you know," the singer smiled playfully, taking a sip of his beer.
John brought his own beer to his mouth, shrugging his shoulders. He was aware of the fact that Roger was not good with all things electrical and was only hoping the blond would not electrocute himself to death while trying to unplug all those devices; hopefully Brian had some clue about what to do or not to do.

John was just about to bring the issue to Freddie when two girls approached them.

"Hi, you're the band, right?" one of the girls asked, looking from Freddie to John.

"We are, yes," the singer replied, smiling proudly.

"I'm Tina," the girl said, then pointed to her friend, "This is Jasmine. We were at your gig last night as well."

"Were you?" Freddie asked, raising is eyebrows in interest.

"You were really good," Tina nodded, then her eyes moved to John, "You're the bass player, right?"

John cleared his throat before quickly shaking his head yes, "I-I am, yes."

"Is it difficult to play bass?" the girl asked, "I mean ... you have to move your fingers pretty fast, right?"

"Er ... That's true, but you get used to it," John replied, noticing that Freddie's expression suddenly turned very serious and the singer did not seem to be interested in the conversation any more.

"Does your hand ever get tired?"

"N-No," John chuckled, feeling a bit overwhelmed by all the questions being directed at him and all the attention he was getting.

Suddenly Freddie spoke, "I believe Roger will be here any moment now."

"Roger?" the two girls were confused.

"Yes, the blond one," Freddie replied, then quickly added, "The one with a big cock!"

The girls giggled, then Tina shook her head, "He sort of looks like a girl."
Freddie let out a whimper and he looked completely mortified which really confused John. He wanted to ask him what the matter was, but before he could get the words out, the girls attacked him with questions again.

"How long have you been playing bass?"

"Er ... a few years now."

"Really?" the girl seemed fascinated by it and then she licked her lips, "Can I look at your hands?"

John did find that a bit strange, but nodded his head, chuckling a bit as he brought his hands up, placing them on the table. The girl immediately took his right hand in hers, gently tracing her thumb over his palm.

"You have really long fingers," she commented.

John just blushed and when he met Freddie's eyes, he noticed that the singer looked as if he was about to explode. He kept biting his lower lip in frustration, though it was obvious he tried very hard to keep a neutral face.

Then Roger and Brian finally approached them, again arguing about something.

"I told you my arm hurts!" the drummer said in annoyance.

"Your arm - " Brian started, then noticed that they had company, "Oh, hello."

"Hi," the girls replied, Tina still not letting go of John's hand.

Roger looked at John, then at Freddie, noticing a mortified expression on his face and immediately he understood. He took a seat next to John, clearing his throat, "When's your girlfriend coming? She said she'll be here at around ten, right?"

The moment Tina heard the word girlfriend she released John's hand, looking a bit awkward, "We'll be going now. Nice show."

With those words they disappeared back into the crowd, leaving John completely confused.

"Well. That was odd," he said, chuckling a bit.
Freddie sent him a look, "Odd, darling?"

"Yeah. I've never met anyone that interested in bass playing."

"Bass play - " the singer stopped mid sentence, taking in a deep breath, "They were interested in you, darling. Not your bass playing."

"W-What? No, they weren't." John let out a nervous laugh, shaking his head.

"They were looking at your hands, darling," Freddie said as if that explained everything.

Clearly, John did not understand, "Yes?"

"You were being hit on, Deaky," Roger stated matter-of-factly, bringing his drink to his mouth.

The bassist immediately blushed, "I-I was not!"

"You do know what having long fingers means?" Freddie drawled and upon noticing the clueless expression on John's face, he gasped, "Oh god, you don't?"

"I'll tell him," Roger offered, smirking.

"Don't you dare, Rog!" Freddie ordered, then moved to sit closer to John, "He doesn't have to know."

John laughed, having no idea what was going on and realizing he did not want to know. He took another sip of his beer and then he felt Freddie's hand on his leg, just resting there. He looked at the singer and noticed that Freddie was smiling at him.

"What?" he asked, giggling at the strange expression on Freddie's face.

The singer leaned in, whispering into his ear, "I want to kiss you, darling."

John could feel butterflies in his stomach at hearing those words and without even realizing it, he found himself looking at Freddie's lips; suddenly they seemed so very desirable and kissable. The way his upper teeth protruded out of his pink lips was the most adorable thing John's ever seen and he wanted to place little kisses all over his face.

But he couldn't do that.
Because they were in public. And they weren't supposed to do that. They could, but they would just draw unwanted attention to themselves. John never thought he would find himself in a relationship which he had to hide and any kind of public displays of affection were frowned upon by everyone. Almost everyone.

The rest of the evening was spent drinking. Even though Roger kept saying he wanted to find himself a few girls, he couldn't seem to bring himself to leave his friends. They were having too much fun, just laughing and joking around; clearly still very high on the adrenaline from the show.

Everything was happening very quickly and before John could realize what was going on, Freddie and Roger were having a drinking competition.

"Just so you know," Brian said seriously, "I do not support this kind of behavior," and then he cracked a smile, "But it'll be fun to see Roger vomiting into a dumpster. Therefore, please continue."

It was then that Roger and Freddie changed positions, moving to sit across from each other. First, they tried to see who could drink a whole bottle of beer without taking a pause. They both did and they, surprisingly enough, they both finished it at the same time.

Then the shots made their appearance.

Shots of tequila.

John was very entertained by it all and he couldn't help but chuckle at the way Freddie's face grimaced everytime he swallowed the liquid and it burned his throat.

"Are you two quite finished?" Brian asked, clearly very amused.

Freddie and Roger were both swaying from side to side, but they tried to pretend they were fine.

"Give it up, Fred," Roger managed to say, blinking at the singer, barely able to keep his eyes open.

"Admit that I've won and we can stop," the singer replied, not backing down.

"I would rather die!" Roger barked, motioning for the bartender to bring them another round of shots.

"Oh dear god," Brian sighed, shaking his head.

Freddie leaned against John, resting his head on the bassist's shoulder and closing his eyes.
"Are you alright?" John asked quietly, playing with Freddie's hair.

"Mhmm."

"You don't look alright," the younger boy giggled.

Freddie sat up, "I have never been better, darling!"

After two more rounds of tequila shots they were both done. Roger was resting his head against the table, while Freddie was literally collapsed against John.

"Do you think I need to check if he's breathing?" Brian asked John, looking down at the drummer next to him.

"I think he's breathing," the bassist replied.

It was then that Roger murmured something and no one could understand a single word.

"What did you say?" Brian asked, leaning a bit closer.

"Why ... " Roger started, "Why did you let us ... do this? You were ... supposed to be the responsible one, Bri."

"I am being responsible," the guitarist laughed, "I'll get you both home safely."

"I need a smoke," Roger whispered.

"What?"

"I need a ... smoke, Bri," the drummer repeated, still not moving his head up from the table, "It's in my back pocket. G-Get it for me."

Brian rolled his eyes, "You can't hold your head up. How are you expecting to be able to smoke?"

The drummer just groaned in response, then went silent. John looked down at Freddie who was resting his head against his shoulder and noticed the singer seemed to be asleep.

"Fred!" Brian suddenly said, startling the singer, "Would you like another shot?"
Freddie grimaced, bringing his hand to his mouth, shaking his head.

"No? Are you sure? How about a beer? it's on me," Brian teased, enjoying how the mere mention of alcohol made both Freddie and Roger groan in unison.

"I think we should go home," John said, patting Freddie's shoulder comfortably.

Even though he enjoyed teasing his two wasted friends, Brian agreed, standing up, "Alright, lets go."

Roger did not move.

"Rog? Get up."

"I-I can't."

"What do you mean you can't?" Brian asked, lightly shaking the blond.

"I'm too dizzy."

"Oh for god's sake!" the guitarist sighed in annoyance, then took the drummer's arm, putting it around his neck, helping him stand up.

Freddie seemed to be a bit better, he was able to stand up on his own, but he still leaned against John for stability. Somehow, they managed to get to their van and after they were all seated in, Brian let out a deep breath, chucking a bit at the silence in the van. Usually, at least two of them would be fighting and it was never a complete silence.

"Would you slow down, Bri?" Roger groaned a few minutes into their drive, "You are driving like a maniac."

"I am driving exactly like I always do - "

"Do you want me to get sick?" the drummer asked, covering his mouth with his hand.

Freddie just groaned, not able to speak, while John played with his hair and held his hand. After dropping them off at their flat, Brian wanted to be responsible and stay and help, but John insisted it wasn't necessary. Both Freddie and Roger seemed to be feeling better; they weren't on the verge of vomiting anymore and apparently they could walk just fine.
After Brian finally left, John found his two flatmates standing in front of an opened fridge.

"If I don't eat something, I'll die," Roger said dramatically.

Freddie's eyes widened in excitement, "We have pickles!"

He grabbed the jar and walked back into the living room, collapsing onto the sofa. John chuckled as he watched the singer struggle with opening the jar; and when he finally managed to do it, he just placed his entire hand in the jar, grabbing a pickle and bringing it to his mouth.

"That good, huh?" John laughed.

"Have you ever had pickles while being ... slightly intoxicated? It's unbelievably good, darling," Freddie explained, bringing another pickle to his mouth.

"Just slightly intoxicated?" the bassist asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I'll go take a shower!" Roger announced, walking past them both.

"Don't take too long! I have to shower as well," Freddie yelled after him, finally placing the jar of pickles on the table.

And then he looked at John, biting his lip, "Come here, darling."

John could not help but smile as he moved closer to the singer, looking at him, "Do you need something, Freddie?"

"Mhmm."

"And what is that?" John teased, acting innocent.

"I need you to kiss me."

A fire blossomed inside John, listening to those words. Hesitantly, he leaned closer to Freddie, pressing his lips against the singer's soft, warm ones. He could hear Freddie moan his pleasure and want into his mouth and it caused delicate shivers to race up and down John's spine. Although he could taste the alcohol and the pickles, John didn't care. He could spend the entire evening just kissing the singer. Freddie pulled back, his eyes opened slowly, struggling against the pleasure that weighed them down, and he sent John a dizzy smile.
"I want to kiss you all night, darling."

John blushed, looking down at his hands and Freddie realized how addicted he was to making John blush.

"W-We can do that," the bassist finally said, meeting Freddie's eyes again.

"We can?" Freddie teased, placing another kiss on John's neck, lazily dragging his tongue up and down his neck, softly kissing the marks he had left there the previous day. He couldn't help but groan at the sight of them; enjoying the fact that John was really his. Freddie never had someone who was only his.

"I-I need to shower first," the singer whispered, nibbling at John's ear, "But we can meet in the bedroom after?"

John literally purred, shaking his head in approval, "I-I would like that."

Freddie then grinned, pulling the bassist onto his lap.

"What are you doing, Freddie?" John laughed, making himself comfortable in his new sitting position.

"Have I told you how magnificent you looked tonight? And last night! When you walked onto the centre of the stage during your solo? John," the singer shook his head in disbelief, "I can't believe we got you to join our band."

"I can't believe you let me join your band," John said quietly, tracing his finger up and down Freddie's cheek. How different everything would be if the other three boys decided he wasn't right for them. John found himself wondering where he would be, what would he end up doing. Would he join another band?

Would he fall in love?

Probably not.

Would he get attacked?

Probably not.

"What are you thinking about, darling?"

"N-Nothing," John smiled, pushing those thoughts aside and wrapping his arms around Freddie's
"Did you see when I slipped and almost fell on my face?" the singer laughed, shaking his head in disbelief, "I almost sprained my damn ankle."

"I saw it," John giggled, "I thought you were going to fly right off the stage onto those poor people."

Freddie gasped in surprise, "What do you mean poor people? I'm not that heavy, darling!" then he raised his eyebrow, "What about you? Flirting with those girls right in front of me!"

John blushed again, "I was not flirting with them!"

"Show me those long fingers," Freddie said in a very low, seductive tone, making John blush even harder.

"Shut up!" the bassist giggled, hiding his face in Freddie's neck.

And then they heard Roger's voice from another room, "The bathroom's free. I'm off to bed!"

John jumped off of Freddie, quickly standing up, "Go shower."

The singer could see the desire in John's eyes and he found himself thinking if he even wanted to take a shower; John looked too good at that moment to let go of.

Finally he realized he was too sweaty and he needed to brush his teeth; the last thing he wanted was to torture the poor bassist, smelling of cigarette smoke and tequila. After Freddie nearly ran into the bathroom, John slowly made his way to their bedroom.

He sat on the edge of the bed, breathing heavily.

He was nervous, his entire body was shaking with anticipation. Why was he nervous? They were probably going to make out a bit and that was it. Like the usual. And then John realized it. All those talks about sex and topping and bottoming really made him insecure about himself. If he was enough for Freddie. If the singer even wanted him.

But he did want him.

John could see in his eyes; the desire, the love. He couldn't just be imagining it.

Freddie returned sooner than expected, it was probably a three minute shower. The singer was
topless, only wearing his pajama bottoms and his hair was wet. John couldn't help but giggle at the way Freddie still seemed to sway on his feet, having a bit of a problem with keeping his balance.

"Are you alright?" the bassist asked, extending his arms towards the older boy.

Freddie nodded, taking John's hands in his own, leaning down to kiss him softly. John smiled against the kiss, smelling the strawberry shampoo that Freddie regularly used, but pretended not to. As their kiss deepened, Freddie slowly pushed John down so that he was lying on the bed. And then he just stood there, staring down at John who laughed, feeling a bit awkward with being laid on the bed like that and then being left alone.

"Come down here, Freddie," he demanded, blushing furiously.

He watched in silence as Freddie gently pushed his legs apart and settled between them.

"Is this alright, darling?"

John quickly nodded, grabbing Freddie's hands and pulling him down, wrapping his legs around the singer's waist. They kissed lazily for a long time; John bit playfully at Freddie's lower lip, pulling it into his mouth and kissing it deeply.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Freddie whispered against John's mouth as he traced his hand down the younger boy's body, caressing his thigh and then moving up to his chest.

John moaned loudly and then he realized that Roger was in the room next to theirs and his eyes widened in shock. Freddie just laughed, whispering, "We should try being more discreet, darling. We are breaking Roger's rules right now."

Their eyes met and for a long moment they just stared at each other, smiling. Even though he was in a vulnerable position, underneath Freddie, with his legs pushed apart, John felt safe. He felt right. He could recognize the slight hesitation in Freddie's eyes and, wanting to reassure him, he pulled the singer down for another kiss. Yet another moan escaped John when the singer pressed his groin against his, feeling the want between them. Freddie paused for a long moment and John could just hear him breathing heavily against his ear, clearly trying hard to keep himself under control. And then he finally moved again, rubbing their crotches together, grinding slow circle, to satisfy the hunger burning inside.

"F-Freddie," John moaned, feeling the singer's hot breath against his cheek, hearing him pant out in grunts and snorts, the sounds primal, annalistic.

"John," Freddie whispered back, "Darling."
Hearing his own name being said with such need and desire almost sent John right over the edge. Almost.

John closed his eyes, allowing himself to enjoy the moment; feeling Freddie kissing his neck, his face, feeling him grind against him, sending shivers of pure pleasure shooting through his body.

And then something happened that made John's eyes snap open.

He felt Freddie pin his hands down to his sides and it wasn't painful or even uncomfortable, but for some reason John tensed up, his entire body going into panic. Apparently, it wasn't that obvious, because Freddie continued what he was doing, kissing his neck, nibbling at his ear.

Yellow.

Yellow.

John could hear the word in his head, but he didn't want to say it out loud and ruin the moment. He concentrated on his breathing, trying to keep himself calm. Suddenly everything Freddie was doing to him, everything that was pleasurable just moments earlier, felt like pure torture. He tried moving his hands, trying to get Freddie to let go of him, but the singer was lost in his pleasure, completely oblivious to what John was going through.

He felt lips being pressed against his own and he tried to respond to the kiss to the best of his ability, tried to ignore how panicked he felt, how uncomfortable he felt. Blinking away the tears, John forced himself to just lie there and wait; hoping it would pass, trying to find comfort in Freddie's soft kisses being planted all over his face. But then the singer delivered another, particularly hard thrust of his hips against John's and suddenly his hands were being moved and before John could realize what was happening, Freddie was holding his hands above the bassist's head, pressing them down onto the mattress.

Suddenly John felt too exposed, too vulnerable. He tried moving his hands, tried to wiggle out of the singer's grasp, but it wasn't working.

Red.

Red.

Red.

A silent sob escaped him and after another failed attempt to free himself from Freddie's grasp, he raised his hips, trying to get Freddie off of him.
"S- Stop!" he screamed, "Freddie, stop! S-Stop!"

Immediately he felt the weight being lifted off of him, but it did not make him feel as good as John expected. He felt horrible; the sheer panic and the fear were now mixed with guilt he felt over yelling at Freddie. Another sob escaped him and he slowly raised himself on his elbows, blinking away the tears.

Freddie was sitting on the edge of the bed, his entire body shaking. Their eyes met and tears just spilled out of John's eyes at the sight of hurt and shock and pain on the singer's face. At the same time he couldn't bring himself to touch him; to comfort him, to apologize. He couldn't even move.

And then suddenly Freddie covered his mouth with his hand and ran out of the room. John could hear him in the bathroom, vomiting, but he couldn't move from the bed. He just laid there as silent sobs wracked through his body.

ooo

Freddie knocked on Roger's door, fighting the urge to just barge in. Thankfully, the drummer didn't take long to answer the door, stopping mid yawn as he noticed Freddie's face.

"Fred, what's - "

"R-Rog, please, go check on John," the singer panicked, "G-Go see if he's alright. Please, darling."

"What happened?" the drummer asked, finally noticing the disheveled state in which Freddie seemed to be. The singer was topless, his hair was wet, he was shaking terribly, his eyes were red and there seemed to be a quite noticeable bulge in his pants. Roger quickly averted the gaze, meeting Freddie's eyes again.

"Please, go see if John's alright," Freddie whimpered, looking completely defeated.

Without saying anything, Roger pushed his way past Freddie, hurrying into the singer's bedroom. Freddie just stood there for a few moments, before slowly walking to his room, leaning against closed doors as he listened.

He could hear Roger and John talking quietly. He let out a breath of relief when he realized that no crying sounds could be heard. Placing his hand on the door, he resisted the urge to walk into the
room and pull John into a hug and apologize for ... whatever he did that upset him.

But he couldn't do that. He couldn't face John; he was too ashamed.

He slowly made his way to Roger's room and then he just collapsed onto the floor, leaning against the bed. It was hard to tell how long he just stayed like that, with his knees pulled up to his chest, rocking back and forth.

And then finally he heard someone entering the room.

Roger.

Freddie did not even need to ask, Roger noticed the questions burning in his eyes and he quickly answered, "Deaky's fine. I stayed with him until he fell asleep."

The singer nodded, relaxing a bit, but then he tensed up again, "H-He usually has nightmares at night. Especially if ... " he paused for a moment, "Especially if something bad happens to him before going to bed. You should stay with him - "

"Why exactly can't you stay with him, Fred?" the drummer asked, "What happened?"

Freddie just whimpered, shaking his head, refusing to answer.

"You can sit on the bed, you know," Roger said and after the singer just shook his head no, he sighed, sitting down next to Freddie, "I guess we're sitting on the floor then."

After noticing that Freddie still seemed to be shivering, Roger grabbed a blanket from his bed and wrapped it around the singer. The older boy managed to give him thankful smile, but still no words left his mouth.

"Freddie. What happened?" Roger asked again.

He could tell that Freddie was on the verge of crying and it terrified him, he's only seen him cry three times in their four year long friendship.

"I-I'm just like him," finally Freddie whispered, looking down at his lap.

"Like who? Deaky?"

The singer quickly shook his head, "N-No. Tom. I-I'm just like him. Or that ... guy who attacked John. I'm a ... horrible, awful human being and - "
"Wait a second," the drummer interrupted him, "What the hell are you talking about, Fred? Did you and Deaky have a fight?"

"I-I don't know. No."

"Then why was he crying and why are you like this?"

"We .... " Freddie paused for a moment, not knowing if he should share the intimate details with Roger, but then he decided to continue, "We were ... kissing."

"Alright," Roger nodded, encouraging him to continue.

"And it got ... more passionate and I-I don't remember what I did, but ... clearly it upset him. He must have asked me to stop, but I was too drunk and ... horny to notice or ... give a fuck."

Silence.

When Roger finally spoke, Freddie expected to get yelled at and scolded, but the drummer simply said, "He wanted to see you. He wanted to come to my room, but I didn't let him. You should both calm down and be sober the next time you talk to each other."

Freddie blinked at Roger in disbelief, "H-He wanted to see me?"

"Yeah."

"But ... " the singer trailed off, "I-I don't deserve him. I'm a horrible human being and - "

"Again, Fred? What are you talking about? And if I hear you compare yourself to Tom ever again, I am going to smack you. Understood?"

"I-I hurt him," Freddie whispered, looking down at his hands in shame.

"He looked fine to me. A bit upset, but he was fine. You did not hurt him."

"You should have seen ... the way he looked at me. With fear and shock."

Roger let out a deep breath and patted his friend's shoulder in comfort, "And I've seen the way you look at him. I don't think I'm an expert in these things, but only a blind person wouldn't be able to see how you look at him."
"What do you mean, darling?" Freddie asked, sniffling a bit.

"You look at him as if he's precious. You always have that stupid, corny smile on your face when you talk to him," Roger let out a laugh, "If I ever look at someone like that, please, feel free to shoot me."

Freddie chuckled at that, but then the smile disappeared from his face again, "I-It doesn't matter how I look at him. I always manage to hurt him."

"You are being ridiculous, Fred."

"I'm not -"

"Answer me this then," Roger said, lowering his voice a bit, "Why did you stop? You said you were enjoying what you were doing. Then why stop?"

"B-Because he wanted me to stop."

"Exactly. He asked you to stop and you did. How does that make you a horrible person?"

Roger had to admit he was really proud of himself; taking into consideration how very hung-over he was and even slightly drunk as well, he was surprisingly making a lot of sense.

Before Freddie could argue with him, the drummer continued, "Why didn't you just fuck him? You know, press his face down onto the mattress and do it? He'd probably learn to enjoy it by the end."

Freddie winced at those horrible words, but he said nothing.

"Because you are not that kind of a person, Fred," Roger said softly, "Do you remember ... two years ago ... I-I was having a fight with my father and he kicked me out. I called you and you came to pick me up. At two in the morning. And you let me stay with you and your family for the next two weeks."

Freddie smiled at the memory, "My mother really liked you."

"Well, women love me," the drummer grinned and Freddie slapped his arm playfully.

"And when ... " Roger continued slowly, "When my father finally left us, we ... Struggled to pay the rent. We were about to get kicked out of the flat, but you gave me the money to pay the rent for the next two months."
"Don't mention it, darling," Freddie said, knowing how hard it was for Roger to talk about that part of his life.

"I am mentioning it. Do you think Tom would do that for anyone?"

Silence.

"I don't want to hear you saying you're a bad person ever again, Fred," Roger sighed, "Look, apparently you and Deaky have ... problems in the bedroom, but it's not the end of the world. Now, get your arse up - "

"C-Can I sleep here, darling? Please?" Freddie looked at him pleadingly, "I won't be able to hear him from the living room if ... if he has a nightmare."

Roger smiled, "Sure. Just don't hog all the blankets."

Slowly, Freddie pulled himself up from the floor and literally collapsed into Roger's bed. It wasn't the first time he was sharing a bed with Roger, but it was a first time it felt wrong. He shouldn't be here with Roger, he should be next to John.

But he couldn't do that. Because he fucked up.

Freddie's head throbbed and his body felt heavy, he couldn't open his eyes, his eyelids were too heavy still. But he tried to keep himself awake, listening carefully for any sounds coming from his own bedroom. After not hearing anything, Freddie finally relaxed, hoping that John was sound asleep and not being tormented by his own thoughts like he was.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, the angst. :/ But good times are just around the corner, I promise. ;}
John awoke with a gasp, his hand instinctively went to his neck as he tried to catch his breath. He looked around in panic, desperately trying to see something familiar, but it was too dark. Without even realizing it, his hand reached for the other side of the bed as it did so many times before, only this time no one was there. Everytime he had a nightmare or just woke up in the middle of the night for no reason, he felt better just by touching Freddie and knowing he was there. Even if the singer did not wake up and continued sleeping, John felt grounded, he felt safe knowing Freddie was beside him.

John's hand traveled up and down the other side of the bed, almost in panic, and then he realized with horror that he was alone. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't remember why he was alone and what had happened. All that he knew at that moment was that he was shivering from the cold, but at the same time he could feel the sweat on his face and his body.

A sob escaped him before he could stop himself and he felt so incredibly dirty and tainted that he desperately wanted to take a shower. Trying to stand up, he realized his legs were like jelly, but that did not stop him. He grabbed onto the nightstand for support and accidentally knocked something over; it landed on the floor with a loud crash, breaking into pieces and John could feel the wetness on his feet.

Realizing it was probably a glass of water, he just sat back on the bed, covering his face with his hands, feeling like a complete and utter failure.

"John?" he heard a voice and his head snapped towards the direction of it.

"F-Freddie?" John asked quietly, his voice breaking.

He could hear the singer walking over to him and slowly climbing on the bed, sitting next to him. Without waiting for Freddie to say anything, John climbed into his lap, wrapping his arms around the singer's neck, pressing himself against him. He did notice the slight hesitation and how Freddie seemed surprised at first until finally returning the affection, pulling the bassist into a hug. At that moment John's brain could not process why Freddie was acting the way that he was; something was clearly off, but all John could think about was hiding in his embrace and feeling safe and protected.

It didn't matter that it was completely dark.

It didn’t matter that Freddie was unusually silent.

John pressed his face in the crook of Freddie's neck as silent sobs wrecked through his body. He
could not remember the last time he cried this much or this hard. He could not remember the last time his nightmares were *that* awful that he could still literally feel someone's hands on his body, touching what they were not supposed to.

"I-I was d-doing so well," the stuttered, not even trying to get control of his emotions.

The darkness was giving him the safety he needed to just cry and not care how ugly he looked or how embarrassing it was.

"I-I thought I was over it," he admitted, "I-I knocked over a glass of water. I-It broke."

"Don't worry about that, dear. I'll clean it up."

"I-I'm sorry."

"John, I don't care about the glass. Just breathe."

The bassist nodded, then whispered, "I n-need to take a ... a s-shower."

"Darling, it's the middle of the night. Why do you want to shower?"

"Dirty," he replied quietly.

"I couldn't hear that, sweetheart."

"I-I'm dirty. N-Need to get clean," he repeated, his voice shaking. It seemed as if no matter how much air he tried to breathe in, he was still breathless and the faster he was breathing, the more lightheaded he got.

"You are not dirty, darling. Try and breathe for me, alright?"

John nodded, taking in a shaky breath, waiting a few moments and then letting it out. Just like Roger had taught him. But this time it wasn't working and it was scaring him. He made a strangled noise of fear, panting loudly against Freddie's neck; he was *terrified*. He could feel Freddie getting nervous too; it was never this bad before.

"Okay, lie down, darling," he heard the singer say and he obeyed, letting go of him and forcing his body to move.

The moment he lay down, he felt himself being covered with covers and blankets. For some reason
John really grew to like that; he found the weight on top of him very comforting and he always seemed to relax when literally bundled up. But that night it was more than just the usual anxiety or sadness and no matter how hard John tried, he was still shivering and hyperventilating.

And then he felt Freddie move and suddenly the singer was lying on top of him. It took John by surprise, but then strangely enough he started to relax. Clearly, Freddie was not lying on top of him with all his weight, because that would have been too much, but the added pressure on top of all the blankets felt strangely comforting and John felt himself relaxing, his breathing returning to normal. Neither of them spoke, John had no idea what day it was, what time it was, why he was alone, what had happened. All he knew was that he woke up panicking and no matter how hard his mind tried to calm down, his body was still shaking with literal hysteria.

But whatever it was that Freddie was doing to him, it helped. After a few minutes he felt himself dozing off again.

Roger yawned loudly, stretching his arms above his head and rolling over. And then he realized it. He was not supposed to have this much room; he remembered that Freddie asked to sleep in his bed. But as far as Roger could tell, he was alone in the bed. Strangely enough, he could hear someone breathing.

His eyes snapped open and he raised himself on his elbows, looking around the room. And then he saw it; Freddie, wrapped in a blanket, leaning against the wall, on the floor, clearly very much asleep.

"Fred?" the drummer whispered, "Freddie?"

The singer seemed to jerk awake, blinking in confusion, before his eyes finally settled on Roger.

"What the fuck are you doing on the floor?" the drummer asked, clearly amused, "Did I kick you out of the bed in my sleep? I have been told I am a kicker."

Freddie shook his head, letting out a chuckle, "N-No, darling. It wasn't you."

"Then what? Is my bed that horrible that you find sleeping on the floor much more comfortable?" Roger joked, still very much amused by the sight of the singer cuddled up against the wall.
After a moment Freddie slowly stood up and went to sit on the bed, next to Roger. It was then that the drummer really noticed how tired Freddie looked, his eyes were red, there were bags under his eyes and his hair was a mess. It actually surprised him, they were both drinking the previous night and Roger only hoped he himself did not look that disheveled.

"I barely got any sleep," Freddie suddenly said, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Why?"

The singer looked at him, "Didn't you hear anything?"

"No? Was I supposed to hear something?"

Freddie sighed, struggling with his next words, "I-I heard a noise from my bedroom in the middle of the night and I went to check. John accidentally knocked a glass of water over. He ... woke up from a nightmare."

"Shit," Roger swore, "How did you know it would happen?"

"I was hoping it wouldn't," Freddie admitted, looking down at his hands.

"But you knew."

"It's ... we've been sleeping together for two months now," upon noticing the smirk on Roger's face, the singer rolled his eyes, "Not that kind of sleeping, Rog. I just meant ... we've shared a bed for over two months now. I sort of know what to expect. I-I can't explain it."

The drummer nodded, his expression turning serious, "And was he alright? When you went to check?"

Freddie just shook his head, not saying anything.

"What happened?" Roger asked, concern evident in his tone.

"I-I've never seen him like that before. It was ... worse than ... than when I found him that night," Freddie admitted quietly, "Somehow I-I managed to calm him down. I was even thinking of giving him some sleeping pills, but that would require me leaving him alone for a few minutes and I-I couldn't do that."

"Shit. You should have woken me up."
"There's nothing you could have done, darling," Freddie tried to smile, but failed, "After he fell asleep again, I cleaned up the shattered glass and debated whether I stay there or ... I-I decided it probably wouldn't be a good idea. It might ... trigger him seeing me," Freddie's voice broke at the last sentence and he had to pause for a moment. He felt a hand on his back and he knew that Roger was just trying to comfort him, but the act almost made him break down in tears.

He decided to continue, taking in a deep breath, "I-I returned here and decided to ... sleep against that wall. It's closer to my room and I'd be able to hear if he woke up again."

"Did he?"

Freddie just shook his head.

"You're a damn good boyfriend."

Those words made Freddie look at Roger with a surprised look on his face, "W-What?"

"You're a good boyfriend, Fred."

"Oh, stop that, darling. I'm anything but -"

"I don't know if you remember, but last night I threatened to smack you if you ever talk badly about yourself again," Roger said firmly and it made Freddie smile.

"I-I don't even know if we're still ... " the singer trailed off, not wanting to finish the sentence.

"Fred. I know I've been very much on Deaky's side since finding out about you two or ... even before that," Roger chuckled, then continued, "I know I was giving you a hard time about it all, but ... Deaky would be mad if he let you go."

Freddie sucked in a breath, his vision already getting blurred with tears.

"Oh god, Fred," Roger laughed, trying to lighten the mood, "Why are you so damn emotional these last few days? Are you on your period?"

"What?" Freddie asked, letting out a laugh while wiping away the tears with his hand, "Excuse me, but you are the only girl in this flat, darling."

In response, Roger just pushed him, almost causing Freddie to fall off the bed. It resulted in Freddie grabbing a pillow and smacking the drummer over the head with it. Before he could get hit back,
Freddie jumped from the bed and hurried towards the door. He grabbed the handle and then just stopped, not knowing what to do.

"You can't avoid him forever," Roger said, as if he was reading his mind.

Freddie knew he couldn't avoid John forever, but there was no harm in trying? Right?

"Do we need anything from the store?" he asked, turning towards the drummer.

"We don't need anything, Fred."

"Are you sure?"

"Freddie," the drummer rolled his eyes.

The singer nodded, putting on his brave face. Him avoiding John had little to do with him being afraid to face him or being too ashamed or feeling guilty about what had happened. Of course, that was a part of it too, but Freddie was more than willing to drop to his knees and beg for forgiveness. The reason behind him wanting to avoid John had more to do with John himself. The singer feared that seeing him again, would send John into a state of panic again. He was terrified of the fact that it might upset the bassist or remind him of anything he did not want to be reminded of.

Slowly, Freddie walked out of Roger's room, listening for any sounds. After not being able to hear anything, he concluded the bassist was still asleep and he relaxed a bit. After his morning routine, Freddie made his way to the kitchen, preparing himself some breakfast.

The rational part of him knew that he couldn't avoid John, but another part of him was really tempted to try. Perhaps he could go for a walk? And stay there for a couple of hours? He couldn't avoid him in the flat.

Freddie was completely lost in his thoughts, not paying attention to his surroundings and when he heard a voice it startled him so much he almost fell off the chair.

"Freddie," John said, standing at the doorway.

"Shit!" the singer swore, trying to pull himself together and act calm. It was impossible, but he tried. Slowly, he lowered the spoon, placing it in the bowl of cereal in front of him, but he refused to face John. He kept his eyes fixated on that bowl of cereal as if it was the most interesting thing in the world.

"You didn't sleep in our bedroom. I-I mean, your bedroom," John quickly corrected himself, letting
out a shaky breath. From the moment he woke up, he contemplated just avoiding Freddie, but he knew that would be impossible considering he was practically living in his flat. A flat that was not that big.

"I-I slept in Roger's room," Freddie replied quietly.

"I'm so sorry, Freddie."

That did make the singer look at John with surprise written all over his face, but before he could question it, Roger barged into the room, interrupting their conversation.

"Morning, Deaky," he greeted on his way to the fridge.

"Hi, Roger," John forced a smile, feeling a bit awkward knowing that Roger was probably aware of everything that happened between him and Freddie the previous night.

Thankfully, the drummer acted as if he was completely clueless and started making himself a sandwich. Freddie turned his attention to his cereal again, realizing he was not hungry anymore. It was a tense atmosphere, but Roger did not seem to mind or notice, he kept singing something quietly to himself and when he was finally done making his sandwich, he grabbed the plate and looked at his two flatmates who could not be more uncomfortable if they tried.

"I'll eat this in my room," he said, "You two sort your shit out."

With those words he walked out of the kitchen, leaving both Freddie and John in complete silence. The bassist slowly approached the table, awkwardly sitting down across from Freddie. When he finally dared to look at him, he realized the singer was still staring at his cereal, playing with it.

"I-I remember some things," John started, "I remember waking up and ... knocking down a glass of water. Did you - ?" he asked, not finishing the sentence.

"I cleaned it up, yes," the singer replied, finally looking up at John.

"I'm really sorry."

"Don't worry about it, darling. We have more than enough glasses."

"It's not that," John said, his voice shaking, "I-I'm sorry about what happened. B-Before that."

"Why are you apologizing?" Freddie asked, tensing up, "I was the one who got drunk and ... fucked everything up. I-I understand if you ... if you hate me."
"Hate you?"

"Yes," Freddie nodded, trying to remain calm, but failing at it, "I-I promised to stop when you say the word and last night I-I didn't. I was drunk and horny and I probably didn't hear it. Or I ignored it. I'm so sorry, John. I can't even begin to - "

"Freddie," John interrupted him, "You did stop."

"Y-Yes, when you were already panicking and trying to push me off of you," Freddie said, his expression turning into a horrified one, "You tried to physically push me off of you because I-I didn't listen when you ... Oh god."

"Freddie," the bassist realized what was happening, "Freddie, you stopped the moment I asked you to."

"No, I-I didn't - "

"You did," John cut him off, taking a deep breath, "I-I started to feel uncomfortable, but I didn't say anything. I was at yellow and I didn't say anything, hoping it would pass. And then it got to red and I still ... said nothing."

Silence.

John was biting his lower lip nervously, his heart pounding in his chest, threatening to jump out. He felt guilty, he felt ashamed, he felt -

"John," he suddenly heard Freddie's voice and he looked up.

And at that moment he wished he didn't. The singer seemed angry; it was understandable and John expected it, but at the same time he couldn't stand Freddie being upset with him.

"I-I'm sorry," the bassist quickly said.

"John," Freddie repeated his name, his voice suddenly very serious, "You were at red and you still said nothing? You let me keep going while you were at color red?"

The bassist looked down at his hands, wanting to disappear.

"John, answer me."
The anger and disappointment in Freddie's eyes made John want to stop existing; he couldn't handle knowing that he was the one who messed things up that much.

Slowly, he nodded his head, answering Freddie's question.

The singer let out a breath he was holding, "I-I thought I ... The entire night and this morning I-I thought I forced you into something you didn't want to do."

"But you didn't - "

"We agreed, John. You promised to tell me when you get uncomfortable. Do you remember?"

The bassist couldn't help but blush, feeling his cheeks literally burn with embarrassment, "I remember," he answered quietly.

Silence.

When Freddie finally spoke again, it was barely above a whisper, "Do you realize how that makes me feel, John? How disgusting it makes me feel when you panic underneath me and try to push me off of you as if I was that - " he stopped himself in time. No matter how angry he was with John, he could never hurt him by bringing up the guy who attacked him.

Still, John knew what he was trying to say and his eyes widened in shock, "I-I didn't realize ... Freddie, I'm really sorry. I didn't want to ... hurt your feelings and I just ... "

"What was it?"

The bassist blinked at him in confusion, "What was what?"

"What was it that I did? What made you react that way?" he asked quietly.

John tensed up, awkwardly shifting around in his seat, "Um ... when you held my wrists."

For a moment Freddie looked at him with such a sad look that all John wanted was to hug him, but the singer quickly composed himself, shaking his head, "I-I should have known. It was stupid of me to do that."

"How could you have know?" John asked, "I should have told you the moment I started feeling ... uncomfortable."

"What was it?"
"Being with you," Freddie started slowly and carefully, "I know it's very difficult for you, John. But it's difficult for me too."

"I-I know - "

"I have to constantly be mentally present, I-I can't just do things that I feel like doing in a moment of passion. I have to be careful with every touch, every kiss and I don't mind doing that. But you need to communicate with me, John."

"I know," the bassist replied, barely holding himself back from crying. Perhaps it was foolish of him, but he never expected to be scolded like that. Clearly, he was very naive and underestimated how difficult the whole situation was for Freddie. The guilt was eating John up inside and he knew that no apology could make the situation better.

Silence.

John refused to look at the singer, knowing he would just break down if he saw the disappointment on his face again. He was completely lost in his thoughts and was startled by the sound of the phone ringing.

"I'll get it!" Roger's voice could be heard from the living room.

"I-I promise to never to it again," the bassist whispered, "I promise to tell you, Freddie."

The singer sighed, rubbing his forehead, "How can I trust you'll keep your word this time? I can't ... keep observing you for any sign of discomfort, John. I-I can't be responsible for reading your mind."

"I don't expect you to. Freddie, please. I-I'm sorry."

Freddie remained silent for a few moments and then his face softened as he looked at John, "Are you ... alright? I didn't hurt you, did I? I don't remember much, I was pretty drunk and - "

"You didn't hurt me," John quickly replied, "I wanted to talk to you after, but ... Roger said it wasn't a good idea."

"He was right."

John could see that things still were not alright between them, but at least the singer wasn't as angry and he even forced a slight smile, making John's heart flutter.
The rest of the morning was spent with they boys just resting; they were all exhausted from their gigs and hung-over from their drinking. Freddie ended up falling asleep on the sofa and John caught himself just staring at him. If Roger wasn't sitting right there with them, John would cuddle up against the singer and touch him and kiss him and caress him.

Realizing he needed to stop daydreaming, John went into the kitchen for a glass of water. It surprised him when Roger quickly jumped up from his armchair and followed him.

"Hey, Deaky."

"Y-Yes?" John asked, a bit confused.

"Er ... Someone called earlier this morning."

"I remember, yes," the bassist said, wondering why Roger was telling him this.

"It was Susan."

Susan.

When John said nothing, Roger continued, "You remember Susan? The girl who came here to examine you?"

"I-I remember," John nodded, tensing up. That day was not something he wanted to remember; it was almost as horrible as the day he was attacked. All he wanted was to forget all about the examination and everything related to it.

"Well, she called to ask about you," Roger explained, "And she was wondering if you could come in for another check up."

"Why?" John cut him off, panic taking over him, "Is something wrong?"

"No, Deaky. Relax," Roger smiled, trying to lighten the mood, "You know when she said you'd have to get another blood test after a couple of months? Just to be on the safe side."
John still could not relax; the mere thought of having to go to the hospital and give a blood sample was too much to handle. Even before the attack John did not like going to the doctor and anything medical related made him nervous. It had to do with the fact that he never knew what to expect and was asked questions which John found very personal.

"She said if perhaps you'd have time to swing by tomorrow morning?" Roger asked, "She'll be there until two in the afternoon."

"I-I really don't - "

"You wouldn't have to talk to anyone. She assured me she'd be the only one you'd come in contact with, alright?" Roger explained in a softer tone, "Think about it?"

John nodded, forcing a smile, even though he already knew there was no way he'd go there. Not after what happened the last time he was forced to go see a doctor. John still struggled to forget the words of that nurse; the nurse who he confided in about his attack and in return got a lecture about gay lifestyle not being the right choice.

ooo

John spent the rest of the day in Freddie's bedroom, literally hiding from Roger and even Freddie. He noticed the singer's notebook on his nightstand and hesitantly reached for it. He didn't want to read anything from it; he knew it would be an invasion of privacy. He just needed to write something down; words that he kept hearing in his head for a while now. John did not want to say anything yet, because it might be too early, but he was fairly certain he had an idea for a song. The melody just would not leave him alone; he kept hearing it in his head and in the last few days words also came to him.

Grabbing a pen, he made himself comfortable on the bed and started writing on the first empty page that he could find.

"You're the first one
When things turn out bad
You know I'll never be lonely
You're my only one
And I love the things
I really love the things that you do
You're my best friend"
John struggled a bit with the next part, not knowing if he should write it or not. He did not want to write a song that would remind him of that horrible thing that happened to him, but he could just hear the words so clearly and before he could stop himself, he wrote it down.

"Whenever this world is cruel to me  
I got you to help me forgive  
Ooh, you make me live now, honey  
Ooh, you make me live"

It was cathartic to let those words and emotions out, even if no song ever came out of it, it felt strangely good to write it down.

He spent the next hour just staring at it, completely absorbed into what he was doing, occasionally changing and adding a few words.

When he finally looked at the time, he couldn't believe that it was already pretty late in the evening. Just as he was about to put the notebook back, Freddie entered the room, catching him in the act.

"F-Freddie," John stuttered, "I-I wasn't ... I didn't read anything. I swear."

The singer did seem a bit surprised, "Then what were you doing with it, dear?"

"I was just ... I needed to write something down. I hope you don't mind, I-I couldn't find anything else - "

"It's fine, darling. Don't worry about it," Freddie smiled, sitting down next to John.

The smile caught John off guard; the entire day was spent with Freddie keeping him at a distance and the bassist was confused about the sudden closeness. Before he even realized it, he was smiling back, wanting nothing more than to touch him.

"And what exactly are you writing?" Freddie asked, genuinely interested.

"It's ... Sort of a song."

"A song?"

Freddie immediately became very excited and he opened his mouth to speak and probably ask to see it, but then decided against it.
"It's not even close to being finished," the bassist admitted.

"I'll wait until you're ready to share it with me," Freddie smiled, patting John's knee and it almost made the younger boy moan; he was that starved of physical contact.

But Freddie's next words made him want to literally disappear.

"I've talked to Roger, darling. He told me that Susan called earlier today."

John felt sick to his stomach; he knew where this conversation was going.

"Roger also told me you didn't exactly like the idea of going to the hospital."

"I-I said I'll think about it," the bassist replied, looking down at his hands. When he said that, he was lying; he had no intention of thinking about it. He refused to go and that was it.

"Darling," Freddie started softly, "You know it is the right thing to do. Just to be on the safe side."

Tensing up, John met the singer's eyes, "I-I don't want to."

"I understand that, sweetheart. But you'll be fine. It'll be over in a couple of minutes."

When he felt Freddie's hand on his lower back, gently caressing him, the bassist relaxed slightly, almost moaning again.

"I don't want to get examined," he whispered, blushing slightly.

"You won't get examined, darling. Susan said you only need to give a blood sample."

Silence.

"Please, John. We'll go there and - "

"We?" the bassist looked up at him with hopeful eyes.

"Of course. You didn't think I'd let you go there by yourself?"

John swallowed hard, struggling with his next words, "A-After last night ... and today. I-I thought
"What? Be there for you?" Freddie asked, a bit hurt, "John. Even if we had the worst fight ever, I'd never not care about you. I'd never let you go through something like that alone. Of course I'll go with you. And after we're done we can go have brunch. Or just ... a coffee. I'll buy you a muffin!"

John chuckled, feeling like a child being persuaded to act nicely at the doctor's office. He half expected Freddie to offer to buy him a lollipop after.

"You'll be with me the whole time?" the bassist asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I promise."

"The last time I had to go there R-Roger also promised, but they didn't allow it," John said quietly, remembering that horrible evening when he accidentally almost overdosed on those sleeping pills.

"I promise to stay with you the whole time," Freddie said firmly and John believed him.

"And I-I won't have to answer any more questions? Or ... talk to other nurses?"

The singer smiled reassuringly, "I give you my word, darling. I'll take care of you."

John let out a shaky breath and smiled, nodding his head, "Alright. I'll go."

Seeing the smile on the singer's face was worth it; John nearly melted at the sight of it. He realized that he couldn't stand not seeing Freddie smile at him for more than a day. Especially if it was because of something he did.

"Alright, darling. Are you going to bed now?"

The bassist nodded, "I'm exhausted."

They both fell asleep pretty early that evening, which was understandable considering they had two gigs in a row and all the emotional stuff they were dealing with. The moment John's head touched the pillow he was asleep and thankfully it was a peaceful night.
The morning, however, was a completely different story. First, John refused to get out of bed, resulting in Freddie having to literally plead with him. Then John refused to eat, insisting he was not hungry. Roger had to admit he was very impressed with the singer’s patience; he knew Freddie had a sharp tongue and short temper and if it was Roger who was acting that childish, Freddie would have already smacked him. But with John he was incredibly patient and gentle, it was really odd to witness. It must be love, Roger concluded and shrugged his shoulders.

He offered to accompany them to the hospital, but Freddie insisted they'll be fine going there by themselves. A large part of it was because he knew that John would not be as honest with him if there was Roger around. He'd perhaps try and act tough when in reality he'd be panicking and Freddie did not want that.

The drive to the hospital was spent in complete silence. John just stared straight ahead, clearly lost in his thoughts. After noticing the way John would just follow Freddie; first to the taxi and then the short walk to the hospital entrance, not even attempting to lead the way, the singer took control, letting John take a seat in the waiting room while he went over to the front desk, speaking to the receptionist.

John fumbled with the zipper on his jacket as he shyly took a look around. Some people met his eyes and some didn’t. Still, John had a feeling literally everyone knew why he was there and what had happened to him. He quickly lowered his gaze, staring at his shoes. From the corner of his eye he saw Freddie return and sit down in a chair next to him.

"We have to wait a few minutes," the singer said quietly.

John just nodded, focusing on breathing. Hesitantly, he raised his head up, daring to look around and tensed up as he noticed a few nurses walk past them. Immediately his mind went into panic, wondering if he would have to answer personal questions again or take his clothes off. He didn't want to do that, but at the same time he didn't want to make a scene and draw attention to himself by refusing. Other people had no problems undressing in front of a doctor or someone from the medical field, but John wasn't one of those people.

He turned to look at Freddie with panic in his eyes, hoping the singer would recognize it and just call the whole thing off. Or just ... hold his hand. John desperately wanted to hold Freddie's hand for comfort, but he couldn't. They were in public and no matter how much he wanted to do it, he wasn't allowed to touch him like that. It wasn't like he wanted to have a full on make-out session with Freddie, he just wanted to hold his hand, but of course that would raise eyebrows.

"You are going to be fine, John," the singer smiled, trying to reassure him.

"This probably isn't the best time to say this," John whispered, "But I-I can't stand the sight of blood. I mean ... If I look at it for too long."
"Then we'll just have to make sure you look at something else," Freddie said playfully, pointing at himself, "Something mesmerizing. Something beautiful."

A giggle escaped John and he raised his eyebrow, "I guess it's unfortunate we didn't bring Roger along, then."

Freddie gasped in shock. "Darling!"

"I'm joking, Freddie," John smiled, "I'll look at you."

"You better!"

The bassist did appreciate the jokes and how Freddie tried to defuse the tension and it worked. Unfortunately, it only worked for a couple of moments and then the panic started creeping back in, seemingly even worse than before. And then he felt Freddie's hand on his own, intertwining their fingers. It caught him completely by surprise and when he looked at Freddie questioningly, the singer just nodded and for some reason John understood that nod.

Freddie was trying to tell him it was alright and that he didn't mind holding his hand in public, no matter the consequences. Their intimate moment was cut short, though.

"Hi, John. Freddie," they heard a voice and they immediately looked up, noticing Susan standing over them with a big smile on her face.

"Hello," John greeted, smiling back, hoping he didn't look as nervous as he felt.

"I'm really glad you decided to come," she said softly, "If you'll just follow me."

Both boys stood up and nodded, walking behind her. She led them through a hallway and John had to remind himself to breathe; he did remember Susan being very nice and professional the night she examined him, but at the same time ... she examined him. He couldn't stop thinking about the fact that he last time he saw her, she was ... doing things and seeing parts of him that no one ever saw.

When they finally entered a small room, Susan pointed at two chairs, "You can sit here while I prepare everything."

The boys collapsed onto the chairs and John could not help but notice that Freddie was silent, clearly very nervous himself.

"How are you, John?" Susan asked, while getting all the things ready, "You look better than the last
"Oh, I-I'm feeling much better," the bassist replied, forcing a smile. And then he realized he was still wearing his jacket. Quickly, he took it off, placing it on Freddie's lap.

"I'm really glad to hear that," Susan replied, "Roger also said you were doing quite well."

John watched in horror as she sat on the chair in front of him. Slowly, he rolled up the sleeve and offered his arm, looking away as she put the tourniquet on and patted the vein to make it more visible. Then she dipped a cotton ball in rubbing alcohol and cleaned the skin around the vein.

"Breathe," she instructed, noticing how nervous John was, "It'll only hurt for a moment. I promise."

John nodded, feeling Freddie's hand on his lower back, rubbing circles.

"Okay, here we go. Little pinch and ... " Susan said and John felt the needle go in. Immediately he tensed up, biting on his lower lip, trying very hard to keep still. He made the mistake of looking and he felt his stomach turn at the sight of the blood flowing into the glass vial.

"Look at me, darling," he heard Freddie say and he was more than happy to do that.

Turning his face to meet Freddie's eyes was a very good decision and immediately he felt himself relaxing.

"What kind of a muffin would you like?" the singer suddenly asked.

"W-What?"

"I promised to buy you a muffin," Freddie grinned, "Or perhaps a cupcake?"

"Blueberry muffins are my favorite," John replied, smiling.

The singer nodded in excitement, bringing his hand up to rest in on John's shoulder, "Mine too, darling!"

"All done," they heard Susan say and they let out a breath they were clearly both holding in.

When John felt the needle being pulled out, he winced in discomfort, but the pain was immediately gone and he felt a cotton ball being pressed into the crook of his arm and then a band-aid over the injection site.
"You did so well, darling," Freddie praised him and John could not help but blush.

"I'll have them run all the necessary tests," Susan explained, "You can probably expect the results in a week or two. Can I let you know over the phone or - ?"

"Over the phone, please," John quickly said, not wanting to visit the hospital anytime soon.

Thankfully, Freddie was the first one to stand up, offering a big smile to Susan, "Thank you so much. For everything, really."

"It's no problem. I already told this to Roger and I'm telling you now," she paused for a moment, her eyes meeting John's, "If you need anything ... Don't hesitate to call. Roger has my number if you need anything. At any time. Alright?"

John blushed, but at the same time he was very touched by her words. Ever since that incident with the other nurse, John has been wary of anyone in the medical field and had trouble trusting them. For some reason he found himself trusting Susan and it only helped that Roger had nice things to say about her.

The moment they left the hospital, John threw himself on Freddie, wrapping his arms around him.

"T-Thank you so much," he whispered into his neck.

"I'm really proud of you," the singer replied and strangely enough, John found himself blushing again. When he finally pulled away from him, breaking the hug, he realized that Freddie was grinning at him, a mischievous look in his eyes.

"W-What?" the bassist asked, slightly confused.

"You kept your word and now it's time for me to do the same."

ooo

Half an hour later they arrived at a small coffee shop. John picked the table, the one right next to the window and sat down, looking around. There were not many people there and it was a nice, intimate atmosphere.
"Blueberry muffin?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrow.

John nodded, smiling and then the singer disappeared to get them their desserts. Two minutes later he was already back, carrying a muffin for John and a vanilla cupcake from himself.

"I've never tried this one," the singer admitted, sitting down.

John tensed up, a nervous giggle escaping him as he realized something, "Is this ... is this our first real date?"

Freddie smiled as he heard the question and he shrugged his shoulders, trying to act calm, "I-If you want it to be, darling."

"I want to."

The singer's eyes widened with excitement and he gave John the biggest grin yet, "Then it's a date."

It was a date.

John almost squealed with happiness, all the panic from the hospital completely forgotten. Yes, him and Freddie had been to clubs before, even alone, and on walks, but this really seemed like a proper date.

There was also something he needed to ask and after struggling with it a bit, he just blurted it out, "D-Did you mean it when you said I can move in with you and Roger?"

"That's another thing I wanted to talk to you about, darling," Freddie carefully started, "I would love it if you moved in. I-I mean, nothing would change. You've been living with us for the last two months."

"And throwing away rent money for that other flat," John chuckled, taking a shaky breath, "And the ... landlord would be fine with me moving in?"

"I'll have to call him and check. If he's not fine with it, then fuck him. We'll find another flat," Freddie said as if it wasn't a big deal.

It made John's heart flutter that Freddie really was willing to change flats because of him. Well, perhaps it wasn't all because of him, but he made it sound as if it was.

"And perhaps," Freddie's eyes widened with excitement, "We could find a flat where pets are allowed."
John giggled, "You really want a cat, don't you?"

"I need a cat, darling," the singer almost purred, "Don't you want a cat?"

"I-I'm more of a dog person, really," he admitted and laughed at the shocked expression on Freddie's face.

"Excuse me?" the singer gasped, clearly being very dramatic, "A dog person? I'm sorry, dear. But I don't think this relationship is going to work. I absolutely cannot have a dog person as my boyfriend."

The bassist laughed again, the words not truly registering with him. And then he realized it.

"B-Boyfriend?" he whispered, staring at Freddie, not even blinking.

The singer slowly let out a shaky breath, biting his lower lip nervously, "If ... If you're alright with it."

John could not nod his head fast enough, "Yes, yes. I'm alright with it. I'm more than alright with it."

Freddie smiled, clearly very relieved by the answer, then cleared his throat, "Let me do this right. John Richard Deacon. Will you give me the honor and the joy of being your boyfriend?"

When the singer shifted on his chair, John panicked, a part of him thought that Freddie would actually get down on his knee, but thankfully that did not happen. The bassist would just die if it did, though. It was a strange and funny situation; the manner in which Freddie asked him to be his boyfriend. John felt as if he was asking for his hand.

"Y-Yes," he managed to whisper, his heart beating so fast it almost jumped out of his chest.

Again, Freddie shifted, fixing his jacket and John actually thought he was going to pull a ring out of his pocket. What was wrong with him? The bassist laughed at himself and then looked at Freddie, desperately wanting to kiss him.

"Alright, darling," the singer smirked at him, "The first thing we need to do as a boyfriend and boyfriend is to come to an agreement about our pets."

And for the next hour John listened as Freddie went on and on about how cats are better pets than dogs. He wasn't complaining though, John could listen to Freddie talk about the weather for hours and he'd be perfectly fine with it.
When they finally returned home later in the afternoon, they found Roger and Brian on the sofa in the living room, having a serious discussion. Or arguing. John could never tell with the two of them.

"I doubt you've seen a single tit in your life, Bri. Let alone two," Roger laughed.

Oh, John thought.

Of course Roger was talking about sex. What else could he be talking about? What surprised him was the fact that Brian was actually engaging in the conversation, when normally he would just roll his eyes and refuse to listen to the drummer.

When Freddie and John entered the room, Roger just waved at them both as he continued to talk.

"But I'm telling you, Bri. A threesome is much more demanding. Physically as well as mentally."

"Why?" Brian asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Because it's two of everything. Two pair of tits, two mouths, two - "

"And you have two hands, don't you?" Brian asked.

"Yes, but I only have one cock, Brian!"

Freddie let out a very loud sigh, "What are we talking about, boys? I'm sure it's something very intellectually challenging. I would never expect anything less from you two."

"Roger started it," Brian defended himself.

"Fred," Roger turned to him, "Have you ever had a threesome?"

The singer shook his head, "I haven't, no. Never really saw the appeal in it."

John smiled, hoping no one would try and drag him into this conversation.
The drummer seemed to be thinking hard about something and then he narrowed his eyes at Freddie, "Yes, but it would be easier for you."

"What do you mean, dear?"

Roger took a deep breath, "I mean, it would be three exactly the same body parts. You probably weren't even nervous the first time you shagged a bloke. I mean, it's the same two body parts. It wasn't something unfamiliar to you."

"Excuse me, were you there the first time I shagged a bloke?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrows, "How do you know I wasn't nervous?"

"Because you knew the body parts!" Roger tried to explain, "The first time I saw tits I just stared at them for half an hour at least. You were probably like oh that's a cock. Lets do this."

"Yes," Freddie's voice was dripping with sarcasm, "That's exactly how it happened, darling."

John leaned back in his chair, wondering if he made a mistake by agreeing to move in. If he had to listen about sex and cocks all day, every day, he'd lose his mind.

It was around ten o'clock in the evening when Freddie decided to retire to his bedroom for a while, desperately needing to break free from all the fighting between Roger and Brian. They weren't exactly fighting, more like ... picking on each other and teasing. Bickering. Unfortunately, he could hear them even from his bedroom. He tried to ignore the voices as he flipped through a magazine, enjoying some time alone.

Meanwhile, John decided to take a quick shower and when he returned to the bedroom, he was surprised to see Freddie there. The singer said nothing to him, just offered a warm smile and then focused his attention on the magazine in his lap. John tensed up, wondering if that was one of Roger's magazines. The ones filled with pictures of naked girls.

Thankfully, it wasn't and the bassist relaxed, feeling a bit stupid. Did he really think Freddie was looking at naked girls?

As he brushed his hair, John could not help but notice that Freddie was acting slightly odd for the last
two days. Ever since that incident between them.

He couldn't really explain it, but something felt off. Freddie was still touching him, rubbing his back, holding his hand, giving him hugs, but those weren't sexual touches. John realized with horror that Freddie did not make one sexual joke in those last two days. There were plenty of opportunities, but the singer just ... let it slide.

And John missed it. Regardless of his blushing and feeling slightly embarrassed, he liked the overly sexual Freddie. He missed him. And them being together. It wasn't the act of sex that he missed, it was sex with Freddie.

He was very aware of the fact that he messed up and he probably deserved the treatment that the singer was giving him.

Still, John ached for Freddie and the more he was thinking about it, the more he found himself missing him. Freddie was his boyfriend now. They were together.

The bassist bit his lower lip when an idea occurred to him. He was really bad at it, but perhaps it would help if John was the one to initiate intimacy? Would Freddie enjoy that?

John unbuttoned his shirt, sitting on the edge of the bed as his eyes hesitantly landed on Freddie. The singer did not seem to notice; he was apparently completely absorbed into the magazine he was reading. For a slight moment John felt stupid, but then decided to continue.

He slowly pushed the shirt down his shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. Still, Freddie did not look up from his magazine. Clearing his throat, John finally got the attention he wanted.

"John, what happened to your shirt?" Freddie asked, clearly very confused.

"Oh, I-I got hot," he stuttered, playing with his hair awkwardly. He really had no idea how to do this; being intentionally seductive was not something that he had any experience in.

And judging by Freddie's very much confused look, he was not any good at it.

"The room is cold," the singer chuckled, "Darling, put something on. You'll catch a cold."

John ignored that comment and crawled on bed, suddenly finding himself in a very odd position. He was on all fours and he tried to flip his hair back, hoping he was doing something right. And seductive.

"Are you quite alright?" Freddie laughed again, "You are acting very odd, dear."
"I-I'm fine - " John replied, trying to find a comfortable position to sit in, but apparently he overestimated how wide the bed was and as he tried to place his hand on the mattress in an attempt to support himself, he fell right off, landing on the floor with a loud thud.

"John!" Freddie immediately leaned over, "Are you alright?"

Feeling completely mortified, John stood up as quickly as possible, trying to act as if nothing happened, "I-I'm fine. Don't worry about it. It's ... fine."

He could feel himself blushing and no matter how hard he tried to stop it, he just knew his cheeks were completely red. It was pointless to try and fight it.

"Sweetheart," Freddie chuckled, taking John's hand and helping him on the bed again. The bassist just sighed as he sat down, feeling embarrassed and mortified.

"John, what's going on?"

It took him a few moments, but then he just blurted out, "I want to kiss you."

"Is that what this is about?" Freddie asked softly.

John nodded, "We haven't kissed in two days."

Again, he could hear Freddie chuckling, "Darling, you know you can kiss me anytime you want. You don't have to ... undress and throw yourself off the bed."

"I didn't - " John started, but then just stopped, a giggle escaping him, "That was not done on purpose."

He felt Freddie's hand grasp his chin softly, tilting his head up so that he could look at him. Every time Freddie looked at him like that, John felt as if he might drown in his eyes.

Very slowly, Freddie leaned closer to him, his hand still caressing John's chin as his thumb traced his lower lip. The bassist felt himself trembling and it was not from the coldness. He closed his eyes and parted his lips slightly, waiting in anticipation. The moment he felt Freddie's lips brush against his, John moaned, a shiver going down his body. It felt as if every nerve in his body was on fire.

And then it suddenly stopped.

John opened his eyes to see Freddie smiling at him, "There you go, darling."
When the singer made an attempt to move away, John grabbed his hand, "Freddie, please."

There was confusion written all over Freddie's face and after a long moment, the realization dawned on him.

"John," he started carefully, "I don't know - "

"Please," the bassist sounded desperate and he didn't care.

There was a hint of playfulness in Freddie's eyes as he asked, "Are you horny, darling? Is that what this is about?"

"N-No."

"Are you sure?"

John took a shaky breath, "I-I'm hornu for you."

That was true. John felt as if he could live without sex; at that moment he couldn't see himself doing it with anyone else but Freddie. And while the physical sensations felt unbelievably good, it wasn't what John missed. He missed feeling that close to Freddie.

"John - "

"I-I want you, Freddie," the bassist whispered, "I don't even know how I want you, but I want you."

The singer looked down in shame, "What if I do something wrong again?"

"You won't. Because I'll tell you the moment I don't like something. I promise," John said and he really meant it this time.

It was obvious that Freddie was struggling and John gently took his hand, bringing it to his lips, kissing the knuckles softly. It actually made the singer moan and it became very apparent to John that Freddie wanted him as much as he wanted Freddie, but something was holding him back.

"I love you," John whispered, smiling, "I trust you."

Those words seemed to make all the difference and finally Freddie nodded, his eyes playful again. John missed that look so much. He missed Freddie giving him that look.
"Lie down, darling."

John quickly obeyed and observed in anticipation as Freddie settled in between his legs. The bassist liked this position; some might think he was feminine because of it, but John didn't care. He enjoyed spreading his legs for Freddie and feel him caressing his thighs.

When Freddie finally leaned down to kiss him, John wrapped his arms around him, pulling him down even more. Freddie lightly swept his tongue between John's lips, pressing his warm, soft lips to his. They shared lazy kisses and sweet, slow caresses, and rather than being awkward, to John it felt like coming home. When they finally broke apart, John was breathing heavily, but he still managed to slide his hands underneath Freddie's shirt, whispering, "T-Take it off, please."

The singer wasted no time, pulling himself up into a sitting position, quickly taking the shirt off, throwing it on the floor. And then he leaned down again to continue kissing, but John placed a hand on his chest, stopping him.

Immediately Freddie tensed up, "What's wrong, darling?"

John let out a nervous chuckle, "N-Nothing's wrong. But ... when I said take it off, I meant ... everything. I-If you'd like."

It took Freddie a long moment to react, "E-Everything? You mean my pants?"

John nodded, "And your underwear," then he giggled, "If you're wearing any, that is."

"Darling, are you sure?"

"I am."

"Are you really sure?"

John nearly melted when he noticed the sheer concern in Freddie's eyes and if he wasn't sure before, he was now.

"I'm sure, Freddie," he breathed out, "And then ... perhaps you can take mine off as well?"

The singer moaned at those words and he had to close his eyes for a moment, trying to get a hold of himself.

"I-I still can't do much, but ... " John tried to explain, "I thought we could make out like that. N-
Naked."

"Are you sure?"

"Freddie. Yes."

"What's the color?"

"Green."

Freddie seemed to think about it for a moment, observing John's face for any sign of discomfort and the bassist smiled, gently running his hands up and down Freddie's legs.

"Alright," the singer finally nodded, looking down at the younger boy underneath him.

"If you could just ... turn the lights off. I-It's too bright," John said, blushing a bit.

"Don't be embarrassed, darling. I've already seen everything," Freddie teased, but still got up and turned the lights off.

The moment the darkness took over the room, John relaxed even more. He could hear Freddie rustling with clothes and then finally he climbed onto the bed again, settling in between John's legs. The bassist could not help but shiver at the thought of a completely naked Freddie right there next to him. And then he felt hands on the waistband of his own pajama bottoms; the fingers hooked underneath it, but then stilled.

"Are you sure you want this, darling? You don't have to - "

"I want it, Freddie," John breathed out, "God, I want it."

It was all Freddie needed to hear and he gently pulled John's bottoms off, along with his underwear. The bassist helped, raising his hips, allowing the singer to undress him completely.

It was a bit odd.

But exciting.

When he felt Freddie move, covering his body with his, John moaned at the contact, closing his eyes.
"You're shaking," he suddenly heard Freddie say and there was concern in his voice.

The bassist did not even realize that he was shaking, but he was. A lot. He wasn't cold, though. And he wasn't that nervous. And then he noticed it. Freddie was shaking too, his body shivering on top of his.

"Y-You are shaking too, Freddie," John replied quietly, gently caressing the singer's back with his hands, tracing his fingers slowly up and down.

"Are you sure you want this? I can get dressed - "

John cut him off, pulling him down for a kiss. That seemed to shut Freddie up and give him the confidence he needed. Slowly, he lowered himself completely on top of John and the bassist whimpered at the feeling of their chest pressed together.

And then he felt that other thing. A very large, hard thing resting on his belly.

Frederico certainly was interested and William was as well.

Freddie's hands seemed to be all over him, touching and caressing. And then something happened that made John tense up just slightly; he felt Freddie's hand on his wrist again and his body prepared itself to panic and John opened his mouth to protest, but then he felt Freddie just interlocking their fingers and suddenly he felt stupid. How could he even think that Freddie would do the same thing that upset him so much the last time? Of course he wouldn't.

Freddie planted soft kisses all over John's face, making the bassist giggle. He was kissing John's forehead, his cheeks, his nose, the corner of his lips, his eyelids. John felt so very loved and treasured at that moment that he could cry.

"I-I love you," he whispered and Freddie stopped what he was doing.

"I love you," the singer replied, "You are absolutely perfect, darling."

"I'm not," John laughed in embarrassment.

"You're perfect to me. Absolutely perfect."

It was something about being praised like that; John couldn't help but blush and ... was he getting aroused by it?
"Let me take care of you, darling, yes?" Freddie asked, breathing heavily, gently nibbling his ear.

John just nodded and the next thing he felt was Freddie's hand sliding down in between their bodies and his eyes rolled back with pleasure when warm fingers wrapped around him.

"Oh my god," he moaned, shaking even more than before.

"Say my name, sweetheart."

"F-Freddie."

The singer clearly liked that because he groaned in pure pleasure, slowly moving his hand up and down John's cock. Realizing that they weren't alone in the flat and that he shouldn't be moaning, John quickly covered his mouth with his hand, trying to stifle the sounds.

Freddie gently moved his hand away, "Don't do that, darling. I want to hear you."

"B-But Roger -"

"They're in the living room," the singer explained, grinding his hips against John, "They can't hear us. Unless we are really really loud. So don't worry, dear. I don't think your soft moans can be heard all the way to the living room."

John nodded, giggling a bit, but the moment he felt Freddie's hand on him again, that giggle turned into a low moan of pure pleasure.

Freddie was touching him very slowly, but firmly. Every now and then he tightened the grip around him, causing John to cry out in bliss, uttering complete nonsense and saying Freddie's name over and over again.

"Do you want me to suck you off, darling?" he heard a question and it sent shivers down his body.

Of course he wanted that and the sheer hunger he could hear in Freddie's voice told him that he wanted it too. Still, at that moment John could not imagine not feeling Freddie on top of him, not hearing him breathe into his ear. Even though, the singer would not be going very far away, John did not want it.

"P-Perhaps another time. Tonight I-I want you like this," the bassist replied quietly, "Here, with me."

Freddie responded to him with another kiss, lightly biting his lower lip, pressing his groin against
John's leg, finally allowing himself some relief as well. John helped, moving his thigh, rubbing it against Freddie.

John was very aware of the fact that he was needy: clinging onto Freddie as if his life depended on it, but at the same time he did not know the extent of his neediness. It was only when Freddie moved off of him for just two seconds, just to pull the covers over them, that he realized how much he needed and wanted Freddie.

Those two seconds that he was suddenly alone; not feeling Freddie's body on top of his, offering security and comfort, were more than enough to cause John to panic, his breath hitching in his throat. He felt alone and naked and exposed.

"Hey, what's wrong, darling?" Freddie asked, clearly noticing the sudden change in John's attitude.

As he slowly lowered himself on top of John again, the bassist relaxed again, "J-Just stay like this, Freddie. Here with me."

"Alright. I'm not going anywhere," the singer whispered, kissing John's neck again.

The bassist knew that he was not going to last much longer. Freddie's hand on him was too much, the teasing was too much. Without even realizing it, he started to move his hips, pressing into Freddie's hand, letting out little whimpers as he did so.

"You're close, darling."

John blushed, but at the same time he wondered how did the singer know that. Was he that obvious? Unable to reply, John just nodded and then he felt Freddie tighten the grip around him, causing him to literally cry out and he wrapped his arms around the older boy, biting his neck.

John could not believe what he was doing. He really was biting the skin on Freddie's neck, sucking softly at it, and judging by Freddie's moans, he was enjoying it quite a bit.

It wasn't soon after that John felt himself coming apart at Freddie's hands, his hips bucking up uncontrollably. The pure bliss that followed was out of this world. For a few long moments John could not think straight, he could not move, speak or do anything but lie there, his chest heaving as he struggled to control his breathing.

When he finally came to, he heard Freddie moaning above him. Opening his eyes, he found the singer staring right at him, biting his lower lip. Freddie's eyes were partly closed, the pleasure being too much, but he was struggling to keep them open.

John could see his arm moving and slowly he looked down and realized that Freddie was touching himself. Before he could actually take a better look or help, the singer let out the softest moan ever
and just collapsed on top of John.

The bassist felt something sticky on his belly, in between their bodies.

Freddie actually needed a few minutes before he was able to speak again. John just waited patiently, hearing Freddie let out short little breaths and soon his breathing returned to normal. When he was finally able to raise his head to look at John, he found the bassist already staring at him with a smile on his face; a smile that could best be described as sated and satisfied, a little sleepy around the edges.

"Let me clean you up, darling," Freddie grinned, raising himself off of the bassist, looking around the room, trying to find something to wipe the sticky substance off of them. Finally, he just reached down to grab his shirt from the floor.

The moment he did that, he heard a voice.

"Fred, do you have my magazine? I want to show Brian - "

Before Freddie and John could react in any way, the doors were pushed open and then they both heard Roger let out the girliest scream ever.

Chapter End Notes

See? Told you fluff was coming. :) I can't believe this story started almost half a year ago. I really appreciate everyone who's still reading! <3
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John wished the earth would just open up and swallow him whole. He felt as if his head was on fire from the pure embarrassment and all he wanted was to hide and never show his face again. It did not help that he was currently sitting on the living room sofa, wearing only his pajama bottoms while being wrapped in a blanket. Freddie was sitting right next to him, also wearing only his pajama bottoms. Roger was on the other side of Freddie, refusing to look in their direction while repeating "Oh god, oh god".

Brian seemed to be the only calm one in the room and he was standing over them, his arms crossed over his chest. John finally understood what Roger meant when he said that Brian had the tendency to look at him like a disappointed father and he could see that look at that moment. And the look was directed at all three of them.

"Now," Brian slowly started, "Would someone care to explain what happened? Why was Roger shrieking like a girl for five minutes? Why did I hear Freddie swearing for five minutes? And John ... I couldn't hear you doing anything, but you do look quite upset? Are you alright?"

John quickly nodded, looking down at his lap. He did not want the attention. He did not want to be sitting in the living room, but he had no choice. Apparently, they had to have a meeting. Everything was still very confusing to him as he was still pretty much coming down from his high, but he did remember kissing Freddie, hugging him and then Freddie offering to clean them both up. And then a scream. When John opened his eyes, he saw Roger standing in the doorway, staring at them with a shocked expression. The next moment he felt Freddie covering him up with a blanket, trying to protect his modesty while remaining completely naked himself. And Roger just stood there, screaming, not moving. Only when Freddie yelled at him to get out did the drummer finally move, running away, leaving the door open. Freddie quickly jumped to close the door, not even bothering to cover up and John could finally see the singer in all his glory. Unfortunately, he could not really think about that because the embarrassment he felt was too much to handle.

The next thing he knew was Brian knocking on their door, asking them to meet him in the living room. At that point John could still hear Roger screaming.

"I saw Freddie's arse, that's what happened!" Roger shouted while grimacing.

"Oh, don't give me that look," the singer rolled his eyes, "My arse is magnificent, darling."

"I also saw other ... parts of Freddie," Roger continued, staring off into the distance, relieving that horrible memory.

"Don't be such a drama queen, dear."
"And why exactly was Freddie ... undressed?" Brian asked, clearly not understanding what had happened.

The other three boys looked at him in confusion and John hoped, prayed that no one would tell him.

"Because he was shagging Deaky!" Roger shouted.

John winced, fighting the urge to just pull the blanket over his head and staying that way. For the rest of his life. He could see the slight embarrassment on Brian's face as he finally realized what had happened, but he tried to play it off, clearing his throat and letting out a quiet "Oh."

"Yes, I was shagging my boyfriend in my bedroom! How dare I?" Freddie argued back, rolling his eyes again.

"I saw your arse, Fred! Have you ever seen my arse?" the drummer asked, raising his eyebrows.

"No, because I know how to knock, darling!"

"Lets all calm down," Brian interrupted them, letting out a deep breath, "Roger. Did you or did you not knock before entering Freddie's room?"

"No, but -"

"You should have knocked," the guitarist said firmly, cutting him off.

"I didn't expect him to be getting it on with both of us right here!" Roger insisted.

"We did not break any of your rules, darling," Freddie said, sighing.

"What rules?" Brian couldn't help but ask.

"Oh, he came up with this insanely long list of rules," Freddie explained, taking in a deep breath, "A list of when and how John and I are allowed to fuck. I'm surprised you didn't include the positions we are and are not allowed to use, dear."

John was blushing more and more with each passing second. Yes, Freddie was defending them, but at the same time, John did not want to be having this kind of conversation.

Brian sighed again, rubbing his forehead, "Well, have you perhaps thought about ... not living
together anymore? If this kind of arrangement is not working out for you two anymore?"

Both Freddie and Roger gave him a shocked look.

"What is wrong with you, Bri?" Roger asked and if looks could kill Brian would not be breathing anymore.

"How can you say something like that, darling?" Freddie demanded, crossing his arms over his chest and staring at Brian.

"Fred and I are never not going to live together," the drummer said, looking at Brian as if he was crazy for even suggesting something like that.

The singer agreed, "I'll never let him move out! Over my dead body!"

While it was very sweet and John actually smiled, he could not help but imagine their life in a couple of years from now; all of them in their thirties and still living together.

Brian took in another deep breath, trying to stay calm, "Alright, then. I believe Roger needs to apologize to both of you for barging into your room without knocking."

The drummer rolled his eyes, but after a couple of moments of silence, he finally gave in, turning to face Freddie and John, "I'm sorry for not knocking. I promise to not do it again."

John just quickly nodded, accepting the apology, wanting to be out of that room as soon as possible.

Freddie smiled at his blond friend, "And I'm sorry you had to see my arse, darling."

"I'll never be able to forget it," Roger grimaced.

"Yes, I've gotten a lot of compliments for it," Freddie grinned, completely missing the point.

Realizing the meeting was over, John quickly stood up and excused himself, hurrying back into Freddie's bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed, feeling utterly embarrassed; seriously considering the possibility of never having sex again.

He could hear Freddie entering the room and he tensed up, feeling completely overwhelmed with everything. The singer was giggling to himself, clearly very much amused by the whole situation and not at all embarrassed.
"Roger actually said he's seen prettier arses than mine!" he complained, "Can you believe him, dear?"

John let out a sound that was something between a laugh and a mortified cry. The next moment he could feel Freddie sitting down next to him, placing his hand on the bassist's lower back.

"Are you alright, dear? What's wrong?"

A nervous giggle escaped John at hearing that question, "W-What's wrong?" he repeated, not believing that Freddie was really asking him that.

"Yes, you seem off, dear."

"R-Roger just... " John started, then paused for a long moment, "Roger just saw us... me naked."

Realization dawned onto Freddie's face, "Oh. Sweetheart, don't stress over that."

"H-How can I not stress over it? I-I'm... embarrassed," he whispered, looking down at his hands.

"John, everyone does it. Especially Roger."

"Y-Yes, but... he saw me. Like that."

"He didn't."

"He did," John argued, blushing even more.

"He didn't. I covered you up, didn't I?" Freddie asked softly, "The only thing that was exposed was my damn arse."

John could not help but giggle at that, but he still looked very worried and ashamed.

"Hey," the singer started slowly, "Rog and I have had far more embarrassing moments than this. Don't worry about it. Alright?"

Hesitantly, John nodded, meeting Freddie's eyes and smiling a bit. The singer responded with a big, toothy grin, his hand moving up to play with John's hair. That always seemed to do the trick and the bassist relaxed, letting out a deep breath.
"Forget about Rog for a moment," Freddie said, moving closer to John, "I-I really liked what we were doing before we got interrupted."

He seemed really nervous as he waited for John's response and the bassist smiled again, "I-I really liked it too, Freddie."

The older boy visibly relaxed, "Really? You did?"

"I did," John laughed, "It was ... one of the best experiences of my life."

"Darling," the singer seemed really touched by those words.

Feeling a bit awkward with the singer staring at him with wide opened eyes, John tried to change the subject, "How about we just ... go to sleep? And hopefully tomorrow nobody is going to remember anything."

With those words he slipped under the covers, making himself comfortable. He could hear Freddie turning the lights off and then getting in bed as well. At first it seemed the singer was staying on his part of the bed and John did feel a bit hurt by that, although he knew it was impossible to cuddle literally every day. Just as he was thinking about it, he felt Freddie press himself against him, wrapping an arm around John's waist, pulling him closer. The bassist giggled and covered Freddie's hand with his own, running his thumb over the soft skin. Even though he was still very much stressed about what had happened, it didn't take John long to fall asleep, for what he was immensely grateful.

ooo

The next morning John was the first one to get up; he wanted to make breakfast for Freddie and Roger. A small part of him was trying to bribe Roger into forgetting about the last night's incident. Well, he knew the drummer would not be able to forget it, but John wanted to do everything in his power to make sure Roger never brings the subject up again.

After he was done preparing a few sandwiches, John tried to make some coffee. As he waited, he reached for the top shelf, where he knew the coffee mugs were. Completely lost in his own thoughts, he did not hear the footsteps or feel the presence of another person in the kitchen.

It was only when arms wrapped around his waist and when he felt someone's body pressed against him from behind, did he snap out of his thoughts, jerking away from the touch, dropping the mug in the process.
He turned around in panic to face the person and realized it was only Freddie. Immediately he felt stupid; who else could it be?

The singer managed to catch the mug in the last moment, preventing it from dropping to the floor and smashing into a million pieces. John would really feel horrible about it; he has destroyed too many mugs already.

Freddie slowly placed the mug on the counter and then raised his hands up, a very concerned expression on his face, "It's just me, darling. I-I'm sorry."

John was still breathing heavily, but he managed to smile, "I-It's fine. I'm just a bit ... jumpy."

"I promise to never to it again, alright?"

Freddie really felt awful about it, John could see the remorse and the shame in his eyes. It was such a small thing, being startled by someone, but they both knew with John it meant something deeper.

"It's fine, really," the bassist smiled, trying to cheer Freddie up, "Do me a favor and grab some milk from the fridge."

Immediately, the singer obeyed and John giggled at how well behaved Freddie was. The singer was far from being a housewife or a chef, but he could be of use in the kitchen; always willing to help and follow instructions.

"What is all this, dear?" Freddie asked as he noticed the sandwiches on the table, "Is this all for you?"

"Of course not," John laughed, "How much do you think I can eat? This is for all of us."

"But ... why?"

"I figured we could all enjoy breakfast together," John said quietly, placing the coffee mugs on the table.

The singer did seem surprised, but it only lasted for a moment, before a large grin appeared on his face. He took a seat and grabbed one of the sandwiches, taking the first bite. John soon followed, sitting down next to Freddie. He took a sip from the warm coffee mug he held in his hands as he observed the singer.

"I was thinking," Freddie started slowly, "We could ask Brian to help us with the move."
"The ... move?"

"You are moving in with us, darling. Have you forgotten?" the singer laughed, "Do you have a lot of stuff?"

John quickly shook his head, "N-No. Almost all of my clothes are already here. There would be ... five boxes at most."

"Alright, I'll ask Brian to drive us. He'll probably be available over the weekend. Hopefully, you'll be completely moved in by the start of the next week," Freddie sounded really excited.

"Have you called the landlord yet?" John asked calmly, even though he was as excited as Freddie, perhaps even more.

"Oh, I'll do it later today. Or tomorrow," Freddie shrugged his shoulders, "I don't see a reason why he'd be against it."

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud yawn and only a moment later, Roger walked into the kitchen, rubbing his eyes and looking completely wasted. But once he smelled the coffee, his eyes snapped open and suddenly he seemed very awake.

"I-I've made you some coffee," John said, pointing at the mug on the table.

Roger smiled, biting his lip, "You are literally the best, Deaky."

"Rog, we were thinking about John moving in by next week," Freddie explained, "We'd have to ask Brian to help as he is the only one with a car."

The drummer just nodded, then looked at John, a playful look in his eyes, "You're really moving in, huh? How good of a cook are you?"

The singer slapped his shoulder, "Knock it off, darling. He's not moving in to be our personal chef."

John laughed, blushing a bit, "I-I'm probably not as good as Brian, but ... we won't be starving. That's for sure."

Even though John expected it to be an awkward breakfast, it actually wasn't. Freddie and Roger got into one of their usual arguments that lasted for a couple of minutes and then they were both giggling about something. John observed with a smile on his face as he sipped his coffee, finally allowing himself to relax. Perhaps this day wouldn't be as horrible.
Of course he was mistaken. Only a few hours later, John once again wished the earth would open up and swallow him. It started with Freddie and Roger having a couple of beers; they weren't drunk, only a bit tipsy. John went to take a shower and when he returned he found them both on the sofa, whispering amongst themselves and giggling like little girls.

"It's not even four o'clock in the afternoon," John laughed at the sight in front of him, "Why are you both drinking?"

"Oh, it's pouring rain outside, darling," Freddie explained, trying to keep a serious face, "We are stuck inside. What else are we supposed to do? I can't even play my damn piano without the neighbors complaining."

"Those beers were in the fridge for too long, Deaky," Roger added, "They would go bad. The expiration date - "

"Beers don't have expiration dates, you dumb blond," Freddie cut him off.

"Yes, they do, Fred!"

"No, they don't! Why do people then say wine gets better with age?"

Roger blinked at Freddie in confusion, thinking about it for a moment, but then he just shook his head, "That's just with wine, you idiot."

"No, it's not!"

John laughed at those two idiots in front of him and went to sit in the armchair, but before he could do that, Roger quickly stood up, offering his place on the sofa, "Here, sit next to your boyfriend."

John blushed, but then slowly walked over to Freddie, sitting down. The singer looked at him lovingly and sent him a few air kisses, making John blush even more. Thankfully Roger saw none of that as he slowly made his way over to the armchair and when he sat down, he winced in pain, making both Freddie and John look at him in surprise.
"You alright, Rog?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrow.

The drummer nodded, then pointed at his crotch area, "Yeah, I've just had an ... accident a few days ago. Still bloody hurts to wear tight pants."

"What kind of an accident?"

"Oh, you know," Roger sighed, "I was with this girl ... Sarah or ... Suzanne, I don't remember. But she yanked my zipper down and my cock got caught in it."

Both Freddie and John winced at the same time, almost able to feel the pain that would cause.

"Shit," the singer swore, "Is your Rogerina alright?"

The drummer just nodded, but then realized what Freddie just said, "Fred! Did you tell Deaky about our cocks' names?"

Freddie just giggled in response and Roger turned his attention to John, "He told you, did he? That bastard. That was our secret, Fred!"

"I-I've named mine William," John said quietly, hoping that would make Roger feel slightly better.

It did seem to do the trick and the drummer relaxed a bit and then he gave John an amused look, "William? That's really fitting, Deaky."

"W-What do you mean?" the bassist asked.

"I haven't seen your cock, but I would say he's a William," Roger said, taking a sip out of his beer, "It's just fitting, you know?"

"Stop talking about John's cock, darling!" Freddie rolled his eyes, "Tell us about yours. Are you sure it's fine?"

"Sometimes I envy you, Fred. Girls just ... don't understand some things," Roger complained, "I bet a guy would never just yank your zipper down, almost tearing your cock off in the process."

Again, Freddie and John winced and shifted uncomfortably on the sofa.

"Don't even get me started on their bras," the drummer continued, "I mean, who invented that? I still struggle with those."
"Well, then stop wearing them, darling," Freddie teased, earning himself a middle finger from Roger.

"Also, we can't fake it," the blond said, leaving both John and Freddie in confusion.

"F-Fake what?" the bassist asked before he could stop himself.

"Orgasms!"

John blushed and crossed his arms over his chest, mentally slapping himself for asking that question.

"They can fake it," Roger spoke, his expression suddenly horrified, "Sometimes when I can't sleep ... I wonder if a girl's ever faked it with me."

"I'm sure you're a magnificent lover, darling. Don't stress about it," Freddie comforted him.

Roger just shrugged his shoulders, "Sometimes I wish I could just stay at home and wank all day long."

"What?" the singer asked, clearly not expecting to hear that.

John took a deep breath, mentally preparing himself for the conversation about cocks and wanking. The usual subjects in the Mercury and Taylor household.

"It's easier than dealing with girls," the drummer explained, "I would never hurt Rogerina like that girl hurt her."

"Yes, wanking feels good, but it can't compare to actual sex, darling."

"Then you're not doing it right, Fred."

"Oh, I think I know a thing of two about wanking, dear. I've been doing it for half my life."

John tried to think of an excuse to leave the room and return when the conversation started revolving around normal things again.

And then he heard his name being called.

"Deaky! What's better? Wanking or actual sex?" Roger asked, staring at him.
Freddie tried to intervene, but the drummer cut him off, not allowing him to speak.

"I-I don't ... er ..." John panicked, trying to think of an answer.

"Wanking, am I right?" Roger raised his eyebrows, waiting for John to continue.

"Rog, leave him -" Freddie started, but was again interrupted by the drummer telling him to shut up.

"I've never actually done it," John whispered, looking down at his hands. His head was literally on fire, he was sure of it.

"You've never had sex?" Roger asked, clearly very confused, "But ... you're with Freddie. You can't be with Freddie and not have sex. He's ... a sex machine."

"Roger, you're slightly exaggerating!"

"Oh, am I? You're telling me you don't wish to shag constantly?"

Their arguing continued for a few more moments while John was struggling with his answer. He did trust both Freddie and Roger and he felt as if he could be honest with both of them. Also, it wasn't that big of a deal.

Finally, he cleared his throat and said, "I-I don't really ... wank."

Freddie already knew about that and he did not seem that surprised; the surprise that was on his face was due to John actually sharing that information with Roger. The drummer, on the other hand, looked horrified.

"You ... what do you mean you don't wank?"

"I-I just don't. I don't ... feel the need."

Roger just stared at him, but then he relaxed, "Oh, you mean now that you're with Fred you don't feel the need to wank."

John let out a nervous laugh, shaking his head, "N-No, even before. I just ... didn't."

Silence.
"You're lying," Roger finally whispered, staring at John, not even blinking.

Freddie quickly tried to defend him, "He's not lying, Rog. Leave him alone."

It was really sweet of the singer to do that and John smiled at him in gratitude, but the moment was cut short by Roger.

"But why? How can you ... not wank?"

"I-I don't feel the need, I guess. I mean, I've tried it in the past, but it didn't ... do much for me," John tried to explain, but judging by the expression on Roger's face, he wasn't making much sense.

"How were you doing it?" the drummer asked, not letting go of the subject, "You were probably doing it wrong, mate."

This time John actually laughed, "I-I don't know how one can do it wrong, but - "

"I'll help you!" Roger suddenly offered and after receiving shocked glares from both Freddie and John, he quickly added, "Not like that! I meant with words. Wanking is healthy, Deaky. You should be doing it."

"He's right, darling," Freddie said, taking Roger's side.

John let out a mortified sound, realizing he was alone in this. He could just stand up and leave, but he was unable to move.

"Alright," Roger took a deep breath, "First, start with your right hand. Later, when you want to experiment a bit, you can try doing it with your left hand. It's really strange, it'll feel like someone else is touching you."

Freddie seemed to be really interested by that, "I haven't tried switching hands before."

"You need to! It's really odd, but in a good way," the drummer replied with a grin and then turned his attention to John again, "I would suggest you don't do it standing up. At least not the first couple of times."

"I always do it standing up, darling," Freddie felt the need to share that.

John could feel himself burning up; he was actually sweating and tried to think of a way to change the subject or just ... leave the room.
"Move your hips!" Roger clapped his hands, "That's very important! Get your whole body into it. Most nerve endings in the cock are at the head, but there are random spots that are unusually sensitive. Try putting one hand at the base of your cock and press it towards your body while experimenting with different hand strokes - "

"Oh my god," John shrieked, shaking his head, "P-Please, stop talking."

"Darling, it's fine. We all do it. Even Brian!" Freddie tried to make him feel better, but it had the opposite effect. John really did not want the image of Brian wanking off in his head.

Roger continued, "I suggest you experiment and find what feels good. Close your eyes and think of girls - "

"Excuse me?" Freddie gasped in shock.

"I-I mean Freddie, think of Freddie," the drummer quickly corrected himself, rolling his eyes.

Suddenly John stood up, but both Freddie and Roger were too absorbed into what they were talking to notice the bassist slowly making his way out of the room.

"I wouldn't suggest doing it dry," Roger winced in discomfort, "There's some lotion in the bathroom. Feel free to use it, mate."

John just nodded, not knowing what else to do. He was hoping the conversation would end sooner if he just agreed with everything, not giving them much to go on. But he was wrong.

"Oh!" Freddie suddenly clapped his hands in excitement, "There's this thing that you can do, you sort of flick your wrist while you're jerking it," he tried to show the movement with his hand, but John quickly looked away.

"I don't think I understand," Roger sounded confused, "You grab it and then turn your wrist - ?"

"Yes, like this."

"But how do you twist it like that?"

"I can show it to you later, dear. "

John literally squealed in embarrassment and they weren't even talking to him anymore. And did he hear that right? Did Freddie just suggest he'd later show Roger how to wank? And why was Roger
completely fine with that? Being good friends is one thing, but showing each other how to play with yourself was something entirely different.

"The head is very sensitive," Freddie said suddenly said, turning his attention to John again, "That's probably the most important part - "

"That's not true," Roger cut him off, "Head's fine, but it can get over stimulated."

"Then how do you do it then?"

"I try and rub the whole shaft - "

John felt as if he might faint. He was burning up and it wasn't because of the excitement. Freddie and Roger argued about it for a few moments, then the singer just rolled his eyes, "Don't listen to him, dear. Head is the most sensitive and you'll get the most pleasure out of it. Try squeezing it while playing with your tea bags, darling."

That actually made John stop and give him a confused look, "T-tea bags?"

"Your balls, Deaky," Roger said matter-of-factly.

"Oh my god," John shrieked, covering his ears with his hands. Unfortunately, he was still able to hear the conversation. A small, very small part of him was intrigued by what Freddie and Roger were saying, he just wished he wasn't the centre of attention. If he was a fly on the wall while that conversation was happening ... he would be alright with that. But Freddie and Roger discussing his tea bags was too much.

Then Freddie giggled, turning to look at Roger, "Have you ever teabagged someone, dear?"

"No, have you? What's it like?"

John groaned, quickly making his way to the exit, not wanting to hear the answer.

"Darling, where are you going?"

The bassist ignored them both, almost running out of the room. He could hear Roger and Freddie following him, calling his name and he panicked, not knowing where to go and what to do. Finally, he just ran into the bathroom, slamming the doors shut. It was then that he realized here was no lock on the door. Not wanting to deal with Roger and Freddie, John just sat on the floor with his back against the door, preventing them to open it. Not that they would try opening the door against John's wishes, but he felt safer that way.
After a moment of silence, he could hear someone knock softly on the door.

"Darling, are you alright?"

"Y-Yes."

"Can I come in?"

"No," it came out harsher that John expected.

Then he could hear Roger's voice, "Perhaps he's wanking."

"I-I'm not!" the bassist immediately said, feeling himself blushing.

"It's perfectly fine if you are, dear."

"But I-I'm not!"

After the previous night John thought nothing could be more embarrassing, but clearly he was mistaken. He could hear Freddie and Roger whispering amongst themselves, but he couldn't understand what they were talking about.

"Darling, can I come in? I'm sorry, alright?"

"No," John shook his head, refusing to open the door.

"I promise to not mention wanking ever again."

Silence.

John wondered if Roger was still there with Freddie because he couldn't hear him anymore. Judging by Freddie's voice, the singer was probably kneeling or sitting down as well.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I didn't realize you'd be so embarrassed to talk about wanking. We all do it, dear."

Again, John just groaned, not wanting to listen about jerking off anymore. He kept silent, feeling too mortified to speak and hoping Freddie would just give up after a few minutes and leave him alone.
John had no idea how long he was planning to hide in the bathroom, but he was not coming out anytime soon. That much he knew.

"Are you sure you're not wanking, dear?"

"I-I'm not wanking, Freddie!" he almost yelled, covering his face with his hands.

He could hear the singer giggling and even though he was embarrassed, John couldn't help but smile at how childish Freddie could be.

After a couple of more minutes of Freddie pleading with him and John refusing to come out, Roger could be heard again and he sounded a bit in pain.

"Is he out yet?" the drummer asked, "I really have to pee, Fred."

"Well ... try to hold it in, dear."

"I am trying to hold it in! But I really have to go."

John let out a nervous breath, realizing he couldn't stay in the bathroom forever. And then smelled something.

Smoke.

It smelled as if something was burning.

He pushed that thought aside, concluding it probably wasn't coming from their apartment.

"Deaky, I'm really about to pee all over this hallway!"

Brian rang the doorbell a few more times, but it seemed as if no one was home. Which was strange, considering at least one of them was always home and they wouldn't just leave to go somewhere without informing him first. Especially when he told them he was coming over to hang out. He
looked around as he waited and then he smelled something.

Smoke.

Without thinking, he let himself in, realizing with annoyance that the door wasn't locked. Again. While he was thankful for that in this situation, Brian made a mental note to have a serious talk with the boys about the importance of locking the doors. He entered the kitchen, panting, and his eyes widened when he took in the scene. A frying pan was smoking as it lay on the floor, surrounded by bits of pancake, and there was batter all over the countertop, spilling onto the floor. Right there, in the middle of the chaos, stood Roger.

"Oh for god's sake, Rog!" Brian rolled his eyes, making his way over to the drummer.

"How did you get in?" Roger looked at him in surprise.

The guitarist made sure the stove was turned off and then he opened the window in the kitchen, coughing a bit with all the smoke in the room. Then finally, he turned to look at Roger who seemed strangely uncomfortable, almost jumping on the spot.

"Roger," he started in a serious tone, "What have I told you about the kitchen?"

The drummer looked down in shame, "That I am not allowed to set a foot in it."

"And what were you doing just now?"

"T-Trying to make pancakes."

"Playing with the stove, Rog. You playing with fire. Do you realize how dangerous that is?" he asked, bending over to pick the pan from the floor and place in the kitchen sink.

"I was trying to ... make something for Deaky," Roger defended himself, "I-I don't know why it suddenly caught on fire!"

"What is the matter with you?" Brian narrowed his eyes at the drummer who seemed almost in pain.

"I-I have to pee really bad!" the drummer let out, almost twisting in agony.

"Well, then go!" Brian said, wondering what was stopping him, "Where's Freddie?"

Roger just pointed towards the bathroom, not saying anything. A big part of Brian did not want to
Brian was very surprised and intrigued when he saw Freddie kneeling on the floor, with his forehead against the bathroom door.

"Darling, please!"

"Fred," Brian said, making the singer look at him. He concluded that John was in the bathroom and he did not want to know why.

"Brian, dear! When did you get here?" Freddie greeted him with a big smile, still not getting up from the floor.

"A few minutes ago," the guitarist replied, "Rog almost set the flat on fire."

"What? How?"

The drummer blushed in embarrassment, "I-I wanted to make pancakes as an apology to John. I know he likes pancakes."

Freddie's expression softened, "Aww, that is very nice of you!"

"No, not very nice!" Brian could not believe what was happening, "He almost burnt the entire flat down. Are you two drunk?"

"No," Roger was the first one to reply, "We just had a couple of beers, Bri. Pull that stick out of your arse."

Freddie turned his attention towards the door again, ignoring his two friends, "John, sweetheart. Rog really needs to use the bathroom."

"What is John doing?" Brian asked, crossing his arms over his chest, "Or better yet, what did you two do to him?"

Before anyone had a chance to reply, the doors finally opened and John walked out, a bit hesitantly, refusing to meet anyone's eyes.

"Oh, thank god!" Roger squealed and pushed past him, slamming the doors shut.
"I'm sorry, darling. Do you forgive me?" Freddie asked softly, taking John's hands in his own.

John cracked a smile and nodded, "Only if you promise to never bring it up again."

"I promise!"

The bassist knew that was a lie; there was no way Freddie and Roger would never again mention wanking, but there was nothing he could do about that. The singer pressed a kiss on his cheek and brought his hand up to play with John's hair.

Brian sighed, looking completely done with their bullshit, "Do I even want to know what this is all about?"

John's eyes widened in panic and he quickly shook his head no, but Freddie clearly did not see it and he just shrugged his shoulders, "Rog and I were trying to teach John how to wank."

Oh god.

Thankfully, Brian noticed the embarrassment on John's face and he just nodded, "That's ... nice," and with those words he turned and walked back into the living room.

It took them a couple of hours to clean the kitchen and clear the flat of the smoke, but they somehow managed. When they were finally done, they all just collapsed in the living room, sitting in silence. Freddie and Roger were sobering up and weren't nearly as fun anymore.

"Why do I always have to clean something when I come over?" Brian asked, "Or better yet, why do I always have to save your lives?"

Freddie scoffed at him, "Oh, don't be so dramatic, darling."

"Dramatic?" Brian sent him a glare, "If I had walked in a minute later, the whole kitchen would be on fire."

"We'd put the fire out, don't worry," Roger replied, stuffing his mouth with cereal.

That was too much for the guitarist; he just covered his face with his hands and let out an exasperated sigh. And then he remembered something and his head shot up, "Also, why were the front doors unlocked? Would you two like to get robbed? Why don't you just leave the door open, then? Don't even bother closing them."
"Bri, darling. I love you, but you can be very dramatic," Freddie sighed, rolling his eyes.

John couldn't help but giggle at the sight of an extremely annoyed Brian, but what was even funnier was the way he was trying to hold himself back from literally strangling both Freddie and Roger.

ooo

Later that afternoon Roger disappeared off into his room and when he finally returned he was all dressed up, announcing that he had a date.

"And don't wait up!" he said with a grin, "I won't be back until tomorrow morning. Perhaps even later. It depends."

Brian stood up to leave as well, "I'll be off too."

"Why are you both leaving?" Freddie asked, "Bri, you just got here."

"I got here two hours ago, Fred," the guitarist laughed, "And I imagine you and John could use some time alone. Finally."

John blushed at those words, remembering the events of the previous night. He was sure that Brian wasn't insinuating anything, but John couldn't help but feel a bit suspicious about the whole thing. Suddenly Roger had a date and he said he'd be gone the whole night. Was this his way of apologizing and giving them some alone time? John would be lying if he said he didn't look forward to spending some quiet time with Freddie, but he'd feel awkward if Roger was doing it on purpose.

When they were finally alone, both Freddie and John did not feel like doing much and just cuddled up on the sofa.

"We have the entire flat to ourselves, darling," the singer whispered, playing with John's hair.

The bassist laughed, "Then why are you whispering?"

"Do you want me to shout?" Freddie laughed as well and placed a kiss on John's forehead. The bassist just purred and pressed himself even closer to him, resting his head on Freddie's chest. He knew he should make good use of the alone time they finally got, but he was feeling too sleepy. All he wanted to do was cuddle and talk. There was something on his mind and he was actually struggling with it since Freddie told him that Oliver was the first guy he ever topped. Their conversation was cut short then and John still had a few things he wished to ask. His sudden interest
in gay sex was confusing even to him, but he couldn't ignore it anymore.

"Freddie?"

"Yes?"

"I have a ... a question."

The singer chuckled, "I have a feeling it's a weird one."

"How do you know?"

"I can read you pretty well, darling."

Silence.

John was biting his lip, struggling with his next words. He was worried that Freddie might misinterpret his question and that was the last thing he wanted.

"John? Did you fall asleep?"

"No," the bassist let out a nervous chuckle, then cleared his throat, "A-Alright. I am asking this only because I-I'm genuinely interested in how it would go. Hypothetically. We are just talking hypothetically, alright?"

"Darling, I have no idea what we are even talking about."

"Oh, right," John laughed again, then took a deep breath, "Hypothetically, if ... if aliens took over the earth and they killed everyone - "

Freddie let out a loud laugh, "Darling, you are spending way too much time with Roger, I swear!"

John playfully slapped the singer's chest, "Freddie. Just listen, alright? Aliens take over, yes?"

"Yes. And they kill everybody."

"Yes, except us. You and I are left alive, but we are ... held captive."
"A plot twist!" Freddie was still laughing.

"What if they ordered us to ... to get it on with each other."

"What?"

John could feel himself blushing, "Y-Yes. They order us to ... shag. How ... how would it go? I mean - "

"I'd refuse to do it, darling."

That actually hurt to hear; John knew that Freddie probably thought he was doing him a favor by saying that, but John felt strangely ... rejected and it hurt.

"R-Refusing is not an option," he said quietly, "We have to do it. And I-I have to bottom - "

"What do you mean you have to bottom?" Freddie asked, confused.

"If they said I was the one who had to bottom and if we don't do it ... they'd kill us."

Silence.

John could feel that Freddie was more tense than a couple of minutes ago and for a moment he regretted even bringing this subject up. He couldn't even explain why he was suddenly interested in knowing how bottoming would look like.

"What do wish to know, dear?" Freddie suddenly asked.

"The ... process. How would you do it?"

"You want to know the mechanics?"

"I-I guess. Just ... how would you make love to me? If we were forced and observed by the ... aliens."

Freddie let out a chuckle, "I'll have you know that I don't perform well under pressure."

"Liar," John giggled, "I've seen you before going on stage. You feed off of the pressure and nervousness."
The singer laughed again, then took a deep breath, "I-I guess I'd start by kissing you."

"I'd like that."

"Hopefully, it would relax you. We'd do everything exactly the same as before. I'd touch you and caress you, nibble at your ear."

"Mhm," John nodded, feeling a bit hot.

"I'd leave a trail of kisses down your chest and settle in between your legs."

"A-Alright."

Freddie's voice sounded different; it was suddenly very deep and husky.

"I'd kiss your thighs. Then I'd ... take you in my mouth, making sure you are relaxed and shaking from pleasure."

Why did the room suddenly feel so very hot? John pressed himself closer to Freddie, taking a deep breath, trying to keep himself focused.

Silence.

"W-What then?" the bassist asked, wondering why the singer suddenly stopped.

"I'd ask the aliens for some lube," Freddie chuckled and John blushed even more, if possible.

"They give it to you," the bassist whispered, trying to keep his voice from shaking, "Then what?"

"John - "

"Freddie, please. I want to know."

The singer finally just let out a breath and continued, "I'd start slowly. I'd take my time prepping you."

"P-Prepping? Isn't that something you do with food?"
Freddie could not stop himself from laughing, "Yes, darling. But you also prep someone for sex. You can't just dive in. I mean, you could, but that probably wouldn't be the smartest idea."

"How does prepping look?"

"With you I'd start with one finger."

"Oh."

John could feel himself literally burning up; a part of it was from embarrassment and another part was something else. He couldn't exactly explain it; he was not suddenly willing to bottom and still the idea of bottoming sounded absolutely terrifying to him, but there was something in Freddie's tone while he was explaining it ... something that made John feel like he might catch on fire.

"After a while, I would add another finger."

"A-And you'd go slow?"

"I promise, darling."

John suddenly realized they weren't talking hypothetically anymore and he couldn't tell when the conversation took that turn.

As he waited for Freddie to continue, John shifted a bit and his leg pressed against Freddie's crotch.

Oh god.

The realization that Freddie was very aroused did not scare John as he expected it to. He could hear Freddie trying to stifle a moan and John moved his leg again, pressing against the singer's groin, desperately needing to hear another moan. And he got it.

"W-What then?" John asked, trying to keep the conversation going.

"I'd probably kiss William all over, trying to distract your from ... any discomfort," he managed to say before sucking in a breath.

John couldn't hold himself back anymore; he looked up and pressed his lips against Freddie, wrapping his arms around the singer, pulling him even closer. Freddie immediately responded, kissing John back with such passion that it actually scared the younger boy a bit. But at the same time it excited him; knowing that he was the one who got Freddie worked up like that. Hearing the
singer moan against his lips gave John the courage he needed and his hand slowly traveled down and before he knew it, it slipped inside Freddie's pants.

Immediately the singer broke the kiss, grabbing John's hand and keeping it from going further.

"Y-You don't want it?" the bassist asked quietly, suddenly feeling very stupid.

"N-No. I-I mean yes, I want it. God, I want it, but ... why?" Freddie asked, staring at John, not even blinking.

"I want to touch you."

"Why?"

"Because I want to?" John replied, letting out a nervous laugh, "If you don't want it - " he started saying and went to pull his hand out of Freddie's pants, but the singer stopped him, holding his hand in place.

"You want it," John realized, "Freddie. It's alright. Let me ... let me take care of you for a change."

"Darling, you don't have to."

John could see that Freddie wanted him to touch him, it was very obvious, but at the same time there was guilt on his face. It was as if he didn't believe that John actually wanted to do it.

"I want to, Freddie. You'll just ... have to show me how."

When the singer still hesitated and refused to say anything, John pushed his hand further in, finally reaching his goal and wrapping his fingers around him.

"Oh my god," Freddie breathed out at the contact and John could not help but smile; he loved seeing the singer like that, eyes half closed, lips slightly parted, his entire body twitching with pleasure.

"Tell me how to do it, Freddie," John insisted, brushing his finger across the tip, making Freddie's hips jerk forward.

"You ... you really think I'm capable of thinking straight right now, darling?" Freddie moaned, biting his lower lip.

John felt a bit awkward; there he was, with his hand in Freddie's pants, but he didn't know how to
continue. He stroked him from base to tip and back again, ignoring how large it felt in his hand. He gave him a soft squeeze and Freddie groaned again.

"P-Please, talk to me," the bassist whispered, feeling a bit self-conscious.

Immediately, Freddie opened his eyes and John saw the sparkle of sheer lust lightening up in them, before the singer leaned in to kiss him again. While that was happening, John slowly moved his hand up and down, occasionally touching the tip; he remembered Freddie saying the tip was very sensitive. Every time he did that, he felt Freddie moan against his lips and it was the hottest thing ever.

Finally, the singer broke the kiss, unable to keep himself from moaning loudly, biting his lower lip.

"J-Just like that, darling," he breathed out as he wrapped his arm around John's waist, pulling his closer.

After a few moments, John sped up his movements and Freddie cursed loudly, not able to stop himself, "Fuck!"

His hand was getting tired, but the bassist refused to stop; slowly moving his hand up and down, squeezing lightly.

"You are doing so ... well, darling," Freddie choked out gracelessly, pressing his face into the crook of John's neck.

"Tell me what to do, Freddie," John pleaded for instructions, hoping the singer wasn't disappointed with his skills.

"Y-You're doing perfectly, dear," the singer nearly sobbed, "Please, please, don't stop."

John felt himself blushing when Freddie pulled away from his neck so that he could look at him. Just the intensity of Freddie's stare was enough to make John moan; and he did moan, loudly. He didn't have to worry about anyone hearing him. Freddie smiled at him and then his eyes rolled back with pure pleasure as his breath hitched in his throat and suddenly John felt him literally pulsating in his hand. Not soon after he felt something sticky and warm on his fingers. The singer suddenly grabbed his hand, forcing him to stop with his movements. Judging by Freddie's reddened cheeks, his rising and falling chest, and last but not least his pulsing cock, John could tell what happened. Freddie's mouth was open in a silent cry as he helplessly tried to suck air into the deepest parts of his lungs.

John could not stop himself and he softly pressed his lips against Freddie's as the singer slowly came back to reality. When Freddie finally opened his eyes again, the bassist smiled at how relaxed he seemed; almost sleepy. They just stared lovingly at each other for a few moments, Freddie bringing his hand up to play with John's hair, moving it out of his face. His touch was so gentle that John
could literally melt.

And then he realized that his hand was still in Freddie's pants, still wrapped around him. Awkwardly, he moved it, causing Freddie to jerk his hips forward; clearly he was still very much sensitive and John did not wish to torture him. Slowly, he pulled his hand out of his pants, bringing it to his face, observing the sticky, white substance on his fingers. Without thinking about it, he brought the hand to his mouth, licking it.

"John!" Freddie shrieked, grabbing his hand and pulling it away from the bassist's face, "What on earth are you doing?"

"I-I was just wondering how it tasted," John replied, afraid he might have done something wrong.

"D-Darling," the singer sounded shocked, "You don't have to do that."

"I know. I just ... wanted to know," he replied, then smiled, "It doesn't really taste like anything."

"Well, what did you expect it would taste like? Chocolate?" Freddie laughed, still very much shocked by what just happened. Without waiting for John to reply, Freddie rolled on top of him and started kissing his neck.

"F-Freddie," John giggled, placing a hand on the singer's chest, "Wait."

"What's wrong, darling?" Freddie stopped, looking down at him.

"You don't have to ... return the favor," the bassist explained, feeling a bit awkward, "I don't need it. Tonight was about you, Freddie."

"But - "

"What I need the most right now is ... cuddles," John smiled shyly, looking down. He could feel Freddie's hand on his face, caressing his cheek and he closed his eyes, leaning into it.

"Am I better at giving cuddles than I am at having sex?" Freddie asked, laughing, "Is that what you are trying to say, darling?"

John's eyes snapped open, "N-No, of course not! You're a ... very good lover, Freddie. I just - "

"I'm just messing with you, darling," Freddie said, then removed himself from John, standing up and offering his hand to the younger boy. John accepted and Freddie helped him stand up.
"Roger is probably thinking we are having crazy sex all over the flat," the singer laughed as they made their way to the bedroom. As John cuddled up against Freddie that night, he realized he never felt happier and more loved. It was the first time he felt such strong emotions towards someone and it almost scared him. But he pushed that thought aside; he managed to find the sweetest, the most adorable, the gentlest person to ever exist and that person loved him back. John did not understand what he did to deserve that and he could almost cry at the sheer happiness that he felt at that very moment. Falling asleep in Freddie's arms was something he'd never get tired of. John could imagine them a few years later, both a bit older, but John would still snuggle up against the singer and fall asleep on top of him.

It was his safe place and he never wanted to leave.

ooo

Roger was still not back the next morning and Freddie and John could enjoy their breakfast as a real couple. They both adored the blond drummer, but it felt nice to be alone every once and a while. John made some pancakes and Freddie helped, like a good boyfriend that he was.

They spent hours just talking and even after they were done eating, they just sat in the kitchen, simply chit chatting and enjoying each other's company.

"I need to buy presents!" Freddie said with excitement, "Christmas is next week, darling."

John had completely forgotten about that, "I-I didn't even realize it. You ... you celebrate Christmas?"

Freddie struggled with words as he tried to explain, "I celebrate the holiday, dear; the gift of family and the joyous spirit. I love putting the tree up and giving and receiving presents. I love the holiday spirit, but I don't celebrate the religious part of it."

"I understand," John nodded, then smiled, "This will be my first Christmas with you."

"We'll have so much fun, dear! Rog and I usually put the tree up a few days before. Last year we had a Christmas dinner at our flat, we exchanged gifts and then we went to this club and ... partied there."
The bassist laughed, "Celebrating Christmas in a club."

"It was the best Christmas ever! Roger even got a lap dance."

Freddie then suggested they visit a clothing store; saying he was completely out of ideas for presents. He was hoping he'd find something for Brian and Roger. And also John, but he didn't tell him that. The bassist agreed and later that afternoon they left the flat with Freddie insisting they walk to the store, saying it was a fifteen minute walk. It was a rare occurrence; a sunny day in the middle of December and Freddie wanted to enjoy all the sunlight he could get.

When they finally reached Biba, Freddie entered first and held the door open for John. The bassist looked around in amazement, realizing this was not by any standards a small store. Immediately upon entering they were approached by a girl who apparently worked there. John noticed that she was very beautiful, literally every girl who worked there was a beauty.

"Welcome, can I help you?" she asked with a smile.

"Thank you, but we'll just take a look around," Freddie replied and the girl nodded, walking away. Immediately something sparkly caught John's attention and before he knew it, he was walking towards it. It seemed to be a sparkly blouse and John smiled, looking at Freddie.

"It would look nice on you," he said shyly.

Freddie's eyes lit up with excitement, "It really would," he agreed and then he looked around, realizing something, "John, I-I think this is the ladies section."

"Oh," the bassist said in surprise, but then just shrugged his shoulders, "I don't think it should matter."

Freddie relaxed at those words and he smiled, clearing his throat, "I really think I could pull it off, though. Oh, look at this coat!"

The singer rushed over to the coat section, his eyes fixated on one particular fur coat. John could tell that the singer really liked it, he seemed to be completely in love with it. And then he remembered something that Freddie had told him a while ago.

"Didn't you say you used to have a fur coat?" John asked slowly, noticing how the singer tensed up.

"I-I did," Freddie offered a smile, "But it got taken away from me."

It was then that John remembered the entire story; Freddie got harassed on the street by a bunch of
homophobes and they managed to steal his coat. As he observed the singer look at that coat in his hands with such emotion, clearly remembering that incident, John nearly teared up.

"Do you want to buy it?" he asked, making the singer look at him.

"Oh, no, it's ... too expensive, darling," Freddie shrugged his shoulders, acting as if he did not want it in the first place.

"But you really like it."

"I could never excuse spending that much money on a coat, dear," the singer said, "Don't worry. It's fine," with those words he walked away.

And then John thought of something. He knew exactly what Freddie would be getting as his Christmas present.

After spending an hour at that store and not finding anything useful, Freddie was feeling slightly irritated. It wa already getting dark outside when the singer just gave up on his hope to find something from Brian and Roger. As they walked back to their flat, Freddie could not help but complain, "The most fashionable store in the world, my arse! What am I going to give Rog and Brian? Perhaps I could buy Bri another pair of clogs?"

John laughed at that, "As weird as it is, I think he'd actually be really happy with that present."

"What about Rog? I could buy him hair dye, he keeps saying he want to be even blonder."

"How about you give him a few of those magazines?"

Freddie looked at him in confusion, "What magazines?"

John blushed, "Er ... the ones with naked ladies?"

"Oh," the singer laughed, "That's actually not a bad idea. I swear, he's obsessed with those things. I mean, what's so interesting about tits? Once you've seen one pair, you've seen them all."

John giggled, shaking his head, "I-I wouldn't know. I've never seen them in person."

"You're not missing out on anything, darling!" then he paused, looking a bit hesitantly at John, "I-I mean ... do you want to see them in person?"
John smiled, then moved closer to Freddie, placing a soft kiss on his cheek, "I would much rather see your chest."

The singer actually blushed at that, but before John could comment on it, they both heard someone whistling from behind them. They turned around and noticed two guys walking towards them, laughing and elbowing each other. John was a bit confused, but then he noticed Freddie's serious expression.

"Let's just keep walking, darling," the singer said, but before he could move, those two guys approached them, still laughing.

"Did we see that right?" one of them asked, "Was that a kiss? Are you one of those people?"

The other guy was smoking a cigarette and he inhaled deeply, only to exhale the smoke right into Freddie's face. The singer seemed unfazed by that and he was just glaring at him, not saying anything.

John could feel the sudden change in Freddie's attitude and the entire situation scared him a bit. Being approached on the street and ridiculed was not something that John had much experience with; he was never harassed by anyone. Even though he was quiet and shy and awkward, he somehow always managed to fly under the radar, never getting the negative attention.

"Which one of you two is the girl?" one of the guys asked, laughing, "It's hard to tell."

"I think that one," the other guy replied, pointing at John, "I mean, look at him."

The bassist tensed up, feeling his throat close up with fear. He grabbed Freddie's hand, trying to tell him they should just leave, but the singer jerked away from him, never once looking away from those two guys.

"I really suggest you two just walk away," he finally spoke, his voice very cold.

"Or what?"

Silence.

"Fucking fairies," the guy shook his head, "Do that disgusting stuff at home. Don't force us to look at that shit."

It was just an innocent kiss, John thought. And then that other guy was apparently done smoking his cigarette and he flicked it at John. The bassist flinched in fear, not expecting that, and he instinctively
took a step back. The short moment when he looked down at his clothes, was enough for him to miss seeing Freddie delivering a swift punch right to that guy's face, making him cry out and stumble back.

"Don't ever fucking do that again, darling," Freddie almost growled at the guy who was holding a hand over his injured nose.

"F-Freddie," John whispered, but before he could do anything, the singer grabbed his arm and led them away from the scene. It surprised John that it all ended very quickly; clearly those two guys did not expect that kind of a reaction from Freddie. It was very possible that they only approached them to verbally harass them and a very physical response from Freddie took them by surprise.

Freddie was silent the entire walk back and even when they entered the flat, the singer just disappeared to his bedroom, not saying anything to John. The bassist followed and was surprised to find Freddie sitting on the floor in the darkness.

"Are you alright?" he asked quietly, but got no response.

Freddie was turned with his back to him and John noticed that he seemed to be shaking. Hesitantly, he kneeled down next to him and reached out to touch him. The moment his hand made contact with Freddie's shoulder, the singer violently jerked away from him.

This was the second time that he flinched away from his touch and John could not help but feel hurt by it.

"F-Freddie, what's the matter?"

"N-Nothing," came a reply.

"Talk to me."

Silence.

John could tell that Freddie was breathing too fast and he seemed to be shaking even more than before.

"I-I'm ... fine, darling. Just ... " his voice cut off, all the power gone out of.

"Are you crying?" John realized with horror, "Freddie?"

"I-I'm fine, I just need .... " it he trailed off, a sob escaping him.
At this point John was shaking as well; he'd never seen Freddie like that before and it terrified him.

"Please, Freddie, look at me."

It took him a moment, but the singer finally turned around and even through the darkness John could see how red Freddie's eyes were and that his cheeks were wet. That sight actually broke his heart.

"What's wrong?" he asked softly.

Freddie let out a hysterical laugh, "What's wrong? How can you ask me that, darling? Did you see what just happened?"

"Y-Yes, but -"

"That is why I strictly prohibited us from ... expressing affection in p-public," Freddie stammered out, "That is exactly what I f-feared would happen."

"It's fine, Freddie -"

"It's not fine, John. It's anything but fine. Do you ... do you realize how dangerous that is?" the singer asked, his voice still shaking, "I'm already used to it, but I-I can't ... I never wanted this to happen to you and I won't ... allow it."

"It's just words, Freddie. I don't care about that," John tried to comfort him.

"He flicked his cigarette at you, John. It could have been his fist."

The bassist tensed up at those words, not saying anything.

Freddie continued, "If s-something happens to you because of me ... again ... I'll lose it. I swear to god, John."

"Nothing is going to happen to me -"

Again, the singer cut him off, shaking his head, "You don't understand, John. It's dangerous. You can get hurt for ... as much as holding my hand. I-I don't want that for you."

"I don't think they would actually physically hurt us," John whispered and the second those words left his mouth, he realized how naive he sounded.
"I-I was hurt," Freddie suddenly said, "A year or t-two ago I went to this bar and I .. hooked up with
a guy. After a quick shag in the bathroom he started ... he started yelling at me that he wasn't ... a
faggot and he started accusing me of ... manipulating him. He ... slammed my head against the w-
wall and kicked me. I-I couldn't ... I couldn't do anything."

John's eyes widened in horror, "Freddie. Oh my god."

Freddie was openly crying now, his lower lip trembling as he spoke and John could barely hold
himself back from crying as well.

"I-I had to call Roger to come get me because I-I could barely walk," the singer stuttered, brushing
his tears away with his hand.

"I'm so, so sorry, Freddie," was all John could say. If he continued talking, he'd probably burst out
crying.

"When I-I was at the boarding school ... I started experimenting and every chance I got I-I sneaked
out to bars... to have sex with boys. And soon the rumors about me s-started circulating around,"
Freddie swallowed a sob, having to pause for a minute, "A-And everybody started talking about me
doing things with boys and my friends ... people who called me their b-brother suddenly did not
want to associate with me anymore."

John's heart broke once again and he hesitantly placed his hand on Freddie's back; this time it wasn't
rejected, and he slowly moved his hand up and down, hoping it was offering him at least a bit of
comfort.

Freddie slowly continued, "I-I thought I could get it out of my s-system. Sleeping around as much as
I could, I-I thought I'd get over it and that after a few years I'd find a girl and ... marry her and have
children and be the son that my p-parents wanted me to be."

John nodded, letting him know that he was listening and that it was alright to continue.

"B-But I didn't get it out of my system, J-John. It's still there, now even more than e-ever. I'll never
be normal. N-Never."

"You are normal, Freddie. You are the best human being that I know," John said, letting out a shaky
breath,

"It's ... It's not easy, John. It's not an easy or a safe lifestyle and I don't know if I want that for you,"
the singer whispered, his body still being wrecked by violent sobs.
"I'm sorry for ... being naive," John said quietly, suddenly feeling very guilty for not really understanding the struggles of being gay. He didn't know what else to say; he could try and argue with Freddie and tell him over and over again that he was the sweetest person he knew, but it wouldn't make any difference. At that moment Freddie was too upset; no words could get through to him. All John could do was listen and be there for him if he needed anything. It felt as if it was something that the singer desperately needed to get off of his chest.

Freddie took a deep breath, trying to calm himself, "I-I know I can take it. All the mocking and the glares and the violence, but I don't want that for you."

It took John a few moments to reply, but when he did, his voice was barely above a whisper, "I want you. I've never been more sure about anything in my entire life."

Freddie hesitantly met his eyes and John offered a smile before reaching up to brush the tears away from the singer's cheeks with his hand. Freddie actually closed his eyes and let himself relax into the soft touch.

"I love you, Freddie."

Without waiting for the singer to respond, John climbed into Freddie's lap, wrapping his arms around his neck, placing soft kisses on the skin there. It actually worried him when he didn't feel Freddie respond immediately, but then finally, after a long minute, John felt strong arms wrap around his body, pulling him closer.

It was hard to tell how long they just stayed like that, holding onto each other, but John was determined to not move until Freddie was feeling better.

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me for the drama. ;) Please, leave a comment if you liked it. Or if you hated it. ;D
John gently traced his finger down Freddie's cheek, observing the singer's facial structure. He had really prominent cheekbones and when he slept, his upper teeth protruded outwards in the most adorable manner. The bassist couldn't understand why anyone would ever make fun of Freddie's teeth; it was almost the most adorable thing about him. Even though the singer kept saying he'd get them fixed when they get famous, John hoped he would change his mind. He only wished that Freddie would feel more comfortable smiling and laughing openly, without immediately covering his teeth with his upper lip or his hand. It did not escape John's attention that Freddie seemed to be doing that a lot less than before, but every time it did happen, John just wanted to grab his hand and move it away and tell him he looked beautiful.

It was an exhausting night. John tried his best to be there for Freddie and listen to him and comfort him; the singer did seem to calm down and when they moved to bed, Freddie just kept holding onto John, not letting him go. After the emotional breakdown Freddie did not talk much, it seemed that all he wanted to do was cuddle. The bassist was perfectly fine with that, he was playing with Freddie's hair and caressing him and not soon after, the singer dozed off.

John, on the other hand, had trouble falling asleep. His mind kept replaying the events of that night and the more he thought about it, the more scared he was. It was a dangerous situation and it could have ended a lot worse. It wasn't Freddie's job to constantly take care of him and protect him and John realized he needed to stop putting Freddie in that position. Although it hurt him to realize this, he knew they had to be a lot more careful with their affection in public.

He leaned closer to the singer, placing a kiss on his cheek. Then on his forehead. Then on his nose. The singer stirred, his brows furrowing as he rubbed his nose, still very much asleep.

"Freddie?" John asked, smiling.

"Mhmm."

"Freddie, I've made us some breakfast," the bassist whispered, moving the singer's hair out of his face.

Slowly, Freddie opened his eyes and immediately smiled at John, which the younger boy recognized as a good sign.

"Pancakes?" the singer asked with excitement.

John laughed, "Actually, this time it's waffles."
That confused the singer, "We ... we have a waffle maker?"

"I found it in the kitchen sink cabinet," the bassist replied, "You didn't know you had one?"

"I had no idea, darling," Freddie answered while yawning.

John slapped his shoulder playfully while getting out of the bed, "Well, I expect you in the kitchen in five minutes."

Freddie replied with a smile and then started yawning again and rubbing his eyes.

ooo

John did hear Roger coming back home sometime in the middle of the night, but it was pretty late and he was positive the drummer wouldn't be getting up anytime soon. For that reason, he prepared the kitchen table for just him and Freddie. Not wanting the drummer to starve upon waking up, he did leave a few waffles for Roger, though.

John sat at the kitchen table, nervously waiting for Freddie, not really knowing what to expect. Perhaps the singer would be his usual self, perhaps he'd be even worse than he was the previous evening.

When Freddie finally appeared in the kitchen, John immediately relaxed after noticing the big smile on the singer's face.

"Darling, this looks delicious!" Freddie said with excitement as he sat down next to John.

"I-I hope it tastes as good as it looks," the bassist joked, enjoying seeing the older boy so happy. Even if it was over something as simple as food.

Freddie took the first bite and moaned loudly, raising his eyebrow at John who couldn't help but laugh, "You're exaggerating, Freddie. Don't be a dumbass."

"Did you just call me a dumbass, dear?" the singer asked, putting his hand on his chest, acting overly dramatic.

"Yes, I - " John started, but had to stop mid sentence, noticing the state of Freddie hand. The knuckles were badly bruised and the skin seemed to be a bit damaged; the result of punching someone's teeth.
Immediately the smile disappeared from John's face and he reached for Freddie's hand, taking it in his, "Freddie."

"Oh, don't worry about that, dear. It's nothing," the singer tried to brush it off and pull his hand away, but John wouldn't let him.

He gently traced his finger over the knuckles, "I-I'm sorry."

"It's my fault," Freddie sighed, "I should have aimed for the nose, but I wasn't thinking clearly. That bastard's got some pretty sharp teeth."

"Does it hurt?"

"No, darling," Freddie replied softly, "Don't worry about it."

John managed to smile and then the singer pulled his hand away, clearing his throat. He took another bite out of the waffle and John decided to drop the subject, it was obvious that Freddie did not want to talk about it anymore. All John could do was be patient and wait until Freddie was ready to talk again and share things that were on his mind. The singer's deep-seated personal issues could not have been solved with a cuddling session, but John was willing to be there for Freddie whenever he needed him to be.

They spent the rest of the breakfast talking about normal things; like putting up the Christmas tree and doing the grocery shopping. Just normal couple things.

ooo

Later that day when Roger finally came out of his room, the blond seemed completely hung-over. He slowly entered the living room where John and Freddie were cuddling on the sofa and he just waved at them, not able to utter a single word.

"What happened to you, dear? When did you get home?" Freddie asked, grimacing at the state in which Roger was.

"Late last night. Or ... this morning," the blond replied, "I was with this girl at her flat."
"And what's her name, darling?" Freddie asked, clearly teasing.

"It's Jane," Roger replied, clearly very proud with himself, "I spent two days with her. Of course I know her name, Fred."

John giggled, but refrained himself from commenting. He couldn't feel more cozy; leaning against Freddie, having his hair played with.

"Anyway," the drummer continued, "We had a nice time and then suddenly last night someone rang the bell. Guess who it was?"

"Who?"

"Her boyfriend! She didn't tell me she had a boyfriend," the drummer complained, shaking his head in disappointment.

"Oh, dear," Freddie said gently, "I'm sorry to hear that. Did you really like her?"

"What? Not really, but ... that's not the point. The point is I had to hide. Under the bed. For two hours while her boyfriend was over," Roger explained, rubbing his forehead as if he was having a headache.

John covered his mouth with his hand, preventing a laugh to escape him.

"You were hiding ... under the bed ... for two hours?" Freddie asked, blinking at the drummer, "Hopefully, she and her boyfriend did not do more than talk?"

"Oh god, I would just die if they started shagging!" Roger grimaced, a horrified expression on his face.

They were all started by the phone ringing. Being the closest to it, John offered to answer it, being pretty sure it's Brian. No one else ever called them.

"If it's Bri, tell him to sod off," Roger grinned.

"W-Why?" John asked in confusion, stopping for a bit.

"No reason," the drummer replied, still grinning like an idiot.
Freddie threw a cushion at him, "You're a dick, darling."

"How am I a dick?"

"Stop bullying poor Brian. Do you realize how many times he's saved our lives, dear?"

Roger narrowed his eyes in confusion, thinking hard about it, "I'm drawing a blank."

"How about two days ago? You really could have burnt the entire flat down."

"I had everything under control, Fred."

The singer glared at him, "You and control do not go well together, my dear."

It was then that Freddie realized John was still talking on the phone. He turned to look at the bassist, standing in the corner of the room and noticed that John was speaking quietly, his expression serious and immediately he knew it wasn't Brian on the other end.

"Darling, who is it?" he asked, making John look at him, but he got no answer.


"John, darling, who was that?" Freddie asked again, this time more worried.

John let out a shaky breath as he slowly lowered the phone down and then he just stood there, not moving for a few moments.

"Deaky? You alright?" Roger asked, finding the entire situation concerning as well.

John just nodded and then made a tiny step before crumbling to the ground. Immediately, both Freddie and Roger jumped up, hurrying over to him and kneeling down next to him.

John was sitting on the floor, breathing heavily and he seemed to be on the verge of crying. Freddie touched him, placing his hand on the bassist's leg, trying to get his attention.

"Who was that, sweetheart? What's wrong?"

"T-That was S-Susan," John managed to force out, his lower lip trembling as he tried to breathe.
Immediately Freddie's stomach dropped, but he tried not to show that he was panicking as well. Forcing a smile, he asked, "A-Alright. What did she say, darling?"

John couldn't speak for a few moments and he seemed to be literally shaking, looking off into the distance. Both Freddie and Roger exchanged concerned glances and neither of them wanted to be the first one to speak and ask the question that both were thinking about.

Finally, Freddie took a deep breath and placed his hand over John's, "What did she say, love?"

*Love.*

That word made John look at him and smile weakly before he finally whispered, "T-They found nothing. S-She said the results came back a-and there was n-nothing unusual. I-I'm fine. I'm fine."

Freddie just stared at him for a few moments, not able to respond immediately. Judging by John's reaction, he was preparing himself for the worst and when he was told that apparently nothing was wrong, it took a while before the words registered with him.

"See? I told you you are going to be just fine," Freddie smiled at him, still confused by the younger boy's reaction, "Why are you crying, darling?"

"I-I'm just ... so r-relieved, Freddie," John replied shakily, smiling through the tears, "I-I was terrified."

"Oh, sweetheart," the singer pulled him into a warm hug, whispering sweet nothings into his ear while Roger rubbed his back, letting out a sigh of relief himself. After a few moments, Freddie scooped John up in his arms and carried him back to the sofa. Before he could place him down on it, hearing John's words made him stop.

"Freddie, stop, I'm too heavy for you!" John laughed through tears, holding onto the singer's neck.

"Too heavy, darling? Don't be ridiculous!" he laughed, spinning around with John in his arms until he finally lowered him down onto the sofa.

"Look at you two," Roger commented sarcastically, "All romantic and lovey dovey with each other. If I ever act like that - "

Freddie rolled his eyes, cutting him off, "Yes, yes, I know, dear. I promise to shoot you."

"That's why we're friends, Fred. You just get me."
After a couple of hours, John finally managed to feel a bit better. Yes, his blood results were normal and it was great news, but the stress of it all was enough for John to feel a bit off. It did help that he spent the entire afternoon cuddling with Freddie on the sofa, simply spending time with him and Roger. When Brian came over, Roger disappeared from the room, only to come back a few moments later, carrying a large box; more like *dragging* it.

"I could use a hand, you know?" he said, raising his eyebrows at the rest of the boys.

Brian just shrugged his shoulders, "I am a guest here."
John was about to get up and help, but Freddie was faster, getting up, "You rest, darling. I'll help. It's this damn Christmas tree. I have no idea what we were thinking buying it."

The bassist's eyes lit up, "It's a Christmas tree?"

"It's artificial, because we guessed we couldn't afford buying a real one every year. Rog and I bought it two years ago. It was still ridiculously expensive, but ... " Freddie trailed off, helping Roger unbox it and unpack all the things related to it. The two boys spent the next few minutes trying to figure out how to set it up, getting into an argument about it.

Brian and John knew better than to intervene. Besides, they knew any argument Freddie and Roger had, usually lasted for ten minutes and was nothing to worry about.

When the tree was finally set up in the corner of the room, John just stared at it.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Freddie asked, grinning.

"It's ... unusually tall," John replied, noticing how it was almost touching the ceiling.

"Yes, it's almost as tall as Brian," Roger laughed, earning himself a glare from the guitarist.

Freddie clapped his hands in excitement, "It's time to decorate it! My favorite part of this entire ordeal."

The next hour was spent decorating the tree and all the boys participated in that; it was actually very heartwarming and John couldn't stop smiling the entire time. He never imagined when he walked into that audition almost three months ago, that he'd not only gain band members, but also friends.
Family. And a boyfriend.

His thoughts were interrupted when Freddie suddenly wrapped his arms around his waist, raising him up.

"F-Freddie, what are you doing?" the bassist asked in confusion.

"You have the honor to put the star on top of it," the singer replied, handing him a glittery white star. John blushed with all the attention, but agreed to do it, reaching up and awkwardly placing the star right on top of the tree.

"Perfect," he heard Freddie say when he lowered him down. Before he could reply, Freddie pressed a kiss on his cheek and grabbed him by the waist, raising him up again.

"F-Freddie, what are you - "

"Now take it down, darling."

"What?" John just stared down at the singer, not understanding.

"Roger wants to do it as well," Freddie replied, laughing.

The bassist turned to look at the drummer who was waiting patiently, his arms crossed over his chest; he did seem a bit embarrassed and John did not want to make him even more uncomfortable. He reached for the star and took it down from the tree. When Freddie gently lowered him down onto the ground again, John handed the star to Roger, who accepted it with a big smile on his face. The excitement over putting the star on top of the Christmas tree actually made him look like a child, but it was adorable. A dark thought crossed John's mind; he knew about Roger's horrible home life and wondered if the drummer ever had the chance to decorate a Christmas tree and enjoy everything that comes with it.

Roger played with the star in his hands for a few moments before turning to look at Brian, raising his eyebrows at him.

"What?" the guitarist asked, not understanding.

The drummer just cleared his throat and then raised his eyebrows even higher up. Brian finally understood, rolling his eyes, "Oh for god's sake, Rog."

But then he walked over to the drummer, wrapping his arms around his waist and raising him up. At that moment Roger literally looked like an over excited child and both Freddie and John could not
help but smile as they watched him put the star on top of the tree.

Suddenly John felt Freddie's hand on his own, intertwining their fingers. He turned to look at the singer and found him smiling at him with the softest smile ever.

It was the first holiday season that they would spend together. And it was absolutely perfect.

But then they heard Roger and Brian arguing again; apparently Roger refused to get off of Brian, demanding the guitarist carries him all over the flat.

"Carry me into the kitchen, you peasant!"

"Roger, get off of me. I swear to god!"

Later that evening when Brian left and Roger went to take a shower, John almost dozed off on the sofa, cuddled up against Freddie. He was rudely awakened when the singer suddenly moved away from him, leaving him alone.

He just groaned in protest, opening his eyes slightly. He noticed Freddie turning the lights in the living room off, only leaving the Christmas tree lights on. The room suddenly seemed a lot more relaxing and John closed his eyes again, but then he heard Freddie's voice.

"Care to join me, darling?"

He looked up and noticed the singer standing over him, offering his hand. Not wanting to leave him hanging, John took his hand, "W-Where are we going?"

The singer helped him stand up and he pulled him closer, placing his hands on John's waist.

"We aren't going anywhere, dear," Freddie smiled at him, "We are going to dance. Right here."

Immediately John blushed, trying to get away, "I-I can't really -"
"Please, John. Just for a few minutes," Freddie pleaded, looking at him with those warm, brown eyes and John couldn't say no to him.

"I-I really can't dance, Freddie," he admitted shyly.

"Just hold onto me, alright?"

John sighed, awkwardly bringing his hands up to rest them on Freddie's shoulders. He realized that he again subconsciously took the girl's role and it did make him wonder if he has always been like that or if it only started happening with Freddie.

"I can't really play the piano and dance with you," Freddie chuckled, "Therefore, try imagining me playing the piano, dear."

John laughed as well and nodded, deciding to play along, ignoring how embarrassed he was feeling. From what he knew, Freddie was an amazing dancer and it was normal that John was feeling a bit self-conscious around him.

Thankfully, it wasn't a crazy, wild dance; Freddie just started moving slowly, swaying from one feet to another and John found himself doing the same, following his motions. They just stared at each other lovingly, not saying anything and John, feeling brave, linked his hands behind Freddie's neck, leaning against him even more.

"You're not a bad dancer at all, dear," Freddie said, smiling at him.

"Shut up," John giggled and rested his face against the singer's shoulder, closing his eyes.

Soon it wasn't as awkward as it was in the beginning and the bassist found himself dozing off again. He smiled when he felt Freddie placing a kiss on the top of his hair and tightening his grip on his waist, his hands slowly moving underneath John's shirt to caress his skin.

Before John could have a chance to respond to that, Freddie suddenly moved away and spun him around. Not expecting that, John nearly tripped, but the singer caught him and then dipped him over his leg dramatically. John stared up at his smiling face and broke out in renewed giggles. Once Freddie finally pulled him back up, the bassist smacked him playfully on the shoulder.

"You're ridiculous, Freddie," he said with a mock scowl.

"Yes, but you love me," the singer grinned and John could not help but laugh again.

"I-I really do."
Later that night John went to take a quick shower and while he was brushing his teeth, something occurred to him. He had never really looked at himself naked and the last two months he actually made an effort to not see himself naked. But his curiosity was piqued and once he was finished brushing his teeth, he casually unwrapped his towel that was around his waist, letting it drop to the floor.

This time it wasn't William who he wanted to get to know better. Even though neither of them spoke about it, John did catch Freddie looking at his arse a few times. And it didn't make him uncomfortable, just ... weird. He was surprised that his backside was getting the attention as John never saw it as anything special. It was just there. Never before had he caught someone looking at it.

John turned his head, trying to catch a glimpse of it. It was small and white. That's all there was to it. It was a bit ... perky. From what John could tell it did look very well rounded, but who was he to talk about butt roundness? His arse was the only arse he's seen. And then it occurred to him that he had yet to see Freddie's. Yes, they were naked together, but he never looked. And he was pretty sure that Freddie's not seen his just yet. Nobody has. Expect for his parents when he was a baby.

John giggled to himself; perhaps that's why it was so white. It has never seen the light of day.

But then he remembered.

Someone did see his backside. He did. Probably. And he touched it.

Feeling absolutely repulsed, John quickly picked the towel up from the floor, wrapping it around his lower half again.

ooo

The moment John entered the bedroom, Freddie could tell that something was wrong. The older boy was already in bed, leaning against the headboard, drawing something in his notebook when John appeared, looking quite upset.
"What happened, darling?" he asked, putting his notebook down.

"N-Nothing," the bassist shook his head, offering a slight smile, "Just a ... rough day, I suppose."

"Because of the call?" Freddie hesitantly asked and John just nodded, refusing to make eye contact.

"D-Do you still need the light to be on or can I turn it off? I-I think I'm getting a migraine."

"Of course you can turn it off, darling. I've lit up a few candles, if you don't mind?"

John shook his head, smiling again, "N-No, candles are fine. I like it when the room smells like vanilla." He turned the lights off and went to crawl in bed and just relax and forget about the bathroom incident.

"Come here, darling," Freddie suddenly said, spreading his legs wider and patting the empty spot in between them.

John gave him a questioning look, not really understanding what the singer wanted him to do.

"You look tense. I'll rub your back, dear."

"Oh. Y-You really don't have to - "

"I want to. Come here, dear."

Finally, John just smiled and moved to sit in between Freddie's legs, letting out a deep breath when he felt strong hands on his shoulders. Grasping his shoulder-blades firmly, Freddie began a slow and tender massage. Surprisingly enough, even though he was quite petite, the singer had strength in his touch and John could not help but moan, closing his eyes and relaxing completely.

John could literally feel him soothing away the week's stress in his shoulders; using his thumbs to knead the knots.

"You are really good at this," John whispered, placing his hands on Freddie's thighs for support.

"Thank you, darling! I usually massage Roger's arms and shoulders after a gig," the singer explained, "Sometimes he really goes over the top. I mean, have you ever seen anyone hit things as hard as Rog does?"
John chuckled, "Not really, no."

Freddie let out a deep breath as his hands massaged further down, maneuvering their way to John's lower back.

"Oh my god, right there," John moaned, gripping the singer's thighs harder.

Freddie obeyed, taking his time to rub and knead the muscles on John's lower back, being very careful not to accidentally tickle the younger boy. After a few more minutes of pure bliss, John felt a bit guilty for torturing Freddie's fingers and he just leaned back against the singer's chest, wearing a very satisfied smile.

"Enough?" Freddie asked, bringing his hands up to caress John's arm.

"Mhm. If this ... music thing doesn't work out ... you'd make a great masseuse."

The singer chuckled from behind him, "If this music thing does not work out, I'll become a stripper, darling."

A laugh escaped John, "What? And to what music would you strip?"

"To all the songs I've written, dear!"

The bassist would be lying if he said that did not conjure up an interesting image in his mind. Besides, the way Freddie acted on stage, there was usually just one piece of clothing preventing him from going into full stripper mode.

He smiled when he suddenly felt Freddie kissing his neck softly. That always felt amazing and before he knew it, he was pressing himself even more against the singer. The gentleness with which Freddie moved his hair out of the way so that he could nibble at his ear, made John's heart flutter. Not able to stop himself; his body clearly having a mind of it's own, the bassist wiggled against Freddie and felt the older boy moving his lower body, grinding himself on him.

It all felt perfect until three things suddenly happened all at once.

John felt something hard poking his lower back from behind; and it wasn't exactly his lower back. It was even lower than that. At the same time he felt hands on his waist, holding him in place and deep breathing against his ear.

His eyes snapped open and the room was dark and he couldn't see Freddie or hear him and he immediately panicked.
"S-Stop," he forced out, pushing Freddie's hands away from his waist and clumsily crawling away from the singer, literally escaping from the spot in between his legs.

When he turned to face him, he immediately felt guilty.

Freddie was holding his hands up in surrender and there was a comforting smile on his face, but remorse was written all over it.

"I-I'm sorry," the singer whispered, "I-I don't -"

"Freddie," John reached out to him, gently bringing his hands down, "You don't have to do that. I-I know you're not going to hurt me. I-I just ... panicked."

"I should have known," the singer forced out, "What is wrong with me? I-I keep doing these idiotic things. Soon I'll be dragging you into a bathroom stall to shag you against the wall."

John winced at those words, "Don't say that, Freddie. You know you'd never do that."

The older boy just shrugged, rubbing his forehead in frustration. And then he suddenly seemed to snap out of it, looking at John with concern, "Shit. This isn't about me. Are you alright, darling? Did I ... frighten you?"

"I don't even know ... " John trailed off, having trouble explaining, "I guess I don't like ... feeling trapped and not ... seeing you. I felt someone touching me ... from behind I-I know it sounds stupid, but I forgot it was you. I can't explain."

"It's not stupid."

"It is."

Silence.

John felt guilty for ruining the mood and making this night awkward; why was he still panicking over little things? The attack happened more than two months ago, he should be fine by now. Why wasn't he fine? He was in bed with his gentle and caring boyfriend and he still freaked out because of the simplest touch.

"Do you trust me, darling?"

"You know I do, Freddie. With my life," John replied, looking down at his hands.
"Alright. Lie down, sweetheart."

That made John look up in confusion, "W-What?"

"I want to try something, but I need you lie down."

The bassist struggled with his words, "I-I don't think I'm feeling up for ... sex right now, Freddie - "

"It's not sex, darling," the singer smiled, "I want to try something."

John did trust Freddie and after a few moments of just staring at him in confusion, he decided to go along with it. He lay down on his back and waited. He did wonder what else they could be doing in this exact position besides sex, but he did trust Freddie and knew the singer was not lying to him.

Freddie moved to sit in between John's legs and this time the bassist did tense up slightly.

"Freddie, w-what are we doing?" he asked hesitantly.

"A trust exercise," the singer smiled down at him, placing his hands on John's knees, "Will you let me hold your wrists, darling?"

John felt his throat close up with panic, "W-What do you mean? How?"

"I promise we are not going to do anything sexual. I am not going to make any advances."

"Alright, but why do you want to hold my wrists?"

"To see if we can get through it without you panicking, dear. I want to see if I can help. If there's anything I can do to help."

John felt touched beyond words; the fact that Freddie was trying and offering to help and was willing to do these thing in order to help him even if it meant he could get yelled at ... John really did not want to cry, but he was dangerously close.

"A-Alright," the bassist finally said, bringing his hands up to Freddie.

He could hear his heart pounding in his chest and he made eye contact with Freddie, not wanting to look anywhere else while all this was happening. He could feel the singer gently take hold of his wrists and surprisingly enough, that did not feel that scary.
But then the next question made him tense up.

"Can I hold them above your head?"

"I-I don't ... I don't know, Freddie," he replied, his voice shaking slightly. He did not want to lash out at the singer again and he knew that when his body goes into panic mode, it was out of his control.

"John, sweetheart. I promise to stop when you say the word."

"Alright," the younger boy finally agreed, still staring directly into Freddie's eyes.

He held in his breath when he felt Freddie part his legs even wider so that he could reach over John, gently holding his wrists together above his head with his one hand while he supported himself on the other. The bassist tried to concentrate on his breathing and he was very aware of the fact that he started to subconsciously struggle, trying to free his wrists.

"Do you want me to stop, darling?" Freddie asked, looking down at him with concern.

"N-No," John replied, taking in a deep breath and literally forcing himself to hold still. He kept reminding himself that this was Freddie and it did seem to work.

"I am going to let go of you and you try to keep your wrists up like that, alright? Can you do that, dear?"

The bassist just nodded and immediately felt the singer letting go of him. While he did feel slightly better, it was still a very vulnerable position and the bassist felt very exposed even though no one was holding his wrists anymore. He did his best to hold still and keep his hands above his head just like Freddie instructed him to and he noticed the proud smile on the singer's face.

"You are doing so well, darling."

John blushed at the praise and held the eye contact with Freddie; afraid that if he looked somewhere else, his mind would go into a dark place.

"Now, can you try and close your eyes, sweetheart?"

_What?_

John panicked, shifting uncomfortably under Freddie, "I-I don't know if I can do that."
"Just try. I promise to stay right here. I won't do anything to you," Freddie tried to soothe him, gently caressing his legs.

Not wanting to disappoint the singer, John nodded, closing his eyes.

Darkness.

The complete silence in the room terrified him. He couldn't see anything and he couldn't hear anything. Immediately, his eyes snapped open and he found Freddie smiling at him.

"I-I'm sorry," John immediately apologized, "I couldn't ..."

"Lets try again, alright? Remember that you're safe here, dear."

Again, John nodded, forcing himself to close his eyes. He felt so very exposed like that, with his wrists above his head and not being able to see anything did not help.

"F-Freddie," he forced out, still holding his eyes shut. He needed to hear the singer's voice.

"It's alright, darling. You're doing so well."

He relaxed a bit at those words, but his body was still panicking. While he was concentrating on keeping his eyes shut, he failed to realize that his hands flew down to hold onto Freddie's legs.

"Sweetheart," he heard the singer's soft voice.

John opened his eyes and realized what he was doing, "Sorry," he quickly muttered, looking away in shame. He couldn't do it. He couldn't be in that vulnerable position without any kind of contact from Freddie.

"Lets try again, alright?" Freddie asked, "Just one more time. I promise."

Feeling like a failure, John nodded again, bringing his hands up above his head. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and waited. Again, he could feel the feeling of panic creeping in and he tried to hold in a sob, determined to get through it. But as moments passed, it was becoming clear to him that he was headed towards failure. His entire body was shaking and his mind kept going to that scary place.

Anyone could hurt him in that position and he wouldn't be able to defend himself. Just as he was about to open his eyes and give up, he heard Freddie's voice.
"You're doing perfectly, my dear. Just a few more moments. Breathe."

John concentrated on that voice; trying to imagine how Freddie must be looking at him at that moment. He hoped there was a proud smile on the singer's face.

"You are completely safe, darling. No one is going to hurt you. Just breathe."

It seemed to be working because John found himself relaxing; it still wasn't completely fine, but he felt as if he could stay like that if only Freddie kept talking to him.

"You're beautiful."

Those words actually made him open his eyes and he blushed as he noticed the look that Freddie was giving him. It was full of love and admiration and protectiveness. Not able to stop himself, John sat up and pressed his trembling body against the singer, hugging him.

"I'm sorry I couldn't ... do all of it," he said quietly.

"That wasn't the point of it, my dear. I simply wanted to see what makes you uncomfortable and how to change that," Freddie replied, finally breaking the hug to look at John, "And I've realized that in order to feel safe and comfortable you either need to see me, feel me or hear me."

John blushed; that did sound very needy and ... pathethic.

"Don't do that, dear. Don't be embarrassed," Freddie chuckled softly, "Even though I wish the reasoning behind that was different, I love the fact that you need me. That you need the closeness. I would prefer it if you wanted to look at me simply because of my beauty, but ... " he trailed off, joking a bit.

"You are beautiful, Freddie," John immediately said.

Freddie smiled, "One time, this guy ... I forgot his name, wanted me to wear a bag over my head while we shagged."

John looked at him, completely horrified, "F-Freddie, you didn't - "

"Of course I didn't, darling. I told him to fuck off and sent him on his merry way."

Immediately the bassist relaxed, "Thank god."
Not saying much after that, they both laid down and cuddled up under the blankets, with John holding onto Freddie as if his life depended on it. He wanted to let the singer know how much he loved him and felt as if words would not be enough to express that. He literally purred when he felt Freddie press a soft kiss on his forehead and the last thing he remembered before falling asleep was the singer's hand playing with his hair.

The next morning John was having breakfast with Roger and Freddie and they were all discussing Brian and what to buy as his Christmas present.

"Clogs," came a simple answer from Roger.

"He has enough of those, darling."

"Fred, you can never have enough clogs. I don't think he has them in the color red."

The singer grimaced, "Why on earth would he need red clogs?"

"Because he .... likes clogs."

"Are we going to have a Christmas dinner?" John suddenly asked, looking expectantly at the other two boys, "I-I mean here, in the flat. After we can go to ... a strip club or something."

Roger grinned, "Fred told you about our last Christmas? This girl was dressed as Santa and she danced - "

"Alright, Rog," Freddie cut him off before it got to a juicy part, "We are all still eating."

The drummer rolled his eyes, but decided to let it go, "We can have a Christmas dinner. Brian will probably have to cook for us. That is ... if he's staying here. Did he mention anything about spending the holiday with his family?"

John noticed that Freddie tensed up at that question and he did find it odd, but he pushed that thought away. The whole Christmas thing did make John think about his own family; he did miss them, but still felt it wasn't the right time to see them. He decided to give them a call for the holidays, but wasn't
planning on going to see them. They would not find that suspicious because the previous Christmas John also did not go home; not having enough money and drowning in uni work.

"I don't think so, dear. I believe he's staying here," Freddie replied, taking a sip of his coffee.

Roger clapped his hands in excitement, but then grimaced as he remembered something, "Oh, but that probably means no chicken. Bloody hell, Brian. He's successfully turning us into vegetarians!"

Freddie's eyes widened in realization, "He really is, isn't he?"

"I-I don't think it's that bad," John confessed, looking down at his hands, "I-I mean, I don't really miss meat."

"Are you sure about that, darling?" Freddie suddenly asked, a playful smirk on his face.

"W-What?" the bassist gave him a confused look.

Roger grimaced as he realized what was being insinuated, "You say you're hungry. I give you meat. Really, Freddie? We're still eating, you know? Nobody wants to listen about your meat. Keep it in your pants."

John blushed as he understood the joke, quickly taking a large bite out of his sandwich, desperately wanting an excuse to not respond. And he couldn't talk with his mouth full, could he?

ooo

Later that day, John finally approached Freddie in private to question him about his weird behavior throughout the whole day. He cornered him in the kitchen while the singer was trying to make some tea.

"What's the matter, Freddie?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"You've been acting strange ever since our breakfast. Is there something you ... want to tell me?" John asked, crossing his arms over his chest.
"No, it's nothing. Don't worry about it, darling."

"It is something. I-I can tell."

It was obvious that Freddie was struggling with his next words, but then he simply shrugged his shoulders, "It's nothing, really. Every year for the holidays I ... I go and visit my family for a few days."

"Oh," was all John said, finally understanding.

"Yes, I go and spent a couple of days with them. But I can skip it this year, don't worry, darling."

"Why would you skip it? Don't you want to spend time with your family? When was the last time you saw them?" John questioned, noticing that Freddie seemed to be very nervous about the whole subject matter.

"A few months ago, but we talk on the phone every now and then, don't worry."

John noticed that Freddie kept repeating "don't worry" to him and it was then that he realized it.

"You ... you're worried about leaving me," he stated quietly and judging by the expression on the singer's face, his assumptions were correct.

"N-No, darling, I - "

"Freddie, go and spend time with your family. I'll be fine. I mean ... I'll miss you, but ... I'll be fine."

The singer looked at him sadly. "Darling, you know that I want you to go with me? But I-I don't want to put you into an uncomfortable situation. My parents ... they wouldn't understand and I don't want you to get caught in the middle."

John smiled, "I-I understand, Freddie. Besides, don't you think it's a bit early for meeting the parents?" he joked, trying to make the situation better.

Freddie smiled back, looking at John admiringly, "I would introduce you to them this very moment, dear."

It actually made the bassist blush and he rolled his eyes, "Stop that."
"Stop what?" Freddie asked, taking John's hands in his own, "I can't believe I found someone like you. I-I want to show you off to everybody!"

"Freddie ... shut up."

The singer finally obeyed, keeping his mouth shut as he just stared at John with such affection in his eyes that it made the bassist blush even more. He did like the praise and the compliments, but he hated the way the simplest things made him blush.

After a few moments, John finally broke the silence, "When ... when are you leaving?"

Again, Freddie tensed up, "I don't know. The sooner I leave, the sooner I'll be back."

"And how long will you be gone?" the bassist asked, hoping he hid the sadness in his tone.

"Three to four days, darling."

"Then you should leave as soon as possible. I-I mean ... if you wish to be back by the end of the week."

It took Freddie a moment to figure out what John was trying to say, "Oh! You're moving in over the weekend! Shit, darling. It escaped my mind. Well, then I should probably leave tomorrow? And be back by Friday?"

Even though John nodded and managed to smile, he could feel his throat closing up with panic. He'd be without Freddie for three whole days. Perhaps four. Why did that thought seem horrifying to him? Still, not trying to worry Freddie or make him feel guilty, he put on a strong face.

"You're leaving tomorrow," he said, then tried to act playfully, "How are we ... how are we going to spend out last evening before you leave?"

The singer raised an eyebrow, "Do you want to go out?"

"Out? You mean a club or - ?"

"A club, yes. Of course, we don't have to if you don't want - "

"I'd love to," John smiled, biting his lower lip, "A bit of fun never hurt anyone."

Freddie seemed relieved to hear that, but then immediately his caring side kicked in, "Roger will stay
with you while I'm gone. He is not allowed to leave you alone under any circumstances."

"I'm not a child, Freddie - "

"I'll talk to Brian as well and ask him to stay over while I'm gone."

"Freddie - "

"Are you truly alright with me leaving?" the singer asked, looking directly into John's eyes.

"Well, no," the bassist answered truthfully, "I'll miss you, but I'll be fine. You don't ... have to worry about that other stuff. I'll manage."

Freddie brought his hand up to caress his cheek, "I'll be one phone call away, darling. We'll talk at least once a day and if anything happens, you call me, alright?"

John rolled his eyes playfully, "Yes, dad."

"Well, I much prefer to be called daddy, but - "

The bassist immediately grimaced, "Eww, Freddie."

"You started it," the singer laughed, pulling John in for a hug.

ooo

"No, Bri, darling, you don't understand," Freddie sighed, rubbing his forehead as he held the phone to his ear, "I do trust Roger, but ... at the same time I don't wish to return to find the entire flat burned to the ground."

The moment he said that, Roger threw a cushion at him, rolling his eyes. John was sat on the sofa, all dressed up to leave for the club, but Freddie insisted on calling Brian and explaining the entire situation to him. The bassist did feel awkward; he could not shake the feeling that everyone saw him as a child who couldn't take care of himself. He was doing a pretty decent job taking care of himself before the attack; but from that night on everyone thought he was fragile. Almost incompetent.

And while he did appreciate Freddie's efforts to ensure he would be well taken care of, he was still
"Yes, I leave tomorrow morning," Freddie continued talking, "Yes. Yes. No, you won't have to sleep in Roger's bed, darling. The sofa is all yours. No. No, no. If it makes you feel better, I'm giving you permission to smack him if he gets annoying."

Both Roger and John looked at each other, wondering who Freddie was talking about.

"Alright, thank you, dear. Take care."

The moment Freddie put the phone back down, John stood up, more than ready to leave already.

"It's arranged!" the singer said proudly, "Brian will come over tomorrow morning and is going to stay here until I get back. I know it will be impossible, but try and have fun without me, darlings."

Roger let out an exasperated sigh, "Thank you for giving us permission, Fred."

"Ready?" John asked, already making his way to the door.

"Someone's in a hurry!" the singer laughed, quickly following John.

ooo

It was the first time that John felt comfortable in a gay club. Although his previous visits were alright, he never truly felt like he belonged; he never actually knew what he was doing there and what he was supposed to do with himself. Other people were dancing and making out or drinking and John just ... sat there awkwardly.

But this time was different.

The moment he and Freddie sat down by the bar, the singer was all over him, kissing him passionately and it actually caught John a bit off guard. He most certainly did not expect that and he couldn't help but laugh, causing the singer to pull away, pretending to be hurt, "Darling, are you laughing at me?"

"N- No, Freddie. I'm just ... surprised," he admitted, still chuckling, "I didn't expect you to just ... you
"Well, I have to control myself whenever we are out in public and here I don't have to do that anymore. I was thinking about kissing you the entire drive here, dear."

"It's ... weird," John said, looking down shyly, "It's ... hard to make the switch."

"What switch, darling?"

"Going from not being allowed to hold your hand to making out with you," the bassist giggled, meeting Freddie's eyes again.

"It does take some getting used to," the singer admitted, then grinned, "Do you want to make out with me?"

John just nodded, biting his lip and the next moment Freddie was all over him again; kissing him, pulling him against him and the moment he felt the singer kiss his way down to his neck, John stopped him, giggling, "F-Freddie! I'm not sure I want to ... have sex here."

The singer looked at him with a serious expression, "I would never."

"W-What?"

"I'd never try and do anything like that with you here. You deserve better than ... a dirty backroom at a club or a ... " he wanted to say a bathroom stall, but stopped himself in time.

Quickly wanting to change the subject, John smiled, "What are you drinking?"

Freddie cleared his throat and immediately he was just usual happy self, "Gin and tonic. You?"

"Beer."

"I don't think I've ever seen you drinking something stronger than that?" the singer looked at him questioningly, "I do remember you telling me you only drink on special occasions."

John chuckled again, "Well, yes. Though I did get pretty drunk a few times in the past."

"I don't believe that, dear!"
"I swear, Freddie."

"The most I've seen you drink was a beer, darling," Freddie drawled, raising his eyebrow.

John tensed up slightly, "I don't really feel comfortable being intoxicated. Especially after that ... night. I don't want to feel like I'm not in control."

Noticing the serious expression on Freddie's face, John forced himself to laugh as he slapped the singer's knee playfully, "What am I going to do without you for three days? What if Roger insists on ... teaching me how to wank again?"

Freddie let out a loud laugh, "If that happens, call me, and I'll come back only to smack the dumb blond."

"Promise?"

"I promise, darling," he offered a sincere smile, "Besides, I feel slightly better knowing that Brian is staying at the flat. That way you'll be able to talk about other things besides sex, dear. I must warn you, though. Brian really likes to talk about ... the sky and whatnot."

"Sky?"

"Yes, darling. The universe and the ... planets. Prepare for him to talk your ear off."

"I-I don't mind it, really. Anything is better than listening to Roger's sex stories."

Freddie laughed as he pulled a cigarette out of the pack, lighting it up, "Trust me, you'll change your mind after having to listen about Mars and Mercury for hours!"

"I don't mind listening about you."

It took the singer a moment, but then he understood, "Witty, darling."

John blushed, looking down at his hands. He was starting to feel more like himself; the past few days were good. Well, bad things did happen, but he was slowly starting to feel like himself; like the person he was before the attack. It actually gave him hope that he could be alright. The worst was behind him already, right?

They spent the next two hours at the club, talking and kissing, holding hands. It felt really odd to be able to hold hands and not hide it under the table. It felt odd seeing Freddie kiss his hand and not worry about anyone commenting on him. It was a double-edged sword; as much as John adored
those things and the fact that they were able to do them freely, it pained him to realize they weren't allowed to do the same exact things out of the club. But he quickly pushed that thought aside, wanting to enjoy himself.

When he had to go to the bathroom, Freddie did not think twice about accompanying him, immediately, he was on his feet, walking beside John with his hand on the bassist's lower back as they made their way to the toilets. John did notice the way Freddie kept observing the people around them; he seemed alert and watchful, but John refused to ask him about it. Some things were better left unspoken.

The entire night Freddie kept holding John's hand which made it difficult for John to pick up his beer, but he didn’t mind. He wanted to hold the singer's hand for hours, wanting to make up for all the times he wasn't able to do so.

It wasn't long before they were getting too touchy with each other and John had to stop it all together, not wanting to excite William in public.

"Shall we go home, darling?" Freddie suggested, smirking and John couldn't agree more. They almost ran towards the exit and the moment they stepped outside, John let go of Freddie's hand and they shared a look of understanding, not needing to say anything.

Although they seemed pretty controlled and calm on their way back to the flat, they literally jumped on each other the second they entered their home. They weren't kissing, just hugging and caressing. It was Freddie who noticed the silence and the darkness in the flat.

"Is Roger asleep already?" he asked, confused.

"Well, it is past midnight," John replied, "Or perhaps he went out?"

The singer just shrugged his shoulders and continued to nuzzle against John, slowly leading him into their bedroom. Jackets were discarded on the floor before John even realized it and his shirt was next. They both laughed at Freddie struggling to unbutton it.

"What is wrong with these buttons, darling? I mean, really," the singer giggled, clearly having a hard time with it.
While Freddie struggled with that task, John took it upon himself to unbutton Freddie's shirt and then he moved down to Freddie's pants. He did hesitate for a moment, not knowing exactly what he wanted them to do that night, but he knew he wanted those pants off. Doing his best to stop his hands from shaking, he undid Freddie's fly and then stopped, hoping the singer would do the rest. And he did. After finally winning the battle with John's shirt, the singer pushed it down the bassist's shoulders, letting it drop to the floor.

Holding the eye contact with Freddie, he took his hands and brought them to his pants. Freddie understood, unbuttoning them and slowly pushing them down John's legs. The bassist stepped out of them and then sat on the bed as he waited for Freddie to get rid of his pants. He did keep his underwear on, but John could clearly see a big bulge right there. He'd be lying if he said it didn't terrify him slightly, but that thought was pushed out of his mind as soon as Freddie leaned in to kiss him gently.

"I'm going to miss you so much, darling," the singer managed to whisper in between kisses, carefully pushing the bassist down until he was lying on his back.

"I-I'm going to miss you too," John replied, his hands making their way up Freddie's face. He pushed his hair back and gently caressed his cheeks, taking in just how beautiful Freddie was. He trailed a finger down his nose and the singer chuckled, but held still, letting John touch him however he pleased.

"How can you be so perfect?" John asked, staring deeply into his eyes. And he didn't mean just physically, he meant his entire personality.

John was surprised by the flash of vulnerability he saw move across Freddie's face at those words, but the older boy quickly hid it, offering a smirk, "Well, I'm Freddie fucking Mercury, darling!"

It did make him giggle and the next thing he knew were Freddie's lips on his own again, brushing his tongue on John's lower lip. Pleasure arrowed through John's blood, shooting straight to his midsection, his body rising with it. Freddie curved his palm over John's cheek, his thumb caressing his cheekbone while he gentled the kiss, sipped at his mouth, his tongue caressing deliberately. It was adorable to him, the way John seemed to melt into him while he kissed him with care and love and longing.

And then suddenly John pulled away, breaking the kiss and it made Freddie panic for a moment until he noticed that the bassist was smiling at him. He waited for him to speak and while he waited, his hand made it's way up to play with the younger boy's hair.

"Can you ... can you teach me? I-I mean," John struggled with words and it was absolutely adorable, "I would like to try and ... you know."

Freddie chuckled, "Darling, I have no idea what you're talking about."
"You know," John blushed, "Do that do you."

"Do what?"

The bassist brought his knee up, brushing it gently against the singer's groin, making him let out a loud moan.

This time it was Freddie's time to struggle with words, "You want t-to ... touch me? I'm afraid I still don't. . understand, darling." It took all of his will power to not just grind against John's leg as he waited for the bassist to speak again.

"Yes, but ... with my m-mouth."

That made Freddie freeze. He looked down at John and just stared at him, wondering if he heard it right. Judging by how much John was blushing, he suspected he did hear correctly, but he still wanted to make sure.

"Freddie," the bassist tried again, letting out a nervous laugh, "I'd like to ... I'm trying to think of the least dirty way to say this, but I'm drawing a blank. I'd like to try and give you a ... b-blowjob."

The singer nearly finished just hearing those words and he had to take a deep breath to calm himself before he continued, "But ... why, sweetheart?"

"Well ... because I want to," John giggled at absurdity of the question, "But you'll have to ... to tell me what to do. And I-I mean it, Freddie. I have no idea how to do it."

Freddie just stared at him and John actually had to poke his ribs with his finger to make him snap back to reality. The singer then slowly rolled off of John, sitting back and giving him a suspicious look, "But ... why would you want that, dear?"

"Why did you want to do it to me?"

"It's different."

"W-Why?"

"Because I ... I've done it before."

John failed to see the logic in this, "That does not make any sense, Freddie. And I-I'd really like to try it. Please. I can't ... promise I'll be any good at it or anything, but ... "
"And you'll speak up if you don't like it?"

"Yes," John said, noticing the hesitation on Freddie's face. Well, he did not expect this. When he offered a blowjob, he figured Freddie would be over the moon. He never expected to have to persuade the singer into letting him do it.

Freddie's hand reached towards John's face and he drew his thumb along the younger boy's lower lip, watching his eyelids flutter.

"Alright, darling," he finally said and moved to sit up with his back leaning against the headboard. The entire time he kept his eye contact with John and the bassist struggled to control his breathing as he straddled Freddie's legs, sitting down on his thighs.

"Do you want to take it off or should I?" the singer asked, pointing to the underwear he was clearly still wearing. Noticing the slight hesitation on John's face, he smiled, "I'll do it, dear. If you still want to -"

"I want to," John said quickly, but moved out of the way so that Freddie could undress completely. He looked away as that was happening and when he looked back, he couldn't help but gasp in shock and just ... stare.

For a few long moments.

Frederico was huge. And it was standing up, glaring angrily at him. John actually felt intimidated by it and he knew it written all over his face. Freddie suddenly moved, grabbing the covers, trying to cover himself, but John stopped him.

"Don't, Freddie."

"But you're ... uncomfortable."

"It's my first time seeing it ... like that," John admitted quietly, "I'm fine, just ... talk to me. How should I ... " he trailed off, unable to look away from it.

When Freddie still refused to cooperate, John leaned down and gently placed a kiss on the inside of his thigh, making the singer subconsciously part his legs more.

"F-Freddie, please?"

Finally, the older boy nodded, offering a smile, "A-Alright. First you should ... grab it with your
hand. Gently. Hold it. It'll make it easier to ... suck."

John could feel himself blushing, but it wasn't that horrible or awkward. Hesitantly, he wrapped his fingers around it, realizing with horror how small his hand seemed to be in comparison. It felt very warm and hard.

"Now," Freddie's seemed to be shaking and his voice sounded very hoarse, "Lick around it, darling. Like a ... like you would lick a melting popsicle."

John actually laughed at those words and then he slowly moved his face closer to it, dragging his tongue along the underside of it until he reached the head. Hearing Freddie suck in a breath actually gave John the confidence he needed and he licked the tip, making Freddie literally groan. He looked up to see the singer biting into his fist, trying desperately to keep himself under control.

John swirled his tongue over the head before taking a bit more in his mouth.

"Oh my god, John," Freddie suddenly shrieked, literally biting into his hand.

"Hmm?" John couldn't really speak as he sucked on the head, so he just made a questioning noise which apparently felt really good because Freddie's eyes rolled back and he went completely silent for the next few moments.

John continued to softly lick the head, every now and then sucking on it, but he still did not dare to try and take more of it in his mouth. There was absolutely no way he'd be able to take the entire length. Perhaps only half of it?

Suddenly he felt Freddie's hands on his head, gently moving his hair out of the way and John purred, causing the singer to moan loudly again.

"You're doing ... oh god ... so well. P-Perfect, darling."

The bassist could feel Freddie pushing up just slightly, raising his hips to try and get more of what John was offering. When he felt Freddie take his free hand in his, interlocking their fingers, the bassist felt like he might just explode from all the feelings.

He tried to take Freddie deeper in his mouth, but he didn't want to gag. He accidentally dragged his teeth across the sensitive head, making Freddie swear loudly.

"Fuck. Shit. Keep ... Keep doing that, darling."

He dared to look up and saw Freddie completely lost in pleasure, eyes shut, his lips parted slightly as
little moans escaped him every now and then. The singer was pushing up into John's mouth very
obviously now, but John didn't mind; his jaw was getting a bit tired and he was glad to just hold still
and let Freddie do what feels good to him.

Meanwhile, he was getting a head massage; the singer's hand caressed his head, played with his hair
and John felt loved.

Until Freddie accidentally pushed too deep, causing John to gag.

"Oh my god, John?" he asked, trying to keep panic from his voice as the bassist pulled off of his
cock, still choking a bit. Freddie noticed there was a string of saliva still connecting John's bottom lip
to the head of Freddie's cock and while he tried very hard to not find that arousing, he failed
miserably.

"Are you alright, darling? I'm so sorry," he quickly apologized, cupping John's face and brushing his
thumbs over the bassist's cheeks.

"I-I'm fine," John giggled, coughing a bit.

Freddie gently pulled him from his position, bringing him closer to him and kissing him softly.

"D-Do you want me to try again?" John asked when they broke apart from each other.

"No, no, darling. I think that was enough for your first time. I already fucked up," Freddie sighed in
frustration, placing soft kisses all over John's face.

"You didn't, Freddie. I-I'm fine," the younger boy smiled, wrapping his arms around the older boy.

"How about I return the - ?" the singer started seductively, but then noticed the wet patch on John's
underwear, "D-Darling? Did you - ?"

Immediately, John hid his face against Freddie's chest, "I-It was an accident. I-I was pressed against
your leg and I-I just - "

Freddie laughed, "It's fine, love. It's more than fine. It's ... incredibly hot."

John just groaned, bringing his hand up to cover the singer's mouth and make him shut up. Freddie
just brought his tongue out, licking the hand, making John laugh and slap his chest playfully. The
bassist felt the happiest he felt in a long time, until he realized what would happen in a couple of
hours.
Freddie will be gone.

No more cuddling in bed, no more touching, no one to call him darling and hold his hand.

The bed would be empty.

John could not understand why the thought of being alone for just a few days worried him that much. He forced himself to think about something else as he cuddled up against the singer, not wanting to let go, hoping this night would just last forever.

Chapter End Notes

Here you go, the fluff. ;) Before the storm that will be the next chapter. xD Really love and appreciate anyone who's still reading! :)
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John knew it would be hard to see Freddie packing things up as he got ready to leave, but he never imagined it would be this hard. It was a good thing the singer only packed a small backpack, while complaining it doesn't look good on him, as John would probably break down in tears if he saw Freddie with suitcases. It would just make everything more real.

He sat quietly on the sofa as he watched Freddie running up and down the flat, packing things up last minute.

"Brian will be here around twelve, I think," the singer said, putting on his jacket. John took that as a sign they would all be leaving soon.

"Darling, you know you don't have to accompany me to the bus station? It's pouring rain outside."

John smiled at him, "I want to accompany you, Freddie."

The singer smiled, biting his lip, "Alright then. Because I really want you to."

Roger yawned loudly as he threw aside the magazine he was reading and stood up, "Should we go then?"

They took a taxi to the bus station and because of the horrible weather, it was taking them longer than expected. John and Freddie were holding hands the entire drive, hiding it under a very tactfully placed backpack. Feeling his nerves getting worse, John squeezed Freddie's hand tighter and smiled when he felt the singer doing the same thing, gently running his thumb over John's skin.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much time for talking because they arrived at the station very late. Freddie had to rush inside to buy the bus ticket while John and Roger waited. The bassist looked around, trying to keep his mind busy, trying to keep himself from breaking down.

The bus was already waiting and they had less than three minutes to say their goodbyes.

"Take care, mate," Roger said as he gave Freddie a half hug, "Say hi to Kash for me."

The singer sent him a glare, "I will not be doing that, thank you very much."

Roger just laughed and stepped aside, allowing Freddie to say goodbye to John. The bassist just stared at Freddie, not wanting to look anywhere else; afraid that if he did that the singer might just disappear.
Being in public and in the middle of a crowded bus station, it was clear to both of them that they couldn't kiss and hug and hold hands and say goodbye to each other as they would like.

Freddie stepped closer to John, resting his hands on the bassist's shoulders, "I'll be back soon, my dear. I'm sure you won't even miss me!"

John laughed, "You're probably right."

The singer acted offended, but then just smiled, speaking in a lower voice, "If you have any ... er ... throat problems, hot tea does wonders."

"Throat problems?" John asked in confusion, having no idea what Freddie was talking about.

The singer just raised his eyebrows and immediately John understood, blushing horribly. It was so Freddie; mentioning their last night's blowjob while saying goodbye at the bus station.

"N-No, my .... throat is fine, don't ... worry," John managed to force out, a bit breathless.

"Alright, sweetheart," Freddie said and then they were both just quiet for a moment, not wanting to part even though they knew they should.

John's eyes started burning and he realized with horror that he was tearing up, which he knew would happen, but was hoping it would happen after Freddie left.

"Oh, darling, don't be like that!" Freddie smiled, trying to act cheerful, but then he turned serious, "Do you want me to stay?"

John forced a laugh and blinked away the tears, "N-No! Go and have fun with your family. I-I'll be just fine. R-Roger said he'll take me to this club - "

"He said what?" Freddie asked, horrified, as he turned to look at Roger, "You will not be taking my John to a club without me, dear."

The drummer acted stupid, not saying anything.

"Freddie, I-I'll be fine. Go or you'll miss your bus," John said quietly, playfully slapping Freddie's arm.

The singer nodded before pulling him in for a quick hug. The bassist wrapped his arms around him, taking in a deep breath, enjoying the smell of Freddie. And then he felt the singer breaking the hug,
but not before he placed a quick kiss on John's neck.

"I love you," the bassist managed to whisper when they pulled apart and after that he remained silent, afraid that if he uttered a single word, he'd break down in tears.

"I love you too, darling," Freddie whispered back and then finally moved away from him, taking a deep breath.

Him and Roger then exchanged a few words before the singer finally walked over to where the buses were parked and waiting. John's eyes followed him until Freddie reached his bus and then he turned away, not being able to stand the sight of Freddie leaving. He knew that he was being dramatic and over-the top. Freddie wasn't leaving forever, he wasn't dying or anything like that. In a couple of days he'd see him again. John knew all of this, but he was still blinking away tears, unable to stop himself.

He was thankful that Roger did not make fun of him for it.

After a few moments, he felt the drummer's hand on his shoulder, "Well, he's gone. We should head back."

John nodded, following Roger back to their taxi.

"Um ... Who's Kash?" the bassist asked while wiping away the tears.

"Kashmira? Freddie's sister? He hasn't told you about her?" Roger laughed, "He's probably trying to keep her away from all the boys of this world. Even from you."

"Were you two ... ?" John asked, not finishing the sentence.

"I tried and there was chemistry, but Freddie said he'd throw me off the roof if I tried anything with her," the drummer chuckled as he remembered.

Roger's jokes did make everything a bit easier and kept John's mind off of things, but as soon as he remembered that Freddie wouldn't be there when they return to the flat, his heart sunk a little.
The company did help, though. John had a sneaking suspicion that Freddie insisted Brian came over while he was gone not so much for their safety, but to keep John company. While Roger was in the bathroom, John could hang out with Brian. While Brian was in bathroom, John had Roger's company and he never really needed to be alone.

The bassist spent the rest of the day in the living room, avoiding going to the bedroom, not sure if he'd be able to see the room and the bed so very ... empty. The longest he was in the room was when he went to change into more comfortable clothes and then he quickly returned to the living room, wanting to spend time with Roger and Brian and keep his mind off Freddie.

But when he stepped into the room, he noticed Roger acting weirdly around the piano. The drummer kept touching it, poking it, grinding against it.

"Er ... Roger, what are you doing?" he asked, making the drummer look at him.

Brian turned to look as well, but then just rolled his eyes and returned to reading his magazine about astrophysics.

"I'm not sure you know this, Deaky," the drummer started, "But Freddie prohibited me from touching his piano."

"W-Why?" the bassist asked; Freddie never had a problem with him touching it.

"Well, one time he came home to find me and this girl having a bit of fun ... on top of it," Roger explained, making John blush.

"Having ... fun?" he asked, knowing exactly what Roger was talking about, "On ... top of Freddie's piano?"

"Yes, well ... maybe not on top of it. More like against it. Or - "

Brian suddenly cut him off, "We get it, Rog. You don't have to draw it for us."

Roger just shrugged his shoulders and continued, "Yes and Freddie was really upset. I mean, he can be very dramatic. I wasn't hurting his piano. But he prohibited me from even touching it again," then his eyes got playful, "But Freddie's not here now. And I can do this!" he slapped the piano, then poked it, then leaned against it.

John couldn't help but laugh, but he decided to let the drummer have his fun. Still, he made a mental note to himself to intervene if Roger started licking it.
"When did he say he'd call?" the bassist asked, trying to act casual, hiding the fact that he wanted to check if the phone was plugged in and working.

"Later in the evening, probably," Roger replied, still grinding against the piano.

"Do you want some tea?" Brian asked softly, looking at John.

"Oh, um ... that would be nice," the bassist replied quietly.

"I'd like some tea as well!" came from the drummer.

"I'd just like to take a quick shower and then we can have some tea together and just relax?" Brian suggested, looking at the other two boys.

"Sure, we'll wait," John replied with a smile, feeling all kinds of warm feelings at both Brian's and Roger's willingness to take care of him and make sure he's not feeling lonely.

The moment Brian disappeared from the room, Roger stopped his grinding and harassment of the piano and rushed into the kitchen. That did seem a bit odd to John, but he cuddled up on the sofa, not really worried about anything.

"R-Roger, I was thinking about going to that store tomorrow," John said loudly, wanting the drummer to hear him all the way in the kitchen, "Biba, I believe. I-I think I know what to get for Freddie as his Christmas present."

"Sure, we can go!" came a reply from Roger.

And then the drummer was back, carrying a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. John looked at him in confusion, not understanding why there were two glasses. It did not seem to him that Brian was interested in drinking alcohol after his shower.

Without saying anything or explaining, Roger poured whiskey into both glasses and then moved one glass towards John.

"I-I don't understand," the bassist let out a nervous laugh.

"I know you're sad, Deaky. You want to know what helps me when I'm sad?" the drummer asked grinning, "Getting wasted. Bottoms up!"

John laughed again, shaking his head, "I-I don't think - "
"Deaks, trust me. You'll feel much better after two or three glasses," Roger insisted, taking a sip and grimacing as the liquid burned his throat, "You won't even remember Freddie's name!"

The bassist really doubted that, but for some reason he took the glass in his hand, deciding to give it a try. He was at home, surrounded by friends, safe. A drink or two never hurt anyone. And if it would make him feel slightly better, John saw no harm in it.

He brought the glass to his mouth as he took a small sip, immediately grimacing at the taste.

"Strong, am I right?" Roger laughed, but then an idea occurred to him, "Whoever can chug this the fastest, is the true champion!"

John laughed again, "And ... what does the champion get as a reward?"

Apparently, Roger did not think of that, "N-Nothing. He's just a ... champion."

"Sounds ... tempting," the bassist chuckled, taking another sip, grimacing again.

"Oh, come on, Deaky! It'll be fun!"

After a minute or two of convincing, John finally agreed to do it. They both took this competition very seriously and for some strange reason, John won, surprising them both. As expected, Roger demanded a re-match and again, John accepted, already feeling a bit happier and more relaxed.

ooo

About twenty minutes later when Brian finally returned from the bathroom, John and Roger were already sitting on the floor, giggling like actual kids. It was a strange sight, yes, but Brian thought nothing much of it. He was actually glad that John was feeling better and that Roger somehow managed to get him to laugh.

And then he noticed the half empty bottle of whiskey on the table.

"Please, tell me you two are not drunk," he sighed, stepping over Roger to sit on the sofa.

"No!" the drummer acted offended, "How ... how dare you insui - no, wait. Inesuete? No - "
"Insinuate?" John helped, still giggling about something.

The drummer clapped his hands, "That it! I am really glad I found you, Deaky. You are incredibly helpful."

Brian let out a deep breath, "You two are drunk."

"We are just a bit ... tipsy, Bri," Roger chuckled, "Look, we didn't drink all of it. We left a lot of you!"

"Half a bottle, yes. I appreciate it," Brian drawled, "I was hoping for a quiet, relaxing night. With tea."

"What are you? A grandma?" Roger looked at the guitarist, shaking his head, "John here was feeling a bit down and I managed to cheer him up. I mean, look at him!"

Brian had to admit that he was right. John did seem a lot happier, sitting on the floor and giggling. Though, Freddie probably would not appreciate the fact that they literally got John drunk the moment he was out of the picture. And this was the drunkest Brian has ever seen John.

There was certainly an interesting evening ahead of them.

ooo

Freddie liked coming home; he did in fact miss his family a lot. Believe it or not, he was a family person. But ever since he moved out for good, he always felt nervous about coming home for a visit. He knew there would be questions about him finding a girlfriend and a real job. And Freddie always avoided answering; he was really good at deflecting questions.

This time, however, there was something he was more than excited to share with his family. He was in his first real relationship with a good person and he was happier than ever. The problem was he was not allowed to talk about it.

So he talked about the next best thing. His band.

"We had a lot of gigs in these last few months," he explained, barely holding back his excitement.
They were all seated at the dining room table; Freddie, his mother and father and his sister. Kashmira was always very supportive and interested in Freddie's musical career and even stopped eating as she listened to her brother. Mrs Bulsara also observed as her son went on and on about the band and their latest achievements. As expected, Freddie's father was a lot more hesitant and suspicious of the entire thing; he continued eating, a skeptical expression in his face, but he did look at his son every now and then, clearly listening to what his son had to say.

"At least six clubs and bars in the last two months!" Freddie explained, "And the people really love us. They were all dancing and singing along."

"How's Roger?" Kashmira suddenly asked, raising his eyebrows at Freddie.

Mr. Bulsara cleared his throat loudly, but said nothing. Kashmira ignored it, still looking at Freddie, waiting for his response.

"Roger is fine, Kash," Freddie replied, rolling his eyes, "Still as beautiful as ever."

"Why didn't he come with you?" his sister wanted to know and Freddie had to roll his eyes again.

Roger did try and make advances at his sister and Kashmira liked the attention, but Freddie put a stop to it as soon as he noticed the two of them making googly eyes at each other. Roger was his best friend, but Freddie still wanted him nowhere near his sister. Did he threaten to throw him off the the roof? Perhaps, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

Changing the subject, Freddie nervously started playing with the food on his plate, pushing it around with his fork, "We ... we found a new bass player. His name is John. John Deacon."

"Really?" Freddie's mother asked, "How old is he?"

Freddie's face lit up, "He's nineteen and he studied electrical engineering. He's really talented. The best bass player we've had. And really smart and sweet. You'd love him."

Silence.

Freddie suddenly realized he sounded a bit too excited and he quickly looked down at his hands, not knowing what to say.

"The last time we spoke you said something about recording an album?" Kashmira asked with interest, breaking the awkward silence.

"Oh, yes," the singer's face lit up with excitement again, "We have recorded a few new songs, but
renting the studio is very expensive. That is why we have to keep performing at these college bars, we need all the money we can get at the moment."

"Do you need some money, Farrokh?" Mrs Bulsara suddenly asked, looking at her son with a concerned expression.

Immediately, Freddie blushed, shaking his head, "Oh, mother. Do not worry about that."

"If you ever need anything - "

"I-I have savings, don't you worry," the singer explained, then added, "Besides, John is moving in with me and Rog in the next week. Which means, the rent and the costs will be split into three parts. I will be fine, really."

"But ... " Kashmira seemed confused, "Isn't it a two bedroom flat?"

Immediately, Freddie tensed up, trying to come up with an excuse, "Y-Yes, he'll sleep on the sofa. He's having some ... problems with his current flat mates and Rog and I suggested he stays with us for the time being. Besides, we are looking for a new flat anyway."

"How come?"

"Oh, the neighbors are too noisy and ... " Freddie swallowed hard, "The location is not very good."

That answer seemed to be good enough and the subject was quickly changed.

ooo

When he accepted to do Freddie a favor and stay over at his flat while the singer was gone, Brian knew he'd have to keep an eye on Roger. What he did not expect was that he'd find himself taking care of two children. Drunk children. It was already late afternoon, almost evening, and Brian made dinner, but both John and Roger refused to eat, insisting they weren't hungry. The guitarist had to literally force them to eat something and he could swear he saw tears in Roger's eyes as he pouted angrily. After the dinner, they were once again sitting on the floor, laughing and talking.

Finally, Brian relaxed a bit, realizing there was no harm in getting a bit drunk while safely at home. Besides, neither of them seemed to be overly drunk and the guitarist was thankful for that as he was not in the mood for cleaning up vomit. He couldn't help but laugh when Roger all of the sudden started singing Get down make love and John very seriously asked who would write lyrics that were
so very dirty. It was hilarious to observe the shock on John's face when Roger reminded him that it was *their* song and that Freddie wrote it.

"John, *Deaky*. I have a serious question for you," Roger suddenly said, leaning closer to the bassist, "Is Freddie bot or a toppom?"

"I believe you meant top or a bottom," Brian corrected him, then realized with horror, "Oh god, why am I helping him?"

John just giggled, biting his lower lip. Roger pushed him with his leg, almost making John fall over and it just made both of them laugh even more.

"Deaky! Tell me!" the drummer laughed, poking John with his finger, deciding to annoy him until he found out the answer.

"He's ... I can't tell you that!" John chuckled, covering his face with his hands.

"Tell me!"

"Please, don't tell us," Brian sighed, rubbing his forehead.

Roger narrowed his eyes at John, "Well, can you at least tell me if he's any good in bed?"

Again, John just chuckled, biting on his lower lip, not saying anything.

"Deaky! Come on! Pretty please!" Roger pleaded with the bassist.

Finally, John just nodded, blushing slightly.

Roger's eyes widened, "He's good? *Really* good? On a scale from 1 to 10, how good is he?"

"Oh, for god's sake, Rog," Brian shook his head in disbelief. He really could not understand the drummer's fascination with Freddie's sex life.

"He's ... " John took a deep breath, still smiling, "A twelve."

"Are you *joking*? Freddie's a twelve? A girl once described me as an *eight*. That's not fair! I want to be a twelve!"
"Perhaps you could ask Fred to give you some lessons in the art of love making," Brian teased, looking at Roger. When the drummer said nothing for a few long moments, Brian realized with horror that Roger was seriously thinking about his suggestion.

"I was joking, Rog!"

The phone suddenly rang, making everyone jump.

"Freddie!" John squealed with excitement, getting up from the floor and running towards the phone.

"Hello?" he asked as he picked it up.

"John, darling!"

"Freddie!" the bassist had the biggest smile on his face, "Hi, Freddie. Hello."

"Hello?" the singer chuckled a bit at John's strange behavior.

"W-When did you arrive home?" John asked, trying to sound serious, "Was everything alright?"

"I got here at around three o'clock. Everything was fine, dear. We just finished having dinner. How are you? And Roger and Brian?"

"They're fine. They're ... here. Roger's on the floor. I miss you, Freddie!"

"Oh, I miss you too, darling. Wait, why is Rog on the floor?"

John giggled, "O-Oh, I-I don't know."

"You are acting very ... odd, darling. Are you sure everything's alright?" Freddie sounded a bit concerned, but mostly very amused.

"R-Roger told me a joke earlier," the bassist blushed, looking down even though Freddie could not see him.

"A-Alright. Let me hear it."

"H-he said that ... without women sex would be a pain in the ass," John started chuckling to himself when he finished the sentence and Roger started laughing as well.
"Darling, you are drunk! Who got you drunk? It was Roger, wasn't it?"

"I'm not ... drunk. I just had a ... bit of whiskey."

"How many glasses?"

"I-I stopped counting after the fourth one."

"Darling!" Freddie was shocked, but he couldn't help but laugh, "I wanted to be there the first time you got drunk out of your mind."

Immediately John started feeling guilty, "O-Oh my god, Freddie. I-I'm so sorry!"

"Sweetheart, I'm joking! I'm glad you are having fun. It makes me feel better. Just stay safe, alright? Is Brian drunk as well?"

Forgetting he was on the phone, John just shook his head 'no'.

Silence.

"John?"

"Oh! Sorry, sorry. N-no, he's not."

Freddie laughed again, "That's good to hear. I wish I could be there with you all."

"Just t-two more days, Freddie."

The singer took a deep breath, imagining how it would feel to finally take John into his arms again, "Just two more days, darling."

"I love you," John whispered with the biggest grin on his face.

"I love you more, sweetie," Freddie replied softly, "I'll talk to you tomorrow morning, alright?"

"Mhmm. Talk to you tomorrow," the bassist giggled, "Bye!" with that he hung up the phone, struggling a bit to place it down correctly.
Freddie laughed to himself as he hung up the phone; sulking a bit over the fact that John was drunk and he was not there to witness it. He'd never seen John tipsy and judging by the talk they just had, John was a funny drunk. Still chuckling, he turned to walk to his room and then noticed Kashmira standing at the end of the hallway, looking at him with an amused expression. The singer felt his stomach drop.

"K-Kash. How long have you been standing there?" he asked, not actually wanting to hear the answer.

"A minute or two," she replied, smiling a bit.

"Oh. Has ..." he paused, taking a deep breath, "Has anyone ever told you it's not very nice to eavesdrop?"

"I wasn't eavesdropping!" she acted offended, then raised her eyebrow, "Who were you talking to?"

"Er ... just Joh - Johanna. Yes, Johanna," Freddie said, forcing a smile.

"Who's Johanna?"

The singer rolled his eyes, trying to hide his nervousness, "Must you know everything? She's a friend of mine."

"Johanna?"

"Yes, Johanna, dear."

Freddie could only hope that he was convincing, but by the expression on his sister's face he knew he wasn't doing a very good job. His mind quickly went over the conversation he had with John over the phone, trying to remember if he said anything incriminating.

_Incriminating._

Why did he have a feeling as if he was committing a crime?
"Well," Kashmira slowly said, "I really hope that Johanna is a good ... person. Only the best for my brother."

Freddie just stared at her, unable to respond. There was something in her look that told him she knew exactly what was going on and she ... was fine with it? He never had the talk with her, but there was no way she was that naive and could not figure out what was going on with her brother. Of course she knew what "that other business" meant whenever Freddie was having an argument with his parents.

Freddie nearly teared up, but he quickly nodded, "S-She is. She's a wonderful person."

"Good," his sister smiled back and then disappeared into her room, leaving the singer standing there, not knowing if he should jump around with joy or crumble down and cry with relief.

ooo

Later that evening at the Mercury-Taylor household, John and Roger were slowly sobering up. They were at the stage where they weren't completely sober yet and couldn't really move around much, feeling sleepy and melancholy.

"I wish Freddie was here," Roger said quietly, staring off into the distance.

"I-I wish Freddie was here, too," John replied.

Brian gave them both a look, "Am I a joke to you two?"

"We love you as well, Bri," the guitarist said, "But Fred's ... Fred. You know?"

"No."

John slowly took in a deep breath, "I miss him."

Suddenly Roger got very worried, "Do you think he'll come back?"

"Who?" asked Brian, "Fred? Of course he'll come back. Oh god, go to bed. Both of you."
John obeyed, slowly pulling himself up from the floor and then he had to pause for a moment as the room was spinning around him a bit. How he wished Freddie was there to put him to bed and cuddle him.

"See you tomorrow," he said, yawning, "N-Night."

"Night, Deaky."

The moment he stepped into the cold, dark bedroom John felt like crying. He turned on the lights and quickly changed into his sleeping clothes.

But then he noticed something on his side of the bed. A small piece of paper. He walked over to it and picked it up; immediately recognizing Freddie's handwriting.

_Darling,_

_I hope you don't miss me too much. I know I'll miss you. At least you'll have the entire bed to yourself. Make the best of it. You make me the happiest I've ever been._

_Love,_

_Freddie._

Immediately tears filled John eyes and he sat down on the floor, holding the note in his hand. All he wanted was to call Freddie and tell him that he makes him the happiest he's ever been and that he loves him and misses him. But it was past midnight already and he didn't want to wake Freddie up or interrupt his family.

As he sat there on the floor he realized he was starting to feel ... off. It was a struggle trying to understand if it was only because Freddie was gone or if it was something else. No matter how hard he tried, his chest started to hurt and his throat closed up, causing him to almost struggle for breath.

He felt so _alone._

Yes, Roger and Brian were in the next room, but he didn't want to bother them. He couldn't even properly explain what was wrong with him; with Freddie he wouldn't have to explain. The singer would just know and that was something that John could not be more grateful for.

He couldn't just go into the living room and ask Brian and Roger to cuddle him and play with his hair until he calmed down. After a few more minutes of trying to breathe and calm himself, he
reached over to Freddie's side of the bed and grabbed his pillow, holding it close to him and inhaling deeply. It still smelled like Freddie and for some reason John found that comforting.

He almost laughed at himself; realizing how pathetic he probably seemed at that moment and he'd die of shame if someone happened to see him in that state.

Crying while sitting on the floor and holding Freddie's pillow.

After a while he moved onto the bed and rolled over to Freddie's side, covering himself up and just lying there. Thankfully, the alcohol did make him very sleepy and somehow he managed to fall asleep, still holding onto Freddie's pillow.

Hold still.

Quiet.

You like that, don't you?

John awoke with a start, immediately sitting up and trying to catch his breath. He was drenched in sweat and not knowing what was real. He could hear the words in his head; someone telling him to hold still and part his legs slightly and it made him sick.

"F-Freddie?" he asked quietly, his eyes searching through the darkness, "F-Fred - "

And then he remembered.

Freddie wasn't there.

John didn't know what to do; he felt disgusting and terrified and so small. There was such silence in the room that he could hear his own heart beating like crazy. Forcing himself to move and stand up; he had to lean against the dresser for support, simply standing there for a few moments, trying to get his legs to work. When he was certain he was not going to collapse, he tried walking. Small, hesitant steps, trying to be as quiet as possible. The last thing he wanted was to wake up Brian and Roger.
He tip-toed into the bathroom, gently closing the doors behind him. And then he made his way towards the sink, wanting to wash his face with cold water, hoping it would help. The moment his hands touched the sink as he tried to support himself, he felt someone behind him.

John turned around, but there was no one.

How was that possible? He felt someone there, touching his waist. Was he losing his mind?

He felt so very weak; the rational part of him tried to tell him it was because he was hung-over, but it didn't make him feel better. Before he realized what was happening, he collapsed onto the floor, his entire body trembling.

He felt too many emotions at once, too many horrible memories came flooding back and John desperately needed to feel something to ground him; something to concentrate on.

And it was then that he pulled his sleeve up and bit down on his arm, just below the elbow. It hurt, but it made him snap out of his flashbacks. It gave him actual physical pain to concentrate on. He only stopped when he tasted the blood in his mouth.

His arm fell lifelessly beside him and John just sat there for a while, just breathing and staring up at the ceiling. When he finally forced himself to move and return to the bedroom, it was already early in the morning because it wasn't as dark outside anymore.

John just rolled onto Freddie's side of the bed and closed his eyes.

ooo

"How about you empty an ashtray every once in a while? Those don't just magically empty themselves."

"I'll empty my ashtrays when I decide to, Bri!"

"I found your cigarette butts in my tea cup!"

"That is because I couldn't find the bloody ashtray. Because you hid it!"
"I hid it? Placing it on the kitchen counter equals hiding it?"

"Yes. It's usually on the table."

John slowly walked into the kitchen, interrupting the argument that Roger and Brian were having. Thankfully, they stopped shouting at each other, because John really could not take it.

"You look horrible, Deaky," Roger laughed at him, "I think you need a bit more practice in drinking. Look at me. I bounce back very quickly."

Brian quickly interrupted, "I don't think he needs practice, Rog. Nobody is drinking tonight or I'm leaving you two and going home."

"Oh, no," the drummer acted overly sad, "How will Deaky and I manage?"

John took a deep breath, realizing he had to be the mediator now that Freddie's gone, "How about this evening we ... drink tea? And tomorrow night we can have a few drinks again?"

Both Brian and Roger thought about it for a moment and then nodded, both agreeing with the suggestion. A sigh of relief escaped John and he forced a smile, even though he was feeling terrible. He barely got any sleep, he felt sick, like he was on the verge of throwing up and his arm hurt. There was a huge, angry looking bite mark on his arm and it burned.

"You said you wanted to go to a store today?" Roger suddenly asked, pulling him out from his thoughts.

"Yes. To Biba," the bassist replied, "It's not very far away. We can walk."

"Sure. I could do some Christmas shopping as well."

"I'll stay and prepare us something to eat," Brian said, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

And then the phone rang.

John jumped from his seat, running into the living room.

"Hello?" he said, a bit breathlessly as he picked up the phone.

"Good morning, sweetie."
Immediately, John smiled, "Morning, Freddie."

"Have you sobered up?" the singer chuckled and John could not help but wince in embarrassment.

"I-I think I have. I don't know what ... happened last night."

"You were that drunk?"

"What? N-No, no. I mean ... I-I don't know what came over us. Over me."

"Well, Rog can be very convincing when he wants to, dear. At least you had a good time."

"I did," John replied quietly, "I-I still miss you, though. And it's been just one day."

"I miss you even more, darling," then his voice got lower, "I promise to give you the best blowjob of your life when I get home."

John's eyes widened and he pressed the phone against his ear even more, afraid that Roger and Brian could hear what they were talking about, even though they were literally in the other room.

"A cuddle will do, Freddie," he giggled, still feeling as if his head was burning up.

"Oh, I'll cuddle you alright, but then I'll do something else."

"Er ... that sounds ... fine by me."

"Really?" surprise could be heard in Freddie's voice.

"Y-Yes. I'd really like that."

"Does William miss me?"

John laughed again, struggling with his next words, "He does, actually."

"Well, pat his back for me and tell him I'll be back soon."

"Freddie," the younger boy squealed, covering his face with his other hand.
"What is it, darling?" Freddie asked playfully, "Where are Brian and Roger?"

"I-In the kitchen."

"Good," then there was a slight pause, "Frederico misses you very much, sweetheart. I had to comfort him last night."

"Freddie," John squealed again, a giggle escaping him, "Would you stop that?"

The singer finally took mercy on him and laughed, "Alright, my dear. I'll shut up. What are your plans for today?"

"Oh, Rog and I are planning to go a store to buy ... food. Yes, food. We're all out," the bassist lied, hoping he sounded convincing.

"The fridge was full yesterday when I left?"

"Well ... Roger and I ate everything last night."

Freddie chuckled at that, "Yes, being drunk does that to you. Alright, my dear. I should be going now. Spend some quality time with my family."

"You do that, Freddie. Have fun and ... I-I'll talk to you soon?"

"I'll try and call later this evening again, alright?"

"I'll be waiting," John said quietly, "I-I love you."

"Love you too, sweetie."

ooo

A few hours later Roger and John finally left to go to Biba. For the entire walk there, Roger would not stop complaining about Brian and it was actually very amusing.
"I don't need a babysitter! I'm 22 years old."

"I-I think Freddie was more worried about me," John admitted shyly, "I don't think he insisted to have Brian over to look after you."

"Oh. But still. He follows me around the flat and orders me around."

"You did put your cigarette butt into his tea cup," the bassist said carefully.

"Yes, when he was done drinking from it. I honestly don't understand why he's so upset."

John was relieved when they finally arrived at Biba, it meant Roger would stop complaining. The blond looked around and it seemed as if something caught his attention, "I'll be over there, Deaks."

The bassist nodded, "I'll take a look around and meet you in five minutes."

The blond disappeared without saying anything else and John quickly hurried towards the coats section, hoping they would still have the fur coat that Freddie absolutely loved the last time they were there.

He let out a sigh of relief when he saw it. As he imagined Freddie opening the gift and getting excited over it, John could not help but smile, wishing Christmas would just come already.

Not wasting any more time, John quickly bought the coat and then he decided to search for Roger. As he looked around, he noticed a very nice looking button-up shirt. Unfortunately, they did not have it in his size, but that was probably for the best. He really could not effort spending that much money on clothes.

"What a small world!" he heard a familiar voice from behind him.

Quickly turning around, his stomach just dropped at the sight of the person in front of him.

"Polite people say hello. Or hi, how are you," Tom teased, smiling at John.

The bassist was frozen; Tom always managed to catch him unprepared and at places where he'd least expect to see him.

"Where's Freddie?"
"Y-You should leave," the bassist managed to say, feeling a bit more confident knowing they were at a public place; in a crowded store.

"What do you mean I should leave?" Tom acted shocked, "I have every right to be here. I still haven't done my Christmas shopping. Oh, you want to know what Freddie got me for Christmas last year?"

John just shook his head.

"Well, I'll tell you anyway. It was this mouth gag. Really, really kinky of him, but we actually used it quite a lot. Do you like to be gagged?"

The bassist forced himself to look away and his eyes searched for Roger, but the blond was nowhere in sight.

"John. We talked about this. You ignoring my questions. Do you remember?"

It was terrifying; the way Tom managed to sound threatening while keeping his voice sweet and soft. And there was that smile on his face. If anyone were to observe them, they would think Tom and John were having a friendly conversation.

"Leave me alone. And leave Freddie alone," John said firmly, although his body language was anything but convincing.

"What's the magic word? I'm sure you can try and ask nicely."

The bassist blinked at him in confusion and it only caused Tom to chuckle, "Ask nicely and I'll leave Freddie alone."

John wanted to believe him. And even if Tom was lying, he'd never forgive himself for not trying.

"Please, leave F-Freddie alone," he whispered and was surprised when Tom just nodded and said 'alright'.

After offering another quick smile, Tom walked past him. Before John could turn to look at him, he felt a hand brush against his backside and then someone giving it a rough squeeze.

Everything that happened after that seemed blurry.

John could hear someone screaming and then his body hitting the hard floor.
Hands were gripping his arm, touching his shoulder, but he pushed them all away, jerking away from the touch. He could hear voices asking him things; asking if he was alright, asking if they should call someone.

Women's voices.

Every unfamiliar hand that touched him felt terrifying and words kept escaping John; words that he couldn't even control and couldn't stop saying.

"Stop!"

"Don't!"

"No!"

But no one listened. They kept touching him, touching his shoulder, touching his leg.

And then he heard a familiar voice.

"Deaky. John."

It was Roger.

John couldn't remember anything after that.

ooo

The next thing John knew was that he was home. He was lying on the sofa, covered with a blanket and it was already dark outside.

"John, you're awake."

The bassist looked up and noticed Brian and Roger both standing over him, both wearing nervous
smiles on their faces.

"W-What happened?" he asked, slowly sitting up.

Brian placed a cup of tea on the table in front of John, "This is for you. Chamomile tea."

"T-Thank you," John offered a smile, then met Roger's eyes.

The drummer seemed nervous and John could not remember ever seeing him like that.

"I-I don't know what happened, Deaky. I was hoping you could tell us. I was looking at jackets and then suddenly I heard you screaming and you were on the floor," Roger explained, his tone very low, "We didn't call Freddie, but if you'd like - "

"No," John quickly interrupted him, "That's not ... necessary. I-I don't want to worry him. Besides, he'll be back soon."

"What happened, John?" Brian asked, sitting down next to him.

For a moment John contemplated lying again; not telling them about Tom. But he promised to not do that again and he didn't want to betray that trust.

"Tom," he said quietly, looking down at his hands.

Roger's angry voice filled the room, "Are you fucking serious? That creep again? He really is just asking to get his arse kicked. I'll throw him off the bloody roof!"

"Calm down, Rog," Brian said softly, "Anger will get us nowhere."

"Are you joking? Clearly, talking in a civilized manner had gotten us nowhere! If only I knew his fucking address!" the drummer kicked the wall angrily, making both John and Brian flinch.

"What did he do, John?" the guitarist asked calmly, turning his attention towards the bassist again.

Immediately, John tensed up, "N-Nothing. We just talked and he said some pretty ... horrible things."

"Are you sure you only talked?"

John knew he was lying to his friends, but he did not want to explain how Tom grabbed his arse. He
just couldn't. It was private. It was humiliating.

"Y-Yes," he quickly nodded, avoiding meeting Brian's eyes.

"I'll kill him. I should have done that when he first hurt Fred," Roger was still angrily pacing up and down the living room, his hands clenched in fists of rage.

"We'll have a talk with Freddie about it once he comes back," Brian sighed, looking very concerned.

John did not want to talk about it any more; he felt ashamed as it was. When his ... episodes happened in front of Freddie, it was still uncomfortable, but he didn't feel as ashamed as he felt now. He couldn't shake the feeling that Roger and Brian thought he was mentally unstable and perhaps he really was.

Why did a simple arse grab cause such a terrible reaction? Why couldn't he stop it?

John took a sip of his tea, trying to calm himself down, trying to think of something else; anything but Tom.

And then his eyes widened in panic as he remembered, "M-my bag? Where's my bag? I-I bought a coat for Freddie -"

"It's in your bedroom, Deaky. Don't worry," Roger replied, offering a reassuring smile, "You wouldn't let go of it."

Finally, John relaxed, nodding his head, "T-Thank you."

ooo

It was late in the evening when the phone rang again. John jumped up and hurried towards it. But then he stopped for a moment, clearing his throat, hoping he could fool Freddie into thinking everything was fine.

"H-Hello?" he finally answered the phone, his voice a bit too cheerful.

Silence.
"Hello?" John said again.

Silence.

"Who is it, Deaky?" Roger asked, looking up from his magazine.

"I-I don't know," the bassist replied quietly, "Hello? Freddie?"

And then he heard something.

It sounded like someone breathing.

"Freddie?" John asked again, "I-I can't hear you. Is that you?"

Again, all he could hear was breathing. But it was getting louder and deeper. It was a man breathing. John's stomach dropped and he let go of the phone as if he was burnt. It dropped onto the floor and John quickly followed, collapsing down, his legs unable to hold him up anymore.

Immediately, the other two boys were by his side, Brian trying to talk to John while Roger picked up the phone.

"Hello? Who is this?" he asked angrily, but got no response. And then the line disconnected. The drummer slammed the phone back down and kneeled next to John, trying to touch him.

"Don't!" John screamed, flinching away from him.

Roger nodded, immediately removing his hands from the bassist, "John, who was that? Was it Tom? What did he say?"

"N-No, it wasn't him. It was ... that man," John was openly sobbing by now, shaking like a leaf. He pulled his knees up and rested his head against them, rocking back and forth.

"John, try and breathe, alright?" Brian instructed, putting his hand on John's knee, making the bassist scream in fear and jerk away from him uttering 'no' over and over again.

It was terrifying to witness.

Brian and Roger exchanged worried glances, not knowing what to do. The bassist was hyperventilating and panicking more than they could handle.
"What man, John?" Roger asked, quietly.

"T-That man. That man," was all John could say.

Brian got John a glass of water, but the bassist refused to drink, refused to look up, refused to move from the floor and after a while he simply stopped responding to them.

"W-What if we ... take him to a doctor?" Roger suggested, looking at Brian.

"If he doesn't calm down ... " the guitarist trailed off, "The sleeping pill would probably help calm him down a bit, but he refuses to take anything."

Silence.

"I'm calling Freddie," Roger suddenly said.

"It's almost midnight, Rog."

"Doesn't matter. I have no idea how to help John, do you?"

The guitarist looked at John, rocking back and forth on the floor, clearly sobbing and talking to himself and he felt completely useless. John wasn't responding to their voices and he panicked when they tried to touch him. They had no other option.

"Call him," Brian sighed, then kneeled down next to John, attempting to talk to him again, "John? Can you hear me?"

Meanwhile Roger waited for someone to answer the phone at Freddie's house. When someone finally answered, it was a woman's voice.

"Hi, hello. Good evening, Mrs Bulsara. It's Roger. Yes, yes, I know it's late, but ... er ... I-I was thinking if I could perhaps talk to Freddie? He's sleeping? Yes, I-I know. It is sort of ... urgent. No, no. Nothing's wrong, we just really need to speak to Freddie? Please? A-Alright, I'll wait."

Roger was biting his lip nervously, feeling like an absolute failure; he couldn't manage to take care of John for two days without something going wrong.

When he finally heard Freddie's very sleepy but concerned voice on the other end, Roger could not help but let out a sigh of relief.
"Fred. I-It's John. I don't know what happened. He's ... not very good. No, no, he's not hurt. No one hurt him, he just ... someone called and - ... A-Alright," he kneeled down next to John, offering the phone to him, "Deaky, it's Freddie. He'd like to talk to you."

John slowly looked up and Roger's heart broke at the sight of the bassist's face; his eyes were red and almost swollen, his nose was puffy and red and there were horrible, dark bags under his eyes.

"F-Freddie?" the bassist managed to whisper and Roger nodded, smiling a bit.

Hesitantly, John took the phone from Roger's hands, cradling it to his ear. Immediately a weak smile appeared on John's face as he heard the singer's voice and both Brian and Roger let out a breath they didn't even realize they were holding. Roger just sat on the floor, leaning against the sofa, closing his eyes for a moment. He felt a hand on his shoulder and when he opened his eyes, he noticed Brian giving him a comforting smile which he returned.

They both sat there and listened as John talked to Freddie.

At first the bassist was not capable of saying much, only an occasional nod of the head and "mhm". Whatever Freddie was saying to him was apparently working because John did seem a lot calmer, though his lower lip was still trembling.

Every now and then the bassist smiled and while Roger never doubted that Freddie would be able to calm him down, he did not expect him to be able to make John smile.

And then finally, John spoke, his voice barely above a whisper, "S-Someone called and I-I answered the phone. And ... someone was breathing. Heavily. Just like ..."

Silence again.

John listened to what Freddie was saying and soon even his breathing returned to normal. Roger tensed up when he noticed John tearing up again, but his smile told him those were happy tears.

"I love you too," John whispered, "A-Alright. No, no. You don't have to come back. R-Really. I promise. I'll see you in two days. B-Bye."

And then he slowly moved, standing up on his shaky legs and hung up, placing the phone back down.

"Are you alright?" Roger asked, holding his arms out, ready to catch John if he suddenly fell.

"I-I'm fine. I'll just ... go to sleep," the bassist whispered, "Thank you both for ... everything."
"No problem, John," Brian quickly replied, "Do you want us to stay with you? We can sit on the chair - "

"No, no, I'll be fine. Really."

With those words John quickly hurried out of the room, leaving both Roger and Brian speechless and worried.

The moment John stepped into the bedroom, he started sobbing again. He missed Freddie so much, but at the same time he felt guilty for missing him. The singer shouldn't have to worry about him while spending time with his family. John tried to tell himself he'd be alright. Just two more days and then he'll see Freddie again and he'll hug him and kiss him and feel safe. Finally. The rational part of John knew that he was in no danger with Roger and Brian and that they would always do their best to protect him, but there was something about Freddie. John couldn't explain it.

Feeling dirty and disgusted, he quickly stripped out of his clothes, the clothes that Tom touched and somehow managed to get into his pajama pants, not bothering to put something on his top half. Wrapping himself in a blanket, he sat on the floor, leaning against the bed; but then he realized that something was missing. Quickly, he reached up, grabbing Freddie's pillow and wrapping his arms around it, holding onto it as if his life depended on it.

The entire night went by, but John was unable to close his eyes. His body was still panicking, still on high alert; hearing every sound.

When the morning finally came, John felt exhausted, he could barely keep his eyes open and he actually felt dizzy and sick and thirsty. His mouth was completely dry and his eyes burned. He could feel himself slipping in and out of sleep, but he refused to give in; refused to put himself into a position in which he could be hurt. Besides, he did not want to dream about horrible things yet again. He just couldn't stand it anymore.

A frustrated sob escaped him; he was in pain and afraid and thirsty and hungry. And exhausted. So very exhausted.

And most importantly; he missed Freddie so much.
John felt himself slipping in and out of sleep a few more times; his mind letting go, but he quickly snapped back to reality.

And then he heard something.

He couldn't be sure what it was. It sounded like doors opening, but he was too weak to raise his head up and look. He probably imagined it.

"John, sweetheart."

That was Freddie's voice, John immediately recognized it.

But it couldn't be Freddie. The singer wasn't coming back for two days; they agreed on it last night. His mind was probably playing tricks on him, he probably started dreaming while awake.

But then he heard and felt someone walking over to him and the next thing he knew was someone's hand on his shoulder. John flinched away from the touch, a pained sob escaping him. And then he finally looked up and found himself staring at the warm, brown eyes.

"Freddie?" John asked, quietly, blinking a few times, not sure if he was really there.

"Darling, you're alright, I'm here," Freddie said softly, doing his best to smile at John who just stared at him for a few long moments.

Clearly, the stress and the lack of sleep made him very disoriented and it took a while before John realized that Freddie was really there. Immediately, he started sobbing, looking down in shame as he hesitantly extended his arms towards the singer, asking for a hug, for a cuddle; anything that would make him feel better.

Freddie quickly took off the jacket that he was still wearing, throwing it on the floor before taking John into his arms. The bassist let out a loud sob at the contact and before he could stop himself, he crawled into Freddie's lap, wrapping his arms around the singer's neck, pressing his face into his shoulder.

"John, sweetheart, what happened to you?"

"W-Why are you back, Freddie? I-I thought ... "

"Did you really think I'd be able to stay away after the last night's call? I was worried sick. I-I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat ... " Freddie trailed off, caressing John's back with his hands.
"I'm sorry, I-I'm so sorry."

"Why are you apologizing?" the singer asked, "I'm fairly certain you did not do this to yourself. Now, can you tell me a bit more about that phone call, darling?"

John tensed up in his arms and immediately he felt Freddie tightening his grip around his body, placing a soft kiss on the bassist's shoulder. No matter how hard he tried, John could not stop crying. He couldn't tell anymore if it was from sadness or stress or happiness or ... relief.

"Sweetie?"

Silence.

It was hard to talk and it was even harder to remember everything that's happened, no matter how hard John tried, his memories were all over the place.

*Tom. The store. The panic attack. The nightmare. The phone call.*

Even if he wanted to talk about it, he probably would not be making much sense. Instead, he just shook his head, refusing to speak.

"John, darling. I love you so much and not knowing is killing me. What happened?"

"L-Later, I promise," the bassist whispered, pressing his face into the crook of Freddie's neck. He could feel the singer letting out a long breath and hands softly caressing his back. And then John did something that he couldn't really explain even if he tried.

He reached back, taking one of Freddie's hands in his own and then he slowly pulled it down his body, resting it against his backside. He wanted Freddie to touch his arse; he *needed* him to do so. He needed to wash Tom's disgusting touch away. Immediately, the singer tensed up, but kept his hand there.

"J-John?"

"L-Later, I promise. Just hold me."

And he did.

Within a minute, John dozed off, his mind finally slipping into unconsciousness.
Chapter End Notes

I couldn’t keep Freddie away for the entire chapter! Though that was the original plan. :) I would really appreciate it if everyone who are still reading could drop a comment, even just one word so I know how many of us are still here. :D I appreciate the support! <3
Three months earlier ...

John stood before the theatre doors and took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves, before pushing the doors open and walking in. Immediately he noticed three boys sitting behind a desk, all three of them staring at him. He had seen them before, he was at one of their gigs; when they still had a bass player. He couldn't help but wonder what happened to him. Did he leave on his own or did they decide to replace him?

"Hello, lovely. What's your name?" a boy with dark hair asked, smiling at him.

John hugged his bass guitar, pressing it against his body as if to protect himself.

"Er ... John Richard Deacon," he replied, clearing his throat.

"I love a man with two names," the boy grinned at him and John could feel himself doing one thing he promised he wouldn't do. He blushed.

"I'm Freddie Mercury, the lead singer," the boy continued, standing up and offering his hand. John quickly made his way over to the table, shaking his hand. When he went to pull back, Freddie wouldn't let him, holding his hand hostage for another few moments and John prayed that his hand wasn't all sweaty.

When his hand was finally returned to him, John turned his attention towards the blond one who was sitting next to Freddie. He stood up and quickly shook John's hand, a bit roughly; or perhaps it seemed rough in comparison to the lead singer's soft touch.

"Roger Taylor, the drummer and one of the singers," the boy introduced himself, putting emphasis on the last part of the sentence. It was obvious he wanted to everyone to know he could sing too. Anyway, John did not mind that; as long as no one forced him to sing.

"Brian May, I play the guitar. Nice to meet you," the very tall boy with extremely curly hair introduced himself, offering a polite smile as John shook his hand.

"N-Nice to meet you," the bassist replied and then awkwardly stood there, not knowing what do to.

"Tell us a joke, sweetie."
"J-Joke?" John stuttered; he thought he was auditioning for a bass player, not a comedian.

“Yes, a joke. If two of us laugh at the joke, you’ve already passed one test,” the singer explained, raising his eyebrow at the younger boy.

John panicked; he wasn’t prepared for this. He didn’t expect this. He didn’t know he had to prepare jokes.

“You must know at least one joke, my dear?”

And then he remembered something. It wasn’t very good, but it was better than silence.

He cleared his throat before finally speaking, "D-Don't you hate it when someone answers their own questions? I do."

Silence.

And then the singer laughed, followed by the guitarist. John let out a sigh of relief, finally relaxing a bit.

"I don't get it," the drummer said, "What's the joke?"

"Shush, Rog."

Silence.

John looked down at his feet, expecting the next question. He only hoped they wouldn't ask him to do push ups or anything like that.

“As adorable as you look, darling, we need to see you play in order to make our decision,” Freddie teased, but there was a genuine smile on his face.

“Oh, right. Y-Yes, I know that,” John blushed even more and walked back to where he was standing before, "Er ... what should I play?"

"Whatever you want," Brian answered, "We just want to see how you handle the bass."

John did not expect that, but he nodded, trying to remember what to play for them, "I-I could just ... play this riff that I came up with a few days ago?"
"Be my guest, darling!"

Darling?

John couldn't help but chuckle a bit at that and it felt as if all the blood rushed directly to his head. He slung his bass strap over his shoulder, adjusting it so it sat comfortably. He began to strum on his bass guitar, concentrating on where his fingers landed on the strings. He started really getting into it, banging the bass against his body like he always did when he got sucked into the music and then he heard Freddie's voice.

"You're in!"

He stopped playing and looked at the boys in surprise. Apparently, he wasn't the only one surprised. Both the drummer and the guitarist were looking at their singer as if he'd lost his mind.

"Perhaps we shouldn't make the decision based on one minute - " he started, but was interrupted by Freddie.

"Oh, shush, darling. I recognize the talent when I see it," the singer then smiled at him, "How old are you, John?"

"Er ... nineteen."

That did seem to worry the singer and the drummer quickly said, "He's too young, Fred."

It did feel strange being talked about while standing right there and John looked down at his feet as he listened to them argue.

"He's too young."

"Age is just a number, darling."

"And jail is just a room."

"What?"

"I'm joking, Fred."

"He's better than anyone we've had the displeasure of hearing today. And yesterday."
"We still don't know if he fits in. We need to play together."

"We'll do that, dear. And he will fit it. I'll make him fit in."

"Fred - "

"John, darling!" the attention was once again on him and John looked up to see the lead singer approaching him with a big smile on his face, "We do have to ... have a discussion, but you're in, dear. Don't you worry."

"Fred, you can't just - "

John could hear words and the other two boys fighting, but all he could concentrate on was the lead singer that was standing right in front of him. Suddenly Freddie took his hand, softly kissing his knuckles.

John was speechless. He'd never before seen a man, a boy, act that way and he was ... a bit confused. And intrigued.

As he walked out of that theatre room that day, John was certain of three things.

One. The drummer had quite a temper.

Two. The guitar player seemed to be the most rational and calm one.

Three. The lead singer was totally flirting with him.

ooo

John yawned, refusing to open his eyes. He was too comfortable; lying on top of something soft and warm.

And moving.
His eyes snapped open and it took him a moment to realize he was lying on top of Freddie. Not just snuggled against him, but literally lying on top of him. Slowly, he moved his head, looking up and he noticed that Freddie was already awake and his warm, gentle eyes were staring back at him.

"Hi," John whispered, smiling a bit.

"Hello, beautiful. How did you sleep?" Freddie asked, bringing his hand up to caress John's back.

"R-Really good. Surprisingly good," John replied, wincing at how hoarse he sounded, "What time is it?"

"About four o'clock."

John tensed up, "In the afternoon?"

"Well, yes, darling," Freddie chuckled a bit.

Immediately John pulled himself off of Freddie, sitting up, "W-Why didn't you wake me up? I've never slept in until four o'clock in the afternoon."

Freddie offered a reassuring smile, "I think we both needed the rest, darling."

It was then that all the memories came flooding back and the harsh reality almost slapped John in the face. He wished he could just pull the covers over his head and hide, but knew that was not an option.

"When ... when did you get back, Freddie?"

The singer also sat up in bed, letting out a deep breath, "At around eight in the morning, I believe."

"W-Why? I-I thought we agreed," John said quietly, feeling guilty that Freddie's family visit was cut short because of him.

"How can you ask me that, John?" the singer asked softly, "I was worried sick after getting that phone call and I was even more worried when I came here this morning and saw you ... in that condition. What happened, darling?"

The bassist refused to speak and meet Freddie's eyes; it was painful to talk about and remember all that happened while he was gone. It was also humiliating how needy and dependent on Freddie he was.
"John, darling. Answer my question."

"D-Did ... did Roger tell you anything?"

"No. I haven't seen Roger yet."

That made the younger boy look up, "W-What do you mean?"

"I haven't left the room since getting here."

"But ... " John trailed off, not knowing what to say, "Why not?"

"Because you wouldn't let go of me," Freddie smiled, "Besides, I needed the sleep as well."

The bassist could feel himself tearing up, but he blinked the tears away, taking in a deep breath, "It's a long story, Freddie."

"I'm willing to listen."

Silence.

It wasn't just the phone call. And it wasn't just what happened at the store. It was more and by finally talking about it, John would have to admit to Freddie that he lied to him and hid things from him.

"Roger and I went to Biba yesterday. To ... take a look around and maybe buy a few Christmas presents," the bassist started, forcing himself to meet Freddie's eyes, "While Roger went to look at ... I-I don't even know. While I was alone ... he approached me. He just appeared and ... "

"Who is he?"

"T-Tom," John said quietly and immediately noticed Freddie's expression change. It became angry, furious even and there was a shadow of fear in his eyes.

"What did he do? Did he hurt you?" the singer asked, the pace of his breathing quickening.

John could feel himself tearing up again and he just nodded; the humiliation and the shame written all over his face.
"I'll kill him," Freddie said in a low tone and John immediately tensed up.

"N-No, don't say that."

"Did he do that to you?" the singer asked, his eyes fixated John's arm. That confused the bassist and he looked down, noticing the bite mark. It looked even more horrible than the previous day, teeth marks were clearly evident and the bruise around it was even larger.

"N-no," John quickly answered, wrapping a blanket around his body, hiding his arms.

"John, I am panicking over here. What did he do to you? Why were you sobbing uncontrollably upon arriving back home? Why were you sobbing again this morning?" Freddie attacked him with questions, clearly not able to hold himself back anymore. He was too concerned, too many horrible ideas were floating around in his brain.

"At the store ... " the bassist started slowly, "H-He talked to me. For a minute or two. And then he g-grabbed me."

"Grabbed you?"

John nodded, tears spilling down his cheeks, "H-He grabbed my arse. A-And he did it once before but I-I didn't tell you because ... Because I'm stupid and I-I didn't want to worry you. That night after the gig when he came to our dressing room ... He pushed me against the wall and g-grabbed me. Freddie, I ... " he trailed off, hiding his face in his hands.

The bassist tried to get a hold of his emotions, but the moment he felt Freddie pull him into a hug, he started sobbing even more. He felt like such a failure.

The singer caressed his hair gently and just held him until John calmed down a bit. Then he placed a soft kiss on John's neck before slowly breaking the hug and pulling away so that he could look at the bassist's face.

"Did he ... did he do that to your arm?" Freddie asked softly, but the look in his eyes was murderous.

"No," John just whispered, shaking his head.

"Sweetheart, tell me the truth."

"I-I am telling you the truth. I promise," the bassist sniffled, looking down, "I-I don't remember how I got home from Biba. After Tom ... I screamed and fell down. I-I made a scene. So embarrassing. I-I guess I then blacked out. I woke up on the sofa. And ... I was fine. I-I was feeling fine, but then the
phone rang."

Freddie brought his hand up to gently caress John's cheek, encouraging him to continue.

"I-I thought it was you," John smiled weakly before his expression turned to a horrified one, "There was silence, but ... then someone started breathing. Louder and louder. Panting. J-Just like that man when he ... when ... " he wasn't able to finish the sentence, his words caught in his throat.

"I'll kill him," Freddie suddenly said, his jaw clenched with anger.

"W-Who?"

"That bastard. Tom. It's obvious it was him. The cunt."

John shook his head, "N-No. What if it wasn't him? W-What if it was ... that man?"

It took Freddie a moment, but then he realized who John was talking about. His expression softened as he leaned closer to the bassist, "Sweetheart, he doesn't know your name. He doesn't know where you live. Where we live. He doesn't have our phone number. Besides, I am fairly certain Roger and I scared the shit out of him."

John gave a shaky smile, "Y-You really think so?"

"I know so. Alright, darling? It must have been Tom and I'll hang him by his balls, I promise," the singer said firmly, still caressing John's face, "Do you want to tell me what happened to your arm now?"

John looked away in shame, but nodded. Still, he couldn't seem to get the words out. He was positive that Freddie would think he was completely mental when he told him about the bite mark.

"Darling?"

"I-I did it."

Silence.

John refused to meet Freddie's eyes; he refused to see the disgust and the shock in them. It was enough that he himself felt disgusted by it.

But then he felt Freddie taking his hand, interlocking their fingers together, stroking the back of
John's hand with his thumb.

"What do you mean you did it, sweetie?"

There was something about the way Freddie was holding his hand and the tone of his voice; it made John feel like he could tell him anything.

"I-I woke up in the middle of the night from a ... horrible, horrible nightmare. At first I-I thought you were here, but ... " he trailed off, feeling Freddie tighten the hold on his hand, "I really tried, F-Freddie, but I couldn't calm down. I went to the bathroom and nothing helped. I felt ... awful. I think I was still a bit drunk and ... I-I bit myself. I felt everything at once and I couldn't breathe and I needed something ... " John just shook his head, convinced that he wasn't making any sense.

"Promise me you won't do that again, darling. Whenever you feel the need to do that, you come find me. Alright?"

John quickly nodded, "I-I promise. I promise."

"Can I kiss you now?"

That question surprised John and he hesitantly looked up at the singer, noticing there was no disgust on his face; he wasn't weirded out by what John did. If anything, the singer only seemed sad and John couldn't stand that.

"Sure you can. Please," the bassist smiled weakly.

Freddie returned the smile and leaned closer, just barely touching John's lips with his own. That actually had to be one of the most innocent kisses they've shared, but it was exactly what John needed at that moment. When Freddie finally pulled back, he leaned down, placing a gentle kiss on John's bite mark.

John couldn't stop himself; he exploded with love and affection for that boy in front of him and before he even realized it, he wrapped his arms around him, hugging him tight.

Freddie let out a soft chuckle, but returned the affection, "You feel skinnier than the last time I saw you, John."

"I-I can't even remember the last time I ate."

"Excuse me? We can't have any of that!" the singer broke the hug, meeting John's eyes, "Join me in the kitchen? I'm sure we have some ... cereal at least."
John just nodded, smiling. They both decided to ignore the big elephant in the room which was Tom. Freddie was not the kind of person to simply forget about things and John knew the conversation wasn't finished. It was just postponed. Both were still sleepy and exhausted, physically as well as emotionally.

ooo

Freddie entered the kitchen only to find Roger there already, sipping his coffee. The drummer was frozen for a moment, only blinking at him in surprise.

"F-Fred?" he asked carefully, "You're back? You're back!"

With those words Roger jumped up and pulled Freddie into a hug, almost suffocating him.

"I'm so glad you're back. You can't even imagine!"

A chuckle escaped the singer, "I was only gone for two days, Rog."

"It felt like forever, mate. Don't ever do that again," then he pulled away from the singer, "When did you get back?"

"Earlier this morning. I stayed with John and we had a ... long nap."

"I didn't even realize you were back, but thank god you are!"

A cocky smile appeared on Freddie's face, "I didn't realize you adored me that much, Rog. Unfortunately, I'm taken."

Roger slapped his arm playfully, then lowered his voice, "Where is he?"

"In the bathroom."

"God, Fred. I don't even know where to start," the drummer sighed, sitting down again.

"I already know what happened. John told me everything. At least I hope so."
"That fucker!" Roger suddenly exploded with anger and upon noticing the confusion on Freddie's face, he quickly added, "Not John! Tom. Fred, he's dangerous. He's ... a creep. Give me his address."

The singer shook his head, a serious expression on his face, "I don't want you getting into any trouble, Rog."

"He won't stop. I-I don't even know what he did to Deaky, but I must have been something more than just words."

Freddie tensed up, his jaw clenching in anger, "I know what he did."

"What did he do?"

"Morning," John greeted quietly as he entered the kitchen, interrupting the conversation, "Or ... good afternoon. Hi. Hello."

"Hello, Deaks," Roger replied, trying to act cheerful, "How are you?"

"F-Fine," was all John said and then the awkward silence followed.

Even though no one was holding it against him, John felt utterly embarrassed by everything. And like a burden. Apparently he needed three people taking care of him, and even then something horrible happened.

"W-Where's Brian?" he asked quietly, noticing there was no sight of the guitarist.

"Oh, he left at around twelve, saying he had some errands to run. Made me promise to stay away from the kitchen," Roger explained, "But he did make us something to eat. Potatoes and vegetables, something like that. I begged him to add a bit of chicken, but does he ever listen to me?"

John chuckled a bit, but Freddie could tell that something was still very wrong. And his suspicions got even more confirmed during their lunch as the bassist kept playing with his food, pushing it around the plate. Freddie tried not to stare, but he couldn't help but notice that John had three of four bites of food at most and even then it seemed as if he was struggling with it.

The bassist was even more quiet than usually, avoiding eye contact, replying with short answers. Both Roger and Freddie tried to cheer him up, telling jokes, trying to get him more involved in the conversation, but all their efforts fell flat.
"I'm feeling really off, like ... I'm coming down with a cold," John suddenly said, standing up, "Do you mind if I ... stay a bit in your bedroom, Freddie?"

"Our bedroom, darling," the singer corrected him, "And of course I don't mind. Take as much rest as you need."

John just smiled and quickly disappeared from the kitchen. Both Freddie and Roger knew that something was up; it was obvious. While the bassist was very happy that Freddie was back, something was clearly bothering him.

"How's your family?" Roger asked, trying to break the awkward silence.

"They're fine," the singer replied, "As per usual."

"Did you tell them about ... John?"

"Of course I didn't, Rog. I didn't fancy getting into an argument about my life choices," Freddie rolled his eyes, "I-I told them that he's our new bass player, but that's it."

Roger just nodded and then they both kept to themselves, each lost in their own thoughts.

ooo

After hiding the bag with Freddie's Christmas present behind the closet, John just curled up on the bed, pulling the covers up to his neck. He just stared at the ceiling, not moving. He lied about coming down with a cold and was pretty sure both Freddie and Roger knew he was lying. He did, however, feel off. He wasn't hungry, he was without energy and no matter how hard he tried, there was no joy in him. No excitement. Nothing. He felt numb. Which was probably better than the sobbing mess that he was the previous day, but it was still awful.

John couldn't tell how long he simply laid there like that; completely lifeless.

He did hear Freddie enter the room at some point and sit on the bed next to him, but he didn't react. A part of him wanted to just close his eyes and pretend he was asleep, but he respected Freddie too much to do that.

"I've called our landlord while I stayed with my family," the singer suddenly said, "He's ... not
completely alright with it; it actually took a bit of convincing from my side, but you can move in. He did raise our rent slightly, though. We can move you in tomorrow, darling?"

"That'd be great," John replied softly, still not turning to look at Freddie.

"You said you don't have a lot of things?"

"Y-Yes, just a suitcase and perhaps two boxes."

"I'll make more room for you in the closet and in the bathroom," the singer said, acting cheerful, "Aren't you excited, dear?"

"I am, really."

Silence.
John knew he probably did not sound very excited and it hurt him that he couldn't even pretend.

"What's wrong, darling?"

"Nothing. Just ... tired, I guess."

He felt the singer place his hand on his shoulder, "John. What's wrong? Talk to me."

It took him a few moments to answer, but then he just shrugged his shoulders, "Are you sure you want to live with me?"

"What?"

"Are you sure? Y-You can still change your mind. I-I wouldn't hold it against you."

"What kind of nonsense is this? Of course I want you to move in with me, darling. Where is all this coming from?"

John let out a shaky breath and slowly pulled himself into a sitting position, still refusing to look at Freddie, "I-I'm ... a failure."

"What?"

"I'm ... broken. I'm too much to deal with. I'd understand if you didn't want to deal with my problems
"Your problems are my problems," the singer said firmly, then placed a hand on John's knee, "Look at me, darling."

The bassist refused, still looking down at his hands.

"John."

There was something in Freddie's tone and it made the bassist look up immediately.

"Sweetheart, what are you talking about?"

John shook his head, "I-I thought I'm over it. The last few weeks were ... the best weeks of my life. Even if there were bad moments, it was still ... wonderful," he smiled as he remembered, but then his expression turned serious again, "But ... I'm not over it. Over that night. Over what he did to me."

"John, love. It's been less than three months," Freddie said softly, "Of course you are not over it. But you're doing well and I couldn't be more proud."

John muttered something under his breath and Freddie failed to understand it, "What was that, darling?"

The younger boy hesitantly met his eyes as he repeated, his voice barely above a whisper, "79 days."

Freddie's expression softened and he offered a comforting smile, "See? Barely 79 days. It's nothing. But you've come so far."

Clearly that confused John, "What do you mean barely? It's long. It's 79 days. I should be over it. Why am I not o-ver it, Freddie?"

The way John's voice started shaking broke Freddie's heart; he wished he could offer an answer, he wished he could promise it would soon get better and that in a couple of weeks John would forget everything about that night, but he knew he'd be lying.

Taking a deep breath, Freddie tried to remain as rational as possible, "You remember what I told you about Roger and his family?"

John slowly nodded, looking up at the singer, waiting for him to continue.
"Well, he got out of that situation years ago. At least 4 years ago. And I don't know if you've noticed it, but he still flinches when someone moves too fast near him."

John didn't notice; to him Roger seemed invincible, always cheerful and not afraid to fight for what he believed it. Even if that meant fighting over a song about a car.

Freddie continued, "There were many occasions when Brian and him got into a fight and Brian moved too fast, which caused Roger to jerk away from him in complete terror. Brian would never hit him, but it's something out of Roger's control. His body, his mind reacts like that. But does that mean Roger's broken? And not worth the trouble? Of course not."

John actually did not know what to say to that. He never saw Roger as broken or less than just because of what he had to go through with his family. But that was different. Roger was different; Roger didn't need someone to take care of him 24/7.

After a few moments of silence, John just shrugged his shoulders, "You're saying ... even years later .... I'll still not be completely alright?"

"I'm saying you will be alright. You'll learn to deal with things as they come, but they won't be nearly as painful as they are now, darling."

John can feel himself tearing up and soon his vision was completely blurred; he tried blinking the tears away, but a few escaped, falling down onto his lap.

"Sweetheart, you ... you don't ... " Freddie was clearly struggling with his next words, "You never really talk about it."

"About what?"

"About that night."

John tensed up, shaking his head quickly, "W-Why would I?"

"Perhaps it could help? And I-I don't mean just ... talking about it. I mean getting angry."

"W-What?" the bassist looked up at the singer, completely confused, "Why would I be angry?"

Freddie seemed baffled by that question, "What do you mean why? Because you have every right to be angry. To be absolutely pissed off. To be enraged about it."

It did make John a bit uncomfortable and he looked down again, "I-I'm not. I'm just ... sad."
"You don't ever talk about him. You refused to know his name."

"I-I don't want to talk about him, Freddie."

"I understand that, darling. I truly do," Freddie said softly, "But you view him as this ... invincible creature. As this monster that lurks in the shadows. He's just a regular human. A piece of shit human, yes, but human. He's not invincible. And you shouldn't be afraid of saying his name."

John was getting more nervous as the minutes went by, "I-I don't want to know his name."

"Alright. But ... get angry at him."

"What good would that do, Freddie?"

The singer took in a deep breath, clenching his jaw in frustration, "Pretend I'm him."

"What?" John couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Pretend I'm him and yell at me."

"Freddie, that's - "

The singer cut him off, "Darling. You must be angry with him. Furious. You have every right to be. Yell at me. What do you wish you could have told him?"

"N-Nothing, because I don't want to talk to him," John replied, trying to get up from the bed, but Freddie grabbed his arm, not letting him.

"Let go, Freddie," he said quietly, his entire body shaking.

And then the singer's next words sent shivers down John's body.

"I saw you sitting alone and you seemed approachable."

"Freddie - "

"I paid the bartender to slip you something into your drink and when I saw you stumbling towards the toilets I was more that excited to follow."
"Stop it," John said, a bit more firmly this time as he managed to pull his arm out of Freddie's grasp. He could see that the singer was having a hard time saying those things; he seemed tormented and disgusted, but for some reason he still continued.

"I pulled you into an empty stall and pushed down your pants. You did try to struggle, but you could barely stand. It was laughable, actually."

"Stop!" John screamed, "Stop it!"

Freddie did stop and it seemed as if there were tears in his eyes, but before he could pull John into a hug and apologize, the bassist spoke.

"You were breathing so heavily I-I thought you were having a stroke," his voice was barely above a whisper, "I-I hoped you were having a stroke."

Freddie just stared at him in silence, letting him continue.

"You twisted my arm and it hurt so much. I-I didn't know what hurt more. My wrist or my - " he paused, letting himself breath for a moment, "But you didn't care. Y-You're evil and disgusting!"

He stared directly into Freddie's eyes as he was getting louder and angrier and soon the words kept coming out of his mouth, "I-I hate you! I wish you'd die! I hate you. I-I hate what you did. You're disgusting and you t-ried to make me disgusting and ... And you do it almost every night since then. You're a monster and I-I hate you! I'd be happy if you died!" John had to stop for a moment, completely shocked by his own outburst. Soon tears spilled down his cheeks and immediately Freddie pulled him into a hug, not even asking for permission. John pressed his face against Freddie's chest and just cried, grasping the material of his shirt. He could feel Freddie moving, changing his position and soon he found himself sitting in between Freddie's legs. He never felt more safe than he did at that moment; with arms wrapped around him and Freddie's legs on each side of him, keeping him safe.

They just stayed like that for a while; John completely lost track of time. He did notice that it was already dark outside, but that was all. Neither of them actually cared what time it was, all that mattered was that they were together, holding onto each other.

ooo

Freddie could tell that John fell asleep; his breathing had returned to normal and he wasn't grasping at
his shirt anymore. The bassist was lying lifelessly in his arms and very slowly, the singer moved them both, carefully putting John to bed, covering him up with every blanket possible.

And then he quickly undressed, trying to ignore how wet his shirt was, trying to not think about the fact that those were John's tears. Wanting to be as close to John as soon as possible, he just stripped to his underwear and then snuggled against the sleeping bassist, wrapping an arm around his waist, pulling him closer.

Freddie would be lying if he said he didn't miss John physically; the last time they were together like that was four days ago and even then it wasn't exactly perfect with him almost choking John to death by accident.

He really missed him, he missed kissing him and touching him and feeling John want him. It was painful, but what was even more painful was the fact that John was not well. Mentally, Freddie would gladly switch places with John; he would gladly take the pain and the fear and the memories, but unfortunately that wasn't possible. All he could do was be there for him. And he planned on doing just that. He loved him and he wasn't going anywhere.

ooo

When John woke up the next morning, he finally felt well rested; probably for the first time in days. He couldn't remember when exactly he fell asleep last night, but it was pretty early. He could feel Freddie spooning him from behind, holding him close and even though the bassist really needed to use the bathroom, he didn't want to move from that position.

He could clearly remember the conversation between him and Freddie before he fell asleep. John never knew he needed to get angry and yell and let out all frustrations, but in a strange way it felt good. The only thing he'd change was the person he was yelling at; he never again wanted to say those things to Freddie because he could see how much it affected him. Even though the singer was the one who initiated it and he knew that John wasn't saying those things to him, it still hurt him. It was very clear by the look in his eyes.

John pressed himself even closer to the singer when he felt him moving, apparently waking up. When he heard him yawning, the bassist smiled, turning his head to look at him, "Good morning."

"Morning, darling,' Freddie replied, looking sleepily at John.

Nothing needed to be said after that; they just laid like that for a while, enjoying each other's company in silence. John knew they would probably have to talk about the last night's events, but
neither one of them wanted to be the one to start the conversation. Besides, they had all the time in the world. John wanted to enjoy this morning, spending it in the company of his boyfriend.

After they finally rolled out of bed, they had a quick breakfast. They were interrupted by a phone call and immediately John tensed up, looking at Freddie and Roger in absolute panic. Thankfully, it was only Brian informing them about when he’s coming over to pick them up and drive to John's place to help him move.

After the breakfast, Roger disappeared into his room to get ready and Freddie was in the bathroom when John heard someone ring the doorbell. It made John nervous; as far as he knew they weren't expecting anyone at this hour. He waited for a moment, unsure of what to do. The last time he answered the door, it ended badly.

The doorbell rang again.

Feeling very nervous, John stood up and hurried towards the door. He did feel safe knowing that Roger was in his room and Freddie was in the bathroom. He could just ignore it, pretending no one was home, but he wasn't that kind of a person. It made him nervous making people wait; and what if it was something important? Perhaps it was Brian? Perhaps he came over earlier?

John took a deep breath, slowly opening the door. He couldn't hide the surprise on his face when he saw it was an old lady there. She did seem familiar and after a few moments of trying to remember, he realized who she was. He forgot her name, but she was that neighbor that would always complain about the noise, the one who got into a fight with Roger a few weeks ago.

"Um ... can I-I help you?" John asked awkwardly, noticing that she kept looking behind him.

"You can, actually. This is my last warning, young man," she said coldly, finally meeting John's eyes. "The next time I hear noise, yelling, punching the wall, I will call your landlord and get you all evicted."

The bassist tensed up, stuttering a bit, "Oh, I-I apologize. We didn't realize we were being that loud."

She completely ignored his apology and sent him a glare, "Who are you? You don't live here, do you? I've seen you before. You're ... the cousin."

That caught John a bit off guard, but then he remembered that Freddie introduced him as his cousin, "Y-Yes, I am. A ... cousin."

"Sure you are."

John didn't know what else to say and the way she kept looking behind him, trying to get a glimpse
of their flat, made him very nervous, "I promise to try and keep the noise to a minimum. Is there ... anything else?"

"That boy ... not the blond one. The other one. He seems like one of those people."

"E-Excuse me?" John asked, not sure if he heard right.

The lady raised her eyebrow, looking at him with disgust, "One of those people. If I were you, I'd leave as soon as possible, young man. You seem normal. I'm sure you wouldn't want to get sucked into that ... lifestyle. The blond one is a helpless case, but you seem - "

"Excuse me?" John asked again, stronger this time, "You have no right to come here and talk about Freddie like that. He pays the rent as everyone else and has every right to live here and do whatever he pleases as long as he isn't hurting anyone. I-I apologized about the noise, but I will not allow you to insult my friends."

That did seem to surprise her, but who was the most surprised about the outburst was John himself.

"I can't even leave my flat without a parade of boys, freaks, like him - "

John cut her off, "Perhaps you ought to find yourself a hobby, Ms. Then you wouldn't have much time to observe what other people do with their lives."

And with those words he slammed the door shut, not allowing her to respond and not even caring what she had to say.

He was shaking; John hated confrontations, he despised fighting, especially with strangers. But as soon as she started talking about Freddie in such a way, he felt something primal take over him. No one was going to insult Freddie in his presence.

"Who was that, darling?" Freddie asked as he entered the room and he placed a kiss on John's cheek.

Even though he was still upset, John couldn't help but smile at the affection, "Er ... just that old lady. The neighbor. She complained about the noise."

The singer rolled his eyes, "Same old same old. I mean, I've stopped playing my piano. What more does she want?"

"I apologized and ... then she left," John explained, deciding to keep some details to himself; details that would only hurt Freddie.
The singer studied him for a moment, probably noticing how nervous John seemed to be, "Oh, darling. Did she give you a hard time? She's an old hat. Don't pay her any attention."

John forced a smile, "You're right."

Even if John wanted to think about her, he didn't have the time as he was stressing about the whole process of moving. Once Brian got there, they had a quick breakfast and then it was already time to leave. John insisted they didn't all need to go, as he did not have that much stuff, but they all insisted they had nothing better to do. Thankfully, not all John's roommates were there once they arrived at the flat, because that would be too crowded. Only Rick was there, but he kept to himself and stayed out of the way as they all got to work.

"I've never been in here," Freddie said as he entered John's room and took a look around, "How do you keep your room this tidy?"

"Well, I haven't been here for two months. That helps," John explained, letting out a giggle, "How should we start? You'll empty the closet and I'll pack everything else?"

"Sure," the singer replied, then cocked his eyebrow, "Is there a drawer I shouldn't open? Or perhaps a box in the closet? Are you hiding some things you don't want me to find?"

John shook his head, smiling, "I'm afraid not. No handcuffs in this room, Freddie," and then something occurred to him, "Or ... er.. a mouth gag. No mouth gag here."

That seemed to surprise Freddie, but he just laughed, "If you say so, darling."

"Why?" John asked, a bit too fast, "D-Do you want me to have a mouth gag?"

"What?"

"Would you ... like to have one?" John asked again, hoping the question wasn't too strange, but he knew it was.

Freddie just stared at him for a long moment and then he burst out laughing, "Darling, this dirty talking does not suit you, let me tell you."

John forced a smile, pretending he was just joking all along. Freddie shook his head, still laughing, "Oh, darling. You are funny," with that he walked past John, noticing something on the drawer; a picture.

"Is this your family?" he asked, picking it up and taking a closer look. There were four people in the
picture; John, a girl who looked every much like him and probably his parents.

The bassist approached him, taking a look at it over Freddie's shoulder's, "Yes, that's my mum and dad. And Julie. My sister."

"You have a sister too?" Freddie seemed surprised, "I have a sister, Rog has a sister. I don't know about Brian, though."

John laughed, "It's not that uncommon to have a sister, you know."

The singer laughed as well at his stupidity and handed the picture back to John, "Pack this very carefully. I know just where you could put it. We should get to work, darling."

With those words, Freddie walked over to the closet, taking out any remaining clothes; the most of it was already at Freddie's, but there was still quite a lot of work ahead of them. Meanwhile John packed the rest of the things, starting in the bathroom. Once he returned to his room, he found Freddie sitting on the bed, playing with something. As he took a closer look, he noticed it was a pair of briefs.

"Look what I found," the singer grinned as he swung the underwear around his finger.

Blushing, John grabbed it from his hands, "You're an idiot, Freddie."

"I'm helping you pack and you call me an idiot," the older boy faked being sad and John couldn't help but smile.

He dropped the briefs into his suitcase, looking at Freddie, "I'm sorry, but you won't find any exciting underwear in my drawer. No lace or - "

"Who says I want lace?" the singer asked as he stood up from where he was sitting on the bed, wrapping his arms around John's waist, pulling him closer, "I prefer if you don't wear anything, but there is something exciting about the plain white briefs; something innocent - "

"You're in idiot, Freddie," John repeated, pushing the singer away as he giggled, "Get back to work."

Apparently, the older boy had other plans on his mind as he threw a glance at the bed, "Rog and Brian are in the living room. We could ... We've never done anything in your bed."

John blushed even more, "What are you proposing?"
"A quickie?"

"Freddie!" John squealed, hitting the singer playfully on the arm, "There will be no quickie happening here. Just ... get back to packing."

"I've been packing for hours, John!" the singer sighed dramatically.

The bassist let out a laugh,"We've been here for half an hour. Stop complaining."

"What are Bri and Rog doing? Why aren't they helping here?"

John looked down awkwardly, "T-They are doing other things. I-I wouldn't want them to be looking through my underwear drawer."

Freddie smiled at those words, a proud expression on his face, "Oh. Only I can do that."

"Yes, only you. Now start packing," John ordered and chuckled at how eager the singer suddenly seemed to be.

John was not kidding when he said he didn't have much stuff; Roger came dressed as if he was going to work out, but in the end there were only three boxes and a suitcase.

"I could use a hand here, Fred," the drummer yelled as he struggled to carry the box down the stairs.

The singer faked coughing, "I was ill just recently, Rog. How can you expect me to do hard labor?"

Thankfully, Brian jumped to help and everything was loaded in the van in less than ten minutes. Freddie waited outside with Roger and Brian; giving John a few minutes alone to say goodbye to his flat mate. It didn't take long and the moment John appeared outside, he had a big smile on his face. He strutted over to Freddie, giving him a half hug, "Take me home."

"The only way Fred could take you home is if he gave you a piggyback ride to the flat, because he doesn't have a driving license," Roger teased, earning himself a glare from the singer.

"I'd gladly give John a piggyback ride," Freddie said proudly, sending the bassist air kisses.

"Alright, children, get your arses in the van," Brian ordered and they quickly obeyed, wanting to be home as soon as possible.
After dropping them off to their place, Brian quickly left; spending two entire days at the Mercury-Taylor household was enough for him. Besides, he could see the looks Freddie and John were giving each other and suspected that they would disappear into Freddie's room as soon as they got home. Which would leave him alone with Roger and that was something that Brian really was not looking forward to; not after spending two entire days with him. He did help them carry the boxes inside and then he quickly said his goodbye, driving off.

Roger hurried into the kitchen, claiming he was starving while John disappeared into the bathroom. Freddie took that opportunity to move all the boxes into his room and then something occurred to him; quickly looking through the boxes, he smiled when he finally found what he was looking for. When John returned from the bathroom, he found Freddie waiting for him, standing in the middle of his bedroom with a strange expression on his face.

"What did you do?" the bassist carefully asked, knowing that expression very well by now.

Freddie just raised his eyebrow, not saying anything. His lips were curled up into a playful smile and John couldn't help but chuckle at how adorable he seemed. And then Freddie slowly moved out of the way and the bassist looked at what he had been hiding behind him.

His heart fluttered at the sight of that framed family picture of John's family, carefully placed on the nightstand on John's side of the bed.

"Freddie," he whispered, looking at the singer, "That's ...

"If you don't want it there we can always move it, darling."

"No, I-I want it there. It's ... " he couldn't find a word, "Thank you."

The fact that Freddie welcomed him so warmly into his home, his room, his bed, made John nearly tear up, "I love you," he mouthed at him, smiling.

Freddie's face lit up, "You like it?"

"I love it. And I love you."

"I love you too, darling," the singer replied gently, "How about we go out? Celebrate you moving in,
Sure. Where do you want to go?

There's this coffee shop not far away from here. They also have ice cream," the singer grinned.

John was always up for ice cream, it was his second favorite food. Right after cheese on toast. Deciding to leave the unpacking for some other day, John and Freddie quickly got ready and left the flat. It was their second real date and the bassist couldn't be more excited. He actually adored going to coffee shops with Freddie and enjoying the relaxing atmosphere. Yes, clubs were alright every now and then, but John preferred the more quiet places.

But when they arrived at the place, John recognized it immediately and his stomach dropped. He tried to keep it to himself, but Freddie noticed the change of expression on his face.

"What is it, dear? You don't like it?"

"No, no, it's ... it's not that. It's ... " John struggled with words, "I-I've been here once before."

"Really?" Freddie sounded surprised, "When?"

"The day after ... " the bassist had to pause for a moment, "The day after that night. When I said I'm going home, but ... instead I came here."

Immediately Freddie remembered, "And you sat here all day. Until .... "

"Until I came back to your flat later in the evening."

Freddie made a move to leave, "We don't have to stay here. There are plenty of other coffee shops - "

"No, it's fine. Really. I want to stay here. Replace the bad memories with good ones, right?" he asked, putting on a brave face.

"Are you sure, darling?"

"I'm sure."

After a few long moments, Freddie finally nodded, although a bit hesitantly, "Alright, darling. Why don't you go and get us a booth and I'll go order?"
John nodded and slowly walked away, deciding on a booth next to a window. As he waited, he couldn't help but look at the empty booth in the corner; that was where he was seated that day. That horrible day when he was in pain and couldn't even think straight. When he felt completely destroyed and helpless and -

"Look at this!" Freddie interrupted his thoughts as he sat down across from him, placing a huge bowl of ice cream in front of him. After noticing the questioning look on John's face, he grinned, "I wanted to share with you. There are two spoons, though," he said as he handed him one.

John laughed at the large amount of ice cream in front of him, "What flavors did you get?"

"Oh, I couldn't decide, darling! So I ... got us one scoop of each flavor," Freddie answered with a cheeky grin plastered on his face.

The bassist laughed again as he brought a spoon full of ice cream to his mouth. They enjoyed the ice cream in complete silence for a few minutes until Freddie finally cleared his throat; something that John immediately recognized as a start to a serious conversation.

"Darling."

"Y-Yes?"

"That evening when I got back," he slowly said, "I-I don't know how much you actually remember, but - "

"I remember everything," John admitted, looking down at his hands, "Is this ... are you trying to ask me about the ... er ... what I-I did with your ... hand?"

Freddie nodded, "You ... placed my hand onto your arse. I-I'm not allowed to touch that, darling."

The sad tone in which that was said, made John look up, "W-Well, you are now. And ... I want you to do it."

"Why?" Freddie couldn't keep the surprise from his voice.

"Because," John took a deep breath, trying to think of a way to explain it, "It's probably going to sound ... crazy. But ... when you touch me it's ... whatever's been tainted or dirty before, it's like your touch heals it. It makes it clean again."

"Not one part of you is dirty, John."
"I-I know," the bassist quickly said, "It just feels like that. And it's a horrible feeling. But your touch ... I-I can't explain it."

"Tom. That ... cunt grabbed you," Freddie nearly growled, but then forced his tone to be gentle, "And you want me to ... wash that away?"

"Yes," was all John said.

"Are you sure?"

The bassist smiled, "Y-Yes. I'd like you to ... touch me there."

Freddie held the eye contact with him as he nodded, "That can be arranged, darling. Don't you worry."

"I-I mean, if you'd like to."

"Oh, I'd like to. I'd very much like to."

John smiled shyly as he looked down and then something occurred to him. He took a quick look around, noticing that not many people were around. Feeling brave, he leaned forward with a spoon full of ice cream, offering it to Freddie. The singer grinned as he leaned forward, taking the spoon in his mouth, "I haven't been fed since I was a baby."

John laughed at that, but said nothing. He just enjoyed the moment, wondering how on earth Freddie could be that adorable and hot at the same time. Every time he remembered that they were together, John felt as if he was dreaming, as if that couldn't possibly be true. Freddie was really all his? It sounded crazy and it would take John a while to get used to.

When they returned to the flat, they immediately went to their bedroom, already kissing all the way there. Freddie bumped into a vase, nearly knocking it over in the process.

"Careful!" John giggled, but thankfully, the singer caught it before it dropped to the floor. When they entered the bedroom, John expected them to move to the bed and was surprised when the singer suddenly stopped. There was that mischievous look in his eyes and it actually sent shivers down
John's body. *Good* shivers.

Freddie smiled playfully at him, pushing him gently against the wall. John couldn't help but chuckle and a part of him was intrigued by what Freddie was planning to do. The singer kissed him very softly and John responded, but before it could get more heated, Freddie suddenly pulled away.

"Freddie," John complained, wanting to feel Freddie's lips against his again.

He tried moving, pushing past Freddie to get to the bed, but the singer wouldn't let him. It only made the bassist giggle, wondering what on earth Freddie had come up with this time. He literally purred when he felt the older boy nibbling at his ear, leaving a trail of kisses all over his neck. Without him even realizing it, John's hips bucked against Freddie and it only caused the singer to laugh.

"W-What's funny?" John asked, closing his eyes in pleasure. He never thought neck kisses would feel that good; he always figured that was just something you were required to do to get to the main part, but he was very wrong. He was positive he could spend the entire night with Freddie just kissing his neck and he wouldn't complain about it.

He could feel Freddie moving, but he thought nothing much of it until he felt something against his crotch. Immediately, his eyes snapped open and he noticed the singer was kneeling down in front of him, his face directly in front of John's groin. Feeling a bit self conscious, John let out a nervous laugh, trying to move, but the singer held his waist, keeping him in place.

"Do you remember what I promised you over the phone? While I was away?" Freddie asked, looking up at John and biting his lip.

It took John a few moments to remember, but then blushed, just nodding his head.

The singer raised his eyebrow, clearly teasing, "What was it, darling?"

"*Freddie.*"

"None of that, dear. There's no need to be shy now as I'm literally *on my knees* in front of you," Freddie said, chuckling a bit, "What did I promise you?"

John groaned in embarrassment, but he forced the word out, his tone barely above a whisper, "A b-blown job."

Freddie was clearly pleased with his answer as he grinned, "Actually, I promised you *the best* blowjob ever, but it'll do. And what did you reply?"
Hiding his face in his hands, John just groaned, refusing the answer. His head felt as if it was on fire and he wasn't sure if it was because of the embarrassment or the excitement. He did wonder for a moment if this could be considered dirty talking and if Freddie was making him talk dirty.

"Darling," the singer's voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

"Er ... I-I said I would ... like that," after saying that he let out a mortified noise, still hiding his face in his hands.

"Don't do that, dear. Here, hold my hands," Freddie instructed, bringing his hands up and reluctantly, John obeyed, interlocking their fingers. He did wonder for a moment how Freddie was planning on doing anything without using his hands, but the moment he felt the singer press his face against his crotch, John's eyes rolled back. And when he felt Freddie blowing hot air at his William through the pants, he couldn't help but moan. Very loudly. It clearly amused the singer and he did it again, this time kissing the bulge and grinding his face against it.

John's legs were shaking; he did his best to stand, but wasn't sure how long he would be able to do so. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't impressed when he looked down and saw Freddie unbuttoning and unzipping his pants with his mouth. Or teeth.

"How are you ... How can you ... " he trailed off, breathing heavily.

"Practice," the singer chuckled, "Besides, with all those extra teeth I have; they better be of use."

And then his pants were gone; pushed down to his ankles and underwear soon followed. The singer just pulled it all down with his mouth, leaving John speechless and very impressed by his abilities. Or talent?

John looked away, still feeling a bit strange looking down at his William. When he felt Freddie kissing the inside of his thighs, he couldn't help but smile; that was sweet and adorable and John could just melt with all the love he was feeling at that moment.

His hips kept bucking and moving, clearly looking for something, needing something and Freddie knew that. Clearly, he knew exactly what John needed, but decided to tease him a bit, placing a kiss right above William, then blowing hot air at it, ignoring John's needy whimpers.

"What is it, darling? You seem ... in pain," he chuckled, looking up at John with innocent eyes.

"Freddie," the bassist groaned, "Can you ... you know."

Stop teasing him. Stop looking at him with those beautiful eyes, acting innocent while he was literally kneeling in front of his cock. But John couldn't say that; instead he just said said 'please' over
"But what is it that you want, sweetie?"

He was definitely playing with him and John would be amused if he wasn't shaking with ... what exactly? Frustration? Need?

"I want you," he whispered, hoping Freddie would take mercy on him.

"Well, then take me."

"W-What?"

"Take what you need, darling," Freddie smiled at him and then parted his lips, opening his mouth and just staying like that, mere inches away from William. John's eyes widened as he realized what Freddie was asking him to do. He couldn't do that, could he? Blushing as never before, John whimpered in embarrassment, "Freddie, I-I can't just ... "

He could feel the singer squeeze his hands in encouragement, suddenly reminding John that they were still holding hands. Hesitantly, John moved his hips, aiming for Freddie's mouth, he didn't have to move a lot, just slightly push forward and immediately he felt the hot and wet embrace around his William, causing his eyes to roll back with pleasure.

Thankfully, he didn't have to do much after that as Freddie immediately took control, gently sucking at his head, twirling his tongue around it. John literally squealed, a part of him wondering where Roger was, because if the drummer was in his room, they would get into a lot of trouble.

When the feeling became almost too much, he could feel the warmth spreading all over William and he looked down to see Freddie take all of him in his mouth. The sight of that was too much to handle and John's eyes rolled back again. He could feel himself shaking, literally trembling with pure pleasure and Freddie soon released him with a popping sound. It gave John a moment to recover and he took a deep breath looking down again, meeting Freddie's eyes. Seeing the singer on his knees in front of him, staring at him with those big, brown eyes and smirking up at him, was a sight John would never be able to forget.

And then Freddie slowly traced his tongue from the base up to the head, sucking on it gently. At that moment John realized that Freddie was very right when he said the head was the most sensitive. While the singer played with it, John could not keep his eyes open. It was impossible.

"You taste exquisite, darling," Freddie suddenly whispered and John looked down at him, noticing that the singer was moving even lower and he felt him kissing and licking at his tea bags.
John could feel his legs shaking and he leaned against the wall for support, but he knew he wouldn't last much longer. When Freddie returned his attention to William's head once again, John couldn't take it anymore.

Before he even realized what was happening, his legs gave up on him and he collapsed onto the floor. He could hear Freddie chuckling and he couldn't help but laugh as well; it was a funny situation, both of them sitting on the floor.

"S-Sorry," John whispered, blushing a bit.

"Oh, darling, don't worry. I should have known you wouldn't be able to stand all the way through it," Freddie smiled, then helped John to his feet, almost carrying him to the bed and placing him down as if he was the most fragile thing in the world.

"I think we better finish this here," the singer grinned at him and moved down John's body, but the bassist stopped him.

"W-Wait," he said, quickly reaching over to the nightstand to turn the picture of him with his family the other way.

Freddie chuckled, "Are you planning on turning it around every time we do something naughty, darling?"

"Y-Yes," the bassist replied, a giggle escaping him. He wanted to explain, but the words flew out of his mind the moment he felt Freddie's mouth on him again. He moaned softly, gripping the sheets, biting his lower lip, not knowing how it was possible he was feeling so much pleasure.

Freddie was quite confident about his blowjobs skills; he had gotten a lot of compliments for it. And he didn't have to try very hard with John; the bassist was a trembling mess the moment Freddie took him into his mouth and if Freddie used one of his tricks on him, the whole session would probably be over in a minute. It was quite adorable and Freddie wasn't complaining one bit.

He sped up his movement when he noticed all the signs that John was approaching his finish line; the way his back arched, how his hips bucked, his chest heaving.

"H-Hold my hands, p-please," John suddenly whispered, a bit breathless, and Freddie was more than glad to obey, intertwining their fingers; and not even a minute later he could feel John exploding into his mouth.

The singer did not want to overstimulate him and he simply held still, swallowing everything John had to offer, feeling him literally pulsating in his mouth. It seemed to last for a few long moments and the intensity of it actually surprised Freddie. John's moans were something out of this world; Freddie could not understand how it was possible that he managed to sound so very soft and gentle, but at the
same time almost unbearably hot.

Once he was sure that John was completely finished, he slowly pulled off of his cock, softly licking around, cleaning him up. Freddie was quite proud of himself and he couldn't help but grin as he moved up from his position.

But when he looked at John's face, he froze in shock.

The bassist was crying; his cheeks were completely wet and Freddie could feel his stomach sink as absolute horror took over him. Not knowing what he did to trigger John and deciding between running out of the room and pulling John into a hug, he just ... sat there.

Finally he forced himself to speak, his voice barely above a whisper, "J-John, I-I'm sorry - "

"C-Come here, Freddie," he said, extending his arms towards him. It took Freddie completely by surprise and he couldn't move, his own body was not listening to him.

"W-What did I do, darling?" he asked quietly, feeling as if he himself might start crying at any moment.


This time Freddie obeyed, finally moving and lying down next to John, "B-But you're ..."

"I-I don't know what came over me," John admitted, still sniffling a bit, "I mean, clearly that happened, but then I started feeling all these emotions and ... it was too much."

"Bad emotions?" Freddie carefully asked.

"No. *Good* emotions. But it was almost too much and I-just started bawling," John laughed, wiping away the tears, "I can't explain it. I realized how much I ... love you. And how happy you make me. I-It's stupid."

It took Freddie a moment to react, but then he let out a breath he was holding, "*John!* Do you have any idea how worried I was?" he asked as he placed small kisses all over John's face, "I'm flattered that you love me this much, but please, try not to cry over it, alright? I much rather see you smiling."

John obeyed, offering the biggest, the most adorable smile Freddie had ever seen on his face.
"Much better, darling!"

And then they kissed again; it started out passionately, but as moments went by, it got slower and slower until they were just exchanging lazy kisses. And then they weren't even kissing with their mouths anymore, but sharing cute little eskimo kisses, rubbing their noses together.

Finally Freddie pulled away, looking at John, "I-I never really enjoyed that."

"Enjoyed what?" John asked with a worried expression, suddenly feeling very self conscious about his kissing.

"The getting on my knees for someone."

"Oh," the bassist said, "Oh, that's ... fine. I-I don't need blowjobs - "

"Not the blowjobs, darling," Freddie explained with a smile, "I quite enjoy those. Giving and receiving. I-I meant the position. Being on my knees. I always found it ... degrading. Especially when the person receiving it ... " he stopped himself, not finishing that sentence, "But it didn't feel degrading with you."

John listened and then smiled, "You don't have to do it if you don't like it. You don't have to do anything you don't like, Freddie."

"But I did like it. With you," the older boy said, placing another kiss on John's forehead.

The bassist understood completely what Freddie was trying to say; he too found himself enjoying things that he never thought he'd like. But only with Freddie. And then his mind went there. A big part of him wondered if he'd enjoy bottoming for Freddie. While John could not imagine it feeling physically good, he did catch himself thinking about it often and finding the idea of Freddie doing it to him, of him letting Freddie do it, incredibly hot. Just the thought of being that close to the singer and hold his hand and being taken care of, because he knew Freddie would take good care of him, did seem more and more intriguing as days went by and as he fell more and more in love with the older boy.

And then John decided; he'd bring the subject up the next day and see what Freddie thought of it.

Chapter End Notes
You guys showered me with love in the previous chapter! <3 I can't believe we got more than 70 comments. I appreciate each and every one of you. <3 I hope you liked this chapter and a little spoiler alert. Things are going to start to seriously heat up in the next chapter. ;)}
John rarely got up before Freddie, but that morning he was out of that bed the moment he woke up. Quietly leaving the room; although it was difficult to leave an adorable, sleeping Freddie, he went to the bathroom and after his usual morning routine, hurried into the kitchen to prepare some breakfast.

Remembering that Freddie really adored his pancakes, John opted for that and hoped that there was milk in the fridge. Thankfully, it was. As he was making the batter, he suddenly realized that there was that stupid, dorky smile on his face again. Is this what being in love felt like? Constantly smiling?

He probably looked ridiculous, but he could see the same expression on Freddie's face every time the singer looked at him. And Freddie didn't look ridiculous; he looked adorable, with his big, brown eyes literally sparkling and that big, dorky grin on his face.

John snapped out of it as he realized that he was doing it again; he was smiling from ear to ear as he was standing alone in the kitchen, making pancakes. John adored his boyfriend and for some reason he felt even more affectionate towards him every time they successfully did something sexual. Not that John felt he should return the favor by making Freddie breakfast; he wanted to make him breakfast because he simply adored him. He was the sweetest, the gentlest, the softest, the hottest person John ever knew.

And then he heard that familiar voice.

"Do I smell pancakes?"

John immediately turned around to face Freddie who stood at the door, wearing his yellow robe. John did wonder if there was anything under that robe and he immediately blushed, but he forced himself to nod, "Y-Yes. Pancakes. Hi, Freddie."

"Well, hello, darling," the singer said seductively as he approached the bassist and gave him a soft kiss on the lips.

John could feel his heart beat accelerating and was amazed by the effect that Freddie had on him. The singer wrapped his arms around him, pulling him in closer and John couldn't help but just lean against him, accepting the hug. They remained like that for a few moments until John finally broke the hug, leaning away a bit so that he could look at Freddie's face. It didn't escape his attention that Freddie rested his hands on John's waist, very low on John's waist and there was that questioning look in his eyes. For some reason the bassist could recognize it immediately; Freddie was asking for permission and John knew exactly what he was asking permission for.
Holding the eye contact with the singer, he just nodded, smiling a bit. Clearly, that surprised Freddie and he raised his eyebrow, wanting to be sure if John's sure, to which the bassist just nodded again, bringing his hands up to rest them on Freddie's shoulders.

And then he felt one of Freddie's hand drop even lower, slowly, very slowly and John stopped breathing, waiting for it to happen, waiting for Freddie to grab his arse. Or squeeze it. Or just touch it. He had not idea what the singer would do; all he knew was that he was giving him permission to touch him *there*.

And then Freddie *poked* him.

John was caught a bit off guard, not expecting *that* sensation. And the singer did it *again*, poking his arse with his finger. And then he chuckled, poking John's arse a few more times and the bassist could not help but laugh as well.

"Stop," John complained, still chuckling, "It'll leave a bruise."

"I'm not poking you that hard, darling!"

"Why are you even poking me at all?" John laughed, "Is that what you wanted to do all this time? Poke it?"

The singer was laughing as he replied, "I just wanted to see your face, dear."

And then John smelled something.

Something burning.

Immediately he remembered that he was making pancakes.

"Shit!" he said as he let go of Freddie, turning around to remove the pan from the stove. He sighed in disappointment as he noticed the pancake was completely burnt.

"John Richard Deacon," he heard Freddie's shocked voice from behind him, "Did you just swear?"

"It was hardly a swear word, Freddie," John replied, chuckling.

"I've never heard you say *shit* before, darling."

"Well, I-I was frustrated over the ruined pancake."
Freddie raised his eyebrows like a disappointed father, "What's next? Are you going to start smoking and drinking every night?"

"You're slightly exaggerating," John turned around to face the singer, raising one of his eyebrows playfully, "Besides, you swear all the time."

"Yes, but I'm older, darling."

A laugh escaped John, "What does that have to do with it? You're funny."

"I do have to admit it was hot," Freddie purred, slowly hugging John from behind, "Say it again."

"N-No," John giggled as he struggled to scrape the leftovers of the burnt pancake off the pan.

"Please, darling. Say fuck."

"No!" the bassist refused, but couldn't stop his giggles, "Now get off me and make yourself useful, Freddie. Prepare the table."

The singer let out a groan, muttering something under his breath, but obeyed; he really could be a caring boyfriend when he wanted to. But he could also be a literal child.

They actually had a very relaxing breakfast that morning, that is once Roger finally rolled out of bed. Freddie had to come knocking on his door three times, asking him to join them and then finally he literally dragged the blond out of his bed.

"I have to do the rest of my Christmas shopping today," Freddie announced as he brought a pancake to his mouth.

"I've already done mine," the drummer grinned, "I think you'll like it. Both of you."

John did find that grin a bit unusual and couldn't help but question it, "B-Both of us? You mean ... it's a shared gift?"

"Yes. It's something both of you will be able to use. Together," Roger explained, still very much grinning.

"Oh god, Rog. What did you get us?" the singer sighed, rubbing his forehead.
"You'll have to wait and see tomorrow."

The singer just stared at the drummer before decided to drop the subject, turning to look at John, "Sweetie, we usually don't go over the top with the gifts. I mean, we've never actually had much money to spend on gifts."

"Oh, I-I know," John smiled, "Besides, I've already gotten gifts for all of you."

"Really?" Freddie raised his eyebrow at him, "When?"

"I can very sneaky, Freddie."

The singer laughed, "I see that."

Roger interrupted their flirting, "Brian is coming over this evening to hang out," and then his eyes got playful, "We could play that game again."

"What game, darling?"

"The one where we ask each other questions. I mean, it's fun."

"For you, yes. You are the only one asking questions, dear."

Roger rolled his eyes, "I'll let you guys ask questions as well, alright?"

"I-I'm in," John said, looking from Roger to Freddie, "I-I mean, those nights are always fun. Is Brian going to sleep here?"

"Probably," the drummer replied, "So we can exchange gifts in the morning."

John smiled to himself, trying to imagine Freddie's face opening the gift and seeing that beautiful fur coat. He was so excited for it he almost couldn't wait for tomorrow and wanted to show it to the singer right away.

But if he waited for this long, he could wait for a few more hours.

ooo
After the breakfast Freddie left the flat to go shopping and even though John insisted to go with him, the singer refused and would not budge. Finally, John accepted it and stayed at home with Roger. He decided to make the best of the alone time and started unboxing his stuff; putting his clothes in the closet. His heart melted when he noticed that Freddie already made more room for him, actually a lot more than necessary. The singer clearly had a lot more clothes than John did and needed the space more.

When John went to put his stuff in the bathroom, he was surprised to find the cabinet above the sink was also re-arranged, leaving room for John's things. It was those little details that made John love Freddie even more and couldn't wait until the singer returned so that he could shower him with kisses.

When he was finally done with unpacking and making Freddie's bedroom his bedroom as well, John finally collapsed onto the living room sofa.

*His* sofa in *his* living room. Because he was now officially living there.

The realization made him smile and even though he probably looked like a dork, smiling to himself, he didn't care.

He also couldn't help but wonder what Freddie was going to buy for him; even though the singer said the gifts were supposed to be small and cheap, he just knew Freddie would go over the top and probably spend too much money. He was cuddled up on the sofa while Roger was in the kitchen, doing something. John could only hope it had nothing to do with fire. And then then the drummer suddenly appeared, carrying two cups of tea.

The bassist sat up as Roger placed one cup on the table in front of him and then sat down in an armchair, holding his own cup of tea in his hands.

"W-What's that for?" John asked, a bit surprised.

"Oh, I heard tea helps when you talk about you know ... serious things," the drummer chuckled, but John could see that he was very nervous.

"And ... what serious things are we going to talk about?" he carefully asked, not sure if he even wanted to know.

Roger sighed, "Fred said ... well, he said I should talk to you. About my situation."

"Your situation?"

"Yeah, I mean ... It's not a secret, everyone knows something about it. And I'm sure Fred's told you
some things about me. My family?"

"Oh," John tensed up, "He did. Just ... a few things. Nothing much."

"He thinks it might be a good idea if I have a talk with you. You know, because of your situation."

John let out a nervous giggle; clearly they both had a situation. But then he cleared his throat, "Is that why Freddie left?"

"No, no. He really does have his Christmas shopping to do, but he thought we could use alone time to talk."

"Oh."

Silence.

John could see how uncomfortable Roger was and couldn't help but wonder if that was how he looked every time he had to talk about his own situation. He was just about to speak and say that he didn't have to talk about it if he didn't want to, but then Roger suddenly spoke.

"My father was a drunk," he said, forcing a smile, "I don't remember a single time he wasn't drunk. And those were not very fun times. He always wanted a son and was disappointed when first I was born and I looked like a girl and then my sister."

John remained silent, giving Roger the time he needed to continue.

"He was disappointed with both of us. He used to come home every night and try and get into these ... fights with us. We tried to ignore him, but ... " he trailed off, "He used to beat me, my sister and my mum. It was a daily occurrence, really."

"I'm so sorry," the words escaped John before he could stop them. His own family was very loving and he couldn't imagine his parents ever being violent towards him.

"It's fine," Roger forced a smile, meeting John's eyes, "It passed. I remember wishing I was dead, but ... it passed. I grew up, I got stronger and I fought back. Eventually, he left. And I thought that would be the end of all troubles, but ... I mean, it was, but I wasn't fine. I kept having these nightmares and ... stuff."

John leaned forward, patiently waiting for Roger to continue.

"And I still do, every now and then. Even though it's been years since I've last seen my father," then
he paused again before letting out a laugh, "Fred probably told you about all those embarrassing times I knocked on his door in the middle of the night and wanted to sleep with him. Not \textit{with} him like ... you know. Just ... in the same bed."

The bassist smiled at that, "I-I know what you mean, don't worry. But no, he didn't say anything about that."

"But I'm fine now. I do have moments, days, when I'm not completely alright, but ... shit happens. You gotta push forward. When I feel down or ... sad, I mostly just irritate Brian. It always puts me in a better mood."

"Are you saying I should annoy Brian every time I feel down?" John asked, chuckling.

"Brian's mine. You can annoy Fred," Roger said, winking at the younger boy.

They both laughed at that and then remained silent for a few moments, both clearly lost in their own thoughts. Even though Roger was not saying it directly, John knew what they were actually talking about.

"You'll be fine, Deaks," the drummer suddenly said, "You've got me and Brian and I know I'm not very helpful most of the time, but ... you can always count on me. And your boyfriend."

John blushed at the last word and especially at the way Roger said it, almost teasingly.

"I mean, I can't believe Fred," Roger laughed, "Banging our new bassist after what? Two months? Three?"

The bassist blushed even more at the word 'banging' and quickly tried to change the subject, "W-When is Brian coming over?"

"In a couple of hours, hopefully. I already have a lot of questions for all of you."

"Oh, I-I can't wait."

\textbf{ooo}

A couple of hours later when Freddie finally returned and literally ran into his room to hide all the gifts, Brian was already at their flat. The three boys were having a conversation in the living room, waiting for the singer so that they could start with their game night. Well, Roger was waiting, being a bit too excited for the questions game again.
"It's been so long since we last played it!" the drummer said, clapping his hands together in excitement, "Things have changed and I have new questions now."

"I would rather play Never have I ever, Rog," Brian said, "That gives us a chance to participate in the game as well. And not only by answering your questions."

"That's the one where you take a drink every time your answer is yes?" Roger asked, suddenly standing up and disappearing off into the kitchen. When he finally returned, he was carrying four beers, "I thought we could start off with something light."

"Hello, my lovelies!" the singer greeted them all as he entered the room, "Shopping is exhausting, I must tell you."

"Yes, yes, we all feel for you," the drummer rolled his eyes, bringing a beer to his mouth and taking a sip.

"What were you up to while I was gone?" Freddie asked as he sat down next to John and pressed a kiss onto his cheek.

"Oh, I-I just ... unpacked my things. And cleaned your ... our bedroom a bit," the bassist replied shyly.

"Such a good housewife you are!" Freddie teased, placing a hand on John's knee.

"Listen up!" Roger interrupted their conversation, "Even though I spent hours, days even, coming up with fun questions for our game - "

"You need a hobby, darling."

"You need a hobby, Fred."

"I already have one, dear."

"Being gay is not a hobby," Roger rolled his eyes, ignoring the glare he got from the singer as he continued, "Brian has suggested we play Never have I ever. The rules are simple - "

"We have played it before, you know?" Brian cut him off, enjoying how annoyed Roger seemed to be, "Who is going to start?"

"Me, me, me!" the singer quickly said, then grinned, "Never have I ever pretended to be someone
else to get some."

The boys looked at each other and then Roger took a sip, chuckling to himself. After noticing the confused glares he was getting from the rest of them, he sighed, "I have pretended to be many things to get some. I pretended to be a tourist from America. It was very difficult to hide my accent, but I guess I managed because I got some. I got a lot. I once pretended to be an astronaut, leaving on a mission the next morning. That did not get me any. Then my favorite! I pretended I have a twin brother and I got lucky with the same girl. Twice. Also - "

"Yes, yes," Brian cut him off, "You like to lie. We get it."

Roger just shrugged his shoulders, "It's your turn, Deaky."

"Oh, er ... " the bassist tried to think of an interesting things to say, "Never have I ever ... slept with someone within an hour of meeting them."

The other three boys all gasped in shock at that sentence; more at who said it. But they quickly recovered and after an uncomfortable moment of silence, all three of them took a sip out of their beer. John raised his eyebrows in surprise; he knew about Freddie and Roger, but Brian?

The guitarist tried to move past that subject as soon as possible, "It's your turn, Rog."

"Finally!" the drummer grinned, "Never have I ever had to fake it."

"F-Fake what?" John asked innocently and the moment those words left his mouth, he understood what Roger meant by it.

This time it was only Freddie who drank and both Brian and Roger looked at him in confusion.

"How do you even fake it?" Roger seemed genuinely interested.

"Talent, darling," the singer cocked his eyebrow, "The amount of lazy lovers I've been with ... Yes, I had to fake it. What can I say? I didn't want to hurt their feelings."

John smiled at that, but then doubt started creeping in and he couldn't help but wonder if Freddie's ever faked with him. There were times when Freddie did not even finish or said he didn't need it. And then John stared questioning if didn't need it meant couldn't do it.

His thoughts were interrupted by Brian, "Never have I ever ... watched a friend do it."

Roger immediately asked, "Does seeing Freddie dry humping someone in a club count?"
"No, it does not, darling," the singer rolled his eyes, throwing a cushion at the drummer, "My turn again!"

Silence.

"Hmm," Freddie needed a minute, but then his eyes widened with excitement, "This is a good one! Never have I ever ... flashed a bartender for a free drink."

"Flashed what exactly?" Brian asked, narrowing his eyes in confusion.

"Any body part."

Silence.

And then Roger brought his beer to his mouth, ignoring the questioning glares from his friends.

"I was broke, alright?" was his only explanation.

The boys played that game for another hour or so and eventually they all finished the first round of beer. Thankfully, Roger was prepared for that as he rushed into the kitchen, bringing them all shot glasses for tequila.

They were all a bit tipsy, giggling and laughing at random things and drinking even if they didn't have too.

"Never have I ever ... popped someone's cherry?" Roger asked, then quickly took a sip. Brian shrugged his shoulders and did the same. John quickly followed, bringing the beer to his mouth, but he could see from the corner of his eye that Freddie wasn't drinking. Hesitantly, he looked up, meeting the singer's eyes and noticed that Freddie was smiling at him. Smirking. And he seemed proud; John immediately knew what that meant and despite his efforts, he still blushed, mouthing "You're in idiot," to Freddie who was still smiling at him.

"No way!" Roger's voice suddenly interrupted the silence, "You actually popped someone's cheery, Fred? What? When? You've never told me! Was it a girl or a boy?"

"A boy, darling."

"And who was it?"

John could feel his head burning and he quickly looked down at his hands, waiting for Freddie's
answer. He didn't really mind if Roger and Brian knew that he didn't have sex before Freddie; it was pretty obvious by now.

"Well ... " the singer said, raising his eyebrows. John managed to look up just in time to meet Freddie's eyes and he blushed even more, if that was possible. But then he also noticed Roger's confused expression as he finally understood what the singer was implying.

"But ... you guys just got together a month or so ago?" the drummer asked.

"Yes, we did. What's your point, dear?"

"But ... how could you ... I mean, you couldn't have been ... you know. There was that other ... guy - " Roger immediately stopped talking when he noticed the change in Freddie's expression. It went from loving and proud to murderous in less than a second. John's smile also disappeared from his face and he looked down at his hands again, feeling utterly embarrassed. Of course, Freddie wasn't the first one. How could he even think that was possible? It was naive of him to entertain that thought for even a second.

"What the fuck do you mean, Roger?" Freddie's angry voice cut through the silence.

"I'm just saying ... " the drummer trailed off, "Forget it. It doesn't really matter - "

"Yes, it does," the singer said, "Are you trying to say I wasn't John's first?"

Brian tried to intervene, "I really isn't any business of ours - "

"Lets forget about it, Fred," Roger suggested, trying to take back his previous words, "I mean, it's not my place to talk about it. I-I don't even know of John's sexual history - "

"He hasn't had sex with anyone before we got together," Freddie insisted, still very much upset.

John wished the earth would just open up and swallow him whole; there he was, with his friends, trying to enjoy a fun night and suddenly his virginity was the main topic. While he was utterly mortified, he couldn't find it in himself to speak and stop the conversation. He wished he could just disappear.

"That ... time does not count because it wasn't sex," Freddie was literally growling at Roger, "I can't believe you would say something like that, Roger."

Noticing the regret on the drummer's face, Brian jumped in to defend him, "It was an honest mistake. I mean, it is a topic that could be discussed - "
"We are not discussing it. I was the first and that's that," Freddie's voice left no room for argument.

Finally, Brian just nodded, "Alright. Though we all agree the ... mechanics of it was the same, we mustn't ignore the value of consent. Even if the physical aspect of it was exactly the same, it ... it shouldn't count."

John tensed up, avoiding everyone's eyes. Brian was wrong; the mechanics of it wasn't the same because him and Freddie still haven't gotten that far. He felt sick to his stomach as he realized that he's gone further with that man than he has with Freddie.

Suddenly the bassist stood up, "I-I'm feeling a bit ... tipsy. I think I'll go ... to sleep."

"Darling - "

"Deaky, I'm really sorry. I didn't mean - " Roger started, but stopped in the middle of the sentence, not knowing what to say.

John just forced a smile, trying to shrug it off, "Don't worry about it, it's fine. Really."

Ignoring everyone's worried glances, he hurried out of the room, relaxing only when he was in the privacy of his own bedroom.

ooo

John knew that Freddie would immediately follow him, no way the singer would leave him alone after noticing the conversation upset him. As he quickly undressed and got into bed, he could still hear them arguing or discussing. Well, he could hear Freddie arguing, but surprisingly enough both Roger and Brian were quiet.

Only a few minutes later he could hear Freddie entering the room and John quickly closed his eyes, pretending he was asleep. Judging by the sounds, the singer was also undressing and getting ready for bed. John had turned the light off before getting into bed and lit up one vanilla scented candle; he always found it relaxing as he wasn't a fan of complete darkness.

When he felt the singer getting in bed, John still pretended to be sleeping, lying with his back turned to him. Even when Freddie leaned over and quietly asked if he was awake, John remained silent.

"Sweetheart, I know you're not sleeping. Your eyes keep twitching."
John forced himself to relax, but still not saying anything, keeping his eyes closed. And then suddenly he felt Freddie press a very loud and obnoxious kiss onto his cheek. That did make the corners of the bassist's lips curl up into a smile, but he was still not opening his eyes.

Freddie continued, kissing him all over his face, making as much noise as possible until John couldn't take it anymore and he burst out laughing.

"Alright, I-I'm awake, Freddie!"

"I knew you were, darling," the singer chuckled, placing his arm around John's waist and pulling him closer to him, "Don't listen to Roger."

"Oh, I'm ... it's fine. I mean, he's right. Why would I be upset about it?"

"He's not right, John."

"Freddie - "

"He's not right," the singer repeated, "Besides, he took those words back."

"Yes, because you attacked him, almost throwing your piano at him," the bassist giggled at the mental image.

"I was about to, yes. But thankfully, he realized how stupid he was being."

Silence.

John wanted to believe Freddie; it would make him feel better if he just believed him and agreed with him, but he couldn't do that.

"You are just saying those things to make m-me feel better, Freddie. But you ... you don't have to."

"John," the singer said firmly, "I was the first one you had sex with. Or if you want to be romantic ... I was the first one who made love to you."

The bassist could literally melt at those words; it was unbelievable sweet, but ... it wasn't true.

"But ... " he started hesitantly, "That night - "
"That night was nothing more than a disgusting attack," Freddie cut him off, "It was a physical assault. Why can't you see that, darling?"

John shook his head, "I-It doesn't matter. I mean, you did say that virginity is overrated, so ... we shouldn't even care about that."

"But you do care about it, darling," Freddie said softly, "And that makes it important. And ... I-I care about it too."

That surprised John; the singer has made it perfectly clear in the past that he didn't care about the concept of virginity.

"What ... what made you change your mind?" John asked quietly, pressing himself even closer to the singer.

"You did," Freddie answered, "I was the only one who has seen your ohh face."

The bassist giggled, "M-My ohh face? What's that?"

Freddie's tone got seductive, "Oh, that's the face you make when you - "

"Alright, I get it! I-I get it," he blushed in embarrassment even though the singer could not see his face.

"And I'm the first and the only one who you willingly spread your legs for and the first and only one who sucked your cock and touched your cock and ... do you want me to continue?"

"I beg you to stop, actually," John felt embarrassed, but he couldn't help but nervously giggle, hiding his face in the pillow.

"Also," the singer purred into his ear, "I can do this," his hand slowly slid down John's body, under the covers and the bassist sucked in a breath when he felt a hand brush against his crotch.

"Do you see it?" Freddie asked, gently biting and playing with John's ear, "How you react to me? I doubt anyone's ever been able to do that before."

John made a move to turn around and face Freddie, but the singer stopped him, keeping him in place, "Can we stay in this position, darling? I want to try something."

"W-What do you want to try?"
"Just wait, sweetie."

John just nodded, already breathing heavily and biting his lower lip. This certainly wasn't the first time they spooned, but it was the first time something sexual was starting to happen in that position. The bassist groaned in frustration; wishing Freddie would move his hand and do something with it, not just keep it there like that. As if he could hear his thoughts, Freddie gently gripped him through the material of his underwear, causing John to moan and instinctively arch his back, pressing his backside even more against the singer's groin.

The bassist closed his eyes, but the moment he felt something hard against his arse, his eyes snapped open again, though he did not move away. He gripped Freddie's arm with slight panic and the singer immediately understood, moving away.

"N-No, Freddie," John said, "Stay. Just ... slowly."

"Are you sure?"

"I-I think so."

"What the color?"

"Yellow. Now come back."

And then he felt Freddie move, returning to his position, pressing himself against John from behind. Again, the bassist could feel something against his arse. Well, not something. He knew exactly what that was and it was something he wanted to get used to. Hesitantly, he moved his hips, rubbing against Freddie and the singer let out a shaky breath; apparently it felt good.

"What do you want to do, darling?" Freddie quietly asked, still gently touching John through his underwear, almost teasingly slow.

"I-I want you to ... put your hand inside. P-Please."

"Oh, really?" the singer chuckled, placing a kiss on John's neck, "That eager, are you?"

"Freddie."

John let out a very loud moan when he felt a hand finally slide under the waistband of his briefs, finally making contact with his William. Again, it was teasingly slow, but John actually preferred it that way. He tensed up slightly when he felt Freddie moving against him from behind; he had to try hard to keep his mind from going to that dark place and he kept reminding himself that it was
Freddie. Apparently, his grip on the singer's arm tightened because the singer stopped his movements.

"Are you alright, darling?"

John quickly nodded, "D-Don't stop, Freddie. Just ... I-I can't really see you and ... "

Immediately, Freddie raised himself up slightly and leaned over John's shoulder, "Here I am," he said, smiling.

"Hi," John smiled back and kissed him slowly.

When they finally broke apart, Freddie pushed his groin against John's arse, "Is this fine or do I stop?"

"It's f-fine. Just ... stay here," John replied quietly.

"Of course, honey."

It was the gentlest and the slowest love making they've ever done; John did not need Freddie to touch him roughly or quickly to literally shiver with pleasure. The teasingly slow pace was all he needed at that moment; with Freddie's hand gently moving up and down his William.

He could feel the singer rubbing his crotch against his backside and before John knew what he was doing, he was helping him, pushing back, meeting Freddie's thrusts. It did help immensely that he could see Freddie's face and that he could kiss him; though he was certain the position the singer was in was probably not very comfortable, but he didn't seem to mind much.

Knowing that both Roger and Brian were still up and in the living room, John tried to keep his moaning to a minimum, biting his lip and hiding his face into his pillow. When he did that, Freddie suddenly stilled his movement and stopped touching him. John's eyes snapped open and he groaned in protest.

"None of that, darling. I want to hear you."

"But ... Roger and - "

"They can't hear us," Freddie whispered, kissing John's neck softly.

And then Freddie's hand started moving again and the bassist's eyes rolled back with pleasure, "Oh my g-god."
The chuckle he could hear come from Freddie only gave him more confidence and he pushed his arse back, pressing it firmly against Freddie's groin. This time it was the singer who moaned and it amused John; apparently the bassist wasn't the only one who could be very vocal.

They continued moving against each other for a few more minutes; they developed a slow and steady rhythm, their breathing quickening, clinging to each other, whimpering and moaning until John couldn't take it anymore and he cried out in pleasure, gripping Freddie's arm so hard he was sure it would leave bruises. He could feel the familiar wet feeling in his underwear, but he didn't care, he just laid there, trying to catch his breath.

But then he realized that Freddie had stopped moving against him. Knowing that the singer didn't finish, he decided to help him out, slowly pushing his hips back and moving against the singer. Clearly, that surprised Freddie, but strangely enough, he didn't try and stop him.

John could feel the singer tensing up and judging by the way he was breathing, he wouldn't last much longer. And he didn't. With one final push of John's hips against Freddie's groin, the singer tightened his grip around John's waist, pulling him closer and just holding onto him. John couldn't help but smile in satisfaction and pride at the realization of what he just made Freddie do.

"I-I love you so much," the bassist whispered, giving the singer a very gentle kiss. It made his heart flutter when he felt Freddie smiling against his lips.

"Feeling better now, dear?"

"Feeling very sleepy now, actually," John replied, yawning and snuggling closer against his boyfriend.

"Really? I could go for a second round, darling!"

"You're crazy, Freddie," the bassist chuckled, "I-I do need to get cleaned, though - "

"I'm on it!" the older boy said, quickly jumping from the bed and disappearing from the room. John did wonder where we went and what he meant by "being on it", but his questions were answered once Freddie returned with a partially wet towel. Not saying anything, he gently pulled down John's brief, cleaning him up. John was blushing with embarrassment, but at the same time the intimacy of it made his heart flutter and almost made him cry.

"All done," Freddie smiled, throwing the towel into the basket in the corner of the room before crawling in bed, pulling John close to him. In that moment John felt the happiest he's ever been and he allowed himself to believe that Freddie really was the first and only one.
They were both rudely awakened by the knocking on the door.

"Fred, Deaky! Get up and get your arses into the living room!" Roger yelled from the other side of the door, "It's Christmas and I want my presents!"

The boys both yawned at the same time and decided to cuddle for a bit longer, but were once again interrupted by Roger's voice.

"You have five minutes or I'm coming in! I don't care if you're naked. I've seen it all before!"

That threat did make John get up immediately while Freddie just chuckled, clearly not very bothered by it. After their quick morning routine, they all gathered in the living room, placing all the presents under the tree.

"Merry Christmas!" Roger literally shouted and then awkward silence followed. Nobody said anything, they all just stared at the drummer who seemed to be over-excited.

"I-I didn't know Roger really liked to celebrate Christmas," John whispered to Freddie.

"He doesn't. He just likes the presents," Freddie chuckled, then turned his attention to the drummer, "Go on, Roggie. Bring all the presents here."

The drummer did not need to be told twice; immediately he jumped up, hurrying towards the Christmas tree. The next half of hour was spent opening the presents and laughing at the ridiculousness of some of the things they bought for each other. Roger got Brian a shampoo and conditioner for uncontrollable and curly hair, which promised soft and luscious curls. Both Freddie and John laughed at the gift, but the guitarist seemed to really like it. He always had problems with his crazy hair and was looking for something to make dealing with it a bit easier. Strangely enough, Brian's gift for Roger was a hair dye.

"How did you know I wanted to go blonder?" the drummer could not be more excited.

"Well, you wouldn't shut up about it," Brian laughed, "Just don't leave the dye on longer than necessary or your hair will turn green."

Roger just rolled his eyes, insisting he wasn't that stupid.

Brian got Freddie a large painting of a lake and the singer could believe how magnificent it was, "Brian, darling, this must have cost a fortune!"
"It wasn't that expensive don't worry. I just saw it and thought you would like it."

"I love it! It's going right above the piano!"

John could feel himself getting more nervous with each passing second and doubt started creeping in. What if Freddie wouldn't like the coat?

While Freddie and Brian talked about the singer's gift to him which was a book about space or something like that, John nervously held his gift to Freddie in his lap.

It was the most they've ever laughed, though and all the tension from the previous evening was completely forgotten. John shyly gave Roger his gift which was a coupon for a free massage, saying he knew his arms were really sore after each drumming session.

"Is a hot girl going to massage me?" Roger questioned, grinning.

"I don't think it's that kind of a massage, darling," Freddie replied, teasing a bit, "Perhaps it'll be a hot, sweaty guy."

"Eww," the drummer grimaced, "Why would he be sweaty? That's disgusting, Fred!"

Roger's gift for John was a grey button up shirt and John could remember seeing it before; he loved it, it looked very smart.

"I've seen you looking at it when we were in Biba," Roger admitted, "Though I think this dark white color is quite boring, but if you like it ... "

Silence.

"What did you just say?" Brian carefully asked.

"That the color is boring?"

"No, the other thing, darling," Freddie said, raising his eyebrow, "What color is the shirt you bought for John?"

Roger slowly answered, not understanding what the problem was, "It's ... dark white?"

The room erupted in laughter and it took them a few minutes to explain to Roger that the color was
grey and that dark white literally made no sense.

When they finally moved on from that, Freddie exchanged gifts with Roger. He got the drummer a beautiful floral jacket, but insisted the drummer shared it with him. Roger, being a good friend that he is, agreed.

"Oh my god, it's beautiful!" the singer cried out when he opened Roger's gift, pulling out a pair of dark gloves, covered in sparkling diamonds.

"I thought you could wear it for our next show," the drummer said, feeling very pleased with himself. Freddie was completely in love with the glove, admiring it with wide open eyes.

"It's absolutely magnificent. Thank you, dear."

"And you, Deaky," the drummer threw him his present and John just barely caught it.

It was a small box and when John opened it, he was confused by what was inside. It was some kind of a device.

"Er ... breath refresher?" John asked in confusion, looking up at the drummer.

"What?" Roger laughed, "Why would I buy you breath refresher?"

"You better not be spraying that into your mouth, darling," Freddie said, clearly recognizing what it was, "It's a pepper spray."

"Oh," John said, his eyes widening.

"It's ... I figured it won't hurt if you have one in your possession," Roger said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Thank you. Really," John smiled at the thoughtfulness, feeling the need to actually hug the blond.

"Thank you, Rog," Freddie thanked him as well, rubbing John's back gently.

"I'm next!" Brian cut in, handing John his present, "I-I actually ... had no idea what to buy for you, but I figured you'd want something useful and then Roger suggested this ... " he trailed off.

That did make John a bit worried, but he thought nothing much of it. Until he opened the present and noticed what it was.
"A ... A knife?" the bassist let out a nervous laugh.

"A knife?" Freddie gasped in shock, "You really bought John a knife?"

"Roger said it might be smart!"

The drummer defended himself, "We live in a dangerous neighborhood. You are bound to bump into a creep every now and then."

John laughed again, almost afraid to touch the small pocket knife, "It's ... very thoughtful of you."

"I'll take this, darling," Freddie took the gift away from him, "We need to have a talk before I let you carry this around."

And then it was finally time for Freddie and John to exchange presents.

"You first, darling!"

"No, you first," John shook his head, almost trembling with nerves.

Freddie just playfully raised his eyebrow at him, then quickly unwrapped his present. He struggled with it a bit, but once it was finally opened and he recognized what was inside, Freddie just stared at it.

In complete silence.

John waited for a reaction, his heart threatening to jump out of his chest.

"It's ... " the singer finally spoke, pulling the coat out of the box and holding it up, his eyes skimming over it slowly, "John. You ... you shouldn't have."

John's smile disappeared from his face, "Y-You hate it. I-I'm sorry, I thought -"

"I love it," Freddie interrupted him, "I love it. Oh my god. John."

And it was then that John realized it; Freddie wasn't speechless because he hated it, he was speechless because he loved it so much. And Freddie was rarely speechless which probably meant he adored it. When the singer finally met his eyes, John noticed there seemed to be tears there.
"Freddie - "

"You shouldn't have, darling! It cost too much. I-I really don't deserve - "

"Yes, you do," John cut him off, "You deserve that and much more."

Freddie just gently held the coat in his hands, a look of disbelief on his face. He kept looking down at the coat and then at John, not completely understanding what was happening.

"This isn't mine. Y-You're joking," he said, sniffing a bit.

"I'm not joking, Freddie. It's yours. I bought it for you," John smiled at him and it seemed that Freddie was slowly starting to believe him.

Suddenly he threw himself at the bassist, pulling him closer and kissing his cheek. Roger cleared his throat loudly, "We're still here, you know."

Freddie pulled away, taking in a shaky breath, "I love it, darling. I love you. So much."

"I love you too, Freddie," John couldn't help but smile back, fearing his heart might just burst from all the love.

The singer then placed a very small box on John's lap, "T-This is for you, sweetie."

"Well," John chuckled, "I-I don't think a gun would be able to fit in here, so that's good."

Freddie laughed, "Open it, dear."

John obeyed, excitedly unraveling the gift and then froze when he saw what was inside; a silver ring engraved with Freddie's initials.

F.M.

The bassist looked at the singer, feeling himself tear up, "W-Which finger should I put it on?"

Freddie chuckled, raising his eyebrow, "It's not exactly a proposal, but a reminder of our love. You'll always have a part of me with you."
John nodded and bit his lip in excitement before putting the ring on his ring finger, but on his right hand. And then Freddie took that hand and placed a soft kiss on the knuckles there.

Again, Roger cleared his throat, "Should Brian and I just go or - ?"

"Oh, shush, darling. Let us have this moment," Freddie said as he pulled John in for a hug, wrapping his arms around him.

It was one of the best Christmas mornings John's ever had in his life.

"Er ... " Roger cleared his throat again, making both of them look at him. "I-I actually have one more present for you two. Both of you," then he pulled something from his pocket, literally throwing it at the singer. Freddie just barely managed to catch it before it could smack him on the head.

John curiously looked at the thing Freddie was holding in his hands; it seemed to be a bottle of something. A pink bottle.

Freddie's eyes widened in shock, "Roger! You did not!"

"I did," the drummer grinned, "I figured you two could use it. It smells and tastes like strawberry."

"Roger," Brian sighed, his face turning red.

But John still had no idea what it was; he leaned closer to Freddie, taking a better look at it. And then he realized it.

It was lube.

Immediately he blushed, his throat closing up with embarrassment and awkwardness. Freddie seemed uncomfortable too, but more because of John's reaction than the lube itself. Quickly, he hid it behind his back, forcing a smile, "That's ... very thoughtful of you, Rog. Really. I appreciate your concern with my sex life, darling."

"What are friends for?" Roger grinned, then laughed, "When I went to pay for it, I also grabbed a banana on the way to the cash register. You should have seen the look on that guy's face when I placed a banana and lube in front of him."

Both John and Freddie could not help but laugh at that, even though they were still uncomfortable with the entire situation.

"What happened to the banana?" Brian asked.
"I ate it on the way home."

John was still blushing, but giggling at Roger's story, when he suddenly felt Freddie's hand on his own, intertwining their fingers. The singer offered him an apologetic smile, but John whispered "Don't worry about it."

Roger's present reminded him of what he wanted to talk to Freddie about and it could be a way to start that conversation.

ooo

The rest of the day went by very fast, or at least that was how it seemed to John. He couldn't really remember what they did all they; he remember the breakfast and the lunch and then they hung out and just talked, making plans to return to the studio and throw themselves into song recording immediately after the New year. Brian did say he had a few song ideas and then Roger fought with him, saying his songs were depressing and slow.

John wasn't really paying much attention to anything that day, he kept looking down at his hands. More specifically, his finger. His ring. He always caught himself smiling when he noticed it and saw Freddie's initials on it.

He adored it.

He didn't want to think about what it meant and why Freddie decided to buy him a ring, but he entertained the idea of engagement in his head for a few moments before realizing how foolish he was. It would be too soon and there was also that little thing about men not being allowed to marry each other.

Still, John looked down at the ring on his finger with such love that it almost made him tear up every time.

Later that evening Roger suddenly announced he had a date and probably wouldn't be back for the night. Despite everyone telling him it was too cold to wear only that floral jacket the singer got for him, Roger walked out of that flat, in freezing cold December, wearing that light jacket. His excuse? He looked good.

Not long after that, Brian left as well, leaving Freddie and John finally alone. The bassist took that as a sign; as the universe telling him he should make good use of their alone time and finally do what he was planning on doing. They were just cuddling on the sofa, exchanging soft kisses when John took a deep breath and just blurted it out.
"I-I want us to make love."

Freddie was a bit surprised by that, but then his eyes got playful, "Oh, really, darling? I can do that," he leaned in to give John another kiss, but the bassist stopped him, placing a hand on his chest.

"What's wrong?" Freddie asked, concern evident on his face.

"N-Nothing, just ... I'm serious, Freddie. I want us to make love."

"Alright?"

John knew he needed to be more specific and he let out a nervous laugh, "I-I mean, I want us to go all the way. You know."

It took Freddie a few moments to react; it seemed as if he didn't register what John was saying to him. But then he suddenly snapped out of it, "You ... you want - ?"

"I want us to go all the way," John repeated, smiling.

"John, that's ... " the singer tensed up, struggling with his words, "I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"What? Why?" that actually hurt John's feelings, but he still insisted, "Haven't you ... thought about it?"

Freddie laughed, "Of course I've thought about it, darling. I've thought about it so many times. I've even had dreams about it."

"Really?" John smiled, biting his lip, "And you .... want to?"

The singer had to take a deep breath, "Where is this coming from, darling? Is it because of Roger? And the lube?"

"N-No," John blushed slightly, "I just ... want us to be together like that."

"And ... " Freddie seemed to again be struggling with words, "And what ... role would you prefer?"

"I-I think it's pretty obvious, Freddie."
"Bottom?"

John just nodded, waiting for the singer to continue.

"Sweetie, I-I don't think you know what you're asking."

"I- I know. I know it's going to be painful and it's ... a bit scary, but - "

"How about if you top?"

John's eyes widened in shock as panic took over him, "W-What? That's ... I-I can't ... I really don't know ... Freddie, I can't - "

"Darling, calm down - "

"J-Just forget I said anything," John whispered, looking down in complete and utter terror.

Freddie brought his hand up to play with the bassist's hair, "Honey, listen to me. I-I don't feel ... comfortable with you bottoming just yet. Perhaps ... later in the future."

"Well, I-I can't ... top. I-I just can't - "

"I'd be the one doing all the work, darling," Freddie said softly, "John, look at me."

The bassist obeyed, hesitantly meeting the singer's eyes.

"I've been thinking about it," Freddie confessed, "About bottoming for you the first couple of times. Just to show you .... to let you know it's nothing to be afraid of."

That did get John's attention, but he was still hesitant, "I don't know how, Freddie."

"I know. And I'd be the one doing all the work. Don't worry about it," he paused for a moment, letting John think about it. He had to admit he was quite surprised when John slowly nodded and moved away from him, standing up.

"Darling?"

"Lets do it."
"Now?"

"Y-Yes, I don't want to overthink it," John let out a nervous laugh, "I-I mean, if you'd like."

Freddie stood up as well, smiling at him, "Oh, I'd like."

And that was it. The moment they stepped in the bedroom, they were all over each other, kissing and slowly undressing one another. John couldn't believe it was finally happening, he thought they would just discuss it and then try it some other time. But perhaps this was better. Giving him no time to think about it and stress. He trusted Freddie and that was enough.

The singer slowly pushed him onto the bed and crawled on top of him, kissing him. Freddie's hands were literally everywhere at once; on John's thighs, on his chest, on his face, on his cock. Hesitantly, John touched Freddie's chest, dragging his hands up and down the singer's hairy chest. He literally adored that chest. Raising himself up on his elbows, John placed a kiss on Freddie's nipple, then licked it slowly, causing the singer to moan loudly and let out a deep breath.

"Are you sure you want to try this?" Freddie asked in between kisses.

"Mhm."

"I'll take good care of you, darling. Don't you worry."

John could melt at those words and he just laid back, letting himself be taken care of.

"First," the singer said, palming John through his briefs, "We need wake this darling up."

John blushed in shame when he realized that William was already very much up, but Freddie seemed to be pleased by it. Still, he slid his hands into John's underwear, stroking him a bit, while kissing John's neck, dragging his tongue over the soft skin there.

The bassist started moaning loudly, raising his hips up, but then suddenly Freddie removed his hand, "I'm sorry, darling, but we can't have you finishing before the main event."

John blushed even more, but nodded in understanding, "H-How do you want me?"

Freddie raised his eyebrow at him seductively, but then just smiled, "Do you want to be lying down completely or sitting, leaning against the headboard?"

"I-I don't know. You'll be on top?"
"It was my favorite position from my bottoming days," the singer explained, slowly running his hands over John's chest, softly caressing him.

John chuckled, "E-Even when you were a bottom, you wanted to be on top."

Freddie laughed as well, "You could say that, yes."

The singer then helped John get comfortable, pulling him un into a sitting position; John leaned back against the headboard and just watched in amazement how in control Freddie seemed to be of everything. What surprised him was the fact that he didn't seem to be nervous. At all. Why wasn't he nervous? Why wasn't he afraid of the pain?

Freddie reached over, pulling something from the nightstand on his side of the bed. John immediately recognized it as Roger's present.

Strawberry lube.

"Honey, if you don't want this - "

John couldn't understand why Freddie kept asking him that; he wasn't the one who was about to be in a lot of pain.

"I'm sure," he replied, forcing himself to keep looking at Freddie's face and his eyes, ignoring how embarrassed he felt when his underwear was gently removed. He did, however, throw a glance at Frederico once Freddie removed his own underwear.

A sigh of relief escaped him as he realized that Freddie was very much aroused. He knew that Freddie did not enjoy bottoming that much and was afraid that the singer wouldn't be able to ... get excited. But there seemed to be no problem with that. John wanted to talk, but the words seemed to be stuck in his throat. He just observed in silence when the singer poured some lube on his hand and then touched William again. John's eyes snapped shut at the pleasure of being rubbed all over. It feel too good and he could swear he could smell the strawberry. But before it got too good, Freddie stopped touching him again.

"Sorry, love," he apologized, offering a smile.

John just nodded, literally not able to talk. He observed in silence as Freddie straddled him and for some reason it seemed wrong. He found himself wishing the singer would be between his legs, not on top of him like he was.

John couldn't help but watch in fascination when he saw Freddie reach behind himself, doing something with his hand. He knew what he was doing, but it was still ... fascinating. The look of
concentration on Freddie's face as he prepared himself make John feel ... useless. He should be the one doing it for Freddie. He couldn't help but wonder how many times in his past Freddie was left to take care of himself, make sure he was ready for ... he didn't even want to think about it. But it was so unnatural to John; he couldn't see himself doing that to Freddie. He could see the singer doing it to him, but not the other way. Clearly, with what they were doing at that very moment, their natural roles were reversed and it felt wrong. He couldn't and didn't want to look away from Freddie's face, wanting to see any sign of pain of discomfort, but there wasn't any. Just the look of pure concentration. Finally, after moments of silence, Freddie smiled at him.

"All ready for you, love."

"I-I don't want to hurt you, Freddie."

"You won't, darling," the singer said reassuringly, moving and getting into the position, "If anything feels off, you tell me, alright?"

John nodded; clearly his voice failed him again.

And then it was happening.

Never in his life has John felt something so warm and tight and oh so nice on his William. The sensation was almost too much, too good, but mentally it didn't feel right. He kept looking at Freddie's face, noticing the singer had his eyes closed in concentration and he was biting his lower lip as he moved down, sinking slowly onto William.

"A-Are you alright?" John breathed out, his hand reaching out to grab Freddie's.

The singer smiled, nodding, "F-Fine. Just give me a minute, darling. It's been a while."

"S-Sure," John whispered, trying to fight the feeling of how wrong this felt. What was wrong with him? It felt physically good, too good, but it didn't feel right and he couldn't explain why. He could feel the tightness slowly spreading all over his William and when he finally managed to look away from Freddie's face, he noticed the singer was completely seated on his thighs.

But he still wasn't moving.

"Freddie?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, darling," the singer quickly apologized, finally opening his eyes and smiling, "I needed to get used to the feeling. It's ... fine."
"Does it ... hurt?"

Instead of answering, Freddie leaned down, pressing his lips against John's. The bassist couldn't help but respond to the kiss and he moaned in frustration when Freddie suddenly pulled away, clearly teasing him.

And then he finally moved; raising himself up slowly, breathing deeply as he did so.

John really tried to enjoy it, but he couldn't stop thinking about how he wanted to be the one doing that to Freddie. People would probably say he was crazy; how could he not want this? It felt unbelievably good. Why wasn't he enjoying it?

The intimacy of it was something else entirely, though. He almost moaned when he realized that he was inside of Freddie. That the singer wanted him to be inside of him. John has never been that close to anyone before.

Oh.

But there was that one time.

*Before* Freddie.

His mind immediately went back to that night.

He felt his stomach turn at the realization that this was probably what his attacker felt. Warm tightness. His attacker was inside of him; just like he was now inside Freddie. And his attacker was hurting him. Just like he was not hurting Freddie. That was why the singer was moving that slowly; because it was hurting him.

"S-Stop, Freddie, p-please," he suddenly cried out, "Please, stop."

Immediately, the singer was off of him, removing himself from him, Upon noticing the shocked and horrified expression on Freddie's face, John quickly reached towards him, but then singer did not move.

"What did I do, John?" he asked quietly, almost afraid to hear the answer.

"N-No, you didn't do anything wrong, Freddie. C-Come here."

Hesitantly, the singer moved closer to him and pulled John into a hug. It probably helped that John
wasn't completely panicking and crying, otherwise Freddie would be out of that room in less than a second.

"Are you alright, darling? What happened?"

"I-I didn't ... like it."

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't ... It didn't feel right."

Silence.

John just hid his face against Freddie's chest, "I-I'm so sorry."

"Don't be, love. We tried it and you didn't like it. That's perfectly fine."

The bassist could hear the love and the understanding in Freddie's voice and it made him feel better. Also, he was pretty sure he could hear relief in Freddie's tone, but he concluded he imagined it. Why would Freddie be that relieved that John didn't enjoy topping?

The singer pulled the covers over them and soon they both just fell asleep like that; naked and cuddled against each other.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, no bottom Freddie in this story. I think that was the first and the last time our lovebirds tried something like that. ;) I'll be glad to read your opinions. ;)}
John yawned, stretching his arms above his head, feeling completely relaxed before he suddenly realized something felt strange. And then he realized what it was. He was naked.

His eyes flew open and he quickly looked around, noticing he was alone in bed. Still, he felt a bit uneasy with his lack of clothing and he wrapped an extra blanket around himself, covering his body completely.

After a few moments of just lying in bed and relaxing, he heard a soft knock on the door.

"Y-Yes?" he asked, quickly making sure no part of him was peeking out.

The doors slowly opened and thankfully, it was Freddie who entered the room, wearing a big smile on his face and a tray with food. John couldn't really recognize what it was, but when the singer approached him, placing the tray on the bed, John's heart melted with love when he noticed everything that was on the tray. Knowing that Freddie was not exactly good in the kitchen, he expected a bowl of cereal.

Instead, the singer prepared two slices of toast, orange juice, coffee and a vase of flowers.

"W-What's all this for?" John asked, not able to hide surprise in his voice.

"It's what you deserve, darling," Freddie replied with a smile, "I hope the coffee is any good. I tried my best, dear. You know what they say; it's the thought that counts."

"But ... " John let out a nervous laugh, "Where did you get the cheese? I-I thought we were all out of it."

"We were, but I went and bought some this morning."

"This morning?"

"While you were sleeping," the singer replied, then let out a shaky breath, "How did you sleep? Are you alright?"

Immediately John knew what Freddie was asking him about and he looked down, struggling with his next words, "I-I'm fine, Freddie. You're the one who should be getting breakfast in bed, not me."
"What? Why?"

"Well ... you were the one who ... " John trailed off, feeling very uncomfortable, "You were the one hurt and I was just - "

"Hold on a second, darling," Freddie cut him off, placing a hand on John's leg through the covers, making him look at him, "I was not hurt in the slightest. Where did you get that idea, dear?"

"I-I could see it," John replied quietly, feeling the guilt eating him up.

"Sweetheart, listen to me. You were not hurting me," the singer said firmly, "There was no pain. Not even discomfort. Trust me. I did what I needed to do to prepare myself and I took it slow. Alright?"

John still refused to believe him, "B-But you ... It didn't seem as if you were enjoying it."

Freddie chuckled, "Well, we did stop after a minute, dear. There was no time for me to start enjoying it. But I promise you ... you were not hurting me."

Finally, John nodded, letting out a breath, but still keeping his eyes down, observing the pattern on the blanket. It was not a conversation he wanted to have this early in the morning before he's had the time to think about it and prepare a speech or ... put some clothes on.

"What's wrong, darling? Something else is bothering you."

Very slowly, John nodded, then muttered something under his breath.

"What was that, sweetie?"

"I-I didn't ... " the bassist paused to take a deep breath, "I-I didn't like it."

Freddie smiled a him, "There was not a lot of time for you to like it, John. It ended before it even started."

A chuckle escaped John, but he continued, "N-No, it's not that. I didn't like it. Well, I did like it ... physically, because it did feel good. But ... I-I can't explain it."

"Try, sweetheart. I can't read your mind."

The bassist met Freddie's eyes and nodded, "It ... it didn't feel right. Natural."
Immediately, the singer tensed up, a look of shame and horror appearing on his face before he quickly hid it. "I-I understand. G-Gay sex is not for everyone and I'm sure it's understandable if you don't find it - "

"Freddie, wait. No, that's not what I meant!" John quickly interrupted him, not able to stand the look of hurt on his boyfriend's face, "I didn't mean gay sex in not natural or ... two guys together is not natural."

The singer slowly relaxed, letting out a breath he was holding, "Oh. Then ... what did you mean?"

"Us ... in that position," John replied quietly, then gathered his courage and looked at the singer, "Freddie, I-I don't want to top. Or ... be the top. It felt strange to me. At least for now."

This time John was very sure he saw relief on Freddie's face, but again, the singer hid it quickly.

Clearing his throat, Freddie offered a smile, "This subject is a bit heavy to have at breakfast, don't you think?"

"Y-Yes, I'm actually very hungry and this toast looks ... very delicious," John replied, smiling back at his boyfriend. He too did not want to talk about it at breakfast; first he needed a bit of time to think about all of it and organize his thoughts because they were all over the place.

"Darling, I tried my best with coffee, I swear, but if it tastes like shit - "

"I'll still drink it," John replied sweetly.

Freddie melted at those words and leaned in to give John a kiss, but the bassist stopped him, pressing a hand on his chest, "I-I have morning breath, Freddie."

"I don't care," the singer grinned, trying to kiss him again.

"I care," John laughed, rejecting the kiss once again, "I need to go brush my teeth first," he tried to move and get out of bed, but then he realized he couldn't, "Er ... could you ... could you hand me some clothes, please?"

"But, darling, I've seen it all before," Freddie smirked at him, teasing a bit before grabbing his yellow robe that was resting on the chair and handing it to him, "Here you go. I think yellow really suits you."

"T-Thanks," John replied shyly, quickly putting the robe on before jumping out of bed. After his
bathroom routine, he returned to bed where he and Freddie spent the next hour having a romantic breakfast. The coffee did taste pretty bad, but John forced a smile on his face and insisted it was the best coffee he ever tasted. It was worth it; the smile that appeared on Freddie's face completely overshadowed how bad it tasted.

ooo

After the breakfast John took a quick shower; but when he went to brush his hair, he couldn't find the hair brush anywhere. Quickly putting on his clothes, he hurried into their bedroom, searching for it, but with no luck. He could hear voices from the living room and figured that Roger was already up.

"Freddie, I can't seem to find the hair - " John stopped mid sentence as he entered the living room, noticing they had visitors.

Two women; one seemed to be in her fifties and the other was very young, about eighteen years old. She seemed to be dressed quite normal, but the older one's clothes were a bit ... strange. Traditional, but not something one would wear in England. The women were both standing in the living room and Freddie was also there and he was ... holding the older woman's one hand.

John was very awkward meeting new people and especially if it happened like that; all of the sudden, when he wasn't expecting it. They were all silent for what seemed like eternity to John, but then finally Freddie spoke.

"John," he said, smiling, although John could tell he was very nervous, "This is my mother."

John's eyes widened in shock and for a moment he actually considered turning around and running back to the bedroom. It was then that he noticed how alike they all looked and it was very adorable seeing Freddie hold his mother's hand.

"N-Nice to meet you, Mrs. Bulsara," John finally said as he approached the woman and shook her hand, "I-I'm John Richard Deacon."

"Nice to meet you, John," she replied softly, giving him a polite smile.

"I've told you about John, haven't I?" Freddie asked, "He's our new bassist and a ... a new flatmate of ours."

"Hi, I'm Kashmira," the younger girl introduced herself, shaking John's hand, "Freddie's sister."
"Hello," John managed to say, completely taken aback by how pretty she was and how she looked very much like a girl version of Freddie.

"They just got here," Freddie explained, turning to his mother, "Why haven't you called and told me you were coming? I-I could have tidied up the place or ... prepared something to eat."

"You would prepare something to eat?" Kashmira teased as she sat down on the sofa, "I don't fancy a stomach poisoning, thank you very much."

Freddie just rolled his eyes and helped his mother sit down as well before throwing a glance at John and the bassist could clearly see the panic in his eyes.

"I-I'll leave you alone - " John started, but was cut off by Kashmira.

"No, no, stay. Please. We don't mind," she smiled, "Actually, we'd love to talk to Freddie's friends. Speaking of ... where's Roger?"

Freddie rolled his eyes again, "He's still asleep, Kash. Leave Roger alone."

John slowly sat down in an armchair, hoping he wasn't intruding; judging by Freddie's mother's and sister's smiles, they didn't mind him being there, but he still felt strange, sitting there with his hair wet.

"I-I'll go make us some tea," Freddie said and quickly disappeared into the kitchen.

The moment he was left alone with Freddie's family, John could feel his throat close up with panic. What should he say? Or do? Was it expected of him to start a conversation?

Thankfully, Freddie's sister broke the ice with her question, "How long have you known Freddie for, John?"

"Er ... three, almost four month. I met him and ... Roger and Brian when I auditioned for the position as their new bassist," he replied, noticing that both women seemed really interested and intrigued.

"And you live here now?" Freddie's mother spoke, and John could notice she had a strong accent and it was then that John realized Freddie really wasn't lying when he said he and his family weren't from England.

"Y-Yes, I live here now," John answered, loudly, hoping Freddie would hear him in the kitchen. The bassist had no idea what the singer told his family about him and was terrified of saying too much.
Suddenly, Freddie's voice could be heard from the kitchen, "I've told you! He's staying with us for a while. He had some problems with his previous flatmates."

John quickly nodded, confirming Freddie's story, "T-That's right."

"Tell us," Kashmira raised her eyebrow, "What is Freddie like as a flatmate? I've heard Roger's side, but I'm interested in hearing yours."

Not being able to stop himself, John smiled and blushed, "He's very sweet and ... thoughtful. Although not very ... well, he is quite messy. He keeps leaving his clothes around. Once I-I found his socks on top of his piano."

Both Kashmira and Mrs. Bulsara laughed at that, nodding their heads. Apparently, Freddie was like that while he was living at home as well.

"His room was very messy," Freddie's mother spoke, "But he always knew where everything was."

"Yes, the mess made perfect sense to him," Kashmira added, laughing.

"Are you talking about me?" Freddie asked as he entered the room again, carrying a tray with four cups of tea, "John, darling. Don't believe anything they say about me."

The bassist was a bit taken aback by Freddie calling him darling in front of his family, but after panicking for a moment, he remembered the singer called everyone that and it probably was not suspicious at all.

"What are you two even doing here?" Freddie asked as he sat down again, "How did you get here?" By train?"

Kashmira nodded, "Yeah, but first we visited your cousin. You do remember him, don't you?" she teased, "He says you never visit."

"I'm really busy, Kash," Freddie sighed, "A lot of things have been happening."

"Does it have anything to do with why you decided to leave sooner than planned?" Freddie's mother asked, looking at her son with a concerned expression, "You never told us what that phone call in the middle of the night was about, Farrokh."

"It's Freddie now, mother," the singer blushed and John found it utterly adorable. The singer then continued, struggling with his words, "R-Roger had an emergency. You know about his family,
right? Well, something happened and I wanted to be there for him. I can't tell you anything more about that without breaking his trust."

John could see how proud Mrs. Bulsara seemed to be of her son; apparently being a good, trustworthy friend was highly appreciated in the Bulsara family.

"Speaking of the Devil..." Freddie said as he heard someone yawning and the next moment a topless Roger was in the room, clearly a bit surprised and shocked that they had visitors. Thankfully, he did have his pajama bottoms on, but that didn't stop Kashmira from staring at Roger's naked chest.

Freddie slapped her knee, "Kash, stop that."

"To what do I owe this pleasure?" the drummer grinned, making his way over to Mrs. Bulsara, shaking her hand and then bringing it to his mouth to kiss it. He did the same with Freddie's sister, but taking his sweet time kissing her hand; it was Freddie who had to interrupt their moment, pushing Roger away from his sister.

"We're just... visiting Freddie," Kashmira answered, sounding a bit breathless. Mrs. Bulsara cleared her throat, raising her eyebrows at her daughter, clearly telling her to knock it off and stop flirting with Roger. The entire situation was very amusing and John was glad the attention was not on him anymore.

After Freddie ordered Roger to go put some clothes on and the drummer disappeared from the room, Mrs. Bulsara turned her attention to John again and the bassist could feel the heat in his cheeks.

"Do you have a girlfriend, John?"

The bassist did not expect that question and apparently neither did Freddie as he tensed up, turning to look at John.

"Er... N-No, not really," John replied quietly, "I don't have the time for that, actually. We've been pretty... busy with the band. Performing and recording and..." he trailed off.

"Oh god, mother," Kashmira laughed, "Would you leave poor John alone with those questions? You're making him uncomfortable."

Freddie quickly changed the subject, "How long are you staying? Should I make something to eat or -?"

"And when have you learned to cook, Freddie?" his sister teased, then looked at John, "He's hopeless in the kitchen! One time he actually asked me how to make scrambled eggs."
John giggled, nodding, "I-I've noticed. Though, I think his cooking abilities have improved. He did make me cheese on toast this morning."

Silence.

The bassist could feel everyone staring at him and his throat closed with panic.

"As a thank you," Freddie quickly added, "John bought me this beautiful, magnificent coat as a gift and I felt like doing something nice in return."

That explanation did seem to be good enough as Kashmira and Mrs. Bulsara relaxed, clearly not thinking much of it.

"And what did you buy him, Farrokh?" Freddie's mother asked and immediately John hid his right hand where the ring was, placing it under his leg.

"Er ... a shirt," the singer quickly replied, forcing a smile, "This beautiful grey shirt. I figured he could wear it at one of our gigs."

After a few minutes of talking, Mrs. Bulsara noticed something on Freddie's arm and she gave him a concerned look, "What is that on your arm, Farrokh? Who did that?"

Immediately both Freddie and John looked at the thing in question and they both recognized the finger shaped bruise on the singer's arm. There was no doubt about where it came from; both could clearly remember John being completely lost in passion and pleasure, gripping Freddie's arm during their .... spooning two days earlier.

The bassist could see the corner of Freddie's lips curl up in a slight smirk but it quickly disappeared, "Oh, it's from Roger," Freddie replied calmly, "We were fighting over who would get to take the shower first. It's a normal occurrence with boys, don't worry about it."

That explanation did seem to calm his mother and she smiled, playfully raising her eyebrow at her son, "Well, I hope you came out as a winner in that argument."

Freddie chuckled, wearing a proud expression, "Of course I did, mother."

After about a good hour Kashmira and Mrs. Bulsara stood up to leave. Thankfully, there weren't any more awkward moments and John found himself enjoying listening and engaging in the conversation. It was a side of Freddie he's never had a chance to see before; a shy and almost quiet side of him. He could see that Freddie loved his family dearly; it was very obvious by the way he talked to his mother and his sister; with love and care and respect. He not once interrupted his mother.
while she talked, even when she brought up embarrassing moments of his childhood, mentioning Freddie's boxing days and how other kids bullied him because of his teeth. Freddie just sat there listening, although blushing furiously. John has also never seen Freddie in a protective older brother role; it was hilarious how he tried to keep Roger away from Kashmira. Even when they were saying their goodbyes and they hugged, Freddie was quick to pull Roger away, giving him a warning glare.

"Here," Mrs. Bulsara said quietly when she pulled away from Freddie, handing him something that seemed like money.

The singer blushed even more, "Mother, that's not necessary. I have enough money, don't worry."

"I will feel better if you take it, Farrokh."

"And I will feel better if you keep it," Freddie replied, refusing to take the money.

"Farrokh, your father insisted you take it. It's our ... holiday gift to you."

"But we don't even celebrate - "

Kashmira interrupted him, patting his back, "Freddie, just take the money and shut up, will you?"

The singer finally gave in and he took the money, although very reluctantly. Mrs. Bulsara gave him the biggest smile, pulling him into yet another hug while John stood there with a dorky smile on his face. He could only hope he didn't seem too much like a proud boyfriend.

"It was nice to meet you, John," Kashmira said to him, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Y-Yes, nice to meet you too," the bassist replied politely.

"Take good care of my brother," she said quietly, winking at him.

That did make John's smile disappear from his face and he just stared at her, not knowing what to say. Thankfully, she quickly turned and walked out of the flat, soon followed by Mrs. Bulsara. They did exchange a few more words, but John was completely out of it, panicking on the inside.

Does Freddie's sister know?

How could she?

When the doors finally closed and the boys were finally alone again, John still could not relax, but
before he could question Kashmira's words, Roger laughed, slapping Freddie's shoulder.

"Kash is even prettier than the last time I saw her!"

The singer gave him another glare, "Don't even think about it, Rog."

"Fred, I'm offended! You really think I would try something with your sister?"

"I know you would!"

John could hear them bickering, but then he felt Freddie's hand on his arm.

"Are you alright, darling?"

Roger laughed, "Deaky, this was your first time meeting your mother-in-law. You survived. Congratulations, mate."

The bassist blushed, looking down at his feet. If he was being honest, he did have a pretty good feeling and he could even say that both Mrs. Bulsara and Kashmira liked him. Yes, they didn't really have a chance to talk a lot; part of it being Roger and his need to constantly butt into the conversation, but John had a pretty good feeling.

"Did you like them, darling?" Freddie asked and the bassist could sense the nervousness in his tone. It really mattered to Freddie that John liked his family.

"I adored them," the bassist smiled, "Your mother is a very sweet lady and I can see where you got your gentleness from."

Freddie blushed; really blushed and he looked down as he tried to keep himself from smiling, but he failed miserably.

"What about Kashmira?" Roger asked, grinning, "We can see who inherited all the beauty in the family, leaving nothing for Fred."

The singer turned around and slapped his shoulder, "Shut up, Roger!"

"I'm just saying - "

"At least I have never been mistaken for a girl," Freddie teased back.
While they continued their bickering, John just sighed and walked past them back into the living room, leaving them to fight in the hallway.

ooo

A few hours later while John was in the kitchen, making them all lunch, Freddie and Roger relaxed in the living room, both almost dozing off, having a quiet conversation.

"Tell me, Fred," Roger said, letting out a deep breath, "Who would wear the dress?"

"What dress, darling?" Freddie gave him a confused look.

"Wedding dress," the drummer grinned, "Would it be you or our dear Deaky? For some reason I think it would look nicer on you. You have that figure and pretty nice hips and arse - "

"As much as I appreciate you giving me compliments, I still have no idea what you're talking about."

Roger raised his eyebrows, "About your wedding, Fred. I mean, you did propose to Deaky with that ring, didn't you?"

Silence.

Roger was just teasing and never in a million years did he think Freddie's expression would turn that serious and it make him wonder if perhaps there was a bit of truth there.

"Fred, did you - "

"It was just a ring, darling," the singer finally snapped out of it, chuckling, "You don't need to go buy your best man's suit just yet."

The drummer's eyes widened, "You mean ... I'd be your best man? Fred, that's - "

"You and Brian would be - "
Roger cut him off, "I'd be your best man. That would be such an honor."

They both just stared at each other for a while, completely caught up in the moment, until Freddie suddenly snapped out of it, realizing they were really planning a wedding. A wedding that would probably never happen because it was illegal.

"But who would wear the dress?" Roger asked again, grinning.

Freddie rolled his eyes, "You know I hate it when people do that. When they just assume that someone is the girl in the relationship. If I wanted a girl, I would find myself a girl. But I wanted a boy."

"I didn't ask you who the girl would be, I just said you'd look good in a dress," Roger still teased.

"You bet I would," Freddie smirked at him.

Roger looked up at the ceiling, clearly planning something in his head, "What would the wedding be like? Something private or - "

"How about illegal?" Freddie let out a laugh, though there was nothing humorous in it.

"Things might change in a few years."

"Highly doubt that."

"Besides, we can have our own private wedding ceremony. It doesn't have to be official, Fred. Would you want a big or a small wedding?"

At first Freddie just wanted to dismiss the entire thing and change the subject, but then he caught himself actually thinking about it. Never in his life has he actually considered getting married. He knew it would be impossible the moment he realized he liked boys and since then he just hasn't thought about it. But the more Roger was talking about it, the more Freddie found himself getting sucked into it.

"I'd want a big wedding! Private, yes, but a big, extravagant wedding. With this giant, big, yellow cake. And cats. Lots of cats just lying around. I'd want my family there and - " and then he stopped himself, snapping back to reality, "We are being ridiculous, darling. You are being ridiculous and you are pulling me right there with you."

"Never say never, Fred," Roger winked at him, then went back to reading his magazine.
Freddie tried to act casual, rolling his eyes at the absurdity of it all, but a small part of him would not let it go and he kept imagining getting married to John. Waiting patiently as John walked down down the isle, imagining John all dressed up with that big, dorky smile of his. The poor bassist would be blushing as never before, but Freddie would love it.

And then after the ceremony, Freddie would kiss him and everyone would stand up and clap. And then he'd kiss him again, just to make him blush even more. And he'd take his boyfriend's hand and -

Freddie stopped himself there. It was a nice thought to entertain, but it was impossible. Him and John were dating for a good month only, not to mention that a wedding between two men was not allowed.

ooo

Later that day they were all hanging out in the living room and Freddie was playing the piano, trying out a new melody. He did have a new song in mind and coming up with the melody was never a problem; the problem was the lyrics. Freddie hated writing lyrics as he never considered himself a poet.

The phone suddenly rang and all three boys looked at each other in confusion. It was seven in the evening and they very rarely got a call, let alone that late.

"I'll get it," Freddie said as he walked over to it, picking it up, "Mercury-Taylor household. Hello?"

Roger rolled his eyes at that, whispering to John, "I keep insisting it's Taylor-Mercury, but does he ever listen?"

John let out a short laugh, then his eyes drifted to Freddie again, noticing that the singer seemed tense.

"Hello?" Freddie repeated into the phone, stronger this time.

The bassist could feel himself freezing with panic, horrible thoughts flooding his mind. Was is that man again?

"Oh, Kash. It's you. Sorry, I-I couldn't hear you dear. Yes, yes," the singer suddenly said, a smile appearing on his face and immediately John relaxed, feeling stupid for panicking.
"Did you get home safely?" Freddie asked, continuing to have a conversation, chuckling every now and then, "No, you can't speak to Roger. No."

John laughed at the expression on the drummer's face and stood up to go to the bathroom, leaving Freddie and Roger alone in the room. The moment he was out of sight, Freddie put the phone down, making Roger look at him in confusion.

"Did you just hang up on your sister?" the blond asked, a bit surprised.

Freddie was silent for a long moment before slowly walking over to the drummer, a serious expression on his face, "That wasn't Kash."

"What do you mean?"

"There was just silence and ... panting," Freddie said quietly, his jaw clenching with unexpressed anger and frustration.

"Shit. Do ... do you think it was the same guy? What if it's just a random prank call?"

"It's not, Roger. We've lived here for years and we haven't gotten one prank call. Besides, someone calling and breathing heavily, panting, almost moaning? I doubt it's coincidence."

"Fuck," the drummer swore, "You want to keep it from Deaky?"

"It's ... best if we don't worry him. What good would it do?" Freddie sighed, running a hand through his hair, "I think it's Tom."

"I think so too. Who else would it be?"

Silence.

Finally, Roger dared to speak up, asking what they both were thinking, but were afraid to say out loud, "What do we do? How do we stop it?"

"There's not much we can do, Rog," the singer let out a frustrated sigh, "I could go to Tom's place this very moment and beat him to a bloody pulp, but what good would that do? It would just get me in trouble."

Roger kicked the sofa in anger, "Fuck. That's not fair!"
"I know it's not! Knowing that all of this is my fault - "

"How is it your fault?"

"He is my ex."

"And? You broke up with him and thank god you did - "

They were interrupted by John returning to the room, yawning a bit, "Did your family get home safe?"

Immediately, Freddie smiled, all traces of anger gone from his face, "They did, yes. It took them almost two hours, the traffic was horrible, but they're home now."

"That's good," John smiled, sitting down next to Roger. The bassist did notice that the drummer seemed tense and he kept looking around nervously or making weird eye contact with John, almost as if he wanted to tell him something.

"Are you alright?" John couldn't help but ask.

Immediately, Roger jumped up, "I'm great!" with those words he disappeared into the kitchen.

ooo

Later that night when Freddie and John were already snuggled up in bed, slowly drifting off to sleep, with the bassist resting his head on Freddie's chest, feeling his heartbeat, the singer suddenly cut through the silence with a statement.

"I think she knows, darling."

"W-What? Who knows what?"

"Kash."
John moved away so that he could look at Freddie and he noticed the singer seemed to be slightly worried. There wasn't panic or anything close to that in his expression, but he wasn't completely fine with the idea either.

"A-About us?" John asked quietly.

Freddie nodded, "A couple of days ago, when I went to visit them ... she said something that made me suspect she knows and today ... the way she kept looking at us and you. I-I can't explain it."

John took that piece of information in and slowly said, "I-I think she knows."

Upon noticing Freddie's questioning stare, he carefully continued, "It was just something she said when they were leaving. She said I-I better take good care of you."

Freddie's eyes widened as he realized it, "She knows. Oh god. She knows."

John was a bit taken aback by that and while he understood why it was shocking, he'd be lying if he said he didn't feel a bit hurt by it, "Is it ... is it that horrible?"

"What? Oh, no. No, John," Freddie took his hands in his gently, "Don't misunderstand, darling. I would proudly take you home to meet my entire family and introduce you as my boyfriend and hold your hand and ... " he trailed off, noticing how the corners of John's lips curled up into a shy smile.

"But ... " the she singer sighed after a few moments, "I've told you about my family situation. They ... my father and my mother wouldn't ... they wouldn't scream or insult you or ... us, but ... they wouldn't understand. We wouldn't have their support. I-I'm not saying they would disown me; they would never do that, but .. "

Noticing how Freddie's voice seemed to shake as he talked about that subject, John brought the singer's hand to his lips, kissing the knuckles gently. It immediately made the singer smile and John's heart fluttered at the sight of it.

"I believe," the bassist paused for a moment, "I believe they will come to accept it one day, Freddie. You'll see. And your sister already doesn't seem to be against it."

That did make Freddie relax and he smiled again, nodding his head as he pulled John in for a hug. The bassist took in a deep breath, wrapping his arms around Freddie's torso.

"And I'll be here until they accept it," he whispered, placing a soft kiss to Freddie's neck, "And then you'll take me home and introduce me to everyone as - "
"As the best boyfriend ever!"

John giggled, "Er... actually, I expect to be your fiancé by then. If you want me to go through the awkward getting to know your family process, you better put a ring on this finger. You know how I am with... meeting new people and..."

Freddie laughed, "Oh, I know. You hate it. And I promise to put a ring on your finger before making you meet my father."

John literally purred at those words, pressing himself even closer to his boyfriend. And then it suddenly occurred to him. They really were talking about meeting the family and engagement. But... it was illegal. John has never heard of two men being engaged to each other, let alone be in a serious, committed relationship. He was sure there were plenty, but it was all very hidden and it gave the false impression that there weren't any. Thankfully, John knew better.

And all the talk about family and finally meeting Freddie's family, although very unexpectedly, made him feel the need to introduce Freddie to his own family. He wouldn't yet introduce him as his boyfriend, of course, but he wanted his family to meet this larger than life personality, the sweetest human being John has had the pleasure of knowing.

As him and Freddie slowly drifted off to sleep that night, John found himself imagining bringing Freddie home and the singer literally charming everyone. Finally, the bassist fell asleep with that heartwarming image in his mind.

OOO

The next day started off pretty relaxing, with Freddie and John cuddled up in the living room, enjoying the marvelous sight of their Christmas tree. They still haven't taken it down and refused to do so until the middle of January. Part of it was because they liked having it there, the atmosphere of the living room truly felt magical, but another part of it was their laziness. Therefore, the tree stayed there.

Not long after Brian came over they all heard a very high pitched, girl scream coming from the bathroom.

"Rog?" Freddie called out, looking at John and Brian with a concerned expression.

And then the drummer appeared.
The other three boys just stared at him in shock, but then had to hold back their laughter.

"My hair is green," Roger said through his teeth.

"Yes, that much is obvious, darling," Freddie said, trying very hard to keep a serious expression.

"Is this some kind of a prank, Bri?" the drummer asked, looking at Brian with a murderous glare, "It was your gift!"

"Yes and I did warn you to not keep the dye on longer than recommended," Brian sighed, rubbing his forehead as if he was getting a headache.

"I didn't!"

"Well, how long did you keep it on, dear?"

"For an hour."

"An hour?" Brian repeated, completely shocked.

"Darling, you are lucky you still have hair on your head!" Freddie laughed while John just stared at Roger. The poor drummer stood there, with his hair all wet and green, looking absolutely pissed off.

Freddie stood up and walked over to his previously blond friend, inspecting the hair, "It doesn't look that bad, dear. I think you could pull it off."

"You really think so?" Roger's eyes lit up with hope and then he looked at Brian and John, "Could I pull it off?"

John nodded enthusiastically, but the words would not leave his mouth.

Thankfully, Brian still had his ability to speak, "Y-Yes, I've always said green is your color."

"You've never said that?" Roger asked in confusion.

"I-I have. You just never listen, Rog."

"It could look nice, you just need to blow dry it," Freddie said, running his hand through Roger's
hair, "And then after a couple of days you can try dying it blond again. But this time I'll do it. I'm never letting you play with hair dye again!"

The drummer seemed reassured by that and after a few more compliments he kept looking at himself in the mirror, starting to like his new look.

Later that afternoon he just announced he's off to one of his girlfriends and with that he was gone, leaving the other three boys alone.

"Can we go out tonight?" Freddie pleaded with John, "We've been stuck in this flat for two days! Please, darling. I'm begging you!"

"You are being a bit dramatic, Freddie," John laughed, "Of course we can go out. What did you have in mind?"

The singer bit his lip and looked down, unsure of how to proceed.

"A .... A gay club, perhaps?" John asked, helping the singer. Judging by the look of hope in Freddie's eyes, John knew he had guessed right.

"W-We don't have to go if ... if you don't want to - "

"I want to!" John cut him off, "I'll tell you if I don't want something."

"Promise, darling?"

"Yes," the bassist then raised his eyebrow, "I-I might even dance a bit tonight."

"I'll hold you to that," Freddie gave him a playful grin.

They both heard Brian clear his throat and suddenly they both felt really awkward flirting with each other like that.

"Yes, I am still here," the guitarist let out a nervous laugh, then stood up, "But I'm leaving now."

"No, darling! Stay. We can go to the club together!"

"No, no, I'm fine. Not really a fan of the music in gay clubs," Brian sighed, then rolled his eyes, "Besides, no one ever hits on me there and it's really humiliating."
John laughed and Freddie was quick to try and make Brian feel better, "I'd hit on you, darling. If I wasn't ... taken."

"I'll ... take that as a compliment, Fred," Brian said awkwardly, wanting to be out of that flat before things got ever weirder.

After they were finally alone, both John and Freddie started getting ready for their night out. For John that meant changing into different trousers and putting on his jacket. For Freddie it meant taking a shower, blow drying his hair, trying on five different outfits, putting on a bit of makeup, painting his nails etc.

While all of that was happening, John waited patiently in the living room, but he was slowly getting a bit irritated. When he finally stood up to go look for Freddie, the singer suddenly appeared and he looked fabulous.

"Do you like my new coat, darling?" Freddie asked, smiling as he spun around, showing off his new fur coat.

"I adore it," John replied, "Where did you get it from?"

Freddie approached him, shrugging his shoulders, "Oh, this incredibly hot guy gave it to me as a present."

Before John could respond to that, Freddie pulled him closer and gave him a gentle kiss. His lips just lingered against his for a long moment and John felt like he could stay like that forever, but then the singer pulled him out of his thoughts.

"Ready to leave, darling?"

ooo

John did grow to enjoy gay clubs; if anything, it always brought a smile to his face when he saw how excited and happy Freddie seemed to be there. Even though his first ever visit to a gay club ended terribly, John was proud of himself and how far he's come since that night. To be honest, he did think Freddie only visited those clubs to pick up guys and almost expected the singer to stop going there when they officially got together, but apparently Freddie had many reasons to love those places. He enjoyed the music, the drinks, the atmosphere and the feeling of being normal. He didn't stand out; if he wanted to kiss John or pull him closer, he could do that without people staring at
them and judging.

Once they sat down at the bar, John took off his jacket and chuckled when he realized Freddie had no intention of taking off his fur coat. He leaned closer to the singer, whispering to him, "You know you can take the coat off, do you? It's hot in here."

Freddie dismissed it, "Oh, don't be ridiculous, darling! I'm not hot at all."

"You're sweating," John laughed, noticing how red the singer's face seemed to be.

"I'm fine, darling," Freddie insisted, then gave him a cheeky grin, "I need to show off my new coat."

"You can show it off outside. Now take it off or you'll faint from the heat."

Finally, the singer gave in, carefully taking the coat off and placing it over his chair. The care with which the coat was handled made John's heart flutter; he couldn't tell if Freddie just adored the coat so much or if it was because it was a gift from him. He suspected the latter and he just wanted to kiss the singer right then and there. Before he had a chance to do so, they were interrupted by a bartender.

"I'll have gin and tonic, please," Freddie ordered for himself, then looked at John, "What about you, dear?"

"I'll have a beer, please."

The bartender nodded and disappeared, only to return a few moments later with the drinks. John took a sip of his beer, looking around; he couldn't help but stare at all the men there. Even now when he was a part of that community, it was still interesting to see two men kissing and hugging and ... doing other things like those two guys in the corner. John quickly averted the gaze, his eyes landing on Freddie. The singer's body was moving with the rhythm of the music and John felt guilty for making him sit there with him. He touched the singer's knee, making him look at him.

"Freddie, if you want to dance - "

"Dance with me, darling!"

"Oh, I-I don't really know about that ... "

"Please," the singer pleaded with him, "Don't be shy, darling. Besides, it's almost completely dark in here. We could have sex in the middle of the dance floor and nobody would probably notice."

John laughed at that, blushing a bit. Whenever Freddie stared at him like that, with those pleading
eyes, he couldn't say no to him. It was physically impossible.

"F-Fine," he nodded, "I'll dance with you."

Freddie's eyes lit up with excitement and immediately he jumped from his seat, taking John's hand in his and almost dragging him to the dance floor. The music was not something John would ever willingly listen to; it was new type of music, apparently it was great for dancing. It was loud, the base sending vibrations throughout his body. Freddie was right when he said it was dark, but there were still those crazy lights and John found himself wondering if they'd ever be able to use lights like that in their performances.

Fighting against his shyness, John forced his body to move and he started dancing. A bit awkwardly at first, but nobody seemed to notice. Or stare. Or laugh. He kept his eyes fixed on Freddie and he couldn't help but laugh at all the crazy dance moves the singer was coming up with on the spot. And then Freddie moved closer to him, placing his hands on John's waist, pulling him closer. The bassist could feel the heat in his head and for a moment it seemed they were the only ones on that dance floor. Freddie slowly leaned in, pressing his lips against John's and the bassist forgot to dance as he simply stood there, kissing Freddie back, wrapping his arms around the singer's neck.

And then suddenly, he was being moved, turned around and John could hear Freddie laugh from behind him. Although the singer's hands were still resting on John's waist, it was very obvious that Freddie avoided any kind of contact of his groin against John's backside. Feeling courageous, John pushed back, pressing himself against the singer.

And then the singer poked John's ribs and the bassist, being a very ticklish person, couldn't help but let out a loud laugh, playfully slapping Freddie's arm to make him stop. The next few minutes were spent with John and Freddie grinding and touching each other as they moved to the rhythm of the music.

John could feel himself getting excited and before he could get too excited, to the point of it being obvious, he decided to end their dancing.

"I-I'm thirsty," he whispered into Freddie's ear and the singer nodded, walking them both off the dance floor.

Once they were both seated down again, Freddie smiled at him, "You are not a bad dancer at all, dear. You've been lying to me all this time."

John took a sip out of his beer, giggling at Freddie's compliment. But before he could say anything, a drink was placed in front of him and he gave the bartender a confused look, "Oh, I-I didn't order this."

"It's from some guy," the bartender replied casually, then walked away.
"I mean, really, John!" Freddie laughed, shaking his head. "Why are guys constantly hitting on you?"

John smiled, but then took a closer look to what was in front of him and his entire body went into panic when he recognized the drink.

Immediately, his hand gripped Freddie's knee and the singer looked at him with concern, "Darling, what's the matter?"

"It's ... v-vodka. It's vodka, just ... just like that n-night," John stuttered, "Exactly like t-that night."

Freddie's face went pale and he immediately pushed the drink away from John, almost knocking it down in the process. Then his attention was on the bassist. "Hey, sweetie. It's alright. It's just a coincidence. You're safe."

John felt as if he had trouble breathing. "I-I don't feel so well, F-Freddie. Can we g-go home? Please?"

"Of course, my love," Freddie replied softly, but then noticed the bartender who served them the drink and he motioned for him to come over. The guy obeyed and Freddie leaned closer to him, "Who paid for this drink?"
"This big guy," the bartender replied, "Tall, buff. Short, brown hair."

Freddie just nodded, then took John's hand, helping him stand up, "We'll get you home, alright, darling?"

"P-Please."

As they made their way through the crowd of people, Freddie suddenly noticed something. Or someone. Standing in the corner, leaning against the wall with a beer in his hand was Tom. And even through the darkness, Freddie could see him looking at them. And it didn't seem as if Tom was trying to hide the fact that he was there, observing them.

Suddenly it all made sense to the singer.

"That piece of shit," he muttered under his breath and started walking towards Tom, still not letting go of John's hand.

The bassist did notice they were no longer walking towards the exit and before he could question it, they suddenly stopped. And it was then that John noticed him. His blood ran cold at the sight of Tom and he wanted to turn around and run, but his legs were not moving and his feet seemed to be glued
"What the fuck are you doing here?" Freddie demanded, giving Tom a murderous glare.

"Hello, Freddie," Tom chuckled, "And what do you mean what the fuck I'm doing here? I'm having a nice time? Am I suddenly not allowed into clubs anymore or what?"

"Oh, you just standing here, all by yourself, staring at me and John is just a coincidence, then?" Freddie asked, literally shaking with rage.

"I'll have you know I'm not alone," Tom said, "My date is taking a piss, but he'll be back soon," and then he looked past Freddie, directly at John, pretending to be worried, "He doesn't look so well. Did he have too much to drink? You can take him to the restroom to freshen him up a bit."

John's eyes widened with absolute panic, "N-No, no, no."

"You know," Freddie said quietly, staring directly into Tom's eyes, "You know, don't you?"

"Know what?" he acted dumb, "You need to be a bit more specific, Freddie."

Freddie couldn't hold himself back anymore and he pushed Tom, making him hit the wall behind him, "How do you know? Who told you? You paid for that drink, didn't you?"

"What drink, Freddie?" then he looked at John, "Are you feeling alright? You seem a bit pale."

Freddie stepped in front of John, preventing Tom to look at him, "Don't fucking speak to him."

"Has anyone ever told you that you are a very possessive boyfriend, Freddie?" Tom laughed, "I believe John can speak for himself."

"Yes, John can speak. He can speak very well, actually," Freddie growled, "And he told me exactly what you did to him in that store. And that dressing room."

At first it seemed as if Tom was going to deny it, but then he just admitted it, shrugging his shoulders, "It was just an arse grab, nothing more. He is probably used to it by now. I have to admit, I understand why you turned into a top for him. If his arse is as tight as it is firm - "

"Shut the fuck up," Freddie cut him off, "Who gave you the right to talk about him like that?"

"Like what? It's a compliment, Freddie," Tom said, acting innocent.
The singer took a step closer to him, his tone barely dangerously low, "It's killing you, isn't it? That I don't allow you to fuck me anymore. That I sent you packing. You were never worth the trouble, Tom."

Tom forced a smile, "I don't want to argue with you, Freddie."

"You paid for that drink, didn't you?"

"What drink?"

"Vodka," the singer growled at him, pushing him again and this time Tom seemed to be really irritated by it, pushing him back, making Freddie bump into John in the process.

"Oh, sweetie, are you alright?" the singer asked, turning to look at his boyfriend with concerned expression.

"F-Fine, let's just ... leave, Freddie. Please," the bassist replied.

"Of course, darling."

But then he turned around, delivering a swift punch to Tom's stomach, making him double over in pain.

"Freddie!" John screamed, grabbing the singer's arm, trying to pull him away, but Freddie wouldn't listen, grabbing Tom by his hair, making him look up at him.

"You pull one of these stunts again ... buy him a drink or ... call our number again ... " Freddie said quietly, "And I swear I'll make sure you regret the day you were born, Tom. Do you think I'm fucking joking? Try me."

Tom just forced a smile, but said nothing.

Finally, Freddie released him and John managed to pull him back. They hurried out of the club before they could be thrown out.

000
John was in tears as they entered their flat; he started crying on the way home and couldn't stop even after getting strange looks from their taxi driver. Freddie quickly went and turned on the lights before scooping John up in his arms, seating them both down on the sofa.

"W-Was it really him?" John sniffled, still shaking a bit, "All this time? H-He was the one ... panting on the phone and he ... he paid for my drink tonight?"

"I think so, darling," Freddie replied softly, playing with John's hair, "He didn't deny it."

"But ... why?"

"Because he's a piece of shit, dear. That is why."

"Does he know about ... me? How can he know?"

Freddie pulled John even closer, "I-I don't know, sweetie."

John let out a shaky breath, "All this time ... I-I thought it was that man. That he ... he found me again."

"No, darling," Freddie placed a kiss onto his forehead, "I told you you're safe. You don't have to think about that man or be afraid of him. He's not coming anywhere near you ever again."

The bassist nodded, but still wouldn't let go of Freddie. They stayed like that for what seemed like forever, until finally, John pulled away, taking in a deep breath and smiling a bit, "I-I'd fancy a cup of tea."

"I'm on it!"

The singer disappeared into the kitchen, only to return a few minutes later with two cups of tea and surprisingly enough, it tasted pretty good. They spent the rest of the night just hanging out in the living room, sitting at the piano, with Freddie playing a few melodies for John, not caring that it was late at night and that they would probably get a lot of complaints the next morning.

"I can dim the lights and sing you songs full of sad things
We can do the tango just for two
I can serenade and gently play on your heart strings
Be your Valentino just for you."

Freddie stopped playing the piano and turned to look at John who stared at him in amazement, "Is
that a new song?"

"Sort of," the singer admitted, "It's still not finished, but ... "

"I already love it."

Freddie smiled, "I'm thinking of calling it Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy."

"After yourself?" John teased, snuggling closer to Freddie.

"Perhaps," the older boy replied, but before he had a chance to explain more, he felt John's lips being pressed against his. It did take him by surprise a bit, but he quickly recovered, responding to the kiss, pulling John even closer.

Neither of them wanted to stop their kissing and they continued for a few long minutes, keeping the slow pace. Their hands seemed to have a mind of their own and before John could realize what he was doing, he pushed Freddie's shirt off of his shoulders and soon his own shirt followed, dropping to the floor.

"Are we about to make out against my piano?" Freddie chuckled, his hands moving up and down John's back.

"I-Is that allowed?" the bassist replied, giggling, "Roger said you almost killed him when you caught him doing things with a girl on top of your piano."

"I think ... I can make the exception for you," Freddie managed to reply in between kisses.

Slowly, they stood up, still holding to each other and kissing and Freddie pressed John against his piano, making him almost lie down on his back on top of it.

"You're very ... bendy, dear," Freddie said with amusement as he noticed John had no trouble being pushed back until his lower half was lying flat on the piano.

And then he was kissing him again, breaking apart from him only to move down John's chest, licking at his nipples, gently biting it and teasing. When he looked up, he could see John's eyes were closed and he was biting his lower lip in pleasure and that actually surprised Freddie. During their previous encounters, John always tried very hard to keep his eyes open as he wanted to see Freddie, but at that moment the bassist's eyes were closed and he seemed completely at ease with that.

The singer would be lying of he said it didn't sent jolts of pleasure directly to his groin as he heard John whimper his name over and over again.
"What do you need, dear?" Freddie teased, dragging his hands all over John's chest. He adored John's chest, he adored how smooth it was, how soft the skin was and he just wanted to cover it with kisses.

"T-Take me to ... to the bedroom, please," John whispered, his entire body trembling with need. It was the most erotic sight Freddie had ever seen. After the horrible events in the club earlier that evening, the last thing Freddie expected was to have sex after and what surprised him the most was that John was the one who initiated it. It made him so proud of the bassist; the fact that he didn't let Tom ruin their evening made Freddie so very happy and emotional.

As he helped John get off of the piano, the bassist nearly dropped to the floor, but the singer caught him, chuckling a bit, "Careful, sweetie."

John giggled, then leaned against Freddie for support. The moment they were in their bedroom, John collapsed onto the bed, pulling Freddie with him, kissing him again and again. It was passionate, but at the same time very tender and soft.

"M-Make love to me?" John whispered, locking eyes with Freddie.

"Of course, darling," the singer smiled at him, resting his forehead against John's for a long moment. And then he finally pulled back, sitting up so that he could unbutton John's pants and he actually had to stop for a moment when he noticed the complete trust in John's eyes and it felt as if someone punched him right in the gut. For a split second he wondered if he deserved that trust, but then John smiled at him, pushing those thoughts away and he continued unbuttoning John's pants, gently pulling them down. The bassist helped, raising his hips and then he smiled shyly as he pointed to his underwear, "These too."

Freddie was quick to obey, undressing John and then himself, literally shaking with excitement and all the feelings and it did not escape his attention how easily John spread his legs for him, making room for Freddie to settle in between them. And then the singer covered his body with his again, lowering himself down to kiss him again.

He could never get enough of John's hands tenderly caressing his body, shyly exploring, touching his chest, playing with his chest hair.

"What do you need, darling?" he managed to ask as he broke the kiss, staring down at his boyfriend.

"I-I don't know," John admitted, offering a shy smile, "Touch me?"

"Like this?" Freddie asked as he sneaked his hand down in between their bodies to touch William, wrapping his fingers around it.

"Y-Yes, that ... could work," John replied, chuckling, "P-Please."
"Please, what?" Freddie teased and enjoyed how flustered John was at that very moment.

"Just ... please. Can you ... you know?"

"I don't know what you mean, dear," the singer acted dumb, then tightened his grip around it, running a finger over the head, making John let out a loud moan.

"J-Just ... like that. Freddie, please."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, dear. You'll have to show me."

John's eyes snapped open, "W-What?"

"Show me, sweetie. How do you want me to touch you?"

"You ... you know."

"Please, John. Show me and I promise to do it."

The bassist was desperate; Freddie's hand was still wrapped around him and it felt good, but John needed more. He needed it to move.

"Freddie."

"Sweetheart," the singer whispered, suddenly letting go of William, but before John could protest, he felt Freddie take one of his hands and pull it down, making him touch himself. John would be lying if he said that didn't feel good, but he was embarrassed.

Freddie noticed it and quickly pressed a kiss onto his cheek, "Show me, darling. We can do it together?"

"Y-You show me," John said quietly.

And then he felt Freddie's hand on top of his own, moving it up and down William slowly. John kept his eye contact with Freddie; even though he was still embarrassed, he couldn't force himself to look away.

Soon they were both touching William, Freddie's hand still over John's, leading the movement.
"You're doing great, sweetie," Freddie whispered, nibbling at John's ear, "Promise to do this the next time you take a shower. And you better think of me," he chuckled.

"Oh god," John whimpered, feeling himself approaching the finish line, the tension in his lower stomach building, but then he suddenly stopped, removing his hand from underneath Freddie's, making the singer look at him in confusion, "Did I do something wrong?"

"N-No, Freddie," he immediately replied, still a bit breathless, "But ... I had something else in mind for tonight."

The singer grinned at him, "Oh, you want a blowjob? Much less messy, you're right, darling," but before he could move down John's body, the bassist stopped him.

"N-No, actually ... " the younger boy struggled with his words, "Remember when I asked you about the aliens?"

"Yes?"

"And you said ... you remember what you said? How you'd ... start and ... prep me?"

Freddie was confused for a moment, but then he nodded, "I remember."

John was blushing, but he forced himself to continue, "What did you say, Freddie?"

"I said I'd start with one finger."

Silence.

John wondered why the room suddenly seemed very hot and he swallowed hard, looking at Freddie, "Can ... Can we try that tonight?"

To say that Freddie was surprised would be an understatement, he seemed completely shocked, "W-What?"

"Can we try that tonight? Just ... just to see how it feels?"

"John ... "

"Please."
"I don't think you're ready for that just yet, my love."

For a moment John was completely distracted by Freddie calling him my love, but he quickly recovered, "Please. Just for a ... few moments. Can we just try it and if it doesn't work ... "

"You want me to finger you?"

John blushed even more, if possible, "Y-You don't have to speak so loudly."

"I-I'm sorry, dear. It's just - "

"Don't you want it?"

Freddie closed his eyes, biting his lower lip, "Of course I want it, John."

"Then ... what's the problem?"

The singer opened his eyes and brought his hand up to caress John's cheek and then he slowly trailed his finger across the bassist's lower lip. And then John did something that almost made Freddie finish right there and then; he licked the finger and then wrapped his lips around it, licking it and sucking on it.

The singer let out a groan, quickly pulling his hand away from John face, "Sweetheart, where ... where did you learn that? You can't just ... do these things. God."

"What did I do?" John was clearly confused, but then Freddie leaned down, kissing him passionately, gently biting the bassist's lower lip as they finally pulled apart.

It actually took John few moments to recover from the kiss and catch his breath and when he did, he noticed Freddie staring at him with a serious expression.

"We can try it tomorrow, darling."

"But - "

"Listen to me, sweetie. Roger can return home any moment and I want us to have complete privacy when we try that, alright? It might take moments or minutes or ... hours. I don't want us to be in a rush."
John realized that he was actually making a lot of sense; he really did not want to worry about Roger coming home and hearing them. He knew he needed to be completely relaxed for what was going to happen.

Finally, the bassist smiled, "Alright. Tomorrow."

The singer returned the smile, than raised his eyebrow, "Tonight I want to take care of William."

With those words, he moved down John's body and the bassist's hips jumped up from the bed when he felt Freddie's hot mouth on him. It was a feeling he would never get bored of.

Usually, Freddie was very slow and almost careful, but that night he decided to try one of his tricks on John. As expected, the bassist cried out with pleasure, his entire body shaking as he babbled, whispering and moaning Freddie's name, biting into his hand when the pleasure got too much.

Freddie sucked on the head once again before taking him completely into his mouth and just staying like that, forcing his throat to relax. John was not ready for that, he expected Freddie to move off of him, but that hot, wet feeling would just remain there and one glance at Freddie was enough to send John over the edge, his body tensing up and then stilling completely. He could hear Freddie making slurping noises and he could feel him swallowing everything he had to offer before finally pulling off of his cock with a proud expression.

John could barely open his eyes to look at his boyfriend; he was still going through aftershocks and his body was still shaking. He closed his eyes again when he felt the singer kissing him all over his face, literally showering him with love.

And then John forced himself to move, but Freddie stopped him, "Where do you think you're going, dear?" he chuckled.

"I want to ... give back to you," John whispered, barely speaking.

Freddie laughed, "John, darling, you're exhausted. You can barely speak. I think I managed to suck the life out of you."

"But ... I want to make you feel good t-too."

"If you were to suck my cock right now, I'm afraid you'd fall asleep on top of it," Freddie laughed even louder, "I'm all for lazy blowjobs, but not that lazy."

"Freddie -"
The singer wrapped his arms around John, pulling him closer, "You can barely move, dear. Tomorrow I'm all yours, alright? You can do whatever you want to me and then we can try the fingering. How does that sound?"

"It sounds hot," John chuckled, pressing his face against Freddie's chest. He couldn't understand if Freddie was just that good at giving blowjobs or if John was just ... that easily exhausted, but at that moment he almost felt drunk.

"Darling," Freddie said teasingly, "You forgot to turn the picture the other way. I'm afraid your entire family just witnessed you getting a blowjob."

John laughed, slapping Freddie's arm, "Shut up."

"I'm serious. I don't think they'll ever be able to recover from that."

"You're an idiot, Freddie," John could not stop blushing and laughing and then suddenly he remembered something. Clearing his throat, he looked up at his boyfriend, "I-I was thinking ... would you perhaps ... maybe ... you know ... "

Freddie gave him a confused, though a very amused look, "John, what on earth are you on about?"

The bassist giggled again, then forced the words out, "Would you like to meet my family?"

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, who's ready for the next step in their relationship? ;) Meeting the family and also the sex stuff. :P
To say that Freddie freaked out would be an understatement. John could swear he's never seen the singer panic that much over a simple question.

"Would you like to meet my parents?"

Although Freddie never gave him an answer, it was obvious it wasn't a simple yes. The first thing he asked was "Why?" and when John went to explain, the singer just changed the subject, claiming they were both tired and should leave that conversation for some other day. Taken aback by that, John agreed, doing his best to hide that he was hurt by Freddie's response. And at the same time he wondered if he was the one who made a mistake, scaring Freddie away by forcing him to meet his parents. Perhaps it was too soon, perhaps the singer wanted to wait a bit longer. John meeting Freddie's family happened on accident, but it made John excited about introducing Freddie to his own family.

After that short and slightly awkward conversation, they both just snuggled closer to each other and fell asleep.

ooo

It didn't escape John's attention that even the next day Freddie seemed to avoid the subject. The singer kept avoiding being alone with him, obviously being afraid of John starting that conversation again.

"I must tell you, I really think girls dig this color," Roger grinned as he took a bite of his sandwich, "It's a great conversation starter."

"Are you planning on keeping it?" Freddie asked carefully; the green really wasn't Roger's color, but he didn't want to hurt the drummer's feelings.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" Roger laughed, "Of course not! You're dying it blond for me in a couple of days. I just want to keep it for a while and see if it really attracts girls. Last night five girls approached me. Must be the hair."

John giggled to himself as he quietly sipped on his coffee; he wished he could be as confident as Roger. If his hair accidentally turned green, John would refuse to step a foot outside their flat. After a few minutes John stood up and left the kitchen, leaving Freddie and Roger alone and the singer immediately took advantage of the situation.
"Listen, darling," he said quietly, "I need you to sleep elsewhere tonight."

"What? Why?" Roger couldn't help but sound confused.

"John and I are ..." Freddie struggled with words, "We want to have a ... a romantic evening."

A grin appeared on Roger's face as he understood, "Oh, you want to have a shagging party? And I'm not invited?"

"I told you, I don't find threesomes appealing," Freddie teased, then gave Roger a pleading look, "Please, darling. It's going to be a very ... important night. And -"

"Sure, sure, I'll crash at Brian's," Roger said casually, then cleared his throat, "By the way, Fred. When I got home last night, I couldn't help but notice ... clothes on the floor in the living room."

Freddie tensed up, though he tried to act casual, "Y-Yes?"

"More specifically, your shirt and John's shirt. Just ... discarded on the floor by the piano."

"Yes?" the singer still acted dumb.

Suddenly Roger leaned closer to him and slapped his arm, "Don't act stupid, Fred! What have I told you about sex in the living room?"

"It's wasn't sex!" Freddie defended himself, stuttering a bit, "I-It was ... just foreplay, darling."

"I swear, if I ever find your underwear in the living room -"

"It was just foreplay, Rog!" Freddie rolled his eyes, "Besides, we've done a lot more on the sof - " he immediately stopped talking, realizing he probably should not be explaining these things to Roger.

But it was already too late.

"You did what on the sofa?" Roger asked; very loudly.

"Keep your voice down! I don't want John to hear you!"

The drummer was considerate enough to lower his voice, but he was still very upset, "We agreed,
Fred! No funny things on the sofa! Did we or did we not agree that no sex will be had on the sofa?"

"A handjob is hardly sex, darling," Freddie said before he could stop himself.

Roger grimaced, "Eww! Why are you telling me this? I don't want to know what you did to Deaky! Oh my god!"

"I did nothing to him," the singer quickly defended himself.

"You just said - " it was then that Roger realized what Freddie meant, "Oh my god! Fred! I don't want to know about the ... sex stuff that Deaky does to you! I'll never be able to get this image out of my mind!"

Freddie opened his mouth to speak but Roger was faster, covering his ears with his hands and going "Lalalalala", completely ignoring everything the singer was saying. When the singer slapped his arm, trying to get his attention, Roger just jumped up from his chair and escaped from the kitchen.

ooo

Later that day John found himself alone with Roger because Freddie was still very obviously avoiding him. The singer muttered something about taking a shower and then just disappeared from the living room. John could go after him, but he decided to give him some space to think things through. Besides, how long was Freddie planning on avoiding him? Especially with what they had in plan for later that night?

The bassist decided to give him an hour or two and then he'd try and talk to him.

"It's a really fancy coat, Deaky," Roger suddenly said, pulling John out of his thoughts.

"W-What?"

"The coat that you bought for Freddie," the drummer pointed towards the chair over which the coat was very carefully placed, "I remember seeing it in the store, but I figured it's for women. It was in women's section."

"Oh, I think it can be worn by both women and men," John explained, "Unisex."

That made the drummer look at him, "What?"
"Unisex," John repeated.

Roger let out a nervous laugh, "Maybe you need sex, I just had some a few days ago."

It took John a few moments to understand what Roger was saying and then he chuckled, shaking his head, "No, Roger. You misunderstood. U-N-I sex."

That only made the drummer look at him with even more shock and confusion, until he cleared his throat awkwardly, "I-I don't think Freddie would like that very much, Deaks. I-I mean, you are a ... very attractive man, but you're ... younger and I'm not into ... guys."

John blinked at him, "Roger, what on Earth are you talking about?"

The drummer suddenly got up and started backing away from John, "You know ... I-I appreciate the offer, but Fred would kill me and ... yeah."

Before John could question it more, the drummer escaped from the room. Roger really was acting very odd; first he heard him arguing with Freddie about something and saw him running out of the kitchen with his hands covering his ears and now he was running away from him.

Just as John decided to search for Freddie, the singer suddenly appeared in the room, but upon noticing that the bassist was alone there, he quickly turned around to escape, but John stopped him.

"Freddie! Wait!"

It took the singer a few moments to turn around, but when he did, there was a forced smile on his face, "Yes, darling? What is it?"

"What is it?" John repeated, raising his eyebrows, "You are avoiding me."

Freddie's voice was higher than ever as he asked, "Avoiding you? Nonsense!"

"Well, then you don't mind sitting with me for a few minutes," John patted the empty space next to him.

Freddie slowly moved, the smile never disappearing from his face as he sat down next to John and looked at him, "Here I am, dear. What is it?"

"Is the ... um ... the thing we said we were going to try tonight?" John blushed, "Is it still happening?"
"If you still want to," this time Freddie's smile was genuine, "I've already asked Roger to crash at Brian's."

"Good, y-yes, I want to," the bassist breathed out, feeling a bit nervous, but comforted by how relaxed Freddie seemed to be about it.

"Well, now that that's settled, I have to - "

John interrupted him, jumping straight to the point, "You don't want to meet my parents, Freddie? Is ... is that is? You can just say it, really. I'd ... understand."

Silence.

The bassist was lying; it would actually really hurt his feelings if Freddie had no interest in meeting his family, but he couldn't say that out loud. They were only dating for a month and it would sound too needy.

"John," the singer sighed, struggling with his words, "It's not that. I want to meet your family, but ... is that what you want? How would you introduce me?"

"As my best friend," John smiled shyly, "I-I know I can't just ... be honest. Not yet, at least."

That made Freddie relax slightly, "I agree. I-I mean, if you want to tell them in the future ... if you think they could handle it, then ... I will support your decision. But for now, we really should wait."

"Would you want to meet them if I promise to introduce you as my friend?" John asked hopefully.

"What exactly did you have in mind, darling?"

"I'd call them and inform them that we're coming for a short visit, a day max and ... we'd take the bus there and ... " John trailed off, shrugging his shoulders.

"We'd sleep over?"

"For one night, yes."

Freddie gave him a look, "And that wouldn't seem strange to them? Me sleeping there?"

"No, because you're my friend," John's voice left no room for arguments.
The singer just stared at him, clearly having an inner struggle; he did want to make John happy and he was more than willing to meet John's parents, but he was nervous. And that was an understatement. It would be his first time meeting his partner's family and even though he'd be introduced as a friend, Freddie was still worried.

"What if they don't like me?" he whispered, looking down at his hands.

Immediately, John moved to sit closer to him, taking his hands in his own, "That is not possible. They'll adore you. Just be yourself."

The singer let out a laugh, "Oh, you mean a loud, extravagant, gay diva?"

"I mean the sweetest, the kindest, the gentlest, the most thoughtful person I know," John smiled at him, then leaned closer, placing a soft kiss on Freddie's cheek.

That immediately made the singer feel better and he actually blushed from all the compliments, but he quickly covered it up with his sassiness.

"Fine, darling," he nodded his head, "I'll allow your parents to meet me."

John laughed at that, "That's very generous of you, Freddie."

"Oh, why not!"

"I'll call them later today. We can ... leave tomorrow morning? I-I'd like to be back before New Years."

Freddie nodded, taking a deep breath, "It's a deal, darling."

John gave his boyfriend the biggest smile yet and snuggled up against him; even though he was very nervous about seeing his family for the first time since the attack, he couldn't wait for them to meet his boyfriend. Well, his best friend. He couldn't wait to tell them all about Queen and Roger and Brian. He couldn't wait to tell them that he finally had friends and not just friends, but real friends.

ooo

The entire day seemed to drag on on interminably until John couldn't take it anymore. He couldn't just sit in the flat and do nothing; his nerves were killing him. He needed something to make himself
busy with, he needed to do something. It came to a point where he thought he might just suffocate in that flat.

"I-I want to go for a walk," he suddenly announced, making Roger and Freddie look at him in confusion.

"But ... it's cold outside," the drummer said, "Besides, it's snowing."

"Snowing?" John asked in confusion, looking through the nearest window. It really was snowing; just barely, but still. It was already getting dark outside, but the light from the street lamps and the snow really made for a beautiful, almost romantic sight.

"It's beautiful outside," Freddie commented, "We can go for a walk, darling."

He didn't need to be told twice; John quickly jumped up and hurried off into the bedroom to get ready. About half an hour later they were already leaving the flat; but the moment they opened the front door and were hit with the cold, they nearly changed their mind, but John insisted.

"We'll warm up," he smiled reassuringly at Freddie and walked out.

Roger quickly ran to the singer, whispering to him, "I'll be gone when you get back."

"Thank you, dear," Freddie whispered back.

"No sex in the living room?"

"I promise!"

Roger gave him one last warning look before pushing him out of the flat and closing the doors behind him, shivering at the cold.

ooo

It was just barely snowing so there was no need for them to have an umbrella. It as a bit cold and John was wearing only his jacket, though the wool scarf he borrowed from Freddie did make all the difference. John wanted more than anything to just snuggle against Freddie; part of it because he was cold, but another part was simply because he wanted to snuggle against his boyfriend. At first they just walked around the town and then they decided to go to that park that Freddie took him to a few times in the past. It was a lovely place and John adored it because there were no people there; it was a bit secluded, but it offered a nice view of the town.
"Do you remember the last time we were here?" Freddie asked as he sat down.

John had to think about it for a moment and then he remembered, chuckling, "When you literally shrieked like a girl and probably scared all the birds away?"

Freddie laughed as well, "Well, I was a bit shocked, darling. You told me you had no idea what we had was considered sex."

"I was confused, Freddie," John smiled, shaking his head, "I can't believe we really ... did that."

"What do you mean?"

The bassist blushed a bit, "Well ... that. How did it even begin? When did you even start ... looking at me in that way?"

Freddie was silent for a moment, clearly struggling with his answer, "Actually, it was ... a few days after you ... unofficially moved in."

"What?" John couldn't hide the shock in his voice, "You're just saying that."

"I'm serious, darling. Those ... thoughts started happening earlier than I would dare to admit, but ... " he trailed off, something close to shame appearing on his face.

"That's fine, Freddie," John offered a smile, "You were a perfect gentlemen."

Something that John started noticing was how easily Freddie blushed when someone complimented him on his personality; saying he was really sweet or thoughtful or just an over-all good person. Talking about sex or awkward things were nothing to Freddie, while one praise about him being a nice person made his cheeks turn the loveliest shade of pink and it was adorable.

Freddie quickly shrugged his shoulders, changing the subject, "Have you decided about tomorrow, dear? What is the plan?"

"Y-Yes," John nodded, "I've actually called my parents earlier today while you were in the bathroom. They are delighted to see me or ... us ... tomorrow. We can take the bus and ... Oadby is a two hour drive away."

Freddie listened patiently as John explained everything to him, but even though he tried to act casual, the bassist noticed that he was very nervous.
"Won't they find it weird that I ... that I'll come with you?" the singer asked slowly.

"No, Freddie. They'll probably be happy I finally have friends," John giggled, giving Freddie an encouraging smile.

The singer just stared at him nervously for a long moment and then smiled back, nodding his head, "If you say so, darling. I just hope I won't be in the way."

"In the way of what? You're being ridiculous, Freddie," John rolled his eyes playfully, then pulled his right hand from his pocket, looking at the ring on his finger. Freddie sucked in his breath, clearly liking the sight of it. He took John's hand on his own, gently playing with the ring on John's finger.

"Do you really like it, dear?"

"I adore it," John assured him, squeezing Freddie's hand.

"Darling, your hand is freezing cold," the singer suddenly said, taking a better look at John, noticing the bassist was shivering slightly, "You are freezing."

"N-No, it's just a bit chilly, now that we've ... sat down. I'm fine - " he couldn't even finish his sentence as Freddie started taking off his fur coat.

"No! Freddie, I'm fine. Stop that," John protested, but it was useless. Freddie had already taken off his coat, putting it around John. While it was incredibly heartwarming, John did feel bad leaving Freddie in just his jumper.

"Freddie, I'm serious," he said, pulling off his coat, trying to return it to Freddie, but the singer wasn't having any of that.

"I'm fine, darling. I'm always hot."

"Really? Is that why your lips are turning blue?" John asked, "Freddie, I really don't want you getting sick again."

The older boy acted offended, "What does that mean, dear? Are you trying to say I'm high maintenance?"

John laughed, quickly shaking his head, "Of course not. I would never say that," and then he took off his own jacket and his scarf, wrapping it around Freddie. After seeing the determined look on his boyfriend's face, Freddie realized there was no point in arguing and he finally accepted John's jacket, quickly putting it on.
But then he stood up, "We should better head home, dear. It's pretty late already."

John understood, a nervous smile on his face, "Are we still ... doing that tonight?"

"I-If you want to, honey. We don't have to - "

"I want to," the bassist assured him, though he was pretty nervous, "I want to."

Freddie nodded, biting his lower lip nervously, "I-I've asked Roger to ... stay at Brian's tonight."

That actually made John chuckle, his cheeks turning red, "D-Did you tell him why? I mean ... "

"I've told him we want to have a romantic evening," Freddie replied softly, "I said nothing about sex. He probably suspects nothing."

John laughed even more at that, "Yes, I'm sure he suspects nothing."

Taking advantage of the fact that it was already dark outside and that there were no people around, the singer took John's hand in his own, squeezing it gently; the fact that he could feel John's ring whenever he intertwined their fingers made the experience even more special.

ooo

Roger did keep his promise; John and Freddie did return to an empty flat. Thankfully, this time there were no lit candles or John would just die of embarrassment. He was still holding onto hope that the drummer had no idea why him and Freddie wanted to be alone that night.

After quickly eating something, John took a quick shower, a very quick shower, not wanting to be alone with his thoughts or he'd overthink the entire situation and stress himself out too much.

He went to put his clothes on, but stopped, realizing it was pointless. He would probably be taking them off in a matter of minutes. Still not wanting to be completely naked, he put on his underwear and wrapped himself up in Freddie's yellow bathrobe.

As he left the bathroom, he noticed the lights in the living room were turned off, meaning Freddie was probably already in the bedroom. John actually laughed to himself as he realized how nervous he was, his hands were literally trembling. It was probably the fact that they planned this ahead and he had the entire day to stress about it.
When he finally entered the bedroom, he relaxed a bit when he was saw Freddie resting on the bed, wearing only his pajama bottoms; the singer seemed as if he was taking a nap, but when he heard John enter the room, he quickly pulled himself up in a sitting position.

"You fell asleep?" John laughed at him.

"No, I was just ... resting for a bit, dear," Freddie quickly defended himself, then took in John's attire, "I love seeing you wear my clothes."

"It's just ... I-I figured it would be pointless if I put clothes on."

The singer raised his eyebrow, "That means you're not wearing anything underneath?"

John blushed, rolling his eyes playfully, "I am wearing my underwear."

"Too bad," Freddie teased, then moved until he was sitting on the edge of the bed and he motioned for John to come closer to him. The bassist obeyed, stepping in between Freddie's legs.

"You've ... lit the candles," he said, looking around the room.

"I know you don't like doing much with the lights on, dear," Freddie smiled at him, resting his hands on John's waist, "I feel like I'm unwrapping a present," he chuckled as he looked at John with a questioning look in his eyes.

The bassist understood what he was trying to ask and he simply nodded, giving his permission. Freddie slowly untied his bathrobe, letting it drop to the floor. He had to suck in a breath at the sight in front of him; Freddie had no idea when he started to see John as this incredibly attractive person because he most certainly did not look at him in that way at the beginning. He did find John very cute and adorable, but then things changed and now seeing John in his briefs would immediately sent a jolt of pleasure straight to Freddie's groin.

The bassist shifted uncomfortably, trying to cover himself with his hands, "I-I have nothing ... er ... sexier than this - "

Freddie cut him off, gently taking his hands and moving them to his sides, "Do you have any idea how incredibly hot you look right now?"

"Freddie," John let out a nervous giggle, "You're just saying that to make me feel better."

"I'm not," the singer insisted, "I can't really explain it. I've seen lace and leather and people going
commando, but you in these white briefs is something else entirely."

"Shut up," John laughed in embarrassment, covering Freddie's mouth with his hand, only to jerk in away when he felt the singer suddenly lick it.

Before he had a chance to respond, Freddie grabbed him and pulled them both down onto the bed; with John on top of Freddie. The bassist laughed, trying to make himself comfortable, but then he noticed the way Freddie was looking at him. He couldn't really explain it, but there was something in his eyes that sent shivers down John's body. Good shivers.

They just stared at each other for a few moments and then John finally cleared his throat, "I-I remember promising you something last night."

"And what might that be?"

"Well, actually ... you promised me that you'd be all mine tonight."

Freddie smiled, "I did, yes. What did you have in mind?"

John wasn't sure if he was imagining it or if he could already feel something hard poking him in the leg; was Freddie already excited about their night?

"W-Well ... " John took a deep breath, resting his head on Freddie's chest for a moment, "I-I was thinking of ... trying to ... you know ... perhaps g-give you a blowjob?"

Freddie said nothing to that, but John could feel him tense up and suck in a breath; the singer clearly liked that idea very much, but was hesitant.

"Please?" John looked up at him.

He never thought he'd have to beg Freddie to give him pleasure, but clearly this was something the singer was having a lot of problems with; accepting pleasure.

"Freddie," he started slowly, "Can you do me a favor? It's ... really important to me."

"Of course, darling. What is it?"

"Can we ... can you forget about what has happened to me for at least this part of the evening?" John quietly asked, "You know ... about that night. Treat me as if I was this normal - "

"You are normal," Freddie cut him off, gently brushing a loose strand of hair off of John's cheek and
tucking it behind his ear.

"When you treat me like that ... like I'm fragile or incapable of giving you a blowjob, I don't feel normal," John admitted shyly.

"Shit," Freddie swore, immediately raising himself on his elbows, "I-I didn't realize that. I thought ... I thought I was doing you a favor, darling," upon noticing the questioning look on John's face, he slowly continued, "Guys I've been with ... they didn't really like that. I mean, there were exceptions, of course. But mostly, they didn't like giving. But I-I like giving and I figured you'd enjoy it more."

"Oh, I enjoy it," John blushed, biting his lower lip, "But ... I want to suck you off. Can I do that?"

"I find it incredibly hot when you talk dirty, darling," the singer chuckled, brushing his thumb over John's lower lip.

"That wasn't dirty talk, Freddie. That was just ... the truth," the bassist hid his head in the crook of Freddie's neck, taking a deep breath.

They stayed like that for a few long moments until Freddie finally moved, making John look up at him, "A-Are we doing it?"

The singer smiled, then asked again, not wanting to make any mistakes, "Are you sure you want me to treat you like ... like nothing's happened to you?"

"Yes."

The singer did open his mouth to ask if John's was sure, again, but then he decided against it, simply nodding his head. He moved up until his back was against the headboard and John moved with him, settling in between his legs. The bassist hesitantly poked Frederico through the pajama bottoms, making Freddie suck in a breath.

"Are you teasing, darling?" he asked, chuckling a bit.

"N-No, just ... checking if he's awake," John joked, trying to calm his nerves.

"Oh, I assure you he's awake."

John smiled, then hooked his fingers under the elastic waistband of Freddie's pants and slowly pulled them down. He didn't expect to immediately be met with Frederico and it did take him by surprise a bit.
"Really, Freddie? No underwear?" he shook his head in disbelief, finding humor in it.

"They are restricting, darling!"

"Perhaps I should have bought you a few pairs of underwear as your Christmas gift?"

"Why? Don't you like me naked?" Freddie teased, giving John a big smile.

"Shut up," the bassist slapped his thigh and then his eyes met Frederico. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't intimidated by him. Or it. John's mind immediately went to that awkward place of wondering how on Earth that ever fit into someone.

Freddie's voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

"Go on, darling," the singer said softly, then laughed, "Give him a kiss."

John wondered if other people also joked around in the bedroom and talked as much as him and Freddie did, or if that was just something only they did. For some reason he always thought that sex was something people did in a dark room, in silence. Why would they talk during it?

But now he knew why.

Because it was fun.

Slowly lowering himself down, John gently wrapped his hand around Freddie's cock, trying to get familiar with it. He did his best trying to convince himself that it wasn't this scary, awful, dangerous thing, but a part of Freddie. And judging by Freddie's whimpers every time John's squeezed it a bit, it was a very delicate part of Freddie.

John moved his hand up and down experimentally, trying to figure out what Freddie liked and it wasn't long before he realized exactly what it was that made the singer moan and bite his lip. Apparently, Freddie found it really enjoyable when John moved his thumb over the head; it actually made Freddie jerk his hips.

"A-Are you ... teasing? Again?" the singer asked playfully, trying to control his breathing.

"Maybe," John replied, moving his thumb over the head again, "Does this feel good?"

"Y-Yes, yes, yes, John," his boyfriend almost moaned, "It feels so very good. Please, darling, can you ... "
Freddie did not have to finish the sentence, because John knew exactly what he was trying to ask. Not wanting to torture his poor boyfriend, John finally licked the head, only flicking his tongue across it a few times before finally taking it into his mouth. The groan that he could hear from the singer was all the praise John needed and he continued sucking on the head gently.

"Wait, sweetheart," Freddie suddenly said, making John look up at him with questioning eyes. The singer laughed at the image in front of him and John blushed as he realized he still had Frederico in his mouth. Slowly moving off of it, he tried to keep himself from blushing even more, but failed.

"W-What is it? Did I do something wrong?" he asked with worry, looking up at the singer.

"You were marvelous, darling. I just thought you wouldn't like your family seeing you suck my cock," Freddie teased as he leaned over to John's nightstand, turning the picture of John's family the other way.

"You're such an idiot, Freddie," John chuckled, resting his face on the singer's thigh.

The older boy just laughed, gently running his finger through John's hair. Finally, the bassist looked up and returned to what he was doing before he was so rudely interrupted. He took Freddie's cock in his mouth again, sucking on it a bit and then he let it fall out of his mouth, only to slowly drag his tongue down the entire length of it.

And then he suddenly stopped, looking up at Freddie.

"It ... it doesn't really taste like anything."

Again, the singer let out a loud laugh, "Why are you constantly surprised by that?"

"I-I don't know," John admitted, chuckling a bit.

"Next time, I'll dip it in chocolate. Just for you, darling. Alright?"

John did not reply to that, he just took Freddie in his mouth again, making the singer cry out in pleasure. But then he suddenly felt insecure and he pulled off of Frederico, looking up at Freddie, "I-I'm I doing at least something right? You're not just pretending to like it, are you?"

"John, I love you more than anything, but if you keep teasing me, I'll lose my mind, darling," Freddie breathed out, trying to get himself under control.

"How am I teasing you?" the bassist asked in confusion.
"You keep ... pulling off of it, darling," the singer chuckled and then his tone got almost desperate, "I need to ... John, I really need to come."

The bassist blushed at how direct Freddie was, "A-Alright. Tell me what to do."

"Do you trust me?"

John could melt with the love he could hear in Freddie's tone and he immediately nodded, "Of course."

"Alright, honey," Freddie gently moved the hair out of John's hair, gripping his head, "Open your mouth, dear."

John obeyed and then felt the singer slowly pull him down onto his cock, stopping for a long moment and then he raised his hips, pushing up a bit. It was very slow and gentle, but John couldn't even handle the half of Frederico before his gag reflex kicked in. Immediately, the singer released him and John pulled off of it, coughing a bit.

"Shit," Freddie swore, gently cupping John's face in his hands, "I'm sorry, darling."

"N-No, it's f-fine," the bassist put on a brave face, "Let me try that again. How do you ... how do you do it? I mean, yes, I-I am smaller, but - "

"You are smaller than me, but you are not small by any means, sweetheart."

John looked away in embarrassment, "A-Alright. If you say so, but ... how do you do it? You could take all of it."

"It's something you learn, I guess? Some people have a really strong gag reflex, some don't. Some learn to relax and some never do. It's fine, darling. I don't expect you to - "

"Let me try again," John cut him off, quickly taking him in his mouth again.

Freddie's eyes literally rolled back with pleasure and he was incoherent for a few long moments as John tried to take more of him in his mouth. After a few attempts, he did manage to take half of it in his mouth, but then Freddie stopped him.

"Don't force yourself, darling," he said quietly, "I'm perfectly fine with you sucking on the head. That tongue of yours is really something special."

Blushing at the praise, John nodded, this time only licking the head, twirling his tongue over it. And
then he felt Freddie's hand on his own, moving it, wrapping it around the part of his cock that wouldn't fit into John's mouth.

"Like that, darling. You're doing so ... well," Freddie breathed out, moving John's hand, showing him how to touch the shaft.

The bassist could tell that Freddie was holding himself back a bit, probably not wanting to make the same mistake as the last time and nearly suffocating John.

The singer let out a very long and loud moan when John used his free hand to drag his nails across the inside of Freddie's thigh and it actually made him shiver.

"You're taking me so ... well, sweetie," Freddie managed to say, biting his lower lip. Hearing John giggle at the praise while having his cock still in his mouth, was too much for Freddie. He could feel it coming, he could feel the feeling inside of him slowly building, starting in his lower stomach, but quickly spreading.

"John, love, you need to - " he breathed out, "You can move away now, I'll ... I'll finish it myself."

He opened his eyes to look at the bassist and he knew he said those words loud enough, there was no way that John wasn't able to hear him; it seemed that John simply decide to ignore his warning. Freddie knew he should probably make him stop or gently push him off of him, but he didn't want to do that, it felt too good; John's mouth was too warm and wet and Freddie's will power apparently wasn't strong enough.

"Sweetheart, I-I'm serious - " Freddie tried again, but his hips kept bucking up and he kept moving, not able to stop himself.

And then he was coming. It actually surprised even the singer himself; he felt John take both of his hands in his own and just hold still, his mouth his covering Frederico's head. For some reason Freddie expected John to move away or at least show displeasure or disgust, but the bassist seemed as calm as ever, trying his best to swallow everything. He couldn't get all of it and the last thing Freddie saw before he fell back onto bed and he closed his eyes, unable to keep them open any longer, was the sight of John with his cheeks blushed, eyes a bit watery and a sticky, white substance dripping down his chin. Just the sight of that nearly made Freddie come again, but his orgasm was the strongest one he's had in weeks and it left him pretty exhausted, unable to move and function properly for almost a few minutes.

He felt the bassist finally pulling off of Frederico and a moment later, there was a hand on his cheek, gently caressing it. Freddie managed to open his eyes and was met with a very flushed looking John.

"I-I hope that was ... at least a bit enjoyable," the bassist said shyly.
Freddie wanted to protest, to say that yes, it was more than a bit enjoyable, that it was the best orgasm he's had in a while, but all he could manage at that moment was a whimper. It made John smile and he placed a soft kiss on Freddie's cheek, snuggling against the singer, listening as his heartbeat returned to normal.

ooo

Meanwhile at Brian's flat ...

Brian just stood there helplessly as the drummer made himself comfortable in his bed. Not wanting to be rude, Brian allowed Roger to sleep in his bed while he'd take the couch. He was a bit surprised when Roger suddenly appeared at his doorstep, just pushing past him, not even waiting for an invitation to come in. He quickly explained that Freddie and John were having crazy sex night and they wanted the flat to themselves. Brian winced at that, doing all that was in his power to force that image out of his head.

But now Roger was telling him something very ... odd.

"It was really weird, Bri," the drummer said as he opened a bag of crisps.

"Actually, no food in bed -"

Roger cut him off, "John was hitting on me! I-I never thought that would happen, but I guess I'm just that hot?"

"I'm fairly certain John did not hit on you, Roger."

"He did. We were talking about Freddie's coat and he suddenly started saying something about sex and how I need it. And when I said that I just had some a few days ago, he said 'you and I sex'."

Brian blinked at him in confusion; it didn't seem as if Roger was joking, "Maybe you misunderstood?"

"I'm not that retarded, Brian. Deaky was coming onto me. And he was completely sober, by the way," he said, still weirded out by it, "There was that one time when Freddie started flirting with me, but we were both wasted out of our minds."

Silence.
"Deaky really flirted with you?" Brian asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I'm telling you! It was really weird, mate," the drummer said as he stuffed his mouth with crisps.

ooo

"Did you like that?" John asked, looking up at Freddie who was still struggling to catch his breath, even though they have been resting for almost ten minutes now.

"Did I - " the singer chuckled, then shook his head, "No, I absolutely hated it."

The hurt that appeared on John's face after hearing those words made Freddie's stomach drop and he immediately pulled his boyfriend closer, "John, darling, I was joking. It was a joke."

The bassist gave him a weak smile, but said nothing; clearly he was still struggling what to believe.

"John," Freddie said seriously, making the younger boy meet his eyes, "I loved it. You were ... darling, couldn't you tell that I loved it?"

"I-I mean ... " John started, then shrugged his shoulders, "Sometimes I wonder ... "

"You wonder what?"

"If you really like me in that way. If you've ever ... faked it with me," John said quietly, nervously biting his lower lip.

"Sweetie, you do know what men can't really fake it?" Freddie asked, running his head through John's hair.

Immediately, the bassist blushed and smiled, "I-I know. I didn't mean that part, but ... Sometimes when we do stuff and ... you do stuff to me and you don't want me do to anything to you. You say you don't ... need it."

Silence.

For a moment John wished he could take the words back, because it just made everything awkward.
"Darling," the singer sighed, realizing just then how messed up his behavior towards John was, "Sweetie, that was clearly a mistake on my part. But I assure you I have never faked anything with you. Actually, my right arm hurts from all the wanking I've been doing in the last weeks."

John's eyes widened at those words and he couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed, "B-But why are you doing that? If I offer to do things to you ... Do I suck at it or - ?"

"No. No, John. I always thought you don't really enjoy doing those things," Freddie admitted quietly, "I know you like me, but perhaps ... you don't like doing the work -"

"The work? Is what you are doing to me considered work?"

"No, but that's different."

"How is it different?" John asked, then suddenly felt shy, "I-I find you incredibly hot, F-Freddie. It's scary to me because I've never ... actually felt like that. I've never had these ... urges. But then I hear you say you don't need it, need me and ..."

"Sweetheart, I do need you. I thought I was doing you a favor," Freddie said, but then realized how stupid it sounded, "Not many people have been able too keep up with ... me."

"What do you mean?"

"With my ... needs. I'm extremely ... " Freddie let out a nervous chuckle, "I don't want to say horny because that's not the right word."

"You want to have lots of sex?" John tried to help, making Freddie laugh out loud.

"You could say that, darling. I think I'd be able to do it every day."

"That's ... a lot, Freddie," this time the bassist couldn't help but laugh.

"I know. And that is why I tried to spare you because you are not like me. Obviously."

John smiled at him before placing a soft kiss on Freddie's chest, "We'll manage. Just ... don't reject me when I truly want to ... do things to you."

Freddie just stared at him for a long moment before finally snapping out of it, nodding his head, "I promise. And to answer your question; have I ever faked anything with you? Yes, I have faked not being horny out of my mind, trying to hide my damn boners around you. I felt like a teenager."
John laughed at that, "I never noticed that. When did you hide your boner from me?"

Freddie pulled him closer, smirking at him, "How about every time I woke up next to you? Or when you leaned against me in the living room?"

"You're lying."

"I'm not lying," the singer said firmly and before John could respond, Freddie leaned closer to kiss him, gently moving his lips against John's. When they finally pulled apart, the bassist had his eyes closed for a few moments, but he was smiling.

When he looked at Freddie, he raised his eyebrow at him, "Y-You know I just ... gave you a blowjob and you're kissing me?"

"You gave me a blowjob of a lifetime. That one nearly killed me," the older boy chuckled.

John slapped his chest, "Are you making fun of me?"

"No! I'm serious, dear. And about the ... ending," Freddie took a deep breath, lowering his voice a bit, "You ... you didn't need to do that."

"I wanted to. It's less messy that way," John smiled, biting his lower lip, "Besides ... I think I like it. Don't ask me why."

Finally feeling well rested, Freddie rolled them over so that he was on top and kissed John's softly on the lips.

"Oh, you like it?" the singer teased when they finally pulled apart, gently pushing his leg in between John's, nudging William in the process. The bassist let out a shaky breath, quickly nodding his head. And then he met Freddie's eyes, wanting to ask him a question, but not knowing how.

"What is it?" the singer noticed the struggle on John's face.

"How ... how do we do this? I mean ... " he trailed off, but Freddie knew what he was trying to ask.

"Are you still sure you want to do this?"

"Y-Yes."
"Why?"

John laughed nervously, "Because you are my boyfriend and ... I want to? Do ... do you want to?"

"Of course I want to," Freddie said, trying to sound calm. The truth was he was almost barely holding himself back from just pulling John's underwear off and pushing into him; he could imagine how good that would feel, but he quickly pushed that thought away. Those were thoughts for his alone time in the bathroom.

"A-Alright, darling," he started, clearing his throat, "Remember the color system? Red mean stop, yellow means pause, wait and green means continue."

"I-I remember."

"Good," the singer smiled at him.

"Which one?" John suddenly asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Which ... which finger?" the bassist blushed, feeling a bit awkward asking that question.

"My pinky."

"W-What?"

Freddie let out a loud laugh, "I'm joking, darling. You should have seen your face," and then he took a deep breath, trying to seriously answer John's question, "Some use their index finger, but ... I usually use my middle one."

"That's a ... long finger," John chuckled, trying to defuse the tension, "You have long fingers."

"Not as long as Brian's."

The bassist grimaced, "I-I don't want to think about Brian right now."

Freddie laughed, leaning down to kiss his forehead, "I'm sorry. I promise to not mention Brian or Roger while trying to finger you."
"Freddie!" John squealed with embarrassment, trying to hide his face into the pillow.

And then Freddie pulled himself off of him, sitting up in between John's legs. The bassist watched in fear as Freddie reached over him to grab a towel and a small bottle that were carefully placed on the nightstand. He realized with horror that it was lube. So many questions suddenly exploded in his head. Why did they need the towel? How are they going to do it? When are they going to do it?

Noticing the panicked expression on John's face, Freddie smiled at him, placing the towel and the lube on the edge of the bed and then resting his hands on John's knees.

"We are not going to do that part just yet, darling. Don't worry," he said softly and immediately John relaxed, letting out a deep breath.

"F-Freddie? Can I ask you something?"

"Sure. Anything."

"Did it ever ... when you bottomed ... did it ever hurt?" John felt stupid for asking that question, knowing he's asked it at least five times in the past. Still, he needed to be reassured again.

But this time Freddie did seem to struggle with his answer and it worried John.

"Darling, there were times when it did hurt, but that's another story," Freddie let out a shaky breath, "Whenever it was a bit painful, it was because ... I decided that it would be."

"I'm not sure I-I understand."

"I used to engage in ... rough sex with some of my partners. Especially one you unfortunately know too well," Freddie tensed up, forcing a smile, "But that was a conscious decision. It was never by accident. Besides, a simple finger should never hurt."

John nodded, staring at Freddie with wide eyes. And then he couldn't help but whisper, "I-It hurt. A finger."

"What do you mean?"

"When I was ... examined. When Susan ... " John trailed off, feeling his cheeks turn red, "She ... well, the things she did, she was very gentle, but it still hurt."

Freddie gave him a sad smile, "Darling, that was because ... because it was not long after your attack. You were still sore. Injured even."
John shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know. It hurt."

Freddie took John's hand in his own, intertwining their fingers, "It is not going to hurt, John. I give you my word."

Feeling reassured by Freddie's confidence, John smiled, nodding, "Alright."

"If it hurts ... I give you permission to slap me. How does that sound?"

John chuckled a bit, "Tempting."

He knew he was in safe hands and he forced himself to relax; it wasn't that difficult when he felt Freddie gently caressing his thighs, then his chest. John actually found himself closing his eyes; an act that surprised him, feeling completely overwhelmed by the way Freddie was taking care of him. He did feel the singer slowly pull his underwear off and John expected to feel embarrassed just lying there naked, but he didn't.

When he undressed John completely, Freddie took a few moments to just observe the sheer beauty that he had the pleasure of having in his bed. John looked so beautiful, sprawled on the bed, his chest heaving up and down in anticipation. And by the looks of it, he was already aroused, which was a good thing. Freddie would hate it if John was that nervous about their session that he would struggle to get a boner. The bassist was so unbelievably sensitive; the slightest of touch made him shiver with pleasure. Freddie couldn't decide on the reason behind that; was it because John was inexperienced and his sensitivity would go away with years and experience or was he just a very naturally sensitive person and would stay like that for years to come?

Freddie knew he should not overstimulate John too soon; he wanted him very horny for the main part and he knew he should avoid touching William, but it was too good to refuse.

Gently wrapping his hand around John's cock, he gave it a very light squeeze and John immediately moaned, raising his hips up, asking for more.

"Sorry, darling, but not that fast," the singer chuckled, giving William a few more very gentle strokes. But he soon realized that it didn't matter if the strokes were gentle; John was enjoying this way too much and was already on his way to the finish line.

Though it pained him to do so, Freddie let go of William, ignoring the whimper of protest that escaped John's lips. Leaning down, covering John's body with his as he prepped himself up on his elbows in order to not crush the poor bassist, Freddie decided to keep the foreplay very slow and light. Almost innocent. He needed John very relaxed and needy for what was about to come.

Freddie started with planting a trail of little light kisses from John's forehead to his chin, kissing
everything; his nose, his cheeks, his temples. The bassist apparently liked that because he smiled and then turned his head to one side, exposing his neck to Freddie. The singer understood what was being asked of him and he was more that happy to oblige; kissing and licking the soft skin on John's neck, making the younger boy literally shiver underneath him. John wrapped his legs around Freddie's waist, pulling him even closer, enjoying the feeling of connection. When he felt Freddie nibbling at his ear, John subconsciously raised his hips, trying to grind against Freddie, his William desperately needing some contact.

"Cheeky little minx," the singer chuckled at him, pulling himself off of John, leaving the bassist trembling and very needy.

"Freddie," he whimpered, trying to pull the singer back down to him, but unsuccessfully.

"What do you need?" the older boy asked, teasing a bit.

"You know what I need."

And then he felt Freddie's hand on his upper thigh, slowly moving to that part of him that Freddie's never actually touched. Not like this.

It did make John tense up slightly, but he reminded himself to breathe and when Freddie's right hand finally reached his arse, gently touching it; it wasn't as horrible as John expected it to be. He kept eye contact with the singer and couldn't help but smile back when Freddie grinned at him.

John actually leaned a bit on the other side, giving Freddie more space to touch him. He could see Freddie biting his lower lip and even closing his eyes for a moment, clearly enjoying this very much. It was like an arse massage and the thought of that almost made John giggle. But the moment he felt a hand too close to that spot, the space in between his arse cheeks, he tensed up, sending Freddie a look of panic.

"It's alright, darling," Freddie immediately soothed him, "What's the color?"

"Y-Yellow," John replied, gripping Freddie's thigh with his hand.

"You sure? You don't want me to move away?"

"N-No, just ... wait."

"Alright," Freddie nodded, keeping his right hand there, on John's arse, while he caressed his thigh with his other hand, waiting for the bassist to relax.
After a few moments, John hesitantly asked, "Aren't you going to ..." he didn't finish the question; instead he just threw a glance at the bottle of lube resting near Freddie.

"Not yet, sweetie. This is just ... making you get used to the feeling of someone touching you there."

"Oh, o-okay," John nodded, then whispered, "You can continue now."

He could see that Freddie opened his mouth to say something, probably to ask if he was sure, but then he decided against it, just slowly moving his hand, one of his fingers just barely touching the space in between John’s cheeks.

And then the bassist tensed up again, gripping Freddie's thigh even harder, "W-Wait. Stop."

Immediately, Freddie removed his hand, placing it on John's knee, "Alright. I stopped. You're okay."

John suddenly felt dirty and too exposed, at first it didn't register why, but then he remembered. He was in this same exact position when he was examined after his attack.

"Breathe, darling."

The bassist tried to obey, tried to calm himself and push those thoughts away, but it wasn't working. Suddenly he wasn't in Freddie's bed anymore, making love to his boyfriend; he was being examined and humiliated all over again.

"John?" Freddie asked with concern, clearly noticing the panic in the bassist's eyes, "What's wrong?"

"Can we ... try some other p-position? I don't like .... " he paused, "I was in his position when Susan ... "

Immediately Freddie understood and he offered a smile, gently pulling John up in a sitting position and kissing him softly. That did help John relax again, but the moment they pulled apart, he was nervous again.

"I-I'm sorry I'm so much work," he said quietly.

"Don't be ridiculous, darling," Freddie said firmly, "You have every right to like or dislike a position."

John waited in silence as Freddie tried to think of something, a position that would be comfortable and suitable.
"You probably want to be able to see me, darling?"

John nodded, blushing a bit, "Y-Yes."

"Good, because I want to be able to see you too," the singer caressed his cheek and then moved, sitting against the headboard, "Come here, sweetie," he patted the spot in between his legs and John obey, sitting in between Freddie's thighs, leaning back against his chest. He relaxed when he realized he was still able to see Freddie's face from that position and even kiss him.

As if he could read his mind, Freddie pressed his lips against his while his hands traveled up and down John's chest, making the bassist literally melt onto him.

When they finally broke apart, the singer moved him a bit, "Lean onto this side a bit, darling. That's it."

John shifted a bit, trying to make himself comfortable; he did like this position very much, especially because of what they were about to do. Sitting in between Freddie's thighs, being hugged from behind, having Freddie's arms being wrapped around him, made him feel very safe. And that was exactly what he needed at that moment.

"Can I try again?" he heard Freddie ask.

"A-Alright," John nodded, holding onto Freddie's hand that was wrapped around his torso.

This time he was a bit more prepared when he felt a hand on his arse, but at the same he couldn't help but feel slightly awkward and embarrassed by it.

"You can ... we can already try that," John said, pointing at the lube.

"You sure?"

"I think so."

He was as relaxed as he was going to get and all the waiting just made him more nervous. He trusted Freddie; even if it turned out to be painful, he knew the singer would stop the moment he asked him to. John closed his eyes and concentrated on his breathing when he saw Freddie reaching for the lube. And then he heard the sounds that were very familiar to him; the sound of a bottle being opened and then the sound of lube being squirted. He had to keep reminding himself that this wasn't examination and that he was completely safe.
"I love you, darling."

Hearing Freddie say those words immediately made John smile and he leaned back against him, resting his head on Freddie's shoulder.

"I love you," he whispered back, letting out a deep breath.

"Do you want me to distract you?" the singer asked, his hand sneaking down in between John's legs, giving William a soft squeeze.

John moaned at the feeling, but shook his head, "I-I want to feel it. I want to know what is happening."

Freddie seemed to understand and he kissed John's neck, his hand moving back up to caress his chest. The bassist immediately covered it with his, interlocking their fingers.

John could feel Freddie's hand on his arse again, moving towards that spot again and he tensed up, yet again, his body not able to relax. Freddie stopped for a few long moments and only when he felt John relaxing again, he moved, slowly tracing his finger in between John's cheeks. The bassist could feel the wetness on his skin; he expected the lube to feel cold, it felt cold when he was examined, but apparently Freddie did something to warm it up. The singer kept kissing his neck, nibbling at his ear, almost making John purr at the sensation and he completely forgot about the hand on his arse until the feeling of a finger poking at his entrance, made John tense up again. He was silent though, not asking Freddie to stop.

The finger did stop moving, although it did not move away.

"You're clenching, darling."

"I-I'm what?"

"Clenching your muscles," Freddie explain in between kissing John's neck.

"S-Sorry."

"Don't apologize. What's the color?"

"I-I don't know."

Freddie moved away from John's neck, turning his head so that he could look at him, "Darling, do you want me to stop?"
"No. I-I want you to continue," John said weakly, "I-I don't know why I'm ... so tensed up."

"You do know why. It's understandable."

John nodded, feeling the need to kiss Freddie. Turning his head a bit, he pressed his lips against Freddie's, finding comfort in that act.

"Green," he managed to whisper in between kisses and then he felt a finger slowly try and push in and immediately John broke away from the kiss, tensing up.

He was so frustrated at that moment that he could feel tears forming in his eyes.

"Don't push yourself, dear. I can see you're ... not as excited anymore."

John looked down at himself, noticing William seemed to have shrunk in a matter of minutes. Feeling completely defeated, John just leaned back against Freddie, not saying anything.

"Let me help you, John. Alright?" the singer asked.

"H-How?"

Freddie responded by trailing his hand down and wrapping his fingers around William again.

"I don't want to brag, but my handjob skills have improved in the last weeks. Practice," the singer chuckled and John actually smiled at that, his mood already slightly better. He was so afraid of disappointing Freddie and failing him that hearing him joke and laugh even after many failed attempts, really made John feel better about the entire situation.

It got even better when Freddie's very skillful hand started moving up and down John's cock, immediately waking it up again.

"I think he's glad to see me," the singer laughed, sucking at the skin on John's neck, fighting back the urge to give him a hickey.

"Y-Yes," John moaned, his hips bucking just slightly. It didn't take long until William was up and ready again and John was begging Freddie for release.

"Do you want to come, darling?"
Freddie has never asked him that question so directly, though it was implied many times before. It made John giggle nervously and he nodded his head, immediately feeling the singer sped up his movements and it felt like heaven. But then John realized that Freddie's probably given up on trying to finger him and that realization made him tense up again.

"F-Freddie, wait," the said, placing a hand on the singer's arm, making him stop his movement.

"What's the matter?"

John turned his head to look at him, meeting his boyfriend's warm, brown eyes, "W-Why did you stop?"

"You just asked me to, darling."

"N-No, not that. Why did you stop ... with the finger?"

"Oh. We can try it some other time," and then he paused for a moment before continuing, "Or ... maybe it's just not for you."

"What's the time?" the bassist asked, feeling as if they've been trying to do it for hours. When his eyes found the clock on the table, he couldn't help but gasp in shock, "It's three in the morning? Shit."

"I mean, really, John. Who the fuck taught you how to swear?" Freddie chuckled.

John could clearly hear the sadness in Freddie's voice, even though the singer very obviously tried to hide it with jokes and laughing.

"Wait," the younger boy sighed; it was very difficult trying to think rationally with a boner, but he tried his best, "Talk to me. Tell me why ... why you like it."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Talk about why you ... want to f-finger me."

Freddie literally purred at that request, his voice suddenly sounding deeper and lower than ever, "Because I find it incredibly hot. Because it's ... hot. Because I know that you'd like the feeling and knowing that I'd be the one to do that to you. And that ... no one's ever been there before. Not like I would be."

John found himself getting hot again; just the sound of Freddie's voice and how horny it sounded,
was enough for the bassist to melt against the singer.

"T-Then do it, please."

"You're begging me to finger you?"

"Yes," John breathed out; he wanted to try it so badly; for his sake and for Freddie's. Even though he was still nervous, he wanted to do it.

He could feel Freddie moving from behind him, reaching for the lube again.

"If we keep t-this up, we'll go through a whole bottle in one night," John said jokingly.

"Oh, don't worry, darling. I'm sure Roger would buy us another one."

John laughed at that, but then quickly pushed the image of Roger out of his mind.

And then they tried again. This time John kept reminding himself that this was Freddie and that the singer would never intentionally hurt him and would do everything in his power to not do so unintentionally.

"Good boy," he heard the praise from the singer when he didn't tense up as much when a finger once again returned to his entrance, "It won't hurt, darling. I'll be gentle."

"A-Alright. I trust you."

Suddenly a finger was rubbing against his hole, not pressing in and it tickled. John shivered, letting out a chuckle. He didn't expect to feel that sensation.

"You like that?" Freddie asked and by the tone of his voice, John could tell that he was smiling, "Then you'll probably enjoy me eating you out."

"W-What?" John asked in confusion, turning to look at the singer.

"Oh, it's something I have planned for you," Freddie grinned at him, "Not tonight, but later in the future."

"But ... what do you mean by eating out?" John had a suspicion about what that meant, but he didn't want to jump to conclusions.
"Imagine my finger replaced with my tongue."

What? People really do that? Freddie, that's ... "

"Hot, I know!"

"Ewww," John squealed, causing Freddie to laugh at his reaction.

"It's not eww, darling. I'm sure you'd like it."

"No, no. We are not doing that. Anything b-but that," John shook his head, though he was still
laughing at the absurdity of the situation.

"Are you absolutely sure?" the singer teased, his finger still rubbing against John's hole, letting the
bassist enjoy the massaging feeling in such a sensitive area.

"Y-Yes," John breathed out, closing his eyes for a moment.

He couldn't believe what was happening; Freddie was really touching him there. It was such an
intimate act; something that John was certain he was never going to share with anyone else.

And then he felt it slowly pushing in and he tensed up, clenching his muscles again, preventing
Freddie to do anything.

"Try and push down, darling."

"W-What do you mean?"

"Sometimes it helps if you push down, don't clench in, push down against the finger."

John nodded, doing just that and it actually helped and he completely stilled when he felt something
inside.

"Is that ... are you - ?" he tried to ask, staying completely still, but gripping Freddie's arm very hard.

"Just barely, darling, but it's in," Freddie replied, kissing John's neck again and gently caressing the
bassist's chest with his free hand.
"O-Okay, you can move," John whispered; for some reason he felt as if he could cry and he tried his best to not do it, but it was too much.

He could feel Freddie's finger move agonizingly slowly, but it was moving and never in his life has John felt that sensation. Never.

"Halfway in, darling. Are you alright?"

John couldn't speak at that moment and he just quickly nodded, assuring Freddie it was alright to continue. And the did; the bassist could feel it. It was such a strange feeling, not at all painful, just odd. Full. John felt completely full; he knew how ridiculous that sounded because it was just a finger and other people managed to get things much larger than that in there.

"Fuck, John," the singer breathed out in pure pleasure, resting his head on John's shoulder for a bit, catching his breath. John could clearly hear how much Freddie enjoyed that and he wondered how was it possible that he the singer was getting such pleasure from it. He was literally just sticking his finger inside.

"Y-Yellow," John managed to cry out, starting to shake.

"John? Are you alright? Does it hurt?" the singer immediately panicked, "I-I'll pull out, alright?"

"No," John shook his head, pressing his cheek to Freddie's, "Stay like that. Just ... wait."

"But, John -"

"It doesn't h-hurt. Just wait for a ... few moments."

"Sweetheart, you're crying. If it hurts - ? If you don't like it - "

"Freddie, please. Just .... " the bassist let out a shaky breath, brushing the tears away, "It doesn't hurt. It's just ... "

Freddie was confused; conflicted about what he should do. His initial reaction to seeing John in obvious distress was to pull out and give John the after care he deserves, showering him with love and kisses, trying to take the pain away or any bad memories the fingering brought back. But the bassist clearly asked him to wait it out.

So he decided to do the next best thing and that was to plant soft kisses all over John's neck and shoulder, whispering praise and sweet nothings to him as he waited for John to speak again.
John needed a few minutes to get used to the feeling; he couldn't understand why it felt so different than when Susan did it or when he was attacked. When that guy assaulted him, there was no feeling of fullness, John literally felt nothing even remotely close to that because all he could feel at that moment was the burning pain. It burned. And that was all.

This was different. It was odd having something up there, at first it did feel slightly uncomfortable, but the feeling soon went away and now John just felt so full. And overwhelmed by it all. And the singer was unbelievably gentle with him; John actually felt bad for Freddie. It was not an easy job, but not once did Freddie complain or rush him or give off a vibe that he was annoyed or tired by it all. After he was attacked, John was certain his sex life was over before it ever really begun. Never did he imagine he would fall in love with a man and do these things with a man. And never did he dare to dream about finding someone so understanding and patient. John wasn't naive; he knew not many, girl or boy, would be able or willing to be with him after everything that's happened to him.

"I-I love you," he whispered to Freddie, turning his head to look at him.

"I love you more, John. You make me the happiest I've ever been," the singer smiled at him, placing another kiss on John's forehead. It did make him chuckle a bit that Freddie was saying those romantic things to him while having a finger up his arse. "You're crying, John," the singer said quietly, unsure of what to do.

There was no point in hiding it; John just nodded, "I-It doesn't hurt. I'm just ... overwhelmed."

"Alright. How does it feel, darling?" Freddie asked, trying to ignore the fact that his hand started cramping.

"Full."

"Can I move?"

John slowly nodded, willing his body to relax. He actually closed his eyes, resting his head back against Freddie's shoulder. He didn't need to see Freddie to know that it was him; he could feel it was him, he could hear his breathing, he could smell him. He knew that he was completely safe.

He felt the finger slowly retracting and moaned at the feeling of loss; it still did not feel physically good and still John did not understand why people did these things, all he knew was that he loved the fact that this was Freddie's finger and he wanted it back in.

As if he could read his mind, the singer slowly pushed back it, making the bassist shiver with the sensation. Every nerve in his body seemed to be vibrating with arousal and anxiety that still did not go away, but it was manageable.

"You feel so good, sweetie," he could hear Freddie whisper from behind him and it made John
smile.

"R-Really?"

"Mhm," the singer purred, pulling his finger out, only to slowly push back it, "Does it feel alright? Do I need to add more lube?"

"N-No, it's fine," John replied, completely melting against Freddie. And then he realized what he needed and it made him blush; still, he decided to say it out loud, "Can you ... talk about what you are doing?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand, darling."

John could feel his cheeks turning red, "W-What are you doing to me? I-I'd like to hear you say it."

"Oh, you'd like me to talk dirty?" Freddie chuckled, pushing his finger back it, making John suck in a breath at the feeling.

"N-No, just ... I'd like to hear you. Please, Freddie."

The singer took a deep breath, nibbling at John's ear for a bit, before finally speaking.

"I'm making love to you, darling," he said proudly, "Do you feel it?"

He pulled the finger out a bit, only to push it back in, still very slowly and gently.

"I-I feel it," John breathed out, feeling a bit light-headed all of a sudden.

"It's my finger inside you," Freddie almost moaned, enjoying this dirty talking more than he expected, "I love it. I love how warm and - " he wanted to use the word tight, but decided against it, remembering John once told him his attacker used that exact word with him.

"I-I feel a bit dizzy, Freddie."

"What?" the singer immediately went into panic mode.

"S-Shaky," John whimpered, his voice trembling a bit, "If I close my eyes, it feels as if the room is s-spinning."
Immediately, Freddie reacted, gently pulling his finger out of John and moving them so that John was lying on his back.

"Here," Freddie said, putting a pillow under John's head, then brought his hand to his cheek, gently caressing it, "Would you like some water? I'll get you some water."

Before John could say anything, the singer jumped out of bed and hurried out of the room. John managed to catch a glance of the singer's naked body before he disappeared through the door, and it made him chuckle. It was a good thing that they were alone in the flat, Roger probably would not appreciate the sight of naked Freddie in the kitchen.

As he waited for the singer to return, John tried to take deep breaths, hoping that would help him. Brushing his hair out of his face, he realized that his hand was shaking and he didn't like that feeling. Thankfully, Freddie quickly returned, climbing on the bed and helping John sit up so he could take a few gulps of water. John actually ended up drinking the entire glass; he didn't realize he was that thirsty.

"Are you still dizzy, dear?" Freddie asked, helping John lie down again.

"A bit," the bassist admitted, "I don't know why, though."

"Well, you were almost a nervous wreck during the entire night, sweetie."

John chuckled, then looked at the singer, "I don't know why. It wasn't scary at all."

"Did you like it?" Freddie asked carefully.

"I'd like to try it again some day. Soon. That's for sure."

"Really?" the singer asked, his eyes widening in shock, "You aren't just saying that, darling?"

"No, I really liked it," he admitted shyly, "I liked it because it was you who was doing it."

Freddie laid down beside him, covering them both up with a blanket, "And I didn't even get to do everything I had planned, darling."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," the singer raised his eyebrow playfully, "I was planning on making you come while being inside you. I wanted to feel you clenching around my finger. It's truly a magnificent feeling."
John blushed even more, hiding his face in the pillow. And then he felt the singer spoon him, pulling him closer to him, "Are you sure you're fine? Perhaps you should eat something, dear?"

"I'm fine, Freddie. Really. I guess it was just overwhelming. I'm ... sorry we had to end it that way."

"Don't be. We have all The time in the world. And don't worry about me," Freddie chuckled, "I came. I'm good for the next few ..."

"Days?"

"Hours."

John slapped Freddie's arm playfully, "You're ridiculous."

"Are you sure you're fine? You're not sore or anything? I do believe I have some cream -"

"Freddie," the bassist snuggled closer to his boyfriend, "I'm fine. Physically and emotionally. I'm more than fine. I'm ... completely in love with you, actually."

"You're ... are you trying to make me cry, darling?" Freddie teased, clearing his throat, "Tell me that when you're not lightheaded, alright?"

"Alright," John smiled, already feeling himself drifting off to sleep. It was at least four in the morning and even though John tried not to think about it, he couldn't help but wonder how long it would take them to get Frederico in, if trying to get one finger in took them hours.

But he would worry about those things some other time. At that very moment he was happy, he was satisfied; emotionally, and he felt loved and safe and treasured. He found himself wishing this night would never end.

ooo

They woke up the next day well past noon. It shocked them both so much, they jumped out of bed and started packing and preparing for their trip. Being in a hurry, they had no time to talk or reminisce on the events of the previous night. While Freddie had planned a romantic breakfast in bed and showering John with love, he couldn't do any of that as the bassist jumped out of bed and hurried into the bathroom.
There was not much to pack, they were going for a short visit and would be returning tomorrow morning. John quickly phoned his family, informing them that him and Freddie wouldn't be able to get there by lunch, but would probably arrive just in time for dinner. When he returned to the bedroom, he found Freddie standing in front of his mirror, clearly struggling with what to wear. There were clothes scattered on the floor and bed and it looked as if a bomb exploded there in those few minutes while John was gone.

"Freddie, what are you doing? You're not even dressed yet," John said, quickly trying to tidy the room as much as he could.

"I don't know what to wear, darling," the singer replied, doing a quick spin in front of the mirror, then deciding he didn't like the blouse he was wearing and he took it off, dropping it onto the floor.

"Freddie," John groaned, picking it up and putting in back into the closet, "Put a shirt on and let's go. Taxi will be here in a matter of minutes."

"I need to make a good impression, dear. What about this one?" the singer asked, turning around to face John, showing off his black bell pants and a black, sparkly shirt.

"You look great. Like a rock star," John chuckled at him, "And we should really hurry."

Freddie did not seem to be satisfied with his answer and he tried to undress again, but John stopped him, grabbing his hands, "Fred. I'm serious. You look amazing and we should really hurry."

Apparently John calling him Fred did the trick and the singer nodded, not making any attempts to change clothes.

"I'm ready, darling. I'll wait for you in the living room," the singer said, grabbing his backpack and leaving the room. John still had to pack a few items and then they would be off.

After entering the living room, the singer was surprised to see Roger sitting on the sofa, sipping on his coffee.

"When did you get here?" Freddie asked in confusion.

"Oh, just a few minutes ago. I wouldn't be here this early, but Brian kicked me out of his bed. Remind me to never again invite him over. Such a bad host," the drummer complained, rolling his eyes.

"What do you mean 'this early'? It's almost one, dear."
"Yeah, but we went to sleep pretty late. We talked and ... stuff," Roger sighed, bringing a cup of coffee to his mouth again.

"Roger, dear, John and I are leaving in a bit. For the love of God - "

"Yes, I know," Roger grinned, "Meeting the in-laws, Fred. You nervous?"

The singer struggled with his words, "N-No. Besides, they are not my ... They're just ... I'll be introduced as a friend."

"Friend, yes. Sure. About that," the drummer lowered his voice, "How did it go last night? Did you ... get some?"

"Roger, I never kiss and tell," the singer teased, but couldn't help the smirk that appeared on his face.

"Oh, really? You're such a gentlemen, right? Fred, you once complained to me for an hour about a guy getting cum in your hair and - "

"I'm ready," John suddenly appeared in the room, all dressed up and ready to leave, "Oh, hi, Roger."

"Hi, Deaky."

Freddie's eyes widened in panic and he could only hope and pray that John did not hear any of the conversation before entering the room. Not wanting to waste anymore time, they quickly said their goodbyes which involved Freddie ordering Roger to stay away from the kitchen and cooking while they were gone.

The taxi was already waiting for them when they stepped outside and they would be at the bus station in less than half an hour, but Freddie insisted they stop by a store so that he could buy chocolate and flowers. John was a bit frustrated because they were already running late, but couldn't find it in himself to complain, seeing how nervous Freddie seemed to be about meeting his parents. And it was adorable and heartwarming how much he wanted to impress them. John was almost afraid the word boyfriend would accidentally slip from his lips, because he was so damn proud of Freddie and introducing his as a friend, even if he added the word best in front of it, did not seem enough.

An hour later they were already on the bus and they could finally relax. The entire morning was spent in a hurry; not having any time to just talk, especially after their busy night, was frustrating. They decided to sit at the back of the bus, away from the rest of the passengers. It gave them the privacy they needed and John was smiling from ear to ear that he got to hold Freddie's hand and lean against him.
"You can take a nap if you want to, dear," the singer said to him, squeezing his hand.

"Too excited," the bassist admitted, "I haven't seen them in months. My sister won't be there, though. She's away, studying. Apparently she did come home for the holidays, but left two days ago."

"How old are your parents?" Freddie asked, trying to create a mental image.

"My mum is fifty-two and my dad is fifty-four. They had me pretty ... late."

"Were you a surprise baby?" the singer chuckled.

"I-I don't know," John let out a laugh as well, "It never occurred to me."

"Do you wish to have kids, John?"

That caught him off guard and the bassist needed a few moments to even open his mouth and try to answer it, "I-I never ... I mean, I always imagined I would have them and I'm not against it. But ... "

Freddie just stared at him with such fear in his eyes that John couldn't help but squeeze his hand comfortingly, "Why are you asking me about kids, Freddie?"

"Oh, no reason, dear," the singer tried to brush it off, forcing a smile.

"Are you ... afraid you got me pregnant last night?" John joked and immediately Freddie's face lit up.

"You're ridiculous, darling," the singer laughed, but then lowered his voice, "We all know I can't get you pregnant ... with my finger. Just wait for the real deal, sweetie."

John couldn't believe they were having that conversation on a bus and could only hope other passengers weren't able to hear them. But at the same time, he didn't care.

"Last night was ... " John paused as he searched for the right words, "Intense."

"Good intense or ... bad intense?" Freddie asked, suddenly worried again.

"Bit of both, but ... mostly good intense," John blushed, looking down at their intertwined fingers. And especially at the ring on his finger.

Freddie noticed it, "Shouldn't you take that off, darling?"
"Why?" John suddenly got defensive, "I'm not taking it off."

"A-Alright, sweetheart. It was just a suggestion," the singer was a bit taken aback, "I just thought if your parents - "

"They won't see your initials, Freddie. It's barely noticeable," John smiled at him, "Though a part of me wishes they would see it. Notice it."

The singer said nothing to that, just smiled and pressed a soft kiss on John's cheek. They spent the rest of the drive in silence and the bassist found that very strange considering how talkative Freddie usually was. But one look at his boyfriend told him the older boy dozed off. It was an adorable sight, but the position in which he was napping seemed uncomfortable. John gently moved the singer's head, resting it on his shoulder. Freddie very rarely took naps during the day and the fact that he just fell asleep just told John that he must have been exhausted after their sex session.

John felt bad realizing that now he was putting him through the stress of meeting his family.

ooo

It was past six o'clock in the afternoon when they finally arrived at John's hometown. His house was apparently just a few minutes away from the bus station and they decided to walk. Freddie decided for a smoke, but halfway through he realized he didn't want to smell of smoke and he threw the half finished cigarette away.

When they finally reached the house, for some reason the singer expected John to ring the bell and was surprised when the bassist pulled out his keys and let themselves in.

"I'm home!" John said loudly as they entered the house.

He took off his jacket and Freddie's coat, hanging them on the coat rack in the hallway. Freddie took a look around, realizing the house seemed small, but very homely. It had a warm vibe to it and Freddie could feel it immediately.

"John!" a female voice could be heard and suddenly a woman came running towards them, pulling John into a hug. The bassist blushed, but he was smiling from ear to ear.

"H-Hi, mum," he chuckled, letting his mother hug him, almost squeezing the life out of him. When they finally broke apart, the woman looked at Freddie, offering a very warm smile.

"You must be Freddie!" she said with excitement, "John told me you'd be coming with him."
"Y-Yes," the singer stuttered, offering his hand, "Freddie Mercury. It's very nice to meet you, Mrs. Deacon."

"Oh, you can call me Lilian," she replied, ignoring Freddie's hand as she pulled him in for a hug. Freddie was completely taken aback by that and it took him a moment to react, politely returning the hug.

"Where's dad?" John asked when his mother finally released Freddie who seemed to be blushing, but trying very hard to hide it.

"Oh, he's - "

And then Mr. Deacon appeared; a slightly chubby, bald man, but with a very warm smile. Freddie could clearly see where John got his shyness from. While his mother seemed very talkative, John's father was like him; quiet and shy.

"Dad," John smiled, giving his father a hug as well.

When they broke apart, the bassist stepped aside, introducing Freddie, "This is Freddie. The lead singer in the band I'm in. And my ... my very good friend."

"Hello, Freddie," Mr. Deacon gave the singer a big smile, "Welcome."

"T-Thank you. I'm delighted to finally meet you all," Freddie smiled, shaking John's father's hand.

"Dinner is ready and served!" Mrs. Deacon said, "Hopefully it's not too cold. We expected you sooner."

"Oh, er ... rush hour, I guess," John lied and followed his parents into the dining room. Freddie just stood there, not moving and John had to come back and physically move him, forcing him to walk.

"You alright, Freddie?" John whispered, "They love you. Don't be nervous."

"I-I don't know how to act," the singer whispered, "I've never done this before."

"Done what? Met new people?" John laughed, keeping his voice low.

"Meeting your parents just hours after fingering you is a bit nerve-wrecking, darling!"
John's eyes widened in shock and he blushed immediately, "J-Just don't mention that part and you'll be fine."

ooo

John has never seen Freddie that nervous before. Never. His answers were short and polite and he was nothing but a shadow of his usual self. The bassist was actually worried about him and the dinner was very awkward at first, but as the minutes went by, the singer seemed to relax more and more. Soon he was chatting happily with Mrs. Deacon and she seemed to be completely amazed by the singer.

"I've obtained my diploma in illustration at Ealing School of Art," the singer explained, "I've worked as a baggage handler at Heathrow Airport and then I ran a stall at Kensington Market with my friend Roger."

"He's the drummer in our band," John quickly explained.

"And currently I am the lead vocalist of Queen," the singer said proudly, "Oh, John, have you told your parents about us?"

John froze with panic, "U-Us?"

"Yes, us. The band. Queen."

Immediately, John relaxed, chuckling, "Y-Yes, I have."

"I thought that was just a hobby, John," Mr. Deacon said, looking at his son, "Are you making any money with that or - ?"

"We are, actually," Freddie jumped to his rescue, knowing from experience how difficult it was for parents to accept their child refusing to get a real job, "We are booked for January. We perform at college bars and we are also recording songs for our album. We are hoping to get picked up and get offered a contract. But for now, we are doing well. The money is not a problem."

Mr. Deacon seemed impressed by Freddie's answer and he nodded, "What is the band called again?"

"Queen, sir," Freddie smiled, "I'm the vocalist, John is the bassist, Roger is the drummer and Brian plays the guitar."
"And how come you've decided to move, John?" Mrs. Deacon asked carefully, "We thought you got along with your flatmates."

"Oh, I-I did get along with them. But ... I get along with Freddie and Roger much better. Besides, I lived across the city and it just wasn't very practical," the bassist quickly explained.

Mrs. Deacon placed her hand on top of Freddie's, lowering her voice a bit, "John was a very sweet kid, but he was too shy for his own good."

"Mum," John groaned, already feeling himself turn red.

His mother just shushed him, still talking to Freddie, "He never had a lot of friends which is a shame. You're a first friend he's brought home."

"Well, I am honored," the singer smiled proudly, "Don't worry about John at all, Mrs. Deacon. He's in good hands. He is the youngest of us all and he's practically the baby of the group."

"I'm just two years younger than Roger," John complained, rolling his eyes.

"John, please. The adults are talking," Freddie said to him, making John's parents laugh.

His father sighed, "We were a bit worried about him going to London all by himself. It's a big city."

"But I see we have nothing to worry about!" John's mother smiled, rubbing Freddie's arm, "You're the leader of the group, right?"

John looked at the singer, very interested to hear the answer. He knew that was a very touchy subject and it did cause a lot of conflict between Freddie, Roger and Brian. He could tell that Freddie smirked at the question, but then he just shook his head, "No, no. I'm just the lead vocalist. There is no ... leader. We're all equal members."

John sent his boyfriend a smile; no matter how extravagant and sometimes very demanding and diva-like Freddie was, he'd never take credit for doing something or being someone he's not.

"But you're the closest to John?" Mrs. Deacon asked, "I'd feel much better if I knew someone's taking care of John, making sure he's staying out of trouble."

John's father laughed, "Oh, Lilian. You are exaggerating. What kind of a trouble would John ever get in?"
"Oh, shush," the bassist's mother said, "There are ... dangerous people in this world. Especially in a city as big as London."

John could tell where the conversation was going, but he didn't know how to stop it. Judging by Freddie's face, the singer clearly knew as well and he went pale the moment he heard the next question.

"Can you promise me you'll watch over John, Freddie? It'll make me sleep better. Yes, I know, you can all say I'm exaggerating, but that's just what it means to be a mother."

John froze, the expression on Freddie's face was too painful to watch.

"Y-Yes, of course," the singer finally managed to force out, though his voice was barely above a whisper, "I-I'll watch over him. Nothing's going to happen to John, don't you worry about it."

The bassist could see how much it hurt Freddie to say those words and it surprised him that his parents did not see the sudden expression in the singer's mood.

"Thank you so much, Freddie," Mrs. Deacon smiled, then stood up, "Who's up for some tea?"

John and Freddie exchanged glances and the bassist wanted nothing more than to give him a hug and shower him with kisses. Suddenly Freddie felt so small and vulnerable and John wasn't used to that. He was aware of the fact that the singer still struggled with guilt over what happened to John and hearing John's mother say those things probably hurt him on a deeper level.

Freddie quickly jumped to help Mrs. Deacon, carrying the plates to the kitchen and helping her clean up the table, ignoring everyone saying that he was their guest and should just sit and enjoy.

After dinner they spent two hours just drinking tea and having light-hearted conversations. By then Freddie was his usual sweet, fun self and to say that John's parents loved him would be an understatement. They were laughing at Freddie's stories, especially the one about Roger selling his jacket while they were running a stall at Kensington Market. Even John's father who was a very shy, reserved man was laughing as Freddie explained how he had to run after the customer, looking like a complete lunatic.

It shocked them when they realized it was already eleven o'clock and then they quickly tried to make sleeping arrangements.

"He can sleep in your sister's room," Mrs. Deacon said to John, then turned to Freddie with an apologetic smile, "We did turn her room into ... sort of a storage when she went away for college. It's full of boxes, but we can - "
"He'll sleep in my room, Mum," John said, quickly explaining, "He can take the bed and I'll sleep on the floor. We still have that air mattress, don't we?"

"I don't want to be an inconvenience," Freddie smiled politely, "I can sleep on the sofa. It's no problem, really."

John gave him a warning look, "You are a guest, Freddie. You are not sleeping on the couch. You can have my bed. I could take the couch, but we all know I-I love to sleep in. And some people," John paused, looking at his mother, "Like to get up at six o'clock every morning. Even on Sundays."

His mother slapped his shoulder playfully, "You'll see how it is when you get to my age, John."

"So it's decided," the bassist announced, "Freddie will sleep in my bed and I'll take the floor."

ooo

While Freddie was in the bathroom, John dragged the air mattress into his room, trying to make everything ready. Suddenly his mother appeared in the room, quickly walking over to John and looking around as if she was about to tell him a secret.

"I really like him," she whispered at the bassist, smiling.

"Freddie?" John couldn't help but blush.

"I adore him! Do you know if he's single? I'd like to introduce him to your sister. That is the kind of a man she should be looking for, not all deadbeats she manages to find."

The bassist could feel his heartbeat accelerating and it took all of his will power to not just blurt out that Freddie was taken and that he was his boyfriend and yes, he was perfect and they loved each other. It did make him feel all warm inside that his mother approved of Freddie, even if she tried to offer him to John's sister.

"He's ... I-I don't actually know," John stuttered, "I don't think he's single, but I'm not sure."

"I'll ask him tomorrow," she gave John a cheeky smile, then looked around, "Do you need anything else? More blankets or - ?"

"No, no. We have everything."
"Good. Well, I'm off to bed. See you tomorrow, sweetheart," John's mother smiled at him, giving him a quick hug before disappearing from the room.

When Freddie finally returned from the bathroom, he seemed different. Nervous. Fidgety.

"What's the matter?" John asked, walking up to his boyfriend.

"Oh, nothing, darling. Don't worry about it."

"Freddie."

"It's nothing, really," the singer walked past him, running his hand through his hair. John couldn't help but notice that his hand was shaking.

"Tell me what's wrong," John insisted.

"I just ... I need a smoke, darling," Freddie confessed, letting out a laugh, "See? Nothing serious."

"Well ... " the bassist looked at him in confusion, "Did you forget to bring your cigarettes or what? Didn't you have a whole pack when we were walking here?"

"I-I did. I do, but ... "

And then John realized it, "Oh, you need an ashtray. I-I'll go get you one - "

"No, John," the singer stopped him, "I can't."

"You can't what?"

"I can't smoke."

John looked at him weirdly, "You're quitting smoking?"

"No."

"Then what?" the bassist couldn't help but laugh at the way Freddie was behaving.
"I can't smoke in your parents' house. It's ... disrespectful."

John just stared at him for a moment, then offered a warm smile, "Freddie, they don't care. We have an ashtray. I'll go get you one."

"No," Freddie shook his head, crossing his arms over his chest, "I'm not smoking here."

Realizing that Freddie was not going to do it even if he got him an ashtray, the bassist sighed, "Do you want to go for a walk? Down the street and back?"

"I-I can go alone, if you ... " Freddie trailed off, shyly looking up at the bassist.

John rolled his eyes, but couldn't help but laugh, "You're being ridiculous, Freddie. Let's go for a walk."

Due to it being a very cold night, the walk lasted for less than five minutes and mostly they just stood outside while Freddie smoked. Immediately, the singer's mood was better and he wasn't as fidgety anymore.

"I didn't realize you're a heavy smoker," John admitted, shivering a bit at the cold.

"I'm not, darling. It's just ... when I'm nervous."

"And you're nervous?"

"A bit."

"Freddie," John smiled at him, then laughed, "They love you. Can't you see that? They spent the entire evening talking to you and ignoring me."

"Oh, that's not true, sweetie."

"My mother's already trying to find you a girlfriend."

Freddie blinked at him, "Excuse me?"

"I'll explain tomorrow," the bassist giggled, taking Freddie's hand as they walked back inside.
It was past midnight when John was finished with his shower. Quietly, he entered his bedroom and then noticed Freddie was already half asleep on the air mattress on the floor. Slowly, he kneeled down next to him touching his shoulder.

Immediately, Freddie jerked awake, looking up at the bassist.

"Freddie, what are you doing down here?"

"As if I would let you sleep on the floor, darling. Forget about it," Freddie replied, yawning.

John's heart nearly melted at those words, but he managed to say, "Neither of us is going to sleep on the floor. Come on, up," he gently took Freddie's hand, helping him stand up.

"What do you mean?" the singer asked, a bit confused, "The bed is too small for both of us. It's meant for one person."

"I guess we'll have to cuddle," John smiled shyly at him.

Freddie returned the smile, but then seemed conflicted, "But your parents ..."

"I have a lock on the door. Besides, they wouldn't just barge in without knocking. They're not Roger," John chuckled and then crawled in his bed, tapping the empty place next to him. Freddie was a bit nervous, but he couldn't refuse cuddling his boyfriend, especially since he couldn't express any affection towards him for almost he entire day.

After turning the lights off, Freddie slipped into bed and immediately John pressed himself against him, first giving him a soft kiss and then hiding his face against Freddie's chest.

"I love you, darling."

"I love you too. So much," John giggled, pulling the singer even closer.

Freddie couldn't help but yawn again; he really was exhausted. Though there were many things he wanted to discuss with John, his mind just would not focus. He could feel himself drifting away and then he felt something else. John moved and pushed his leg in between Freddie's thigh. The singer dismissed it, thinking the bassist was just trying to get comfortable. He closed his eyes and started to fall asleep, but then John moved yet again, brushing his leg against Freddie's crotch, making him suck in a breath.
"J-John?"

"Hmm?"

"What are you doing, sweetie?"

"Just ... trying to find a comfortable position. Sorry."

Freddie pulled him even closer, "It's alright. Good night, darling."

"Night, Freddie."

A few more minutes passed in silence and Freddie was just about to fall asleep when he felt John’s knee push up gently, pressing against his groin and it made him gasp at the feeling.

"A-Alright, darling. What is this about?"

Silence.

"John," Freddie chuckled, "I know you're not asleep."

"S-Sorry."

"What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing," the embarrassment could be heard in John's voice, "I won't do it again. Sorry."

Freddie did find all of it a bit suspicious and very weird, but he was too tired to question in further. But when he felt John kissing his neck, he knew the bassist wasn't just trying to get himself comfortable.

"Darling," Freddie let out a breath, "Are you trying to seduce me? You are acting very ... odd."

"I-I don't know. I'm not sleepy."

"How are you not sleepy?"
John just shrugged his shoulders, then lowered his voice even more, "D-Didn't you say you'd be ... up for it in a couple of hours?"

"You're horny," Freddie said and it left no room for arguments.

"Maybe."

The singer knew John was blushing, even though he could not see it through the darkness. And then John moved again, this time grinding his groin against Freddie's leg.

"John, we can't," the singer whispered, bringing his hand up to play with the bassist's hair.

"Why not?"

"We're in your parents' house," Freddie said as if that explained everything.

"And? They're down the hallway," John chuckled, "They won't be able to hear us."

"It's ... disrespectful, John."

"They'd probably be glad I'm finally getting some," John muttered under his breath.

Freddie could not help but let out a loud laugh, "Sweetie, did you have a glass of wine at dinner? Or two, maybe three? While my back was turned? You are acting very odd."

"I had zero alcohol, Freddie," John explained shyly, "I just ... want you."

"I can't, sweetheart."

John let out a deep breath, accepting defeat. But then he looked up at Freddie, "Well, can you at least ... kiss my neck?"

"That I can do," the singer was happy to oblige, moving down to John's neck, leaving a trail off soft kisses, occasionally dragging his tongue over it. He kissed his way down to John's collarbone and gently sucked at the skin there.

"Y-Yes," John moaned, his entire body shaking, "I-I love that."

"Love what?" Freddie managed to ask while gently licking and sucking at his soft skin. Pressing one
final kiss to John's neck, the singer wrapped his arms around John, pulling him closer.

"When you ... " the bassist started, but changed his mind, "Forget about it."

"Tell me."

"N-No, it's nothing - "

"John, I want to know. You like it when I kiss your neck?"

"Yes, that too, but ... " John let out a nervous giggle, "I love it when you ... leave m-marks on me. It's stupid, forget about it."

Freddie could feel himself getting aroused, "You like when I give you hickeys? I-I thought ... you didn't like that. I thought it reminded you of ... " he trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

"Not anymore," the bassist admitted, "Now I ... I like it."

"When we get home .... I promise to cover you in hickeys," Freddie almost purred, "Alright?"

"Promise?"

"I promise, darling. Now go to sleep. Or I'll push you off the bed."

John giggled at that, suddenly feeling very excited about returning to their flat, "Good night, Freddie."

"Good night, my love."

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the wait! This chapter has been the longest one yet, I hope you don't mind.
Leave me some love, I'm exhausted. xD As always, thank you for taking the time to read. <3
Freddie could only ever really sleep well in his own bed; every time he had to spend the night at a place that was not his own flat, he struggled falling asleep. Even when he did fall asleep it didn't last long; he kept waking up or being just half asleep.

And that was exactly what was happening to him while at John's parents' house. It didn't bother him that the bed was small or that he couldn't really get comfortable. Being slightly uncomfortable and his leg falling asleep while having John in his arms was still a much better option than having the entire air mattress all to himself.

When he felt John's leg move again, Freddie chuckled, amazed that the bassist was still trying to seduce him, especially because he thought John had fallen asleep. It seemed like that at least.

"John, would you stop that?" he whispered, trying to sound serious, though he was amused by his boyfriend's persistence. If he kept this up any longer, Freddie doubted he could continue saying no to him.

And then he felt the bassist whimper and it wasn't a moan. It sounded more like a cry.

"John?"

The younger boy suddenly started moving, pushing at Freddie and the singer could hear that his breathing had accelerated. Immediately he knew what was happening, but he still felt a pinch of guilt for not realizing it sooner. Freddie has learned how to stay calm in these situations; there were instances in the past when John's nightmares freaked him out and him panicking only upset John more. It was understandable that at first Freddie did not know what to do and the right way to act; shaking John and waking him up immediately did seem like a smart thing to do at first as his instinct was to get John out of the bad dream as soon as possible, but Freddie came to a realization that it only made John more confused and scared if he was awakened like that.

With time Freddie learned to stay calm and gently wake John up, though he had to hold himself back from just shaking him and calling his name loudly.

"John, darling," he said quietly, pulling the bassist closer and caressing his cheek with his hand.

The younger boy let out another whimper, followed by a sob and Freddie gently moved hair out of his face, "John? Wake up, sweetheart. You're alright. It's just a bad dream."

It didn't take John long to snap out of it and he immediately sat up, breathing heavily, holding his chest as if he was in pain. Freddie immediately followed, sitting up as well, rubbing John's back
"Love, you're alright. We're at your parent's house, remember?" he spoke quietly, "You're safe."

John was still breathing heavily, almost violently and he couldn't seem to calm himself which did make Freddie a bit panicked, but he tried to stay calm.

"What do you need?" he asked softly, "Do you need water?"

Even through the darkness he could see John shaking his head no and before he could respond, the bassist threw himself on him, wrapping his arms around Freddie's neck and literally crawling onto his lap. Freddie's heart sunk because the bassist only did that when it was really bad.

"John?" the singer asked, "Talk to me, darling."

The bassist refused and just continued holding onto Freddie as if his life depended on it. The singer gave up on trying to get John to talk to him and just wrapped his arms around him, holding him close. There was something different about the way John clung onto him, but Freddie couldn't tell what it was. Usually John was disoriented after waking up from a nightmare and needed reassurance, someone telling him where he was, but this time he didn't seem confused about his whereabouts. Even though they weren't in their bedroom, the bedroom where John has spent every night for the last three months.

Soon Freddie could feel himself falling backwards and John didn't seem to mind that; they laid back onto the bed and John was on top of the singer, straddling him and still pressing himself against him as close as possible.

Even though John's silence worried him, it would be unfortunate if John's screams and cries managed to wake up his parents. Freddie had no idea how they would be able to explain that to them.

After a while, he could tell that John was calmer, but then he felt the bassist's hand move from his neck down to his chest, resting it on the middle of it, though slightly to the left.

"Sweetie?" Freddie asked quietly, covering John's hand with his.

"I-I dreamt ... " John suddenly spoke, his voice weak and hoarse, "I dreamt that you ... were d-dead."

"What?" the singer tightened his grip on John's hand and suddenly he understood what John was doing; he was feeling his heartbeat.
"Y-You died and ... " the bassist's voice broke and he just snuggled even closer to the singer.

"I'm not ... dead, John. I am perfectly fine, darling," Freddie tried to sound calm and cheerful, "I'm not going anywhere."

"I-It was ... horrible," John whispered, sniffing again, "Promise me you won't do that. E-Ever."

"What?" Freddie let out a chuckle, "Die?"

Immediately he could feel John tense up and he couldn't help but apologize, "Sweetheart, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ... joke about it. I promise, alright? I promise I'll never die."

As ridiculous as it sounded, it seemed to calm John down and soon the bassist fell back asleep. Unfortunately, he did not move from his position on top of Freddie and while he was not heavy, it did start causing problems after a while as Freddie's limbs started falling asleep.

The singer moved him gently until he was lying next to him. Then he hugged him and soon he drifted off to sleep himself.

ooo

John was the first to wake up, but he remained in bed, not wanting Freddie to wake up alone. He could clearly remember his nightmare and how to reacted; just the thought of that horrible dream sent shivers down his body and he pressed himself closer to Freddie, as close as humanly possible. Even though it was just a dream and John knew that the possibilities of something happening to Freddie were very low, it still terrified him. Even if nothing happened to Freddie and they just parted ways, John felt himself panicking just at the thought of that.

Freddie became such an important person to him in less than four months; he was a part of his mental wallpaper and John doubted he'd ever get over the singer not being there anymore. Even if they weren't romantically connected anymore, he'd never want to lose Freddie as a friend.

"Morning," the singer suddenly said, yawning.

John was so lost in this thoughts that he didn't even notice Freddie waking up and it did startle him a bit.

"M-Morning," he smiled at him, "How did you sleep?"
"It was pretty alright, considering I have trouble sleeping anywhere that's not my own bed," the singer chuckled, then his expression turned serious, "What about you? Did you manage to get any sleep?"

John blushed, realizing what the singer was asking him about, "Y-Yes, I did. I didn't wake up again after ...that."

"Do you wish to talk about it, sweetie?"

The bassist shrugged his shoulders, "T-There's not much to say. I dreamt about you dying."

"How did I die?"

"I-I don't remember."

"It was probably something stupid," Freddie tried to put the bassist in a better mood, "I probably electrocuted myself while trying to change the light bulb."

The joke worked and John smiled, "You know I'd never let you do that."

"Die?"

"Change the ligh bulb," the bassist giggled, "You an Roger stay away from electricity, alright?"

Freddie raised his eyebrow and then he grinned, trying to move his hand under John's shirt, "I do love a handy man."

John playfully pushed him away and sat up, "None of that, Freddie. It's disrespectful, remember?" he teased.

"Sex is disrespectful," the singer corrected him, "A bit of touching never hurt anyone."

Again he tried to slide his hand under John's shirt, but the bassist laughed and jumped out of bed, enjoying how he was torturing Freddie and getting back at him for his behavior the previous night.

John was the first one to go to the bathroom and after his morning routine, he entered the kitchen where his mother was already making them breakfast.
"John, you're up already? It's barely nine," she seemed surprised, "Usually you sleep in."

"I-I wanted to talk to you," the bassist smiled, "We haven't had the chance to do so last night."

She nodded, while walking over to the fridge, getting all the ingredients she needed, "Does Freddie like scrambled eggs? Where is he, anyway?"

"He's in the bathroom. And I think he likes eggs, don't worry."

"He's too sweet, John. Really," then she stopped and looked at her son, "How are you? Are you alright? I can't explain it but ... you seem different."

John tensed up, "W-What do you mean? Different from last night or -?"

"No, no. Different from the last time we saw you," then she paused, staring at her son, trying to pinpoint what exactly seemed different, "I can't tell what it is. You seem ... more grown up."

The bassist laughed, "I-I doubt I've managed to grow up in two months, mum."

"Well, something is different, John," she insisted, then smiled, "Do you have a ... girlfriend?"

Immediately John blushed, looking down and stuttering, "N-No, no girlfriend."

"But you do like someone, don't you? I can see that smile on your face, John," she laughed, "You can't hide these things from your mother."

"Mum," the bassist blushed even more, "I'm not ... I don't have the time for those things at the moment."

"There is someone," his mother teased, "You should see the look on your face. My baby is growing up."

"Mum," John squealed again, "L-Lets change the subject, alright?"

"Fine, dear. I'll be here when you decide you want to talk about that special person."

John just stared at her, opening his mouth to say something, but no words came out. It would be so easy, to just say those few words, to admit that he is dating Freddie and how special the singer is to him. He quickly hid his hands as he realized he was subconsciously playing with his ring.
After a long moment of silence he finally looked up at his mum, wishing more than anything that he could tell her.

"Y-You like Freddie, don't you?" he hesitantly asked.

His mother nodded, a big smile appearing on her face, "What's not to like? I think he's very good influence on you, you do seem slightly less shy, John. He's very well-behaved and just a sweetheart. I'll ask him if he has a girlfriend, but ... he probably has. I mean, boys like him don't stay single for too long."

John ignored the part about a girlfriend and he took a deep breath, "Freddie's been ... very helpful to me."

"What do you mean?"

"There was a ... I was .... I had a really rough period of my life a month or two ago and he ... he's been there for me. Every single day."

"John, did something happen? I remember you refused to answer all calls and we couldn't even reach you for weeks."

"N-No, nothing happened. I was just ... lost and lonely, I guess," John liked trying not to make a big deal out of it; his face lit up when he mentioned his boyfriend, "But Freddie really helped me. He went above and beyond to ... make me feel better. He's ..."

"A very good friend," his mother smiled, "Those are very rare."

"No, he's ... more," John whispered the last word, looking down again.

"More than a good friend?"

John could feel his heart threatening to explode, but he forced himself to nod as he looked at his mother again. At first she did seem confused, but then she narrowed her eyes a him, "He's your ... best friend?"

John opened his mouth, but he couldn't. He couldn't tell her what Freddie truly was to him; his best friend, his boyfriend, his lover, his rock, the person he trusted the most. He desperately wanted to say those things, but he couldn't. Not yet, at least. Not like that; without talking to Freddie about it first.

His mother reached over to run her hand through John's hair lovingly, "I can't tell you how happy I am to hear that. It's important to have friends. And ... you'll tell me about the ring the next time you visit, alright?"

John's eyes widened in shock and he tensed up, not knowing how to even react to that. He was confused; not knowing if the subject of the ring being brought up right as they talked about Freddie was a coincidence or not. And he was terrified to ask.
Thankfully, his mother just smiled and returned to making breakfast.

John could still feel his heart beating faster than ever, threatening to jump out of his chest. Was he imagining it? Was he seeing what he deep down wanted to see? That his mother would find out about his relationship with Freddie and be perfectly okay with it?

That had to be it.

ooo

The breakfast was just pure fun; everyone seemed to be in a good mood, until John's mother made everything a bit awkward by asking Freddie about his girlfriend.

"Er ... " the singer struggled with his answer, "I-I don't really have the time for that at the moment."

"Funny. That's exactly what John said," she laughed, turning to her son, "Isn't that the standard answer? I believe your sister said something like that as well when I asked her about it."

"Oh, Lilian," John's father sighed, "They boys are still young. Stop pestering them."

"You're right, I'm sorry," she immediately apologized, looking at Freddie, "I hope I didn't ... offend you."

"Oh, not at all," the singer gave her a big smile, "Why would I be offended? I am currently single, but I believe John won't be for long."

The bassist gave him a look, but Freddie continued with a cheeky grin, "One time after a gig ... two girls approached him. *Two.*"

John blushed, remembering the event and how jealous it made Freddie feel. And he decided to tease a bit, get back at him for all the teasing Freddie was doing the previous day by making fun of how
young John was.

The bassist cleared his throat, "Y-Yes, I remember that. They were ... very pretty."

Freddie's mouth fell open with shock and he just stared at John who couldn't help but giggle at the expression on his boyfriend's face.

Wanting to tease him even more, John cleared his throat, "O-One of them actually slipped me her number."

Lilian clapped her hands in excitement, "I always knew you'd be a charmer, John. If you weren't that shy, you'd have girls running after you."

The bassist could see Freddie look down at his plate and literally stab his fork into the sausage, a bit too aggressively, causing everyone to look at him. Suddenly John did feel a bit guilty for making his boyfriend jealous, even though it was only a joke.

Quickly, he changed the subject, "Unfortunately, we have to leave soon. In an hour or so."

"Already?" John's mother sounded disappointed, "You really can't stay for another day?"

"We would," Freddie said, then chuckled, "But Roger, our bandmate and flatmate, has never been alone for such a long time. I have to admit, I am a bit afraid to return and find our flat burnt to the ground."

John's parents laughed and John's jumped in to explain, "Roger is ... terrible in the kitchen and everything fire related."

"He's dangerous!" Freddie laughed, "We should have child-proofed the flat before we left."

"Well," the bassist smiled, looking at his mum, "I remember a certain situation with ... light bulbs."

The singer immediately blushed, "John."

"Is it a funny story?" Lilian asked with excitement.

"He's going to exaggerate it, I'm sure," Freddie tried to act casual, but he was still blushing and chuckling at the same time.
"Roger and Freddie cannot ... for the life of them ... change the light bulbs," John explained while laughing, "I swear, what did you two do before I moved in? When the bulb burnt out, you just ... sat in the darkness?"

"We do have candles, John," the singer said seriously, making everyone laugh. John's mother then almost had a literal presentation about how well John did at school and how proud she was of him and how he always showed interest in electronics.

Mr. Deacon interrupted her, "He was always reading magazines on the subject and building small devices. He once made a modification of a reel-to-reel tape deck to record music directly from the radio."

Freddie's eyes widened in amazement, "He did?"

"That was just ... " John blushed with all the praise he was getting, "It wasn't that hard. Anyone could do it. I was just bored one day and ... " he trailed off.

The look of pride that Freddie gave him almost made John melt down onto the floor and he could feel his cheeks burning with slight embarrassment.

"But then he discovered music," John's father said, "He bought his first bass guitar when he was fourteen."

John just sighed and leaned back, crossing his arms over his chest, preparing himself to hear his entire life story. Once his parents started talking about him, there was no stopping them. At least Freddie did not seem bored to death, in fact, he seemed very interested in the conversation.

Even though all John wanted was to interrupt his parents and change the subject, he didn't want to be rude. He did make a mental note to apologize to Freddie later, but his boyfriend seemed to be so genuinely interested in hearing John's entire life story.

After the breakfast Freddie had to be literally pushed out of the kitchen because he insisted to help do the dishes, but the Deacon family was not having it. By his mother's orders, John grabbed Freddie's hand and dragged him to his bedroom. The singer then quickly changed and started packing his things up. The bassist could notice that Freddie was acting a bit odd; it was very obvious. As he approached him, the older boy forced a smile, but continued packing, almost ignoring that John was standing there, just inches away from him.

"Are you mad at me?" John asked, trying to sound serious, but a chuckle escaped him.

"Why would I be mad at you?" Freddie still would not look at him as he packed his things.
"Because of ... what I said about those girls."

The singer shrugged his shoulders, "No."

"You are. You're mad at me," John chuckled very openly now, "Freddie, I was joking."

"Fine."

The entire situation was amusing; John has never seen Freddie act like that. Jealous and childish at the same time. Usually when something bothered him, Freddie would not hesitate to say so. But now he was pretending he wasn't angry or annoyed when it was very clear that he was.

"Freddie," John tried again, pressing himself against the singer from behind, wrapping his arms around Freddie's waist. That did make the singer stop what he was doing, but he just stood there, not returning the affection.

"You know that I was joking, right?" John asked softly.

Freddie just let out something that sounded like a 'hmpf', but said nothing else.

"You know I love you and would never take anyone's number?"

Silence.

"Freddie," John whined, pressing a kiss to the singer's neck. He could feel the older boy relaxing in his arms, not feeling as tense as moments before, but he was still giving him the silent treatment.

"Those girls weren't even interested in me - "

"Yes, they were, John," Freddie finally spoke, sounding irritated.

"They weren't."

"They were," the singer repeated, then his voice got more quiet, "And ... they really were pretty and ... did you see their tits? One of them almost accidentally knocked the drink from my hand."

That made John giggle, but he shook his head, "I didn't notice their ... chest."
"How could you have not noticed?"

"Because I was looking at you."

John could feel Freddie relax even more at those words and then the singer suddenly turned around and looked at him. There was something so very insecure and vulnerable in his eyes and John immediately regretted ever making that stupid joke about taking the girl's phone number.

"Don't you wish ... " Freddie started, then lowered his voice, "Aren't you interested in how they feel like?"

"What are you talking about?" John let out a giggle, not understanding.

"Tits," Freddie sighed, "You really have no interest in them?"

"No," John replied truthfully.

"But ...

"Freddie," John laughed, "Are we really having this conversation in my parents' house?"

The singer snapped out of it, forcing a smile, "You are right, darling. I'm sorry. Forget about it."

Before he could turn around again, John stopped him, placing his hands on Freddie's waist. The singer just raised his eyebrow, not understanding what John was trying to do.

"I'm only interested in your ... hairy, manly, strong chest," John whispered, immediately blushing again.

That did make the corners of Freddie's lips curl up in a smirk, but he decided to tease John a bit about it, "What is it that you like about it, dear? I'm not sure I believe you."

John rolled his eyes, knowing that Freddie was intentionally teasing him, but he guessed he deserved it. So he sighed, doing his best to answer the question, "I-I love how it feels under my hands. And ... when you ... when we ... when you press yourself a-against me. I love feeling your chest against mine. And when you hold yourself above me and it's ... really defined and the muscles are ... " John could feel himself getting hot and he needed to stop.

Thankfully, Freddie decided to let him off the hook, smirking, "You really do have a chest kink, darling."
"Shut up," the bassist groaned in embarrassment.

"When it gets a bit warmer, I promise to walk around the flat shirtless," the singer winked at him.

John sucked in a breath at the mental image of that, but he quickly snapped out of it, "I doubt Roger would like that very much."

"Well, he's seem my naked arse. I doubt my naked chest will kill him."

The bassist chuckled and pressed a soft kiss to Freddie's lips. When he pulled away, he could see the singer smiling at him and that told him that he was off the hook. He did make a promise to himself to never talk or joke about girls again, never wanting to see that sad look on Freddie's face again.

ooo

Saying goodbye was more difficult than John expected; he even teared up.

"Promise you'll visit soon," John's mother said as she hugged her son.

"We promise," Freddie answered before he could stop himself; he hated seeing mothers cry or be sad. That was his weak spot and he could clearly see how much Mrs. Deacon missed her son.

"And you, Freddie," Lilian said as she finally let go of John, allowing him to say goodbye to his father, "Dear Freddie. I am very happy I finally met you."

The singer blushed, looking down shyly, "I-I was a pleasure being your guest."

And then John's mother pulled him into a hug and the singer returned it, his cheeks turning red; he finally knew how John felt with his constant blushing.

"Freddie," John's father approached the singer and shook his head, "It was very nice to meet you. Hopefully we see each other soon. We would really like to see you perform."

Freddie's face lit up, "Y-You would? Really?" the singer couldn't keep the surprise from his voice, because while his own family never tried to interfere with his musical career, they also never expressed any wish to actually see him perform.

"Of course!" John's mother jumped in, "And finally meet Roger and ... Brian?"
"Brian, yes," John nodded, smiling. He did allow himself to entertain the idea of his family seeing them perform and see just how good they sounded together. He would have to ask Freddie to tone down his sexual stunts on the stage, though. But then that wouldn't be Freddie. It would just be one third of Freddie.

John's parents insisted they drive them to the bus station, but John hated long goodbyes; it would just make everything more difficult. Besides, he'd rather cry at home while saying goodbye than at the bus station. After a few more hugs, Freddie and John finally left. The bassist was silent for the first few minutes of their walk and then he felt Freddie put his arm around him, pulling him closer.

"Don't be said, darling. We can ... I-I mean, you can visit them again soon. Next month?"

John smiled, "We can visit them soon, yes. I'm not even sad, it's just ... "

"What is it?"

The bassist looked at his boyfriend and just whispered, "Thank you."

"For what?" Freddie was a bit surprised by it.

"For ... taking care of me and ... " John trailed off, but upon noticing the confused look on his boyfriend's face, he continued, "For helping me get better. I-I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't ... taken it upon yourself to look after me. The state I was in ... I never would have wanted my family to see me like that."

"Darling, that's - "

"It's because of you and I-I want you to know that," John said seriously, "It's because of you that I was able to visit my family."

The singer smiled warmly at him, "Sweetie, you did all the work. I just occasionally helped."

John shook his head, refusing to accept that, "It's not true. It's just ... not. And ... thank you, Freddie."

There was something in John's eyes that told Freddie it was pointless to argue with him; the bassist seemed determined and serious and walking to the bus station was not the ideal place to have this discussion. Finally, the singer just accepted the defeat and nodded, smiling, "In that case ... it was my pleasure. And I would do it all over again. Whatever it is that you think I did."

John rolled his eyes at the last sentence, but smiled before whispering, "I love you."
"I love you," the singer replied, "And while you look really adorable with your red nose, I don't want you to catch a cold so we should hurry, dear."

They picked up the pace, wanting to be inside a warm bus as soon as possible. John fell asleep in the first few minutes and before he knew it, he was being gently shaken by Freddie. "Darling, we've arrived."

Even though he didn't want to bother Freddie by falling asleep on him again, that was exactly what happened the moment they sat in their taxi. He didn't even care what their taxi driver might think; he leaned his head against Freddie's shoulder and dozed off.

ooo

Even though they left just the previous day, it felt as if they hadn't been home in days. Roger certainly acted like that, jumping at them the moment they appeared in the flat, giving them both a hug. And then he slapped Freddie's shoulder, "I told you not to leave me. Next time I'm going with you two. I was bored to death."

"You're welcome to come with us," John chuckled, "My mum would like to meet you."

"You do not want Roger with your family, dear," the singer whispered, rubbing his sore shoulder, "He'll hit on every female in your family, your mother, your sister - "

"You're slightly exaggerating!" Roger cut him off, acting offended.

"Really? Did you forget about my sister?" the singer sent him a glare.

Roger just grinned at that, "That's different. Kash is really hot."

John had to grab Freddie to prevent him from jumping at the drummer and probably kicking his arse. He really did not expect to be breaking up a fight barely two minutes after arriving back home.

"Well, why didn't you call Brian if you were that bored?" Freddie asked, trying to change the subject and calm himself down.

"He's not answering my calls."
Freddie gave Roger a concerned look before turning to John with a smile, "Darling, can you take out backpacks to our bedroom, please?"

"Sure," John nodded, grabbing their bags and leaving the room.

Freddie waited until the bassist was put of sight before approaching Roger slowly, "What is it, darling? Is something wrong?"

The drummer let out a deep breath, "I think it's ... I think Brian's going through some stuff again."

"Stuff?" Freddie asked, then realized it, "Oh, no. You mean he's sad again?"

"Yeah, sad, depressed. Whatever you want to call it. I suspect it's happening again."

The singer was silent for a few long moments, going through the last few days in his head, trying to recognize signs that Brian was struggling with something. And then he realized there were no signs because he barely even saw the guitarist in almost a week.

And that was the sign.

Brian was avoiding them.

"Shit!" Freddie swore, "How come we haven't noticed it?"

"Well, we did have a lot of things going on," Roger sighed, "John, the Tom situation and ... Besides, it's the holidays. You know he always feels a bit down during these times."

"I know," the singer said angrily, "And we should have noticed!"

"Two nights ago, when I slept over at his place I did ... notice that he was acting strange, but I-I hoped it wasn't ... " Roger trailed off, not knowing what to say. He looked up at the singer, hoping he would have some idea of what to do.

"Alright," Freddie cleared his throat, "We are bringing him over here. And he is going to stay here until he feels better. Usually he is his old self right after the New Years."

"I-I think so, yeah."

"Well, go on then, darling," Freddie said, "Go over to his place and get him over here."
"What if he refuses?"

"Make something up, darling," the singer chuckled, "Say I accidentally set the kitchen on fire or ... got electrocuted while trying to change the light bulb."

Roger grinned, "I think he'll actually believe that."

ooo

John was unpacking as Freddie entered the room and immediately the bassist noticed that he looked worried. And it didn't seem as if the singer was trying to hide it.

"What is it?" John asked, stopping what he was doing.

Freddie took a deep breath before he sat down on the bed next to John, "Darling, there's something you should know."

"You're scaring me," the bassist immediately said; he didn't like how the conversation started.

The singer chuckled, "No, no, it's not that serious. Don't worry, dear. It's just something about Brian."

"What about Brian? Is he alright?"

"Brian has these ... " Freddie sighed, not knowing how to explain it, "Every now and then, usually a few times a year he gets really ... sad. Unmotivated. I don't want to use the word depressed because I am no doctor, but he goes to a very dark place."

John listened, suddenly realizing that Brian really was acting odd the last few days, showing no true interest to hang out, not sounding excited when talking about music or anything really. Before John could respond, they heard a knock on the door.

"Yes? Come in, Rog," Freddie said, turning to look at the door.

The drummer poked his head in, "Have you told him?"
The singer nodded, "I did. Now come in, dear. And since when do you knock?"

"Well, since I saw your hairy arse."

"Hairy?" Freddie gasped in shock, immediately taking offence.

Again, it was John's job to make sure they stay on the important topic.

"He told me about Brian," the bassist said, interrupting their talk about Freddie's arse.

"Yeah, it's probably nothing serious," Roger sighed, "He always gets like this during the holidays. One time he refused to get out of bed, saying he was too tired."

Freddie smiled, turning to John, "And then Rog started annoying him and we actually got a response from him."

John couldn't help but ask, "How did you annoy him?"

"I started talking loudly about how the Sun revolves around the Earth," the drummer chuckled, "And how the Earth is actually flat. And then he got up only to yell at me."

"And he yelled at him for twenty minutes, I'm not even joking," Freddie added, laughing.

John could tell how much Freddie and Roger both loved Brian, even though they argued or bickered most of the time; especially Roger and Brian. The fact that the drummer would go as far as to pretend he believed the Earth was flat showed how much he cared about Brian and it warmed John's heart.

"And the plan is ... " Roger said slowly, "I go to his place, force him to return here with me and then we keep him here for a few days, annoy him, entertain him ... until he feels better."

"That's a great plan, darling!" Freddie clapped his hand in excitement, "Chop chop."

The drummer only waved in response and disappeared from the room. John couldn't help but smile at his boyfriend; the fact that he was such a good, caring friend was one of the reasons he fell in love with the singer. He place a soft kiss to Freddie's cheek and the singer smiled, though it surprised him a bit.

"What was that for, dear?"

"N-No reason. I just wanted to kiss you," John replied shyly and continued unpacking their things,
wanting everything to be clean and tidy once Roger returned with Brian.

ooo

"You lied to me," was the first thing Brian said upon entering the flat and noticing that everything seemed to be alright. No sight of the horrible fire or injured Freddie.

"And you are surprised by that?" Roger laughed as he pushed the guitarist into the living room where he was immediately attacked by Freddie; the singer jumped at him, giving him a hug and turning into a literal mother hen. John could tell that Brian was a bit embarrassed, but he liked the care he was getting.

"Oh, darling! You look absolutely horrible," the singer said when he pulled away from him, noticing the stubble that the guitarist was suddenly sporting, "Sweetheart, you do not pull that look off. Go shave."

Brian started arguing, but Freddie was having none of that, snapping his fingers at the drummer, "Rog, do take him to the bathroom and take care of that beard."

The drummer immediately obeyed, grabbing Brian's hand and pulling him towards the bathroom. John had to admit he had no idea what do and what his job in this entire situation was; he did feel a bit in the way and useless.

"Sweetheart," the singer turned to him, "Can you please make a few sandwiches? Brian needs to eat something. Did you see how skinny he was? Awful."

John's face lit up, finally he had something to do and actually be useful. Quickly nodding, he disappeared into the kitchen, determined to make the best sandwiches that ever existed.

ooo

The rest of the afternoon was spent with the boys trying to make Brian feel better, including him into their conversation, making plans about the future and the guitarist actually did seem slightly better. He showed interest when the boys started discussing where they'll be spending New Years.
"It's in two days!" Roger exclaimed, "And we still have no idea where to go."

"Well, I don't want to be at home, that's for certain," Freddie said, "And I don't want to be outside. It's too damn cold for that. My balls would freeze and fall off."

John winced at the mental image and then chuckled, "T-That's because you don't wear underwear."

"Eww!" Roger grimaced in disgust, "Fred doesn't wear underwear?"

"I'm too ... big for that," the singer said proudly, ignoring how disgusted Roger and Brian were.

After a few minutes of discussing Freddie's bits, Brian cleared his throat, returning to the original subject, "So we agree? We want to spend the New Years somewhere inside? A bar?"

"A strip club!" Roger clapped his hands in excitement.

Freddie faked a yawn, "Boring."

"A club?" Brian suggested.

"Mine or Freddie's?" Roger asked.

"I want to give John a new year's kiss and I can't do that in a regular club," Freddie complained and John turned into a literal puddle at the thought of having his first new year's kiss.

"Well, I can't hit on girls in your club, Fred," Roger rolled his eyes, "I miss girls."

Later that evening they all decided to go to sleep early and surprisingly, Roger did something he's never done before; he was a gentleman and offered his bed to Brian.

"You can sleep in my room, Bri," Roger said, trying to make himself comfortable on the sofa, "You're too damn ... long to sleep here."
"And you realized that just now?" Brian teased, "After numerous times of making me sleep on the sofa?"

Roger just gave him a look and turned away from him, covering himself up with blankets. Brian couldn't help but tease a bit more, "And you fit perfectly on the sofa. It must be because you're so small."

The drummer just showed him his middle finger, not even bothering to turn around.

"Darlings," Freddie sighed with annoyance, "You two fighting about who is taller is getting really tiresome. Might I suggest another topic to fight about? Perhaps whose cock is bigger?"

Both the drummer and the guitarist immediately shut up and Brian couldn't leave the room fast enough.

ooo

Freddie would be lying if he said he didn't notice the way John was looking at him as they were getting ready for bed. The singer quickly changed into his pajama bottoms and then sat on the bed, eyeing the bassist.

"What?" John asked, quickly changing as well.

"You tell me," Freddie teased, "You keep glancing at me."

The bassist laughed, "I'm not allowed to look at you? Such a diva."

Thinking he was imagining it, Freddie dropped the subject and crawled into bed, more than happy to finally get the rest he so desperately needed. He was running on less than five hours of sleep and he could barely keep his eyes open. But then he noticed John walking over to the dresser and opening a drawer. The drawer. His heart skipped a beat as he watched John hesitantly pull the bottle of lube out and then walk over to the bed.

"J-John?" was all he could say; the mere sight of John actually holding the lube was arousing and despite feeling tired, Freddie could already feel Frederico getting excited.

"I-I thought ... " the bassist started quietly, "That perhaps we could ... try again."
"Oh, did you?" Freddie grinned, raising his eyebrow.

"Don't grin at me like that or I'll throw the bottle at your head."

The singer gasped, pretending to be offended, "Darling!"

John struggled with his words, subconsciously playing with the bottle in his hands, peeling the label off, "I-I want to try again."

"Try what again?"

"You know," John blushed, but then bit his lower lip, "You ... fingering me. I-If you'd like, that is."

Freddie didn't say anything to that, he just grabbed John and pulled him down onto the bed, making the bassist let out a giggle. John laid on his back and Freddie hovered over him, just staring at him in complete silence for a few moments.

"What is it?" John asked quietly, brushing the hair away from Freddie's face.

"I love you."

John let out a laugh, "I-If me asking you to finger me makes you say you love me, I don't even want to know what you'll do when I ask you to use more fingers. Are you going to propose to me?"

Freddie couldn't help but groan when he realized that John used the word 'when' while talking about using more fingers.

"I love you," the singer said again, this time his tone even more quiet and serious.

That was unexpected and it took John a few moments to reply, "I-I love you too, Freddie. So much. And ... my family loves you," he bit his lower lip, giving Freddie the biggest smile, "My family adores you."

"Well, my family adores you too," Freddie chuckled, placing a soft kiss on John's neck.

"I only wish I could have ... introduced you as ..."

Freddie looked up, "As what, darling?"
"My boyfriend," John said quietly, looking deep into Freddie's eyes, noticing how touched he was by that.

"I remember promising you something last night," the singer grinned, returning to John's neck and dragging his tongue slowly over it.

"Y-Yes, I-I remember it too," John managed to whisper, his entire body trembling with anticipation.

"What was it, dear?"

"You promised to cover me in hickeys," the bassist moaned when he felt Freddie gently sucking at the skin on his neck, never using teeth, just his lips and tongue.

He was a shaking mess within the first few minutes; he wasn't sure if Freddie was working on a hickey number five of six, he stopped counting after the forth one. He was pretty sure the singer left two on his neck, then two or three on his shoulder and was now creating a new one on his collarbone.

John couldn't explain why that felt so incredibly hot to him; Freddie leaving his marks on him. It was something that he just recently started liking and was glad that Freddie seemed to like it too. Just when he thought he couldn't take the teasing anymore and needed something more, he felt Freddie's hand sneak down between his legs, palming him gently through his pajama bottoms. His hips moved towards the hand, trying to get more friction and he could hear the singer chuckling.

"Not so fast, my dear," Freddie looked up at him, "I have a lot of plans with you and we can't have you leaving the party early, can we?"

John whined in frustration, but he understood where Freddie was coming from. When the singer finally moved off of him, he hooked his fingers under the waistband of John's bottoms and asked, "Can I?"

It melted John's heart that the singer still asked if he could undress him, he did it even when it was more than obvious that John wanted the pants off.

Quickly nodding, he smiled, "Y-Yes."

Though he did want to be naked, John always felt a bit self-conscious just lying there with nothing to cover himself with; it didn't help that he was embarrassed about how aroused he was. After just minutes of making out, William was up and ready and John could feel it resting against his thigh. He avoided looking at it and instead concentrated on Freddie and the way he was biting his lower lip as he stared at his lover. There was something about the way Freddie was looking at him; his eyes darkened with lust and it only made John even more frustrated. He needed Freddie to touch him and he didn't care where or how.
As Freddie sat between John's legs, he took a deep breath, taking in just how beautiful John looked; needy and trembling and flushed. His cock twitched when he noticed the marks he left on the bassist's body; two hickeyes on his neck, two on his shoulder and one on his collarbone. No one has ever begged Freddie to give them a hickey and mark them and it was the hottest thing Freddie has ever heard. He wanted to pinch himself, almost not believing that it was really true. That John was all his and that he wanted to be all his. He didn't have to worry about seeing him with someone or worry if he'll ever see him again. John was all his and he was here to stay.

Finally, Freddie moved, lying down beside John. He reached for the pillows, placing one under John's head and the other under his. As they laid like that, face to face, Freddie couldn't help but lean in and kiss the trembling mess that was his boyfriend. Even John's lips were trembling and Freddie had to pull back to look at him with concern, "Are you alright, darling?"

The bassist quickly nodded, smiling, "I-I want you. Please, Freddie."

The singer actually opened his mouth to tease a bit and pretend he didn't know what John was asking of him, making him almost beg for his touch, but after seeing how needy John was, Freddie couldn't torture him.

"I'll take care of you, sweetie," he smiled warmly, taking one of John's hands in his own and kissing his knuckles.

John literally purred at hearing those words, but then his eyes widened with realization, "B-But Brian is - ?"

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "The rule is we can't have sex if Roger is in his room. But he said nothing about Brian. Besides, he's probably asleep by now."

John knew he should care about being heard, but he was too needy and aroused for that. Even if Roger walked in on them at that very moment, John wouldn't let Freddie move away from him.

"Can I try something with you, darling?" Freddie suddenly asked, slowly caressing John's thigh, making goosebumps appear on his skin.

"I-I trust you," was all John said, letting out a deep breath.

One look at William told Freddie that John was more than ready for this; if he as much as poked John's cock, the evening would be over in less than a moment.

Moving closer to his boyfriend, Freddie took a hold of John's leg and moved it, hooking it around his waist. He couldn't help but notice that John was able to move his leg up very high without even wincing and it made him wonder if he could hook the bassist's leg over his shoulder, but decided to
leave that for another time. The bassist looked at him in confusion, not understanding this position.

"It'll make it easier for me to reach certain parts of you," Freddie grinned and immediately John understood, blushing horribly. Noticing that suddenly John seemed nervous again, Freddie decided to distract him with kissing while reaching for the lube. Normal kissing did not seem to do the trick and he could still feel that the younger boy was tense, so Freddie decided to use his secret weapon; his tongue. He lightly swept his tongue between John's lips, pressing his warm, soft lips to his. He could feel John's tongue dancing with his and the bassist finally relaxed, smiling against Freddie's mouth.

That smile turned into a moan when he felt a hand on his backside, gently gripping. Freddie chuckled as he finally broke the kiss and leaned away a bit so that he could look at the younger boy.

"I've always admired your arse, darling."

"W-Why?" John giggled, trying to get used to the feeling of someone's hand there.

"Are you joking? It's small, but perky and well-rounded - "

"Shut up," John squealed with embarrassment and then tensed up when he felt Freddie's hand move from his arse and then sneak in between his legs to trace a finger between John's cheeks.

"Oh," he whispered, suddenly understanding this position. Immediately he was given the comfort he needed as Freddie pressed light kisses all over his face, stopping only to give John a proper kiss on the lips. It wasn't a passionate kiss, but a soft, gentle one. The singer tried to give John as much comfort and closeness he knew John needed for this to be able to work.

Finally, he just pressed their foreheads together and quietly asked, "Can I?"

"S-Slowly?"

"I promise, darling," Freddie said, "If you want me to stop, just say the word."

John nodded and then waited, eyes closed as he tried to relax. His eyes snapped open as he felt a finger probing his entrance, teasing and rubbing. It was still a strange, ticklish feeling and John gripped Freddie's arm, feeling safer that way.

"I love you," he whispered to the singer, desperately needing to hear it back.

And Freddie delivered, "I love you more, darling."

"Impossible," John giggled, sucking in a breath as he felt the finger move, trying to push in.
"Possible," Freddie argued back, gently kissing John's face as he waited for the bassist to relax, "I can't believe how lucky I got."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't believe I got you, John," the singer whispered, "You. All for myself. I can't believe I can get you so incredibly turned on in a matter of minutes. I love how you react to me. I-I can't even explain it, darling."

John knew his face was red from all the praise and the love he was getting and his entire body felt like jelly; he wasn't sure he'd be able to stand up if he needed to.

"D-Do it, Freddie," he moaned, "Please. Please."

The singer obeyed, pulling John in for another kiss as he pushed his finger in, not stopping until it was in all the way. He could feel John groan against his mouth, but there were no traces of pain or discomfort in his tone. Freddie had to admit he was more than surprised at how smoothly that went; he went incredibly slowly, ready to stop at any time, giving John time to ask him to stop, but the bassist said nothing and Freddie shuddered at the feeling that his finger was completely inside John and that the younger boy was fine with it.

Still, Freddie needed to make sure and he broke the kiss, looking at his boyfriend, "Are you alright?"

John needed a few moments to answer and he seemed lost in sensations he was feeling.

"Sweetie?"

The bassist opened his eyes and Freddie noticed there were tears there. Again. Good or bad tears; it didn't matter. Tears were an instant boner killer for Freddie. It didn't matter that he had his finger up John's arse, the moment he saw John's eyes sparkling with wetness, he wanted to stop everything and just cuddle him.

Then John finally spoke and he actually smiled, "It ... it doesn't hurt."

Freddie smiled back, "See, darling? I promised I wouldn't hurt you."

"Kiss me?" the bassist asked shyly and the singer was more than happy to obey, pressing his lips against John's, moving and lightly biting his lower lip, tracing his tongue over his soft lips. He was more than willing to just stay like that, not moving his hand, until John got used to the feeling. When he finally pulled away after minutes of senseless snogging, he could see how red and swollen John's lips were and it made his own cock twitch.
"Are you feeling okay, sweetie? You're not lightheaded or anything?" he asked, observing John's face for any sign of discomfort.

John shook his head, "N-No, you can .... move. Please, move, Freddie. I need ... something."

"Oh, is that so?" Freddie smirked as he started moving his finger, pulling it out a bit and then pushing in again. By the concentrated look on John's face, he could tell that the bassist was getting used to the feeling and it was understandable; having something up your arse did take some getting used to.

After a few moments of gently fingering and John finally relaxing completely, Freddie decided to try something. He twisted his finger, trying to find that spot. The spot that made bottoming pleasurable for a lot of men.

It surprised him when he felt John twitch, his entire body tensing up again, his eyes snapping open. Immediately Freddie stopped, "D-Did I hurt you? Was it too much?"

John seemed shocked and the singer could feel the concern growing inside of him, until he heard John whisper, "D-Do that again. Please."

And he did.

Twisting his finger, pushing it up, rubbing the spot he assumed was the spot and John's eyes rolled back with pleasure, a low moan escaping his lips. Freddie could feel himself get even harder at the sight of John twitching with pleasure. He had to admit he was not confident that finding John's prostate would be that easy and was afraid that even if he did manage to find it, that it wouldn't be as pleasurable, but clearly he was wrong.

John was a moaning, shaking mess and he could barely control the words that were coming out of his mouth, "P-Please, Freddie. Oh god. Oh my god."

The singer brought his lips to John's neck again, tracing his tongue over the soft skin there and he couldn't help but chuckle in amazement as he felt John moving his hips, desperately needing more of what Freddie was giving him. The pace was slow and very gentle, but that did not seem to bother John. Soon he was moving, pulling his leg from where it was resting over Freddie's waist and the singer followed him, not wanting to accidentally slip out and interrupt John's pleasure.

Before they knew it, they had completely changed the position and John was lying on his back, legs spread while Freddie was sitting in between them, slowly moving his finger, rubbing that spot, causing John to whimper and moan. The bassist was gripping the sheets, eyes closed, completely lost to the sensations.

Freddie found himself speechless; he has never before seen John like that; not even when he literally
gave his William the best massage ever. And he decided to try something, wanting to see just how desperate for his touch the bassist really was.
He stopped moving his finger and waited, carefully observing John's face for his reaction. He could see his brows furrowing in confusion, but his eyes were still closed and he was biting his lower lip. The bassist was completely still for a moment, clearly waiting, but then he started moving his hips, trying to make Freddie's finger touch that spot again. Freddie nearly came at the sight of that; John was really moving on his finger, but clearly he couldn't hit that spot without assistance.

"F-Freddie, please, p-please," he breathed out, gripping the singer's thigh with his right hand. It was a sight that Freddie would never forget; John, who was usually so in control of himself, always blushing and shy, was currently a moaning, pleading mess. Over Freddie's finger.

The singer couldn't torture him anymore and he started moving again, keeping his finger in, but just rubbing that spot. There was no way John was faking this; Freddie could see his lower stomach tensing and relaxing and his William was moving on it own. It was the most erotic thing Freddie's ever seen and he smirked, imagining all the things he was planning to do with John that night. He refused to touch William, not wanting John to finish already, but it was really difficult to keep his hand away from it. It took everything in Freddie to stop himself from giving it a soft squeeze.

He couldn't decide where to look; John's face twisted with pleasure or William, all swallowed and pink, bouncing all by itself.

"Freddie, Freddie, F-Freddie, Freddie," was apparently all John could say at that moment and it all went straight to Freddie's groin. Suddenly his pajama bottoms felt too tight, but he couldn't stop what he was doing.

"Oh, I am going to have so much fun with you tonight, darling," Freddie whispered in a low tone, observing John's body glistening with sweat as he trembled under Freddie's touch.

The bassist let out some sound that was half a moan and half a groan. If Brian wasn't asleep, he could most certainly hear them, but at that moment Freddie was not and would not be able to stop. Even if his own parents entered the room. He caressed John's thigh with his other hand as he slowed down his movement, just gently rubbing that spot, wanting to move to other fun things. His mouth watered at just the sight of William and he couldn't wait to taste it.

But then John went completely still, tensing up. Freddie would feel him tightening against his finger and then it happened; John came with a silent moan, William pumping out white, sticky substance all over John's belly.

Freddie's jaw dropped at the sight and for the first few moments he couldn't even react; he just held still and observed. It was the longest orgasm he had the pleasure of witnessing; it just wouldn't end. It wasn't explosive, but very slow and it almost came in waves. Just as Freddie thought that William was done, he managed to shoot out even more.

Freddie was speechless and that was a very rare occurrence.
When John finally calmed down and just laid there, eyes closed, chest heaving as he breathed deeply, trying to suck in as much air as possible, did Freddie gather this thoughts.

He couldn't believe that John just finished untouched.

Freddie thought that was a myth; he himself has never been able to do it. And the other bottoms he was with in the past usually needed a bit of attention given to their cocks.

But John just .... came.

Freddie did not even poke William. He did not even breathe in his direction, convinced that would prevent John from orgasming because he had many other things planned with him for that night.

But as he looked at his boyfriend, all sweaty and trembling and clearly very out of it, he couldn't be annoyed or disappointed. He was amazed and more in love than ever. Also, more aroused than ever, but clearly John would not be lending him a hand tonight.

"F-Freddie," John suddenly whispered, extending his arm towards the singer, but still not able to open his eyes.

The singer gently took his hand, interlocking their fingers as he pulled his other finger out slowly, then grabbed a towel and cleaned John up. After that he moved to lie down beside him, gently caressing his face and pressing soft kisses onto his forehead. John seemed completely out of it, eyes still closed, but there was a satisfied smile on his face and that told Freddie that he was alright. His body was still twitching occasionally and that was only a reminder of how powerful his orgasm was.

"Freddie," John whimpered again and Freddie felt flattered that his name was apparently everything John knew how to say at that moment.

He couldn't help but ask, "What's your name, darling?"

"F-Freddie," John replied and it made the singer let out a loud laugh.

"No, that my name, sweetheart."

John just groaned in response, not able to do anything else.

"Sleep now, my love," Freddie whispered, pulling the covers over them both and John just nodded, pressing Freddie's hand to his chest.

It was very difficult to just lie there with a raging boner and Freddie knew he could finish himself off right there but he feared that might wake John up and besides, it would be messy. When he was sure that John was deep asleep, he slowly slipped from the bed and made his way to the bathroom.
It didn't take long; just a few squeezes and a mental image of John trembling with pleasure and Freddie was already finishing, moaning John's name in the process.

After cleaning himself up, he returned to the bedroom and slipped under the covers, pulling John into his arms. Freddie really could not believe how lucky he was. He loved John so damn much and he couldn't even describe how strong his attraction towards John was. Never did Freddie dare to think he'd be able to get both; understanding love and passionate sex. But somehow he got lucky and he found himself thanking the God or the aliens or whatever force there was that made John decide to walk into the audition that day three months ago.

With that thought in his head and a smile on his face, he felt himself drifting off to sleep.

ooo

John woke up naked and he was a bit surprised by it, but then he remembered the previous night and he smiled to himself, blushing in embarrassment. And then he remembered how it ended and the smile immediately disappeared from his face. "Morning, sleepy-head. I thought you were going to sleep through the day," he heard Freddie voice from above him and it was then that he realized he was resting his head on Freddie's chest. He did think it was a bit too hard for it to be a pillow.

"Good morning," John yawned, rubbing his eyes, "What's the time?"

"Noon."

"Noon?" John quickly sat up, looking around the room, trying to find the clock. And it was really noon. At first he thought that Freddie was messing with him, but apparently not.

"Really, John," the singer chuckled, "How can you sleep so much?"

"I-I don't know," the bassist replied truthfully, "It just happens." And then he took good look at his boyfriend and realized that Freddie was already dressed for the day.

"Y-You're not in your pajamas," he stated, looking at him in confusion.

"Oh, I've been up since eight, darling. We've already had breakfast, but I didn't want to wake you up," Freddie smiled, bringing his hand up to play with John's hair, "You looked like a sleeping beauty."
"Freddie," John groaned, immediately blushing and hiding his face in his hands. And then he realized something and he looked at the singer again, "But you're ... but I was lying on top of you."

"Well, yes. I returned after breakfast," Freddie said, "I-I didn't want you to wake up alone."

John almost teared up at those words, "You're too sweet."

Freddie rolled his eyes in a playful manner, trying to dismiss John's comment and then his expression turned serious, "Are you ... okay? You aren't sore or anything?"

"N-No, I'm not," John smiled shyly, looking down at his hands.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure, Freddie."

The singer finally relaxed, letting out a breath, "And ... is there anything you'd like to ... say? Ask? Did you ... like it?"

John knew what Freddie was asking about and the memories immediately made him smile and blush at the same time, "I-I ... Freddie, what was that? I think I nearly passed out."

"You were quite out of it, yes, dear," Freddie said with a grin, "That was a first for me as well."

"What do you mean?"

"I've never seen anyone react like that. Yes, I've been with guys who enjoyed it, but never like that. Usually it was rougher and I had to give a bit of attention to their cocks as well. It was never ... Darling, that was amazing."

John could feel his cheeks turn red at the praise, even though he couldn't understand why Freddie was praising him. He felt bad for finishing that quickly and then not having enough energy to help Freddie reach his finish line. John felt as if he just orgasmed and then rolled over and fell asleep, not caring about his lover's needs.

"But you didn't ... " the bassist whispered, shyly looking up at Freddie.

"Oh, I did, darling. Don't you worry," he smirked, "And the image you presented me with helped a lot, actually."
John let out a nervous giggle, still not feeling completely fine with how it all ended, "But ... what was that? What did you do?"

"You've never heard of the prostate?"

The bassist just blinked at him in confusion, "I-I've heard of the prostate cancer?"

"Oh, sweetie, no, that's ... " Freddie laughed, "Let me just say that it's a spot in a man's arse that can provide great pleasure when ... stimulated. Be that with a finger or ... other things. Some guys are very sensitive, others not so much," and then the singer moved closer to John, bringing his hand up to cup his face gently, "I believe you are very, very sensitive, darling."

John blushed even more, feeling a bit strange talking about something that was in his arse, but Freddie seemed comfortable with it, "I-I am?"

"You came after being gently fingered for a couple of minutes, John. Yes, you are very sensitive," the singer chuckled, staring at his boyfriend with such admiration and care and love that John nearly melted.

Ignoring how embarrassed he was about the topic, John took a deep breath, biting his lower lip, "I-I'd actually love to try it again. Soon."

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "Really? You are becoming quite a sex maniac, sweetheart."

John's eyes widened and he quickly shook his head, "N-No, I'm not. Besides, don't call it ... that."

"What do you mean?"

"Sex," the bassist whispered, "It's more than that."

Freddie's face softened, "I know, darling. It's lovemaking, but Roger would tease us to death if he heard us using that word," then he chuckled, "He'd ask if we escaped from the eighteenth century."

John had to admit he was right, but he still adored it when Freddie used the phrase 'make love' instead of 'have sex'.

"Can I say that we fucked?" Freddie teased, letting out a laugh.

"No! You cannot say that," John gasped, smacking Freddie's shoulder.
The singer was silent for a moment, then leaned closer to John, whispering, "We totally fucked, darling."

"Freddie," John covered the singer's mouth with his hands, "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"

Freddie pulled his hand away and smirked, "No, but I suck your cock with this mouth."

"Oh my god," John laughed, struggling to get out of bed, grabbing a robe and quickly throwing it on, "You're impossible," he said as he left the room, hurrying into the bathroom. He could still hear Freddie laughing and he couldn't help but smile at the sound of that, even though he wanted to strangle the singer.

ooo

The rest of the day was spent with the boys trying to cheer Brian up, although they tried to cover it up, pretending they were just having a normal chit chat.

"Jesus, Fred," Roger suddenly said while they were all in the living room, minding their own business, "Were you trying to suck the life out of poor Deaky?"

At first John was confused and then he remembered, his hand immediately going up to cover his neck. As he looked at the singer, he noticed that Freddie was not at all embarrassed; in fact he seemed quite proud of his work.

"I was just marking my territory, Rog," the singer replied, not taking his eyes off John.

"Well, why didn't you pee on him? It'd be less painful," the drummer said, making Brian choke on his tea and probably wish he could go back to his flat instead of being held hostage here.

"What?" Freddie snapped out of his daydreaming, turning to look at Roger, "Did you really just suggest I pee on John?"

"Look what you did to him!"

"Believe me when I see he didn't mind it at all," Freddie said a bit seductively, making John a bit uncomfortable. The bassist was afraid the singer would just start spilling the beans about their sex life and how John begging him to leave marks on his body. If that were to happen, John would kill him.
The conversation turned too sexual for John and he excused himself, going to the bedroom for some alone time. He did catch a glance of himself in the mirror and he noticed the red marks on his neck; but instead of feeling embarrassed of it, he smiled with pride.

After an hour or two, John finally decided to return to the living room, hoping the sex talk was long finished. He could hear the voices before he even entered the room and the topic made him stop on the spot.

"I once convinced a girl to do it in the back of the taxi," he could hear Roger laughing, "I actually think the driver knew what we were doing, but refused to say anything."

"He was probably enjoying the show, darling," Freddie drawled, "You're lucky you didn't get into an accident."

"How is hearing you boast about your sex life going to make me feel better, Rog?" Brian sighed, shaking his head. There was a hint of amusement in his voice, so it was working.

"I am trying to put you in a better mood by telling you about all the things you could be doing instead of feeling sad, Bri."

Brian actually laughed, "Though I appreciate your efforts ... it doesn't work like that."

"Then let us entertain you, darling. Alright? Get your mind off of ... things."

"S-Sure, I guess," Brian let out a nervous laugh.

John stood by the door, wondering if he should enter the room or not. He feared that perhaps he would be intruding; the three of them have been friends for a lot longer and there was that connection and trust between them that John did not want to disturb. Especially if it was working and Brian was starting to feel slightly better. If anything, at least he was feeling entertained by all the stories. It almost made John laugh; it was so Freddie and Roger; to try and get Brian feel better by telling him all about the crazy sex experiences they had. Something was certain; John had nothing to add to that conversation. The craziest thing he's done was probably giving Freddie a handjob in the living room and he wasn't sure Roger and Brian would like to hear about that.

"Oh, darling," Freddie's voice could be heard again and it made John smile. That was until he heard the next sentence.

"I was once with this guy who was unbelievably bendy. I am not even joking! I could literally bend him in half. Can you imagine?"

Brian chuckled awkwardly, "I'd rather not, Fred, but - "
"It was the strangest sex I've ever had. But at the same time the best, I must say he did know what he was doing," the singer continued, "I don't remember ever coming as many times as I did that night!"

"Alright, Fred, that's ... great," Brian said, trying to act normal.

"How many times?" Roger asked, clearly trying to make a competition out of it.

"Four times."

The drummer let out a mocking laugh, "That's nothing, Fred. I once came five times in one hour."

"You're lying!" the singer gasped in shock, "That's physically impossible."

"I'm not lying, Fred!"

"You are, you dumb blond. Or whatever your hair color is! You just can't handle that my sex life is a lot more entertaining than yours."

"I once had sex for three hours!" Roger yelled at him.

"Well, I once had sex for five hours!"

John couldn't listen anymore and he quickly returned to his bedroom, tears welling up in his eyes. He knew that he shouldn’t be taking those words seriously or personally, but it still hurt. While he knew that he was not Freddie's first of best, it pained him to hear the singer talking so enthusiastically about his previous experiences. Especially when John was feeling so guilty for the events of the previous night and his sexual performances overall. He didn't want to go all the way with Freddie, he didn't want to do all those things and please him and pleasure him, but he was so damn broken. And no matter what he did, he was still so fragile and slow. John let out a sob, but he blinked the tears away, not wanting to cry.

He sat there on the bed for a few minutes and then he heard the doors opening and he mentally cursed himself for him going to the bathroom for his alone time.

"Darling, what are you doing here all by yourself? Join us in the living room," the singer said as he approached the bassist, "Are you up for a game of Scrabble?"

John just shook his head, crossing his arms over his chest. Immediately Freddie noticed that something was off.
"Did something happen, dear?" he asked, gently placing his hand on John's shoulder, but the bassist jerked away from it. After noticing the hurt that crossed Freddie's face at that, John immediately felt bad and he stood up, pressing himself against the singer.

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean ... " he trailed off, taking in a deep breath. He could feel Freddie wrap his arms around him, holding him close.

"What's wrong, darling? Did I do something?"

"N-No."

"That did not sound very convincing, dear," Freddie said seriously, pulling away so that he could look at John. The bassist refused to meet his eyes, but then he pressed a kiss to Freddie's lips and that did surprise the older boy and it took him a long moment to respond.

After breaking the kiss, John brought his hands to Freddie's belt, trying to unbuckle it.

"What are you doing, sweetie?" the singer laughed, but did not try and stop him.

"I-I want us to make love," John forced out, unzipping Freddie pants and then stopping, resting his hands on Freddie's waist.

"You really are turning into a sex manic," the singer chuckled, but then noticed the serious expression on his boyfriend's face, "What is it?"

"Will you make love to me?" John quietly asked.

"Of course, darling. But what is - "

John cut him off, "A-And you can be rough. I-I don't mind, really."

Silence.

After a few long, painfully silent moments, the bassist could feel Freddie's hand on his own and he looked up, meeting Freddie's eyes for the first time since the singer entered the room.

"Why would I want to be rough with you, darling?" Freddie carefully asked.

"It's fine, really. I can take it. You don't ... need to be so careful with me. I-I won't break. And you don't need to hold yourself back."
"John, you are starting to worry me."

The bassist ignored his words and tried to sneak a hand into the singer's pants, but Freddie grabbed his hand, preventing him from doing it.

"Freddie," he groaned, "I'm serious. Y-You can be rough. Please."

"You're begging me to - ? What's wrong with you, John?"

The bassist pulled away from him, crossing his arms over his chest, "I'm ... angry."

"I can see that, yes. Why?"

"Because I'm ... useless. I can't last long in bed, I can't do anything. Y-You always need to treat me like I'm about to break and it's all because of ... of him and I hate him."

It was then that Freddie understood and he offered a comforting smile, "I hate him too, darling."

"But I-I have a solution," John quickly nodded, "Lets just ... have sex. Alright? Lets go all the way and ... it'll be fine, won't it? And you can rough me up a bit and - "

"Rough you up?" Freddie could not keep the shock from his face, "Why would I rough you up?"

John looked down, struggling with his next words, "Isn't that what you ... what you like? I mean ... "

"What?"

"He said ... he said - "

"Who is he, darling?" Freddie demanded, getting angry, "And please tell me it is not who I think it is."

John was silent for a moment, but then he just let it out, "T-Tom."

"Tom?" the singer raised his voice, "Tom again? Again with his shit? Tom told you ... that cunt who grabbed you and harassed you, told you that I liked it rough and you believe him? Just like that? Without talking to me about it? Really feeling the love here, John."
"You must have ... Freddie, you must be holding yourself back with me. I'm not stupid. I know you can't be that gentle and slow and keep doing things to me, without getting any pleasure out of it yourself - "

"And so you believe Tom? Instead of asking me and talking to me about it?" Freddie was very angry by now, "Yes, John. If you must know, yes, I am holding myself back with you."

John looked up at him tearfully, "Y-You don't have to - "

"But not in the way that you think I am. I am not fantasizing about being rough with you. How the hell could you believe that?"

John shrugged his shoulders, "H-He said that you liked mouth gags - "

"He what? You have got to be fucking kidding me, John," Freddie suddenly understood everything, "Is that why you've been constantly mentioning mouth gags? Instead of asking me directly? Openly? Like you know ... adults do?"

"Don't," the bassist looked at him, "Don't talk to me as if I-I'm a child."

"Stop acting like one and I will," Freddie replied coldly. There was a moment of silence, but John couldn't let it go.

"I'm sorry I'm not what you want me to be," the whispered, "B-But I can try and g-get better."

Freddie seemed like he was done with the entire conversation and he just sighed, "What do you mean?"

"Whatever h-he did to me and then you did to me ... it helped. It made it better," John's voice was shaking and he wasn't thinking clearly, but he loved Freddie so much and it felt horrible that he was not enough for him. That he'd never be enough for him because of his trauma.

Freddie gave him a shocked look, "John, I really hope you're not suggesting what I think you are."

"Can you be rough with m-me? Please," the bassist pleaded, "It'll make me ... better. I'll be ... better. And ... "

"No."

"Freddie, please."
"No."

And then John got angry, "Why not? Why won't you help me?"

"Help you?"

"Yes," the bassist forced out, blinking the tears away, "W-When I asked you to twist my arm so that I-I could see that there really wasn't much I could have done ... it helped me."

"What about me, John?" Freddie asked, "It's always about you. What about me? Do you have any idea how that made me feel? Having to act like your attacker, twisting your arm, hurting you? It might have helped you, but it made me feel like a monster."

"Freddie - "

"When you tried to get free and you accidentally pushed back, rubbing your arse against my cock? Do you remember that? Do you want to know how that made me feel? It made me sick to my stomach," Freddie spat the words out at him, "And I am not doing that again, John. Never."

"But ... But it'll help me, Freddie," the bassist whispered, "And I could finally be the ... the boyfriend that you deserve."

"You already are exactly what I want you to be, John. Why can't you see that?"

"No!" John raised his voice, "You're lying. I can't possibly be. I-I can't last long in bed, I can't go all the way, I can't ... do anything. I'm not ... bendy."

"Bendy?" it was then that Freddie realized what was happening, "Were you eavesdropping?"

"No. I-I just happened to hear ... " John trailed off, "And that's not the point. I need you to help me, Freddie. Please."

"No," the singer said coldly, "You want me to be rough with you. To hurt you."

"It'll help me. It'll make me forget about that night and - "

"John," Freddie's voice softened, "You will never forget about that night. No matter what I do, no matter what we do. And me being rough with you, acting like ... like that monster will not help us. It will not help you."
"Stop saying that! You don't know if it'll help or not," John screamed at him, but then he lowered his voice, "It didn't happen to you."

Those words cut through Freddie like a knife and he needed a few moments to respond, "I know it didn't. But I go to sleep every damn night wishing that it did happen to me."

"W-What?"

"If I could go back in time and have that happen to me instead of you, I'd gladly do it."

John sniffled, brushing away the tears, "Don't say that."

"I am saying that. I would gladly switch places with you. But I cannot do what you're asking me to do. I simply can't."

"Please," John tried again, "Please, Freddie."

"What is it that you even want, John? Do you even know what you want me to do?" he stepped closer to the bassist, "Do you want me to throw you on the bed and hold your hands above your head? Or do you want me to press your face into the bed and have my way with you?"

John winced at those words, but remained silent.

Freddie continued, "Don't give me that look, John. You asked for this. Do you want me to cover your mouth with my hand and fuck you senseless? You do not want that."

The bassist was horrified by those words, "I-I can't ..."

"Do you want me to push you against the wall and rape you? Is that what you had in mind? Weird kink, darling, but I've heard even weirder."

John looked at Freddie, his eyes wide open with shock and disgust and hurt. Immediately, the singer felt sorry for letting it go that far. His mouth ran a lot faster than his brain and that always managed to get him in trouble.

"God, John, darling, I'm sorry - " he reached towards the bassist, but John flinched away from him.

"I didn't mean that, John. You know I didn't," the singer pleaded with him, but John was silent, refusing to even meet his eyes. The bassist slowly walked past him and sat on the edge of the bed, staring off into the distance.
Freddie could feel his own heart breaking at the sight of that, but he had no idea what to do. Yes, he was still angry, but he couldn't stand knowing that he his words really hurt John. And he could clearly see that John was deeply hurt.

"Do ... do you want me to stay?" he hesitantly asked, but then John just shook his head and turned away from him.

Freddie's throat closed up with panic and he felt as if he might vomit, but instead he just turned away and stormed out of the room.

Ignoring the worried glances of Roger and Brian, the singer grabbed his coat and left the flat.

ooo

Freddie felt as if someone had just stabbed his heart with a knife and then twisted it, making it even more painful. He was furious the moment he left the flat but as minutes went by, that anger was slowly being replaced with hurt. And a lot of pain. He didn't even know where he was walking to, he just kept wandering the streets, but it was so damn cold and he was freezing. His mind went over the fight and he couldn't believe it escalated that much that fast; he couldn't believe the things John had said to him and the horrible, hurtful things he had said to John. It was physically painful to think about the fight and Freddie never imagined fighting with John would hurt him this much. He naively thought that because he loved John so damn much and the bassist made him the happiest he's ever been, that their fight wouldn't be that horrible and that they could never hurt each other so much. But clearly he was wrong.

Freddie wanted to cry, he felt as if he was falling apart on the inside.

And he was shivering; on his way out of the flat all he grabbed was the coat, he couldn't bother looking for a scarf. And then he realized it. The coat. The fur coat that John got him.

Freddie felt as if he was being ripped to pieces, every breath he took hurt. All he wanted was to run back to the flat and fall on his knees and apologize to John and talk to him and hug him, but it was too late for that. Or too soon.

Before he even realized it, he was walking into a club. A gay club; the one where he and John had a couple of dates in.
Pushing those memories away, Freddie made his way through a crowd of people and found himself a small booth in the corner. He had no money; he forgot to grab his wallet as he was trying to leave the flat as soon as possible. Hopefully, no one would notice him sitting there without having ordered something. His body finally relaxed and warmed up and he took off the coat very carefully, placing it on the seat next to him. He usually found the loud music very enjoyable, but at that moment he hated it. All he wanted was for all those people to just leave so that he could be alone. Alone with his sadness.

He sat there for a couple of long minutes, just sulking and thinking, keeping himself from breaking down and bursting into tears and then he noticed that someone had approached him. Looking up, he was met with a very good looking guy; short brown hair, but his features were very feminine, his eyelashes unbelievably long. His face was sweaty and his shirt was halfway unbuttoned, revealing a very soft, hairless chest.

The guy smiled at him and Freddie returned the smile, trying to be polite.

"I'm Jonathan," the guy leaned closer to him as he introduced himself.

"Freddie," the singer said, forcing a smile.

And then the guy grinned and asked, "How big's your cock?"

Freddie looked at him in surprise and nearly laughed at hearing his own pick-up line being used on him. It was a very ridiculous line; Freddie couldn't believe he actually succeeded in picking up quite a lot of guys with it.

"Too big for you, darling. Bugger off," Freddie dismissed him with his hand and returned to his sulking silence.

Jonathan just shrugged his shoulders and disappeared off into the crowd.

Freddie immediately forgot about him and he started wondering if John was alright; if he stayed at home. He could only hope that he did; that was a big part of why Freddie left - to give John the space he needed. After a fight like that it was impossible they both remain in that tiny flat. So Freddie left.

The singer let out a breath, hiding his face in his hands, wanting to literally disappear.

*Mouth gags?*

He could feel fury shooting through him at the thought of Tom lying to John, making up shit about mouth gags and bondage and who knows what else. He wished he would bump into Tom tonight;
there would be no more holding back and trying to be polite. He'd beat him to a bloody pulp.

And then Freddie felt something being placed on the table in front of him. He looked up from his hands, noticing that guy again.

Jonathan.

He placed a glass of what looked like gin and tonic in front of the singer while still holding his own drink in his hands. Freddie gave him a confused look, but the guy smiled, "I figured you could use one. You know, before they kick you out for not ordering anything."

Freddie struggled with what to say, but he had to admit the guy was right and he really did not want to be kicked out. He'd freeze to death.

"I'm taken," the singer said before even touching the drink in front of him.

The guy chuckled, "That's fine. I'm not looking for a relationship."

Finally, Freddie relaxed a bit and hesitantly reached for the drink. He literally moaned as he felt the liquid burn his throat and he closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation, wishing he could get drunk, but he'd probably need more than one gin and tonic.

The guy sat down next to him, which Freddie was not surprised by. He knew he didn't buy him a drink out of the kindness of his heart.

"What's your story?" Jonathan asked, bringing a drink to his mouth.

Freddie let out a humorless laugh, thinking about what to say, but then he just blurted out, "I am fairly certain I just destroyed my relationship, darling. What about you?"

"Oh, I keep away from those, mate."

"Relationships?"

The guy nodded and Freddie laughed, "That is actually a very smart thing. I wish I would have - " but then he stopped himself.

"But what brings you here then? Is your - "

"No, he's not here," the singer quickly replied, staring down at his drink, "He probably hates my guts right about now."
"What did you do?"

Freddie could tell that the guy was genuinely interested in hearing the story and Freddie desperately wanted to tell someone, to let it all out. Before he could stop himself, he was babbling; not saying any details, just letting out all his feelings. Jonathan kept ordering them more drinks and Freddie could feel himself getting more and more drunk; the feelings of anger and guild and hurt were being replaced with feeling of total calmness. He was as relaxed as ever, even giggly.

"I knew it was too good to be true," he shook his head, "I guess I should have ... tried more, but ... I can't. I've given him all that I am, all that I have. You know?"

"I'm sure you did," Jonathan nodded, agreeing with him.

"But it wasn't enough! He'd rather listen to some ... fucking creep and believe him, instead of asking me and believing me."

In the middle of complaining and pouring his soul out, Freddie did notice that Jonathan was now sitting much closer to him than he was at the start. Their knees were nearly touching now.

"I've been coming to this club for the past two months," the guy said, looking around, "Not a lot of choice."

"What do you mean, dear? Look at how many guys are in here."

"Yeah, but they are either ugly or weird or ... a bottom."

Freddie looked at him, "Oh, you're ... ?"

"It's been a real struggle looking for a suitable top," the guy laughed, "It's very rare to find someone who had a big enough cock and knows what to do with it."

Freddie smirked, "Well, you're in luck today!"

But then he immediately stopped himself; what the hell was he doing? Why was he flirting with that guy? Why did he suddenly feel like the Freddie he was three months ago? Free, careless, flirtatious?

He concluded it must be the alcohol.

But he still brought the glass to his mouth, taking another sip. Eventually he could feel the familiar feeling of drunkenness taking over him and all his worries floated away. He could see the guy sitting
very close to him now and his hand was on his knee. But Freddie didn't mind that, not thinking much about it. They were still talking about something, at least Freddie was trying to stay focused enough to talk. He suddenly felt the need to dance, but before he could get up, he could feel a hand moving up, caressing his thigh and then gently touching his crotch.

Freddie shook his head, letting out a nervous laugh, "No, no, darling. I'm afraid -"

He couldn't even finish the sentence as he felt a hand unzip his pants and slip inside and Freddie let it happen. He knew that it was wrong, but he still let it happen. And the guy clearly knew what he was doing; Freddie was a moaning mess in a matter of moments, spreading his legs to give him more access.

"I think I've just gotten the answer to my question," Jonathan laughed, nibbling at Freddie's ear.

"What .. what question, dear?"

"About your cock size," the guy replied, giving Freddie a soft squeeze.

The singer closed his eyes; it felt too good to stop, he was too drunk to move and too emotionally hurt to reject someone being nice to him. It felt good having someone want him, need him. All of him. Not just parts of him. It felt good hearing someone actually be excited about Freddie's cock size and it was so very freeing to not have to worry about his cock being too big and scary and how frightening it might be to the other person.

And then he felt Jonathan moving, kissing his neck, making his way up to his face. But before he could kiss his lips, Freddie snapped out of it, turning his head away.

"No, no, no," he said, almost in panic; shaking his head and pulling the guy's hand out of his pants.

"What's wrong?"

Freddie did not even bother trying to reply, he just moved away from the guy, forcing himself to stand up and walk away as soon as possible, struggling with zipping his pants back up. The music was too loud, preventing him from thinking clearly, and people kept bumping into him and he kept bumping into people, but there were only one thing on his mind.

*Oh god, what have I done?*
Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me! It had to happen, you'll see. ;)

Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The moment Freddie stepped out into the cold night, he realized he had forgotten his coat and immediately his heart dropped. Without thinking, he turned around and went back into the club, stumbling a bit and being pushed around by all the people dancing. He barely managed to remember where he had been sitting at, but after finally reaching the chair, he felt a giant burden being lifted at the sight of his coat exactly where he left it. Thankfully, Jonathan wasn't around anymore and Freddie grabbed the coat, clutching it to his chest as if it was the most precious thing in the world and he tried to make his way out of the club again.

It took him a few long minutes to finally reach the exit as he kept pausing and holding onto tables and walls for support. He actually considered going to the restrooms to vomit, but he decided against it, wanting to be out of the club as soon as possible. He felt dirty and desperately needed to scrub the dirt off of his body. Usually when he was this drunk, he would call Roger or Brian and ask them to come pick him up, but he didn't want to do that at that moment. He wanted to be alone, he deserved to be alone.

Freddie couldn't even remember how many drinks he had had, all he remembered was pouring his soul out to Jonathan and him keep calling the bartenders over and ordering them new drinks. It had to be at least seven or eight drinks, if not more. Freddie's throat closed with panic as he remembered what followed his last drink; he barely registered Jonathan's hand on his thigh as he was a very touchy person and he himself was constantly touching people while talking to them. He could feel his hand, but he foolishly didn't think anything of it. And when it was on his groin it was already too late. He could feel his cock responding to the touch, even if it was just feather like touch. He should have put a stop to it right there and then. But he let that hand slide into his pants and he let it stay there for a few long moments. Freddie felt sick to his stomach and he actually welcomed the cold air that hit him the moment he stepped onto the street.

It was then that he realized he still wasn't wearing his coat, he was just clutching it to his chest, as if afraid someone might take it from him. But soon the shivering became too much and Freddie somehow managed to put the coat on, although a bit clumsily. He didn't know where to go; he didn't want to go home. He felt he didn't deserve going home, he didn't deserve walking into that warm flat that hit him the moment he stepped onto the street.

Freddie winced in actual physical pain as he said John's name in his mind. It hurt; the memories from their fight hurt, the realization that he let a stranger grope him hurt. Not wanting to go home, Freddie kept wandering the streets, every now and then leaning against the wall, probably seeming like a pathetic drunk.
John was worried sick; he actually couldn't remember the last time he was this worried about anything. After their fight, after Freddie had asked him if he wanted him to stay, John did something that he was now regretting more than anything. He regretted it the moment Freddie left the room. John wished he could go back in time and just hug the singer after he asked him if he wanted him to stay. That was what he should have done, but instead, he decided to act like a literal child and lie.

Perhaps Freddie was right. Perhaps he really was childish.

Less than a minute after Freddie stormed out of the room, John jumped from the bed and hurried after him, but he was too late. The singer was gone and John almost ran after him and he would have, but Roger and Brian stopped him, pulling him back inside. The boys did their best to try and calm him down, trying to reassure him without asking too many questions about the fight. Roger was positive that Freddie would be alright, insisting that the singer needed a bit of alone time to cool down. And John accepted that, wanting to give Freddie what he needed, but four hours later he was worried out of his mind. Brian had already gone to sleep and Roger was trying to keep John company in the living room, insisting that Freddie was more than capable of taking care of himself, but soon the drummer just rolled to the other side of the sofa and fell asleep. John quickly covered him with a blanket before going to the kitchen, pacing up and down. He tried to tell himself that if Roger and Brian weren't worried, that he shouldn't be as well because they knew Freddie longer and better than John.

Still, the bassist couldn't shake the feeling of something being wrong, especially since it was already well past midnight and Freddie still wasn't back. John tried to think of their fight as little as possible, feeling too hurt and ashamed by his own behavior. After a few hours of being alone, John realized that he was acting completely insane, demanding cruel things from Freddie and recognized that it was no surprise that the singer reacted like he did.

Yes, they both said hurtful things to each other, but all John wanted at that moment was for Freddie to return home safely.

And then suddenly John thought he heard something and he froze, listening for any sound. And he heard it again; it sounded as if someone was trying to unlock their front door and John needed a few moments to move, his body just refused to cooperate. When he hurried back into the living room, Freddie was already there.

At first John offered him a big smile, letting out a breath of relief, but then he noticed the state in which Freddie seemed to be in. The singer did meet his eyes for a moment, but then he quickly looked down.
"Freddie - " John tried to approach him, but Freddie flinched away from him, taking a step back.

"D-Don't, John. J-Just don't," Freddie managed to let out and John could tell that something was very wrong. Even from where he was standing he noticed the strong smell of alcohol and the cigarettes coming from the singer and he seemed to be swaying a bit on his feet.

"Are you ... drunk?" John carefully asked.

The look of guilt and sadness on Freddie's face was overwhelming and John had a feeling it wasn't just because he was drunk.

"I-I walked around, John," Freddie whispered, "I-I didn't want to come here, but I-I got cold and ... I have nowhere else t-to go. I have nowhere else t-to go."

It broke John's heart hearing him talk like that and he smiled, "Freddie, you live here. You have every right to come here."

Freddie dared to look up, only for a moment before lowering his eyes again. It was then that John noticed how much the singer seemed to be shivering and he tried approaching him again, "Let's get you to bed. We'll talk - "

"N-No," Freddie jerked away from him again, "Don't touch me, John. Just ... don't."

John could feel tears welling up in his eyes, "Freddie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ... I'm so sorry. I promise I'll never again - " he stopped talking as he noticed Freddie bring a hand to his mouth and it seemed as if the singer was about to vomit. Immediately, John reacted, taking a hold of Freddie's arm and helping him to the bathroom.

Freddie kneeled down in front of the toilet and retched a few times, but nothing seemed to be coming out. John kept rubbing soothing circles on his back and keeping his hair from getting in his face. When Freddie finally gave up and just sat back, he moved away from John again and the bassist could feel his heart breaking at that. He tried to not let it get to him, but every time Freddie rejected his touch or flinched away from him, it hurt him so much. Still, he tried to keep a neutral face and take care of his boyfriend.

"John, I'm so sorry," Freddie finally whispered and at first it surprised the bassist, but then he concluded the singer was just apologizing for their fight.

"Oh, no, no, Freddie. I should be the one apologizing. I was - "

"No," Freddie cut him off with a pained sob, "I-I did something horrible."
"You didn't - "

"I did! John, I'm a ... piece of absolute shit and ... and you have every right to fucking hate me."

That did make John a bit alarmed, "W-Why are you saying these things? I could never hate you. Never," again, he tried to touch Freddie, but the singer moved away, avoiding the touch.

"Freddie, please - "

"I cheated on you."

John froze at those words and for a few long moments he just stared at Freddie, not knowing if he heard that right. The singer was looking at him and he seemed absolutely destroyed and ashamed.

"F-Freddie, what are you - "

"I-I cheated on you, John," the singer whispered, his voice breaking at the last word. He let out a sob, his eyes filling with tears immediately.

John could not comprehend what was happening at that moment; never in a million years did he think he'd hear those words come out of Freddie's mouth and at that moment it felt as if the entire world came crashing down onto him.

"You didn't," John managed to whisper, struggling to breathe.

"I-I did," Freddie cried out, "I did and I'm a horrible person. Horrible, dirty, disgusting faggot!"

That made John snap out of his thoughts for a moment, "Don't ... don't say that."

"It's true, John. It's true. Oh god," Freddie covered his face with his hands, his entire body shaking.

The bassist tried to keep calm, even though he felt like completely breaking down and crying his eyes out.

"What happened? Can you tell me what happened, Freddie?"

The singer shook his head, still hiding his face.
John brought his hand up, gently pulling Freddie's away from his face, making the singer look at him, "P-Please, tell me what happened. I-I need to know."

Freddie let out a sob and nodded, "I-I was walking around and it was too cold and I ... I didn't know where to go, I didn't have any money and ... I-I went to a club and I-I was just sitting there and ... some guy approached m-me."

John teared up, already mentally preparing himself to hear the next part. He couldn't even bring himself to be angry or disappointed; he just felt so incredibly broken on the inside.

"And that guy ... he ... he paid for my drink and I-I didn't have any money and I felt horrible because of ... of our fight and I kept drinking and drinking and ... " Freddie paused, looking tearfully at John who just sat there and stared at him, barely even breathing.

John tried to keep the image of Freddie shagging some random guy out of his mind, but it was impossible. He kept seeing the image; Freddie passionately kissing some other guy that wasn't John, touching him, groping him. And other things that were too painful to even think about.

John just sat there, completely defeated.

"And then he ... he started touching me and I-I didn't want it, John, I swear. I didn't," Freddie whispered, tears falling down his face, "But I let him I just ... sat there and let him t-touch me. And he ... he touched my ... he unzipped my pants and ... "

John sucked in a breath and he had to blink away the tears because he could barely see Freddie anymore; his vision was too blurry.

Freddie continued with a shaking voice, "And he ... t-touched my cock."

This was too much for John, he felt sick to his stomach and had to close his eyes as he asked what happened next.

"I-I ran away," Freddie replied, "I-I pulled his hand out and just ... ran. I ran out of the c-club and then I wandered the streets and ... "

That made John open his eyes and look at the singer with a confused expression, "You ... that was it? I mean, he touched you and you ... left?"

Freddie nodded, "I let him do that to me, John. I am so sorry, I'm d-disgusting and I deserve to be - "

"Freddie," John forced a shaky smile, "It's alright. Lets get you to bed, alright?"
"It's not alright," the singer cried out, "I-I betrayed you. I'm vile and - "

"Let's get you to bed, Freddie, alright?" John asked again, not entirely sure how he felt, but he knew they needed to have that conversation some other time, preferably when Freddie was sober.

"I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry, John," Freddie said quietly, looking at him with such sadness and remorse that all John wanted to do at that moment was to comfort him and take the pain away.

"It's alright, Freddie," he repeated again and then helped the singer to his feet and supported him on the way to their bedroom.

Freddie just collapsed onto the bed, not even taking his coat off.

"Let's make you more comfortable," John said as he slowly undressed the singer, starting with his coat and then continued with his shirt and when his hands went down to his pants, John froze as he noticed that his pants weren't zipped all the way up and he swallowed back a sob as he realized what the reason behind that was. Forcing himself to stop thinking about those things, John took Freddie's pants off, leaving him in his underwear and moved him so that he was lying on his side of the bed and not sprawled across the entire bed. Then he pulled the covers over the singer, tucking him in as if he was a child.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Freddie kept repeating, barely conscious anymore, but still very tormented.

"It's f-fine, it's alright," John whispered back to him, trying to console him. They wouldn't solve much by talking while Freddie was drunk and all John wanted was for the singer to fall asleep. It didn't take long; apparently John gently caressing Freddie's leg was enough for the singer to relax and finally fall asleep.

And John just stayed where he was; sat on the edge of the bed, staring blankly off into the distance. It was strange that Roger wasn't woken up by all the noise, but it was a good thing he wasn't. John really did not want the drummer to witness anything that happened between him and Freddie.

Freddie slept through the entire night, while John just sat there, feeling numb. He wasn't sleepy, he wasn't hungry or sad. He was just numb. Going from being angry at Freddie to worried sick to relieved to hurt in less than a few hours was too much for John. He still couldn't really understand or comprehend what Freddie had told him. When the singer first said that he cheated on him, John felt broken. As if his heart shattered into million pieces in that one second. But then the singer told him that he was touched, that a random guy just touched him and that was not as horrible as what John had imagined, but it was still something.
What bothered John the most was Freddie talking to some guy and partaking in what seemed to be a buildup to a handjob. Or just ... touching. John didn't want to think about it or imagine it, but no matter how hard he tried it, his mind kept going there.

Suddenly he felt so incredibly inadequate; no wonder Freddie went searching for pleasure elsewhere if he couldn't get it at home from his boyfriend. It was embarrassing to John how slowly he was recovering and he found it surprising that Freddie managed to last as long as he did without seeking pleasure elsewhere.

The bassist did manage to fall asleep a couple of times, but never for longer than a few minutes. When it was finally ten o'clock in the morning and the singer was still asleep, John decided to leave him alone and made his way to the kitchen to find himself something to eat, even though he was barely hungry.

But the moment he stepped into the kitchen, he regretted it.

Brian and Roger were already there, sipping coffee and eating something that seemed like sandwiches, but before John could take a better look, the drummer looked at him with a big smirk on his face.

"Did our lovebirds manage to make up?" Roger asked, raising his eyebrow, "I couldn't hear any weird noises all the way to the living room, but ... " he nudged Brian and almost made him spill coffee all over himself, "Did you hear anything?"

Brian shook his head, "Nothing. I fell asleep pretty quickly. I didn't even hear when Freddie returned."

John forced a smile, "It was ... well after midnight. He apparently went to a club and he ... came home pretty drunk."

"Drunk?" Roger sounded surprised, "He just went out alone and got drunk?"

John nodded, trying to act unbothered by it.

And then Roger laughed, "Look at you, Deaky. Making our poor Freddie turn to alcohol in the first month of dating. You are deadly."

"Is everything alright?" Brian asked, noticing the pale look on John's face.
John looked at Brian and opened his mouth to reply; for some reason he wanted to tell him, tell them, *everything*, he needed to get it off of his chest, but then he realized that Brian was already dealing with a lot and John refused to add more stress.

"It's fine," the bassist finally smiled, "We're just ... we're still a bit ... " he trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"Well, you better make up quickly!" the drummer laughed, "New Year's tomorrow and you can't be fighting during that."

John tensed up, he had completely forgotten about the New Years and suddenly he felt even worse. Thankfully Roger and Brian changed the subject and started arguing about something. John heard something about people not evolving from monkeys and Brian being really frustrated about it, but then John mentally checked out and started to prepare himself some breakfast. Before he even realized what he was doing, he had made two sandwiches. One for himself and one for Freddie. It wasn't something planned, he just subconsciously did it.

And it was then that he heard Roger's shriek fill the kitchen.

"Oh my god, Freddie! You look like shit!"

John turned around and saw Freddie standing at the doorway and Roger was right; the singer really looked horrible. He was wrapped in his yellow bathrobe, but he looked so small and delicate. There was something about the way he was standing there, like he was hesitating to even enter the kitchen. Not to mention his sunken face and red, puffy eyes.

"Morning, Fred," Brian said to him, smiling warmly at the singer. Freddie did return the smile, but he said nothing and he kept glancing at John with fear in his eyes, as if afraid of his reaction.

It was a tense atmosphere in the room and everyone could feel it. Freddie and John seemed to have a staring contest and before Brian or Roger could question it, John stood up, offering his seat to Freddie, "Here you go. Y-You can sit here."

Freddie's eyes widened with surprise and he needed a few moments to respond; finally he shook his head, "N-No, no. I can stand, it's fine - "

"Freddie, you can barely stand," John insisted, "Come sit here."

The singer just stared at him for a few moments as if asking if he was sure and then he finally nodded and very slowly moved, walking past John and sitting down. It was strange; Freddie seemed uncomfortable, almost as if he was a stranger in his own flat.
"I think our lovebirds are still quarreling," Roger said to Brian, chuckling. Immediately, Freddie looked down, feeling even more uncomfortable.

"I've made you a sandwich," John said, placing the plate in front of his boyfriend, who immediately looked up at him suspiciously.

"W-Why?" the words flew out of Freddie's mouth before he could stop it.

"Because ... " John started, but then paused, "I-I don't want you to be hungry."

Silence.

"I feel like I'm intruding on something!" Roger said loudly.

"Perhaps we should leave them alone, Rog?" Brian said, already standing up and pulling Roger with him. The drummer struggled, insisting that he wasn't finished with his breakfast, but the guitarist ignored it and dragged him out of the kitchen. When Freddie and John were finally alone, they remained silent for a few painfully long moments. It didn't escape John's attention that Freddie seemed to be avoiding meeting his eyes and that hurt. John didn't know how he wanted him to act; if he wanted Freddie to say something, to apologize, to yell at him, to try and explain. Anything would be better than the silence.

Finally, John cleared his throat and asked, "D-Do you want some coffee? I can - "

"I'm sorry," Freddie cut him off, finally looking at him. Really looking at him.

"You don't want coffee then?" John looked at him in confusion.

"John, darl - " the singer stopped himself before he could finish the word, "I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. If you want me to leave - "

"I don't want you to leave, Freddie," John said quietly.

"D-Do you want to yell at me? You can insult me, call me names, I deserve it," the singer swallowed hard, "I-I deserve everything. You can ... do anything, just don't leave me. Please, John. Please."

John was almost overwhelmed by the panic and the fear he could hear in Freddie's voice and see on his face. I shook him to the core and suddenly he needed to sit down as well. He grabbed the nearest chair and pulled it closer to Freddie before sitting down and taking in a deep breath. It seemed as if Freddie wasn't breathing as he waited for John to speak, his eyes following his every move.
Finally John just shrugged his shoulders, "I-I don't want to leave, Freddie. There is no way I'd ... leave you," then he let out a shaky breath, "B-But if I'm not ... enough for you ... If I'm - "

"Of course you're enough for me. You're ... perfect to me," Freddie sounded desperate, "I-I was stupid and ... drunk and I-I know that's no excuse and ... I fucked up. I fucked up."

John looked down at his hands, "I-I made you do that."

"What do you mean?"

"I made you do that," John repeated, a bit stronger this time, "I acted like an irrational brat and I started that fight with you. It was my fault."

"No, it wasn't. I-I shouldn't have reacted the way I did," Freddie whispered, "I should have been ... more mature and I shouldn't have yelled at you and - "

"Freddie," John smiled at him, "You've been the sweetest, the most patient boyfriend I could have asked for."

"No, I haven't been. Sweet and patient boyfriends don't go out and get a handjob from a stranger -"

"Freddie, don't," John winced at that sentence, the smile immediately disappearing from his face.

"It's what happened," the singer forced the words out, "And no matter how childishly or irrationally you acted, I never had the right to go out an .... do that. I shouldn't have accepted the drink. I-I shouldn't have left the flat."

"I wanted you to stay," John whispered, "I wanted you to stay, but .... "

"You ... wanted me to stay? After the ... fight? After I - ?"

John nodded, "Y-Yes. I know I said I didn't want you to, but I did. I really did. I was just being ... a brat. And it's my fault that you left."

At first Freddie just stared at him with a unreadable expression and then his eyes filled with tears. It happened so fast that John was a bit taken aback by it.

"Freddie, don't ... I-I'm sorry," the bassist didn't even know what to say, "I was the one to believe Tom and - "
"Don't mention him, darling. Please."

John himself teared up a bit at Freddie calling him *darling* again, but he blinked the tears away, "N-no, we *should* talk about it. It's what caused all of this ... mess."

"I was the one who caused it, John."

"No. *I* was."

Freddie shook his head, "No, I - "

"I shouldn't have believed T-Tom. And I *didn't*. I mean, not really. I just ... a part of me was afraid that you ... that you need something *more* than what I was giving you. What I'm able to give you at the moment."

Freddie actually reached out to touch him, but he changed his mind at the last moment, placing his hands back down at the table. How John wished that he hadn't done that; how he wished Freddie would touch him and caress him and hug him.

"John," the singer took a deep breath, "What you are currently able to give me is more than enough for me. I don't feel as if I'm missing anything. Do you believe me?"

John nodded, though just to move on from that subject; he hated talking about it and no matter what Freddie said to him, he'd still feel like he wasn't doing enough or recovering fast enough.

"What happens now?" the singer quietly asked and John could feel the fear in his voice.

"I'm not leaving, Freddie," John reassured him, "What happened at the club ... it does hurt, but ... we'll move past it."

And John really meant that, he just didn't know how long it would take or how they'd be able to do it, but he knew they would. They needed to.

"I am so sorry," Freddie said again and John nodded and that was it.

For the rest of the day, they avoided the subject. Or better yet, they avoided each other. They were still very polite to each other when they needed to communicate, but something was missing. The intimacy. Seeing how they were interacting now, it was hard to believe they made love just two days ago and were more in love than ever. It all just crumbled down in a matter of hours.
After lunch Roger nearly dragged Freddie into his room, claiming that there was a spider that needed to be taken care of. Even though Freddie complained, saying he didn't want anything to do with spiders, Roger dragged him to his room and then closed the doors behind them.

"I am not touching that spider, Rog," Freddie said, looking around in fear.

"There's no spider, Fred."

"What? Then why - "

"What's up with you and Deaky?"

Freddie crossed his arms over his chest, suddenly very nervous, "N-nothing."

"Oh, don't give me that bullshit, Fred," Roger rolled his eyes, "I told you, don't shit where you eat."

"What?"

"I knew it was a bad idea that you got together with a bandmate. Now it's awkward for the band," the drummer explained, "I've gotten us a rehearsal at Imperial College. We have the auditorium all for ourselves, but I don't know how that'll go, considering that you and Deaky can't even look at each other."

"I thought Brian said we'll go back to the studio after New Years?"

"Well, yes. But I thought a bit of practice could do us some good. We haven't played in a while, Fred."

The singer thought about it for a moment, then nodded his head, "I-I'm all for it. Does Brian know?"

"Yeah, he wanted me to ask you first. He also noticed you and Deaky acting weird."

Freddie opened his mouth to speak, but changed his mind at the last moment and stared at the drummer.

"What did you do, Fred?" Roger insisted, "Come on, tell me. I'm your best friend. We don't keep secrets from each other."

That did make Freddie smile, but he shook his head, "I-I can't tell you this. Just ... I fucked up. I
really fucked up."

"What? By yelling at Deaky? I believe even neighbors were able to hear you."

The singer blushed, "It's not that."

"Then what? Getting shit-faced?"

"No," Freddie looked down in shame, "Lets just drop it, darling. Alright? We'll be fine."

"You don't sound so sure about that, Fred."

Apparently there was something on Freddie's face that told Roger to just stop with his questions. He'd be blind if he didn't see his best friend being in pain and struggling with something and the last thing he wanted was to torture him even more. Deciding to give Freddie the time and space he needed, he finally let him out of the room.

ooo

John accepted the idea of sudden rehearsal with barely any excitement; given his emotional state, he really did not want to go out and do anything, but figured it might help him. Or at least distract him. Besides, if the rest of the band wanted to rehearse, who was he to go against it?

They quickly got ready and grabbed their equipment. Brian and Roger loaded the van while Freddie and John tried to get ready and it didn't go without awkward moments. John couldn't really explain it, but he didn't want to change in front of Freddie. It was strange, considering the amount of intimacy they shared just a day ago. John turned red at the thought that Freddie had a finger up his arse just the day earlier and now John felt uncomfortable changing in front of him. He couldn't really explain why; he still loved Freddie and trusted him and he understood that what happened was a mistake, but knowing that someone else touched something that John considered to be his ... he felt violated. And just ... odd. Grabbing his clothes as he went to the bathroom to change, he couldn't help but notice the pained expression on Freddie's face, but there was nothing John could do about it. He couldn't force himself to feel comfortable again.

Freddie felt like a knife was being stabbed into his heart repeatedly; with each polite smile that John gave him, Freddie felt like dying. He didn't want polite smiles; he wanted John to yell at him and insult him and make him pay for what he had done. It didn't help that every time Freddie looked at John, he could see the hickeys on the bassist's neck and collarbone; a painful reminder of how close they were to each other and how he now ruined it all.
Still, Freddie put on a brave face and gave it his all at the rehearsal.

The show must go on.

ooo

It took a while for them to finally learn to play with each other again; the first few songs they rehearsed were just all over the place and it ended up with Brian and Roger fighting over it. John was great, considering everything that was happening. He had to admit, he didn't think he'd enjoy playing, but he did. It made him feel good about himself and the grin on Roger's face every time they managed to sound magnificent, was enough to put him into a better mood.

Whenever Brian was doing his solo parts, Roger grabbed a handful of peanuts and started throwing them, one by one, at Brian, but the guitarist still did his part perfectly. He did, after he was done, chase Roger around with his guitar, threatening to smack him over the head with it, but John chuckled at the sight of it.

"Children, please. You are giving me a headache, really," Freddie sighed, rubbing his forehead.

"You don't want to ruin your Red Special, Bri," Roger said, hiding behind Freddie, using him as a shield.

Brian shrugged his shoulders, still holding his guitar up like a baseball bat, "I'll fix it. It'll be worth it."

"You'll accidentally hit Freddie!" Roger cried out, not letting the singer move out of the way.

"Bold of you to assume I'll hit him accidentally."

Freddie looked at him in shock, "What did I ever do to you, darling?"

That went on for a couple of more minutes, until they finally made up and everyone returned to their instrument. They rehearsed Liar for an hour straight; just going over and over some parts, arguing about it. Freddie did not approach John for their part in Liar and John did feel hurt by that, though he knew Freddie wasn't doing him to hurt him, but to give him space and time.
As always, John nailed his solo part, but after having to do it again and again and again, he did start to feel his wrist hurting a bit, but he ignored it.

"What if we change that part?" he heard Brian suggest, "What if we add my solo - "

"The song is already too long, even without your solo, Bri," Roger protested from behind his drums.

"We'll give you a solo on our next song, alright, dear?" Freddie suggested, trying to keep them from fighting again.

"You know, Bri, sometimes I need to have a solo too. Or John."

"I really think a guitar solo is much more pleasant to hear than a drum solo," Brian stated matter-of-factly.

Roger almost stood up again, "What is that supposed to mean?"

John sighed in annoyance; at that point he couldn't care less about who gets a solo and who doesn't. There were more important things in the world.

"Both of you - shut up," Freddie ordered, "Let's try again."

Then they played Liar again and by the end of it, John's wrist was hurting a lot and it was becoming hard to ignore. When they finished the song, John's right arm just lifelessly dropped beside his body and he hid the wince of pain, but apparently he didn't try hard enough.

"What's the matter, John?" Freddie suddenly asked, making his way over to him.

At first John was completely taken aback by it as Freddie seemed to be ignoring him for the majority of the day and suddenly being addressed like that, was confusing and unexpected.

"I-I'm fine, it's nothing - "

"Did you hurt your wrist?" Freddie asked with concern, his eyes immediately dropping to John's right hand.

The bassist hid it behind his body, trying to brush it off, "It's fine, really. It's just ... this is the sixth
"Let me see," Freddie asked softly, extending his hand. John would be lying if he said he didn't appreciate the singer noticing his discomfort and he didn't want to leave Freddie hanging. So he hesitantly brought his hand up, offering it to Freddie. The singer immediately took a hold of it, his fingers gently moving cross the delicate skin. Goosebumps appeared on John's skin at the touch and was sure Freddie could see it.

The singer experimentally moved John's wrist and the bassist grimaced in discomfort; it wasn't painful, it was just uncomfortable. Sore.

"We're finished for today," Freddie announced without even looking away from John.

"Why?" came a question from Roger, "We still have the entire afternoon."

"John hurt his wrist," Freddie replied, still gently holding said wrist in his hand.

"What happened?" Brian asked as he approached him.

Finally, John pulled his wrist from Freddie, "I-It's nothing serious. It's just ... I think I over-did it."

"We still have that compression wrap, right?" Freddie asked, "You'll put it when we get home. And then you take the day off and just rest."

"It's just a sore wrist, Freddie," John protested, but Freddie was having none of that.

"Yes, a wrist that your livelihood depends on," the singer said softly, "Promise me you'll be careful. The next time you feel we're pushing you, say something, alright?"

John realized there was no need in arguing and he nodded, "A-Alright."

The boys did not let him lift a finger while they packed their stuff up and loaded the van. He did feel very uncomfortable, offering to help several times, but after being rejected time after time and Roger actually taking a pack of drumsticks from him, John just gave up. Freddie even packed his bass guitar and offered to carry it for him, but he didn't wait for John's response and just picked it up and hurried out to the van. Freddie usually avoided doing hard work and carrying heavy equipment, coming up with all sorts of excuses just to annoy Roger and Brian, but this time it seemed Freddie was more than willing to help. John had to admit he was surprised by how strong Freddie was and that he was able to carry heavy things like the speakers and Roger's heavy drums. Freddie's body structure seemed very similar to John's, but the bassist realized that apparently the singer had a lot more strength in his upper body than John realized.
The drive back home was actually a lot less awkward than John anticipated. They all seemed to be enthusiastic about performing again and returning back to the studio. Since the first day it was obvious to John that Freddie was the one to push the group forward; yes, they all gave ideas and contributed, but Freddie was the one to go that extra mile. As far as John knew, the band Smile was pretty good, but it lacked something. And then Freddie came along, literally pushed his way in and started changing things, encouraging them to do more original songs and be more daring. If it wasn't for him, they would never even dream of recording a demo.

"I have another song planned," Freddie suddenly said, "It's a bit heavy on the guitar and it's Elvis inspired, but I think it has potential."

"What it's about?" Roger asked.

"Love," was all Freddie said, but there was a sad undertone in his voice and no one questioned it further.

ooo

Later that evening as John got ready for bed, he noticed Freddie pulling a few blankets out of their closet and then the singer walked over to their bed, grabbing his pillow.

"Where are you going?" John asked, staring at Freddie in confusion.

"Just ... I'll sleep in the living room until ... " he trailed off, not finishing the sentence, but he did manage to offer a smile.

"No," John said firmly, "This is your bed."

"It's our bed," Freddie quickly corrected him, but then his expression turned sad, "It'll just be for a while. I-I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

"I'll be uncomfortable if you leave our bed," John said quietly, then added, "If you don't want to ... share a bed with me ... then I'll sleep on the sofa - "

"That's out of the question, darling."

"I'm serious," John insisted, already grabbing his own pillow, "You have the bed."

"No."
The entire situation would be funny if it didn't make John incredibly sad. The fact that there was still tension between them and they were a bit distant and uncomfortable in each other's company was hurting John more than he let on.

But then something occurred to John, "Wait. Isn't Roger sleeping on the sofa? I mean, while Brian's staying here?"

"He is, but I already asked him to share the bed with Brian tonight."

That made John smile a bit, "They'll kill each other, Freddie."

"Or they might finally give in to their sexual attraction, dear," Freddie joked, making John chuckle and for a moment everything was like it used to be.

But almost at the same exact time they both looked down, the smiles disappearing from their faces as the reality set in again.

"I-I'll just - " Freddie started to walk out of the room, but John stopped him, grabbing his hand.

"No," he said, meeting Freddie's eyes again, "Stay. Please."

Freddie looked down at John's hand and he felt like crying; how he wished he could just return the affection and pull John closer and hug him and kiss him, but he knew that it wouldn't be appreciated. He needed to leave John alone and hope the bassist would be able to forgive him for fucking things up.

Finally, he nodded, "A-Alright. I'll stay."

John relaxed at that and even offered a slight smile, "Thank you."

Freddie's winced at that; why was John thanking him? He should be the one thanking John for allowing him to stay in their bed after being groped by a stranger and betraying John's trust.

The falling asleep part was a bit awkward, though. There was only one cover and they decided to share it. John noticed that Freddie was sticking to his side of the bed and was nearly hanging off the edge and he took that as a sign that the singer needed space. Because of that, John moved to his own side as mush as possible, leaving a lot of space between them. A third person could easily fit in between them.
They both had trouble falling asleep; they kept tossing and turning and every now and then they accidentally brushed against each other and it made John realize how much he missed Freddie's touch even though it's been only one day. There wasn't any touching while Freddie was away visiting his parents, but at least there were kind and sweet words over the phone and John knew he'd be getting cuddled with love the moment the singer returned home. But now ... he had no idea how long it would last and how to make it stop. He didn't want to be distant with Freddie and he wasn't angry at the singer for doing what he did at the club, he blamed himself for pushing him that far, but he didn't know how to fix it. He couldn't just jump in Freddie's arms and act like nothing's happened. Just imagining Freddie talking to some guy, being all flirty with him, made John sick to his stomach.

And then finally, after a good hour or more, John finally fell asleep.

ooo

Freddie couldn't even keep his eyes closed. Every time he tried to fall asleep, his mind kept replaying the events of the previous day. If he had only stayed at the flat. If he had only remained calm and talked to John instead of exploding. If he had only told that guy to fuck off instead of accepting the drink. Everything would be alright.

Freddie tossed and turned, but tried to do so as little as possible, not wanting to bother John. He could tell by John's breathing that the bassist fell asleep and that made him feel slightly better. At least one of them was able to find comfort in sleep. Freddie refused to even turn around and look at sleeping John; it would hurt too much, seeing what he had and fucked up. And to think that only two nights ago he felt closer to him than he had ever felt to anyone else and that John trusted him more than he ever trusted anyone ... it was painful and not something that Freddie would like to be reminded of. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes, but he blinked them away. He didn't even deserve to cry because it wasn't about him. He didn't get to cry and play the victim. He'd take his punishment because he deserved it. He'd stay away from John and not push him into forgiving him and not try and get sympathy from him.

He'd stay away and not even look at him or touch him or -

And then he heard it.

John's breathing accelerated and a soft whimper escaped his lips. Immediately, Freddie forgot everything he was promising to do just a few moments ago and he turned around, ready to wake John up, but the bassist was faster, sitting up and struggling for breath. It really did sound like John was being suffocated and Freddie touched his back gently, "John?"
The bassist acknowledged him immediately, but apparently did not want any help, "I-I'm fine. F-Fine."

It was obvious that he wasn't fine and Freddie moved to sit beside him, still gently rubbing his back, "Breathe for me, darling. You're safe. Alright?"

John nodded, but still was not really looking at Freddie, "I-I'm fine, I-I just ... "

Even through the darkness Freddie could see that John seemed to be blinking fast and he was disoriented and when he moved the hair from his face, his hand was shaking terribly. But before Freddie could react to that, John jumped up and managed to hurry out of the room, bumping into a dresser on the way out. The singer did not hesitate to follow him and even when John walked into the bathroom, Freddie followed, closing the door behind them.

"I'm fine, Freddie. P-Please, leave me alone," John struggled to speak, his voice shaking. He immediately went straight to the sink, removed the compression wrap from his wrist and then started washing his hands furiously.

Freddie slowly approached him, trying to stay calm and be helpful, "I can see that you are not fine, John. What happened? Breathe, darling."

John did try his best to breathe, but it was as if his throat was closed up and no air was coming through. After the bassist refused to say anything and just continued to wash his hands, Freddie looked down and realized that the water was scalding hot and the skin on John's hands was turning red.

"Shit!" he swore, immediately turning the water off and pulling John away from the sink. The bassist did struggle, but Freddie was having none of that. He put the toilet seat down and made John sit on it and then he kneeled down in front of him, still gently holding John's hands in his own.

"Talk to me, John," he pleaded, "What caused this?"

"N-Nothing," John refused, shaking his head, "I-I just ... "

"You had a nightmare, didn't you?"

"I saw him," John forced a smile, but there was such a terrified look in his eyes.

"Who, darling?"

"Him," was all John said and Freddie knew who he was.
"It was just a dream, John," the singer reassured him, gently caressing John's hands. And then something caught his attention and he looked down, noticing that John was still wearing his ring. At that moment Freddie felt like crying and it took a lot to just swallow back a sob and keep a strong face. This wasn't about him, it was about John and Freddie was decided to do everything in his power to make him feel better.

"You'll never see him again, darling. I give you my word," he promised, "I'll take care of you."

He almost asked 'Do you trust me?', but then decided against it, not wanting to hear the answer. Especially after the incident at the club.

"I-I still feel it," John whispered, looking down and grimacing in disgust, "I can feel it on me."

"Feel what?" Freddie asked even though he knew the answer,"There's nothing on you, darling."

"It is, it is. And I-I want it off, Freddie," he whimpered, making a move to get up, but Freddie wouldn't let him., knowing he'd probably rush right back to the sink and the burning hot water.

Freddie's mind worked fast, trying to think of a solution and then something did occur to him. He looked at John and nodded, "Alright, darling. I-I'll clean you off. Can I do that?"

John gave him a confused look, but he did seem calmer now.

The singer slowly stood up and grabbed a fresh towel, then got it wet with warm water before returning to John and kneeling down again.

"Where?" he asked softly and John did seem to swallow back a sob, but he went along with it, bringing his wrists up. Freddie understood, gently rubbing the towel over the skin, being even more gentle and careful with John's right wrist. The bassist seemed to calm down even more and he relaxed into the touch, his eyes following Freddie every move. When the singer was finished with the wrists, he placed John's hands down on his knees, "All done. What's next?"

John hesitantly met Freddie's eyes, then said quietly, "M-My neck."

Without questioning it, Freddie moved up a bit, bringing the towel to John's neck, gently wiping and cleaning the invisible dirtiness that John felt was there. The singer's stomach twisted with pain as he noticed John's hiccies, the hiccies that he put there and enjoyed putting there, but he forced himself to not think about it.

After gently cleaning John's neck, he smiled at the bassist, "Done."
John returned the smile and Freddie could see how grateful he seemed to be and it actually warmed the singer's heart. But then John slowly raised his shirt slightly up, pointing at his waist, the spot just above the waistband of his pajama bottoms, "A-And here. Please."

Immediately Freddie obeyed, pressing the wet part of the towel on John's body, gently moving it across the skin, noticing how the bassist seemed to relax more and more. When he was finally done, Freddie placed his hand on John's knee and looked up at him, "We're all done now, darling."

"T-Thank you, Freddie," the bassist whispered and there was slight shame in his voice, but he still managed to smile.

"Do you think you're ready to go back to sleep now, dear?"

John nodded and made a move to stand up, but Freddie stopped him, gently pulling him back down. "Just a second, sweetie. I want to show you something," he said quietly, then placed the towel on John's lap, "See?" he asked, showing the wet spot on it.

"See what?" the bassist asked, not understanding.

"Exactly. There's nothing here," Freddie said, "It's just wet from the water, but it's still clean. There's nothing on it, John. There's nothing dirty on it."

The bassist just stared at the towel for a few long moments and then just looked at Freddie again, offering a sad smile, "But why do I feel like there is?"

It broke Freddie's heart hearing that and somehow he managed to smile back, "It will get better. I promise."

"You're not ... " John cleared his throat, shaking his head, "It's not your ... responsibility to do this, Freddie. You don't have to do these things. T-Take a break from me and - "

"John, you are my responsibility," Freddie cut him off, "But I do these things because I want to. Not because I need to. You are my friend."

*More than a friend*, Freddie thought to himself.

John sighed, "But you ... you had to get up and - "

"I wasn't asleep anyway, darling," the singer replied, standing up and helping John to his feet.

After returning to the bedroom, Freddie put John to bed and covered him with as many blankets as possible, hoping that would give him comfort. Trying to ignore the need to just press himself against him and cuddle him and shower him with kisses, Freddie just returned to his side of the bed, but this time facing John, observing him carefully.

"Freddie?" the bassist asked after a few moments of silence.

"Yes?" Freddie immediately responded, a bit too eagerly.

It seemed as if John was about to ask him something, but then he just replied, "N-Nothing."

And Freddie couldn't hide the disappointment in his voice, "Alright, dear. Try and get some sleep."

"Good night, Freddie."

"Good night, John."

The next morning things were still a bit tense, though to an outsider everything could look entirely normal. John made breakfast, his famous pancakes and served it to everyone, but he did something special with Freddie's plate. He chopped up strawberries and one banana and decorated his pancakes. Freddie couldn't hide his surprise after seeing it, but didn't comment on it, realizing it was probably John's way of thanking him for what happened during the night. They exchanged smiles and that was it.

"How long are you planning on keeping me hostage?" Brian asked in the middle of breakfast.

"Nobody's keeping you hostage, darling," Freddie replied casually.

"Oh. That means you wouldn't mind if I leave? I can just stand up and leave - "

Freddie cut him off, not even looking up from his plate, "No."

"I've hidden your car keys, anyway," Roger chuckled and then changed the subject, ignoring the
shocked expression on Brian's face, "Well, tonight is the night! Where are we going? My club or Freddie's club? How will we decide? Rock, paper, scissors?"

"We can go to your club, Rog," Freddie said, shrugging his shoulders, "I mean, you do look like you could use a girl or two. And Brian as well."

"Are you sure, Fred?"

Throwing a glance at John and noticing how silent the bassist was, avoiding his look, Freddie nodded, "I'm sure."

The singer had to admit he had no motivation to celebrate the New Year; all his plans and everything he had hoped for, were completely destroyed. He wished to celebrate in a gay club, holding John's hand and then kissing him, wishing him a Happy New Year and spend the rest of the night dancing with his boyfriend. But he fucked up and now he was going to have to spend the night at a normal club and pretend that he was straight while watching John beside him and fighting back the urge to kiss him and just hold him.

"It's settled, then," the drummer clapped his hands, "We leave at eight or nine!" and then he pointed at Brian, "No drinking for you, mate. You're responsible for getting us home safe."

After their breakfast, Freddie offered to do the dishes and Roger, surprisingly enough, offered to help. The drummer usually had to be literally forced to help clean up or do the dishes and Freddie knew there was a reason behind Roger's offer. And he was right; the moment John and Brian disappeared from the kitchen, Roger poked Freddie in the ribs, making the singer wince with pain.

"What the fuck, Roger?" Freddie swore, rubbing the sore spot.

"So ... You and Deaky are still fighting?" the drummer asked, "I thought you wanted to go to a gay club?"

"Well, things change," the singer replied, shrugging his shoulders, "And we're not fighting. We're just -"

"Pretending you were never boyfriend and boyfriend? What's up with that?"

Freddie lowered his voice, facing his friend, "Look, Rog. I fucked up, alright? I deserve the silent treatment and -"

"But he gave you strawberries and a chopped up banana with your pancakes. Why didn't I get
strawberries and a banana?"

"I'll buy you strawberries and a banana, Rog," the singer rolled his eyes.

"That's not the point, Fred," the drummer slapped his shoulder, "You cannot be not speaking and acting like strangers and then giving each other romantic breakfasts."

"We are trying our best and - "

"You won't last long without the sex, that's for sure."

Freddie looked at him, "What? What does that mean?"

Roger laughed, "I'm not sure Deaky understands that you need sex to live. It's like air to you, Fred. As much as it disturbs me to imagine you two ... doing pushup on the bed ... If he doesn't give it to you - "

"Then what? I'll go look for it somewhere else? Is that what you're trying to say?" Freddie asked, a bit too defensive.

Roger seemed surprised by his sudden outburst and he shook his head, "No, what I meant to say was, you'd explode from the syndrome called blue balls. What's up with you, Fred?"

"N-Nothing, I'm just ... in a bad mood," the singer forced a smile, suddenly feeling very stupid.

"Yeah, I can see that. What did you do, Fred?" Roger tried again, "Tell me and maybe I can help."

"Look, darling," Freddie offered him the warmest smile possible, "I really appreciate your concern and I love you for it, but honestly, there isn't anything you can do. I need to sort out my mess by myself. Besides, you have Brian to take care of."

Roger chuckled, then finally nodded his head, "Fine. I'll go and annoy Brian. But you sort your gay drama! That's not what I signed up for," he said as he walked out of the kitchen.

Freddie sighed and started doing the dishes, but chuckled as he heard Brian yell at Roger a moment later.

"Excuse me?" Brian literally shrieked with annoyance, "The sky is blue because it's reflecting the color of the ocean? You did not just say that, Rog!"
Clearly, the drummer was very good at his job, which was currently making sure that Brian was angry or annoyed with him.

But Roger did give Freddie a few things to think about. It actually made him realize that sex was currently the last thing on his mind; there were no blue balls, he wasn't horny and he couldn't see himself being horny in the near future. He missed John; he missed touching him and talking to him and hugging him, cuddling him. He missed seeing his smile and hearing his adorable laugh. And the crinkles around his eyes whenever he laughed. But sex? He didn't even think about that.

And honestly?

That surprised Freddie. What did it mean? Was he suddenly a changed person? Was John changing him? Was that what love felt like? That you miss the person and not the physical pleasure that they can give you? The more Freddie thought about it, the more he realized that he missed the closeness, the connection, the intimacy. Be that through cuddling or sex. It didn't matter to him at that moment.

He missed John.

ooo

Later that day when Freddie went to take a shower and the rest of the boys were hanging out in the living room, Roger decided to help his best friend get back with his boyfriend. Slowly he moved closer to John on the sofa, poking him with his elbow, trying to get his attention.

"Y-Yes?" John asked, a bit surprised.

Even Brian was suddenly very intrigued by Roger's odd behavior and he put down the book he was reading and just observed the scene in front of him.

"You know," Roger started, "Freddie once saved a cat from being run over by a car."

"Really?" John asked, a bit surprised.

"Yeah, he saw a little kitten run to the street and Freddie ran after it, nearly causing an accident."

"What happened to the cat?"

"Well, it ran away, but Freddie saved it's life," Roger explained with a proud expression, then awkwardly continued, "And this one time he helped an old lady cross the street. Didn't he, Brian?"
The guitarist tensed up, needing a few moments to realize what was going on. After noticing the threatening expression on Roger's face, he quickly nodded, "Y-Yes, he did."

Pleased with Brian's answer, Roger continued, "And there was this one time when he found a lost child on the streets - "

"He spends an awfully lot of time on the street, apparently," John giggled, but then let Roger continue.

The drummer blushed, "Well ... one time I was talking to this girl, flirting with her - "

"Lying to her," Brian cut him off.

"It's not lying, Bri. It's just ... trying to make my life more interesting than it actually is," he rolled his eyes, then continued, "Anyway, I was talking to her, pretending I was a tourist from America and that Fred was my friend and he was also from America. And Freddie played along, he even changed his accent. Thanks to him, I got laid that night."

John couldn't help but laugh again, "So he's a ... liar?"

"No. I mean, yes, but for a good cause," Roger tried to explain while Brian just laughed at the drummer.

Thankfully, they were saved by the bell.

"I'll get it," John offered, jumping up and walking to the front door.

Without thinking about it or being suspicious, John answered the door, even laughing a bit at Roger's attempt to paint Freddie as a saint who regularly saves kittens and helps old ladies and lost children.

But when he saw who was standing at the doorway, John's blood ran cold and immediately the smile disappeared from his face.

"Hello, John," Tom greeted him politely, then looked past him, "Is Freddie home? I have a gift for him."

John's eyes dropped to a box that Tom was holding; it didn't seem like a gift, it wasn't wrapped in gift paper and it seemed like an old shoe box.
"Freddie," John managed to whispered, his legs still not obeying him, "Freddie!" he screamed louder this time.

Immediately, Roger and Brian were by his side and they both just froze in shock when they saw who was at the door. While Brian just pulled John back a bit, asking if he was alright, Roger moved closer to Tom, getting all up in his face.

"You have balls," the drummer almost growled at him, "You knew you're going to get your ass kicked, yet you still came."

Tom gave him a polite smile and actually took a step back, "I am not here to fight. I just want to see Freddie and give him this," he looked at the box in his hands, "Is he home?"

Roger pushed him, causing Tom to stumble backwards, but he didn't seem to be angered by it, "Roger, do calm down. I don't think your neighbors would appreciate a scene."

"He's right, Rog," Brian said, "Don't do anything stupid. He's not worth it."

John was frozen with fear, even though he was surrounded by Brian and Roger. Just that smug expression on Tom's face sent shivers down his body. And then he heard Freddie's voice and immediately his body relaxed a bit.

"John, darling, I was -" the singer started as he approached them, but then he saw what the problem was and who the visitor was. Immediately, he pushed his way to stand in front of John, preventing Tom to even see the bassist.

"Do you have a death wish or something?" Freddie asked in a low tone, his eyes never moving from Tom.

"Can I kick his arse, Fred?" Roger begged, "Please."

Before Freddie could answer that question, Brian said, "I don't think the landlord is going to appreciate any scenes."

Freddie gritted his teeth in frustration, but he tried to hide it, not giving Tom the satisfaction.

Tom smiled, "If you touch me, I'll call the police. I am here just to give Freddie a gift. Or better yet, to return his things. The things he left at my place. I want to start this New Year fresh, you know?"

"I'll knock your teeth out, giving you a fresh, new look?" Roger offered, but Freddie placed a hand on his back, letting him know that he wasn't allowed to do that.
"Did he hurt John?" the singer asked, still staring at his ex, his eyes not moving from him.

"N-No, he didn't do anything," John replied quietly, but by the tone in his voice it was obvious that he was pretty shaken up.

Freddie let out a breath and nodded, "I haven't left anything at your place, Tom. What are you trying to do?"

"Please, Freddie. There is no need to pretend or lie," Tom smirked, then handed him the box which Freddie accepted, raising his eyebrow.

Tom continued, "I am in a new relationship and I want to get rid of anything from my previous boyfriends. Also, I figured you could use it with your current boyfriend."

Freddie just let out a cold chuckle and then opened the box. Despite being terrified, John was curious and he leaned over Freddie's shoulder, trying to see what was inside the box and then his stomach twisted with sheer agony as he realized what it was.

"Eww," Roger grimaced, "That's gross, You're sick!"

"I'll just take John back to the living room - " Brian offered, sounding a bit uncomfortable. John, on the other hand, was mortified. His cheeks were red with embarrassment and he wanted to cry.

"No," Freddie suddenly said, making Brian and John stop in their tracks, "I would like to make this very clear to every one."

After a moment of silence, the singer looked down at the box in his hands, looking at all the different mouth gags, blindfolds, handcuffs, cock rings and three different types of dildos and then he just ... laughed. It was a cold laugh, but still. And apparently Tom did not expect it because the smirk immediately disappeared from his face.

Freddie pulled out a mouth gag from the box and held it up for everyone to see, "I have never used this in my life. And I would never want to use it on John," then he looked at Tom, "I did, however, want to use it on you because you make the most disgusting sounds while fucking."

John finally looked up, just in time for Freddie to hold up a dildo and the color of it made it seem like a real one and it terrified him. He'd never agree to Freddie using one on him.

"This?" Freddie asked, letting out a mocking chuckle, "I mean, really, Tom. Do you honestly think John would feel any pleasure from this tiny, cold thing after experiencing me?" the singer pointed at
the lower part of his body with a proud expression.

John could feel relief flooding through him and before he realized it, there was a smile on his face.

Freddie continued, enjoying the angry expression on Tom's face, "We are in no need of these things. The only things that will go anywhere near John are my fingers, my cock and my mouth. And I am not going to make a scene by beating you to a bloody pulp right here and now, but trust me I will do so the moment I see you somewhere else. Be that on the street, in a club or a store. Do you understand?"

Tom needed a few moments to think of his reply, having been completely taken aback by Freddie's attitude, "So, that's it? You are going to pretend these are not yours?"

"Oh, shut the fuck up," Freddie sighed, rolling his eyes. Then he grabbed one dildo from the box, throwing it at Tom; it hit him on the chest and fell down. Roger let out a loud laugh at that, kicking the dildo at Tom again.

That did make John nervous again, fearing it might start a physical altercation, but thankfully Tom just forced a smile and nodded, "Do with it what you wish. It does not concern me anymore. That is all I came here for. Happy New Year," then he moved to one side, trying to see past Freddie and address John, but the singer moved with him, blocking his view again.

"I suggest you leave," Roger ordered, "Or I'll make you swallow this thing," he glanced at the dildo on the floor.

Without saying anything else, Tom just waved and it seemed directed at John, but then he just turned around and left. Freddie stood there for a few long moments, not even moving, just staring at Tom until he was out of sight. Then he slammed the doors shut and turned around, facing Brian and John again.

Again, he reached out, wanting to touch John, but he stopped himself the last moment and his arm just fell lifelessly beside his body.

"Are you alright?" he asked gently, his eyes meeting John's, "He didn't say anything ... odd or do anything to you?"

The bassist quickly shook his head, "N-No, he just ... took me by surprise. He always does."

"I can't believe that bastard had the nerves to come here!" Roger said angrily, "I could have kicked his arse - " 
"That's exactly what he wanted, Rog," Brian cut him off, "You didn't see the look on his face? He was trying to provoke you. And Freddie."

The singer nodded, "I saw that. But unfortunately for him, I am smarter than that. Smarter than him."

Still, Freddie's fists were clenched in unreleased anger and by the way he was breathing, it was obvious that he was majorly pissed off. Noticing that and trying to defuse the tension, Roger let out a short laugh, "I don't want to jump to conclusions, but ... judging by the conversation I just had the pleasure of witnessing, I do believe I finally got the answer to my question."

All boys looked at him in confusion, until Freddie finally asked, "What question?"

Roger smirked, "You are a top. Aren't you?"

Freddie rolled his eyes, "Oh my god, Roger, darling," he handed him the box, "Please, make yourself useful and get rid of this shit. Take that one that's on the ground also."

The drummer let out a sigh, then something occurred to him, "I might just leave it on that old hat's doorstep."

"Don't you have enough problems with your neighbors?" Brian asked.

"Get rid of it, Rog," Freddie ordered, opening the door and pushing him out, "Throw it in the trash."

The drummer smirked and disappeared from their sight. Not even a moment later Brian pushed past Freddie, "I'll make sure he throws it in the trash," he said and hurried after Roger.

Freddie smiled gratefully, then closed the door and slowly faced John, who was just standing there in silence, arms crossed over his chest. The bassist shifted uncomfortably, trying very hard to keep the eye contact with Freddie, but it was obvious he was feeling very awkward because of the entire situation.

"I swear those things aren't mine," Freddie suddenly blurted out, "I swear I've never used them with him."

"I-I know," John said quietly, smiling a bit, "I know, Freddie. I know he's a ... liar."

That clearly confused the singer, but before he could speak, John continued, "Even before our fight ... a part of me knew that everything that came out of Tom's mouth was a lie, but ... The things I said to you when we f-fought, I came from my insecurities."
"What are you insecure about?"

John had to laugh at that, "What am I not insecure about?"

"John, darling - "

"I just need some time, Freddie," the bassist said quietly, "This is all ... a lot. I need to sort a few things out with myself and ... " he trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"I-I understand," Freddie said with a smile, even though it pained him to hear it, "But we're still ... I mean, you and I - ?"

He was terrified to hear the answer and for a moment he even regretted asking that question.

"We are, Freddie," John nodded, offering a comforting smile, "We are still ... you know. But I need some time."

"Of course!" Freddie said a bit too quickly and a bit too loud, startled John and making him jump.

"T-Take as much time as you need," Freddie lowered his voice a bit, trying to sound normal, "And I don't even know what to say about that cunt."

"T-Tom?"

"John, darling, if you want me to go after him and ... kick his arse, beat him to a bloody pulp, just say the words and I promise to run after him."

That did make John smile and Freddie realized that the bassist probably thought it was a joke. But it wasn't; at that moment Freddie was ready to do anything the bassist asked him to.

"John, I'm serious."

The younger boy just stared at him for a moment and then the smile disappeared from his face, "You'd really - ?"

"I would."

How John wanted to hug him at that moment and kiss his cheek and just hold him close; find comfort in his embrace, but he couldn't do that. Something was stopping him. And it was strange;
they weren't fighting, they weren't angry with each other anymore, but still something felt off. John couldn't say that his trust in Freddie had been completely destroyed by what happened at the club, he still trusted the singer, but something wasn't the same anymore. And it wasn't even because of Freddie and because of what he had done at the club; it had to do with John and him not feeling good enough for Freddie.

"I don't want you to get into any trouble," the bassist finally replied, "I-I don't want you being taken away from ... me. So ... No, I-I don't want you running after him. Just .. stay here with me."

Freddie's expression softened and he nodded, "A-Alright."

ooo

It wasn't exactly how Freddie wanted to spend the New Years, but it wasn't as horrible as he'd imagined. Him and John were on slightly better terms, but they were still nowhere near being the loving boyfriends that they were. They started getting ready to leave for the club at around seven and at eight o'clock, they all left the flat, squeezing into Brian's van and driving to Roger's club. It was something they started saying; instead of saying normal club, they said Roger's club and it did sound slightly better. At least it didn't insinuate that a gay club was not normal.

After arriving at the club, they were all surprised by how crowded it was. They barely managed to push their way to the bar; after ordering the drinks, they realized they would have to stand because there were not empty chairs.

Brian, who was not a dancer, was just standing there awkwardly, holding a beer in his hand. Roger did try and hang out with his friends, but within the first hour he just disappeared with a random girl. John held the beer in his hands and kept looking around, observing people. It has been a while since he was in Roger's club and it was a bit strange seeing so many girls. He couldn't help but notice that Freddie seemed miserable, though he tried to act as if everything was normal and that he was enjoying himself. He was, however, very cold towards the bartender; not rude, but very not Freddie. The singer was usually very sweet with everyone, calling them darling or dear and sometimes it was nearly too much, it almost seemed like flirting. Tonight Freddie apparently decided to act differently and John was intrigued by it. He also noticed the way Freddie avoided looking around and only made eye contact with him, Brian and Roger.

"This band is terrible," Brian commented, throwing a quick glance at the group that was currently performing.

"There definitely is room for improvement. A lot of room," Freddie agreed, "They are boring."
"Their sound system is awful," the guitarist added.

"I would refuse to perform with that shitty sound system. I can barely understand what he's singing about."

John stared in amazement as Freddie and Brian gossiped and critiqued the band and he couldn't help but chuckle; they really did look like a pair of old ladies, being all bitter and envious. They were interrupted by a lady who suddenly removed her top, dropped it on the floor and continued dancing; well, at least Brian was distracted, suddenly unable to utter a single word and force his eyes to look anywhere else but at the girl, while Freddie just glanced at the topless girl and then looked away as if she was just a plant. John was observing all of that and realized how obvious it was that one of them was very straight and the other one was not. It was funny and also adorable. A few minutes later, Roger reappeared, his hair was a mess and there was lipstick all over his face and he seemed in a very good mood.

"You just missed a girl taking her top off," Freddie said casually, bringing a drink to his mouth again.

"What? Are you serious? Where did she go?" Roger quickly asked, looking around in panic.

"She disappeared with some random guy," Brian replied, then decided to tease the drummer, "It was quite a sight."

"What was her cup size?" Roger asked, looking at the other three boys. When he got no answer, he looked at John, "Deaky?"

The bassist just shrugged his shoulders and Roger moved his attention to Freddie before realizing that was pointless; he then looked at Brian, "Cup size?"

Brian had no idea, but he decided to tease even more, "A think ... a D, at least!"

"You're joking!" Roger's mouth fell open and he grimaced in disappointment, "I can't believe I missed that."

Suddenly the music stopped and the crowd went crazy, they all started cheering and clapping and John realized it was almost midnight. There was a person on the stage, talking about something, but John completely spaced out, thinking of the year that was about to end. It was the most adventurous year in his life and he had accomplished a lot.

He joined Queen.

He found real friends.
Something horrible happened to him.

John quickly pushed that thought aside and concentrated on the good things that happened.

He met Freddie.

He fell in love.

He moved.

He lost his virginity. To Freddie.

He started having sex. Finally.

"Ten, nine, eight - "

John snapped back to reality, looking around. Roger was grinning and biting his lower lip, one of his arms was around some girl's shoulders. Where did he get that girl, John wondered. He was alone just a minute ago.

Brian was smiling with excitement, looking up at the stage, counting down with the crowd.

Freddie was also counting down along with the rest of the people, but every now and then he'd look at John, then quickly away again.

"Five, four, three - "

Without thinking about it, John moved closer to Freddie, pushing himself between him and Brian. The singer did seem a bit surprised by it, but just gave John a warm smile.

"Two, one!"

The crowd erupted in applause and cheering, suddenly everyone was hugging and clapping.

"Our band wishes you happy holidays, filled with love, and a great year, full of optimism and splendid opportunities!" the guy on the stage yelled into the microphone, "Happy New Year! I hope 1972 will be everyone's year!"
Roger first kissed the girl and then pulled Brian into a hug, which lasted surprisingly long. Freddie hesitantly looked at John, biting his lip nervously, "H-Happy New Year, John."

"Happy New Year, Freddie," the bassist replied, smiling back and then his right hand gently brushed against Freddie's. Even through the noise and people pushing past them, John could clearly see the singer suck in a breath at the contact.

Not able to help himself, John took Freddie's hand in his own, interlocking their fingers and squeezing tightly. Freddie seemed even more shocked by that and at first he couldn't even move or respond, but then he finally seemed to snap out of it and he gave John a shaky smile before squeezing his hand back. John blushed and looked down for a moment before meeting Freddie's eyes again and mouthing 'I love you' to him. At first Freddie raised his eyebrows, a questioning look in his eyes; he wasn't sure if he understood John correctly.

After the bassist nodded and smiled, tears suddenly welled up in Freddie's eyes and he whispered 'I love you too'. The music was too loud and John wasn't able to hear it, but he could read the words from the singer's lips.

At that moment John knew that someday, somehow, everything would be alright.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait! Hopefully, you all are less angry with me after this chapter? Yes? No? ;)

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie held onto John's hand as if his life depended on it; for the first few moments he wondered if John held his hand by accident, but then realized how stupid that sounded. His heart almost jumped out of his chest when John squeezed his hand and smiled at him.

But then they were interrupted, pulled apart as Roger jumped at Freddie, hugging him and telling him how much he loved him.

"Yes, yes," Freddie laughed, wrapping his arms around the drummer, "I love you too, Rog. Happy New Year."

"You are just the best, Freddie!" Roger suddenly got emotional, then finally let go of the singer, only to pull John into a hug, "Deaky! Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Roger," John couldn't help but laugh as he was almost squeezed to death.

"I hope this year will be better than the last one," Brian said to Freddie as he gave him a quick hug. Freddie nodded, "I hope so too. It better be," he said as he kept his arm around Brian's waist and watched with amusement the scene in front of them; Roger clinging onto John and the bassist giggling.

When they finally broke apart, John was blushing, but smiling from ear to ear and then he met Freddie's eyes and he blushed even more, biting his lower lip nervously.

Even though he did not get his New Years kiss, Freddie felt as if he could explode with happiness. It was such small thing, just a smile on John's face, but it made Freddie literally melt inside.

And then someone bumped into John, making him spill his drink all over himself. Immediately Freddie was by his side, yelling after the guy who by didn't even stop to apologize.

"Watch it, you cocksucker!"

John's eyes widened in shock at the insult and then he let out a chuckle. Freddie's language was really colorful.
"Cocksucker?" Brian asked, slightly amused, "Really, Freddie?"

"H-He didn't even stop to say sorry," the singer quickly explained, then turned his attention to John, noticing that his shirt had a big wet spot from the beer.

"It's fine, it'll dry," John shrugged his shoulders, but Freddie was already searching through his pockets for a handkerchief, but couldn't find one.

"I'll go get a paper towel from the restroom - " Freddie offered, but suddenly a girl pushed herself in between him and John, grabbing the bassist's face and pressing her lips against his. It took them all a moment to register what was happening and react and their reactions were very different.

Brian seemed completely taken aback and surprised, Roger let out a loud laugh, clapping his hands and Freddie just stood there, completely frozen. Just like John did. The girl was gone as soon as she appeared, the kiss lasted less than two seconds, but when she finally let go of the bassist and walked off, John seemed terrified.

He quickly brought his hand up, wiping his mouth and grimacing a bit and the singer noticed that his hand was shaking badly.

"Are you alright?" Freddie asked, leaning in closer to John. The music was obnoxiously loud again, making it hard to hear each other.

The bassist just nodded, forcing a smile, but Freddie could see that he was really shaken up by the incident. Without thinking about it, Freddie placed a hand on John's back and asked, very loudly, "Do you want to go out for a bit? Get some fresh air?"

The bassist nodded again and immediately they were walking towards the exit.

"Stop laughing!" Freddie slapped Roger's shoulder as he passed him.

They grabbed their coats and pushed their way through the crowd, Freddie walking very close to John, ready to shield John from any drunk idiot that would dare to bump into him again. The moment they stepped outside, they both shivered and pulled the coats tighter around their bodies. There were groups of people around the entrance of the club and needing a bit of peace and silence, they walked away from them, distancing themselves from all the noise.

"Is it too cold?" Freddie asked, noticing how the bassist hugged himself with his arms, "We can go back in?"

"No, no, it's fine," John quickly replied, "I needed some air."
The singer nodded and offered a smile before letting out a deep breath, "Girls can be idiots too," he said, referring to the drunk girl who jumped John and forced a kiss on him.

"I-I know," the bassist smiled weakly, but he still seemed a bit shaken up by it.

"Do you want me to go after her and kick her arse?" Freddie offered, half joking and half being completely serious.

It did make John laugh, "You'd do that?"

"If you asked me to, yes."

The bassist raised his eyebrow, "Would you do it to protect me or out of ... jealousy?"

Freddie's breath caught in his throat and at first he didn't know if John was making a joke or if he was serious. But then he just smiled and decided to answer honestly, "A bit of both, John."

The younger boy seemed touched by his answer and the fact that he smiled was a good thing, but then he quickly cleared his throat and looked away. Freddie felt as if they were at the start of their relationship, or even before that, when they were just friends and were flirting with each other and giving each other those looks that neither of them wanted to admit what they were. It truly felt like that.

Desperately needing something to take the edge off and make him feel slightly less nervous, Freddie pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He lit a cigarette and brought it to his lips and inhaled deeply, even closing his eyes for a bit to enjoy the feeling.

"I'm weird," John suddenly said, making Freddie look at him in surprise.

Noticing the sheer confusion on Freddie's face, John quickly continued, trying to explain, "I-I mean ... It was just a kiss from a ... pretty girl. And I got ... I panicked."

"You didn't like it?" Freddie quietly asked, but the moment that question left his mouth, he realized how stupid it was. Of course John didn't like it. It was obvious by the panic and shock on his face when the girl finally let go of him and disappeared into the crowd.

"Of course I didn't like it," John quickly said, then blushed a bit, "I-I'm in a ... relationship."

Freddie's heart melted at that sentence and he let out shaky breath, "With me, right?"
The bassist giggled at that, shaking his head, "No, with Roger. Of course with you, Freddie. You're an idiot."

It has been a while since John called Freddie an idiot in that adorable voice and the singer couldn't help but smile, not even bothering to cover his teeth; he was too happy to care about that. Deciding not to push John and demand too much from him in one night, Freddie decided the subject of their relationship; John did hold his hand and confirm that they were very much together and that was enough for Freddie.

He took another drag off the cigarette and tried to form a sentence, "I-I understand why you would dislike a girl or ... anyone just kissing you like that. It's ... rude. Though, I'm sure Roger would disagree, saying you should take it as a compliment. That dumb blond."

John let out a laugh, "Was he really clapping?"

"He was," Freddie rolled his eyes, "If he had congratulated you, I would have slapped him."

"Why me?" John asked, not understanding why a girl would choose him, "I mean, there were a lot of very attractive boys there. Not to mention you, Brian and Roger. I mean, she could've kissed Roger."

"You are the most attractive boy in that club, darling," Freddie replied, bringing the cigarette to his lips again.

John turned red at the comment, stumbling over his next words, "T-That's ... you're just ... It's not even ... You ..."

Freddie couldn't help but smirk at the reaction he got from John; the bassist was the most adorable thing ever while blushing and stuttering after receiving a compliment. And Freddie did not say that only to make John blush; he really did think that John was the most beautiful person in that club.

"C-Can I try that?" John finally asked, looking at Freddie.

"Try what, dear?" the singer asked, staring at him in confusion.

The bassist said nothing, but lowered his eyes to the cigarette Freddie was holding in between his fingers. To say that Freddie was surprised would be an understatement.

"You want to smoke?" he asked, his voice a bit higher than usually, "But you don't smoke."

"I-I know, but I feel like it tonight," John tried to explain, "Besides, I can still taste the gin and tonic
that girl was probably drinking before she kissed me and ... forced her tongue down my throat."

Anger and jealousy flashed on Freddie's face, "There was tongue?"

John just nodded, grimacing.

Freddie took a few deep breaths, trying to calm himself down. There really was no point in being jealous; it passed and clearly John didn't like the kiss. Also, it was a girl who kissed him and Freddie couldn't punch a girl. Maybe he could kick her.

"So ... can I?" John asked, pulling Freddie out of his thoughts.

"Oh, s-sure, darling. It might even warm you up a bit," the singer replied, already pulling the cigarette pack from his pocket.

"N-No, I don't need a new one," John quickly said, "I mean, I need one or two drags. Is that what it's called? I could ... "

"You want this one?" Freddie asked, looking at the half smoked cigarette in between his fingers.

"If ... if you don't mind."

"Not at all, dear," the singer offered a smile and handed John the cigarette. He tried to ignore how it sent shivers down his body the moment when their fingers touched. But then something else caught his attention; the way John was holding the cigarette. It was an odd sight as Freddie has never seen him with one, but the bassist did smoke in the past. On special occasions. At least that's what he told him.

But as John stared at the cigarette, awkwardly holding it, Freddie realized it.

"You've never done this before, have you, darling?" he asked, amused by John's behavior.

Immediately, the bassist blushed, "Y-Yes, I have," and then he quickly brought it up to his lips, taking a drag and instantly started coughing, his eyes watering.

Freddie couldn't help but smile and he almost reached out to rub John's back, but decided against it.

"John, are you lying?" he carefully asked. his eyes not moving from the bassist.

Finally, the younger boy just shrugged his shoulders, "Yes."
"Why did you say you've smoked before?"

"I-I guess I wanted to be ... cooler," John admitted, "I wanted to stay in the band."

This time Freddie couldn't help but laugh, "Did you really think we would kick you out of the band for not smoking, dear?"

"I-I don't know," John said quietly, then stumbled with his next words, "I-I mean, it's not just that. I don't drink as much as you guys. I don't really party. And there was also that thing with me not being .... well, being ... you know. Not sexually active."

Freddie offered a smile, raising his eyebrow a bit, "You know, John. When we were looking for a bassist we demanded exceptional bass playing skills and a nice personality, not the ability to get shit-faced and sleep around. We already have Roger for that."

John laughed, suddenly not feeling so embarrassed anymore. It was then that he realized he was still holding the cigarette and for a moment he wondered what to do with it. He did want to try smoking, he just wanted to see how it feels like, but didn't want to embarrass himself again by having a yet another coughing attack.

"Try holding the smoke in your mouth for a moment, darling. This will let it cool down, which will help keep your throat from becoming irritated," Freddie explained, smiling at the bassist.

John was a bit surprised by the instructions, but decided to try it again. This time he didn't inhale as much and did as Freddie told him to, holding the smoke in his mouth for a moment before taking it in. It did still slightly irritate his throat, but it didn't burn as it did before. And he didn't cough, which was an improvement.

After another, longer drag of the cigarette, Freddie took it from his hand.

"I think you've had enough, dear. We don't want you becoming a smoker," Freddie said, bringing the cigarette to his mouth again.

John couldn't help but chuckle at that, "But you're a smoker!"

"Yes, but I started only to make my voice lower," the singer explained, then asked with a teasing tone, "Do you want to make your voice lower?"

"N-No," John quickly shook his head.
After a moment of silence, Freddie chuckled, "I guess we can say you lost smoke-ginity to me. Or to my cigarette."

The bassist immediately blushed, giggling a bit, "You're an idiot, Freddie."

There it was again.

Freddie wanted to just jump around with joy at being called an idiot by John. He never took offence to it, it was always done in a sweet, adorable, blushing way and Freddie lived for being called an idiot by John.

They stood outside for a few more moments and when Freddie was done smoking, they returned to the club. It seemed to be even more crazy than it was before; people were definitely more drunk. And so was Roger. It took them a few minutes to finally find the drummer and the guitarist; Brian was leaning against the bar, drinking what seemed to be a bottle of water and enjoying the sight in front of him.

"What's so funny, darling?" Freddie asked him, noticing that Brian seemed to be very amused.

"Drunk Roger is the best Roger," the guitarist replied, not looking away from the sight in front of him.

There was Roger, clearly drunk out of his mind, trying to dance with an equally drunk girl, but they seemed like two octopuses, holding onto one another, both trying to feel the other one up.

"I write songs!" Roger suddenly announced, trying to impress the girl, "I've just written a new one, which I'm really excited about!"

"Oh god," Freddie grimaced, "I hope it's not about a car."

While John was having a good time, he couldn't help but imagine how different everything would be if they were in a gay club. He'd probably be kissing Freddie at that very moment and -

But then he realized that he wouldn't be doing that because him and Freddie were ... on a break. He couldn't even explain it; all he knew was that he wanted Freddie, but something was stopping him from just jumping into his arms.

His thoughts were interrupted when a girl that was making out with Roger, suddenly moved away from the drummer and made her way towards Freddie and Brian. John's throat closed up with panic that she might want something with Freddie, but as her eyes landed on Brian, the bassist let out a sigh of relief.
"Hello, tall, dark and handsome," she smiled, but it was a very lazy smile because clearly she was drunk out of her mind, "I haven't seen you before."

Brian blushed, he blushed more than John ever did and he let out a nervous laugh, "Well, I-I've been standing here for a while. That's my friend you were just ... dancing with."

Roger seemed confused by what was happening. Did a girl really just leave him for Brian?

The girl chuckled, then her eyes moved lower, noticing the sweater that the guitarist was wearing, "Nice sweater. Hand knit?"

Brian tensed up, "Certainly not by me!"

"I didn't mean ... I-I just meant it's a nice sweater," she said seductively, not put off by Brian's odd response.

"Oh!" the guitarist laughed again, nodding his head, "Oh, well, I-I'll pass that on then - to the person who knit it. - I-I mean, I would, if I knew who did - but I don't. So I won't pass it on to anyone, will I?"

The girl just smiled politely and awkwardly walked away.

John really tried not to laugh, but he positive even he would manage to be less awkward than that.

"Oh, darling," Freddie rubbed his forehead as if he was getting a headache, "Sweetheart, Brian. What the hell was that?"

Brian just shrugged his shoulders, "What? I-I don't think she's interested."

"She was interested, but then you went on and on about knitting sweaters! Darling, you really need to learn the act of ... seduction and flirting," the singer said, his tone going from normal to seductive.

"Guys, I-I think we lost Roger," John said, interrupting Freddie giving Brian a free lesson.

They all looked around in confusion, realizing the drummer was really gone.

"He was literally standing here just a minute ago!" Freddie sighed, "If I have to pull him out of a dumpster again - "
"Should we head home?" Brian suddenly asked, "I mean, it's almost two in the morning already."

John was fine by leaving, but he gave Brian a strange look, "Do we just ... leave Roger?"

"Can we do that?" Freddie asked hopefully, looking at Brian.

"As much as I want to say yes, we can't do that. We need a drummer," the guitarist laughed, "You two can go wait by the van and I'll look for Roger."

John was more than ready to leave the club; while it was nice to have a fun, relaxing evening, it was really starting to get a bit too much for him. The loud music, the crowded space, drunk people. John wanted to go home and cuddle up in his warm, comfortable bed. Freddie and him stood by the van for less that two minutes and Brian was already walking towards them, almost carrying a nearly passed out Roger, who was struggling and wanting to go back to the club.

"I-I didn't even get her number, Brian. Let me go! I need to go get her number," the drummer struggled, but Brian was too strong for him. Sometimes the guitarist felt like a single mother, trying to keep her three kinds under control.

"She did give you her number," he lied, hoping to calm Roger down a bit, "It's in my pocket."

"Really?" Roger's face lit up, "Oh, that's alright then. Where are we going now?"

"To our next club, darling!" Freddie lied as well, pushing the drummer into the van.

"Really? That's great! I love you, Fred!"

"I love you too, Rog," the singer replied, laughing a bit.

As expected, Roger fell asleep on the way home and was literally sleeping on Freddie, but the singer didn't mind. He only wished John would lean onto him like that; he missed that kind of contact from John. Even though it was just a few days, Freddie was starving, desperately wishing and wanting John's touch.

After arriving at the flat, the drummer had to be carried to his bed, but surprisingly enough he didn't wake up. Brian put him to bed, deciding to take the sofa.

John was the first one in bed; after quickly taking a shower, he jumped in bed, happy for finally being at home. Going out to party was fine, but the best part was returning home and cuddling in bed. He could hear Freddie and Brian's voices from the living room, but he couldn't make out the
words. Listening to them talk actually helped relax him and soon he drifted off to sleep.

ooo

When Freddie entered his bedroom, he was surprised to see John already sleeping. Though he had hoped for a talk, he was glad that the bassist was capable of going to sleep on his own. He could still remember the times when John desperately needed someone with him at all times and going to sleep alone was out of question. And those times were not even that long ago. John did leave the doors slightly open, but it was still a huge progress. Freddie couldn't help but smile proudly and lovingly at the sleeping boy in his bed; he just stood there for a long moment, just watching him and smiling like an idiot.

And then he snapped out of it, quickly walking over to the closet, changing into his pajamas and grabbing a few extra blankets to cover John with. It wasn't because the room was cold, it was actually surprisingly warm, but Freddie knew that John felt safer and more secure if he had something heavy on top of him. And around him.

And since Freddie couldn't be that thing anymore, four extra blankets would have to do his job. He slipped in bed next to the bassist and quickly covered them both up. John did stir a bit and mumble something in his sleep, but he didn't wake up. He looked absolutely adorable and Freddie desperately wanted to kiss him; even a kiss on the cheek would make him unbelievably happy, but he respected John's wishes. It was physically painful for Freddie to move away and lie down without a kiss, but he did it.

He tried to concentrate on the good things that happened the previous year.

He finally managed to convince Roger and Brian to let him into their band.

He finally managed to convince them to name it Queen.

They recorded their first ever song.

He met John.

He realized that he truly was completely gay. Gay as a daffodil.

And that being gay didn't mean he couldn't fall in love because he did exactly that. On accident, though.

He fell completely in love.
Completely in love.

Head over heels in love.

But then he went and ruined it all.

Freddie's heart twisted painfully at that memory, but he pushed it away, decided on doing everything in his power to win John back.

There was no way he'd be able to live his life without John in it.

ooo

There was complete silence in the Mercury-Taylor-Deacon household the next morning. They boys slept until three in the afternoon and even then they barely managed to drag themselves out of bed and eat something. Everyone was too tired and sleepy to cook something and they settled on cereal.

Roger had it the worst; on top of being sleepy, he was also very hung-over. He couldn't remember anything from the previous night which Brian was very happy about. He really did not want the drummer teasing him about his failed attempt to talk to a girl.

"We're out of milk," Freddie sighed, "We'll have to go to the store."

"Whose turn is it?" the drummer asked, hoping that it wasn't his.

"I don't mind going," John quickly offered, "I-I mean, I'm not hung-over."

"Do you want to go now or later, dear?" Freddie asked casually, as if it was a completely normal thing for him to accompany him. And John was thankful for that; though he did miss his independence a bit, it was smarter to have Freddie with him, especially with Tom lurking around.

"Now is fine," the bassist replied with a smile, "I-I'll just go ... get dressed," and with those words he was gone.

"Would you two just fuck already?" came a question from Roger.

"What?" Freddie's eyes widened in shock.
"I can feel the sexual tension, Fred," the drummer sighed, then looked at Brian, "Do you feel it?"

"I feel uncomfortable talking about this," the guitarist politely replied, grabbing his cup of tea and disappearing into the living room.

"Are you still drunk, Roger?" Freddie asked, a bit annoyed at his friend's bluntness.

"Unfortunately not, Fred," the drummer sent him a glare, "But even if I was, there was no way I'd be able to not feel the tension."

"Maybe it's not sexual tension that you're feeling?" the singer carefully asked, "Maybe it's I-royally fucked-up tension?"

"Well ... fix it."

"I am working on it, you know," Freddie rolled his eyes, "Sometimes ... some things cannot be fixed."

The drummer laughed, "That was deep, Fred. You should write a song about it," he then got serious for a moment, "Everything can be fixed. If you just try hard enough."

That was actually very comforting to hear, but Freddie still raised his eyebrow in suspicion, "I'm not sure I should be taking advice from someone who once told me everything is free if you run fast enough."

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" Roger laughed again, then yawned and stretched his arms above his head.

"I'm ready," John suddenly appeared in the kitchen.

"Lets go then, darling. I know one bowl of cereal wasn't enough for me and I need some damn milk," Freddie playfully said and stood up.

ooo

Usually it took them less than ten minutes to store. This time it took them less than five; it was freezing outside and they were almost running. Though Freddie did notice how adorable John looked with a red nose and he tried to fight off the need to just kiss it and warm it up.
He realized how cheesy that sounded and he wondered when did he get like that. He sure wasn't wishing to kiss the noses of his one night stands. Or even one night stands turned into something more. Like Oliver. Freddie always knew he was a romantic, but this was too much. Roger would probably gag if he was able to hear his thoughts.

When they finally entered the warm store, both of them let out sighs of relief.

"What the fuck is up with the weather, really?" Freddie complained.

"It's January?" John giggled at the question.

"It's never been this cold. I can't stand it," the singer complained even more as they walked towards the milk section.

John didn't mind; he was already used to Freddie complaining about such things. He was already used to his boyfriend being a diva and they weren't even famous. Yet.

As they passed the fruit section, John grabbed the smallest banana ever, tapping Freddie's back with it, "Look! It's William's twin."

Freddie let out a loud laugh, making everyone in the store look at him, but he didn't care. John blushed, not expecting that kind of a reaction. It was a joke, but it wasn't that funny.

"Sweetheart, William is more like ... " Freddie narrowed in eyes in concentration as he tried to find the appropriate banana, "This!" he said, finally grabbing a lot bigger banana and holding it in front of John's face.

"That's Frederico," the bassist giggled, rolling his eyes.

"Frederico is a Coke bottle, darling," the singer winked at him, making John blush even more.

"I-I think we should buy these now," John finally managed to say, chuckling a bit and glancing at the bananas in their hands, "I'd feel uncomfortable if someone else bought it. After we ... you know."

"Compared them to our cocks? You're right. I guess, we're buying them," Freddie announced and then they walked over to the milk section. After getting three cartoons of milk, the singer hurried off towards the cereals. John followed him and then the singer looked at him in disappointment, "They don't have my favorite kind. Oh no. And here I was, thinking my day couldn't get any worse!"

John laughed at Freddie's overreaction, "Nothing bad happened today. Yes, it's freezing outside, but
The older boy just shrugged his shoulders and then looked around, searching for a shop assistant, "I'll go ask if they have some in the back."

Before John could say anything, the singer hurried away. John hated asking for help in the stores. He'd rather wander around for hours, searching for the product than ask for help. And even when it was Freddie asking, he still felt awkward.

He paced up and down the aisle, waiting for the singer to return. And when he did, something was wrong. He could tell immediately; Freddie seemed off, even though he was trying to act normal.

"Everything alright?" the bassist slowly asked.

"Yes, yes. They just ... they don't have it. There goes my day," Freddie rolled his eyes, letting out a disappointed sigh. He kept licking his lips and moving his jaw, pulling his upper lip over his teeth and Freddie only did that when he was really nervous or self conscious.

John concluded that it might be because he really was sad about not getting the cereal he wanted. It was an overreaction, but Freddie was like that.

"Can you ... " the singer quietly asked, pulling out the wallet from his pocket, "Can you go pay? And I'll wait for you by the exit? They have a few magazines there and I'd like to look through it a bit."

"S-Sure," John replied, finding that a bit odd, but thinking nothing much of it, "I have money, Freddie."

The singer ignored him, pulling out a few bills out of his wallet and handing it to John before quickly walking away. John let out an let out an exasperated sigh; he took the money, but refused to pay with it and decided to sneak it back into Freddie's wallet when they got home. After he paid for the groceries, John approached Freddie and noticed the singer wasn't even looking through the magazines, he was just standing there waiting for him. Immediately, Freddie took the bags from him and opened the door, holding it for John.

Again, they needed less than five minutes to return home and when they entered the flat, Freddie just carried the bags to the kitchen and then disappeared off to his room. John did find that strange; he expected Freddie to stay and help sort the groceries or just stay there and keep him company, but the singer said literally nothing as he hurried out of the kitchen.

Roger, who was by their side the moment they stepped into the flat, did not find that strange and he did not comment on it; he just grabbed a pack of crisps from the bag and opened it, offering some to John before disappearing off into the living room. John sorted through the groceries, tidying up the kitchen a bit. After half an hour he realized that Freddie was still in their bedroom and he did find
that very suspicious as the singer never spent much time alone in their room during the day. After he was done with cleaning, John decided to go check on Freddie; pretending he needed something from the room. But the moment he entered their bedroom he was met with a very odd sight. Freddie was on the bed, lying on his stomach, turned away from him. And he didn't even react to John walking in though he had to have heard him.

Hesitantly, John approached the bed, finding it really strange that Freddie still refused to turn to look at him or acknowledge his presence.

"Are you mad at me for something?" the bassist suddenly asked, breaking the silence.

Freddie needed a long moment to reply, but then he just shrugged his shoulders, "No."

"Then ... what's the matter?" John sat down on the bed, next to Freddie who still refused to turn and look at him.

And then he heard something which sounded a lot like a sniffle.

"Are you ... Freddie, are you crying?" John carefully asked, literally having no idea what could have happened to put the singer into this state.

"No."

"Are you lying?"

Freddie refused to answer, but John could see that his body was trembling slightly and it made his stomach twist painfully.

"Hey," he said softly, touching Freddie's leg.

"I-I'm fine, John," the singer said, but he didn't sound fine.

"Can you look at me? Please?" John asked, but after getting no response, he tried again, "Please?"

Freddie finally reacted, letting out a deep breath, but he still refused to turn to look at John.

"Don't tell me you didn't see how he stared at me," he said in a quiet voice.

"Who stared at you?" John asked, completely confused.
"The cashier. And then... he went to talk to another person who was working there and they were both staring at me."

John gently caressed Freddie's leg as he listened to him, but he still did not understand what the singer was talking about, "I really did not notice that. Why were they staring at you?"

"And then they laughed. I could see it."

John thought about it for a moment and then carefully asked, "Was it... because of us? But we didn't..."

"No, it was because of me."

"I don't understand?"

Freddie finally moved, sitting up and facing John. It broke the bassist's heart seeing how red and puffy Freddie's eyes seemed to be, though at least he wasn't crying anymore.

"It was about..." the singer paused, then lowered his tone a bit, "About my... teeth."

"What?" John asked before he could stop himself, "What about your teeth?"

"He kept staring at it and he wasn't even... hiding it. And then they both were staring at me," Freddie forced out, swallowing hard.

John's expression softened, "Is that why you asked if I can go pay?"

The older boy just nodded and looked away in shame. If John was being truthful, he didn't even notice Freddie's teeth anymore. They seemed normal to him, but he knew that it was just because he was already used to it and they might seem a bit strange to people seeing Freddie for the first time. And it was clearly something Freddie was really insecure about.

"I like your teeth," John smiled, "I think it makes you look adorable."

"I'm not... adorable," Freddie protested, "I look awful. They're too big and there are too many of them and -"

"It's adorable," John cut him off, "Besides, we live in England. Eighty percent of people here have less than perfect teeth. But I always found yours interesting and now I love them."
Freddie did smile slightly at that, but he quickly pushed it away, "You're just saying that."

"I'm not," John said firmly and then he slowly brought his hand up, gently caressing the singer's face. He could tell that Freddie was surprised by that gesture, but then he relaxed into the touch, taking in a deep breath. And then John realized something. Teeth were Freddie's insecurity. Just like confidence issues were John's insecurity. What if Freddie refused to be with him until he fixed his teeth? What if Freddie decided to stay away from John until he was perfect for him? The bassist realized that was exactly what he was doing to Freddie. Staying away from him, hoping he would get better and then return to be with the singer completely.

John just then realized how crazy that sounded.

"I-I know they get in the way a lot of times," Freddie suddenly said, pulling him out of his thoughts, "During ... kissing. I've had guys tell me it's really annoying."

"What?" John couldn't believe what he was hearing. Did Freddie's teeth get in the way a bit? Yes, but that was only in the beginning and John was too nervous with other things to really pay attention to Freddie's teeth. And now he couldn't imagine kissing someone else who didn't have teeth like that. Even if Freddie's kissed him in the dark, John would immediately know who it was. Because of the teeth, yes, but also because he was the best kisser John has had the pleasure of experiencing.

"I love when you ... lightly bite my lip when we ... you know," John whispered, immediately turning red.

"When we kiss?" Freddie helped, his lips curling up into a smile.

"Y-Yes," the bassist nodded, hesitantly meeting his boyfriend's eyes again. They were still red and slightly puffy, but he seemed to be in a much better mood now. He caressed Freddie's face for a few moments, tracing his lips with his thumb, noticing how red and swollen and inviting they looked and it took all in John to not just press his mouth against Freddie's.

"Also, you have a lovely smile and you should smile more," John said to him, watching with satisfaction how Freddie's face seemed to light up with happiness.

John lowered his hand, but he was still looking deep into Freddie's eyes, "And the next time someone laughs at you or ... makes you feel like this ... you tell me and I'll ... I-I'll kick their arse."

The singer laughed at that and John quickly took his hands in his, stopping him from covering his mouth.

"Do you even know how to fight, darling?" Freddie teased, raising his eyebrow.
"Of course. I've been in lots of fights!"

The singer gave him a surprised look, "With who?"

"My sister," John grinned, "And she always won, but that's besides the point."

"John," Freddie laughed, shaking his head, "What am I going to do with you, darling?"

"Well, you can join me in the living room and we can hang there? I don't like leaving Roger and Brian alone for longer periods of time."

Freddie gasped, "You're right! It's been suspiciously quiet. I hope they haven't murdered each other, those literal immature brats."

Freddie jumped from the bed, suddenly feeling very energized and in a lot better mood; ready to take on the world.

ooo

Taking on the world apparently meant dozing off in the living room. While the boys did try to carry a conversation, they were just too exhausted and soon they returned to their bedrooms. Roger fell asleep on the sofa and Brian decided to leave him there under the pretense of not wanting to wake him up. They did have a studio rehearsal planned for the next day and they needed to be as rested as possible. John did notice that sleeping next to Freddie, but not touching him, was still very awkward and almost painful. No, not almost. It was painful. He felt as if he was punishing Freddie and that was not what he wanted to do. He craved Freddie's touch, but his mind kept going back to the night of their fight. He kept wondering why Freddie did what he did; was it John's fault? Did he push him to do those things? How could he expect Freddie to deal with his issues and not just explode with frustration?

Even though they weren't touching, except for the occasional feet rubbing together and John realizing how hot Freddie felt and how he wished he could cuddle up against him, the bassist was still glad that they were sharing the bed. He couldn't stand it if they slept apart. It calmed him, knowing that Freddie was next to him and safe and warm and not sleeping on the uncomfortable sofa or wandering outside in the freezing cold.

There was also that little thing; John being able to fall asleep much easier if he listened to Freddie's breathing.
"I don't like that part!" Roger yelled from behind the drums, "It's too slow!"

Freddie rolled his eyes, "You have got to be kidding me, Rog. Again with this shit?"

"It's too slow! I'm not doing it!"

John sighed and crossed his arms over his chest; realizing they were about to start fighting. Again. They have been in the studio since noon and it was already four in the afternoon. The only thing they ate was breakfast and John could feel his stomach starting to protest. They did record a few parts, but then they spent half an hour arguing about Roger's car song. And it seemed that it was going to be brought up yet again.

"My song is much better than that but you refuse to sing it, Fred!"

The singer gasped in shock, "I refuse to sing about a damn car, Rog. I haven't even got a driver's license!"

"Well, whose problem is that?" the drummer asked, "I mean, really?"

"I have better things to do in my life than to waste my time learning how to drive, darling."

"I honestly think we should concentrate on my song - " Brian started, but was cut off by Roger.

"You call me sweet like I'm some kind of cheese?" the drummer laughed, "Are you joking? How is that better than my song?"

"I really do not wish to participate in a song about your weird ... " Brian stopped, searching for a word, "Sexual fetishes, Rog."

The drummer looked at him in confusion, but he was still angry, "I have no idea what you just said, but I'm positive it was insulting."

"We should concentrate on my song," Freddie announced, "And then, if there's any time left ... "

"Sod off, Fred!" Roger showed him his middle finger, "You're not as good of a songwriter as you
"think!"

"Excuse me?"

John closed his eyes for a moment; he was really done with their bullshit. He was tired and hungry.
Not to mention he has spent the last four hours listening to them argue; the arguments always started
them disagreeing on songs and it usually ended with them insulting each other personally.

"You shut up, Bri!" Roger warned him, "You and your space cowboys!"

"Space cowboys?" the guitarist gasped in shock, "39 is a well-written, deep song about - "

"Time travel and space and it sounds like a fucking cowboy song. I want rock and roll!" Roger
groaned in frustration, almost kicking his own drums.

John took a deep breath, slowly approaching them, "I-I have a song."

The boys didn't hear him and they continued bickering among themselves.

"Can I please tell you about my song?" John tried again, but apparently he wasn't loud enough for
them. In the end he just gave up and sat down on the nearest chair.

"Oh, shut up, you cocksucker!" Roger rolled his eyes at Freddie, who gasped in shock at the word.

Immediately, the drummer felt bad about it, "Oh god, Fred. I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to - "

The singer grinned at him, obviously not insulted at all, "Well, it's true. But if you could add the
word *magnificent* in front of it, that'd be great, darling."

"How would I know if you truly are a magnificent cocksucker? I don't want to be spreading lies,"
Roger teased.

"Well, ask John and he'll tell you, dear."

John's eyes widened at that and he wanted to run out of the studio. He could only hope the person in
the mixing room didn't hear that or he'd just die from embarrassment right there and then.

"Freddie, shut up! I don't want to hear about this!" Roger grimaced, covering his ears with his hands.
John made himself comfortable on his chair; apparently this was going to take a while.

ooo

It was quite a productive day in the studio, though there were more arguments than usually. After arriving back at the flat, they all stayed away from each other as they were still a bit cranky. Roger didn't even want to eat with the rest of them; he just made himself a sandwich and disappeared into his room.

Brian expressed his wish to go home, assuring them that he was fine, but Freddie managed to convince him to stay a few days more. Just to be sure.

It was already dark outside when John got an extreme need to go for a walk. They spent the entire day locked in the studio and he needed a bit of air. Knowing that Freddie would not let him go out by himself, he didn't even try and he simply asked, "Can we go for a walk, please?"

The singer gave him a confused look, "But ... it's cold outside."

"Freddie," John laughed, "Why do you think I bought you that coat?"

"Because I look royally good in it?"

"Well, yes, but also so you could go on walks with me," John batted his eyelashes at the singer and Freddie immediately jumped up from the sofa, grabbing his coat.

John loved how supportive his boyfriend was; yes, he could be a diva sometimes, but when it really mattered, he never disappointed. He chuckled to himself as he realized that Freddie must really love him if he was willing to go out in that cold where he could ... freeze his balls off.

ooo

They didn't even discuss where they were walking to; they just instinctively went to that park and sat down on the bench. It became their special place and John knew he'd always have fond memories of that park.

"I can't deal with this," Freddie groaned in displeasure.
"Deal with what?"

"The cold, darling. I've spent my childhood and most of my teenage years in a very warm country. I'm not made for this cold!"

John giggled at those words; Freddie was once again overreacting, but it was never annoying. It was adorable.

"You know," the bassist started, "I've read that human bodies can adapt to changes very quickly."

"Not my body," Freddie replied, smiling, "I wish I could just sleep through the winter."

John laughed again and then looked around. Everything was so peaceful; John almost wanted to stay there forever. No arguments, no yelling.

"Are you guys still talking?" he slowly asked.

Freddie narrowed his eyes at him, "What do you mean, dear?"

"You, Roger and Brian. The things you said to each other ... "

"Oh, that. Don't worry, darling. That's ... normal," the singer smirked at him, "I can't even remember what we said to each other."

John blushed, "Well, Roger call you a ... a cocksucker."

"And he thought he'd insult me with it. You can't insult me with the truth. It'd be like me calling him a dumb blond. The truth," Freddie winked at him playfully.

That did calm John down a bit; he'd feel very awkward being in a flat with the three of them not talking to each other.

After a few moments of silence, John took a deep breath, preparing himself for the subject he knew they would have to discuss sooner or later. As much as he'd like to pretend nothing ever happened, it just wouldn't work.

"I-I have a few questions," John carefully started, "If you don't want to talk about it, that's fine - "

"Is it about that night? When I - ?" Freddie knew that the bassist would want to talk about it and no
matter how much he tried to prepare himself for it, he still felt sick to his stomach at first mention of that night.

"Yes," John replied quietly, swallowing hard, "It's just ... I-I don't know much and ... "

"I'll answer any question you might have. That's ... the least I can do," Freddie looked down in shame as he waited for his boyfriend to speak.

Silence.

The singer could feel the cold air on his face and he wondered how long they'd be able to sit there without freezing to death.

And then John finally spoke, his voice barely above a whisper, "Did you ... did you like it?"

Freddie quickly looked up, "If I liked ... what he did to me?"

John just nodded, nervously waiting for the answer. He truly did not know what he'd do if the answer was a 'yes'; he'd probably break into hysterical crying.

"John," the singer struggled with the answer, "It's .. complicated. I-I know what you're asking, but ... It did feel good. Physically, but I didn't want it mentally."

John just stared at him, not really understanding. To him it didn't make any sense; he couldn't imagine feeling physical pleasure without being there mentally and wanting it.

"Of course someone touching my ... " Freddie stopped for a moment, "I remember it feeling good, but I also remember not wanting it."

"I-I'm afraid I don't understand," John replied quietly.

"I don't even remember his name," the singer let out a deep breath, "He ... I remember him trying to kiss me and I-I moved away. I couldn't do that. I didn't want that."

"You didn't want that?" John smiled weakly, but he could tell that he was already getting a bit teary-eyed. The entire subject was painful, but it needed to be talked about and cleared.

"Of course not, John," Freddie smiled back, "I only want to be kissing you. What I did was a stupid, disgusting mistake and I'll regret it for the rest of my life."
"It's - "

"And I'll spend my entire life trying to make it up to you," Freddie cut him off, his voice shaking a bit, "If ... If you let me. If you decide to give me a chance."

"Freddie," John placed a hand on the singer's knee, "I'm not ... going anywhere. I promise. Not once has a thought of leaving crossed my mind."

"P-Promise?" Freddie sounded terrified, afraid to look anywhere else but at John, afraid he might just disappear.

"I promise," the bassist said firmly, then nervously bit his lower lip, "What about you?"

"What about me, darling?"

"Would you ... leave? I-I mean, has it ever crossed - "

Freddie answered before John could even finish asking the question, "Never."

"Never? Not even once?" John tried again, not completely sure if he believed him.

"Since we got together ... not even once," Freddie assured him, "Even when we were just friends or ... when we were lying to ourselves about being just friends. I've never even thought about leaving you or just ... sending you back to your flat."

"But ... you must have," John insisted, letting out a sad laugh, "When I wake you up in the middle of the night for no good reason at all - "

"Your nightmares are a very good reason to wake me up, darling. And to answer you question; no. Not even then."

"There's more trouble with me than there are good moments, Freddie," John said quietly, looking down at his hands.

"You must be joking. John, do you have any idea how much joy you have brought into my life?"

The bassist looked at him in confusion, "You're ... just saying that."

"I am not just saying that. I look forward to every night because I know I'd go to bed next to you and knowing that you'll be there the next morning is ... I've never had that," Freddie admitted.
"But ... " John struggled with his words, "I-I know that I sometimes say stupid things and do stupid, immature things, but ... I need to apologize to you for what I said that night. When he argued. And I-I said that ... that it didn't happen to you and that you don't know how I feel."

Freddie tensed up, remembering that part, "You were right, darling. It didn't happen to me."

"But what I said was incredibly ... evil of me. You were there for me since it happened. Literally since it happened. You were there minutes after ... " John paused for a bit, holding back the tears, "And me saying you have no idea how I feel and just ... dismissing you like that."

"But you were right, darling. I don't know how you feel. I can only imagine," Freddie said softly.

"Freddie, please. Can you forgive me for what I said?"

"There's nothing to for -"

"Please," John whispered, "It would make me feel much better. I-I understand if you're still angry and - "

"I forgive you," Freddie cut him off, offering a warm smile, "Alright, darling?"

John let out a breath he was holding and nodded, returning the smile, "Thank you."

"Oh, you're most welco - " Freddie suddenly stopped mid sentence, straightening up.

"What is it?" John asked in confusion.

"Do you hear that?" the singer looked around.

"I-I can't hear anything?"

Freddie slowly stood up and started walking up and down, "I think I can hear ... "

John watched him in amusement; he couldn't hear anything and Freddie was acting very funny. The older boy suddenly stopped, listening carefully and then he hurried towards the bush and kneeled down.

"Oh, darling! Oh, you poor, sweet, adorable thing!" Freddie suddenly said and immediately John was by his side. He didn't even know what he expected, but he sure did not expect to see a small
kitten. A very small, apparently very young cat. It wasn't moving, only shivering, but its eyes were open and it seemed to be very aware of Freddie and John.

"Oh my god!" Freddie cried out, immediately taking the cat in his arms, holding it close to his body. Surprisingly enough, the kitten did not struggle; it just let itself be picked up by a stranger.

"We need to get it home, John. And warm ... " Freddie quickly looked under its tail, figuring out if it was a he or she, "Her up."

"It's a she?" John asked, impressed by Freddie's skills.

The singer nodded, holding the poor cat as close to him as possible, "We need to get her home, darling. Let's go."

"What if ... she has owners? Or if her mother's nearby?"

"She's a stray cat, I'm sure of it. There are no houses around and if she did have owners and they let her out in this freezing cold, they don't deserve her. And she's young, but not as young as to need her mother. The mother probably abandoned her."

John noticed the way Freddie's voice was shaking; he really was worried sick for that cat.

"Okay, let's get her home then," he smiled at the singer and in return got an even bigger smile.

ooo

"You brought a stray cat into our flat, Freddie," Roger sighed, looking down at the scene in front of him.

Freddie was on the sofa, sitting next to his cat who was covered in warm towels. The singer was petting her head and talking to her. Brian refused to comment on it as it wasn't his flat; he'd be leaving in a couple of days and it really wasn't his place to say anything.

John returned from the kitchen, carrying a small bowl of warm milk.

"Here you go," he handed it to Freddie, who placed it down next to the kitten. To their surprise, the
cat moved, raising herself up a bit so that she could drink the milk. To say that Freddie was happy would be an understatement; he was ecstatic. His smile literally reached his ears.

"Good girl," he praised the cat, "I'm proud of you, Delilah."

"Delilah?" Roger blinked at him, "You gave her a name? When?"

"Just now. She looks like a Delilah to me, doesn't she?" the singer looked at his friends, waiting for their response.

Brian just nodded politely, "She does."
John took one good look at the cat; she was mostly white with black and brown spots and icy blue eyes. To him it really did look like Delilah.

"It's an adorable name," the bassist smiled; he couldn't take his eyes off of Freddie and the way he was tending to the cat. He did know that the singer was a big cat lover, but it was very different actually seeing him with one. Being so caring and gentle towards it and the cat seemed to really like him.

"I think she was just a bit ... overwhelmed with the cold," Freddie explained, still gently petting Delilah while she drank the warm milk, "But she seems alright now. She's warmed up. You're fine now, aren't you? Yes, you are. You are the most adorable thing ever! Aren't you?"

"That's great that she's feeling better," Roger cleared his throat awkwardly, "That means we can ... return her - " he stopped, not daring to finish the sentence as the singer looked at him.

"I am not returning her, Rog," Freddie said, completely shocked that the drummer would even suggest something like that, "I am not leaving her out in that cold and snow!"

"There's literally no snow, Freddie," Roger looked at him in confusion.

"The landlord has a strict no-pets-allowed rule, Fred," Brian said carefully.

"We never even see him. We send the money to him," Freddie rolled his eyes, "When was the last time he was here?"

"Months ago."

"Exactly."

John kept silent, just listening to the conversation. He knew it wouldn't be smart to take in a stray cat,
but he didn't have it in him to not let Freddie keep it and break his heart. Besides, it really would be cruel to leave the poor kitten outside. She did seem very young; she wasn't an experienced cat who could take care of herself.

"Can we please keep her?" Freddie pleaded, "Please? At least until it gets ... a bit warmer outside? It'll be my cat, I promise. I'll look after her. I promise."

"Freddie," Roger sighed, running his hand through his hair, "Who knows what kind of diseases she carries - "

"I'll take her to the vet in the next couple of days, I promise!"

"That costs money, Fred. Are you sure you'd want the responsibility?" Brian couldn't help but ask.

Freddie felt defeated; it was two against one and the two had really good arguments. Besides, Roger was living in the flat also and if he didn't want a cat there, he'd have to respect his wishes.

Finally, John decided to speak, "I-I think it could work."

All the boys looked at him, Brian and Roger with confusion in their eyes and Freddie with sheer hope.

"The money isn't an issue," John continued, "I-I have money and I'm sure Freddie does too. And it'll be our cat, I'll help him take care of it. Roger, if you don't want her around the flat, we can keep her in our bedroom. I-I mean ... until it gets warmer outside."

Freddie looked as if he might cry and then he gave John a very grateful smile.

"Fine," the drummer just sighed, "I guess it would be really cruel to leave her outside. She does look fairly young."

"A year, at most," Freddie quickly added, then shrieked, "Ahhh! She's purring! Can you hear it? She's purring!" then he turned his attention towards the cat again, "You're happy, aren't you? You know you can stay here. Yes, you're a smart cat. You got that from me, darling. Yes, you did."

John's heart melted at that sight and he couldn't keep the stupid grin off of his face.

oooo
Later that evening, as Brian, Roger and John relaxed in the living room, Freddie decided to clean Delilah up. For the next half an hour everything the rest of the boys could hear were screams coming from the bathroom.

"No! Bad Delilah! Come back here! Why are you like this? It's just water! Delilah!"

"He's gone mental," Roger sighed, "He's arguing with the cat."

John just giggled, wondering if he should go and help, but then decided against it. Let Freddie deal with his cat.

Freddie's voice could be heard again, "I am very disappointed with you, Delilah! You do not bite your father, do you hear me?"

Finally, after half an hour of pure torture, Freddie suddenly appeared in the living room and Roger couldn't help but burst into laughter at the sight of him.

"Did the cat take a shower or did you?" he asked, noticing the Freddie's hair and his clothes seemed completely soaked.

"That was a bit more problematic that I anticipated," the singer gave a diplomatic answer, "I guess Delilah is not a fan of water."

"Where is she now?" John asked.

"She's in our bedroom," Freddie's eyes lit up, "I-I made her a bed with towels in the corner of the room and she's napping."

"And where will she pee?" Roger suddenly asked.

Freddie blinked at him, "I haven't thought of that."

"I'm really glad I'll be leaving soon," Brian muttered to himself.

"I'll go to the store tomorrow and buy everything for her, alright? Don't worry," the singer assured them all and then disappeared off to his bedroom to stare at his new cat.

After a few minutes of chatting with Brian and Roger, John decided to go sleep and when he entered the bedroom, he noticed Freddie sitting on the floor, slowly petting Delilah who seemed to be asleep, but she didn't mind being petted.
Freddie looked up at him and then smiled, "Thank you, darling."

John knew what he was thanking him for and he just waved his hand, "Don't mention it," he slowly approached her, "She's really adorable."

"Isn't she?"

John sat down next to Freddie and hesitantly reached towards her, slowly petting her head. Immediately a low purr began to emit from her throat.

"I think she likes you," Freddie whispered to him.

John couldn't help but chuckle; he was never a big fan of cats, but now that he had one, he had to admit they really were adorable. And soft.

"You're a really good person, Freddie," John said quietly.

"What do you mean? Just because I took her in?" Freddie tried to dismiss it, "It's just ... basic human decency. How could anyone take one look at this poor thing and leave her outside?"

"Most people wouldn't bother, it would seem .... too much work," John explained, "But not to you. Because you're a good person."

Freddie just muttered something under his breath, clearly it was difficult to him to just accept a compliment like that, but he knew better than to argue with John at that moment.

And then, not even thinking about it, John leaned on Freddie, resting his head on the singer's shoulder. He could feel the singer tensing up and to be honest, even John was surprised by what he just did, but it was so natural to him. He wanted to rest his head on Freddie's shoulder and he did. After a moment they both relaxed and John took a deep breath, enjoying the smell of Freddie, realizing how much he missed it.

They just stayed like that for a while, not even talking, just enjoying each other's company in silence, observing their adorable cat. And when John finally moved and got in bed, Freddie stayed with Delilah for a few more minutes. The last thought in John's head, before sleep took over him, was how damn lucky he was. Out of all the people in the world, he was the one who got Freddie. There were people who were more handsome, smarter, easier to talk to, people with less problems, but for some reason Freddie chose him and John nearly cried at that realization.

000
"Bad Delilah!"

John groaned as he heard Freddie’s voice pulling him from his sleep. He opened one eye, realizing it was already day outside. He tried to go back to sleep, but once again, he heard Freddie’s frustrated voice, apparently coming from the living room.

"You do not pee on the floor! Bad Delilah! I am very disappointed. Do not look at me like that."

John sat up in bed, looking at the clock and realizing it was ten in the morning. Though he was a bit annoyed at being woken up like that, he couldn't help but chuckle at the whole situation. He could just see Freddie having to clean Delilah's pee and that though entertained him very much. After resting for a few more minutes, he finally got up.

Half an hour later, he was already ready for the day and he entered the living room, noticing the other three boys were already up.

"Morning," he greeted them all and then quickly took a seat next to Freddie on the sofa. Delilah was resting peacefully on Freddie's lap and she was purring so loudly that everyone could hear it.

"Morning, darling," Freddie said, "I-I hope I didn't wake you up.

"I think you woke the neighbors up, Fred," Roger laughed, "You do realize she can't understand you? It's pointless talking to her."

Freddie gave him a look, "You sometimes don't understand what we are saying to you. Does that mean we should just stop talking to you?"

Brian let out a laugh, earning himself a glare from the drummer.

Freddie looked down at the cat in his lap; it really felt good petting her and showering her with love. Him and John were still not as close as they used to be and Freddie was about to explode with unexpressed love and affection. It was a good thing Delilah came alone when she did; Freddie could at least cuddle with her during the night.

After the breakfast Freddie disappeared from the flat, announcing that he was going to the stores and getting everything Delilah might need. John did find it odd that the singer did not ask him to come along, but decided not to push it. Perhaps Freddie did need some alone time. The day was spent relatively calm; there were three times when John had to clean Delilah's pee, but he didn't complain. It was his idea that the cat stayed and he knew what that entailed. He only hoped that Freddie
wouldn't forget to buy a litter box.

Thankfully, he didn't.

When Freddie finally returned it was already almost evening, but at least he seemed to have gotten everything Delilah needed. He barely managed to get through the door, carrying that many bags and boxes. He dropped everything on the floor and hurried off into his bedroom. John found that a bit suspicious, but forgot to ask about it once Freddie finally returned to the living room.

"I bought everything!" the singer announced, "Litter box, cat food, cat shampoo, cat toys, bowls, even a bed. Oh, she's going to love it!"

John chuckled as he got up to give Delilah some food. The cat was very polite; waiting patiently and only when John lowered the bowl with her food, did she finally move and started eating. And she even ate very politely, there was no mess.

"I've raised her well," Freddie smiled at her, holding a hand to his chest. They all observed in amusement as Delilah finished eating and then started exploring her new toilet and all the toys. Freddie kneeled down next to her, pointing at the litter box, "This is where you pee and poo. No more doing that on my piano. Do you understand?"

"She peed on your piano, mate?" Roger grimaced in disgust.

Suffice it to say, Delilah did bring a lot of joy into the Mercury-Taylor-Deacon flat. They boys were completely absorbed into everything she did, everything was funny and interesting and even Roger warmed up to her. When she finally fell asleep in her new bed next to Freddie's piano, they boys started whispering, not wanting to wake her up.

Realizing it was almost midnight, John and Freddie retired to the bedroom while the other two boys stayed in the living room, quietly talking amongst themselves.

The moment John entered the bedroom, he realized there was something on the bed. Something new. It seemed like a blanket, a very large one and John was convinced he's never seen it before.

"I-I bought it for you," Freddie said from behind him.

John turned around, giving him a confused look, "You bought a blanket for me?"

"It's ... It's very heavy and soft," he explained, "I know you like being ... cuddled and covered up and you like feeling safe and since I-I can't ... since things have changed a bit, I just thought you could use a good blanket. Not those shitty, thin ones."
John just stared at Freddie and suddenly tears started forming in his eyes, "Y-You - "

"If you don't like it - "

"I like it. I love it," John cut him off, whispering, "And I love you."

Freddie sucked in a breath and he needed a moment to react to that, "I love you too, darling."

"You really went out and ... got this, probably very expensive, blanket for me?" John's voice was shaking now.

"I want you to feel safe and ... " Freddie smiled, but it was a sad smile, "Since I can't give that to you anymore ... "

"Freddie," John almost cried out; it physically pained him hearing those things. He reached out and took Freddie's hand in his own. They just stayed like that for a long moment, both breathing heavily, threatening to burst with unexpressed affection and love. And then John moved, slowly approaching Freddie and pressing himself against him. Immediately, the singer wrapped his arms around him and John let out a sob, pressing his face into the crook of Freddie's neck.

Oh, how he missed this.

How stupid he was for avoiding this.

John closed his eyes and just inhaled; he missed the softness of Freddie's skin, the smell of his strawberry shampoo. And then, very slowly, he moved away a bit so that he could look at Freddie and it was like looking in the mirror. He knew the same vulnerability and the sadness and the love and the longing that he could very clearly see on Freddie's face, was probably on his face as well.

And then John hesitantly bit his lip, leaning closer to the singer. He kept looking straight into Freddie’s eyes until he finally reached his goal and pressed his lips against his. It was a very clumsy kiss; at first Freddie didn't even respond, but then he responded too much. It took them a few moments until they finally found their rhythm and once they did, John couldn't help but smile. Freddie must have felt the smile against his mouth because he smiled as well.

And then something took over them; Freddie brought his hands up, brushing John's hair out of his face, kissing him more passionately and John responded, trying to keep up with him.

Suddenly, the singer pulled back, his hands still cupping John's face, but there was a question in his eyes. A question that couldn't be expressed in words, but John understood it and he nodded, smiling. Freddie let out a shaky breath and John brought his hands up, resting them on Freddie's chest for a moment before slowly unbuttoning his shirt and pushing it down his shoulders.
And that was all it took; Freddie kissed him again, gentler this time and the next thing John knew was that they were on the bed and Freddie was on top of him, covering him with kisses. There were tears in John's eyes and so were in Freddie's, but they weren't tears of sadness anymore. It was relief.

Freddie undressed them both, dropping the clothes to the floor and John before could feel shy about it, the singer's body was on top of his again, and his lips were kissing him and licking and nibbling. And Freddie found his John's hand, intertwining their fingers and not letting go.

The bassist cried out; there were so many emotions inside of him and he couldn't possible explain how he felt. All he knew was that he needed Freddie; he craved him. Wrapping his legs around Freddie's waist, he pulled him even closer and moaned as he felt their groins touch.

It's been too long.

"I-I love you," Freddie breathed out in between kisses, barely holding himself up, not wanting to squish poor John underneath him.

"I love you," the bassist whispered, pulling the singer down until he was lying completely flat on top of John. Feeling their chests touch and move against each other was a feeling that John couldn't even describe.

He could feel Freddie shivering on top of him, shaking even and he almost asked if he was cold, but he could feel that he was hot. And sweating also.

But so was John. They were both a trembling, hot, sweaty mess, but neither seemed to mind. They kept moving against each other and while it was slow, it was also the most passionate they've ever been with each other. Feeling Freddie gently suck at the skin on John's neck made his eyes roll back with pleasure and in response he dragged his fingernails across the singer's back, making him let out a deep growl. It would leave marks, John was sure of it.

They tried to keep their eye contact for as long as possible, just staring deep into each other's eyes. They used every chance they got to look at each other and just smile.

"I love you," John whispered again, realizing suddenly that he was crying. But he was smiling at the same time and it was confusing. Freddie smiled at him, gently kissing away the tears and just squeezing his hand. It was then that John realized they have been holding hands this entire time and he could only hope that Freddie wasn't letting go anytime soon because he wouldn't be able to stand it.

"Are you alright?" the singer quietly asked, pressing his forehead against John's.
The bassist just nodded, smiling and closing his eyes.

He was finally where he was supposed to be. Finally, things were right again.

And then Freddie moved, grinding their groins together and John moaned; it was a loud, long, soft moan and he didn't care if anyone could hear it.

The movements were slow and precise and John soon found himself responding, moving his hips, arching his back. Freddie brought their intertwined fingers to his mouth, placing a kiss on John's hand before lowering himself down to gently press his lips against John's again. This time the bassist could feel a tongue nibbling at his lower lip, asking for permission and he responded, opening his mouth more and soon his tongue met Freddie's and they danced together tenderly, teasing and exploring.

When John felt a hand on his cock, it was almost too much; he started trembling and he couldn't even speak, he just held onto Freddie as if his life depended on him. He used his free arm to pull Freddie down, even closer to him and then he just hid his face in his neck; the emotions and the sensations being too much to handle.

Hearing Freddie moan and breathe like that nearly made John pass out; to know that he was the reason the singer was in that state, that he was moaning because of him ... John wanted to cry with joy. And he was sure that he was crying, he could feel the wetness on his face, but he didn't care.

Freddie started to rub their cocks together, using his free hand to touch them both at the same time and John could feel Frederico right against his William and if he wasn't so out of it, he'd want to look, but at that moment he couldn't find it in him to move away from Freddie, even if just for a second.

Their moans started getting louder and deeper and Freddie kept kissing John's forehead, kept showering him with love, kept squeezing his hand, pressing his chest against John's and soon it really was too much.

But not for him.

He could feel Freddie tense up, letting out the softest moan ever, slamming his hips against John's almost too roughly, but John didn't mind and then there was something warm and sticky on John's belly. Before he could react to it, the singer just collapsed on top of him completely, breathing heavily and occasionally twitching with aftershocks.

John smiled, bringing his hand up, running it through Freddie's hair gently, caressing his neck. Freddie should be too heavy, he was lying on top of John with his entire weight, but at that moment it didn't matter. John felt secure, he felt loved, he felt happy.
After a few moments, the singer finally moved, or *tried* to move, but John wrapped his legs around him, not letting him.

"Stay," he whispered and Freddie obeyed, hiding his face into the crook of John's neck as he recovered.

They were both sweaty and sticky, but John couldn't be happier. He turned his head to look their intertwined fingers and he realized they not once let go of each other's hand. He experimentally squeezed Freddie's hand and when he felt his hand immediately squeeze back, John let out another sob. The amount of love he felt at that moment was nearly too much and he knew it would physically hurt him once Freddie had to move off of him. But it seemed as if the singer did not want that either and he kept resting on top of John, even as his breathing calmed down.

"I love you, John. So much," Freddie whispered into his neck, placing a soft kiss on the skin there.

"I love you too. So much," John replied shakily and they just remained like that for a while, though John wished it could be for eternity.

Chapter End Notes

So apparently people thought the previous chapter was the last one. Sorry, it wasn't. We still have three or four more to go. :P Thank you for your love and support! <3
Chapter Notes

John couldn't tell how long they just stayed like that; it was probably a couple of minutes, but it truly felt like forever. It felt like time had stopped at some point and nothing else existed outside of their bedroom. It really did become John's safe place. His happy place. He did remember being taken to this very bedroom the night when he was attacked and he felt safe. Even though at that time it was an unknown place; the room of a new friend, John felt unbelievably safe. And soon the room became so much more; it became his room, their room; he lost his virginity in this very room and made love to his boyfriend.

Freddie was still resting on top of him and John realized he liked the feeling of that. Usually, the positions were switched and he was the one lying on top of Freddie or being cuddled up against him, but there was something special about the singer being on top of him and feeling his entire weight on him.

Freddie was calm now; he wasn't shaking anymore and his breathing has returned to normal, but apparently he was still too weak too move. Or he didn't want to move. His face was still hidden against John's neck and every few moments he would nuzzle against his skin, placing little feather like kisses there, making John's heart melt with the cuteness.

John's thighs burned and he couldn't keep his legs wrapped around Freddie's waist anymore; he let them drop down on either side of Freddie, but he still kept his arm on Freddie's back, caressing his skin, occasionally running a hand through his hair. His free hand.

John's couldn't keep that stupid smile off of his face as he felt Freddie still holding his other hand and apparently he had no intention of letting go, which John was perfectly fine with.

Finally, he decided to speak, so he cleared his throat and let out a nervous chuckle, "I-I didn't expect this to happen."

It was true. When John retired to the bedroom that evening, he expected to exchange a few words with Freddie about Delilah and then fall asleep.

Immediately after hearing those words, Freddie's head shot up and he looked at John with slight panic in his eyes, "Do ... do you regret it?"

"No!" John quickly answered, bringing his hand up to caress Freddie's face, "Never. It was ...
"Really?" the singer immediately smiled, "You ... wanted it?"

John nodded, returning the smile, "I-I didn't even know how much I wanted it."

Those words did seem to calm Freddie down a bit and John could feel him relax against him again.

"Are you alright?" Freddie quietly asked, worry appearing in his eyes, "I didn't hurt you or anything?"

"Of course you didn't hurt me, Freddie. I'm more than alright."

"Are you sure? I did ... lose myself for a bit there. I wasn't too rough or - "

"No," John cut him off, moving Freddie's hair from his face, "I'm perfectly fine. What ... what about you?"

Freddie gave him a strange look, then chuckled, "I'm fine. You didn't hurt me, darling. Don't worry."

"Not that," John playfully rolled his eyes, then got serious for a moment, "Are you alright? Emotionally? Did you ... want this?"

"I needed this, John," Freddie's voice trembled a bit, "I needed it so much."

John smiled at that, then bit his lip hesitantly, "And you ... enjoyed it? You really liked it?"

Freddie gave him that playful look; the look that John terribly missed seeing, and moved against him, rubbing their bellies together, making John remember that there was something warm and sticky on his lower stomach.

"There's a proof of how much I enjoyed it, darling," the singer smirked at him, then made a move to get up and immediately John panicked, wrapping his legs against Freddie's waist again, pulling him down.

"Hey," Freddie immediately stopped moving and made eye contact John, "Hey, it's alright. I was just going to clean us up, darling. I'm not going anywhere."

That did make John calm down a bit, but he still refused to let Freddie go.
"Darling," the singer chuckled, "I've made quite a mess on you. Can I clean you up?"

As John stared up at him with slight panic in his eyes, Freddie realized that he had never been with anyone who was *this* afraid of losing him. He's never been with someone who wanted to be with him *this* much, who needed him as John seemed to need him. Freddie didn't know how it felt being needed and wanted so badly and now that he knew, he never wanted to go back.

"My love," the singer smiled at the bassist underneath him, "I am just going to grab my shirt on the floor so I can clean us up and then we can snuggle. Alright?"

Finally, John nodded, unwrapping his legs from around Freddie's waist, allowing the singer to lean down, grabbing a shirt from the floor. John still refused to let go of Freddie's hand, but the singer wasn't bothered by that one bit. He could still do a lot with one free hand.

Sitting back, still in between John's legs, Freddie grimaced at the mess on his boyfriend's lower stomach. He was almost ashamed by it; afraid that John would find it disgusting, he quickly wiped it off, causing John to giggle and twitch as the bassist was still very much ticklish. Freddie chuckled at the sheer cuteness in front of him and then quickly cleaned himself up.

"All that was for ... me?" John suddenly asked.

Freddie gave him a confused look, "What do you mean, darling?"

"T-That," the bassist glanced down at what Freddie was trying to wipe off of himself.

"Oh, yes. That's ... sorry, darling," he quickly apologized, "It's ... I'll try and keep a towel nearby in the future and - "

"Freddie," John cut him off, gently squeezing his hand, "I-I ... I like it. Every time you do it ... it's .... hot."

"Hot?" the singer arched an eyebrow as he finished cleaning them both up, throwing the shirt on the floor and lowering himself on top of John again, resuming his previous position.

John just nodded, blushing slightly and thankfully Freddie let that subject go. He tried to shift his weight a bit so that he wasn't *completely* on top of John, but the bassist wasn't having any of that.

"N-No, stay like this," John insisted, almost holding Freddie hostage with his thighs.
"Strong," the singer teased as he realized John really had a strong hold on him, "Are you sure you don't work out, darling?"

"I-I've never worked out in my life, Freddie," John giggled before taking in a deep breath, enjoying the moment of intimacy he was currently sharing with Freddie.

"You never took it off," Freddie said quietly and after John looked at him in confusion, the singer pointed at the ring on John's finger. They were still holding hands and Freddie enjoyed feeling the ring on his boyfriend's finger and he kept playing with it, touching it.

"I'll never take if off," John said firmly, then bit his lip nervously, "I-I don't even know what it represents, but - "

"It represents my love for you," Freddie quickly said. "It ... shows that you are mine and that I'm yours. Only yours, John."

"You are?" John blurted out; it was so strange hearing that Freddie was his. Freddie Mercury, the incredibly talented, confident, sweet, attractive person was really his. John couldn't remember ever having something so valuable be only his.

"Yes," the singer replied, though there was a sad smile on his face, "I-I know I fucked up, but I really am only yours. A-And I want to be only yours. John, I - "

"I believe you," the bassist calmed him down, running a hand through his hair gently. Apparently Freddie enjoyed that as he let out a purr and at that moment he reminded him of Delilah. Was it possible that in barely two days of knowing each other they became so alike? John giggled at the thought before pushing it away.

"I love you so much," Freddie whispered and before John could reply, he felt the singer kissing his neck and that immediately made his eyes roll back with pleasure.

"I want to take care of you," Freddie continued as he left a trail off kisses along John's neck and his shoulder and his collarbone, "I want to be with you every ... single ... day. And hold you hand and ... talk to you and ... cuddle you," and then he stopped, meeting John's eyes, "I-I think I was born to love you."

John just stared at him for a long moment, the words touching something deep inside of him, but then he chuckled, "Such a romantic, Freddie."

The singer gasped, "Are you making fun of me, darling?"

"No," John replied, but couldn't stop chuckling.
Freddie arched his eyebrow at that and tried to get up. "I guess I'll go to sleep now - "

But John panicked, wrapping his legs around him and pulling him down again. Apparently Freddie expected that and he teased, "Who's the corny romantic now, dear?"

"Shut up," John blushed, trying to hide his face in the pillow.

"I'm not going anywhere, darling," Freddie assured him and soon he could feel the bassist's legs unwrap from his waist and John lessened the hold he had on him, finally relaxing a bit. John closed his eyes and just enjoyed the moment; enjoyed being this close to Freddie; enjoyed the fact that everything was suddenly right. Everything was as it was supposed to be. For the past few days it felt as if a part of him was missing and while it was strange to think of Freddie as a part of him, it truly felt like that. And now lying there with Freddie like that, John felt complete again.

But then his eyes snapped open when he felt Freddie's hand slowly sneak down in between their bodies and before it could reach it's goal, John stopped him, "Freddie, it's ... fine. You don't have to."

"I want to, darling. You didn't even get to finish. I'm sorry - "

John interrupted him by pulling him down for a soft kiss; if he had to choose he'd pick cuddling and soft kissing over orgasms anytime.

"I didn't mind, Freddie," he reassured him, "I-I actually enjoy this ... us like this."

"Are you sure?" the singer sounded a bit skeptical, "It was rude of me to just ... not take care of you first."

"Why am I always the one who needs to be taken care of the first?" John asked, "You deserve to be taken care of as well, Freddie."

"But are you absolutely sure?"

"Just hug me," the bassist replied, closing his eyes again and relaxing.

Freddie did not need to be asked twice and he immediately delivered, lowering himself on top of John, pressing his face against the bassist's neck. He was so close to him, pressing their chests together, that he could feel John's heartbeat. It was slow and steady; a proof that John was as relaxed as he could be.

The singer felt as if he didn't deserve this; he didn't deserve John and his trust and his forgiveness. At
least not for a while. Freddie felt as if he should suffer for a bit longer; what he did was despicable. But when John initiated intimacy, Freddie did not find it in himself to reject him. He thought he'd be able to keep himself under control, but the moment he had John in his arms again, something took over him. He couldn't stop himself even if he wanted to; he knew that while their lovemaking was gentle, that there were moments when he was a bit rough, but John did not seem to be bothered by it. And he even responded, arching his back, raising his hips, pulling Freddie down for a kiss.

It was absolutely perfect. Everything Freddie could wish for and he wasn't even ashamed that he came so soon. It's been days since he was last touched by John and when it finally happened, there was no way Freddie would be able to control himself. It actually surprised him that he didn't come sooner because his Frederico twitched with anticipation the moment John took his hand.

After a few long minutes of just enjoying the silence and each other, Freddie raised his head up and met his boyfriend's eyes.

"Do you want to take a shower?" he asked as he placed a kiss on top of John's nose.

While a shower did seem like a very good idea because they were both covered in sweat and other substances, John didn't want this moment to end. And leaving the room to shower would mean that it was already over.

"Can't we just stay like this for a while longer?" he hesitantly asked, hoping Freddie would understand that he didn't want to let go of him.

Thankfully, the singer understood and he offered a smile, "I want to stay like this too, darling. And we can ... shower together and then come back to cuddle."

At first John thought that Freddie was joking and he laughed, but then he noticed the serious look in his boyfriend's eyes, "You ... you really want to shower with me?"

Freddie nodded, biting his lip, "I don't want to leave you. Not even for a couple of minutes."

That did make John's heart melt, but then the reality of the preposition hit him. Could he shower with Freddie? He'd die of embarrassment. Yes, he was currently naked with Freddie, but that was different; Freddie couldn't see anything.

"I-I don't know about that," the bassist whispered, blushing slightly.

"Why not, darling? I'll take good care of you, I promise."

"I-I just ... " John let out a nervous chuckle, "I'm ... weird looking."
"Again with this, John?" Freddie smiled at him, "I told you already; you are not weird looking. I have seen you naked and I assure you there is nothing weird about you."

John tensed up, "When did you see me naked?"

Immediately he realized what a strange question that was, especially since they were currently lying on top of each other, _naked_, after having made love. Before Freddie could say anything, John quickly explained, "I-I mean ... I know we've been naked together, but ... it's been always in the dark and ... even when it wasn't ... you weren't looking."

Freddie bit his lip, "I have to confess something, darling."

"What is it?"

"I may ... or may not have looked once or ... twice."

John's eyes widened, "What? When?"

"What do you mean _when_, dear?" Freddie chuckled, "When we made love. My eyes get used to the darkness very quickly and I assure you I've already seen everything. And I must say ... I liked what I saw."

John groaned in embarrassment and tried to hide his face in the pillow again, but Freddie caught his lips in a kiss before he could turn away. Immediately the bassist relaxed and responded to the gentle kiss, all his insecurities and fears disappearing. This is where he felt the safest, in Freddie's arms, preferably with their lips pressed together.

When they finally broke apart, Freddie looked at him and smiled reassuringly, "What do you say, sweetie?"

"I-I don't know .... What about Brian and Roger?"

"They won't see us and even if they do, they know better than to ask questions."

John thought about it for a moment and then slowly nodded, immediately causing Freddie's smile to grow even bigger.

"Unfortunately, I have to insist on keeping the lights in the bathroom on, dear. I wouldn't want us to slip and break our legs."
John nodded, though he was a bit nervous and Freddie immediately recognized it.

"Try and think of it this way; we are going to save water and ... help the planet," the singer chuckled as he pulled himself off of John and then helped him sit up as well. John let out a laugh; he did appreciate Freddie's efforts to make him feel better and it was working. He was still nervous, but at least he was laughing.

Freddie brought John's hand up to his lips, placing a soft kiss on the skin there before finally letting go of it, so he could get up from the bed. Even though John knew he was being very needy, he couldn't help but feel immense sadness at that. He wanted to hold Freddie's hand forever.

"Here you go, dear," Freddie said as he handed him his yellow bathrobe, "You can wear this." John quickly put it on, relaxing only when he was fully covered. When he looked at Freddie, the singer was already wearing his pajama bottoms and smiling mischievously at him.

ooo

Freddie was right; Brian and Roger couldn't see them from the living room, but that didn't make John any less nervous. What if they saw them when they would be returning to their bedroom?

As they entered the bathroom, John realized that the door had no lock on it and immediately he panicked, "What if someone walks in?"

"Nobody is going to walk in, dear. Relax. They'll hear the shower running," Freddie tried to calm him down.

"But still ... " John trailed off, not able to stop worrying. If either Roger or Brian walked in on him completely naked, he'd die of embarrassment.

Sensing his nervousness, Freddie opened the door, stuck his head out and yelled, "The bathroom is occupied!"

John smiled at his boyfriend, "You're an idiot."

"I'm your idiot," the singer teased as he walked towards the shower and undressed, dropping his pajama bottoms to the floor. John's eyes traveled down his body and he couldn't help but just stare. This was the first time he saw Freddie naked like that. It was the first time they weren't doing anything and he wasn't preoccupied with something else; he could just stare.

"Like what you see, dear?" Freddie laughed, resting his hands on his hips, "Do you want me to turn around?"
John turned red and shook his head, "N-No, it's fine. I-I wasn't looking, I just - "

"John, darling. It's alright to look. We're together," Freddie said to him softly, "I want you to look."

Those words made John blush even more and then he just hugged himself with his arms, "A-Aren't you going to ... make sure the water is the right temperature?"

Freddie smiled and nodded, "Do you prefer a bit colder or warmer?"

"Hot," John replied.

Immediately Freddie sent him a cheeky grin, "Why, thank you, darling!"

Before John could reply, Freddie turned his attention towards the shower. And John stared. He did feel a bit better after hearing Freddie's reassurance that it was alright to look and that he wanted him to look. A small part of him wished he could have Freddie's confidence; he'd also like to just undress and not care and pose proudly.

The first thing he noticed was that Freddie was really hairy and it sent a shudder down John's spine. He never thought he'd find hairy hot, but for some reason he did. He loved hair on Freddie; on his arms, on his chest, on his thighs, legs, on his arse, on his back, on his ... Frederico. Well, maybe not on, more like around it. John realized he himself wasn't that hairy and he probably looked like a baby compared to his boyfriend.

"Do you plan on showering in that robe, darling?" Freddie chuckled, raising his eyebrow in amusement.

"W-What?" John snapped back to reality, "No, no. Of course not."

"Well, come here," the singer extended his hand towards him, "I think the water is warm enough for you."

John slowly approached him, his heart pounding in his chest, threatening to explode. Why was he this nervous? He had done a lot dirtier things with Freddie in the past; why was a simple shower making him so anxious?

Freddie smiled at him reassuringly, "Can I do it?" he asked, looking at the bathrobe that John was wearing.

Taking a deep breath, the bassist forced himself to react and he nodded his head, "G-Go ahead."
Slowly, Freddie reached to untie the bathrobe and then he pushed it down John's shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. John kept his eyes on the spot behind Freddie, trying to calm his nerves, but when he finally met Freddie's eyes again, he realized the singer was not staring at his body; he was looking into his eyes and John couldn't be more grateful for that.

"Ready?" Freddie asked, bringing his hand up to John's chin, tilting it upwards a bit so that he could kiss him. While they were the same height, John's bad posture always made it seem as if he was shorter than Freddie.

John responded to the kiss and stepped even closer to Freddie, wanting to hide himself. When they broke apart, Freddie moved aside a bit, pointing at the shower, "After you, darling."

John quickly hopped in, shuddering as the hot water hit his skin. He loved it; the temperature was just right and John wished he could stay there forever. Freddie immediately followed, stepping in beside John. It took them a few moments to get comfortable and find a position that would ensure both were under the water, but when they finally did manage to do it, they just looked at each other and laughed. John realized that Freddie looked incredibly beautiful while wet. He, on the other hand, probably looked like a wet rat.

The singer grabbed a shampoo bottle and raised his eyebrow at John, "Can I wash your hair?"

"Er ... sure, I guess," John replied, chuckling a bit.

"Turn around, dear."

John obeyed, turning his back to Freddie; he was a bit tense, but the moment he felt Freddie's hands gently massaging his scalp, all the nervousness seemed to float away. He almost moaned at the feeling, there was no accidental hair pulling; Freddie was as gentle as possible and John just stood there with his eye closed, enjoying the feeling of being taken care for.

"All done, dear," Freddie whispered, placing his hands on John's shoulders, turning him around again. When John looked at the singer again, he burst into laughter at the sight. Apparently Freddie got bored while shampooing John's hair and he decided to give himself a shampoo beard.

"You look ridiculous, Freddie," John giggled, taking some of that shampoo foam and bringing it up to Freddie's head, deciding to return the favor and wash his hair as well. While he did that, the singer placed his hand on John's waist and then slowly moved them up, washing John's belly and then chest.

After washing the shampoo out of his hair, Freddie grabbed another bottle; apparently it was a conditioner and John couldn't help but chuckle. He wasn't at all surprised that Freddie used a conditioner for his hair; that was why his hair was always soft and shiny.
"You're beautiful," Freddie suddenly said, smiling at John.

The bassist turned pink at the compliment, "You are beautiful. I mean ... how can you be so beautiful? It's not fair."

"Well, unfortunately I'm not perfect," the singer laughed, "If it weren't for these teeth, I would be. But - "

"Freddie," John interrupted him, "Remember what I told you about your smile?"

"Yes, something about it being very pretty, but you were just saying that to make me feel better."

John slapped his arm softly, "Stop that. I-I think ... Why can't you see that your teeth are a gift?"

Freddie gave him a confused look, "A gift? Yes, I can do a few interesting things with them, like unzip someone's pants with them or - "

"No," John groaned, shaking his head, "Your teeth are a gift so that even the people in the back row of sold out concerts could see your beautiful smile."

The singer opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out and he just stared at John and the bassist couldn't tell if Freddie was tearing up a bit or if that was just water from the shower.

"You ... " Freddie smiled shyly, "You really think we'll have sold out shows?"

"I really do."

John couldn't explain it, but he truly felt like something big was waiting for them. As if they were meant to do something big in their life. He was in a lot of bands, but this was the first time he felt like they might make it.

Freddie gave him a big, toothy smile and pressed his lips against John's forehead. He then quickly washed the conditioner out of his hair and turned the water off, grabbing a towel and wrapping John in it first, before grabbing another for himself and wrapping it around his lower body.

They washed their teeth and then John made a move to get changed into the robe from before, but Freddie stopped him.

"Lets just go to our bedroom like this, hmm, dear?"
John let out a nervous laugh, "I-In just the towels?"

"Yes, it's just a few steps away. What do you say?"

After seeing the hopeful look on Freddie's face, John finally nodded his head, agreeing, "W-Why not?"

Thankfully, they did not bump into Brian or Roger in the hallway and the moment they both stepped into the safety of their bedroom, John relaxed, letting out a deep breath. Before he could say anything, Freddie dropped the towel on the floor and crawled in bed, tapping the empty space next to him.

John blushed, quickly dropping the towel and sliding under the covers, next to Freddie.

"You are so darn adorable, darling," the singer chuckled, moving closer to John and pulling him in his arms. The bassist smiled and made himself comfortable, resting his face on Freddie's chest and sneaking his leg in between Freddie's. He could feel Frederico against him and he was sure Freddie could feel William as well, but neither of them was thinking about sex at that moment. Besides, both of their cocks were deep asleep and not interested in doing anything.

Freddie and John just enjoyed being together like that again and refused to part ever again. Freddie gently traced his hand across John's back, feeling the younger boy relax against him completely.

John then muttered something, but Freddie didn't understand it.

"What was that, darling?"

"This is perfect," John repeated, louder this time, "I-I wish we could stay like this forever."

"We have countless nights ahead of us, dear. Don't you worry."

"Promise?" John looked up at him.

"I promise," Freddie smiled reassuringly before placing a kiss on top of John’s head.

After a few moments of comfortable silence, John chuckled, "Are we really just going to sleep like this?"

"Like what, dear?"
"Naked," John whispered as if he was saying something illegal; never in his life has he slept naked and if he was being honest, it was giving him a bit of anxiety.

"I'll tell you a secret, John," Freddie whispered back, "Before you began sleeping here ... " he paused for a dramatic effect, "I slept naked."

"You didn't!" John looked up at him in shock, "Really?"

"Why not? It's my bed and my room," Freddie chuckled at the horrified expression on his boyfriend's face, "Besides, it's the most comfortable thing ever. You'll see."

"But ... what if there's an emergency?" John asked, "What if you need to get out of bed quickly?"

"It takes me two seconds to put on my pajama bottoms, darling," Freddie was still laughing, completely in love with the way John blushed as the discussed the topic.

"But ... " the bassist swallowed hard, "What if you die in your sleep? And then ... they find you naked? I've always been afraid of that."

This only made Freddie laugh even more, "Darling, if I die in my sleep, the lack of clothing is going to be the least of my problems."

After John remained silent, the singer pulled him closer, "But ... if you don't like it, you can get dressed, dear. I don't mind."

John shook his head and snuggled even closer to Freddie, "N-No, no, I'm fine. I like being this close to you."

Freddie's heart melted at those words, "I like it too. Very much."

"I've missed this," the bassist sighed, closing his eyes and just enjoying the moment. He couldn't understand how he was able to go on, for days, almost weeks, without this. Without this contact.

"I think I'll be going to sleep now," John yawned, bringing his hand up to rest it on Freddie's chest.

"Good night, my sweetness."

That made the bassist chuckle and blush at the same time, "Good night, Freddie."
The next morning both Freddie and John were awakened by some strange noise. Groaning in frustration, Freddie raised himself up on his elbows, blinking at the door, "What the fuck is Roger doing? Why is he scratching the doors?"

It was John who realized it, "Freddie, it's not Roger. It's probably Delilah."

Immediately, the singer jumped from the bed, quickly pulling on his pajama bottoms before hurrying towards the door. And when he opened it, he was met with a sight of a very annoyed looking cat. She meowed at him and then tilted her head.

"Delilah!" Freddie scowled her, "You do not scratch our door. Do you understand me?"

John couldn't help but laugh, but he made no attempts to get up from the bed; he just rolled onto the other side and continued sleeping. He realized that Freddie was right, sleeping naked was really an interesting experience. Before he dozed off again, he could hear Freddie arguing with the cat and then leaving the room, quietly closing the doors behind him.

That had to be very early in the morning because when John woke up the second time, it was barely nine. Freddie wasn't in bed and he could hear noises coming from the kitchen; the other boys were probably having breakfast. Wanting to hang out with them, John quickly pulled himself from the bed. After his morning routine, he made his way to the kitchen. Everyone was already up and sipping their coffee.

"Morning," John smiled at everyone.

"Here you go, darling," Freddie stood up, offering his chair, "I've already eaten."

The bassist sat down, noticing there were three sandwiches on the plate in front of him.

"I-I've made these for you," Freddie admitted shyly.

"I reached for one and he smacked my hand away," Roger complained.

"I can't possibly eat this much, Freddie," John chuckled, "Feel free to take one, Rog."

The drummer smirked at Freddie and grabbed one sandwich. Before he took a bite out of it, he gave both Freddie and John teasing look, "I've heard you two made up last night."
"Who told you?" John asked in confusion.

"N-No, no," Roger shook his head, chuckling, "I heard. We both heard, haven't we, Bri?"

The guitarist just raised his eyebrows and brought his coffee mug to his mouth.

It took John a few moments to understand what the drummer was implying and his face immediately turned red, probably his ears too, "Oh, I-I ...

Thankfully, Freddie jumped to his rescue, "And, Rog? You are probably just jealous. I doubt you could make someone moan like that."

"I assure you, I am more than capable of making someone moan like that," the drummer shot back, "I am capable of making someone scream!"

"This took a weird turn," Brian commented quietly.

John wanted to change the subject, not wanting to think about how both Roger and Brian probably heard him the previous night; heard all the moans and the whimpers and cries and everything. Were they really that loud that they could be heard all the way to the living room?

"You are just jealous that I get to have this sweet, adorable, perfect boyfriend," Freddie suddenly said, leaning down to place a kiss on John’s cheek and the younger boy blushed even more at that.

"Yes," the drummer rolled his eyes, "I hope I can find myself a boyfriend like that."

Freddie didn't seem to hear the last reply as he was too busy making googly eyes at John and using every opportunity to touch him and express his love for him, going as far as to massage John's shoulders as the bassist ate. John wanted to tell him it wasn't necessary, but Freddie's hands felt too good and soon he was barely holding himself back from moaning right there, at their kitchen table.

John tried to eat his breakfast in peace, but it was very difficult as Freddie was constantly touching him. He didn't mind; he loved whenever Freddie would just massage him or caress him or play with his hair, but it was a bit awkward in front of Brian and Roger.

"Would you like some more coffee, dear?" Freddie asked, running his hand through John's hair.

"I-I'm fine, thank you," the bassist replied, turning to look at his boyfriend and smile at him. Freddie quickly returned the smile, but then a loud cat squeal could be heard and Delilah bolted from under the table into the living room.
"What happened?" Brian asked, looking at Freddie.

"Oh my god, I accidentally stepped on her tail," the singer gasped, his eyes full of panic, "I-I didn't see her. Delilah? Delilah, my love, come back," Freddie cried out, running after the cat and disappearing from the kitchen.

"I think that's the only pussy you'll ever see Freddie running after," Roger commented, taking a sip of his coffee.

After seeing the disgusted look on Brian's face, Roger just shrugged his shoulders, "What? It's the truth."

They could hear Freddie apologizing to his cat and for some reason that entertained them immensely; they all continued eating breakfast in silence, listening to Freddie's desperate attempts at an apology.

"I didn't see you, darling! I promise to never do it again! Please, sweetheart. Talk to me."

Roger blinked in confusion, "Does he really think he can ... talk to cats?"

John giggled, "He ... communicates with them. Somehow."

After they couldn't hear Freddie anymore, they all became a bit suspicious.

"Freddie?" Roger called out, "What are you doing?"

"Calling the police!" came a reply from the singer.

The other three boys just laughed, shaking their head; very amused by the entire situation. Roger was the first one to become a bit suspicious, "Why are you calling the police, Fred?"

"Because I stepped on Delilah's tail and I need to be arrested!"

John and Brian chuckled at that, thinking the singer was making a joke. But then Roger suddenly jumped in and hurried into the living room. Sounds of struggling could be heard and a few insults.

"Give me the phone, Fred!"

"No, let go!"
"I hope you're joking!"

John let out a nervous laugh, meeting Brian's eyes, "F-Fancy moving in?"

"I'd rather die," he guitarist replied with a smile, taking a sip of his coffee.

oo0

After breakfast they all moved into the living room; Brian kept asking if he was finally allowed to leave, but Roger refused to hand him back his van keys. Freddie and John were sitting on the sofa, looking lovingly at each other. But then Freddie was interrupted by something. He turned to see Delilah jumping on their Christmas three, trying to pull down the ornaments.

"Bad Delilah!" he raised his voice, but the cat ignored him, "Oh no, she's still pissed at me."

Roger reached over to her in an attempt to pull her away, but the cat hissed at him and the drummer immediately gave up.

"She's evil, Fred," Roger looked at the singer, "You've brought evil into our flat."

"Oh, don't be so ridiculous! She's just ... getting used to us," Freddie defended his cat, "Isn't she adorable?"

"Er ... " John cleared his throat, "When are we taking the Christmas three down?"

"Fred and I keep it up until March," Roger replied casually.

Noticing the confused look on John's face, Brian quickly explained, "They are too lazy to bother with it."

"Oh," John chuckled, "I-I mean, it does look nice. I just hope Delilah doesn't knock it over. It would fall right on your piano, Freddie."

That got Freddie's attention and he stood up, walking over to the cat and picking her up.
"Why don't you listen to your father? Hmm?" he asked as he returned to the sofa, but Delilah escaped from his lap and casually walked over to John, climbing into his lap and making herself comfortable there. Freddie gasped in shock, bringing his hand to his chest, "I feel ... betrayed. Really, Delilah? Who saved you from the cold? I did. Who bought you all the fancy toys? Who feeds you? I do!"

John giggled at his boyfriend's overreaction, but he had to admit it did feel nice having a cat cuddled up against him. In an odd way, it felt comforting. He had no idea why the cat preferred him, but he wasn't complaining. Though he did feel a bit sorry for Freddie.

"Fred," Roger suddenly said, "You got time today?"

"Does it look like I have anything planned, dear?" the singer pointed at his pajama bottoms and an oversized T-shirt that he was wearing.

"Well, you have now," the drummer said, "Tim's moving and he needs out help with ... carrying things and ... loading the van."

"Tim?" the singer blinked at him.

"Yes, Tim. The one who you kicked out of the band?"

"Excuse me? I did no such thing!" Freddie defended himself, "There were .. creative differences. Besides, he was the one who wanted to go join Bongy Hump."

"Humpy Bong," Brian corrected him, but was unable to hold in his laugh.

"Why is he moving?" the singer asked.

"I guess his band didn't work out? I don't know," Roger shrugged his shoulders, "He called yesterday asking if we could help. Apparently he has a lot of heavy stuff."

Freddie nodded, "Sure, I'll help. It's no problem."

"Do we all go?" Brian asked.

Roger chuckled, patting Brian's shoulder condescendingly, "I think we'll manage without you. What would you be able to lift? A spoon?"

The guitarist sent him a glare, "As if you're any better, Rog. I see no muscles on you."
"Excuse me?"

While Roger and Brian argued about who was stronger, Freddie turned to look at John, "One of us should stay, though. And watch over Delilah. She's still getting used to everything and could do a lot of damage. Besides, we can't have her meowing loudly and alerting the neighbors."

"Fine, I can stay," John offered, "I-I don't think I'd be of much help."

Freddie smirked at him, "I assure you, you'd be a lot more helpful than these two old ladies," he pointed at Brian and Roger who were currently comparing biceps.

"A-Alright," John chuckled, "But I'll stay. It's fine. I'll tidy up the place."

"Will you be alright alone? I can stay - "

"I'll be fine, Freddie," the bassist cut him off, smiling, "I'm nineteen. Not five. I don't need a babysitter constantly. Sometimes it's ... fine, but I think I can manage to stay home alone for a few hours."

Freddie looked at him proudly, "Alright, dear. It's a deal."

ooo

Less than an hour later, it was time to leave. Brian and Roger were already in the van, waiting for Freddie; as always. The singer seemed to have a harder time saying goodbye to his cat than to John; at least that was how it seemed to the bassist and he couldn't help but wonder if he should be worried about that.

"I'll be back soon, alright?" Freddie explained to Delilah, petting her, "In the meantime, you need to listen to your other father. Be nice to him. Yes? Good girl."

John chucked to himself as he waited for his turn to say goodbye to his boyfriend. He had no idea he'd be so easily replaced and by a cat, no less.

But then Freddie stood up, grabbing John by his waist and pulling him close for a passionate kiss. It left John without a breath and when they finally pulled apart, he could feel his lips were swollen and pink from that intense kiss.
Freddie grinned at him, "Will you miss me?"

"Of course I'll miss you, Freddie."

"How much?"

The bassist laughed, "To the moon and back."

Disappointment showed on Freddie's face, "Only to the mood and back? I'll miss you to the moon and back and then again to the moon and back and - "

"Freddie," John let out a laugh, "If you don't leave right now, Brian and Rog are going to kill you."

The singer groaned in annoyance, but agreed, "I'll be back as soon as possible."

"And I'll wait for you," John smiled at him and then pushed him out of the flat. He stood there for a few moments, watching Freddie jump down the stairs and then run towards the van that was parked nearby. The singer turned and blew John a kiss before finally being pulled into the van by Roger.

John blushed and closed the doors, locking them. And then he realized it; Freddie just left and he was already missing him. Desperately needing something to distract himself with; he started cleaning the flat. First he tidied up his and Freddie's bedroom, picking up the clothes that were all over the floor and putting them back into the closet. He really, really, loved Freddie, but the singer was one of the messiest people John's ever known.

After making their bedroom presentable, John moved into the kitchen, doing the dishes and cleaning the table.

And then he heard the doorbell.

Immediately, John tensed up. He was never a fan of hearing the doorbell, even when he lived at home and had to answer the door; it made him nervous. And especially now, with everything that was happening, it was expected that he'd be nervous. But now he lived here, John reminded himself. He didn't have to hide anymore; he had every right to be there. Slowly, he walked over to the front door, wondering who might be at the other side and what did they want. He flinched when the doorbell rang for the second time and John figured it was an emergency. Forcing himself to be an adult, he opened the door and was slightly taken aback when he recognized the person standing in front of him.

It was that old lady; their annoying neighbor. The old hat, as Roger liked to call her. John tensed up, preparing himself for another lecture on life or an entire speech on why it was rude to even go to the
bathroom in the middle of the night because it caused too much noise.

And then John realized something.

The cat.

They would be in big trouble if she saw the cat. He only hoped Delilah would sense his panic and stay out of sight.

"Er ... can I help you with something?" John forced out, closing the door a bit when he noticed she was looking past him, trying to see inside their flat.

"Yes, actually," she replied, smiling sweetly at him and immediately John found that strange, "I am baking a pie and I just now realized I have no eggs and was wondering if you could spare some, perhaps? I would be very grateful."

"Eggs?" John blinked at her, "Er ... I-I think we have some. How many do you need?"

"Two would be perfect."

John noticed that she tried to get in, but he was faster, stopping her, "You just wait here and I-I'll be right back."

There was displeasure on her face, but she still managed to smile and nod her head. Quickly, John closed the door a bit, not all the way, and hurried off into the kitchen. Thankfully, they did have eggs and he grabbed two before making his way to the front door again. He could hear voices, apparently the lady was talking to someone, but John didn't think much of it. It had to be another neighbor. For a moment he considered just waiting until they stop talking, but then forced himself to be an adult and engage in a conversation.

When he reached the front door and pulled it open again, the sight in front of him almost made him drop his eggs in shock. The old lady was indeed talking to someone, but it wasn't a neighbor. It was Tom.

And John just stood there, staring at them both.

He was panicking, but his mind was overwhelmed with different thoughts and reactions and he just stood there, unable to even move and shut the doors and lock them.

"Are you a friend of theirs?" the old lady asked, eyeing Tom up and down.
"Yes, yes, I am. A very good friend, actually," Tom replied, smiling at John, "Right, John?"

The bassist just stared at him, he couldn't even nod his head or shake his head no. He hated his body for doing this; every time he got scared, his blood turned cold and it seemed as if his legs got cut off.

"Ahh," the old lady smiled, taking the eggs from John's shaking hands, "Thank you very much, young man."

John wanted to shout, he wanted to ask her to stay, but he knew he couldn't do that. And Tom knew that as well, that was why he was smiling at him so smugly. John couldn't make a scene, especially not in front of that noisy neighbor, it would only get them in trouble. And then Tom would say all kinds of horrible things, probably causing her to call their landlord and complain and get them evicted.

"I'll be going now," the woman said, "You have a nice day."

Without waiting for a reply, she turned around and slowly walked away. John hated himself, he hated how slowly he was reacting, how stupid he was. The moment the old lady was out of sight, John tried to close the door, but Tom prevented him with his foot and then he simply pushed past him, walking into the flat, as if he owned the place. If Tom was in, then John wanted to be out and he tried to escape, but his arm was grabbed before he could escape outside.

John was pulled back into the flat roughly before Tom slammed the doors shut, locking them and taking the keys, putting them into his pocket.

The bassist stepped away from him, his heart pounding in his chest. At that moment he thought he was going to die and while he knew, rationally, that Tom would never do that, his body still reacted as if that was about to happen.

"Do calm down, John," Tom said to him calmly, "I am not going to hurt you. When have I ever hurt you? I simply want to talk to you."

John opened his mouth to reply, but nothing came out, not even a whimper.

"Cat got your tongue?" Tom teased, then pointed to the living room, "Shall we have a seat?"

Again, John just stared at him, wide-eyed, unable to utter a single word.

This time Tom seemed slightly annoyed, "I honestly do not have time for this, John. Lets have a seat."
When John didn't move, Tom rolled his eyes, grabbing the bassist's arm again, dragging him into the living room. John did not even try to struggle as he was dragged from the hallway. Tom did not force him to sit down, he just let go of him and took a seat himself. He opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted as Delilah jumped on the couch, startling him a bit.

"Where did you come from?" Tom asked with amusement, "I didn't know Freddie had a cat."

John wanted to move, to take the cat away, but before he could do that, Tom reached over and tried to pet her, but she avoided the touch and growled at him. It surprised both Tom and John as Tom did not give her any reason to growl at him and act defensive.

"Oh, don't be like that - " Tom chuckled and reached towards her again, only to have Delilah growl again and bite his hand. It all happened in less than a second; Delilah bit hard on Tom's hand and he cried out in pain, pushing the cat roughly from the couch. He cursed and immediately stood up, ready to kick her or hit her, but John finally moved, grabbing Delilah, picking her up in his arms and holding her close to his him.

"Don't touch her," John said to Tom, his heart pounding in his chest. Delilah seemed to calm down a bit, but she still occasionally let out growls, ready to attack at any time.

"Get rid of her," Tom ordered coldly as he looked down at the wound on his hand; teeth marks were very visible and bleeding.

John hurried past Tom and carried Delilah to the bathroom, closing the doors behind him. It did occur to him that he could try and hide in one of the rooms, but they didn't have locks on the doors and before he could push a dresser or anything like that against the door, Tom would already get to him.

Instead, he slowly returned to the living room and noticed Tom was already seated back down and he didn't seem to be upset anymore. There was that smirk on his face again; the smirk that always sent shivers down John's body. The more Tom smiled, the more creepy he looked and John had trouble even holding eye contact with him.

"Everything seems the same as the last time I was here," Tom commented, looking around.

"Y-You've never been here," John replied before he could stop himself, "I-I mean, except that one time, but - "

"Oh, you think I haven't been here? Is that what he told you?"

"Yes," John forced out; he had no idea why he was answering, but he was.
Tom gave him a look of pity, "Oh, sweet, innocent John. That's exactly what he told me as well. That I was the only one he's brought home, but I soon realized that's not the case. Our Freddie is a bit of a ... whore."

"Don't talk about him like that."

Tom smiled, not at all bothered by John's reply, "I was here, John. I was in his bedroom. Multiple times. We fucked there, multiple times. And on this sofa as well."

John swallowed hard, his mind immediately conjuring up all those images and no matter how hard he tried to push it away, he could see it. Freddie kissing Tom and doing things with him and it made John sick to his stomach.

But then something occurred to him.

"Which room?" he quietly asked, looking at Tom.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which room is F-Freddie's?" John asked again, his voice shaking a bit, "When you go down this hallway ... is it the first or the second to the right?"

Tom's eyes darkened, but the smile did not disappear from his face; it stayed there longer than it was normal and it seriously creeped John out. The bassist knew he was playing with fire, but now it was already too late. It was clear that Tom was thinking about it and then he just raised his eyebrows, "The second to the right."

Tom seemed confident, very confident actually. There was a smirk on his face as the words left his mouth and he actually leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest.

John slowly let out a breath he was holding in and smiled, "F-Freddie's room is the first one to the left. There are no rooms on the right side, only a bathroom."

The smirk suddenly disappeared from Tom's face and the coldness in his eyes made John shiver on the spot. Never in his life has John known someone who could terrify him like that with just one look; it seemed like pure evil. No matter how hard John tried to see it, there was no kindness in Tom's eyes. Nothing.

"Don't play smart with me, John," was Tom's only reply and then he quickly changed the subject, "I would like a cup of tea," he said politely, "Please, John."
The bassist blinked at him, not understanding. Was he really asking him to make tea? As if this was a normal visit? Wasn't he worried about the rest of the boys returning?

"Any kind, I don't mind," Tom smiled, "Go on, darling. Make two cups of tea for us and then we can chat."

John's stomach dropped when he heard Tom call him darling; he wondered if that was a slip or if he did that intentionally.

"F-Freddie isn't here," John whispered, "And ... he doesn't want to talk to you, so if you can just leave - "

"Oh, I'm not here to see him, John. Silly me. I should have explained," he chuckled, "I am here to talk to you, John. To make you realize a few things, but I'd like a cup of tea first."

Finally, John moved and hurried into the kitchen. His hands were shaking as he searched for the kettle and tea cups. In his state of panic, it wouldn't be surprising if he used salt instead of sugar. As he waited for the water to boil, he wondered if he should return to the living room, but decided against it. A small part of his wished they kept some kind of poison in the kitchen or those painkillers and sleeping pills that Roger once got for him, but unfortunately, it was kept in his and Freddie's bedroom. He couldn't tell how long he just stood there, it had to be minutes, but to John it felt like seconds. Somehow he managed to make them both tea and nearly spilled all as he carried the tray to the living room. He placed the tray on the table and then he felt Tom's hand on his thigh; immediately he jumped away, his heart threatening to jump out of his ribcage. Tom just chuckled at that, holding his hands up, "That was an accident. I didn't mean to touch you."

That was a lie and it was obvious. But what could John do? Accuse him of lying? He let that subject slide and hoped that Tom wouldn't accidentally touch him again.

"Take a seat, John."

The bassist obeyed, slowly sitting down in an armchair, as far away from Tom as possible. Thankfully, there was no comment about that and no order for John to sit closer to him.

"You and Freddie are really together, then?" Tom asked, raising his eyebrows at John, "It isn't just a ... fling?"

"N-No, it's not," John replied, feeling grossed out that he was even having this conversation and that everything seemed so very normal.

"Interesting," Tom sighed, "I must admit that did surprise me. Freddie did not seem like the one to settle down. There was always a different guy every night, even while we were together. But Freddie doesn't believe in cheating; he said that human beings are ... meant to have multiple
partners," he chuckled before continuing, "He said he has more than enough love for all of us."

John swallowed hard and tried to not get affected by those words; Tom was lying and he shouldn't believe a word that came out of his mouth.

"You seem very ... normal, John."

That did get the bassist's attention and he blinked at Tom, not understanding what he was trying to say with that.

After a moment, Tom continued, "You seem well-brought up, nice suburban guy. You really let Freddie fuck you?"

That last question made John tense up and he immediately turned red, unable to stop it. He refused to answer, though, but it was very obvious that he was uncomfortable. And it was very obvious that Tom was enjoying it.

"How does he do that? Is he any good at it?" Tom continued to ask, not really minding that John wasn't answering. With each question John's face turned even more red and his body tensed up even more.

"I'm sure there is room for improvement. Don't you agree, John?"

The bassist didn't know what to say; did Tom even want him to engage in this conversation? And should he tell the truth or lie?

Tom chuckled, crossing his legs, "You know, he probably learned a thing or two from me. You want to know what his favorite position was? Doggy. As fast and as rough as possible. Freddie really is a wild one. The fact that he probably wouldn't be able to sit on his arse the next day did not bother him at all."

John felt sick to his stomach; he tried to remind himself that those were all lies, but it still made him imagine those horrible scenes in his mind.

"Does he like to be rough like that with you as well?"

Before John could stop himself, he shook his head no, making Tom chuckle.

"Oh, he probably still in the honeymoon phase. You just wait. He was like that with me as well," Tom grinned, then took a deep breath, "And then he was begging me for a quick fuck in the restrooms. Can you imagine? Those stalls are too small for one person, let alone two! Not to mention
dirty and disgusting."

John felt as if he might vomit; his entire body started shaking even more and he was positive if Tom did not stop talking, that he'd throw up everything he had for breakfast that morning. Thankfully, Tom did stop and for a few long moments he just stared at John with this strange satisfaction in his eyes.

John tried to calm himself down, remembering what Roger thought him. He took one deep breath in, then waited for three seconds before slowly breathing out. He repeated that a couple of times, but he couldn't look away from Tom. He was terrified that Tom might just jump at him the moment John wasn't looking in his direction.

And then Tom shifted uncomfortably, uncrossing his legs, keeping them slightly parted.

It was then that John noticed it. He wasn't looking *down there*, but it was impossible to *not* notice it.

A large bulge in Tom's pants.

Was that -?

No, it couldn't be.

John forced himself to look away, to look anywhere but at that man's crotch.

"Drink your tea before it gets cold, John."

The bassist immediately obeyed, grabbing the tea cup and bringing it to his mouth. His hands were shaking horribly and he barely managed to bring the cup to his mouth without spilling half of it. He drank the entire thing at one, not stopping until there was no more tea left. He then slowly placed the cup back on the table. Before he could pull back, his hand was grabbed and John shrieked in panic, trying to escape, but it was pointless; Tom wasn't letting go.

"P-Please, please - " John pleaded, not even knowing what he was asking for.

"John, I am not going to hurt you, silly," Tom chuckled, bringing his other hand to brush John's hair behind his ear, "You just had something in your hair. There. It's fine now."

The moment he let go of John's hand, the bassist fell back into the armchair, looking at Tom with panic in his eyes, "What do you want?"

"I just wanted a cup of tea, is all. And now I'll be going," Tom smiled at him, "Come, walk me to the
The bassist stared at him in suspicion; he did not believe a word that came out of his mouth. But how he wanted to believe him, how he wished for Tom to just leave and not do anything to him.

"Walk me to the door, John," Tom repeated, "I might start to think you want me to stay."

Immediately, the bassist was on his feet; he stood there awkwardly for a few moments before slowly walking past Tom. John could hear him following and he expected to be grabbed at any moment, but for some reason Tom didn't do that. When they finally reached the front door, Tom handed him the keys and John wasted no time, immediately trying to unlock the doors. It was quite difficult as his hands were shaking too much and he couldn't seem to get the key in.

"Do you need help with that?" Tom chuckled from behind him and then moved closer, pressing himself against John and trying to look over his shoulder.

John whimpered in fear when he felt something hard poking his backside and the nerves made it even more difficult to get the key in. Thankfully, after long moments of trying, he finally succeeded and unlocked the doors. Before he could open the doors and escape outside, Tom grabbed him again and pulled him away.

But then he opened the door and walked out; he did look at John one more time, smiling, "I'll see you around, John."

The bassist did not reply, he just slammed the doors shut and locked them before running into the bathroom.

"D-Delilah?" he called out and the cat immediately ran towards him. John closed the doors behind him and just collapsed on the floor with Delilah cuddled up against him. For some strange reason he currently felt the safest in the bathroom. He had a feeling if he stepped outside that Tom would be right there again, waiting for him.

What surprised John was that he wasn't crying and he couldn't tell if that was because he was stronger or because he was too scared and shocked to even cry. He did seem to be in a state of panic, he couldn't control his breathing and his entire body was trembling. He felt cold, but at the same time he was sweating.

Delilah climbed into his lap and John found that to be very comforting; feeling another warm being pressed against him. He brought his hand to her head and started petting her, causing her to purr in satisfaction.

John closed his eyes and waited; he refused to leave the bathroom until the boys returned.
John jumped when he heard the front door being opened; he knew it couldn't be Tom, but he still waited in panic until he could hear a familiar voice.

"John, darling, I'm home!" Freddie could be heard shouting from the hallway and immediately John relaxed, but he still didn't just run towards the singer. He needed a few moments to calm down as he didn't want to worry Freddie and appear in front of him completely terrified.

"My arms are going to fall off!" the singer complained, "I had to carry a bed and a closet down from the third floor. Can you imagine, dear?"

John could hear him walking past the bathroom into their bedroom and it was then that he stood up, taking a few deep breaths, preparing himself for a conversation he did not want to have.

There was a complete silence for a few long moments and then Freddie's panicked voice cut through it.

"John? Where are you?"

The bassist stepped out of the bathroom and Delilah immediately followed, hurrying into the living room. Freddie almost ran towards John, grabbing him by his shoulders, meeting his eyes.

"Freddie, I-I was - "

"Are you alright?" the singer asked and there was such panic in his eyes that it made John suspicious.

"Y-Yes, I think so."

"John," the singer swallowed, "W-Who was here? Why are there two cups of tea in the living room? Why is our bed messed up?"

"What?" John blinked at him, "M-Messed up?"

"What happened in there, John? Tell me," Freddie demanded, his voice shaking, "Oh god. Who was here?"
John let out a shaky breath, "T-Tom. Someone rang the doorbell and it was that old lady. She needed eggs and when I got back - " the bassist stopped, noticing that Freddie didn't seem to be listening for his explanation. He was completely pale and was barely breathing.

"Freddie, I-I'm alright. Nothing happened - "

"What did he do?" the singer forced out, "What did that bastard do?"

"N-Nothing, it was really strange."

"John, don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying."

"John," Freddie said firmly, but there was such terror in his eyes, "Tell me what happened. Please, darling."

"I-I am telling you. He came over to talk and he ... he didn't do anything to me."

Freddie took a step back, looking up and down John, his eyes desperately searching for something. And it seemed as if he found it; his eyes noticed something in John's hair.

"John, darling, why ... why is there ... cum in your hair?" he asked slowly, but he wasn't fooling anyone; he was terrified.

"What?" John asked, immediately turning around and running back into the bathroom. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and there really was something white and sticky in his hair. John almost threw up at the sight of it. Immediately, he turned the water on, bringing his head down and washing his hair. He could feel Freddie approach him and place a shaking hand on his lower back, but the singer said nothing else as John desperately tried to wash off the strange substance in his hair. After a couple of minutes, he turned the water off and looked at himself in the mirror again. It was gone.

When he finally faced the singer again, he noticed that Freddie was barely holding it together. There was a strange mixture of pain and anger and shock and guilt written all over his face and for a moment it seemed as if he might just burst into hysterical crying.

"Sweetheart," the singer whispered, bringing his hand up to caress John's face, "W-What happened? I-I'm not going to be mad. Just ... tell me."

"Freddie," John whimpered, "H-He came in. The old lady wanted eggs and I-I went to get it for her
and when I returned ... he was there, chatting with her. I-I didn't want to make a scene in front of her and ... when she walked away, he just pushed himself in the flat. I-I tried to close the door, but he was faster and ... he wanted to drink tea and I-I made us some and ... "

"What happened then?" Freddie slowly asked, his voice shaking, "In our bedroom?"

John looked at him in confusion, "Nothing happened in the bedroom."

"S-Sweetie, the bed is ... all messed up. And ... it looks as if someone ... just finished fucking on it."

"What?" the bassist blinked at him and hurried towards the bedroom, not understanding what Freddie was saying to him.

The moment he stepped into the room, he saw was Freddie was asking him about. Their bed was completely messed up and it really did seem as if someone just rolling around on it. But then something else caught his attention; there was something on his pillow.

John's stomach dropped as he realized what it was. A clear, white, sticky substance. Lots of it. Right there on his pillow. John thought he was going to be sick; he quickly turned around and pressed himself against Freddie, hiding his face in Freddie's chest.

"You promise you have no idea where this came from, John?" the singer asked, wrapping his hands around the shaking bassist.

"I-I swear, F-Freddie. I-I just went to make us some tea and ... I left him alone for a couple of minutes and ... "

"And he came here and ... wanked on our bed," Freddie said with disgust, "I'll kill him. I'll really kill him."

John just whimpered, pressing himself even more against Freddie; he felt violated. The room in which he felt safe was suddenly tainted. Dirty.

"Lets get you to the living room," Freddie whispered, forcing his voice to be gentle and calm. There was a storm inside of him, but it wouldn't do John any good to see him like that.

Freddie seated John down on the sofa and then he sat down on the table in front of him. He held John's hands in his own, rubbing them together, trying to warm him up as the bassist suddenly seemed very pale and cold.

"He didn't hurt you, darling?" Freddie asked again, needing to be sure.
"N-No," John shook his head, "I promise he didn't. I-I would tell you if he did."

Freddie let out a breath he was holding and closed his eyes for a few moments to calm himself down. He couldn't even begin to explain the horrible images he saw in his head the moment he noticed the state in which the bed was and his mind connected all the pieces. As much as he tried to calm down, it wasn't working. He felt like such a failure as a boyfriend and as a human; no matter what he did, Tom would keep showing up and harass them. There was nothing Freddie could do, besides beating him to a bloody pulp, but even that wouldn't help.

The singer stood up, pacing up and down the room angrily. His fists were clenched together in pure rage and no matter what he did, he kept seeing the image of Tom wanking on their bed and he wanted to punch something. Or perhaps he didn't wank on their bed; perhaps he wanked at home, in a bottle and then decided to spill the content all over their bed. Freddie could not decide what was more fucked up and before he knew it, he punched a vase with flowers that was placed on his piano, causing it to smash into a million pieces, spilling water everywhere.

"Freddie!" John immediately stood up, his eyes wide open in panic.

"Shit," the singer swore as he noticed how terrified the bassist looked, "I-I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry. I'll clean it up."

"You scared me," John admitted, breathing heavily, "I-I don't like this."

He didn't have to specify what 'this' meant; Freddie understood completely. John wasn't a fan of violence, even if it was for a good cause. Understandably, a violent outburst would not sit well with John and Freddie never again wanted to be the one to cause such panic in his boyfriend's eyes.

"It's alright, everything's alright," he tried to soothe him, taking his hand and making them both sit down again, "I'll clean the glass later. I promise to never to something like that again, alright?"

John did seem to feel a bit better and he nodded, "A-Alright."

"My love, my sweetness," Freddie sighed, not even knowing what to say and how to make the entire situation better.

They both sat in silence for a few moments before something occurred to John.

"Maybe he ... maybe he tried to make it seem as if we ... as if I-I cheated on you," he whispered, meeting Freddie's eyes, "I-I mean ... I had to make tea for us and then he ... put this stuff in my hair and ... "
Freddie brought his hand up to caress John's cheek, "Oh, darling. Cheating did not even occur to me. He has to be an idiot if he thinks I'd even suspect for one second that you'd cheat on me."

John smiled weakly at him, then remembered something, "Delilah bit him."

"She did?"

"He ... tried to pet her, but she wasn't having any of that and she bit his hand. I-I think I saw blood."

Freddie smiled in satisfaction and pride, "That's my cat. She knows she needs to take care of you when I'm not around."

John chuckled at that, wiping away the tears and then he noticed that Freddie was alone, "Where are ... Brian and Roger?"

"Oh, they went for a drink with Tom and a couple of other guys. I passed, wanting to come home to you as soon as possible. I felt ... strange."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't even explain it, darling. I just felt ... off. As if something might be wrong," Freddie explained in a serious voice and then just shook his head, dismissing it, "It was probably just because I missed you so much."

John smiled at him shyly and Freddie quickly stood up, "You wait here and I'll go change the sheets, alright? Then we'll have a cup of tea."

The bassist nodded, cuddling up on the sofa.

"Oh, Freddie?"

"Yes, dear?" the singer stopped in his tracks.

"Can we ... not tell Brian and Roger about what happened? N-Not yet, at least. They would just worry and ... " he trailed off, looking pleadingly at his boyfriend.

Freddie nodded, "If that's what you want. We won't tell them for the time being, but we'll have to think of a solution fast."

Freddie then hurried into their bedroom, his stomach twisting with disgust as he changed the sheets,
taking the dirty ones to the bathroom. He then returned to the living room, giving John a reassuring smile before cleaning up the glass from the floor and wiping the spilled water. John observed his boyfriend, wondering if he should tell him that little detail about the bulge in Tom's pants. He opened his mouth, but then decided against it. Freddie would probably think he was imagining it; why would Tom get excited while just talking to him? John pushed that thought aside, thinking he must have seen it wrong.

ooo

When Roger finally returned home later that evening, Freddie and John tried their best to act normal and apparently they were good at it because Roger noticed nothing.

"Where's Brian?" Freddie asked in confusion.

"He escaped," the drummer shrugged his shoulders, "Grabbed the keys and drove home. And he drove pretty fast, too. I've never seen him drive that fast before. He was acting like a maniac. And I'm the crazy one."

John chuckled at that, cuddling even closer to Freddie. They spent their entire afternoon in the living room, John only went to the bedroom to change into his pajamas, but then quickly hurried back. He felt strange, knowing that Tom was in there, doing God knows what, touching God knows what.

"Well, I'm beat!" Roger yawned, "I'll just have a quick shower and I'm off to bed."

"Alright. Rog. Good night."

"Night, Fred. Deaky."

"Good night," John smiled at him, waving his hand.

Freddie pressed a kiss on top of John's head, "What do you say? Should we go too? I'm pretty sleepy."

"Oh, er ... " John tensed up, "What if ... what if we just stay here? I-I mean, just for tonight?"

"You don't want to sleep in our bed?" Freddie asked, meeting John's eyes.

"It feels ... strange. Knowing that he was there and ... "

Freddie understood, nodding his head, "Alright, darling. I won't push you. We can sleep here
tonight." Before John could thank him, the singer quickly stood up and turned the lights off. But the Christmas lights on the tree were on and it made the entire living room feel incredibly peaceful and romantic. Just what John needed.

"I love you so much," the bassist smiled at his boyfriend.

"I love you too, my dear," Freddie chuckled, "Unfortunately, we cannot sleep naked here. I think Roger would die if he walked in on us butt naked, sleeping on the sofa."

John laughed at the mental image and moved, making room for Freddie. It wouldn't be the first time they slept on the sofa; there wasn't much room, but that only meant they needed to press against each other even more and John didn't seem to mind that. And neither did Freddie.

As they made themselves comfortable, John closed his eyes and relaxed. After today's events it felt so good to just cuddle up against Freddie and let his guard down. He didn't have to be so on edge because he knew Freddie was there to look after him and make sure everything was alright. They could talk about Tom and lose their minds trying to figure out what he wanted and how to make him stop, but John was too tired for that. All he wanted and needed was a relaxing night. He could hear Delilah purring in her sleep from somewhere in the room and that sound combined with feeling Freddie's heartbeat, made John incredibly sleepy.

He planted a soft kiss onto his boyfriend's chest and yawned again, "Good night, Freddie."

Freddie chuckled and pressed a kiss on John's forehead, then pulled him even closer, "Night, my love."

ooo

Given the fact that they were sleeping the living room, John had to get up when everyone else got up. No matter how much he wanted to sleep in, he couldn't. Roger and Freddie were already making breakfast in the kitchen and Delilah was meowing at John, literally demanding to be fed.

"Oh, don't fall for her tricks, darling!" Freddie shouted from the kitchen, "She's already been fed."

John sat up, yawning and stretching and then he met Delilah's eyes and she seemed determined to get food from John.

"I-I'm not your father. Go bug Freddie," the bassist said to her, but she ignored it and kept staring at him, not even blinking.

"I know you were really sweet to me yesterday and I-I appreciate it, but you've already been fed,"
John explained, "It's not good for you to eat so much."

And then the bassist snapped out of it, realizing that he was really talking to a cat. Shaking his head, he stood up and made his way to the bathroom. After he was finished there, we realized he was really hungry, surprisingly hungry. Thankfully, Freddie already made cheese on toast for him; and the food was waiting for him.

"You didn't have to do this, Freddie," he blushed as he sat down.

"Oh, it's nothing," the singer dismissed it, "Don't mention it."

"I didn't even know we had a toaster!" Roger chuckled, looking up from his magazine, "Oh, that reminds me. We're out of washing powder or whatever that thing is called. The thing that you put in the washing machine?"

"Oh, it's a good thing it's your turn to go to the store," Freddie smirked at him.

The drummer rolled his eyes, "I don't know what kind to buy!"

"I'm sure you'll think of something, Rog," the singer teased, "And if you buy the wrong kind, you'll just have to make another trip to the store."

"We wouldn't be out of it so soon, you know. But you two have something to wash every single day; pajamas, pants, sheets. What are you two even doing to get everything dirty so fast?"

"We eat in bed," John quickly said, his eyes wide open.

Freddie decided to help his boyfriend, "Y-Yes, we eat. Ice cream, sandwiches, chocolate. Spaghetti."

"Well, stop eating in bed!" Roger rolled his eyes, "We have kitchen for that, you know."

Freddie smirked, but stopped himself before he could make a funny comment about doing those things in the kitchen. Thankfully and surprisingly, Roger did not understand what eating in bed actually meant and John let out a sigh of relief.

After their breakfast, the drummer left the flat, saying he had some errands to run, leaving John and Freddie alone again. As much as he loved Roger, the bassist did appreciate the alone moments with Freddie. He took a shower while Freddie did the dishes and after he was done, he forced himself to enter their bedroom. It seemed very clean; Freddie really changed the sheets and everything and tidied up the place. To be honest, he doubted Freddie knew what tidying up meant, but apparently he did know.
John stood in front of the dressing table and stared at his reflection as he brushed his hair. He flinched when Freddie suddenly entered the room.

"Oh god," John breathed out, "Y-You startled me."

"I'm sorry, darling. It's just me," the singer rubbed his shoulder as he passed him. He sat down on the bed and John returned to brushing his hair in silence.

"Why do you do that, dear?" came a question from Freddie.

"Do what?"

"You don't really .... look at yourself in the mirror," Freddie said carefully, "Yes, you glance, but ... you never really look. I've never seen you admire yourself in the mirror."

John opened his mouth to defend himself, to insist that it wasn't true, but then he just shrugged his shoulders, "I-I don't know."

Freddie stood up from the bed and walked in towards him, stopping right behind him, "Can I hug you, darling?"

"Of course," John smiled and made a move to turn around, but Freddie stopped him.

"I meant from behind, darling. Can I do that?"

"S-Sure."

Freddie slowly pressed himself against John wrapping his arms around the bassist's waist and peeking over his shoulder to meet his eyes in the reflection.

"Don't we look marvelous together?" the singer chuckled, pressing a kiss onto John's neck.

The bassist blushed, looking at their reflection. Freddie did look good, there was no denying that; with his deep, dark eyes and his silky, black hair. And those cheekbones that seemed as if they were sculpted by the Greek gods themselves. Not to mention his lips. And those strong arms.

And then John noticed that Freddie wasn't looking at himself in the mirror; he was looking at John. And there was such love and admiration in his eyes that John wondered if he was seeing it correctly. Perhaps he was seeing things, like he saw the bulge in Tom's pants.
"Look at yourself, John," Freddie instructed, tightening his grip around the bassist's waist and placing another kiss to his neck, making John shiver.

For some reason John could not refuse, especially when Freddie used that voice on him; that deep, soft, but almost authoritative voice. He forced himself to look at his own reflection. He was never nothing special; brown hair, brown eyes, normal face. He never really liked his nose, he thought it was too big for his face. And that tiny gap between his front teeth was a bit annoying.

"Do you see how beautiful you are?" Freddie asked, moving John's hair out of the way so he could leave a trail of kisses all the way down to his shoulder. The bassist was wearing only Freddie's yellow bathrobe, though he did have his underwear on and when Freddie moved the bathrobe out of the way, slipping it down John's shoulders, he knew where this was going. And he didn't mind; he was with Freddie less than two days ago and yet, he wanted him again.

His eyes moved again, resting on Freddie's face and the singer noticed it immediately, "I know I'm beautiful, darling, but try and look at yourself, alright? Do you want to know what my favorite image of you is?"

John nodded, unable to utter a single word.

"I'll show you," the singer promised, "But you need to keep looking at yourself."

The bassist moaned when he felt Freddie untie the bathrobe and the let it slip to the ground completely, leaving John in just his plain, white briefs. Immediately, he blushed, ashamed that he was wearing something so boring. But those thoughts were pushed out of his mind and replaced with excitement and pleasure when he felt Freddie's hand move over his groin area, just teasing, barely touching.

John's legs started shaking and he closed his eyes, but the moment he did that, the touching stopped. He groaned in protest, opening his eyes and saw Freddie smirking at him.

"None of that, darling. I want you to look at yourself. At us," he explained, "The moment you close your eyes, I'll stop."

"Freddie," John complained, but then moaned again as one of Freddie's hands started moving over his groin again; this time it was more than just a light touch. John tried really hard to keep his eyes open, he didn't want the pleasure to stop. He looked at Freddie's reflection and noticed how satisfied the singer seemed to be; could hear him breathing heavily against his ear and John shivered at the sound of that. But then he looked at himself and noticed how unattractive he looked. Pale, with almost no chest hair, no muscle definition.

His thoughts were interrupted as Freddie squeezed his William though his underwear, making John let out a surprised gasp.
"There," Freddie said, smiling, "Do you see it? Look at yourself. That is my favorite image of you. All hot and bothered. Sweaty and shivering."

John blushed even more and looked at himself; he really did look hot and bothered and sweaty and shivering.

"Beautiful," Freddie whispered, nibbling at John's ear while still gently touching him through his underwear. John's legs were shaking terribly and after one particularly tight squeeze from Freddie, John's knees buckled and he almost collapsed down.

Thankfully, Freddie caught him, chuckling from behind him.

"Hands on the dressing table, darling," he instructed, "Try and support yourself on your hands."

John obeyed, immediately placing his hands on the dressing table and leaning forward a bit; that only made him look at his reflection from even closer. He moaned, closing his eyes again, forgetting Freddie's rule.

Immediately, the hand on his William was gone.

Apparently, Freddie did not forget.

"Freddie, please," John whimpered, opening his eyes and looking at the reflection of his boyfriend. The singer smiled reassuringly at him, "I am not doing this to torture you, darling. I am doing this to make you realize how beautiful you are and how beautiful you are to me. Look at what you do to me."

John didn't understand at first, but when he felt a hand on William again, this time slipping inside his briefs, he forced himself to look at Freddie and he almost moaned at the sight. Freddie closed his eyes, biting his lower lip and breathing deeply through his nose. John couldn't understand that just touching his cock made Freddie feel like that; it seemed as if it was pleasurable for him, even though nothing was being done to him.

Suddenly, Freddie opened his eyes and removed his hand from John's underwear.

"Hands on the dressing table, dear. Do not move," he said as he walked away from John, leaving the bassist trembling and confused. He had to admit that being treated like that made him feel a certain way. Being ordered what to do, but in a nice way, sent shivers down John's body and one look at himself in the mirror told him that William was very excited about it.

John observed as Freddie walked over to their bed and then grabbed something from the bedside drawer. Immediately he tensed up as he recognized the bottle of lube in Freddie's hands. The singer
noticed the panic on John's face and he smiled at him reassuringly, "Calm down, sweetheart. It's not what you think. Breathe."

John did relax a bit, but he was still nervous. He watched as Freddie squirted some lube onto his hand, warming it up and then he pressed himself against the bassist again, slowly moving his lubed up hand into John's underwear again.

The bassist's eyes rolled back with pleasure and then the pleasure was suddenly gone again and it was frustrating. He opened his eyes again and Freddie's hand started moving, gently touching William's head before wrapping his fingers around it completely, giving it a squeeze.

"That's it, John," the singer whispered from behind him, "Look at yourself. Do you see what I see everytime I touch you?"

The bassist had to admit he did look rather ... sweaty. And breathless. A trembling mess, really. And then he looked at the bigger picture; Freddie standing behind him with his hand in John's underwear and his mouth on John's shoulders, gently licking and biting.

It was almost too much. John's moans were louder and longer with each passing second and his eyes closed again, unable to stay open. As expected, Freddie's hand stopped moving again and John cried out in frustration. His legs were shaking, he was barely holding himself up and his entire body felt as if it was on fire, but everytime he got close to release, he was denied.

He lowered himself down onto the dressing table even more, holding himself up on his elbows and resting his head against the mirror. It was too much, he couldn't handle the teasing anymore. He lowered his head in defeat and waited.

"John, sweetheart?"

"Y-Yes?"

"Are you alright, my love?" Freddie asked carefully, brushing the hair away so that he could look at John's face and then regret could be heard in his voice, "John ... John, you're crying. What ... what did I do? I'm so sorry, darling. I-I just wanted - "

"Freddie," John cut him off, whispering, "I-I just really need to .... I-I can't stand the t-teasing anymore. Please. P-Please."

Immediately, Freddie's hand started moving again, faster; this time there was no teasing and John moaned, arching his back up and pressing his groin against Freddie's talented hand. He couldn't even fathom what his hand was doing; he could feel it everywhere at once, rubbing, squeezing, caressing. He smiled when he felt Freddie pressing kisses all over his back and there it was again; that feeling. He could feel it building in his lower stomach and it was getting bigger and bigger.
"Just beautiful, my love," the singer whispered in his ear, "And all mine."

Those words pushed John over the edge and his hips bucked before stilling completely, crying out Freddie's name over and over again. He couldn't feel his legs anymore, but thankfully Freddie had one arm wrapped around his waist, holding him up.

"I've got you, darling."

John couldn't even tell when they moved, but suddenly they were on the bed and he was getting showered with love. Freddie was pressing kisses all over his face and caressing him, running his hand gently through John's hair.

"Are you alright?" the singer asked in concern, "John, I am so sorry for ... I-I thought I was doing you a favor and - "

"I-It was pretty ... hot," John admitted, his face turning red, "I ... liked it."

"But you ... It didn't seem as if you liked it."

"You were teasing me too much. I can't keep my eyes open when you ... when you touch me like that. It's impossible," the bassist chuckled, "But ... I-I liked it."

"Oh, you did, didn't you?" Freddie smirked at him and then they both heard a meow. John gasped in shock, raising himself up on his elbows to see where the meow was coming from.

And there she was.

Delilah.

Sitting beside the bed, staring at them both.

"S-She knows," John whispered, "Did she see us?"

"I don't remember closing the doors," Freddie admitted, "But ... she didn't see anything."

Delilah just sat there, staring at both of them with a judging expression on her face.

"She saw," John groaned, "Oh god. She saw everything. Take her out, Freddie, please."
The singer immediately jumped from the bed, "Out, Delilah. Come on, lets go. Wait for us in the living room."

When the cat refused to move, Freddie scooped her up in his arms and carried her out. But before he could close the door, Delilah hurried back into the room and continued staring at them.

"F-Freddie," John whimpered, hiding his face in his pillow.

"Delilah!" the singer rolled his eyes, picking her up again and taking her out of the room, "How dare you watch your fathers during their ... intimate moments? Bad Delilah. I expected more from you!"

As embarrassed as John was, he couldn't help but laugh at the entire situation. There he was, still recovering from his mind-blowing orgasm and he needed his boyfriend to cuddle with, but his boyfriend was currently chasing a cat out of their room and arguing with her. He wondered if that was a small glimpse of his future life and if it was, he didn't mind one bit. If his life really turned out to be like this, John wouldn't change it for anything in this world.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, everybody! <3 This time I have a question for you. I was thinking about writing a sequel to this story; it would be happening about a year or so after the events in this fic and it would be set at Ridge Farm. You know the drill; recording the album, Paul, etc. :) And I was wondering how many of you would be interested in that. I'm not sure it'd be smart to write it if there would be only three people reading. Or less. Haha.

Thank you for your time; hope you enjoyed this chap. <3
As soon as John recovered enough to be able to walk, he quickly made his way into the bathroom, taking a quick shower. He was a bit disappointed that he didn't get to cuddle with Freddie, but apparently the singer was busy with Delilah. John could still hear them arguing; well, he could hear Freddie trying to discipline the cat, but obviously it wasn't working.

John's legs were still shaking as he stepped out of the shower and when he looked at himself in the mirror, he blushed furiously, his mind going back to what happened between him and Freddie half an hour ago. The day took an interesting turn and it was barely past noon. John did find it a bit strange; he's never had sex during the day. It was always something done at the end of the day as he was getting ready for bed, not just after breakfast. And it happened so randomly, but ... he liked it. He liked it very much. Actually, he found it strange how much he liked it.

He quickly put on Freddie's bathrobe and walked out of the bathroom, only to be jumped by Freddie.

"Darling! I was looking for you!" the singer exclaimed, resting his hands on John's shoulders.

"Oh, I-I was just ... I waited for you, but then decided to take a quick shower."

"I'm sorry, dear! I had to have a talk with Delilah."

"And what did she say?" John chuckled, biting his lip.

"She ignored me and is currently hiding under the sofa," the singer rolled his eyes, but then smiled, "I still need the cuddles, though."

"N-Need?" John asked, unable to keep the surprise from his voice. All this time he thought he was the one needing the cuddles and that Freddie was simply providing them because he was a good, caring boyfriend, but apparently not. Before John could respond, Freddie scooped him up in his arms and carried him to the living room. John didn't even try to struggle, he was too busy laughing and when he was gently lowered onto the sofa, he immediately wrapped his arms around Freddie's neck,
pulling him closer.

"Are you alright?" Freddie asked softly, caressing his back.

"Mhmm," the bassist nodded.

"Are you ... sure? I wasn't ... If you didn't like it, we ... we don't have to do it again."

John slowly pulled away from Freddie, meeting his eyes, "I-I'm not sure what you mean. The mirror thing or the ... you being a bit ... er ... bossy?"

"Dominant," Freddie chuckled and then his expression turned serious again, "And I mean both, but mostly the last part."

John nodded, smiling, "The mirror part was ... " he stopped, blushing, "It was g-good. I mean, obviously. We both know how it ended.

"You came," Freddie was quick to help and it made John blush even more.

"Y-Yes," he nodded, his cheeks turning red, "That ... happened. And I also like how you acted. I-I don't know, I just ... liked it," John admitted, hiding his face into the crook of Freddie's neck. The singer chuckled at his boyfriend's shyness; it was something he loved the most about him, but this time he decided to let it go and not torture the poor boy even more.

He moved them until they were both lying on the sofa, cuddling against each other. He kissed the top of John's head and could feel the bassist giggle against his chest. Though he did accuse John many times of acting childish, especially when they were fighting, John acting a bit childish and innocent was something Freddie would never get tired of seeing. He wished he could spend his entire life just making John blush and giggle and watch his eyes crease as he smiles.

He couldn't understand why anyone would or could ever hurt something so sweet and adorable as John. And then the thought of Tom crossed his mind and he just pulled John closer, hoping the bassist wouldn't feel his mood change. Thankfully, he didn't and Freddie pushed those thoughts away. John was safe and in his arms and Freddie would protect him for the rest of their lives.
"Y-You can ... unwrap me if ... if you want to," John muttered, making Freddie look down at him.

"What do you mean, dear?"

John moved away slightly and pointed down at himself, "Y-You can untie the ... r-robe."

Freddie's eyes widened in shock and amusement, "You'd like me to undress you? Here?"

"N-No, not all the way," John quickly explained, "I don't want to take it off, but ... maybe you could just untie it and I-I could press against you."

Freddie could help the smile that appeared on his face, "It would be my pleasure, darling."

He reached down with his hand and slowly untied John's bathrobe. He could tell that John was slightly nervous; they were in the living room after all, but John still let him do it, even helping a bit; parting the robe so that his front body was exposed and then he quickly pressed himself against Freddie, moving his leg in between Freddie's and hiding his face against his chest.

"Now you're shy?" Freddie chuckled, enjoying the warmth of John's naked body against his. He did wish he was naked as well, but that would be a bit too much; Roger could return at any moment and besides, Freddie was sure if he also got undressed that things would turn sexual very quickly. He was still a bit aroused from their earlier session, but he doubted John was ready for round two. So Freddie shifted a bit and mentally ordered Frederico to calm down because he was not going to get anything. Thankfully, it seemed as if Frederico understood and after a few minutes of just cuddling, he lowered himself down and fell asleep.

"I really love you," John whispered.

"Aww, I love you too, darling," Freddie brought his hand up to caress the bassist's neck.

"N-No," John looked up at him, his face very serious, "I-I really love you. Not just ... I'm not just saying this. I-I've never said it to anyone before. Not like this."

Freddie could see that this was something that meant a lot to John and even though he wanted to give a funny reply, he just couldn't. He remained silent for a few long moments before smiling, "I really love you too, John. And ... I've never said that to anyone before. You're the first."
John grinned at that, "I'm your first?"

"You are, darling. You took my I-love-you-ginity."

"And I'm not giving it back," the bassist chuckled, then immediately his smile disappeared.

"What is it?"

"Just ... " John took a deep breath, "Am I ... any good?"

"I'm not sure I understand, dear."

"In bed," the bassist whispered, even though they were the only ones in the flat.

"I believe I've proved it to you many times, darling," Freddie smirked, "Yes, you are very good to me."

"But I can't be. Not ... skills wise."

"John, sweetie," Freddie looked at him, "Where is this coming from?"

"I-I just ... I remember hearing ... " the bassist took a deep breath, "That night when we ... had the f-fight. I heard you talking to Brian and Roger and you were ... saying how you were with a very er ... bendy guy and that it was the best sex you've ever had and - "

"John, I was just trying to cheer Brian up. Rog and I always do that. We explain, in great detail, our craziest sex experiences and make Brian uncomfortable and - "

John interrupted him by moving away and getting up from the sofa; he quickly tied to robe around himself again and placed his hands on his waist, "I-I can be very ... bendy as well."

The singer chuckled, "I believe that, sweetheart, but that's not the point. I don't care if you're bendy or if you can't even bend down to tie your own shoes. I love you and am attracted to you. Regardless of how ... bendy you are."

John seemed to hear those words and he nodded, but he was still decided to show Freddie he can be as good or even better than that bendy guy.

"Look, I can do this," he said, bending over and hugging his knees.
Freddie's eyes widened at the sight in front of him and he'd be lying if he said that he didn't feel Frederico twitch a bit; the sight of John literally bent in half was more than what Freddie was expecting to ever see. Truth be told, he didn't think John was that flexible and even though he tried not to think about all the crazy sex positions, his mind went right there.

"Alright, alright," the singer laughed, grabbing John's arm and pulling him down onto the sofa again, "You're very bendy, dear. I can see that. Now, if you can just repeat what you just did, but with you back turned to me?"

John blushed, playfully slapping Freddie's arm, "No. You're an idiot."

"Please?" Freddie teased.

"No, shut up," the bassist chuckled, leaning back against Freddie, letting himself be cuddled.

Freddie finally stopped his teasing and pressed a kiss onto John's cheek, "I'd never go back to the sex I used to have, John. And the life I used to have. So you have nothing to worry about, sweetie."

John finally accepted that and the singer could feel him relax against him. They just stayed like that for a couple of minutes and then Freddie tensed up, realizing something.

"It's too quiet, don't you agree?"

"What do you mean?" John asked in confusion.

"It's been suspiciously quiet for the last half an hour. Where's Delilah?"

John looked around the living room, but the cat was nowhere in sight. And then he noticed something on top of Freddie's piano.

"Is that ... did you spill something on you piano?" the bassist asked, looking at his boyfriend.

Immediately, Freddie gasped in shock, "No! I'd never spill anything on it. Oh my god! Delilah!"

The singer gently pushed John away and jumped up from the sofa, hurrying to his dear piano.

"Is this pee?" Freddie asked, inspecting the poodle a bit closer, "It's pee! Delilah!"

John couldn't help but laugh; the cat has been with them for barely a few days and she already
succeeded in turning their life into a chaotic experience. He watched in amusement as the singer ran into the kitchen to get some paper towel to wipe the pee off his piano, yelling threats on the way there. John knew those were empty words; Freddie would never do anything to Delilah, but it was still amusing to listen to. It was a good thing Roger wasn’t there or Freddie would never hear the end of it.

ooo

After cleaning the mess on the piano and scolding Delilah, Freddie decided to play a few melodies, working out his fingers. John cuddled up on the sofa with Delilah in his lap and just observed his boyfriend and how fast his fingers were moving on the keyboard. John thought his fingers were fast, but Freddie’s seemed to be even faster. And there was also something special about the way he played; he held his hands over the keyboard a bit different than he was supposed to. John knew a bit about piano playing and that was not how one is supposed to play a piano.

"When did you learn to play it?" John asked when Freddie finished playing this beautiful improvised melody.

"When I was sent to St. Peter’s boarding school in Panchgani," the singer replied, then shrugged his shoulders, "I'm not bad, but ... I'm not a particularly superior pianist."

"I think you are," John said, raising his eyebrows.

Freddie chuckled, dismissing it, "I still had a lot to learn, but I stopped taking lessons and just ... played how I wanted to. There's a lot of room for improvement. I only know about three chords on the guitar and that hasn't changed in years. I'm a bit lazy, you see."

"You can also play guitar?" John blinked in surprise, "Is there anything you can't do?"

"I can't play bass," Freddie looked at his boyfriend with a grin, "I can't play the drums, but I think I could if I wanted to. It doesn't look that hard."

John chuckled, knowing Roger would kill him if he heard those words.

The singer continued, "I can't change the light bulbs. I can't cook."

"That I have noticed," the bassist teased, "Fortunately, you have me. You'll never starve with me. And you'll never have to change a light bulb in your life."

Freddie’s smile disappeared and for a few moments he just stared at John with a serious expression. Immediately, John thought he said something wrong, but then the singer stood up and walked over to
the sofa, sitting down next to him.

"What is it?" John asked, concerned.

"You ... you really mean that?" Freddie asked, his breathing quickening.

"Mean what?"

"That I'll never have to change a light bulb in my life?"

John gave him a confused look, not understanding why that had such a big effect on the singer, "Y-Yes?"

"That means you ... " Freddie bit his lip nervously, "You promise to always change the burnt light bulbs in our flat? I-I mean out mansion, when we finally buy one."

"I promise, Freddie," John laughed, then placed his hand on the singer's knee, "What's this about?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Freddie."

After a long moment the singer finally looked up at him and he seemed so very vulnerable at that moment that all John wanted was to hug him.

"I-I guess ... I keep thinking ... waiting for you to leave, darling," Freddie admitted quietly, forcing a smile.

"Leave? Leave where?"

"Just ... leave. Leave me."

It was obvious that Freddie was deeply concerned about that and it was a big issue to him, but for some reason he tried to downplay with his body language; smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

"Why would I leave?" John asked softly, "You need to get that idea out of your head because I-I'm not going anywhere. You're stuck with me," he said, bringing his hand up and showing off his ring.

Freddie's eyes lit up and he laughed, "Oh, no. The horror. What have I gotten myself into, dear?"
"You should have thought about it sooner, now it's too late," John teased and he wanted to hug his boyfriend so badly, but the cat sleeping in his lap made it impossible to move and he just groaned in frustration.

Thankfully, Freddie could move and he leaned over, pressing a gentle kiss to John's lips. The bassist blushed; this was better than a hug. When they finally broke apart, John smiled, biting his lower lip and just stared at Freddie lovingly.

The singer seemed to be doing the same, but then a loud noise interrupted their intimate moment. The front door slammed shut and less than a minute later, Roger appeared in the living room. He wasted no time collapsing into the armchair, waving at his two flatmates.

"Darling, you look like shit," Freddie commented, "Where have you been?"

"With girls," the drummer grinned.

"Oh," the singer rolled his eyes, "Being with girls equals running errands?"

"Yes?" Roger replied, his tone completely serious, "First I had to meet with one of my oldest girlfriends and then I had to have brunch with my newest one. Then I randomly met this really cute girl on the way home and we chatted for a bit and she invited me to her flat."

"I already know where this is headed," Freddie raised his eyebrows.

"A-Are you hungry?" John asked, "I-I was about to go make us some lunch."

"That'd be great, Deaky!" Roger clapped with excitement, "I'm actually starving. Apparently shagging burns a lot of calories and let me tell you ... I've burnt a lot of calories today."

John's eyes widened with awkwardness, but then he quickly stood up, "I-I'll go make us some spaghetti."

And with those words he disappeared into the kitchen.

"Shagging burns a lot of calories? Really?" Freddie asked with genuine interest.

"So I've read," the drummer replied, then grinned, "That explains why you are that skinny."

"Brian is skinnier, darling."

That made Roger grimace in disgust, "Eww, why did you bring Brian into our conversation about
shagging?"

"It seemed appropriate," the singer grinned.

Roger quickly changed the subject; well partially changed the subject. He leaned back and placed his feet on the table, "I've been thinking, Fred."

"Oh, no. Roger, I told you not to do that! You could have hurt yourself," the singer laughed, crossing his arms over his chest, "Let me hear it. I'm sure it's entertaining."

"What feels better?" Roger asked with a serious tone, "Sleeping with a girl or with a guy?"

Freddie sighed, "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. What feels better? What's ... tighter?"

Freddie had no problems answering those questions, but he really did not want John to hear him so he lowered his voice, "Obviously an arse is tighter, you tart."

"Really? How much tighter are we speaking here?"

"Stick a finger up your arse and see for yourself, Rog."

Again, the drummer grimaced, "I'm just trying to have a civil conversation, Fred. I'm genuinely interested."

Freddie let out a deep breath; he did appreciate that his friend was not grossed out by these things, but it still felt odd talking about tightness. With John right in the next room.

"It's a lot tighter," the singer lowered his voice, leaning closer to Roger "And warmer."

"But there are pros and cons, right?" Roger asked, suddenly a bit uncomfortable, "I-I mean ... it's an arse. We all know what comes out of those."

Freddie grimaced at that, "Do you not clean yourself properly or what? I have yet to see shit on my cock, I assure you."

Roger grimaced even more than Freddie, "But ... doesn't it hurt? I can't imagine sticking something up there."
"Why are you suddenly interested in gay sex, darling? Have you and Brian finally recognized the sexual tension between the two of you?"

Roger turned red, "W-What tension? Why Brian? Fred, that's ... what. Yes, there is tension alright, he annoys me and one of these days I might punch his face. If that's the tension you're talking about then yes."

Fred was just joking, but he enjoyed making Roger stutter so he decided to continue, "Yes, you might slap him with your cock, dear."

"Fred! That's ... wrong on so many levels and ... But if something did happen, I assure you that I'd be the one on the top."

Fred laughed very loud at that, "Sure you would be, dear."

He stood up and started walking towards the kitchen to help John cook. Or just stand there and observe his beautiful boyfriend.

"Yes, I would be!" Roger yelled after him.

"You'd be a pillow princess, darling. Shut up."

ooo

That afternoon Brian came for a visit and even though he was gone for just two days, the boys were more than happy to see him.

"Brian!" Roger greeted him, pulling him into the living room, "How I've missed you! Don't ever do that again!"

"Do what?" Brian asked in confusion as he was pushed into the armchair, "Go to my own flat?"

"How have you been, darling?" Freddie asked, "I would stand up to hug you, but ... " he pointed at Delilah that was sleeping in his lap and John that was cuddled up against him.

"I understand, no worries," Brian replied with a smile, "Actually, I have some news. Good news. I've managed to get us a few gigs. Three. The first one is a week from now."
"That's great!" Roger said with excitement, "We need to get back to work!"

"What's wrong?" John asked, noticing the serious expression on Freddie's face, "Aren't you happy?"

"I-I am," the singer replied, "It's just ... I don't want that to be our job. Our only job. We need to aim higher."

"What do you have in mind, Fred?" Brian asked, turning his attention to the singer.

"An album," came a reply from Freddie.

Roger sighed, "We can't afford an album."

"Not yet, but ... we mustn't forget what our goal is. I don't want to spend my life singing in small bars or clubs," Freddie admitted, "We can do better."

"What are you suggesting?" the guitarist asked, "I agree with you, but ... we can't afford an album."

"I just don't want us to ... " the singer took a deep breath.

"We won't," John assured him, smiling, "We'll make it big, you'll see."

"Yes!" Roger agreed, "And then we'll buy a giant mansion and all of us will live in it together!"

Brian and John exchanged horrified looks while Freddie and Roger looked at each other lovingly. The afternoon was spent drinking tea and eating biscuits. Apparently Roger was adding whiskey in his own tea without telling anyone and the rest of the boys only realized he was wasted when he started telling really inappropriate jokes.

"Why does Santa Claus have such a big sack?" Roger asked, giggling to himself, "He only comes once a year."

Freddie was the only one who laughed, but Roger didn't really mind; he probably didn't even notice it.

"I have another one!" he exclaimed, "What's the difference between a pregnant woman and a light bulb?"

The boys looked at each other in confusion, shaking their heads.
"You can unscrew a lightbulb!" Roger laughed out loud and there were actually tears in his eyes from laughing so hard.

"Well, Freddie can't even do that," John teased, looking at his boyfriend.

"Darling!" the older boy slapped his legs playfully.

Roger suddenly stopped laughing and pointed at Brian, "This one's for you, Bri. Listen. Why do vegetarians give good head?"

Brian blushed, shaking his head, "I'm sure you're going to tell me."

"Because they're used to eating nuts!"

John chuckled at that, maybe not at the joke, but at Brian's red face.

Roger continued, "What's long and hard and full of semen? And no, the answer is not Freddie."

The singer grabbed a cushion and threw it at the drummer, but it missed him.

"A submarine," Brian sighed, rubbing his forehead, "The answer is a submarine."

"Yes, because it's semen. Sea men. Get it?" Roger giggled like a little girl.

"We get it, Rog," Brian forced a smile, "Why don't we take you to your bed? Hmm?"

The drummer ignored him, turning to Freddie, "This one is for you, Fred. What's the difference between anal and oral sex?"

John blushed, waiting for the reply.

Freddie sighed, "I-I haven't the slightest, Rog. What is it?"

Roger grinned, "Oral sex makes your day. Anal makes your hole weak!"

"Alright!" the singer stood up, grabbing Roger's arm, "Off to bed, you dumb blond."
"But I'm not sleepy, Fred!"

"Yes, you are."

"No!"

They argued the entire way to Roger's bedroom, but the moment Freddie put him to bed and covered him up, the drummer fell asleep. When the singer returned to the living room, there was only John there.

"Brian escaped," the bassist explained, chuckling, "Drunk Roger was a bit too much for him."

"Drunk Roger is too much for all of us," Freddie sighed, walking over to John and leaning down to pet the sleeping Delilah in his lap.

"She's been really good today, hasn't she?"

John raised his eyebrows, "She has, but ... I still don't trust her. She's probably planning to do something evil."

"Now you sound like Roger, darling!" Freddie chuckled, "She's our baby. And she's adorable."

"She reminds me of you, actually."

"I have never peed on my piano, dear," the singer joked, stroking Delilah's head, causing her to purr in her sleep.

"Not that, Freddie!" John blushed, "Just ... she's very much a diva. Moody. But ... she's brave and I actually think she's a real sweetheart under all that ... attitude."

Freddie placed his hands on his chest, "That's the sweetest thing anyone's ever said about me."

John smiled, "The sweetheart part?"

"Well, yes, that too, but the entire thing with you comparing me to a cat! Oh, darling!"

"You're an idiot, Freddie. Go take a shower," the bassist rolled his eyes, laughing.

Freddie obeyed, but blew him a kiss before disappearing from the room.
Later that evening John refused to retire to the bedroom. He tried to play it off as not being sleepy yet, but it was obvious that he was dying to go to sleep. He was cuddled up on the sofa, already wearing his pajamas, but tried to seem as awake as possible. His eyes were half open and he kept yawning every few moments, but he still insisted that he was fine. Freddie would find it adorable if it weren't for the reason why John refused to go sleep in their bedroom.

"Please, darling," the singer pleaded, running his hand through John's hair gently.

The bassist shook his head, making himself comfortable on the sofa, "I-I'm still very awake."

"Are you really going to let me go to sleep all by myself?" Freddie asked, exaggerating his sadness, "The bed would be too lonely without you in it, dear."

"You can stay here with me?"

Freddie's heart broke at those words and the hopeful look on John's face; all he wanted was to cuddle up next to him and shower him with kisses, but at the same time he wanted to go hunt Tom down and beat the shit out of him. The cunt succeeded in ruining their bed for them; well, Freddie would still be able to sleep in it, though it would feel a bit disgusting the first couple of times. John, on the other hand, seemed very affected by what happened. Privacy and intimacy were very important to John and knowing that someone walked into their room and touched the bed and wanked on the bed ... It was probably terrifying to John. And no matter how hard Freddie tried to silence that little voice inside him that made him doubt if a wank was truly the only thing that happened there, the voice would not shut up.

"Sweetheart," the singer started slowly, "It's our bedroom."

John tensed up, "I-I know. I know. It's just ... weird being there. Not the bedroom, just ... the bed."

"I know, darling, but we shouldn't let him have that kind of a power over us," the singer explained, "I promise I've cleaned everything. I've changed the sheets, I've even spent an hour dusting the entire room."

The bassist chuckled at that, "It did look very clean to me, yes. But it's not that ... I just ... I-I'm not sleepy, Freddie. Really."

As soon as those words left John's mouth, another long yawn escaped him, making his half opened eyes water. It physically pained Freddie to see John so exhausted and refusing to go take his well
deserved rest in their bedroom. And then finally, Freddie decided to do something that might turn out bad, but it was worth the shot.

He scooped John up in his arms and headed for their bedroom. A sigh of relief escaped Freddie when he heard John giggle and struggle to escape, but it was obvious he wasn't really struggling and was just playing. At some point during the walk to the bedroom, Freddie maneuvered the bassist, throwing him over his shoulder. John struggled and slapped Freddie's arse in the process.

"Kinky, darling," the singer commented, chuckling.

"What are you doing?" John laughed, wiggling in Freddie's arms, "Put me down!"

"You forgot the magic word, dear," Freddie teased back as he entered their bedroom. He pushed the door closed with his leg and then carried John over to the bed, gently placing him down onto it. John let out a giggle as he remained in that position, not trying to move or get up. The singer crawled on top of him, with his legs on either side of John; he reached up with his hand to brush the hair away from the bassist's face and realized that John was looking into his eyes with such love and trust that it almost made Freddie panic and wonder if he deserved it.

"Are you still not sleepy, my dear?" he asked, breaking the silence.

John raised his eyebrow, "As a matter of fact, no, I'm not. I-I'll be going now - " he said as he tried to get up, but Freddie didn't let him, gently pushing him back down on the bed.

John chuckled and tried again, only to be pushed back down again. The bassist then let his right hand travel up Freddie's chest, slowly, until it reached the singer's face. Gently, the bassist ran his hand through Freddie's hair, but the suddenly he grabbed a handful and yanked it down, making the singer let out a surprised cry.

"Ouch, John!" Freddie laughed, "That hurt, darling!"

John chuckled as he tried to push him off, but he failed miserably and it only made Freddie lower himself down on top of John completely, keeping the younger boy hostage with his body.

It was then that Freddie realized John might have a problem with this.

"Is this okay, sweetie?" he asked softly, raising himself up on his hands, "I-I can move - "

"I-It's fine," John quickly replied, "I just prefer if ... if you're between my legs."

Freddie smiled at that and sat up, allowing John to pull his legs from under him and part them. The singer settled in between them, gently caressing the bassist's thighs as he stared down at him. He
looked so damn beautiful and adorable sprawled out on their bed like that.

"Sweetheart, stay with me here?"

Immediately the smile disappeared from John's face and he looked awkward, "I-I want to, Freddie. Really. The sofa is very uncomfortable," he joked.

"Then stay here. I promise that nothing of ... his ... is still in this room."

John seemed to think about that and then he shrugged, "I-I know. It's just ... eww."

"It's not," Freddie said firmly, "This is our goddamn bedroom. And our bed. Yours and mine. Do you remember all the good things that happened here?"

A smile appeared on John's face again and he nodded his head, meeting his boyfriend's eyes.

"Tell me," the singer smiled back, caressing John's thigh as he waited.

"W-We cuddled on this bed," John replied, thinking of all the times he just snuggled up against Freddie and it made him feel all warm inside.

"We did," Freddie chuckled, "What else?"

"We ... I-I said I love you to you here. For the first time. And ... you said it to me."

The singer took a deep breath, remembering all those beautiful moments and he wanted to make even more of those, but he wouldn't be able to if John refused to sleep there with him.

"And then we ... kissed for the first time," John swallowed hard, blushing a bit, "And we kissed for the second time and ..."

"The rest is history?" the singer chuckled, baring all his teeth.

John nodded, opening his mouth to say something, but then he changed his mind. Freddie immediately noticed it was not going to let is slide.

"What is it?" he asked, raising his eyebrow at John.

"It's just ... what else did we do ... here?"
Freddie had a feeling he knew what John wanted him to answer and he smirked, "We made love."

Judging by the smile on the bassist’s face, that was exactly what he wanted to hear.

And then John took a shaky breath, lowering his voice, "Y-You took my virginity."

Freddie’s heart skipped a beat at that; he never thought he’d hear those words come out of John’s mouth and especially not with that certainty. He could tell that John wasn’t just saying it; he really meant it.

And while in the past the whole virginity concept was never that important to Freddie, it was very important to John which made it extremely important to Freddie. He’d never say it out loud, but hearing John say those words made him almost melt on the inside.

"Oh, did I?" the singer teased, biting his lip.

"You did," John replied, smiling up at his boyfriend.

Freddie lowered himself down again, supporting his weight on his elbows as he pressed his lips against John’s, very gently, but there was nothing hesitant in that kiss. Freddie wanted to show John how much he wanted him and that he was his. Just like Freddie was John’s. When they pulled apart, Freddie chuckled, "Tell me, darling. Did you like the experience? Am I a good virginity taker? It was my first time."

"You were ... marvelous," John giggled, biting his lover lip, "I never would have thought it was your first time."

"Why, thank you, dear!"

They just stared at each other in silence for a couple of moments and then Freddie finally spoke again, smiling softly, "See, darling? It’s our bed and lots of beautiful things happened in here. And will continue happening."

"Promise?"

"I promise," the singer emphasized the last word, then gave John a sad look, "You really want me to sleep here alone? I might take Delilah and give her your side of the bed."

John acted shocked, "You’d replace me that easily?"
Freddie just shrugged, "Yes," but couldn't keep the straight face for long and he laughed, "I'm joking, my love. My darling. I'd never replace you."

John rolled his eyes playfully, "F-Fine, I'll stay."

Freddie's eyes lit up with excitement and he pressed a quick kiss to John's cheek before sitting back up. But then something occurred to him and his eyes got mysterious again.

"Sweetie, before we ... go to sleep ... Can I try something?" he asked carefully.

"You're acting odd, Freddie," John laughed nervously, "What do you want to try?"

"Just something you told me earlier today. About you being very, very bendy. Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember," the bassist laughed, "What do you want to try?"

"Do you trust me?"

"You know I do."

Freddie smiled reassuringly and then slowly moved John's leg, placing them over his shoulders. The bassist seemed to be amused by that, but still said nothing, waiting for Freddie's next move. The singer slowly moved, lowering himself down, with John's legs still resting on his shoulders. He did move extremely slowly, ready to stop if John asked him to, but the bassist said nothing and soon Freddie was face to face with John and the younger boy was literally bent in half. Freddie had to admit he did not expect John to be able to do this or be fine with this, but just being in that position made his pants suddenly a bit too tight. His breathing got heavier and John immediately noticed that.

"Y-You wanted to try this?" the bassist asked, chuckling, "Do you see now that I am bendy?"

"I-I do, darling," Freddie's voice trembled a bit and he couldn't understand how John couldn't see how very erotic their position was. Before he could stop himself, the words escaped him, "God, darling, I can't wait to - "

He did stop himself in time and quickly moved off of John, sitting down beside him. The bassist raised himself up on his elbows, "W-What were you about to say?"

"Nothing, dear. Just ... forget it," Freddie smiled nervously, but then John sat up, placing his hand on top of Freddie's, making the singer look at him.

"Freddie, you know when you told me it's alright if I want to look at you naked?"
The singer nodded and John slowly continued, "Well ... it's alright if you want to ... do things to me or ... if you fantasize about doing things to me. Like you said, we're ... together and it's normal."

"It's fine, really - "

"What did you want to say?" John asked, insisting until Freddie finally gave in.

"Do you want the censored or the uncensored version, darling?"

John let out a nervous laugh, "Lets try u-uncensored?"

"Are you sure?"

After John sent him a glare, Freddie finally nodded, taking a deep breath, "What I wanted to say is ... I can't wait to fuck you, darling."

John turned completely red and those words did make him feel a certain way, but it wasn't a bad feeling. He wasn't used to Freddie talking like that to him, but it was new and ... exciting.

"I'm sorry, darling," the singer immediately apologized, "That was the old Freddie and - "

"What would the new Freddie say?"

"The new Freddie would say ... I can't wait to make love you to," the singer smiled shyly and there was still that apologetic look in his eyes and John couldn't stand seeing it. He didn't want Freddie to feel ashamed to express his true self, he didn't want Freddie to feel like he needed to hold back with him. He knew Freddie and he was such a good, caring soul that a few words would never change that. Also, John secretly loved when Freddie spoke like that even if it did make him turn into a tomato.

"I love both Freddies," the bassist smiled, "And ... I-I also can't wait for us to ... for you to ... fuck me."

Freddie's eyes widened in shock and he just sat there, gaping like fish, staring at his boyfriend like he was seeing him for the first time. John chuckled at that and crawled under the cover, deciding not to comment on Freddie's shocked expression. The bassist turned away from him and made himself comfortable; he knew he'd soon be feeling the singer press up against his back and he was right. There was no way Freddie would just stay on his side of the bed, away from John.

After a few moments, Freddie finally moved and went to turn the lights off. When he crawled under
the covers, pressing himself against John from behind, he couldn't help but scold him.

"John Richard Deacon, who taught you how to speak like that?" he asked, but couldn't remain serious and in the middle of it, he laughed out loud.

"Roger," John replied, enjoying the feeling of Freddie's body shaking against his as he laughed.

"I'll have to speak to that dumb blond tomorrow," Freddie said, kissing John's cheek and making himself comfortable against him.

"A-Alright, just don't tell him I told you."

"I won't, sweetheart," Freddie replied, snuggling even closer to John and the bassist pushed back, making himself comfortable against Freddie.

"Good night, my love."

"Good night, Freddie," John replied, covering one of Freddie's hands with his own, bringing it up to his chest and interlocking their fingers.

He tried to push away the horrible images of Tom and he actually succeeded; surprisingly, John wasn't that bothered by having to sleep in their bed and after a few minutes he was already deep asleep.

Freddie was terrified; he could hear loud gasps and occasional whimpers and when his eyes finally snapped open, he realized the sounds weren't coming from John, but from him.

There was a complete darkness in the room and Freddie could barely see anything, but he could feel John sleeping next to him. Apparently, at some point during the night, John moved away from him, still facing the other side with his back turned to Freddie, but there was a lot of space in between them.

The singer could feel himself shaking; his entire body was panicking and his throat was closed up with fear. Freddie could remember having a nightmare, but he couldn't exactly remember what it was. All he knew was waking up with his chest hurting and feeling terrified for John. Something happened to John in his nightmare and Tom was involved; it actually took Freddie a few moments after waking up to rationalize it and remind himself that it wasn't real and that was a rare occurrence. Freddie never dreamt about his loved ones being hurt; his most awful nightmares involved falling from a very high building, but that was mostly it. And the fear was gone the moment Freddie woke
up. He usually even laughed about the absurdity of it and just went back to sleep, but in this case there was nothing to laugh about.

He could still feel the absolute panic and he needed to know that John was alright. He gently placed his arm around John's waist and leaned over the bassist's shoulder to look at him. Upon seeing the relaxed and peaceful expression on John's face, Freddie let out a sigh of relief, but the awful sense of dread was still there, deep inside of him and he couldn't bring himself to calm down completely. He was sweating, but at the same time he felt incredibly cold.

He gently pulled John closer and turned him around, making the bassist face him. Surprisingly, John did not wake up from all the moving; he just mumbled something under his breath and snuggled against Freddie's chest, still completely out of it.

Freddie realized that having John in his arms helped ease his anxiety and he tightened the grip around the younger's boy body, not even realizing it until John groaned, partially waking up. Again, he mumbled something, but Freddie couldn't understand it and didn't want to wake John up by asking him to repeat it. Instead, he just wrapped his arms around John, holding him close to his chest. He placed a kiss on top of John's head and enjoyed listening to the sound of his calm breathing. Even a few minutes later, Freddie couldn't shake off that feeling of absolute dread. It was still there, deep inside of his chest and it made his stomach twist and it felt painful to even breathe.

He could remember the last time he felt like this; it started right after John's attack and it continued for weeks after, but with time it went away. And now it was back. Freddie tried not to think about it, but he could still see the images in his head.

The image of Tom hurting John.

The image of Tom making John do things to him.

It sent shivers down Freddie's spine and suddenly he felt even colder; unable to stop the shivering. He prayed he wouldn't wake John up, but at the same time he couldn't not press him against himself even more as if afraid someone would just come and take John away from him.

It was a horrifying feeling and no matter what Freddie did, it wouldn't go away. He did think of going for a glass of water, but dismissed that thought immediately, not wanting to leave John.

He was wake for a while after that and finally managed to fall back asleep when the sun was already rising outside.
John groaned in annoyance as he felt something tickle his face; he was already half awake, but couldn't bring himself to open his eyes. And something hairy was touching his face, irritating him. Yes, Freddie had a hairy chest, but not that hairy. Unless, the hair magically grew over night. Forcing himself to open his eyes, he realized that the hair most definitely did not belong to Freddie and that it wasn't even human hair. It was cat fur.

"Delilah," John groaned, moving away from the cat.

Hearing the noise, Freddie immediately woke up, feeling a bit disoriented, "W-What? What's wrong?"

It was then that he saw John sitting up and rubbing his eyes sleepily while Delilah made herself comfortable on his pillow.

"How did she get in?" the singer asked, suddenly very awake.

"I-I don't know," John replied with a yawn, "The door's closed."

"And I left her sleeping in the living room," Freddie recalled, then turned his attention to the cat, "How did you get in, Delilah? Did you learn how to open doors? Hmm?"

"And close them, apparently."

"Off of John's pillow, Delilah," Freddie tried to move her, but the cat ignored him, "Delilah. Get off of John's pillow. I bought you a cat pillow to sleep on. It cost me a fortune, darling."

John was too sleepy to deal with this and he just moved away, closer to Freddie and buried his face in his pillow instead.

"Delilah, please. You can't sleep here. Do not ignore your father."

"Just leave her," John mumbled while yawning. Within moments he was back asleep.

Freddie decided to obey and he brought his hand up to caress his sleeping boyfriend's face before slowly getting out of bed and slipping out of the room, getting ready for the day. It was already nine o'clock in the morning, but he decided to let John sleep in. He was too adorable and Freddie did not have it in him to wake him up again.
A few hours later, after their breakfast, Freddie and John decided to go out for a walk. Because of the cold it soon turned into a run. Freddie was the first one to start jogging and John followed him, but every time he reached him, the singer started running faster, his competitive side showing. They were probably running for less than five minutes and John felt as if he was dying. He stopped and doubled over, breathing deeply, trying to inhale as much air as possible. Freddie ran towards him, putting a hand John's back, "You're really out of shape, dear!"

"Now do you believe me?" he paused, taking a deep breath, "When I said I don't ... w-work out?"

"I do, dear," Freddie replied, grinning, "But then where did those thighs come from?"

"From all the ... s-sex," John teased and laughed at the shocked expression on Freddie's face, but before the singer could reply, John started running back to their flat.

The rest of the day was spent just lazing around; it was pouring rain outside and they couldn't go anywhere. After a quick dinner, they all collapsed onto the sofa, observing as Delilah played with their Christmas tree.

"We really should take that thing down," Roger commented.

"We really should," said Freddie.

But neither of them moved.

They both knew the tree was going to stay up until March. At least.

ooo

For some reason Delilah preferred John and she spent the majority of the day cuddled up in his lap. The bassist liked to believe it was because the cat was trying to comfort him and protect him after the whole Tom incident. And while it was endearing, it meant that John was always covered in cat hair. That was a main reason why he decided to take a shower later that evening and while he meant for it to be a quick shower, he couldn't help but just stand there under hot water and just ... think about things. He blushed as he remembered him and Freddie in this very shower together. A part of him wanted Freddie to just appear out of nowhere and join him again.

And then other thoughts started making their way into John's mind and he swallowed hard as he remembered how ... attractive Freddie looked while wet. With his wet hair and wet chest. And ... everything else.
How he wanted to just have Freddie in front of him so that he could touch him and -

John's eyes snapped open; he didn't even realize he closed them.

What was he doing?

Shaking his head, he reached for the shampoo and the moment he smelled the soft strawberry smell, Freddie entered his mind again. Before John could do anything, his eyes closed again and he just imagined the singer looking at him with that familiar hunger in his eyes, his hands exploring, touching, his tongue licking his neck, gently biting his nipples.

John snapped out of it again, breathing heavily. What was happening? Why did he feel all tingly and shaky? Looking down at himself, he realized what the reason behind all those thoughts was.

William was up.

The bassist let out a nervous laugh; usually when William decided to act up, John just ignored it and it always just ... went down on it's own. But this time John felt ... something. He didn't want to just ignore William; he wanted to try that thing that both Freddie and Roger urged him to do.

Could he do it by himself?

He now knew how it felt, the pleasure of coming was something John never experienced on his own, but perhaps he could try it?

Hesitantly, he wrapped his hand around William, giving it a soft squeeze. It didn't really do much for him, it didn't feel like when Freddie did it. But he wasn't giving up just yet; he tried imagining Freddie doing things to him, he could see the singer on his knees in front of him, looking up at him with those playful, warm eyes while he -

John moaned, but then quickly covered his mouth with his free hand. The last thing he wanted was for Roger to hear him; he'd never survive the humiliation.

Slowly, he started again, moving his hand over William, squeezing and rubbing, just doing what felt good. And while he did start with the images of Freddie pleasuring him, his mind quickly switched to him pleasuring Freddie and for some reason he found that much more appealing. It seemed to do the trick and John's legs were shaking as he quickly approached the finish line. He could see himself on his knees, sucking Freddie off while the singer praised him and played with his hair and soon John's legs gave up and he slid down, landing on his knees as the pleasure inside of him exploded.

He remained like that for a few long moments, trying to catch his breath and when he finally moved,
he nearly collapsed down again. Very slowly he moved out of the shower, drying himself off with a
towel and quickly pulling on his pajamas. As he caught the reflection of himself in the mirror, he
noticed that there was that satisfied smile on his face.

He finally wanked off.

It was clumsy and very short lived, but it happened. And it was successful. John's body was still
trembling and as he moved the hair out of his face, he realized his hands were shaking.

It didn't feel as good as with Freddie, but it still felt good and it did the trick.

William was down again.

ooo

The moment John entered the bedroom, Freddie attacked him with questions.

"What happened?" the singer asked with concern, jumping up from the bed to look at him closely.

"W-What do you mean?"

"You look ... different," the singer said, leaning away a bit so he could take a better look, "You look
as if you just ran a marathon, dear. Why are you so flushed?"

"I-I'm not," John laughed nervously, trying to brush the subject off.

"Darling, you're shaking," Freddie said with concern.

"Nothing happened! I'm f-fine, really."

"Unless you just had sex in the shower, I have every right to be concerned and - " the singer stopped
mid sentence, his eyes widening with shock, "I know that look on your face! I've seen it before.
Darling ... "

"Freddie," John blushed, letting out a nervous laugh.
"Did you just wank off?"

"No!"

"You did, didn't you?" Freddie chuckled, clapping his hands in excitement. "You cheeky little minx!"

"Stop!"

The singer raised his eyebrow seductively, "Did you think of me?"

John couldn't help but smile, "M-Maybe."

"What do you mean maybe, dear?" Freddie acted offended, "Who did you think of? Roger?"

"Brian," the bassist replied, walking past Freddie, "I-I've always had a thing for ... curly hair," he teased as he sat down.

"My hair is naturally curly, darling. I just straighten it!" Freddie laughed, "We'll have a talk about this when I get back. I need to go brush my teeth."

John just rolled his eyes as a response, but couldn't stop smiling and blushing. Freddie hurried into the bathroom, quickly brushing his teeth, trying to imagine John in the shower, all wet and trembling, biting his lip and moaning. How he wished he could be there to see it. Even if he wasn't allowed to watch. He'd be more than happy with just observing.

But as he went to leave the bathroom, he noticed something on the washer. It was one of Roger's magazines with the naked ladies and it was opened on a page with a woman sitting on a bed with her tits out and legs spread. She was wearing underwear, but it was see-through.

Freddie's stomach dropped and he just stared at the magazine in front of him.

No.

No.

Please, no.

It couldn't be a coincidence.
The day that John finally wanks off, there is a magazine with naked ladies in the bathroom.

The singer thought he might vomit; he felt as if someone just punched him in the stomach. Forcing his shaky legs to move, Freddie stumbled of out the bathroom.

ooo

John could tell that something was wrong the moment Freddie entered the bedroom; the singer was pale as a ghost and it was concerning, given the fact that just five minutes ago he was as bubbly as ever. It made John even more worried when he realized that Freddie avoided eye contact with him.

"Are you alright?" he asked, narrowing his eyes at his boyfriend.

And Freddie actually needed a few moments to reply; he kept opening his mouth and then closing it, clearly struggling with words.

"Freddie?" John stood up and approached him slowly.

It was then that the singer finally looked at him and forced a smile, "E-Everything's fine, love. I-I was just ... in the bathroom."

"I know that. I saw you going in," John replied, still confused about what could have happened in the bathroom that would make Freddie react like that. And then the bassist tensed up, "D-Did I ... leave something there? I-I mean, did something ... "

John didn't even know what he was asking, but a part of him worried that he might have left some evidence of what just happened there. But that didn't make any sense because John did his business in the shower and then made sure he cleaned everything after. Did he miss something? Was that why Freddie seemed so shaken up?

"You did leave something, darling," Freddie forced out, "B-But it's fine."

John's face turned red, "Oh God. I-I thought I cleaned up everything. I-I'm so sorry, Freddie."

"It's fine, dear. Really, it was to be expected," the singer smiled again, but it didn't reach his eyes. In fact, his eyes portrayed such panic and hurt that it made John physically uncomfortable.

"I-I won't do it again," the bassist whispered, "I mean - "
"Sweetheart, it's alright. I understand. I-I mean, you're still young and ... you're still figuring yourself out," Freddie explained with a sad smile, "I-I've spent years trying to figure myself out. It's fine if you're ... bisexual. I'd understand."

"Bisexual?" John looked at him with confusion.

"Yes, you can ... find women's bodies pleasing and that's ... fine."

"Freddie. What on earth are you talking about?"

The singer met his eyes and shrugged, "T-The magazine, John. I can ... buy those magazines to you if you'd like. If ... you want to explore that s-side of you while you're with me, that's fine - "

"I have no idea what you're talking about," John let out an exasperated sigh, "What magazines? What ... side of me?"

"John. The magazine in the bathroom. I saw it."

After John just blinked at him in confusion, Freddie continued, "The one with naked ladies. With their tits out and ... other things."

"One of Roger's magazines?" John asked and then it downed onto him, "Freddie. Freddie, no. I wasn't .... I didn't even notice it. Where was it?"

"On top of the ... washer," the singer replied, still very shaken up.

"I didn't - " John touched Freddie's hand, "I didn't even notice it. I swear, Freddie. I wasn't .... you know. Touching myself because of that."

A small sigh of relief escaped Freddie, but he was still nervous, "You weren't?"

"No," John quickly said, then swallowed hard, "This is not how I expected my first ... wanking session to go. I-I feel like I'm being interrogated."

Immediately remorse showed on Freddie's face, "Oh, darling. I-I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to ... Shit. I just wanted to say that if you find tits pleasing to the eye and ... arousing, that's fine. You can wank over whatever you want - "

"But I wasn't!" John groaned, "I was ... I was thinking about you when I ... did that."
"You were? Really?"

"Yes, Freddie," the bassist let out a frustrated laugh, "That's what I'm trying to tell you. Honestly, I haven't even noticed the magazine. I swear."

Freddie seemed so relieved at that moment that it looked as if he might start crying, but he quickly pulled himself together, "Oh. Well. I-I'm sorry, darling. I shouldn't just ... jump to conclusions. I was just ... I'm stupid, I'm so sorry, sweetie."

"You're the only person I find attractive, Freddie. Why can't you believe that?"

"Because ... I've never met someone like you. And I'm confused. John, you are still very young and perhaps you don't realize that you like girls as well."

John shook his head, "I don't, Freddie. I just ... don't. Besides, you've seen how I ... er ... react to you."

Freddie sighed, offering a sad smile, "You react to my mouth and my hand, but ... a girl has those parts as well. It's the same feeling. A girl could blow you as well and it'd feel the same to you."

"A-Alright, you ... might have a point," John let out a deep breath not knowing how to explain. Sexuality was still something very new to him and while he knew what he felt, he couldn't really explain it properly. Freddie was much better with words than he was regarding the sex stuff.

"But," John moved closer to Freddie, "I-I only want to do things to you. I'd never want to do things to anyone else."

"What things?" Freddie asked and John wasn't sure if the singer was genuinely asking or if he was teasing. Still, he decided to show him. A bit hesitantly he pressed himself against his boyfriend, placing a kiss on his neck. He could feel Freddie shiver at that and it gave John the confidence to continue planting soft kisses all over his neck, unbuttoning his shirt at the same time. His hands always shook when he did that, but this time he managed to do it without a problem. He pushed the shirt down his shoulders, letting it drop to the floor.

John pulled away to meet his boyfriends eyes and then he gathered the courage and slowly sunk to his knees, holding onto Freddie's legs for support. He looked up and noticed that Freddie looked really surprised, but intrigued at the same time. It didn't seem like he wanted John to stop and the bassist slowly continued, pressing his face against Freddie's thigh first. When he felt a hand softly caress his head, he moved away and looked up, meeting his boyfriend's warm eyes.

It was strange; John expected it to feel odd, being on his knees like that, but it didn't. When Freddie told him a while ago that he personally did not enjoy being on his knees because he found it
humiliating, John silently agreed. But as he was doing it now, there was nothing humiliating about it. John was a bit nervous because he always was, but at the same time there was this calmness inside of him.

He knew he was safe and would not get degraded or humiliated or mocked.

And he was excited about giving this pleasure to Freddie; he wanted to give it.

Slowly, he reached up to Freddie's zipper, pulling it down. Before he could continue, a hand stopped him.

"Darling, what are you doing?"

John looked up, smiling shyly, "I-I want to do this."

"Why? Is it because you want to prove something to me? If that's the case, then I don't feel comfortable with it, sweetie."

"No, it's not that," John let out a shaky breath, "I want to ... blow you. Because I ... enjoy it," he pressed his face against Freddie's groin, making the singer shudder, "And I only want to do that to you. Not to some girl."

That made Freddie chuckle, "Well, I'd be quite impressed if you wanted to suck some girl's cock, darling."

John laughed as well, slapping Freddie's leg, "You are ruining the moment!"

"Oh, my apologizes. Do continue, dear."

The bassist bit his lower lip and slowly pulled Freddie's pants down, leaving him in just his underwear. His heart started beating faster at the sight of it, but it didn't seem as if ... Frederico was already excited. He usually was, but with John suddenly sinking down to his knees, he probably did not even have time to get excited. And that made John nervous; he's never tried to arouse a completely flaccid Freddie. What if he couldn't do it? What if he completely embarrassed himself?

Suddenly Freddie grabbed his shoulders gently and pulled him up, helping him stand up.

"N-No, I want to, Freddie," John insisted.

"And I want you to, darling," Freddie chuckled, "Calm down, dear. I just want to move us. We wouldn't want to bruise your knees, would we? Besides, I prefer to lie down while getting sucked
off."

John blushed at those words, but calmed down slightly.

"Alright, my love?"

After John nodded in agreement, Freddie took his hand and led him to their bed; he sat on it with his back against the headboard and patted the spot next to his legs. John immediately followed, sitting up next to him.
And then he waited; suddenly very nervous again.

"Do you want me to help you, darling?" Freddie offered softly and John quickly nodded, more than happy to take directions. There might come the time when he'd be more dominant and independent, but today was not the day.
"Alright, dear," Freddie gave him a reassuring smile, "Start with taking off my briefs."

John obeyed, hooking his fingers under the waistband of his underwear and pulled down slowly; Freddie helped by raising his hips and John quickly dropped the material to the floor before turning his attention to his boyfriend again.
He settled in between Freddie's legs and lowered himself down, pressing his lips against the soft skin of Freddie's inner thighs. He started on the left side and then moved to the right, just gently nibbling at it and occasionally dragging his tongue against it. Apparently, Freddie really liked that because he started breathing heavily and moving his hips just slightly.

"Sorry I'm not good at this," John said quietly.

"Who said you're not good at it, sweetheart?"

"I just ... I keep needing to be told what to do."

Freddie reached out to John, cupping his face in his hands, "That works out perfectly because I love giving instructions, dear."

John smiled, feeling a bit relieved by that and then he finally looked down at Frederico. He has seen him a lot of times by now and he was still a bit frightened by it. Intimidated. Not in the way of fearing Frederico might hurt him, but fearing that John wouldn't be able to please him.

He tried to remember what he did in the past, but then just decided to do what felt right to him. And it felt good knowing that he had Freddie to reassure him and guide him. John slowly wrapped his hand around it, realizing how soft it felt. Licking his lips, he moved closer to it, giving it a first hesitant lick.
Freddie letting out a deep breath put a smile on John's face and he continued, dragging his tongue up and down the sides of Frederico. He had to hold it up with his hand because it still wasn't standing up on it's own and that was a bit nerve-wrecking, but John tried not to think about that. It seemed as if Freddie was enjoying it, he could hear him enjoying it. John's used his free hand to caress his boyfriend's thigh and then he moved it up, resting it on Freddie's belly and that was when he could feel how tense he was. His lower belly was tense, but trembling at the same time and that was a good sign.

Finally, he decided to wrap his lips around Frederico and Freddie let out a long moan the moment it happened. Looking up, John realized that Freddie was staring at him, biting his lip and that image made John's heart beat faster, threatening to jump out of his chest. It felt as if Frederico was getting more firm and John pulled off of him to take a look and realized he was right; it did seem slightly harder and more up. John ran his thumb over the tip, noticing that it seemed to be leaking and that immediately caused Freddie to shudder, turning him into a pleading, trembling mess.

"A-Are you teasing, darling?" the singer asked, chuckling a bit.

"No," John replied truthfully, blushing, "Just ... exploring."

"Wrap those beautiful lips around me again, sweetie," Freddie urged him to continue and John was more than happy to obey, quickly bringing his lips down to the tip of his cock, swirling his tongue around the head, before taking him slowly into his mouth again.

Freddie made sure he moaned loudly; it wasn't that he was faking it, but he wanted to make sure John heard him and if he had to moan loudly for that, than that's exactly what he would do. He was aware of the fact that John was still very hesitant and desperately needed to be encouraged and praised and Freddie was more than happy to deliver.

And while the singer enjoyed being dominant and giving orders, he felt a bit uncomfortable doing it while John was pleasuring him. It felt a bit too demanding to him, but it was obvious that John enjoyed it and needed the instructions combined with praise so Freddie did his best to do that.

"Look at me, darling," he said softly and when John obeyed, meeting his eyes while still having his cock in his mouth, Freddie shuddered with pleasure. It wasn't just the physical pleasure; he couldn't even begin to explain how it made him feel seeing John in that position and looking up at him with those big, soft eyes.

"You're doing wonderful," the singer praised him, "Can you try and take a bit more into your mouth?"

John hummed in agreement and Freddie could feel the vibrations on his cock and he nearly bucked his hips, but managed to stop himself.

The bassist moved down slowly, but wasn't able to get more than half in before it the back of his
throat and he gagged, immediately pulling off, wiping his mouth.

"Oh, darling," Freddie immediately reached for him, cupping his face and brushing his thumb over his lower lip gently, "Don't push yourself. Go as slow as you need to, alright?"

"A-Alright, I just ... " John chuckled, "I want to be able to ... you know."

"You will," Freddie grinned at him, "Practice makes perfect. Do you think I could swallow an entire cock my first few times? Absolutely not."

That did make John a bit more relaxed; at least he didn't feel like a complete failure. He eagerly moved down again, taking Freddie's cock into his mouth and sucking on the tip; just like he knew the singer liked it. When he looked up, he realized that it made Freddie close his eyes and there was an expression of pure ecstasy on his face. It made John giggle and apparently that felt good too, because the singer moaned, biting his lower lip.

John always imagined he'd have to be really fast and rough and almost aggressive with blowjobs; he had this strange expectation people only loved those kind of blowjobs, but what he was doing with Freddie was anything but rough or fast. John took his time, licking and sucking and soon he realized that Frederico was as hard as he could get and it made John really proud of himself.

He did that.

He caused this reaction in Freddie.

Soon he felt Freddie's hands in his hair, gently guiding his movements and there was also the slight bucking of his hips, but nothing too horrible, he wasn't pounding into his mouth and John was thankful for that. If anything, Freddie's movements made John feel like he was doing a good job; knowing that the singer couldn't keep still sent shivers down John's body. Good shivers.

"You take me so well, darling," Freddie praised him, struggling to breathe, "That's it. Swirl your tongue around - Yes, like that."

John could tell that the singer was approaching the finish line; he has learnt to recognize the signs. Freddie's belly tensed even more, his legs started to shake, he was breathing a lot faster and heavier and was bucking his hips up a bit faster and pulling John's head down at a quicker pace.

The bassist felt Freddie's hand on his own, the one that was resting on his belly and he interlocked their fingers, making John moan at the feeling. The bassist expected Freddie to warn him and to ask him to pull off; he usually did that, but apparently not this time.

"John, d-darling," he breathed out, "Look at me, sweetie."
The bassist obeyed, meeting Freddie's eyes as he sucked on the tip.

"Are you going to be good and swallow everything I give you? Every last drop?"

The question made John blush more than ever, but at the same time it made him feel so very hot. He literally moaned at the question, nodding his head.

"Alright, darling," Freddie smiled at him playfully, "Move your hand up and down the part you can't fit in your mouth and suck on the head."

John got to work, doing exactly that; hearing Freddie's gasps and moans only made him encouraged him more and he moved faster and only a few minutes later he could feel Freddie push up, not deep enough to make him gag, but still very deep and his entire body tensed, going completely still. The only part of Freddie that was moving was his cock and John could feel it literally pulsating in his mouth and it was the hottest thing he's ever felt in his mouth. He did his best to swallow everything, determined to do it and he actually succeeded. John felt a bit dirty on the inside, realizing that he loved swallowing; he never thought anyone could find that enjoyable, but apparently he found it very enjoyable. Still, the only ... liquids he'd ever want to swallow were Freddie's. It didn't really taste like anything, it was just slightly salty, but that was it. It wasn't the taste that made it enjoyable for John; it was the act. It really couldn't get more intimate.

Freddie collapsed back onto the bed, shivering and breathing deeply. John pulled off of his cock with a wet popping sound and leaned back, just enjoying the sight in front of him. Knowing that he was the one who cause Freddie Mercury to be completely incoherent for a few moments, did make him feel something. Something primal.

"C-Come here, darling," Freddie suddenly said, patting the empty space next to him and John quickly moved, making himself comfortable beside the singer.

Freddie's eyes were half closed and he looked really sleepy and incredibly satisfied and it was the most intriguing sight John's ever seen. The singer then reached towards him with his hands, gently brushing his thumb across John's cheek.

"There was a bit of ...
" Freddie chuckled, staring at John with such love and hunger in his eyes that it made John shiver.

"Oh," he blushed in response, "I-I guess I didn't manage to ... swallow every ... last .. drop."

Freddie moaned at those words and pulled John on top of him, kissing him passionately and John responded; he tried to keep up with Freddie, but the singer was usually too fast and too passionate, at least with kissing and John couldn't even compare. But it didn't seem to bother Freddie; he pulled away slowly, biting John's lower lip in the process.
"I love you so much, darling."

"I love you more," the bassist chuckled, "D-Do you now believe me? I'd never do this for anyone else."

Freddie smiled at him sincerely, "I believe you. I'm sorry for behaving like such a ... dick."

"I'm used to it," John teased, causing Freddie to gasp in shock.

But then the singer got that playful look in his eyes, "What did you just do to me, darling?"

"What do you mean?"

"Can you say it? I'd like to hear you say it."

John turned red, "N-No!"

"Darling, please. Why are you shy now?" Freddie laughed, "You just had my cock in your mouth a minute ago - "

"Freddie!" the bassist covered the singer's mouth with his hand, nearly poking his eye out in the process, "Someone might hear you!"

Freddie laughed even harder at that, pulling John's hand away from his mouth, "You didn't even turn the picture the other way, dear! You entire family saw us do that."

John smiled, pressing a soft kiss to Freddie's cheek, "That's fine."

"It's fine?" Freddie couldn't help but sound surprised.

"Mhm. I mean ... we're boyfriends and we love each other," John said quietly, making himself comfortable on top of the singer, "There's nothing wrong with ... "

"Say it, darling," Freddie teased, caressing John's back with his hand.

The bassist mumbled something, causing the singer to chuckle, "What was that, dear?"

"Sucking ... each other's ... cocks," John whispered, hiding his face into his boyfriend's neck.
"Darling, you need to stop with the dirty talk or I'll soon be ready for round two," the singer teased.

"How am I - ? That wasn't dirty talk! I-I just answered your question and ... you're an idiot, Freddie."

John slapped his boyfriend's arm and then just snuggled even closer to him, closing his eyes, slowly feeling himself drifting off to sleep. It wasn't that late at night, but apparently giving blowjobs really tired John out and within minutes he was deep asleep.

Freddie really needed to use the bathroom, but didn't want to move and risk waking his adorable boyfriend. At that moment, he was so happy he could cry tears of pure joy. There were so many emotions inside of him in the last hour that the singer felt exhausted. First there was the absolute panic and dread at thinking John wanked off to the images of naked girls and then there was the absolute pleasure of feeling John's mouth on him and lastly ... the love he felt for the boy currently sleeping on top of him couldn't be explained in words.

Freddie wanted to write a song for John, but was afraid he wouldn't be able to express fully how he felt. It was ridiculous; just three months ago he was enjoying the single life with no hope of ever settling down and now here he was.

Practically engaged.

He wanted to marry John and live with him for the rest of his life; he wanted to have cats with John.

Freddie chuckled to himself; if people could hear his thoughts, they'd think he was crazy.

ooo

The next morning Freddie got up very early and hurried into the bathroom to relieve himself. His bladder nearly exploded during the night, but even if did, Freddie would have no regrets. Even if the flat was on fire, he wouldn't want to wake John up. He'd probably just slowly carry him outside. After washing his face and brushing his teeth, Freddie noticed the magazine that was still resting on the top of the washer. He wasted no time grabbing it, storming into Roger's room and throwing it at the sleeping drummer. It landed on Roger's chest which was unfortunate because Freddie was aiming for his head.

"What the fuck, Freddie?" Roger asked while yawning.

"If you do not wish to start seeing my countless bottles of lube and ... dildos around, you might watch where you leave your stupid magazines, Rog!"
Roger looked down at what was thrown at him, "I was looking for this! Where'd you find it?"

"In the bathroom," Freddie rolled his eyes.

"I don't remember leaving it there. I must have been Brian," Roger replied, then grimaced, "Ewww, what was he doing with it?"

Freddie grimaced as well, but refrained himself from making a comment. He just turned around, leaving the room.

ooo

Their day started as any other day; they had breakfast together, Freddie and Roger argued about whose turn it was to buy milk and John just stayed out of it, trying to eat his cereal in peace. He was interrupted a few times by Freddie randomly taking his hand in his and kissing his knuckles, but he didn't mind. The food could wait.

"You got a bit ... of milk right here," Freddie grinned, reaching out to brush the corner of John's mouth with his thumb. The bassist blushed terribly, not knowing if he really did have milk there or if the singer was teasing him because of what happened last night.

After Roger's threat to throw Delilah out of the window, Freddie finally agreed to go to the store. As they moved to the living room, they were interrupted by a phone ringing.

"I'll get it," Freddie said, hurrying over to the phone and picking up the receiver, "Mercury-Taylor-Deacon household. How may I help you?"

"It's Taylor-Mercury-Deacon!" Roger rolled his eyes, letting out an annoyed sigh.

"Hello?" Freddie asked again, a bit suspicious this time.

"Yes, hello. May I speak to John ... Deacon?"

The singer's blood ran cold at that voice, but he couldn't be sure, "E-Excuse me? I didn't quite catch that."

"May I speak to John Deacon? Please?"
Freddie just remained silent for a long moment.

"Who is it?" Roger asked, noticing the singer's strange behavior.

It was Tom.

Freddie recognized it, but he didn't want to upset John who was now looking at him with a concerned expression.

"Kash!" the singer forced a smile, "I didn't hear you, dear! How are you? Is everything fine at home?"

He could see John relax at that, letting out a breath he was holding. Roger grabbed a cushion, throwing it at Freddie, "Tell her I say hi!"

The singer tightened his grip on the receiver as he heard a chuckle from the other side.

"Let me talk to John, Freddie."

"I'm afraid that's not possible," the singer replied, trying to keep his voice soft and sweet.

"Why not? Why are you making decisions for him? He seems old enough to think for himself," there was a slight pause, "But he really is young, isn't he? He's nineteen, right? And you are twenty-five? Twenty-four? That's quite a big age gap, Freddie."

"I'm not sure what you are trying to say, Kash."

"You like them young and innocent and I get it, Freddie. I really do. I must admit that at first ... he didn't seem like anything special, but now ... can you imagine us sharing a bottom? That would be quite something, wouldn't it?"

Freddie felt sick to his stomach, but he tried to keep his face normal, "I'm not interested in that. My apologies."

"Are you sure? Think about it, Freddie. You can fuck him while he sucks me off. Hmm?"

"No."

The anger in Freddie's voice made both John and Roger look at him in confusion.
"Did he tell you what happened when I came over for a visit?" Tom chuckled, "I came to see you, but he offered to make us some tea and ... things just ... escalated quickly. I mean, you still give the best blowjobs in London, but I can see the potential in John. Don't you?"

"I'm not ... inclined to believe that," the singer replied, gritting his teeth.

"Oh, please, Freddie. Don't act all high and mighty with me. I know you never liked to share, but you might like it?"

"No."

"He's a natural in following orders, I must say."

"Shut up," Freddie hissed before he could stop himself.

"That's no way to talk to your sister, Fred," Roger shook his head at him.

Since the moment Freddie picked up the phone, John suspected it wasn't Kashmira. Freddie would never act that cold towards her and he'd never tell her to shut up with that voice. The bassist tensed up, his eyes not moving from Freddie.

"Freddie, I'd still accept you if you wanted to return," Tom said sweetly, "We had fun together, didn't we? Why should that stop? I'd even take John in, if you want me too. I'd take care of both of you."

Freddie was bubbling with rage and disgust and he was shaking, desperately wanting to just storm out of the flat and search for Tom.

"John wouldn't mind, would he? I mean, you share him with the poodle one, don't you, Freddie?"

"Stop talking," the singer said quietly, but his voice was shaking with unexpressed rage.

"I'd never have thought you could find someone like John attractive. He is not your type, Freddie. What on earth are you doing with him?" Tom asked, then let out a chuckle, "They say opposites attract. Here we have you, a definition of a whore. Have you told John how many guys you've been with? How do you think he'd feel if he knew it's a lot more than 20 or 50 - shit, it's probably over 100. And how many did John have before you? Just the one?"

Freddie could feel bile rising in his throat and he had to lean against the wall for support; he never thought he'd be that affected by just words, but for some reason he was.
"Do not talk about that," he forced the words out, "Don't you dare talk about that."

"About what?" Tom laughed, acting innocent, "About you being a whore or about your boyfriend getting fucked in a dirty stall? You know ... perhaps you two really are perfect for each other."

John was more and more suspicious of the conversation; he's never seen Freddie react like that. It seemed as if he might just collapse at any moment. That or punch a hole in the wall.

"Regardless of that ... I'd still enjoy having a bit of fun with both of you. Or you can just watch, if that gets you off? Did you watch him getting fucked in that stall? Were you in the next stall, listening? Just imagine his thighs wrapped around me," Tom breathed out, "And you can fuck his mouth, if you'd like? I don't have a preference, really. Or perhaps I can fuck you and - "

"I'll find you and I'll kill you," Freddie said in a low tone, "If you dare to call here again ... I swear to god ... I will kill you."

With those words he put the phone back down, meeting John's terrified eyes. He wished he could tell him that everything was fine and that there was nothing to worry about, but he couldn't. Freddie was shaking with rage and he wanted to punch something or someone and nothing that would come out of his mouth would help John at all, so Freddie just unplugged the phone, nearly tearing the cable in the process and then he stormed out of the room.

John's heart was in his throat; he was terrified. His body was in a state of panic and he had to keep reminding himself to breathe. His legs wouldn't move; he wanted to go after Freddie, but his body refused to cooperate.

After a long moment of silence, Roger let out a long breath, "Geez, what the fuck did Kash do?"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for your replies on the previous chapter! <3 And I've decided the sequel is going to happen! Special thanks to a_spira for always providing ideas and suggestions; you had a lot to do with this chapter and you are very much appreciated! :D
"I've never seen Fred talk to his sister like that," Roger scoffed, shaking his head, "I mean, what could she have told him to make him react like that? Maybe she got a boyfriend? I hope she didn't."

John still could not move from the position he was in. It's been at least five minutes since Freddie left the room in anger and John was glued to the sofa, his heart beating faster with each passing second. He could feel the tension building in his body and even though he could hear Roger talking to him, the words made little sense.

All he could think about was the phone call and what the person on the other side of the line told Freddie. It was obvious it wasn't Kashmira. John knew who it probably was; he felt it, but the mere thought of that made his throat close up with fear. The fact that Freddie just stormed out of the room without looking at John, made the bassist very uneasy. What did he hear that made him react like that? Was he angry at him?

John flinched in shock when he heard a loud noise coming from their bedroom.

"What the actual fuck, Freddie?" Roger yelled from his armchair, "Are you trying to punch a hole in the wall? That'll cost us!"

It was then that John forced himself to move; he stood up very slowly and started walking towards the bedroom. His legs were shaking and he knew he could collapse at any moment, but he needed to get to Freddie. He could hear Roger say something to him, but the words didn't make any sense. When he reached the door, he slowly pushed them open and walked in.

At first John didn't see him; the room seemed empty. He expected Freddie to be sitting on the bed or pacing up and down the room, but he wasn't and it caught John a bit off guard.

But then he saw him.

Freddie was sitting on the floor with his back leaning against the bed and he didn't even turn to look at John. Perhaps he didn't hear him?

"F-Freddie?" John said, but then realized no voice was coming out of him; he was just mouthing the word. He moved, slowly walking over to the singer and then just kneeled or collapsed down next to him. It was then that Freddie finally looked at him and he looked bad. John has never seem him like that; his expression was a mixture of rage and pain and fear. And disgust.
"Freddie," John whispered and this time it actually made a sound, "I-It was ... him, wasn't it?"

The singer just nodded, looking away again. He was clenching his fists and his jaw and it was obvious that he was beyond angry; it actually made John even more worried than he was in the living room. He wanted to ask what Tom said to him, he wanted to ask why he was so angry, but at the same time he didn't want to know. He was terrified of Tom and his lies and he could just imagine all the disgusting things he could have told Freddie. And he was even more afraid that Freddie believed those lies. Why else would he be acting like that and refusing to even look at him?

It broke John's heart and breathing became almost an impossible task.

"John, dear," the singer finally spoke, staring at the spot behind John, "I-I'd like to be alone for a few minutes."

"F-Freddie," was all the bassist managed to reply to that; it only made the tension in his body reach unbearable levels.

"Please, John, I-I'll be out in a few minutes. I just need ... some time alone."

The words cut through John like a knife and he had to sit down from his kneeling position because the room started to spin around him. He couldn't stand up; he wanted to do as Freddie asked him to and leave him alone, but he couldn't. His body was in a state of panic.

John could feel his throat closing up and there was only a bit of air that he could breathe into his lungs, the rest seemed to get stuck on the way.

"R-Red," John said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Freddie immediately looked at him, "Darling? Did you say red?"

John nodded his head, taking in small, shallow breaths because that was all the he could take in. His vision was starting to blur at the moment, but he could feel strong hands on his shoulders, holding him up.

"John, you're alright, darling," Freddie said to him calmly, "Everything is alright. Breathe with me."

The bassist nodded again, trying to follow the instructions, but his throat was still closing up and he could start to feel strange, tingly sensations in his hands and legs.

"Breathe in," Freddie said, taking a deep breath in himself, "Breathe out."
John managed to do it, slowly letting out a breath.

Freddie wasted no time switching their positions; he moved John so that he was now leaning against the bed and the singer took his hands in his, gently squeezing and massaging them.

"You look so pale, darling," Freddie commented, "Look at me, sweetie. Concentrate on me, alright?"

The bassist obeyed, meeting his boyfriend’s eyes.

"What color are my eyes?" Freddie asked, smiling a bit.

"B-Brown," John replied, taking another deep breath.

"Good job, sweetie. What about my hair?"

The bassist looked up, noticing Freddie's beautiful, silky hair and he offered a weak smile, "B-Black."

"Correct," the singer smiled back, gently squeezing John's hands in his, trying to warm them up, "Can you count to ten, darling?"

John slowly nodded, never taking his eyes off of Freddie, "One, two ... three, four, five, s-six, seven and ... e-eight, nine, ten."

"Good job. That was perfect," Freddie said to him, "Now just breathe, dear. Are you ... hurt in any way?"

"N-No, I just ... I'm afraid."

"You don't have to be," Freddie assured him gently, "I'll take care of you."

Realizing that Freddie did not seem as upset and angry as before, John started to feel his own body relaxing a bit and he just leaned forward, resting his head on Freddie's shoulder. He still did not have any power in his body and his arms were too heavy to move and put them around the singer. Thankfully, Freddie wrapped his arms around him, pulling him into a tight hug; a really tight hug. It nearly squeezed the life of John, but he didn't complain. It seemed as if the singer needed that hug even more so than John did. He kept grabbing at John and pulling him even closer to him, pressing his face into John's neck.

They just stayed like that for a few minutes; holding onto each other in silence. The bassist could feel
Freddie’s heartbeat though his chest; that was how close they were to each other.

It was John who finally broke the silence, whispering the question, "What did he say to you?"

Freddie tensed up, shaking his head, "N-Nothing. It doesn't matter."

"It does," John insisted, slowly pulling away from the singer so that he could look at him, "It made you ... Did you punch a wall?"

Looking away in shame, Freddie nodded, "I-I did. He knows which ... buttons to push and ..."

"What did he say, Freddie? Please, tell me?"

The singer swallowed hard, finally looking at John again, "Are you alright, darling? What caused the ... red?"

"I-I don't know. The entire situation, I-I guess. Seeing you like that," John's voice broke, "In such a state ... and not knowing what he said to you ... I just ..."

"I'm not important here, John," the singer said firmly, "It doesn't matter what he said to me."

"It does matter, because it ... it affected you so much," John whispered, "Just tell me?"

Freddie looked down and took a deep breath, "He ... he said a lot of disgusting things, but I never expected anything less from him."

"What things?"

"Things that you do not need to know about," the singer looked up, "He did insinuate that ... something did in fact happen when he ... forced his way into the flat a few days ago."

"I didn't!" John insisted, "I swear, nothing happened."

"Darling," Freddie whispered, looking at him with a fearful expression, "Are you telling me the truth? You know you can tell me anything, don't you?"

The bassist nodded, "I know. And I would tell you if something ... serious happened. I swear. But it didn't and if he says that it did, he's ... lying. For whatever reason. T-To annoy you, perhaps."
"This is a lot more than just annoying me, sweetheart. This is ... pure torture."

"Nothing happened. The most he did was ... grab my arm and pull me into the living room and ... he touched my leg, but that's it," John explained, feeling uncomfortable remembering those events.

He stopped, but then realized that Freddie was holding in his breath as he waited for him to continue. And John decided to tell him everything; there was no reason to hide anything and it would make Freddie feel better because clearly he was currently a mess.

"He said he wasn't here to see you," the bassist started, taking a deep breath.

That made Freddie tense up, "What do you mean? He came to see you specifically?"

"I-I guess, but he ... wanted to talk about you. He said all these things about you ... cheating while you two were together and ... "

Rage flashed on Freddie's face, "That bastard. Is he trying to paint a picture that we were in a monogamous relationship?"

"I-I don't know - "

"I once came over to his flat to find him fucking a guy - Well, I heard him. Through the door," Freddie hissed, "Did I sleep around while I was with him? Yes, I did, but that was the relationship we had."

The subject made John a bit uncomfortable and he forced a smile, "It's ... it doesn't matter now. It doesn't matter to me."

Freddie calmed down a bit, nodding, "What else did he say?"

"About your ... favorite position and you liking ... him being rough with you," John could feel his face turn red and he paused for a moment to catch his breath, "It feels weird talking about this."

"I-I know, darling," Freddie said softly, "But we need to. I don't want any more of his lies to get in between us. You can hear it from me. My favorite position while with him was doggy. And I did like it rough. I can't explain the last part, but the position I liked because it made it hard to see him. And I didn't want to look at him while we ... "

John would be lying if he said that Freddie's favorite position did not scare him a bit, but it didn't feel like the time or the place to discuss that. They were still at the start of their sexual journey and stressing about a position might seem too soon. So John dismissed it and instead focused on Tom.
"What you did with him is in the past, Freddie," he said slowly, "He also said he's been here a lot of times and that you were lying to me when you said that I was the only one you brought home."

Again, Freddie seemed ready to punch something, "That cunt. He's never stepped a foot into my bedroom. And neither has anyone else."

John smiled, "I-I know. I believe that."

"The first reason for that was because Roger would throw him out of the window if he saw him here and the second reason is ... my bedroom is my personal space. I'd never bring anyone I didn't trust into it."

While those words nearly made John melt and he couldn't help but blush, it also made him wonder why Freddie thought so low of himself. He refused to bring anyone he didn't trust into his personal space that was his room, but he was fine with letting them ... into his body? He kept placing himself in dangerous situations, sleeping with people he didn't know. John knew how vulnerable one was during sex and the fact that Freddie didn't care enough about himself, his body, to worry about that ... it was concerning. He remembered that one incident Freddie told him about; when the singer had a quick shag with someone in the restroom and the person got really violent after, smashing Freddie's head into the wall.

It sent shivers down John's body.

"Darling, how did he know which room is mine then?" Freddie asked, "I mean, he could have looked around and noticed my things, but - "

"I-I told him," John quickly replied, "When he said all those lies about having been here multiple times, I asked him which room was yours and he ... gave the wrong answer. It was obvious he's never been here before. And then I-I told him. I shouldn't have, but it just - "

"It's fine, darling," Freddie gave him a reassuring smile, "You did well. I'm proud of you for ... daring to go against him, but ... I don't want you to risk your safety."

"But I'm fine," John insisted, "Nothing ... serious happened."

"What about the ... thing in your hair?" Freddie looked in pain and a part of him did not want to hear the answer.

The bassist grimaced in disgust, "I-I have no idea where he got that from. He ... brushed my hair behind my ear and I guess that was when he ... I-I didn't even notice it."
Hearing that, Freddie visibly relaxed and he reached over to John to caress his cheek, "I am so sorry for dragging you into this mess, darling. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have ... dated that creep and I shouldn't have brought you to the club where he saw you for the first time and - "

"It's not your fault that some people are ... evil, Freddie," John said, leaning into the touch.

Instead of saying something, Freddie just pulled John closer, holding his face in his hands and just kissing him all over; his forehead, his nose, his cheeks, his chin. It was his favorite thing to do; when the love he felt for John because just too much, he just showered the bassist with kisses. The most natural way for him to show his love would be through sex and becoming one, but since they weren't completely there yet, kissing John's entire face seemed close enough. And it always seemed to make John smile, which was a bonus.

But then it was time for the truth and while Freddie wanted to keep it from John to protect him, he knew the bassist deserved to know.

"Sweetheart," he sighed, moving away from John a bit, taking his hands in his, "There's something I need to tell you."

Immediately John tensed up, "Alright?"

There was no easy way to say it and Freddie just blurted it out, "I think ... I think Tom knows about what happened to you."

John didn't look as shocked as Freddie expected him to, he just looked mortified.

"I-I know," the bassist finally whispered and after a confused look on Freddie's face, he continued, "There have been instances where he said ... things that made me think that he k-knows. When he was here he kept talking about ... stalls."

"Stalls?"

John nodded, "About ... having sex in the stalls. He kept mentioning it and looking at me."

Freddie clenched his jaw in pure rage, "He's doing it on purpose. He said something like that to me as well. John, darling, I-I don't know how he knows, but everything's going to be fine, I promise."

The bassist looked down in shame, his voice barely above a whisper, "It's ... embarrassing."

"What is, darling?"
"That he ... knows about my ... attack. How did he find out?" John questioned and then his eyes widened in shock, "What if he's f-friends with that ... man? The one who did that to m-me? What if they know each other? Oh god, what if ... what if they come here together?"

"John, my love, breathe," Freddie squeezed his hand and then quickly pulled him into his arms, "I don't think they know each other, but even if they do - "

"Oh god," John panicked, holding onto Freddie's shirt as if his life depended on it.

"Even if they do," the singer continued, "It doesn't change a bit, alright?"

After receiving silence as an answer, Freddie broke the hug, pulling back so that he could look at John, "I promised to take care of you, haven't I?"

John nodded his head, sniffling a bit.

"Do you believe me?"

Again John nodded, smiling weakly before throwing himself in Freddie's arms again. They remained like that for a few moments until John remembered something. He did struggle with this piece of information ever since Tom's visit, but he was ashamed to bring it up. Perhaps he imagined it and Freddie would just dismiss it?

Still, he couldn't stop thinking about it and he could see it so clearly in his head; Tom uncrossing his legs and parting them slightly, the bulge in his pants very much visible.

Was it a buldge?

It could have been the material of his pants just acting weird.

But what was that creepy feeling John could feel at that moment? He couldn't even explain it properly, but the way Tom looked at him and the way he smiled at him ... it sent shivers down John's body.

"Freddie?"

"Hm?"

"There's ... something I think I need to tell you. I-I mean, it's probably stupid and - "
"What is it?" Freddie immediately asked, breaking the hug and meeting John's eyes.

"It's stupid, but ... you can tell me I'm stupid and ... "

"I'd never call you stupid, darling. What is it?"

John blushed, taking a deep breath, "I think I-I saw something. When he was here ... we talked. I-I mean, he talked. He kept saying these disgusting things and he kept looking at me as if ... wanting to see my reaction. And then he ... parted his legs just s-slightly."

Freddie held his breath as he waited for John to continue.

"I-I think .... Freddie, the pants were ... I-I mean the crotch area was ... weird."

"What do you mean weird, darling?" the singer tried very hard to keep calm, but was failing miserably.

"It was u-up? The material was up? Like ... he stuffed something in there or ... " John struggled with his words, blushing horribly and regretting his decision to bring it up.

"Are you trying to tell me ... " Freddie paused for a moment, clearly processing the information, "Darling, you are telling me his ... his cock was hard?"

John flinched at those words, quickly trying to dismiss it, "F-Forget about it. It's stupid, it was probably nothing - "

"Probably is not good enough," Freddie said, his face a mixture of disgust and horror, "He got hard around you? Why?"

"Freddie, m-maybe I imagined it or saw it wrong - "

"Darling," the singer brought his hand up to caress his face, "You saw a buldge in his pants. And apparently he wanted you to see it, spreading his legs while observing you. The cunt."

John never thought about that; Tom did want him to see it. He made no attempt to hide it and the smirk on his face was very telling.

"Why the fuck would he get turned on?" Freddie hissed, "What is wrong with him?" and then realization downed onto him and his voice got softer, "Sweetie, he didn't ... he didn't make you do anything to him? I mean ... you were fully clothed the entire time he was here?"
"I was," John quickly answered, "And he didn't make me do anything. I swear. That was why ... I
didn't tell you before. I thought I imagined it, but ... when I walked him out and was trying to unlock
the door, he sort of looked over my shoulder and I felt ... "

Freddie's face turned even paler if possible.

John struggled with his words, opening his mouth and then closing it again, bile rising in his throat.

Thankfully, Freddie seemed to understand and he gently placed his hand on John's leg, "I think I
know what you're trying to say, darling. I'll kill him."

"N-No, you won't, Freddie!"

"I will," the singer growled, "I'll make him eat his damn cock, that disgusting piece of absolute shit.
Waste of air."

"Freddie," John whispered, feeling uncomfortable, "Can we just ... pretend nothing's happened?
Please. I'm not feeling ... alright and it's barely noon."

Even though his entire body was shaking with pure rage, Freddie could see how unwell John
seemed and he forced himself to smile, nodding his head, "Of course, darling. Nothing's happened. It
was a ... childish prank call. Everything's fine. And you're completely fine and ... safe. Alright,
darling? I promise."

John nearly teared up at those words and he nodded, "A-Alright."

"So, what do you say we go to the living room and annoy Delilah a bit, hmm?"

"We can do that," John chuckled, suddenly feeling a bit better.

Freddie quickly stood up and then helped John to his feet as well.

"You sure you're alright?" the singer asked again, brushing hair from John's face, "You don't want to
lie down for a bit?"

"I-I'm fine. I actually want to ... hang with Roger. It might get my mind off of ... things."

Freddie smiled, "Alright, Roger it is."
As they slowly walked out of their bedroom, John chuckled, "Just so you know, Roger thinks you are about to murder your sister."

ooo

Freddie and John spent that entire day just cuddling, they both needed it. Even the lunch and dinner were eaten in the living room, on the sofa. Roger did make a few gagging noises at the two lovebirds, but then gave up, realizing that it wasn't helping. Usually it was Freddie who was all over John, but this time the bassist was not at all shy and he clung to the singer, caressing his arm, his face, his legs.

Apparently the cuddling was accidentally turning into a foreplay and as the evening neared, they both found themselves very needy. Thankfully, Roger noticed that and peaced out, saying he had a date.

The moments he disappeared from the flat, Freddie picked John up and carried him to their bedroom, dropping him onto their bed before capturing his lips in a passionate kiss.

"I love you so much," John whispered in between kisses, but before Freddie could reply, he pulled away, "T-The lights."

The singer looked at him hesitantly, "I thought perhaps we could ... leave them on this time?"

John's eyes widened in shock, "B-But ... completely on? But that's ... too much."

Freddie smiled, leaning down to kiss John's neck, "I want to see you, darling."

His neck being kiss could turn John into a trembling, incoherent mess and that was exactly what was happening. He could feel Freddie's hot, wet tongue on the sensitive skin on his neck and all he could do was moan and let his eyes roll back with sheer pleasure.

"I want to see how beautiful you are," Freddie whispered, his hand moving down to pull John's pajama bottoms off and the bassist helped, raising his hips. Once the material was dropped to the floor, Freddie moved a bit lower, leaving a trail of kisses all over John's neck, his collarbone, his shoulder, stopping when he reached John's chest. He gently caressed it with his free hand, feeling the bassist's chest rise and fall with every breath that he took.

Freddie placed a soft kiss right on the middle of his chest, his lips lingering there a bit before he moved to John's left nipple; first he just touched it with his tongue, eliciting a shaky moan from the bassist and then he twirled his tongue around it, enjoying hearing John whimper and shake underneath him.
Freddie would never get tired of seeing, hearing and feeling that.

But nothing could prepare him for John's moan as he sucked on his left nipple, gently biting it in the process. The bassist was a shivering mess and even his breaths were coming out as gasps.

"Look at me, darling," Freddie said and waited until John opened his eyes and looked down at him. The moment their eyes met, the singer took John's nipple between his lips again, playing with it, circling it with his tongue slowly. John's eyes were half open and it was obvious that he was struggling to keep them from snapping shut, but Freddie wanted him to look and observe.

"F-Freddie, please."

"Please, what, darling?" he teased, moving his attention to John's right nipple, dragging his tongue over it and then blowing air on it, making it immediately harden.

"Oh my g-god," John whimpered, swallowing hard, "Please, p-please."

"Do want me to lick it or bite it, dear?" Freddie asked softly, his free hand finding John's, interlocking their fingers.

"Both, both, p-please!" John cried out and Freddie did not need to be told twice; he circled the nipple with his tongue, teasing a bit before taking it in his mouth, sucking on it and biting it very gently. Freddie learned to read John's body behavior and reactions and he could tell when it was pleasurable and when he needed to stop before it got uncomfortable of painful. He was very aware of the fact that John's nipples were very sensitive, as was apparently every other part of him, and he didn't want to overstimulate him or cause him any pain or discomfort.

With one last lick, Freddie let go of John's nipple, grabbing his waist with both hands and moving them, flipping them around so that Freddie was lying down and John was on top of him, straddling him. Once he became aware of their new position, John tensed up, feeling a bit uncomfortable.

"F-Freddie, I - "

"Perhaps you'll like it?" the singer asked, making himself uncomfortable under John and enjoying the view. Just the flustered look on John's face was enough to make Freddie's cock twitch and he wanted to move and seek pleasure as John was sitting right on top of it, but decided to remain still and let John lead this time.

The bassist smiled weakly before crossing his arms over his naked chest. Freddie noticed it and immediately took his hands in his own, pulling them down.
"Don't hide yourself, darling," he said gently, noticing that John's face seemed even more red, "Do you want me to go turn the lights off?"

The bassist shook his head, "N-No, it's fine. I can't always get my way, it's about you too. You should e-enjoy it as well."

"But on at the expense of you being uncomfortable," Freddie said firmly, gently caressing John's thighs.

"I-It's fine, we can ... try it for a bit," the bassist smiled, feeling a bit more courageous.

"Alright, dear," Freddie nodded, taking a moment to look at his boyfriend's body; he's rarely had a chance to just look and stare and enjoy the sight. He couldn't understand why John would ever feel self-conscious about his looks because he looked beautiful and sexy in a special way. John could be eating his cereal and Frederico would twitch with excitement at the sight of it.

"What do I do?" John asked, pulling Freddie out of his thoughts, "Do I ... Should I take these off?" he pointed at his briefs that he was still wearing.

Freddie almost nodded, but then smirked, "Leave them on for a bit, darling."

John blushed even more and it made the singer wonder how on earth in it was possible to blush so much and not combust, but apparently John had it figured out. Even though usually Freddie could control himself, he couldn't help but move his hips slightly, nudging John, making him let out a surprised breath.

"Just roll your hips, dear," the singer instructed, bringing one of his hands up to touch and caress John's chest.

The bassist obeyed, moving his hips, causing Freddie to moan in pleasure. He knew that John could probably feel how hard Frederico was and surprisingly enough, it didn't bother John at all, not even with Frederico poking him right on the butt.
He desperately needed to get out of his pajama bottoms, but didn't want to interrupt John as the bassist slowly and hesitantly started grinding on him. Freddie let his eyes close halfway and the more he looked at John, the more it seemed as if he was riding him and it sent shivers down his body; he could only imagine how good it would feel if it was happening for real and he was inside of John.

"Am I doing this right?" John asked, stopping his movement.

Freddie chuckled, "D-Does it feel good to you? If it does, then you are doing it right."
The bassist bit his lip hesitantly, "I-I does, but I can't seem to get the right angle."

"Try leaning down a bit, you can even lower yourself enough to kiss me?" Freddie suggested, raising his eyebrow.

John smiled nervously, "I-I've never done this before. You'll have to ... coach me."

Those words made Freddie's smirk disappear from his face immediately. At first he couldn't tell what exactly it was, but then he remembered.

Tom's words.

Freddie suddenly felt a cold shiver run down his spine and a strange feeling started to build in the pit of his stomach; looking up at John and seeing the sheer trust and innocence in his eyes, made Freddie feel repulsed.

Not by John, but by himself.

He could hear that tiny voice in his mind asking what would John think if he knew the real number of Freddie's previous partners. The bassist knew it was a lot, but to John a lot probably meant twenty. What would he do if he found out that it was around one hundred and perhaps even more? Would he still let him touch him? Would he be repulsed if knew all the things that Freddie used to do and let others do to him?

Even if he wanted to, John couldn't possibly imagine all the things.

Suddenly John leaned down and pressed his lips against Freddie's. It was so gentle it was almost painful. Freddie tried to move his lips and kiss him back, but he couldn't stop his mind from wandering off.

"Tell me how to move," the bassist whispered when he finally pulled away, "I can't promise I'll be any good, but I can try. I-If you want me to."

Those words cut through Freddie like a knife; John kept staring at him with that trusting look in his eyes, waiting for his instructions and suddenly Freddie couldn't take it anymore. He really was grooming John; he was teaching him how to kiss and suck a cock and now he was teaching him how to ride.

Freddie felt disgusted and had to swallow down the bile that was rising in his throat.
He could hear Tom's words as if he was right there whispering in his ear.

"You like them young and innocent and I get it, Freddie. I really do."

"He's a natural in following orders, I must say."

Even though he was still hard as a rock and enjoying the feeling of John sitting on him, Freddie couldn't stay in that position anymore; it made him feel like a dirty pervert corrupting a sweet, naive boy.

He quickly flipped them around again and settled in between John's legs. The sudden change of position made John let out a chuckle of surprise, "I-I guess I wasn't doing that good of a job."

"No! No, no, darling. You were great, really," Freddie smiled, placing a soft kiss to the corner of John's lips, "I just ... I don't feel like trying anything new tonight. You ... like this position, right?"

"I like it very much, actually," the bassist admitted and just relaxed, bringing his hand up to caress Freddie's face. He traced his finger down Freddie's nose and across his lips. His heart fluttered when the singer kissed his fingers; it was such a gentle and innocent kiss and it made John melt.

Freddie finally seemed to push Tom out of his mind and he turned his entire attention to his boyfriend; leaning down to kiss his neck and nibble at his ear. As expected, John raised his hips, desperately needing some kind of contact. It made Freddie chuckle and he sat up, taking a moment or two to just admire the shaking, trembling mess that was his boyfriend. John's nipples were still very much hard and Freddie knew it wasn't from the cold; they were hard for the same reason his William was very much up and standing, threatening to poke his head through John's briefs. Freddie smirked, running a ringer over John's bulge just slightly, barely touching. The sound that John made at that was so adorable; it was a sound of protest and plea at the same time, but it was so soft and gentle it almost made Freddie feel sorry for playing with him in such a way.

"What do you want, darling?" he asked, even though he knew very well what John wanted and needed at that moment.

"You," John breathed out, raising his hips up, making Freddie chuckle.

"Well, I'm here, dear," he replied, caressing his boyfriend's thighs slowly, deliberately avoiding the place he needed him to touch.
John looked at him and swallowed hard, "C-Can you ... take my underwear off? Please? Please?"

Hearing those words made Freddie's face soften immediately and he dropped the teasing, "Oh, sweetheart, you don't have to plead like that. Of course I'll undress you. Do you want me to go turn the lights off?"

John smiled shyly, "N-Not yet. Perhaps later."

Again, Frederico twitched and Freddie couldn't help but touch himself, quickly rubbing himself over his pajama bottoms. When he looked at John again, he realized that he was staring, his eyes wide open, not even blinking.

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "Enjoying the show, darling?"

John quickly looked away, "S-Sorry. I-I didn't mean to ... stare."

"You can stare, sweetie. I give you permission to stare. Do you like what you see?"

Slowly, John nodded, his eyes dropping to Freddie's crotch again and he licked his lips without even realizing it. Freddie palmed himself through his bottoms, observing his boyfriend's face very closely, enjoying every little moan and bite of the lip and gasp that John made.

The singer kept the movement very slow and gentle, not sure if he'd be able to handle anything too intense or he'd be finishing in his pants like a teenager.

"Can you do the same, sweetie?"

John's eyes widened in shock and he looked up at Freddie, "W-What?"

"Touch yourself, darling."

"I-I don't know about that - "

"Try doing what I'm doing, hmm?"

Hesitantly, John placed his right hand on his own groin; he kept the eye contact with Freddie and he nearly combusted with the sheer look of hunger and lust he could see in his eyes.

"That's it, darling. Touch yourself, make yourself feel good."
John purred and mimicked Freddie's movements, palming himself through the material of his brief. After a few moments, it was Freddie who wouldn't take it anymore and he placed his hands on John's legs, "Can I undress you?"

"Yes, please, y-yes," was all John could say at that moment.

Freddie smiled and moved a bit away from John, hooking his fingers under the waistband of his underwear. But then something caught Freddie's attention and it made his heart drop.

"What's this, John?" he asked, unable to hide the sheer panic in his voice.

That made John snap back to reality and he raised himself up on his elbows to look at the thing that clearly made Freddie so shocked and panicked.

He noticed a giant, purple bruise on his left knee.

"And this one too?" Freddie asked, pointing to John's right knee, his voice very high.

"Oh, I-I haven't noticed - "

"Where did you get these bruises, John?" Freddie asked, staring at his boyfriend in complete and utter panic. It actually made John panic, suddenly wondering what the reason for Freddie's concern was.

"Are there any more?" Freddie looked at John's body, his eyes moving over it carefully, searching for more bruises or scratches or anything that would tell him that something happened to John.

"F-Freddie," the bassist sat up, crossing his arms over his chest awkwardly, "What are you doing?"

"Can you turn around, darling? I need to look at your back - "

"Freddie, what are you looking for? What's ... wrong?"

The singer forced himself to stop and his voice shook as he forced the words out, "Did he do this to you?"

"Who?" John asked, but then immediately realized who Freddie was talking about, "Oh."

"Did he?"
"No, Freddie. No. He didn't do this to me," John replied, blushing a bit, "I-I think I know how I got those bruises."

"H-How?"

"I-I fell."

"When? How?"

It was obvious that Freddie was still alarmed, but he was slowly calming down.

"You know ... when I did that in the bathroom, i-in the shower. When I ... you know ... I sort of ... fell down," John explained, looking down at his hands awkwardly.

"You jerked off and then you fell down? In the shower?"

John let out a mortified cry, "Y-Yes."

Freddie let out a breath and closed his eyes for a moment, forcing himself to calm down. When he felt he was calm enough, he looked at John and pulled him in for a kiss, sucking on his lower lip and tracing his tongue over it, making John cry out at the feeling.

They could talk about it and discuss the matter even further, but both of them wanted Tom out of their bedroom and out of their heads as soon as possible and they decided to continue their making out as if nothing happened. Freddie always found it fascinating how well John responded to him; the bassist has been sexually active for less than two months now and it was still a daily struggle with lots of obstacles, but there were moments that were absolutely perfect. Moments when John kept up with Freddie's kisses, responding and even leading, when he raised his hips up to meet Freddie's and wrap his legs around him, pulling him even closer.

But them an image appeared in Freddie's mind.

John sucking him off while getting pounded from behind by Tom.

Immediately, Freddie broke the kiss and sat up, breathing heavily.

"D-Did I do something wrong?" John asked with worry in his voice.

"No, no, it's .... nothing," Freddie quickly replied, forcing a smile and leaning down again, this time concentrating on John's shoulder, kissing and gently sucking on the skin there, determined to leave a
mark. He loved doing that and then admire his work the next day at breakfast.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't keep those disgusting words and images out of his mind. How dare Tom talk about John's thighs? How dare he touch John? Even if it was just John's leg, how dare he?

John could tell that something was off; even if Freddie was doing what he usually did, there was something missing. He couldn't really explain what it was; perhaps eye contact? Sweet nothings? Hand holding? John tried not to make a big deal out of it, thinking he could be overreacting. Not every attempt at intimacy could be perfect and John was very aware of the fact that he could be very needy and perhaps Freddie simply wasn't able to deliver ever single time.

Hesitantly, he found Freddie's hand, trying to hold it, but the moment it made contact, Freddie removed his hand, placing it on John's chest. It did make the bassist nearly tear up, but he dismissed it, trying to concentrate on the fact that Freddie was there with him, kissing him and touching him. What else could he need?

Freddie kissed and nibbled at John's neck, while his other hand traveled down the bassist's chest, stopping at his waist, grabbing it firmly and keeping John in place. He could tell that John was enjoying it, he could feel him trembling and hear his soft moans, but Freddie wasn't all there. He knew exactly what he needed to do to make John shiver in pleasure and that was exactly what he was doing; hopefully the bassist wouldn't notice that Freddie was struggling with something.

"Think about it, Freddie. You can fuck him while he sucks me off."

No matter how hard Freddie tried, he couldn't get that image out of his mind; he could clearly see John sucking Tom off and Tom just pounding into John's mouth, not caring if he was making him gag. The rage that flashed through Freddie at that image could not be expressed in words; he wanted to punch something, he wanted to scream and -

"Ouch, F-Freddie!" John cried out.

Immediately, the singer snapped out of his thoughts, looking down at John with concern. It was then that he realized what he did; apparently he grabbed John's hip very roughly without even realizing it. As he removed his hand, he could see the big red handprint on John's pale skin and it made Freddie sick to his stomach.

"Oh my god, John, I-I'm so sorry," he babbled, immediately removing himself from the bassist.

"It's fine, you just ... surprised me," John let out a nervous chuckle, rubbing the sore spot on his hips.

"Shit. Shit. Did I hurt you?" Freddie nearly reached out to touch him, but then changed his mind, pulling his hand back.
"N-No, I'm fine."

"I-I did that to you. What the fuck is wrong with me?" Freddie asked, but it sounded as if he was talking to himself, not to John.

"You didn't," the younger boy insisted, sitting up, "I'm not made of glass. I won't just ... break. You just never grabbed me like that and - "

"I left a handprint on you," Freddie spat out, his voice shaking.

"F-Freddie, what's the matter?" John softly asked, trying to touch him, but Freddie jerked away, moving even further away.

"John, I-I can't. I'm sorry, I just ... I can't. Not tonight."

"A-Alright, we don't have to," John nodded in understanding, though it was almost painful how hard he was at that point. He pulled the covers over his lower body, hiding his erection from Freddie.

The singer just stared down at his hands in horror, his eyes wide open.

"Freddie," John slowly started, "You haven't been ... completely present. I felt you were ... elsewhere. In your mind."

Without even replying, the singer stood up and made his way towards the door, "I-I'll leave you alone, darling. I can't even begin to apologize to you."

"Where are you going?" John asked in panic, "You're leaving me?"

"I'll sleep on the sofa, darling. You can have the bed. Rest and - "

"I don't want the bed, I want you," the bassist cried out, feeling very hurt by just being abandoned like that. A minute ago they were kissing and touching and now here he was, almost completely naked, aroused and being left alone.

"John - "

The bassist jumped from the bed, nearly tripping over all the clothes and the blankets on the floor. He didn't even care that he was in just his briefs as he hurried over to Freddie, preventing him from leaving the room.
"Please, talk to me," he asked, noticing how Freddie seemed to avoid his touches and even moved away from him, walking to the other end of the room.

It broke John's heart.

"I-I can't stop thinking about him, John. I keep seeing him and hearing those disgusting things that he said and - "

"Tom?" John asked, tensing up, "You ... you thought about him as we .... ?"

"I kept hearing those things and ... "

"What things, Freddie?" John approached his boyfriend, "You can tell me."

"I hurt you," the singer whispered, meeting his eyes, "I let my anger for him .... affect our lovemaking."

"It's fine, you didn't hurt me," John tried to reassure him, but then he thought of something, "If it will make you feel better, you can ... kiss it."

Immediately Freddie sank to his knees, much to John's surprise, and placed a soft kiss on the sore spot on John's hip. Apparently, one kiss wasn't enough because Freddie continued kissing it and nuzzling against it, making John tear up at the sight of it.

Slowly, he sank down, kneeling next to Freddie, "Can you talk to me, please? Tell me what he said to you."

The singer shook his head, being very stubborn about it.

"Freddie, it's not fair when you ... demand I tell you everything and then you keep things from me."

"I only do it to protect you," the singer quickly said, sniffing a bit, "I don't want you to hear the disgusting things that he ... "

"I-I don't want to hear those things. You are right, but ... If I can help - "

"How many lovers do you think I've had? Before you, I mean?" Freddie carefully asked, biting his lower lip nervously.
That question caught John a bit off guard, but he quickly pulled himself together, clearing his throat, "I-I don't know. You said a lot?"

"Yes, but ... what does a lot mean to you?"

"D-Do you want a number?"

"Please."

John tensed up, opening his mouth and closing them a few times, not knowing what to say, "I-I don't want to offend you."

"You won't, darling. Just say it."

"Perhaps ... thirty? A bit more?"

Freddie swallowed hard, looking down at his hands.

"More?" John asked as he noticed the singer's reaction.

"Probably more than a hundred," Freddie's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Oh," John said, letting out a nervous laugh, "I was a bit ... off. A-Alright, a ... hundred. Why does that matter?"

"Doesn't it?" the singer looked at his boyfriend, the expression of shame on his face, "Don't you think I'm disgusting? A whore?"

John's face turns serious, "I'd never think that of you. Never. Is that what he told you? Freddie, I-I don't care what you did before me. I love you."

The singer just stared at him for a few long moments, clearly having trouble believing that.

"I love you," John repeated with a smile, "And I-I'd really like to hold your hand? Can I?"

Freddie let out a pained cry and quickly nodded, touched by John's words. He found his hand and interlocked their fingers, gently brushing his thumb across the soft skin on John's hand.

It immediately made John smile and blush, but then he took a deep breath, "W-What else did he say
"Sweetheart -"

"Please, Freddie."

"Threesomes."

"W-What?" John wasn't sure he heard that right.

"He ... kept saying things about us being ... together. And him doing things to you while I do things to you."

John tensed up, grimacing a bit, "He just said that to ... throw you off. He knew you'd be repulsed by it."

"Did he? Apparently, he got a boner around you and - "

"Freddie," John cut him off, "He's ... evil. Don't believe anything that he says. I-I know I learned my lesson the hard way."

"I know, I know. I just ... "

"Those disgusting things that he said ... are never going to happen, Freddie," John tried to comfort him, "Never. And I'm alright and you're alright. And we're together."

That did make Freddie smile a bit, but then worry showed on his face again, "I didn't hurt you too much, did I? I promise to never to it again."

"I'm fine, Freddie. Can we ... can we cuddle now? I think we both need it."

The singer agreed, though he did keep some things to himself, knowing it wouldn't do John any good if he heard them, he still felt slightly better sharing the things that he did. The burden on his shoulders was suddenly a lot easier to carry.

John didn't need to know about Tom making fun of his attack or asking Freddie if he was in the next stall listening. He didn't need to know about Tom insinuating that Freddie was grooming John. Perhaps he'd tell him one day, but today was not the day.

All he wanted was to snuggle against John and shower him with love and that was exactly what he did. As John made himself comfortable in bed, Freddie lit a few candles up and turned off the lights before crawling in bed next to John. He did notice that John decided to turn away from him, but he
didn't mind. All that mattered was that he could hold him and pull him closer to him.

Although it was a bit awkward with John in just his underwear and Freddie only wearing his pajama bottoms with no underwear underneath, but the singer carefully arranged them so that Frederico wasn't pushing against John's backside. Freddie wrapped his arms around John, pulling him closer and burying his face in John's neck. The bassist's hair tickled him, but he found it adorable, not minding one bit.

"Did you ... " Freddie stopped, taking another deep breath through his nose, "Did you use my shampoo, darling? The strawberry one?"

John giggled, "I thought that wasn't your shampoo, Freddie," he teased, "You kept insisting it wasn't yours."

"Oh, you know that it's mine, dear," Freddie laughed, "Who did you think it was using it and going through an entire bottle in a week? Roger?"

"I knew it was you," John admitted, then covered Freddie's hands that were resting on his stomach with his own, "You don't mind sharing, do you?"

"Of course not, darling. I'll share everything with you. If you like something in my closet, feel free to wear it. My makeup, my perfume, my toothbrush - "

"Eww, Freddie," John giggled, "That's disgusting!"

The singer acted offended from behind him, "Darling! I've sucked your cock and you don't want to share a toothbrush with me?"

"It's not the same thing, Freddie. Eww," John was still giggling, "I'd gladly share everything else with you, but not a toothbrush. Sorry."

"Oh, it's fine," Freddie drawled, "I knew you don't truly love me."

"What?" John slapped Freddie's arm, "I do love you! You're an idiot."

Finally breaking the act, the singer couldn't help but laugh, "I'm just messing with you, darling. I know you love me, but the question is how much?"

"What do you mean?"

"Imagine this. Roger and I are walking down the street and a car is speeding towards us. You can
only save one, who would you save?"

"Both."

"You can't save both, John. There are rules," Freddie laughed, "You can only save one."

"I can't just kill Roger off," the bassist shook his head, "That's horrible. He's my friend."

Freddie laughed even harder at that, "But I'm your boyfriend!"

"What if ... " John thought about it, then sighed, "What if I jump in front of the car and save you both?"

"By sacrificing yourself?"

"Well, yes?"

Just as Freddie thought he couldn't love him any more, John went and proved that he could. It was always something Freddie loved about John; the way he seemed to take jokes and playful questions seriously and took his time to think of an appropriate answer, not wanting to offend or hypothetically kill anyone.

"What if I was walking down the street with Delilah?" John teased, "And you could only save one of us."

"John, that's a terrible thing to ask!"

"I'd be Delilah, wouldn't it?" the bassist chuckled, "It's alright. I understand."

"I can't even ... think about that, John. That's a horrible thought," Freddie complained from behind him, pulling the bassist closer.

Not wanting to torture his boyfriend even more, John chuckled and changed the subject, "We can go out tomorrow? With Brian and Roger perhaps?"

"Sure, I'd love that. Did you mean a bar or - ?"

"Or a club. I-I have noticed we've become ... homebodies. Couch potatoes," John said, "Not that I-I don't like it, it's just ... I'm sure you'd like to go out."
"I would, but only if you want it as well. Though I have to admit that Roger threatened to break up with me because apparently we never go out together anymore," he laughed, "I think he's jealous of you, darling."

That immediately made John feel guilty, "Oh, no. I-I haven't even thought about that. You should go out with Roger. Just you two alone. I'll be fine at home by myself," after feeling Freddie tense up in concern behind him, he quickly added, "O-Or Brian could keep me company. Y-Yes, I'd love that."

"And you'd be fine with me going out with Roger? Alone?"

John laughed, "Freddie, I don't think he's interested in you in that way."

"That's not what - " the singer chuckled, playfully slapping John's hand, "I meant, you'd be fine with me going to clubs without you?"

"You like to drink and dance and as long as you don't flirt with attractive bartenders, I'm fine with it," John joked, then got a bit serious, "I trust you."

Freddie was lost for words for a few moments, not understanding how John was still able to trust him after what happened a few weeks ago. Before he could even reply, John continued, "Besides, I think Roger would take care of you and make sure you don't do something stupid."

"Oh, darling!" Freddie laughed, "You think you are giving Roger way too much credit. I wouldn't be surprised if he just left me and disappeared with a random girl."

John let out a giggle, knowing that Freddie was probably right. Between Freddie and Roger, Freddie was definitely the more responsible one. Slightly more responsible one.

"Too bad it's winter," Freddie sighed, "If you had come into my life during the summer, we could go out on walks, go get some ice cream or we could go to the pool - "

"The pool?" John tensed up, suddenly thankful it was winter, "I-I'm not a fan of that."

"What, the pool?"

"No ... just ... swimwear," John muttered under his breath.

"Oh, that's no problem, darling. You can always take it off."
John blushed, shaking his head. He knew Freddie would never stop teasing him and making him blush, but he always did it in such an adorable way that John couldn't really get annoyed at him.

They were both silent for a few moments, only enjoying each other's company, but John was aware that he was still very much aroused, to the point of it being really uncomfortable. Before he even realized what he was doing, he pushed back slightly, rolling his backside against Freddie. It was meant to be a bit playful and perhaps teasing and John didn't expect Freddie to suck in a breath, tensing up. And for some reason, John felt the need to do it again, if only to see what Freddie's reaction would be. He rolled his hips again, pushing back against the singer and he could feel something hard on his lower back, poking him. It sent shivers down John's body; good shivers.

When he did it again, grinding his backside against Freddie, the singer finally responded, pushing forward a bit, making John almost cry out with anticipation and the need he felt at that moment.

Soon they were both rocking against each other gently; John pushing back and rolling his hips while Freddie tightened his grip around the bassist's wait, pulling him closer and pushing forwards. John was aware of the fact that Frederico moved a bit lower and was not walking a thin line between poking his lower back and his arse.

"F-Freddie, please," John whispered, desperately needing to be touched, unable to stop his movements.

Immediately, the singer's hand moved down, palming John through his underwear, making him moan and whimper. It was a struggle between wanting to push forward into Freddie's hand or back against is crotch.

"O-Off, take it off, please," he whispered, taking Freddie's hand and moving it to the edge of his underwear. Freddie obeyed, quickly pulling John's briefs down a bit and John helped, wiggling his hips and kicking the underwear off all the way.

He couldn't help but let put a deep moan when he felt Freddie's hand finally make contact with William; it was a heavenly feeling and John just rested his head back against Freddie and let himself enjoy it. He was vaguely aware of the fact that his hips apparently had a mind of their own as they kept moving rocking back against Freddie and he couldn't stop it even if he wanted to.

It was then that he realized Freddie was still wearing his pajama bottoms and knowing it probably wasn't comfortable for him, he turned his head back a bit, meeting Freddie's eyes, "Y-You can take it off. I-I don't mind."

He could see that the singer was struggling with the decision, but after John pushed back against him a bit more firmly, Freddie couldn't help but moan, closing his eyes for a moment. He could only imagine how it would feel doing that without any material in the way.

"Please," John whispered and he looked so flustered and desperate at that moment that Freddie needed to kiss it. It wasn't even a question, he just needed to do it or he'd lose his mind.
Gently pressing his lips against John's, he deliberately squeezed William, wanting to feel the bassist moan against his mouth. And when he did, Freddie just kissed him harder, biting his lip, finding John's tongue with his own. Freddie was normally a very controlled person, it didn't happen often that he lost control and acted on his instincts, especially with John, but something took over him at that moment. While he'd usually ask John over and over again if he was sure, this time he didn't feel the need to. John's body language was more than enough to tell him he really wanted this.

Letting go of William, Freddie quickly pulled his own pajama bottoms off, kicking them down his legs. When they were both completely naked, they broke the kiss and just looked at each other for a few long moments.

This time Freddie could see the slight nervousness in John's eyes and he smiled reassuringly, "Don't worry, darling. Nothing is going to happen."

John blushed, biting his lip, "I-I want something to happen."

"And what would that be, dear?" Freddie asked, sneaking his hand down John's body, finding William and giving it a soft squeeze., "This?"

"Yes, yes, yes," John quickly nodded, then pushed his hips back, causing Freddie to suck in a breath. Frederico was quite close to the area that John did not yet feel comfortable feeling him at and Freddie immediately moved, removing him from that part of John. But the bassist kept moving, rocking his hips and Freddie found it almost too much to handle. He couldn't just not do anything; he wasn't made of stone.

"John, darling, can I try something?" he asked, kissing the bassist's neck softly.

Immediately, John nodded, not hesitating for a second.

"If you don't like it, say the word and we'll stop, alright?"

"Y-Yes, please, Freddie."

That was all the singer needed to hear and he pulled John closer to him, pressing him completely against his body, spooning him perfectly, and then he gently pushed Frederico between John's thighs, unable to hold back a moan as he did that. John's thighs were soft and warm and pressed together and Freddie couldn't help but pull back a bit, only to push forward again.

It didn't take John long to understand what was happening, he looked down to see Frederico poking from in between his thighs and it was the hottest sight ever. But what made it even more hot was how Freddie kept rocking against him. It was gentle and soft, but very passionate and sensual. It was then that John realized that he had been pushing back all this time, moving his own hips. It surprised him a bit, but he was enjoying it too much to give it any serious thought. He gripped the sheets with
his hand, but then felt Freddie's hand over his own, intertwining their fingers and squeezing passionately.

"You sound absolutely divine," Freddie whispered from behind him, kissing his neck.

John wanted to ask what he meant by that, but then realized that he let out a moan every time Freddie moved against him and it did make him blush, but even if he wanted to stop moaning, he couldn't.

It felt too good; the grinding, the neck kisses, feeling Freddie's chest against his back, hearing Freddie breathing heavily and moaning.

Their moves weren't sharp, there was no slapping of body parts, not thrusting; just gentle grinding and John pressed his thighs even closer together, squeezing Frederico, making Freddie just whimper in pure ecstasy.

"P-Please, touch me," John pleaded, feeling he was so close, but needed that final push that would send him over the edge.

Freddie obliged, but was not willing to stop holding John's hand just yet. He moved, sneaking his other arm under John's neck, offering it to the bassist who immediately understood, quickly taking it in his own and resting his head on Freddie's arm.

Freddie's free hand moved down and gently wrapped itself around William, giving it a soft squeeze before starting a pumping motion. John whimpered, turning his head to look at Freddie and he almost finished at the sight of the singer's half opened eyes, full of passion and love. They kept the eye contact for a few long moments as they moved against each other and then Freddie bit his lip before pressing his mouth against John's, at the same time giving a very firm squeeze to William.

John could feel himself just come undone and he wanted to last a bit longer, but it was impossible. He moaned against Freddie's lips, his entire body tensing for a moment before he started twitching as pure pleasure took over him. The last thing he saw before his eyes rolled back was Freddie smirking at him, looking very pleased with himself.

"That's it, darling. Let go, I'm here," he said quietly to him, placing soft kisses on John's shoulder, holding him close as he rode out his orgasm.

Suddenly John went completely limp in his arms, breathing heavily, looking thoroughly fucked. Freddie stopped moving against him, giving the bassist the time to recover, watching his chest rise and fall with each breath. Feeling a bit naughty, Freddie gave William one last squeeze and immediately John let out a whimper, his hips twitching with aftershocks.

The singer chuckled, wiping his hand on the blanket, "I'm sorry, darling. You look too beautiful, I couldn't help but touch you again. Do you forgive me?"
John still had his eyes closed, but he nodded, smiling a bit.

"Absolutely beautiful," Freddie murmured, pulling John closer and pressing himself against him. John looked so very vulnerable at that moment; anything could be done to him and he probably wouldn't even notice let alone be able to stop it. It made Freddie feel special knowing that John trusted him enough to just lie beside him like that in his most vulnerable state, with his eyes closed.

And because he looked so very innocent at that moment, it really caught Freddie off guard when he felt John push back against him, pressing his thighs together, making Frederico feel all kinds of sensations.

John slowly opened his eyes and looked at his boyfriend, smiling a bit, "G-Go on," he said quietly.

"Are you sure?"

"Mhmm," John nodded, his smile growing, "I want you to."

Freddie did not need to be told twice; he was hard as a rock and leaking already, it would be physically painful to leave it like that and just go to sleep. Freddie thought of wanking off, but he couldn't reject John offering his warm and soft thighs.

Freddie slowly started moving again, very gently at first, just rocking his hips against John.

"Squeeze your legs tight for me, darling, okay? Can you do that for me?"

John nodded enthusiastically, pressing his thighs even closer together, almost afraid he'd accidentally squeeze the life out of Frederico.

Freddie thrusted up, hips stuttering a bit at the feeling. For a few minutes, the only sounds in the room were the mixed gasps and moans of both boys, and the bed creaking as Freddie started to fuck John's thighs even harder. John knew his thighs are going to be a mess of red, sensitive skin and dried ... things, but he didn't mind one bit. Just hearing Freddie moan his name as he moved against him was nearly enough to make William excited again, but unfortunately John was way too exhausted for another round.

When Freddie finally finished, it was the longest and gentlest orgasm John has ever witnessed his boyfriend experience. The singer wrapped his arm around John's waist, pulling him closer against him and the bassist could feel every single twitch and jerk and gasp that came from Freddie.

Slowly, he relaxed his hips as he felt Freddie stop moving and they just remained in that position for a few minutes, just holding onto each other, kissing and caressing.
"D-Did we really just do ... that?" John asked, chuckling, "What was that?"

"That was ... thigh fucking, darling," Freddie replied, his voice still very raspy and deep, "And we nailed it. No one would be able to tell that was our first time."

John turned red, "I-I liked that."

"I liked it too, darling. Very much," the singer whispered, kissing John's cheek, "So much that I am currently unable to move. I swear, I cannot even lift my finger."

That did make John proud and all warm on the inside, but he could feel that he was very sticky. Looking down at himself, he grimaced when he noticed they made the bed dirty. Yet again.

Immediately, Freddie realized what John was thinking about and less than a moment later, he sat up, grabbing the nearest blanket and wiping off any leftovers from the covers. They would still have to do the laundry in the morning, though. Freddie smiled as he gently cleaned John's belly and thighs and it suddenly occurred to him who John reminded him of.

"My beautiful nymph," Freddie whispered to him, smiling from ear to ear.

John chuckled in confusion, "Nymph?"

"With your beautiful hair and pale skin and those ... soft eyes and shy smile. You are like a perfect nymph," Freddie explained, throwing the blanket to the floor as he finished cleaning them both up.

"Stop," the bassist blushed, hiding his face in the pillow.

"When you blush you remind me even more of a beautiful, shy nymph, who just got caught in the forest by a hunter," Freddie smiled, going to lie down next to John.

"And you're the hunter?" the bassist laughed, looking at his boyfriend, "A very gentle hunter."

"Me, a hunter? I could never hurt an animal, forget about it. I'd rather shoot myself in the foot, dear."

"And apparently run after nymphs?" John teased, making himself comfortable against Freddie and closing his eyes.

"What can I say? They are my weak spot."

John giggled at that, but it turned into a yawn.
"Rest, my darling. And I'll take you our for brunch tomorrow."

"I want a muffin," John murmured sleepily.

It only made Freddie chuckle, "Alright, we'll get muffins."

"And a cupcake."

"And a cupcake. Anything you want."

John kissed Freddie's chest before yawning again, "Good night, Freddie."

"Night, my love. Sweet dreams."

ooo

It took John a while to roll out of bed the next morning; for some reason he was exhausted. It might have been the emotional talk him and Freddie had the previous night or the ... exercise they had after and how late they went to sleep. He decided for a quick shower and on his way to the bathroom, he could hear Roger and Freddie talking in the kitchen and it immediately made him smile. He adored mornings like this, when everything was alright and they were just hanging out like friends.

John could still feel how sticky he was, there were dried things on his thighs and belly, but for some reason that made him really happy. Not the feeling of dried things on his skin, but knowing how it got there. It made his heart flutter just remembering the previous night and while it did begin badly, it ended wonderfully.

Wanting to be with Freddie and Roger as soon as possible, he took the quickest shower yet and threw on some comfy clothes before hurrying into the kitchen.

"John! My love! My darling!" Freddie greeted him very loudly before John even had a chance to say anything.

Roger just waved at the bassist, stuffing his face with a ham sandwich, "I need to eat this before Brian gets here and hangs me by my balls."

"I've made you some cheese on toast, my darling! Here, sit down," Freddie pulled the chair out and John quickly sat down, smiling from ear to ear. Considering how bad Freddie was in the kitchen, he really did make delicious toasts.
"All you feed him are those toasts with cheese," Roger commented, "Poor Deaky won't be able to fit into his pants soon if you keep this up."

"I won't mind a chubby John," Freddie replied, looking at his boyfriend with the biggest smile on his face.

John blushed, stuttering a bit, "W-We exercise a lot, don't worry, Rog."

"You two exercising? Sure," the drummer laughed, but then the realization dawned onto him, "Ewww. Push ups?"

"Oh, shush, darling," Freddie slapped Roger's shoulder, before turning his attention to John again, "Do you want some coffee? Some tea?"

The bassist chuckled, "Tea would be nice."

"I'm on it!"

"Deaky," Roger chuckled, "Have I told you about the time when Freddie accidentally made himself some pot tea?"

"No?"

"Well, your dumb boyfriend got up in the middle of the night and decided he might fancy some tea. And the dumbass found some ... weed in a jar and mistook it for tea. I knew something was off when I found him unusually cheerful and giddy in the morning," Roger laughed as he remembered.

Freddie placed a cup of tea in front of John, shaking his head, "That was an accident. I don't like drugs and I will never touch them.

John smiled at that, though he would pay to see a very cheerful and giddy Freddie.

After breakfast, they all moved into the living room and Freddie collapsed onto the sofa, sighing dramatically, "I have to change the sheets and do laundry."

"Again?" Roger looked at him in surprise, "I swear, you two are changing sheets every three days!"

Freddie just smirked at that while John turned red, but neither of them commented anything. It was really strange that Roger, being the overly sexual person that he is, did not realize why the sheets were changed so often, but John didn't mind one bit.
Looking anywhere but at the drummer, John's eyes landed on something in the corner of the room.

"Is that ... is that a telly?" he asked, confused a bit, "I didn't know you two had a telly."

"We did have it, but it sort of ... broke down a few months ago," Freddie explained, "We intended to buy a new one or get that one fixed, but ... that costs money and then we just gave up on it."

"We learned to live without it," Roger shrugged.

"All he ever watched were pornos, darling," Freddie muttered to John, making him chuckle.

"All you ever watched were those old black and white movies," Roger shot back, rolling his eyes, "Pornos are better than that. Am I right, Deaky?"

"Er ... I-I mean, different people have different tastes," John carefully answered, then quickly changed the subject, "I can take a look at the telly and see if it can be fixed?"

"That'd be great!" Roger immediately jumped to get the TV and bring it to John.

"Have I told you that I love watching you fix things?" Freddie purred, giving John heart eyes.

"Yes, yes, you've told him that a thousand times already," Roger interrupted Freddie's flirting and placed the TV in front of John on the table.

"Do your magic, Deaks," Roger said, grabbing Freddie's arm and pulling him away, "You go do the laundry. I can't have you here bothering him while he's working. He might make a mistake and get electrocuted. You know ... cutting the red wire instead of the green."

John laughed at that, "That's not actually how it works."

"Oh, no. You can get electrocuted?" Freddie suddenly looked very worried.

"No, I'll be fine," the bassist chuckled, "G-Go do the laundry, Freddie."

Before the singer could say anything else, Roger pushed him out of the room before collapsing onto the sofa, putting his feet on the table.

"So ... how did it break down?" John asked, eyeing the small telly in front of him carefully.
"It just wouldn't turn on one day."

"Hmm. I think the problem is the cable, not the TV."

"I don't know what that means," Roger said, then lowered his voice, "So ... you and Fred, huh?"

John let out a nervous chuckle, "Fred and I what?"

"You're really together? Really, really?"

"I-I think so," John replied, then quickly corrected himself, "Really, yes. We're ... together. I-I need a knife and some duct tape."

"Who are you planning on kidnapping?" Roger teased before hurrying into the kitchen to go get it. A moment later he reappeared, handing the objects to John.

"You know, Fred and I once duct taped our hands together and then we couldn't get it off for hours. Thankfully Brian came over, but not before one of us had to use the bathroom."

John chuckled, "Which one?"

"That will stay between myself and Freddie," Roger replied, laughing, "But ... about you two. You are really in a relationship? How long has it been now?"

"Officially or ... unofficially?" John asked as he worked on the TV.

"Both?"

"Well, officially for about a month and a half and unofficially for ... more than two months, actually," John's face lit up and he couldn't stop smiling as he spoke about it.

Roger nodded, "And it's for real? You two are an item?"

"I should hope so," John replied, chuckling.

"You know, John. I've already had the talk with Fred, but I haven't had one with you."

The bassist looked at him in confusion, "The talk?"
"It's not about the birds and the bees, don't worry," the drummer laughed, "It's just ... To be completely honest ... I didn't think the thing between the two of you would turn out to be so serious. I know Freddie and he's .. all over the place. I didn't think he'd actually settle down, you know? I thought he just wanted to fuck you, to be honest."

John tensed up, swallowing hard, "Oh."

"I was actually very against you two getting together, I nearly killed Freddie when I found out."

"I-I remember we had to hide from you," John admitted, "We thought ... He thought you wouldn't understand."

"I didn't. And ... I was wrong," Roger confessed, "The way he looks at you ... He's so in love that it makes me want to vomit from all the cuteness," he chuckled, "But he's in love. And now I have to have the talk with you. I-I have to threaten you. Sorry, Deaky."

John stopped working on the TV and turned his entire attention to Roger, "A-Alright?"

Roger cleared his throat. "It goes something like this. If you hurt Freddie, I'll hurt you. I'll kick your arse and push you off the roof. Understood?"

John just stared at him in fear and confusion.

"Deaky?"

"Y-Yes, I understand. You'll kill me if I hurt Freddie. I-I won't hurt him. I promise."

"Good." Roger suddenly relaxed, smiling. "That was the tough part. And here comes the last part. I've known Freddie for years. I know what he's like when he's sick. He's childish, annoying and a literal cry baby. He loves black and white movies. He loves listening to opera and he goes to ballet shows. For some reason he likes watching guys in tights jump around. Can you pretend to like those things for the rest of your life?"

John didn't even have to think about it; he smiled and nodded, "I can."

The drummer stared at him for a long moment as if to try and intimidate him, but then finally he chuckled, "Alright then. That was the talk. Good luck with the telly," he said, jumping up from the sofa and leaving the room.

John just sat there for a while, trying to understand what just happened. For some reason he felt as if
he just had the talk with his girlfriend's overly-protective father. Chuckling to himself, he turned his attention to the TV again.

ooo

It took John *hours*, but he finally managed to fix the TV. Freddie kept insisting he didn't have to try so hard, saying they'll buy a new TV, but John wanted to finish what he started. He even refused going out to get some ice cream, decided to fix that damn TV. As he struggled with the TV, Roger kept giving useless advice and Freddie kept playing with Delilah, calling her the love of his life which made John want to drop the TV to Freddie's head, but he somehow managed to control himself.

It was around six in the evening when he finally fixed it. He just collapsed onto the sofa, exhausted as Roger and Freddie clapped with excitement.

"Oh my god!" Roger said, "I can't believe it's working again!"

"My man is extremely useful, Rog," Freddie bragged, "He changes light bulbs, fixed TV. Is there anything you can't do?"

As John as about to reply, Roger interrupted him, "Our sink is acting a bit weird, Deaks. Mind taking a look?"

John nodded and went to stand up, but Freddie pushed him back down onto the sofa, "Not today, darling! You look exhausted. Let me take you out?"

"S-Sure," the bassist replied, smiling, "Where are we going?"

"Anywhere you want. Just say the word and I'll take you there."

"Bali," Roger teased as he walked out of the room.

John chuckled, then took a deep breath, "We can go ... to a club. Our club."

Freddie's eyes lit up at that suggestion, "Are you sure? We can go for a walk or something - "

"Freddie," the younger boy chuckled, "We're not seventy years old just yet."

"That's the spirit, darling! Alright, up you go. We need to get dressed!"
John was already pretty used to gay clubs; he'd never go to one alone, but he was perfectly fine going with Freddie. Just seeing the excited look on Freddie's face was enough to make John happy. He knew the main reason guys went to gay clubs was to hook up, but that did not seem to be Freddie's motive anymore. It appeared he just enjoyed the atmosphere, the music and being free to do what he liked and kiss John without being judged.

They pushed their way to the bar and sat down, ordering two beers. Freddie was already dancing, at least his upper body was and he took down his fur coat, carefully placing it over his chair.

"Hot, isn't it?" the singer asked, already sweating a bit.

"It really is," John replied, taking off his own coat, "We can ... dance later?"

Freddie's face lit up, "Really?"

"Really," the bassist replied, smiling.

Freddie clapped in excitement and then quickly leaned closer to John, gently pressing their lips together. It still felt a bit strange doing it in public, but John quickly relaxed, responding to Freddie's kiss. When they broke apart, Freddie still remained very close to John, their faces inches apart.

"I love you," he said in a serious voice, looking straight into John's eyes.

"Just because I said I'd dance with you?" the bassist chuckled.

"No!" Freddie laughed, playfully slapping John's knee and moving away from him so he could take a sip out of his beer.

Feeling a bit mischievous, John raised his eyebrow, "You'd say you ... have a lot of experience with flirting and ... pick up lines?"

Freddie nodded, "I'd say so, yes. Why, darling?"

"What are a few of the craziest pick up lines you've heard?"

That made the singer laugh, "Oh, darling. I can talk about that all night. One guy said to me that his cock died and if he can bury it in my arse."
John nearly choked on his beer at that, "W-What?"

"I gave him a point for creativity, but that was too vulgar. Even for me, so I sent him away," Freddie chuckled, then thought of another one, "Another one complimented my arse and asked when does it open."
That made John chuckle and he couldn't help but ask, "What did you say to that?"

"I told him my arse is permanently closed. It went bankrupt after all the horrible, poor customers that kept visiting it," Freddie rolled his eyes, then he remembered another one, "This one guy used a very simply line. He said he can't think straight around me. I thought it was pretty funny."

"Those are very ... interesting lines," John blushed.

"I know and I've used some of them, but then decided to just stick to the simple 'How big's your cock' one," Freddie smirked, then leaned closer to John, "How big's your cock?"

"Er ... " John swallowed hard, "I-It's pretty n-normal. I think? I-I don't know. It's not anything special, I think - "

"Oh, darling," Freddie laughed, brushing John's hair out of his face, "It's a good thing we didn't meet in a club. If that was your answer to my question, I'd apologize for bothering you and left you alone."

John groaned in embarrassment, "I-I'm not good with this."

"Don't stress about it, dear," Freddie smiled, "I quite like that you're not good with it."

Just as John was about to reply, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning to look who it was, he was met with a very tall, dark, attractive guy in a tank top.

"Excuse me," the guy said, never taking his eyes off of John, "I was just wondering if you mix concrete for a living?"

John blinked at him, not understanding.

The guy smirked, "Because you are making me hard."

Freddie slapped the guy's hand off of John's shoulder, sending him a death glare, "You know what else is hard, darling? My fist. Go away."
The guy did not seem to be too bothered by the rejection and he quickly moved on to the other guy that was sitting behind Freddie. John needed a few moments to react and when he did, a chuckle escaped him, "Have you heard that one before?"

"About the concrete? No, I haven't," Freddie laughed, relieved that John was able to find humor in the situation, "I'll have to add it to the list."

"But," John raised his eyebrow, "I'm the only one you are allowed to use those pick up lines on."

"Oh, no," Freddie sighed dramatically, "And here I was, hoping I could use it on Brian and Roger."

The bassist laughed at that, but then Freddie grabbed his arm, pulling him off of his chair and onto the dance floor. It happened so suddenly that he didn't even have the time to think and worry. Freddie spun him around and pressed himself against John's back, resting his hands on his hips, guiding the movements. John just laughed, but was then quickly turned around again and he bumped into some guy.

"S-Sorry, sorry!" he apologized, but before he could say anything else, the singer pulled him back into his arms and kissed him passionately.

John chuckled against his boyfriend's mouth and rested his hands on his shoulders. The dance floor was pretty crowded, but to John it felt as if he was alone there with Freddie. He soon realized he didn't even have to dance; Freddie was throwing him around like he was a rag doll, but it was so hilarious to John that he just kept laughing.

When he had enough, he motioned to Freddie that he desperately needed something to drink and the singer nodded, pushing their way through the crowd. Once they returned to their seats, Freddie ordered them another round of beer, even though both still had their previous drink and had barely drank any of it. Even though Freddie offered no explanation, John knew what it was about. They left their drinks unattended and while it was for less than twenty minutes, Freddie did not want to risk it and John was grateful that he didn't have to say anything and the singer just took care of that issue.

"I'm sweating my balls off!" Freddie complained, wiping the sweat off of his forehead, "I might go out for a smoke. To cool down. If that's alright with you, darling?"

"Sure, we can - "

John immediately stopped talking as he noticed a guy approach them, but this time the stranger did not address John, but Freddie. He placed his hand on the singer's shoulder, making him look at him.

"Hello," the guy said, smiling from ear to ear.
"Er ... Hi," Freddie greeted back, "Look, darling. We're not interested, unless you have a funny pick up line, in which case we'd like to hear it, but then I'd have to ask you to leave."

"Pick up line?" the guy laughed, "Alright, how about ... Last time you ran away before I could have you a proper handjob, would you like me to finish the job tonight?"

It took John a few moments to understand what was happening, at first he didn't have any idea who that guy way and even Freddie was confused. But then realization dawned onto Freddie's face and he went completely pale.

"Oh, you're - "

"Jonathan? Yes, you were pretty drunk, but it's still very rude to forget a name. Especially since my hand was in your pants," the guy laughed, then turned his attention to John, "Oh, hello. I'm Jonathan."


"Nice to meet you. Can I buy you two a drink?"

Freddie shook his head, still very shaken up, "N-No, no, we're ... just leaving, actually."

"Again?" Jonathan laughed, "I might think you're avoiding me! The last time you ran so fast, you forgot your coat. I called after you, but you were already gone."

"I-I came back for it," Freddie replied, his body completely tensed up.

John couldn't help but observe the scene in front of him. Jonathan seemed even skinnier than him; perhaps it was because of the clothes he was wearing. A very skin-tight pants and a tank top. His face was beautiful and it seemed as if he was wearing a bit of makeup to make his eyes pop.

It was weird; John wasn't jealous. He thought he'd be, seeing a guy that gave Freddie a handjob or half a handjob, but he wasn't. He felt uneasy, but it was apparent by the expression on Freddie's face that he didn't want to do anything with that guy. The singer seemed shaken up to the core, barely able to utter a word. He kept throwing glances at John, but it seemed as if he was afraid to look at him for longer than a second.

Jonathan actually did not seem like such a bad guy; he had a bubbly personality and seemed sweet enough, but clearly not understanding that Freddie and John were together. Seriously together. Why would he? They were in a gay club and people go to the gay club to hook up and have fun.
John took a deep breath and slowly placed his hand on Freddie's knee, "A-Actually, we're ... here together and we'd ... like to be alone."

He could tell that Freddie was shocked by that, but he still said nothing, only placed his hand over John's and squeezed.

Jonathan immediately removed his hand from Freddie's shoulder, "I-I'm sorry. I didn't realize. I thought ... You know, I actually remember him mentioning a guy when we ... he wouldn't shut up about him."

That actually made John chuckle and blush and Jonathan already started backing away, "Anyway, you two have a fabulous night! Adios!"

"A-Adios?" John replied, a bit confused.

The moment Jonathan disappeared, the bassist met Freddie's eyes, smiling at him, "It's alright."

"It's not," the singer shook his head, looking down in shame, "It's not alright. I really fucked up."

"It's ... in the past," John said firmly, "It's behind us. Don't let it ruin our night."

Freddie opened his mouth to protest and apologize again, but after seeing the look on John's face, he decided to let that subject go. He couldn't help but tease a bit though, "John Richard Deacon. Did you just assert dominance over me?"

John giggled, biting his lower lip, "W-Well, you weren't saying anything and I had to step in."

"It was ... very ... hot. You should do it more often. Darling?"

"Y-Yes?"

"Do you mix concrete for a living?"

John squealed, slapping Freddie's knee, "Shut up! And ... we should head home. I'd ... like to try something with you."

That caught Freddie's attention, "Try what?"

John just smiled and stood up.
"Try what, darling? Darling? Try what?"

ooo

Freddie kept pestering John on the way home, but the bassist wouldn't budge. He just kept giggling and refusing to answer his question. He did realize that Freddie could act like a literal child and every time he felt the need to kick him, he had to remind himself that he loved him so very much.

After arriving back home, John sent Freddie to the bathroom, telling him to go shower and that he'd tell him later. It was the quickest shower Freddie has ever taken, he was out in less than five minutes.

"Now wait in the living room and I'll go shower," John said, walking out of the room.

"Darling! That's not fair. You said you'll tell me after I was done showering," Freddie complained, collapsing onto the sofa. It was only then that he realized how silent the flat was.

"Roger?" he called out, but got no answer.

"Where is that dumb blond?" Freddie muttered to himself, then turned on the TV and made himself a bit more comfortable on the sofa.

His mind suddenly started replying the events at the club. He couldn't believe that he bumped into that guy again and what was even more surprising was how well John took it. Freddie was ready to go down to his knees and beg for forgiveness, after he had gotten over his shock of seeing Jonathan again, but it wasn't necessary. John acted polite and he wasn't even that bothered by the entire thing. How was that possible? Yes, it was a mistake and Freddie would never stop apologizing for it, but he still deserved all the anger that John wanted to direct at him. He deserved to get slapped and punched and called names, but ... John wasn't like that. He'd never do that.

It warmed Freddie's heart that he managed to find himself such a good, kind person.

"Freddie?"

John's voice brought him back to reality and he quickly stood up, realizing it was coming from the bedroom.

"I'll be right there!" he called back and then quickly walked over to the sleeping Delilah in the corner of the room. He kneeled down next to her and reached out to pet her.

"You were supposed to sleep in my bedroom, darling," he whispered to her, "Uncle Roger doesn't
want you sleeping here."

The cat just stretched and purred in content.

"You're absolutely right," Freddie nodded, "Screw Roger. You sleep wherever you want to sleep, my darling. My love. My Queen."

Delilah purred again and Freddie chuckled, "Aww, I love you too. Sweet dreams."

With those words he stood up and quickly hurried off to this bedroom, excited to see what John was doing. And what he saw upon entering the room, was something he'd never expect to see.

John was sitting on the middle of the bed, wearing just his pajama bottoms. The lights were turned off, but there were a few candles lit, making the entire atmosphere very romantic.

After getting over his initial shock, Freddie chuckled, "Darling, if I didn't know you any better, I'd say you are trying to seduce me."

John smiled shyly, "M-Maybe I am."

"Oh, really?"

"Mhm."

Freddie would never expect John trying to seduce him and it was quite confusing, but he didn't want to make the bassist uncomfortable by asking too many questions and being too surprised.

He slowly approached the bed, taking off his shirt, letting it drop to the floor. The way John's sucked in a breath at that, made Frederico twitch with excitement. But as he crawled onto the bed to kiss John, he realized that the bassist was very nervous, almost trembling.

"What's wrong?" Freddie asked, bringing his hand up to move the hair out of John's face.

The bassist did not say anything, only pointed at their nightstand. Freddie looked at it and noticed a bottle of lube was placed on top of it.

"John - "

"I'd like to try ... what he did a few weeks ago? Do you remember?"
Freddie softly chuckled, "If I remember? Darling, of course I remember. You want to try fingering again?"

John's face turned red, but he nodded, "Y-Yes. If you'd ... like to."

"If I'd like to?" Freddie couldn't help but chuckle again, shaking his head in amazement, "My love, how can you ask me that? Of course I'd like to. But are you sure? What made you decide to try it again?"

The bassist shrugged, "I-I've been thinking about it. And ... I mean, I liked it the last time. It felt ... pretty amazing. And I figured ... we could try it again?"

It made Freddie's heart flutter and he couldn't help but feel enormous amount of pride and love for his boyfriend. Leaning forward, he pressed his lips against John's cheek, then his nose, teasing him. He could immediately feel John's nervousness going away, it was almost magical how quickly he relaxed.

Gently, he pushed John back down to the bed and settled in between his legs, hovering above him.

"Alright, darling. But you have to promise me something."

"A-Anything," the bassist breathed out, staring into Freddie's eyes.

"Tonight is only about you. There will be no 'let me return the favor' or 'I want you to feel good too'. I am feeling good by making you feel good, alright?"

John smiled and nodded, "Alright. I promise."

"You promise what?" he teased.

The bassist rolled his eyes, "That tonight is going to be all about me."

"Good boy," Freddie praised him, kissing his forehead.

He trailed his hand down John's chest, enjoying the soft, smooth skin, "Too bad you're already shirtless. I enjoy undressing you, darling."

"T-The next time I can wear multiple layers of clothes and a scarf and a hat and mittens," John chuckled, teasing.
Freddie laughed, "Oh, shush, darling," then something occurred to him. He cleared his throat, using his very low, deep voice, "If I had a garden, I'd put our two lips together."

John just blinked at him in confusion.

"Two lips. Tulips?" Freddie explained, chuckling at his boyfriend's confused expression.

"Oh! I get it," John chuckled, "You're an idiot. Why are you using pick up lines on me?"

Freddie just smirked, then licked his finger and wiped it on John's pajama pants, "Let's get you out of these wet clothes, darling."

"Freddie, stop!" John laughed, covering his face with his hands, "Those are horrible!"

The singer licked his lips slowly and said, "I may not go down in history. But I will go down on you."

John just groaned, trying to hold back his laugh and Freddie gently pulled down John's pants, letting them drop to the floor. With a quick kiss to John's neck, he started moving lower, leaving a trail of kisses and occasional licks down John's chest, giving a bit of attention to his nipples, only leaving them alone once they were nice and hard.

John shivered at the feeling and gripped the sheets under him, forcing his eyes open to look at Freddie. A moan escaped him when he saw Freddie's head finally reach his groin area.

"P-Please?" John whispered.

"You don't have to beg tonight, darling. I won't tease you tonight," Freddie assured him, then raised his eyebrow, "Well, perhaps I'll tease you a bit."

With those words he returned back to the task, noticing that William was already quite excited, but not nearly enough. Freddie placed a kiss on top of it, through the material of John's briefs and the bassist squealed, moving his hips up a bit.
It only made Freddie chuckle, but he remembered his promise about not teasing and he hooked his fingers under the waistband of John's underwear and slowly pulled down. William sprung out, nearly smacking Freddie on the face, but the singer moved in the last moment.

Once John was completely naked, Freddie just took a moment or two to simply observe and admire him. He truly was a sight and he could spent the entire night just looking at him like that.

"F-Freddie?"
"Yes, darling?" the singer looked up, noticing that John was raised up on his elbows.

"Kiss me?"

Freddie's heart nearly melted at that and he quickly moved up John's body, bringing his hand up to cup his face as he gently pressed their lips together. John smiled against the kiss and feeling that immediately made Freddie smile as well. When they broke the kiss, Freddie nuzzled against John's cheek, "Can I now kiss William, darling?"

John nodded, still smiling as he laid back down. With one last caress, Freddie returned to his previous position, settling in between John's legs and he wasted no time, taking William into his mouth. Apparently, that surprised John, he expected a bit more teasing.

Freddie first twirled his tongue over the head only, letting John get used to the feeling. After a few moments he pulled off, only to drag his tongue down the entire shaft, making John shudder with pleasure. He quickly took him in his mouth again, deliberately grazing his teeth down John's length and judging by John's loud moan, he quite liked that. It was obvious he had never experienced anyone accidentally biting his cock and therefore had nothing to fear, no uncomfortable memories.

Freddie increased the pressure around William and the only sound in the bedroom besides John's moans and ragged breathing, were the sounds of Freddie's wet mouth gliding and sucking all the way from the tip down to the bottom.

Noticing that William was as excited as he could get, he pulled off of it, placing a kiss on John's thigh.

"Can you bend your knees for me, darling? Place your feet on the bed."

John immediately obeyed, doing as he was told.

And then an idea occurred to Freddie, "Can I try something, dear? It won't hurt."

"Yes, yes, yes. S-Sure," John quickly nodded his head, still not opening his eyes, completely lost in the pleasure.

Freddie grinned and lowered his head in between John's thighs again, only this time a bit lower. He licked John's tea bags and then let his tongue wander lower, searching for John's entrance. When he finally found it, he dragged the tip of his tongue over the ring of muscles, but then suddenly John squealed, raising his hips up in shock, smacking Freddie's face in the process.

"Oh my god!" John yelled, sitting up, "Oh god, Freddie! I-I'm so sorry."
The singer sat up as well, holding a hand over his hurt nose. It did make his eyes water, but thankfully it wasn't anything serious.

He chuckled, "It's fine, darling. I'm alright."

"D-Did I break your nose? I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to - "

The singer removed his hand from his face, "My nose is fine. See? Don't worry, dear. Besides, it was my fault. I shouldn't have done that without warning your first."

"Are you really alright? Your eyes are red, Freddie."

"I'm fine," the singer laughed again, "Really, John."

There were a few moments of complete silence and the John grimaced, lowering his voice, "You ... you really did that. F-Freddie!"

"Did what?" the singer teased a bit, still sniffling.

"Licked my ... my ... you know. Why would you do that? Oh my god!"

"Because I think it's hot and I like doing it," Freddie explained, smirking a bit, "Besides, I think you'd really enjoy it, darling."

John blushed, shaking his head, "N-Not today. Maybe ... Oh go. M-Maybe some other time."

"Promise? Just a lick?"

"Eww!" the bassist grimaced again, but this time he also laughed at the same time.

It took them a while to get back into their previous position; John kept apologizing to Freddie for nearly breaking his nose and Freddie kept reassuring him that he was fine. When John finally lied down again, Freddie was pleased to see that the entire incident did not affect William one bit. He was still up and ready.

Freddie caressed John's thighs, waiting for him to relax again. When he felt that he was calm enough, he asked, "Do you wish to change the position, darling? I know you didn't like this one the previous time."
John shook his head, "No, no. It's ... fine. We can try this one. Just ... keep talking to me."

"Of course. But are you sure? I don't mind - "

"I don't want you to hurt your hand, twisting it in an unnatural position," the bassist said, then giggled, "I almost broke your nose, I think that's enough for one night."

Freddie smiled, nodding. "Alright, dear."

He grabbed a pillow and placed it under John's hips, making everything a bit more .... Accessible. It didn't escape his attention that John tensed up slightly as he reached for the lube and he made sure to smile at the bassist and try and keep him calm with his expression and tone of the voice.

Freddie has never gone this slow with anyone; none of his previous partners have been that terrified of the fingering and Freddie was in a weird place; one part of him wanted to go as slow as possible and be as understanding and gentle with John and the other part could not wait to get his finger inside John. He nearly moaned at the thought of that.

"Breathe, darling," he instructed as he squirted some lube in his hand, warming it up a bit.

"B-Breathe, alright," John nodded, taking in a deep breath, before slowly letting it out.

Once Freddie felt the lube was warm enough, he moved closer to John and his index finger found the bassist's entrance and John immediately tensed up.

"I'll go slow," Freddie said softly, "Tell me to stop if you change your mind."

John smiled shyly at him, nodding his head. Deciding that he should gave a bit more pleasure to the bassist, Freddie wrapped his hand around William, giving it a soft squeeze.

John let out a high pitched moan and Freddie took that opportunity to push his finger inside, not all the way, but the hardest part was done. The most tricky part, at least with fingers, was that tight ring of muscles right at the entrance.

John tensed up, his eyes snapping open.

"You're alright, darling. The hardest part is already done. How does it feel, my sweetness?"

"F-Fine," the bassist stuttered, "Tight."

Freddie could barely stop himself from moaning; yes, it was very tight. Once he felt John relax, he pushed his finger all the way in, causing John to whimper at the sensation and move away a bit, as if
he was trying to get away from it.
"Do you want me to stop?" Freddie immediately asked, ready to pull out.

"N-No, it doesn't hurt," John replied, sounding surprised, "It's just ... weird."

"Weird how, darling?" the singer asked, moving his other hand up and down William slowly.

The bassist's face turned even redder and he whispered, "Like ... Like I-I have to use the bathroom, but I don't. I know I don't."

Freddie chuckled at that, "I know what you mean, dear. You aren't used to having anything up there and you brain is sending signals that you need to push it out. It takes a few times, a bit of practice, and your brain gets used to it. Don't worry, darling."

John did feel a bit embarrassed by it all, but Freddie's calm, soothing voice made everything better. He forced himself to relax even more and he nodded, "Y-You can ... move now."

Freddie did not need to be told twice; he pulled his finger out slowly and then pushed in again. He did that a few times and he could already feel John relaxing completely. The bassist did hold the eye contact with him and rested his hands on Freddie's thighs.

It was then that Freddie hooked up his finger, touching that one particular spot and John's eyes rolled back with pleasure as he cried out.

"Does that feel good, darling?" Freddie asked, even though it was obvious that it felt good.

"Oh god, yes," was John's reply, "M-More, please."

Freddie let go of William, using his free hand to hold John's hand, knowing that the bassist needed the connection when in such a vulnerable position. And Freddie needed it as well.

He rubbed that bundle of nerves inside John a few more times, turning the bassist into a trembling, moaning mess in the process. It did make Freddie curious; he had never felt that kind of pleasure and he couldn't help but wonder if it really felt that good.

"W-Wait, Freddie, stop," John suddenly said, opening his eyes.

The singer froze at those words, not daring to move an inch, "I'm going to pull out, darling, alright?"

"No!" John stopped him, "Wait, no. I-I want you to continue. I just ... maybe you could use two f-fingers?"
Freddie let out a shaky breath at that suggestion; it actually sent a shiver down his entire body and it was already very painful to keep ignoring Frederico.

"Are you absolutely sure, darling?"

"Yes," John replied, letting out a nervous laugh, "I-I want to."

"Alright."

Freddie was shaking from excitement and arousal; he quickly grabbed the bottle of lube, adding some more, forgetting to warm it up. John hissed at it touched him, but then only chuckled.

"I'm terribly sorry, John! Shit," Freddie quickly apologized.

"I-It's fine, don't worry about it."

"A-Alright," the singer nodded, taking a deep breath. He pushed another finger in, well, he tried, but John tensed up, his face grimacing.

"Relax for me, sweetheart. My love, my sweetness," Freddie spoke softly to him, watching as a smile appeared on John's face from those words.

Slowly, he tried again, pushing the second finger in and John pulled away slightly, grimacing again.

"Does it hurt, sweetie?"

"A bit," John admitted, "Are you sure it can fit?"

Freddie almost chuckled at that question, but stopped himself, "I am sure, darling. I'm sure you've had turds bigger than my two fingers."

John squealed in embarrassment, "Freddie! Oh my god!"

This time the singer did laugh, squeezing John's hand in comfort, "You are going to be fine, dear. I won't hurt you."

When he felt John relax, Freddie tried again, slowly pushing the tip on his finger in. He could feel John pushing down, just like he told him to do when they first tried it. And it seemed to do the trick; the tip of the second finger was in and John was breathing heavily, squeezing Freddie's hand.
"Are you alright?" the singer immediately asked, noticing the distress on John's face.

"Y-Yes. Is it i-in?" he replied, still breathing heavily.

"It is, darling. Are you sure you're alright?"

John just nodded and Freddie took that as a sign that he can continue. Very slowly, he pushed the second finger in almost all the way; surprised by how easily and smoothly that went. Freddie had to take a moment for himself, closing his eyes and trying to pull himself together.

John was too warm, too tight, too soft.

When he opened his eyes again, he could see John staring at him, but there was something weird about the look in his eyes.

It seemed glazed, almost dead. There was no emotion on his face and that worried Freddie.

"Love? Speak to me, please?"

John just remained silent, trembling slightly. It made Freddie very uneasy; John didn't look as if he was in pain, but he seemed off.

"John, darling? I need words. Are you alright? Do you need me to stop?"

It was then that Freddie realized that John wasn't looking at him; he seemed to be staring off into the distance, his eyes not concentrating on anything in particular. It made Freddie's stomach twist and he immediately pulled out his fingers, gently, but quickly. That did make John wince a bit, but his eyes were still glazed and his expression blank.

Freddie moved up to him, caressing his face, trying to get his attention, "John, my love? You're alright. I've stopped, darling. You're safe."

John said nothing to that, only started trembling more and even his teeth started chattering.

"Shit," Freddie swore, quickly pulling some blankets over John, wrapping him in them.

"My love, John, please, come back to me. You're safe, I promise," the singer pleaded with him, "It's me, F-Freddie."
When John got like this, it terrified Freddie. He could deal with crying and yelling, but when John became completely silent, it made Freddie absolutely terrified. He had no idea what to do or what was wrong. Gently pulling John up in a sitting position, he wrapped his arms around him, holding him close to his chest as he rocked them both back and forth slowly.

Freddie kept whispering sweet nothings in John's ear, doing his best to keep the panic out of his voice. After a few long and torturous minutes, Freddie felt something on his shoulder.

Wetness.

At first he was confused, but then realized what it was.

"No, no, don't cry, darling. It's alright, Everything is alright," he tried to soothe him, still not getting any response.

"You're safe and I love you, John. I love you so much. You're alright, I promise, darling."

He could feel the bassist relaxing in his arms until he went completely limp. Waiting a few minutes to be absolutely sure that he was asleep, Freddie gently placed John back down onto the bed. A sigh of relief escaped him as he realized that John was very much asleep and he seemed peaceful, which was a good sign.

Covering him up with blankets and making him as comfortable as possible, Freddie slowly moved away from him, getting up from the bed. He was too nervous to go to sleep or even lie down. Instead, he quietly slipped out of the room, leaving the doors open so he'd be able to hear if John woke up, and made his way to the kitchen. Not even bothering to turn the lights on, Freddie collapsed onto the chair and lit himself a cigarette, bringing it to his lips and taking a long drag.

He just sat there, in the darkness, smoking one cigarette after another, his hands shaking.

Chapter End Notes

Freddie needs a hug, John needs a hug. Everyone needs a hug. :/  
Shout-out to anyone who's still reading! Since December (!) You guys are the best.<3 ;)

Three months earlier ...

John shivered as he stepped outside of the theater and the cold late October air hit him, enveloping him completely. Meanwhile, Freddie was ecstatic beside him, almost jumping up and down as they walked towards the main street.

"Wasn't that marvelous, darling? Did you like it?" he asked, looking at John with hopeful eyes.

The bassist did not know what to say; it was his first time seeing a ballet show and to be completely honest, he had no idea what was going on half of the time. But he wasn't bored and that was ...

"I-I liked it," he chuckled, "It was interesting, really. I've never been to a ballet show before."

"Oh, I'm so glad you liked it, darling!" Freddie was smiling from ear to ear, "I've been trying to convince Rog and Brian to come to a show with me, but they said they hate ballet. Can you believe it?"

"Er ... no. It was really fun," John said, smiling nervously. All he could remember were guys in tights jumping around and singing and he was pretty sure the main character died because the others dragged him off of the stage and then a very sad music started playing.

John was very confused by what was happening, but what entertained him the most were Freddie's reactions. The singer was gasping whenever something dramatic happened and was in awe whenever they were just dancing on the stage, his eyes following their every movement.

"It was worth every single penny!" the singer stated, "It might have been the best ballet show I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing!"

The mention of pennies reminded John that he still had to give money to Freddie for his ticket as they met at the theatre and by the time John arrived there, the singer had already bought both of their tickets.

John quickly pulled his wallet out of his pocket, "I-I almost forgot, sorry!"

"What are you doing, darling?"
"How much was the ticket?"

Freddie playfully slapped his arm, "Oh, don't be ridiculous, darling!"

"W-What do you mean?" the bassist blinked at him in confusion.

"I invited you to the show. It was on me. Now put that wallet back to where it belongs."

"No, no. I want to -"

"Darling, you can pay for ... drinks the next time we go out, alright?"

John knew that was a lie. In his six days of knowing Freddie, he had been out to drinks with him three times and Freddie always insisted to pay. No matter how hard John tried, the singer just wouldn't accept it. And the strangest thing about it was Freddie's smile when he actually managed to pay; he seemed genuinely happy and pleased. It was obvious that he wasn't like some people who only insisted to pay so they'd seem nice and polite and generous; Freddie really was glad to pay and as awkward as it was to John that he always seemed to be tagging along for free, he did not want to erase that smile off of Freddie's face.

John out his wallet back into his pocket, promising to himself that he really would insist to pay the next time they were out for drinks.

"A-Alright. Thank you," he said to Freddie, blushing a bit.

"Don't mention it, dear."

They walked in silence for a few moments and then Freddie turned to him, "Tell me a bit about yourself, lovely. Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Oh, no, no. No. Not currently," John blushed even more, shaking his head, "W-What about you?"

"I'm as single as a slice of American cheese, dear!" Freddie laughed, waving his arms theatrically, "I'm as single as a dollar and I'm not looking for change."

John chuckled at that, a bit taken aback by how proud the singer seemed to be of his single status while John still struggled to admit that.

"I am not ready to settle down yet, dear. I am planning on living fabulously for another ... ten to twenty years and then I might consider being in a couple. But that person better be larger than life, I
won't settle for anything else," Freddie explained and while his tone was very over the top diva-like, he seemed to be completely serious.

"Oh, that's ... nice. I-I mean, good for you," John chuckled again, "But you never know. You can meet someone tomorrow and fall madly in love."

"Highly doubt that, dear," Freddie winked at him, "Because I already am highly in love. With my freedom."

John laughed at the quick spin the singer did after saying those words; he was never bored with Freddie. He might be a bit embarrassed by all the attention they were getting and all the strange looks at the singer just randomly doing some dance moves on the street, but he was never bored.

While Freddie was still an enigma to him, he couldn't help but be drawn to him.

It was obvious that his new friend truly was something special.

ooo

Freddie could not tell how long he was sitting in the dark kitchen, but one look at the ashtray and the five cigarette butts told him it had to have been more than an hour. Thankfully John was still sound asleep; Freddie listened for any noise that might be coming from the bedroom, but all he heard was silence. He tried to hold himself together, but was devastated. It's been a while since John got this bad and Freddie almost forgot what it was like. And the fact that it happened while Freddie was doing something to him, made it much worse. His mind couldn't stop replaying the events; he could see John's smile and could see him blushing and giggling. He was enjoying himself and then it all went to hell in a moment.

Was that it?

Could John not handle two fingers? What if there's no fixing that? What if it was too much for him? What if it would always remind him of that horrible thing that happened to him? What if he just really disliked the feeling?

Was he a horrible, sick person for wanting to push into John, burrying himself inside him completely? Was he a monster for sometimes thinking about that and how good it would feel? Was he sick for imagining all these things while wanking? Things like John riding him, bouncing on his cock happily?

Freddie stumped out the end of his cigarette in the ashtray which had the remains of more than a dozen other cigarettes. He then took another from the pack on the table and lit it up, bringing it to his lips again.
It was then that he heard the sound of the front doors opening. He knew it was Roger and was hoping the blond would just go directly to his own room; Freddie really was not in the mood for company or explaining what he was doing. Of course Roger walked straight into the kitchen, letting out a high-pitched scream when he noticed Freddie there. It startled the singer so much, he almost fell off of his chair.

"What ... What are you doing sitting here like that?" Roger asked, holding his chest, "You weirdo!"

"Would you lower your voice, Rog?" Freddie whisper-yelled at him, "John's asleep!"

"I don't think he can hear me all the way to the bedroom, Fred."

"He can. I left the door open."

"Well, go and close them," the drummer said, turning on the lights.

"No! Turn them off!" Freddie complained and Roger quickly obeyed, eyeing the singer suspiciously.

"Why exactly are you sitting in a dark kitchen at two in the morning?" Roger asked, taking a seat himself, noticing the full ashtray on the table.

"I-I couldn't sleep."

"Right," the drummer sighed, grabbing Freddie's cigarette pack and pulling one out for himself.

"Where were you anyway?" Freddie asked, sounding a bit irritated.

"At Brian's. I was hungry so I went there. I tried calling here to tell you that. Tell me, Fred. How long are we keeping the phone unhooked?"

The singer tensed up, shrugging his shoulders, "I-I don't know."

"Are you still angry at your sister?" Roger chuckled, taking a long drag from his cigarette, "What did she do, mate?"

It took Freddie a moment to understand, but once he did, he just shook his head, "That wasn't Kash, Roger."
"What do you mean?"

"That was Tom," Freddie simply stated, too tired to lie or pretend anymore.

Roger just blinked at him.

"It was Tom, but ... I-I didn't want to worry you or ... deal with your anger. He just called to annoy me," the singer sighed, rubbing his forehead.

"What's his address? What's his last name? I'll go break his teeth and then bring them to you," Roger said angrily, but surprisingly enough he was pretty calm.

"No, Rog. If I wanted that, I could have done it myself. It wouldn't really solve anything."

"Well, we won't know for sure until we try, will we?" the drummer asked, clenching his fists already.

"No," Freddie insisted, "Forget about it."

"Is that why you're sitting here? You're still upset?"

The older boy tensed up, shaking his head.

Roger sat upright in his chair, "What happened?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me what happened, Freddie," the drummer rolled his eyes, "I can see that you've not fine."

Freddie nearly teared up at that and spilled his guts to Roger, but he managed to stop himself, just shrugging his shoulders, "John and I ... we ... something bad happened tonight and ... "

"Did Tom - "

"No, no. It has nothing to do with him," Freddie shook his head, "John and I were ... we were ... " the singer struggled with words, debating with himself if it was right that he was explaining intimate details to Roger.
"Oh!" the drummer suddenly grinned, "You were shagging. It's a good thing I wasn't home!"

Freddie forced a smile, "Y-Yes, we were. Or trying to."

"You couldn't get it up?" Roger teased.

"What? No, that's not ... Just forget about it," the singer stopped talking and just looked down.

"No, I'm sorry! I was just joking around. I thought you needed that, Fred. I'm sorry, alright? Tell me what happened."

That made Freddie look up again and he slowly said, "We tried this ... new thing and he ... he freaked out. Well, it was more terrifying than freaking out. He ... he wasn't well."

"What was that new thing that you tried?"

"That's ... not important. Just ... I'm a horrible boyfriend."

"What are you talking about, Fred?"

"I'm horrible. I-I keep rushing into these things with him when he's clearly not ready and -"

Roger cut him off, "Judging by how happy and giddy John seems to be almost all the time, I think you're doing a pretty good job. Inside and outside of the bedroom, so cut the crap, Fred."

The singer just looked at him fearfully, not uttering a single word.

"While I do miss the single Freddie a bit ... from what I've seen," Roger continued, "You are a damn good boyfriend and you are going to stop feeling sorry for yourself and take your boyfriend out tomorrow. Go take him to get some ... muffins or some cake. And stop pitying yourself, it really does not do you any favors. You get these horrible bags under your eyes and -"

"Alright, I get ugly, I get it," Freddie chuckled, feeling slightly better.

"Good," Roger kicked his leg under the table playfully.

"What do you mean you miss the single Freddie?" the singer asked, raising his eyebrow.

"Isn't it obvious? I miss us waking up together in a dumpster," Roger laughed loudly, then
remembered that John was sleeping and he immediately covered his mouth with his hand.

"I must say, darling," Freddie drawled, "I was not particularly fond of those mornings."

"Well, me neither, but the night before was usually very fun. I spend the entire evening trying to convince Brian to go with me and perhaps ... wake with me in a dumpster, but he said I'm ... that I'm ... " Roger stopped, trying to remember, "It was some long word. I didn't understand it, but I think it was insulting."

"Incautious?" Freddie asked.

"No, no. It wasn't that. But close."

"Immature?"

Roger gave him a look, "I know what immature means, Fred. I'm not that daft."

Just as the singer was about to answer, he heard his name being called softly.

"Freddie?"

Both boys turned to see John standing at the doorway, wrapped in a blanket, his expression shy and hesitant. Immediately Freddie was on his feet, walking over to his boyfriend, placing his hands on John's shoulders, "Oh, darling. Did we wake you up? I'm so terribly sorry, dear. How are you feeling?"

"I-I'm fine," the bassist smiled weakly, but Freddie could see that he was anything but fine. He could feel that he was still trembling a bit and there was such sadness and fear in his eyes.

Roger quickly stood up, "I'll leave you two alone. I'm beat," with a smile, he rushed out of the kitchen and Freddie was very thankful for that. He needed to tend to John in private and he knew that the bassist would not be comfortable discussing anything intimate in front of someone else.

"Darling, come, sit down," Freddie helped him to a chair, "I'll make us some tea, alright?"

"N-No, no," John shook his head, "I'm not ... thirsty."

"It's not for your thirst, dear. It's to make you feel better," Freddie gently explained, trying very hard to keep his voice normal and not let the sadness and the fear get to him. He could see that John was observing him closely and he wanted to be the stable rock on which John could lean on.
"A-Alright then," the bassist smiled again, "Tea would be nice."

"That's better, darling," the singer smiled back and then put the kettle on, waiting for the water to boil. He turned around and couldn't help walking over to John, sitting down next to him, gently caressing his face. The bassist closed his eyes and leaned against the touch and it made Freddie let out the sigh of relief, realizing that the bassist wasn't angry with him.

But when John opened his eyes again, there were tears there and it broke Freddie's heart. Before he could say anything, John looked up at him, "I-I'm so sorry, Freddie. Really, I'm so .. so sorry. I - 

"Why are you apologizing, dear?" the singer cut him off, pulling his chair even closer to John so that the bassist was not sitting in between his legs, "Everything is .. fine. Don't worry about anything, alright? Perhaps we should wait until morning to talk about this? You still look pretty shaken up."

John shook his head, "N-No, I want to talk about it now because I need to apologize."

"Darling," the singer sighed, "You did nothing wrong. It was ... me, wasn't it? I-I went too fast, didn't I? Did I hurt you? I wasn't picking up on the signs that you're not alright and ... I-I somehow did not hear you saying anything."

The bassist looked up at him, "Freddie. You didn't hurt me. It didn't ... hurt. Not a lot. It was just ... "

"We'll talk about it in the morning, darling," Freddie smiled, placing his hand on John's knee gently, "Right now, we are both a bit shaken up. We'll drink the tea and hopefully it'll help us relax and then we'll go to sleep and start fresh tomorrow."

John smiled weakly and nodded.

"I love you, darling. Don't you forget that," Freddie softly said to him, then his expression turned concerned, "You're not ... I mean ... how are you feeling?"

"F-Fine. Just a bit ... sticky."

Freddie's eyes widened, "Oh! I-I forgot to clean you up! You fell asleep and I-I didn't want to - "

"It's fine, Freddie," John actually managed to chuckle, "I'm not baby. You don't need to ... wipe my arse. I can do it myself."

"I want to wipe your arse," Freddie said, then grimaced, realizing how that sounded, "That didn't come out right, dear. I-I meant - "
It actually made John giggle and the singer's heart nearly melted at that sound, "I know what you meant, Freddie."

After a few more minutes of staring at John and caressing his leg, Freddie stood up to prepare them some tea. After placing the cup in front of John, the bassist thanked him with a smile and untangled his arm from under the blanket he had wrapped around himself.

"I'm sorry you woke up alone, sweetie," Freddie whispered, the guilt eating away at him, "I-I just needed ... a smoke."

"I-It's fine, really. Delilah was curled up next to me."

"She was?" the singer was confused, "But I left her sleeping in the living room?"

"I guess she ... woke up and decided she needed cuddles," John explained, a smile forming on his lips, "Also ... I could hear you and Roger talking and it made me feel ... safe. I wasn't alone in a dark room."

Freddie let out a sigh of relief at that and took a sip of the tea, enjoying the taste and the smell.

"Not that I'm bragging," Freddie said slowly, raising his eyebrow, "But I believe this tea is the best I've ever made."

John took a sip as well and nodded, a bit surprised, "It really is. I-I guess you perform well under pressure."

"Who says I'm under pressure, darling?" Freddie dismissed that, acting cheerful, "I'm perfectly calm."

That was a lie. He was terrified of the conversation they would be having in the morning, but did not want to show that he was afraid, knowing it would affect John too. The bassist seemed to observe him closely and Freddie's calmness seemed to rub off on him. It was obvious he wasn't completely alright yet, but he wasn't tearing up or shaking anymore. And he actually managed to giggle a few times and Freddie took that as a very good sign.

Wanting to change the subject, Freddie forced a big smile on his face and clapped his hands in excitement, "We're rehearsing tomorrow! Or ... today, considering it's now almost three in the morning."

"I actually can't wait," John admitted, "I miss working."
"You are in luck, dear," the singer winked at him, "We also have a rehearsal tomorrow, the day after that and then we are performing in this collage bar. Roger's going to hang up flyers around the neighborhood which means I need to make them today."

John nodded, asking, "What did you have in mind?"

"Our crest with the information on when and where we will be performing," Freddie explained, than used his fatherly voice, "Darling, you need to be careful with that wrist of yours. Don't push yourself. If you feel it starting to hurt, say the words and we'll stop."

The moment those last words left his mouth, Freddie realized how he said something very similar a bit earlier in the evening, though it was an entire different situation.

"I-I promise we'll stop," the singer assured him again.

"I believe you," John replied once e noticed the panicked expression on Freddie's face.

"Good, good. That's ... good."

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the singer quickly finished his tea once he noticed that's John's cup was already empty.

"Alright, off to bed we go, dear. Come on," he said, helping John stand up. The singer kept observing him for any signs of pain of discomfort, though he knew it was very unlikely that any damage could have been done with two fingers and the amount of lube they used. Still, John was something else, not like the singer's previous partners and Freddie wanted to treat him as something delicate; he deserved to be treated like that.

The moment they entered the bedroom, Freddie noticed that Delilah really did move from the living room and was now curled up on the edge of their bed, sleeping peacefully. He couldn't help but smile at the sight; she looked absolutely adorable, but Freddie knew that John probably did not want her on the bed.

"Delilah, dear, you need to move," he whispered, walking over to the cat, but before he could scoop her up in his arms, John stopped him.

"Let her sleep with us tonight," the bassist whispered, smiling, "She won't be bothering anyone. We have more than enough space."

"Are you sure, dear? She can be a very early riser."
John gave him a cheeky smile, "If she does wake up early, I trust that you'll take her out of the room so ... I can get my beauty sleep."

"I don't think I can handle you being anymore beautiful, my sweetness," Freddie said to him, cupping his face in his hands and pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead. John closed his eyes and let himself enjoy the feeling, enjoy the calmness and the love he could feel radiating from his boyfriend and he let it envelop him completely. When he finally opened his eyes again, he got a bit lightheaded and had to grab Freddie's arm for support.

"Oh, sweetie, lets get you in bed," the singer whispered, helping John to bed, tucking him in like he was a child and to be completely honest; John did not mind.

The singer crawled in next to him, careful to not accidentally kick Delilah as he made himself comfortable. He pulled the covers over them both, followed by all the blankets he could reach and John sighed happily, immediately pressing himself against Freddie, resting his head on the singer's chest. Apparently how close they were at the moment wasn't enough for Freddie because he threw his leg over John, keeping him almost locked underneath him, but the bassist didn't mind. It only made him feel more secure and he couldn't help but press a soft kiss to Freddie's neck, thanking him for everything he was doing without actually using words. It seemed as if Freddie understood and just pulled him even closer as if he was saying 'Don't mention it, darling.'

"I really hope she doesn't pee on our bed," John suddenly said, breaking the silence.

Freddie laughed, "Oh, if she does that, she's in big trouble!"

"Really?" John chuckled, "What will you do to her?"

"I'll ... I will ..."

"Strong start, yes," John teased, "Continue."

"I will personally scold her," Freddie said firmly, making the bassist chuckle.

"Terrifying," he teased and then just snuggled closer to his boyfriend, letting his eyes close as sleep slowly started creeping back on him.

And while Freddie thought there would be no way he'd be getting any sleep tonight, he could feel John's sleepiness slowly envelop him as well. Just feeling the bassist relax against him completely, no sign of tension in him, the singer closed his eyes and within minutes he was asleep.

He was happy; he had John by his side and Delilah was sleeping by his feet with Roger right in the next room.
Everything was like it was supposed to be.

ooo

"Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey."

John recognized Freddie's voice and smiled, but still refused to open his eyes.

"I-I'm thinking of becoming a vegetarian, you know," John mumbled, trying to hide his face against the pillow."

"Oh. Well ... Wakey, wakey, eggs and ... vegetables."

That made John laugh and he finally opened his eyes, noticing his boyfriend was standing by the bed, holding a tray in his hands.

"I made us both some eggs and coffee," the singer smiled, "And look! We also have orange juice!"

"And flowers," John noticed a small vase of red tulips on the tray and his heart melted, "Freddie. You ... you didn't have to."

"Oh, shush, darling," the singer shrugged his shoulders, sitting down beside John and placing the tray on the bed.

"Where did you get the tulips?"

"In a flower store, dear."

"You were in a store already? What's the time?"

"Almost ten, dear," Freddie replied, "I let you sleep in a little and now ... hopefully ... you'll have breakfast with me?"

John noticed the slight hesitation in the singer eyes and he quickly nodded, a big smile appearing on his face, "Of course I'll have breakfast with you, Freddie. How could I not? This is ... " he looked at the tray next to him, "I don't have words."
"I just hope I didn't ruin the damn eggs. Roger helped me, but that's like two kids in the kitchen, playing with fire," Freddie sighed, chuckling to himself.

A horrible mental image of their entire flat being on fire, appeared in John's mind, but he quickly pushed it away. And then he realized that he was still just in his underwear and he felt even more nervous. What if he had to run outside, trying to escape from the fire, in his underwear? John's be mortified. But then he realized that he probably could spare a minute or two to get properly dressed, right?

"What are you thinking about, dear?" Freddie asked, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Oh, n-nothing," John let out a nervous laugh and took a sip of his coffee, enjoying the taste, "It's ... very good, actually."

"I'm getting better at this whole ... kitchen stuff, aren't I?" Freddie asked, a proud expression on his face.

"Yes, you could be a chef," John teased, giggling.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, darling. I will be a legend."

And while that was said in half a joking tone, John believed him.

After a few minutes of eating together and enjoying each other company, joking around and talking about small, unimportant things, they both could not continue to ignore the big elephant in the room. It was obvious by the looks they both were giving each other that the previous night was something they needed to talk about, but were afraid to approach the subject. John felt like it was his fault the things ended like they did, so it was only fair that he was the one to start talking.

He took a deep breath, "A-Alright. About last night - "

"I can't apologize enough, John," Freddie quickly interrupted him, guilt taking over his expression, "I wasn't paying enough attention to you, was I? I-I was so caught up in my own pleasure that I completely missed the signs that you were unwell. Did ... did I not use enough lube? I didn't, I-I probably didn't. Fuck. Sweetheart, I am so, so sorry for ... not hearing that you wanted to stop. I swear - "

"Freddie," John cut him off, taking a deep breath, his entire body tensing up, "You did nothing wrong. Absolutely nothing. You were p-perfect, really."

"How can you say that?"
"Because it's true. You ... couldn't have known that something was wrong because I-I didn't say anything," John explained, his voice barely above a whisper.

Freddie was silent for a long moment and when John dared to look up at him, he noticed a variety of different emotions cross his face; from sadness to confusion and then irritation which seemed really close to anger.

"What do you mean you didn't say anything, John?"

The tone in Freddie's voice sounded very accusing and it made John a bit confused and slightly frightened; he couldn't understand what the problem was.

"I thought we talked about this, John," Freddie continued, "You promised you'd tell me when you feel uncomfortable. You promised, John."

It was then that it all made sense to the bassist, especially the anger in his boyfriend's voice. Quickly, he shook his head, "N-No, it's not like that!"

"Then how is it?"

"I-I didn't ..." John had to stop to take a shaky breath, "I didn't know it was coming. I felt a- alright, yes, it was a bit painful, but not that much. It was bearable. And I-I was about to tell you to just ... hold still for a moment and then it ... it hit me."

"What did?" Freddie asked, his voice a bit softer.

"It felt like an ... o-out of body experience. I wasn't with you anymore, I-I was suddenly with him again, but I couldn't see him. M-My body just ... it just shut down and the next thing I remember is sitting up and you hugging me."

Silence.

John was looking down at his hands, afraid to see the anger on Freddie's face again. He couldn't stand it and he knew that he wasn't explaining what happened well and that Freddie had every right to doubt him.

"You were not responding to me," Freddie suddenly said, "I was trying to get your attention, but you weren't even looking at me. You went completely numb. It was ... horrifying."

"I-I'm sorry," John whispered, feeling tears welling up in his eyes again.
"You really did not feel it coming? It just struck you without a warning?"

John quickly nodded, "I-I swear. It's ... terrifying. I didn't even know ... Usually ... it's slower and I-I have the time to react, but - "

Immediately the last traces of frustration disappeared from Freddie's face and he moved closer to John, bringing his hands up to caress his face, "Oh, sweetheart. I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ... yell at you. I just ... I was horrified of the thought that I hurt you again."

"You didn't," John smiled weakly, "You were ... absolutely perfect."

"Are you sure you're not hurt?"

"I'm sure, Freddie," the bassist assured him, "In fact ... I-I didn't hate the physical aspect of it. I mean ... I was a bit uncomfortable, but I'd like to try it again."

Freddie seemed relieved to hear that and he cracked a smile, "Not anytime soon, dear."

That immediately worried John, thinking Freddie wasn't as interested in him anymore, "Why not?"

"We shouldn't rush into these things, darling. I'm in no hurry at all," he replied, though it did pain him to say those things. Freddie rarely even allowed himself to fantasize about going all the way with John; if he were to think about it often, he'd lose his mind. Yes, orgasms were no problem anymore and him and John were doing quite interesting things; the bassist was progressing quite wonderfully and Freddie never thought as if he was missing something while making love to him. However, going all the way was something that Freddie enjoyed doing and he'd be lying if he said he wasn't looking forward to one day finally getting to that point. Still, he knew that wasn't happening anytime soon and actively thinking about it or imagining it, would only make him miss it.

"And you're not ... angry with me for being so much trouble?" John quietly asked, playing with his fork.

"John, darling. I'm just so glad and relieved that you're not angry with me and that you're alright," the singer gently replied, "I was worried out of mind, running around, trying to get the most beautiful tulips for you."

John giggled, "You didn't have to do that, Freddie. But I appreciate it. I love you."

"I love you more, sweetie. You can't even begin to imagine!" the singer quickly leaned closer to John, giving him a soft kiss, his lips lingering there for a few moments, just enjoying the feeling, before pulling back only to find John completely blissed out, his eyes half closed.
"Eat your breakfast, dear!" Freddie chuckled, quite enjoying the fact that he had such power over John and that he was able to put him into almost a delirious state with just a kiss.

Seeing how relaxed and at ease John seemed to be while enjoying his scrambled eggs, Freddie finally let out a breath that he was holding in since the last night's incident. At least it felt that way. When Freddie woke up that morning, his chest physically hurt, but all seemed to be well now.

OOO

After their romantic breakfast in bed, Freddie and John walked into the living room just in time to hear the doorbell ringing. Roger jumped to his feet, sprinting towards their front door.

"That's probably Brian," Freddie explained, "I believe we need to leave for rehearsal in ... " he looked at the clock, "Two hours."

John nodded, more than excited to get back to work and get his mind off things.

"Well well well. Look what the cat dragged in," Roger's voice could be heard.

"What do you mean? I was here a couple of days ago," Brian replied, "Besides, you were at my flat last night."

"Brian, just ... shush. Alright? Just ... let me have this moment?"

"You just wanted to use that phrase, didn't you?" Brian sighed as he entered the living room, "Hello. Fred. John. How have you been?"

"Very well, darling. And you?"

"I got very little sleep last night because this one wouldn't leave until two in the morning," Brian sighed, pointing at the drummer who just rolled his eyes at that.

Freddie laughed and then pulled his notebook from under the table, deciding to make a handwritten invitation to their show that was in three days. While they did perform quite regularly, most people had no idea what they were called. And no one actually came to the club to see them as a band because they did not advertise themselves.
As Freddie concentrated on putting together a flyer, Roger and Brian started debating what their next step should be.

"I think we should send a few demos to various record labels," Roger suggested, "We can't just wait and hope we get discovered."

"I don't think we have a right song for that yet," Brian disagreed, "We need something stronger. I don't feel comfortable sending something I'm not completely satisfied with."

"I know we're better than a lot of those bands that did get picked up!"

"Darlings!" Freddie looked up from his notebook, "I have an idea about what we should wear at the show!"

"Can it be my choice this time?" Roger sighed.

"Of course. As long as you choose what I choose," Freddie replied casually, making John chuckle. And then the smile immediately disappeared from his face as he remembered what Freddie usually wore for their performances.

Skin tight leotards.

Pants so tight they could rip apart at any sudden movement.

John's eyes widened in shock at the thought of having to wear those himself.

On stage.

In front of people.

"I was thinking of us all wearing something white," Freddie explained, looking down at his drawing, "That way even the person at the back of the bar could see us. I already have my leotard picked out - "

"I'm not wearing a leotard, Fred!" Roger quickly said, shaking his head.

Brian shifted uncomfortably, "I have to side with Rog on this one."
"I am not suggesting you wear leotards," Freddie rolled his eyes, "I am suggesting you pick something white. I don't care if it's a dress or trousers, darling."

All three boys visibly relaxed at that and John let out a sigh of relief. And then he noticed that Freddie was looking at him; staring actually. John tried to not think anything of it, but he could not help but notice the singer looking at him every few moments before quickly lowering his gaze to his notebook.

"Oh, also," the singer sighed, "Don't go to the bathroom."

Roger blinked at him in confusion, "Why not?"

"I saw a spider."

"Why didn't you kill it?" the drummer demanded to know; sometimes he was really surprised at how soft Freddie was.

"I have two arms and it has eight. How is that fair?" Freddie asked him and he was being completely serious.

Brian decided to join the conversation, "You can't just kill things, Rog."

The drummer rolled his eyes, "My apologizes. You probably avoid stepping on ants, don't you?"

"That's different!"

"And what about all those poor flies that died hitting your windshield?" Roger chuckled, "Did you prepare a funeral for each and every one of them?"

"That is not the point," Brian was becoming irritated and John couldn't help but feel amused by the situation. As Roger and Brian continued arguing, John looked at his boyfriend and found him staring at him once again.

"What?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, nothing, dear."

John leaned closer to Freddie, taking a look at how the official invitation to their show was turning out. Much to his surprise, there was no Queen crest or information about the bar they were supposed to be performing at. There was a drawing of his face.
John just stared at him for a moment; it was beautifully drawn. It wasn't completely finished just yet, but John was still taken aback by it.

"A-Are we hanging up my face around the town?" the bassist joked, "Let me tell you I am not comfortable with that."

"Oh, I assure you people would rush in to see us if I used your face on the flyers, darling," Freddie winked at him.

The bassist couldn't help but blush, suddenly feeling awfully shy; now he understood why Freddie kept glancing at him. He was drawing him.

"Don't you look beautiful?" the singer grinned, "Look at your adorable eyes," he pointed at the drawing.

"You drew me prettier than I am," John said quietly, his cheeks turning red.

"I drew you exactly like you look, darling!" the singer insisted, then added, "In fact, don't believe I would be able to present your entire beauty in a drawing, but I tried my best."

At those words, John's cheeks turned even more red, but before he could reply, Roger clapped his hands, pulling them out of their moment.

"Fred! The flyers? Concentrate for one moment, will you?" the drummer rolled his eyes.

"Oh, don't be so dramatic, darling!" the singer stood up and handed him a sample of the flyer that he made, "I already finished it hours ago. Now be a good boy and go make several copies of it and hang them up around the town."

"I can help," Brian offered, then added, "I doubt Roger would be able to hang them very high. Only children would notice them."

"Very funny, Brian," the drummer gave him an annoyed smile, "I'm so glad you're coming with me. That way we can hang them on rooftops!"

"Children, please!" Freddie sighed, rubbing his forehead, "Listen up. This is the plan. Rog, you and Brian go take care of the flyers. In the meantime, John and I have ... other errands to run. And we'll meet at the Imperial College in two hours, alright?"

"What errands?" Roger gave him a suspicious look.
"We have a date, darling."

"We do?" John looked up at his boyfriend, smiling.

"How is that fair?" Roger complained, but before he could say anything else Brian pulled him up and dragged him towards their front door.

"See you in two hours," the guitarist smiled at Freddie and John before literally dragging Roger's complaining arse outside.

John giggled with excitement, "I didn't know we have a date."

"It was a surprise," the singer winked at him, then suddenly panicked, "Where are my manners? John Richard Deacon, will you go on a date with me?"

The bassist could feel himself melting with sweetness; he loved that Freddie acted like a knight from the Middle Age, courting him and acting all polite and proper.

"Of course I will, Freddie," he replied softly and placed a kiss on the singer's cheek before standing up quickly, hurrying out of the room, "I have to get ready!"

ooo

John could not wipe that dumb smile off of his face as Freddie took him to this cute little bakery about twenty minutes away form their flat. John's never been there, but he knew he'll want to go back.

Freddie held the door open to him and John quickly hurried inside, "Thank you," he smiled at the singer and then took a look around, the delicious smell of cakes enveloping him completely. The bakery seemed to offer a lot; from cakes to muffins to cupcakes and John nearly drooled at sight of it.

"I'll have a blueberry muffin and ... oh, and that vanilla cupcake!" John said with excitement, thinking if he should order a third thing, but then decided against it.

"Alright, darling. Go take a seat and I'll order."
John gave Freddie a thankful smile before quickly passing a few people and settling down on a chair next to a window. Less than a minute later Freddie was already walking towards him, carrying a plate with all the delicious desserts.

"I do not even want to think about how unhealthy this is," Freddie commented, chuckling a bit as he sat down across from John, placing the tray on the table.

"What did you get?" John asked, noticing the interesting looking orange piece of cake in front of Freddie.

"Carrot cake, I believe," the singer replied, "I decided for a healthy option."

"I don't think that's how it works," John giggled, taking a bite out of his cupcake; he let out a low moan at the delicious taste and Freddie's eyes widened in slight surprise.

"Darling," he whispered, "Why are you moaning? I'll start believing you really like that cupcake."

"What do you mean?"

"You know ... like Roger likes cars," he replied, winking at him.

John blushed, quickly shaking his head, "N-No, I just ... I have a sweet tooth."

"So I've noticed, darling," Freddie smiled and then pointed at his slice of cake, "Do you want a bite?"

"Sure," John replied, leaning forward a bit as Freddie offered him his fork with a bite of fresh cake speared on it.

John took a bite and raised his eyebrows in surprise, "It's ... sweet. Very sweet. I've never had carrot cake before."

Freddie chuckled, then went silent for a long moment and immediately that interested John.

"What is it?" he asked, taking another bite of his cupcake.

"It's ... nothing," Freddie smiled nervously, playing with the slice of cake on his platter, pushing it around.
"I can see that it's something. Tell me," John insisted, gently nudging the singer's leg with his under the table.

Freddie let out a chuckle and then met his boyfriend's eyes a bit hesitantly, "You like that quick drawing I did of you earlier this morning, right?"

"I loved it," John smiled, "I never knew you were that talented."

"You doubted my talents, dear?" Freddie gasped in shock, clearly playing around.

"N-No, I just meant ... The extent of your talents caught me a bit off guard, is all," John quickly explained, chuckling to himself a bit. Yes, he knew that Freddie was a talented singer and a songwriter and he knew that Freddie was the one who came up with their crest, but he never expected him to draw that good.

Clearly, Freddie was struggling with trying to ask him something, but then he finally gathered the courage, "Will you let me draw you, darling?"

That confused John for a moment, "But you just did."

"No, I-I mean ... Not just your face."

"My entire body?"

"Yes," Freddie replied, a bit too excitedly.

"Er ... sure. If you really want to," the bassist nodded, but could see that there was more and he waited for Freddie to continue. And he didn't have to wait long.

"John, darling. Since you're so willing to let me draw you, let me draw you the way I know you best," Freddie explained slowly, holding eye contact with John. It was a very intense eye contact and John couldn't understand the reason behind that. "Freddie," he chuckled, taking a bite out of his muffin, "I-I'm not sure I'm following."

The singer laughed as well and then just said, "Let me draw you naked, darling."

John nearly choked on the small bite of the muffin he was trying to chew and he actually coughed a few times, scaring nearly Freddie to death. The singer was ready to jump up and rush over to John and hit his back a few times, but John finally managed to swallow that bite down and then he just stared at Freddie, unable to speak.
"Please, dear?"

"Y-You want to draw me ... naked?" he whispered the last word, "Are you out of your mind, F-Freddie?"

"Why? It's a perfectly normal thing. Nude modeling has been going on for years, dear!"

"M-Maybe, but - "

"It'd be done in a tasteful manner," Freddie assured him, "I've been drawing since I was a child. My sister always used to pose for me."

John grimaced in shock, "Your sister used to pose for you n-naked?"

"What? No! Not naked!" Freddie grimaced as well, quickly shaking his head, "Fully clothed."

"Oh," the bassist relaxed a bit, but he was still a bit nervous, "Why ... why do you want to do that?"

"Because I think you're beautiful and I feel inspired," the singer grinned at him, "You'd love it, darling!"

"I-I don't know," John whined, stuffing his mouth with the last piece of his muffin.

"Slow down, dear! I don't want you to choke to death over my preposition. If you do not wish to do it - "

"I-I don't know, Freddie, I'm not ... completely against it, but ... couldn't you draw Roger?"

Freddie laughed, not even bothering to cover his teeth. And then he looked around before leaning closer to John, whispering, "I actually did draw him, darling. A year or two ago."

"N-nude?"

The singer nodded, chuckling, "He posed for me in all his ... glory. And then I gave him a Ken doll."

"You ... what?" John blinked at him in confusion, noticing that Freddie barely held in his laughter.

"A Ken doll bits," Freddie explained with a wink and after noticing that John was still very much clueless, he added, "I didn't include his Rogerina in the drawing. I drew him as if he has nothing
down there. He nearly killed me, but he still took the drawing. I have no idea what he did with it, I've never seen it after that."

John chuckled, lowering his voice a bit, "Poor Roger. That was so evil of you, Freddie!"

"Oh, he got over it quickly, darling. So what do you say? Hmm? Will you be my beautiful nude model?"

The bassist blushed at the compliment and stuttered, "I-I don't know. Can I think about it?"

"Of course, dear. There is no rush."

And that was the end of that subject, but John's mind kept going back to it. Him and Freddie stayed in that bakery for another hour, just chatting and enjoying each other's company, but a small part of John's mind could not stop thinking about Freddie's question.

Could he do it?

Could he just undress and let Freddie draw him?

Could he even hold still for that long?

Did Freddie mean completely nude or could a part of him be covered?

He almost squealed with embarrassment at the thought of Freddie taking his time to draw John's William, carefully drawing every vein, every fold ... John realized he was sweating with nervousness, but also a bit of excitement. Why was he excited? Pushing that thought out of his head, he decided to sleep on it and then give his final answer. For now, he'd just enjoy this beautiful date with his perfect boyfriend.

000

Were they late to the rehearsal? Yes. But did Roger and Brian notice? No, they were both already arguing about something, but Freddie let them continue as him and John got ready to practice. Only when John's bass was in his arms and Freddie was satisfied with where his microphone stand was, did he turn towards his two arguing friends.
"Would you two stop that? We have work to do, darling!"

"He's trying to force another guitar solo on us!" Roger sighed in annoyance, then looked at Brian again, "I actually think your solos are too long. The audience gets bored during your half an hour show-off!"

"As always you are exaggerating," Brian rolled his eyes, "My solos are four minute max. It's not my fault you have attention span of a goldfish, Rog."

"Say that again!" Roger stood up from his place behind the drums and Brian shrugged his shoulders innocently.

John did start to fear that clogs and drumsticks were about to start getting thrown around and thankfully Freddie clapped his hands, raising his voice over the fight, "Brian. Roger. I am so very close to sending you to time-out."

It took a few more minutes of arguing before they finally all concentrated on the task, but then Freddie had trouble pulling the microphone from the stand.

"Need help, Fred?" Roger teased from behind his drums.

"No, darling. I wouldn't want you breaking a bone," the singer shot back playfully, but he still struggled with the mic; it just wouldn't budge.

It was slowly getting on Freddie's nerves, "What the fuck is wrong with this thing?" he murmured to himself and then pulled at the microphone with all his strength and it broke.

The silence that followed was deafening.

John and Brian just stared in confusion, while Roger let out a sigh of disappointment.

"Tell me you did not just break our microphone stand, Fred," he said, shaking his head.

"It just broke off and dislodged from the base," Freddie explained while eyeing the new prop in his hand. He had to admit, he quite liked the feel of it.

"Perhaps it can be fixed?" John said, walking over to his boyfriend.

"No, no, darling. There's no need. I think I'll have fun with this!" the singer grinned, using the bottomless microphone stand to gently spank John's backside. The bassist chuckled and walked back
An hour into their rehearsal it was very clear to everyone that it really did work. At first it was funny seeing Freddie holding the bottomless mic stand, but it soon became very entertaining. The singer was using it as an extension of his cock, a sword and at one point he pretended to be vacuuming with it. John couldn't help but chuckle at the crazy ideas Freddie came up with; but then the singer made eye contact with him and subtly jerked off the said mic stand, making John mess up his playing a bit. He did quickly get back on track, but it still made Freddie laugh at how adorable John was, getting all flustered and embarrassed by a simple wanking motion.

They rehearsed for another three hours and by the end of it, they all were sweaty, hungry and slightly irritated with each other, but that was nothing out of the ordinary. As exhausted as he was, Freddie still made sure that John's wrist was alright, even stopping the rehearsal a few times to check in with the bassist, knowing he would probably never say anything himself.

Surprisingly, John's wrist was completely fine, even though he did push himself quite a bit. It gave him hope that perhaps his wrist would eventually heal completely and that was something that John wanted so badly. He didn't want to have a reminder of what happened to him for the rest of his life and he didn't want it to affect his career.

As they packed up their equipment, Freddie pulled John to the side, lowering his voice a bit, "Are you sure you're fine, darling?"

"Yes," John emphasized the word, giving the singer a big smile.

"Don't worry about Rog and Brian, they'll understand if you need a break more often or - "

"Freddie," the bassist cut him off, "I'm fine. I promise to tell you when it gets too much. I-I don't want to permanently damage my wrist, you know."

"I don't want that either, sweetheart," Freddie smiled at him, taking his hand and bringing it to his mouth to place a kiss on the soft skin there. John could feel the butterflies in his stomach at the gesture; the butterflies were apparently doing somersaults.

"Oi!" Roger's voice cut through their bubble, "Fred, get your arse here and help carry this stuff!"

"Yes, yes," the singer sighed dramatically, "I'm on my way."
After the rehearsal they all drove back to their flat; somehow they managed to convince Brian to cook them something and the guitarist was busy in the kitchen as the other three boys took turns showering. John was the first because he was the fastest; then Freddie and when he entered the living room with a towel on his head, Roger's angry voice could be heard from the bathroom.

"Fred! You used up all the hot water!"

The singer just pretended he didn't hear anything and collapsed down next to John, cuddling up next to him.

"I'm so tired, darling," Freddie said while yawning, "What's the time, anyway?"

"Almost eight," John replied, also yawning.

The singer then literally purred as a soothing hand found his back, rubbing soft circles through his shirt, "Oh, yes. This is exactly what I need, dear."

After a few moments, the singer slowly lowered himself onto John's lap completely, resting and enjoying the back rubs. It made John's heart flutter that his touch could have that effect on Freddie and made a mental note to do it more often. At that moment the singer reminded him so much of Delilah; it was adorable.

After their late dinner, John offered to do the dishes; he actually loved doing that, it always relaxed him. He took his time, slowly cleaning up the entire kitchen while Roger and Brian hung out in the living room.

But then he heard strange sounds. It sounded like moaning.

John dismissed that thought, thinking nothing of it, but then he heard it again, followed by giggling. His mind was working fast, trying to figure out what was happening; almost afraid to check. But he was done with his work in the kitchen and he hesitantly walked to the living room. At first he didn't notice anything; Roger and Brian were sitting on the sofa, staring at the telly.

And it was then that John saw it.

There was a sex scene on TV.

He just stood frozen, his eyes glued to the telly. A woman was on all fours and a guy was behind her, moving. They were both moaning, but the woman was a lot louder.

"I am not watching porn with you, Rog," Brian sighed, "Change the channel."
"This isn't porn!" the drummer argued, "This is a love scene. Do you have something against love, perhaps?"

It was then that Brian noticed John standing behind them, "Deaky, you're on my side, right?"

Before John could answer, Roger raised his hand, holding the remote control, "I have the power here," then he looked at the bassist, "Deaks, come, sit here!"

John slowly moved, walking over to the sofa and sitting down. He had no idea why he did that; he felt uncomfortable, but it'd be even more awkward if he just ran out of the room.

He looked at the telly again.

He could clearly see the woman's tits bouncing and the man reached around to grab them, causing her to moan loudly.

"Am I the only one realizing how weird this is?" Brian asked, pointing at the three of them sitting together and watching porn. John shook his head no, but that was all that he could do at that moment. He could feel his cheeks burning up, but at the same time he could not force himself to look away from the TV.

Roger called it a love scene, but John could see no love there. To him it seemed like two bodies slapping together, rather violently, but that was it. The participants did not even look at each other, or hold hands or kiss.

It was so strange.

"What on earth are you watching?" Freddie asked as he entered the room and the moment he realized what it was, he ran to John, covering his eyes and ears.

"Oh, darling! Did they make you watch this?" he asked, then sent an angry look at Roger, "Would you turn it off, Rog?"

The drummer rolled his eyes, but obeyed, turning the telly off.

John chuckled at his boyfriend's reaction and gently pulled his hands away from his face. He was very thankful that the torture was finally over, but at the same time, he had lots of questions.

"Oh sweetheart!" Freddie immediately started comforting him as if the bassist just witnessed a horrible crime and it was pretty adorable.
"I'm fine, Freddie," John chuckled, but he still let himself be caressed and kissed all over.

"How dare you expose John to such things!" the singer shot at Roger, still not over his annoyance.

Roger blinked at him in confusion, "What things? He's old enough to watch porn - "

"Shush, Roger!"

"I better go now, before things get even more strange," Brian forced through his teeth as he stood up to leave.

That made the drummer laugh, "You're probably rushing home to continue watching it, right, Bri? Your right hand better not be sore tomorrow!"

John could hear the other three boys talking and laughing amongst themselves, but all he could think of at that moment was that love scene. He couldn't understand why people found watching those kind of scenes enjoyable. He couldn't understand why people found doing those things enjoyable. What was enjoyable about someone's body just slapping against yours in that manner with no sense of intimacy?

John could not understand it.

And even though he couldn't stop thinking about it, it was only later that evening when Freddie and him were getting ready for bed that he brought the subject up. He tried to do it very casually, not wanting to alarm the singer.

"F-Freddie. I was wondering .... " he started, watching his boyfriend play with Delilah on the floor next to their bed, "You're in love with me, right?"

That made Freddie turn around and look at him with a confused expression, "That is correct, yes. I am completely and utterly in love with you, darling."

John blushed at those words, "O-Oh, good to know. Just ... checking. And you've never been in love before, right?"

"That is also correct," the singer replied, turning all his attention to John now.

"But you ... had ... I-I mean ... made love before. Before me, I mean - "

"That is not correct, darling," Freddie corrected him, "I've only done that with you. I had sex yes, but
"Y-Yes, that's ... that's what I meant," John said, letting out a nervous giggle.

"What are you trying to ask, sweetie?"

"But you enjoyed it?" John blurted out.

The next few moments were spent in complete silence and Freddie just stared at his boyfriend, slightly uncomfortable before finally answering, "Y-Yes, I did."

John nodded, still very much intrigued, "But ... how?"

"What do you mean how, dear?"

"I-I just don't understand," the bassist admitted, smiling shyly, "I-I can't imagine doing that with some random person. I don't think I'd be able to."

Freddie smiled, "That's because you're very special."

"Very weird, you mean."

"No!" the singer argued back, "We both look at sex differently, obviously. We're two different human beings and ... I-I was able to enjoy ... fucking some random guy in a dirty backroom of a club and you'd never do that. And that's fine."

"I'm not judging you!" John quickly said, "I swear, Freddie. I-I'm just trying to understand. You had every right to sleep with whoever you pleased. You weren't hurting anyone. Like ... some people do," he almost whispered the last part, but then forced a smile again, "As long as you both enjoyed it, then ... it's fine."

Freddie smiled back, "You're still a mystery to me, darling."

"I'm still a mystery to myself," John admitted, chuckling a bit, "I just know that if ... Roger did the same things to me that you do, it wouldn't feel the same. It wouldn't feel good."

"Roger?" the singer laughed, "Why was Roger the first one to cross your mind? I swear, that blond seems to sweep everyone off their feet!"

"No!" John couldn't help but laugh as well, "I was just ... he's ... I-I had no idea why I used him as
"Do you want me to dye my hair blond, darling? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Absolutely not! Don't you dare, Freddie!" John threatened him, then teased a bit, "I-If you dye your hair blond, then it won't go well with your ... other hair."

"Oh, I'd dye my chest hair too," Freddie smirked, standing up and very slowly took off his shirt, letting it drop onto Delilah. The cat jumped in shock, nearly hitting the ceiling and then she angrily hissed at Freddie before hiding under the bed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, darling!" Freddie immediately apologized to her, but the cat ignored him. Delilah apparently held grudges.

John couldn't stop laughing at Freddie's attempt at being sexy and seductive and it backfiring.

"What are you laughing at?" the singer slapped his leg playfully, "Delilah's under the bed and I can't get her out. You know what that means. No funny things tonight. I don't want to traumatize her."

John chuckled and cuddled against his boyfriend, "That's fine. I'm too tired to do anything. This is perfectly fine."

Freddie could feel John relaxing against him and could tell that he was about to fall asleep. It really was an exhausting day; the rehearsal lasted for hours and not to mention that horrible incident that happened the previous evening. Freddie still felt emotionally drained and feeling his boyfriend cuddle up against him was emotionally healing. It warmed his heart when John placed his hand on Freddie's chest; at first he just rested it there, but then started playing with his chest hair. John probably wasn't even aware of it, he was half asleep already, but he kept running his hand up and down his chest, twirling her fingers in his chest hair. Freddie would be lying if he said he wasn't fascinated by John's fascination with his body hair, but it did feel liberating that he didn't have to hide it or feel embarrassed by it. There were times when Freddie felt like a literal bear and living with hairless Roger did not help at all.

When John's hand stopped moving, Freddie knew that the bassist had fallen asleep and he slowly leaned closer to the three candles he had placed on his nightstand and blew them out before snuggling John again and falling asleep himself.

ooo

When John woke up the next morning, he was alone in bed. He could hear voices from the living room and immediately jumped out of bed, not wanting to always be the one who slept in. He was a
bit embarrassed by his sleeping habits, but he simply liked sleep. He wasn't lazy or anything, but usually he went to sleep late at night and woke up very late in the morning. He developed that habit when he was in school; he always studied at night. And while no one ever called him lazy, John felt bad that even Roger always seemed to be up before him. So he hurried into the bathroom and after his usual morning routine, joined the rest of the boys in the living room. To his surprise, Brian was there as well.

"Morning, darling!" Freddie greeted him with a kiss on the cheek as the bassist sat down next to him.

"I hope we weren't too loud. How'd you sleep?" Brian asked.

John shrugged his shoulders, stuttering a bit. His mind was still waking up and he was deciding between two answers; good and okay. And somehow his brain put those two words together and the word that came out of John's mouth was, "Gay."
The other three boys just stared at him in silence, completely confused. Brian seemed a bit taken aback and he let out a nervous chuckle, not knowing how to reply to that.

"N-No!" John's cheeks turned red, "I wasn't ... I-I meant to say okay and ... I-I was also thinking about good and it just - "

Freddie laughed, "Oh, darling. I also slept gay. I always sleep gay. Don't you worry about it."

"Well, I sleep very straight," Roger added, chuckling to himself.

John relaxed a bit, his cheeks slowly returning to normal color. That was the reason John refused to get up early, his brain does stupid things if it doesn't get enough sleep. Freddie smiled warmly at him, taking his hand in his and the conversation carried on normally.

"Where was I?" Roger asked, "Oh! Deaky, listen to this. Brian has a key to our flat, though he claims he lost it, but he refuses to give us the key to his flat. How is that fair, Brian? What if you die? How will we get to you? How do you expect us to find your body?"

Brian sighed, "Oh, I don't worry about that."

"Why not, darling? Roger has a point."

"Because," the guitarist drawled, "If I'm dead, then you guys have been dead for weeks."

"What does that mean?" Roger asked, "Are you threatening us with murder or claiming we can't take care of ourselves without you?"
Brian just chuckled to himself, refusing to answer.

"I'll tell you this, Brian, dear," Freddie narrowed his eyes at him, "Roger and I are not as dependent on you anymore. We have John now!"

"Yes," the drummer quickly agreed, "Deaky keeps us alive now!"

John blushed at those comments and he knew they were joking around, but a part of him would feel slightly uneasy leaving Freddie and Roger alone for longer than a day. No wonder Brian was over constantly before John moved in. He could only imagine the troubles Fred and Roger constantly found themselves in; sitting in the dark before they didn't know how to change the light bulb, nearly burning down the kitchen, not knowing how to use the washer, being terrified of spiders and many other things.

John knew he'd be living with Freddie forever and do his best to keep him from getting electrocuted, but what about Roger? Would the blond just keep living with them for the rest of his life?

*Probably,* John thought to himself and chuckled.

They spent the rest of their day at the Imperial College, rehearsing for their gig they had the next day. Surprisingly, it went without any major arguments. Probably because they already argued about everything the previous day. John wasn't complaining; he liked the calmer atmosphere.

During their short break, Freddie walked over to him with a cheeky grin on his face and the bassist just knew the singer was going to say something to make him blush.

"You know, darling," Freddie sighed dramatically, "Don't you think *Doing alright* is a bit boring?"

"Er ... it sounds fine to me," John replied, "It starts off slowly, but the pace does pick up."

"Yes, yes, but I was thinking of adding something to it. The next time we're in the studio or ... maybe not to this song. Perhaps we can add it to a different song."

John just blinked at him in confusion, "Add what, Freddie?"
"I want to add the sounds of your orgasm to our next song, darling."

The bassist's face immediately turned red, as expected.

"F-Freddie, you're ... what? You're joking. Just ... you're an idiot!" he blabbered as he chuckled with embarrassment.

"I'm serious, darling! I think your soft moans would fit nicely with my song *Good old fashioned lover boy!*

"What?" John started looking around, hoping no one was able to hear them, "R-Record yourself moaning."

"If you don't let me record you, I might just have to do that," the singer teased, giving his boyfriend a cheeky smile.

"G-Good luck moaning into a microphone, Freddie," John teased back, but before he could say anything else, Roger walked over to them.

"Fred, is there no way we can get rid of Brian?" the drummer asked, rolling his eyes.

"Not without a good cause, darling."

"I have cause. It's *be-cause* he's annoying!"

When they were finished with practice, Brian dropped them off at their flat before going home himself. John was the first to take a shower and as he was done and walking towards the bedroom, he could hear Freddie and Roger arguing about who's going in after him. Apparently Roger won the battle because John could hear Freddie swearing and acting like a total diva.

The bassist stopped in front of the dressing table, observing himself in the mirror. He loved wearing Freddie's bathrobe and even though yellow wasn't really his color, he enjoyed borrowing clothes from Freddie and seeing himself in them. It gave him a strange sense of satisfaction, a feeling of belonging. And he could see that the singer absolutely adored seeing him in the robe; his eyes always lit up and there was that look of pride on his face.

John sighed happily as he grabbed a hairbrush and started brushing his hair; he observed himself in the mirror and then he remembered it.

When he and Freddie ... made love right against that dressing table. Was that making love? Or just a handjob? John was still confused by those things, but what he did know was that he enjoyed it
immensely. A part of him was ashamed to admit it because he never thought he'd be into those kinds of things, but apparently he was.

Just as he allowed himself to drift away a bit, almost fantasizing about that event, Freddie barged into the room, startling him nearly to death.

"He's going to use up all the hot water, I tell you!" the singer complained, sitting down on the edge of the bed angrily, "I can't shower with cold water, dear! I despise that!"

"Y-You can wait until it heats up again?" the bassist suggested.

"I guess," Freddie sighed, then looked at his boyfriend, his lips curling up into a smirk, "And what are you doing, dear? Remembering the fun we had against that mirror?"

The singer was joking; he was teasing John, desperate to see him blush again and he never expected John to shyly smile and bite his lip.

"M-Maybe."

Freddie's eyes widened with shock, "Excuse me? You really were?"

"I-It was fun," the bassist chuckled, looking anywhere but at Freddie.

"Oh, was it?"

The singer slowly stood up and walked over to his boyfriend, wrapping his arms around his waist and pressing himself against him from behind. John let out a deep breath, closing his eyes and just enjoying the contact. It wasn't until he felt Freddie pressing soft kisses against his neck, that he realized this could be more than just a hugging session.

Freddie also thought he'd just plant a few kisses onto John's neck and that it would end there, but when he felt the bassist slowly moving against him, letting out soft, shaky breaths, he realized that perhaps John wanted something more, but was too embarrassed to say so.

"What is it, darling?" Freddie asked, meeting John's eyes in the mirror.

The bassist was flustered, but still managed to answer, "I-I really liked it the last time."

"What did you like about it? The handjob?"
John squealed, biting his lower lip, "Y-Yes, that also."

"Also?" that caught Freddie's attention, "What are you trying to say, sweetie?"

"I er ... I really liked you."

The singer chuckled at that, "I thought you always like me? Apparently I was mistaken - "

"N-No!" John quickly said, blushing a bit, "I do, I-I just meant I liked ... how you acted."

The last part was said barely above a whisper and it was apparent that John was slightly embarrassed to admit he liked Freddie acting dominant. At first the singer wanted to play with him a bit and tease him, but then decided against it. He knew the bassist would just clam up if he was made fun of, especially if it was about a sexual thing he liked.

Instead of teasing him, Freddie decided to encourage him.

"Do you trust me, dear?"

"With my life."

Freddie froze for a moment, those words completely shaking him up. He could just burst with affection and pure love he felt for the bassist and he realized that he also trusted John with his life. There was no doubt about that.

But then John's moan made him snap out of his thoughts and his lips slowly curled up in a smirk.

"Your hands on the table, dear," he instructed, surprised by John's complete willingness to participate. The bassist was breathing heavily, his body trembling slightly from all the anticipation.

John turned his head slightly, "Kiss me?"

Freddie immediately complied, his tongue brushed over John's lips, soft at first and then firmer as he forced his mouth to open under his gentle pressure.

John relaxed and melted into his embrace, complaining loudly when Freddie finally ended the kiss.

"Hush, dear," the singer chuckled, as he reached down to untie John's robe. His hands lingered there for a moment, giving John time to change his mind, but the bassist said nothing. He was still
breathing heavily, biting his lip and keeping eye contact with Freddie.

The singer took that as permission to continue and he untied the bathrobe, slowly pushing it down John's shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. John helped him, moving his hands and when the robe dropped to the ground, he quickly placed them back onto the dressing table, as instructed.

"You're doing so well, darling. I'm so proud of you," Freddie praised him, his heart fluttering at the smile that John gave him.

"We are going to do things a bit differently this time, alright, dear?"

John tensed up slightly at that; experiencing new things always made him nervous, but he was willing to try anything with Freddie. He knew his boyfriend would never suggest doing something painful or humiliating and John trusted him completely.

It was then that John realized he was naked; he didn't even think of it. Has being naked in front of Freddie become so normal to him that he barely even noticed it?

The singer started kissing John's neck, moving slowly onto his shoulder blade, occasionally dragging his tongue over the soft skin. His hands found John's hips, gripping it firmly and holding him in place.

"W-We don't have much time," John whispered, chuckling a bit, "Roger'll be out of the bathroom any minute now."

"Are you trying to say I'm too slow, darling?" Freddie gasped dramatically, "Here I am, enjoying every inch of you and all you want is to orgasm? I feel used, dear!"

John couldn't help but laugh at his boyfriend's exaggeration, "You know that's not - " but then he paused as Freddie suddenly sunk to his knees and John couldn't see him anymore. He waited in anticipation, knowing Freddie's face was right next to his arse and that did make him a bit self conscious.

He felt the singer's warm hands on his thighs, parting them slightly and John allowed himself to be moved, his heart suddenly beating so fast he could hear it in his head.

"Such a lovely arse, my darling," Freddie whispered, slowly moving his hands up John's thighs until they finally reached his perfectly rounded butt, "Absolutely beautiful."

John chuckled nervously, but then he felt Freddie press his lips against his left butt cheek and John was a bit taken aback by that, immediately pressing his cheeks together, tensing up.

"Color, my darling?"
"I-I don't know," John replied, "Just ... what are you doing down there?"

"Worshipping your beautiful, perfect back side, dear."

The bassist turned red at the compliment and moaned when he felt soft lips being pressed to his arse cheek again, but this time he relaxed a bit, a part of him starting to believe that Freddie really liked his butt.

"Lean forward a bit, dear."

John obeyed, his heart literally pounding in his chest. He had his suspicion about what was coming, but he still wasn't completely sure. His body relaxed more and more when he felt Freddie plant gentle kisses all over his thighs and arse, causing goosebumps to appear on John's skin.

But then he felt Freddie nearing that particular place, the place in between his cheeks and he tensed up again, clenching and preventing the singer to go further.

"Color, sweetie?"

"It's green," John admitted, "I-I'm not ... I don't feel bad, I just ... why would you kiss me there?"

"Because I want to, darling. I want it so badly and I think you'd enjoy it very much," the singer replied softly, waiting for John to speak again.

When the bassist said nothing, Freddie started gently caressing John's inner thighs as he said, "We can try it for a bit and if you don't like it, I'll stop immediately and never bring it up again. Alright, my sweetness?"

John was torn; he was very much aroused and willing to do almost anything, but the sheer thought of Freddie kissing or ... licking or whatever he was planning on doing with his arse .... it made him very nervous.

"How come you don't find it ... disgusting?" John quietly asked, making Freddie chuckle a bit.

"Because it's you, my sweetness. And you just got out of shower, did you not? Perfect time for some arse eating."

John squealed at those words, closing his eyes in embarrassment. Apparently Freddie could see him in the mirror. because he was quick to say, "None of that, my love. Look at yourself. I want you to see just how flustered and divine you look when in absolute ecstasy. And I know you'll be in actual
The bassist obeyed, his William twitching with anticipation at the dominant tone in Freddie's voice.

"A-Alright," he whispered, "You can ... try it."

The singer gently kissed the spot above John's right hip, "Tell me to stop and I will. But please, do not fart in my face, dear."

"Freddie!" John groaned with embarrassment, but before he could say anything else, he could feel strong hands parting his cheeks, exposing the place that's never been that exposed before and than something warm and wet was dragged right over his entrance, making John's body twitch with shock.

Freddie immediately stopped, "You alright, darling?"

"T-Ticklish," John whispered, his head feeling as if it was on fire. He tried to ignore the fact that Freddie was literally licking his butthole and instead tried to concentrate on the feeling.

When Freddie did that tongue thing again, John was more prepared and it did not shock him as much. This time it wasn't as ticklish and it did feel ... pretty good. Very good, actually. John could feel Freddie's tongue lazily dancing around the spot, deliberately avoiding it, but every few licks, he'd let his tongue touch the ring of muscles there and John cried out, turning his head to bite into his shoulder.

The feeling was as nothing he's ever felt before, it sent shivers down his spine and before he knew it, he was pushing his butt out, towards Freddie's face. He knew what he was doing and he was embarrassed by it, but he couldn't stop it.

"M-More, Freddie," he whispered, "Please."

He could hear the singer chuckle against him and then his tongue got even faster, slightly rougher, attacking the ring of muscles, making John's knees nearly give up.

Everything there was so wet and warm and John's eyes rolled back with pleasure, not even realizing he was grinding back against Freddie until the singer said something. And those words made John stop in his tracks, freezing and tensing up.

"That's it, dear," Freddie chuckled, his tone very deep and low, "Fuck yourself on my tongue."

When John reacted to that by tensing up, the singer knew he made a mistake and that vulgar talking was not John's cup of tea.
"I'm so terribly sorry, darling. I wasn't thinking. Forgive me," he whispered, pressing a soft kiss to John's buttcheek, nuzzling against it.

"I-It's fine, Freddie. I'm fine," the bassist finally said, "I love you."

The singer's heart fluttered at that, "And I love you. With all that I've got, my sweetness. I just want to make you feel good. Let me make you feel good."

John bit his lip at those words, nearly drawing blood, but then the warm, wet tongue was back and the bassist was in ecstasy. He couldn't even properly describe the feeling; it was not like anything he's ever felt before and he couldn't stop imagining that Freddie was probably getting his cheeks and chin all messy with saliva.

The singer's tongue was so long and incredibly flexible and it was gently poking against his entrance and before John could feel grossed out by that, the tip of Freddie's tongue moved past the tight muscles and John let out a long, soft moan, not able to keep quiet.

He looked at himself in the mirror, his face all red and flustered and sweaty and it then hit him.

Freddie was licking his arse and he was letting him and enjoying it. And judging by Freddie's satisfied moans, he was enjoying it too. Very much so.

John felt like he might explode; he knew he needed something, but he couldn't tell what it was. It felt as if he was itching deep inside and he desperately needed something in to scratch it.

"M-More," the bassist pleaded, he was losing his mind. The pleasure was mindblowing, but somehow not enough to send him over the edge. The feeling of Freddie's nose bumping into him told him that the singer's face was probably pressed completely against his arse and he ... he wanted to see that.

John slowly moved his head and looked; the sight of Freddie's dark hair and his eyes closed as he ate him out, nearly made John pass out. And then the tongue stopped being all soft and wiggly; instead Freddie made it all stiff and John started moving back against it, letting out soft moans everytime the tip of the tongue probed his entrance.

"I want you to stay on your feet, darling," Freddie said breathlessly as he pulled back slightly, "Can you do that for me, dear?"

"Y-Yes," John quickly nodded his head, hoping his knees would not give up.

"Good boy. Perfect," were the last words from Freddie before he dived in again, but this time his other hand sneaked around John's body, gently touching William. The singer did not even have to grip him or squeeze him, all he did was drag his thumb over the head a few times and John was done; he let out a long moan, his entire body stilling as he orgasmed, coming all over his belly, the
dressing table and Freddie's hand.

John's eyes snapped shut and he was shaking, he was shaking so much, but he did manage to keep on his feet. He was, however, lying with his chest flat on the dressing table, holding onto it for dear life, not wanting to disappoint Freddie.

And then he couldn't feel anything. It was just for a moment, but as soon as Freddie's hands were off of him and John couldn't feel him anymore, he cried out, panicking slightly.

"I'm here, my sweetness," the singer was beside him immediately, "Just wiped my hand on the robe."

John sighed happily when he felt Freddie's hand resting on his back; he found comfort in such simple touch.

"Oh, darling, I'm so proud of you. You did wonderfully," the singer said to him, pulling John off of the dressing table, "Come, darling. You don't have to stand anymore."

He helped the bassist to the bed and gently laid him down onto it, but the bassist quickly sat up, jumping at Freddie, wrapping his arms around the singer's neck and just pressing himself against him. Freddie was a bit surprised by that, but quickly reacted, wrapping his own arms around the younger boy's body, holding him close.

"Are you alright, my love?"

"P-Perfect," John sighed happily, chuckling a bit, "H-How are you? Did you ... like it? I-I mean - "

Freddie took one of John's hands and pulled it down, placing it on top of his crotch area, showing him just how much he liked it. John swallowed hard as he realized how very excited Frederico was; it actually surprised him he didn't just rip his way out of Fred's pants.

"I-I can help - " John offered, but Freddie cut him off.

"You can rest, dear, that is what you can do. You are shaking, my love. Breathe and just relax, alright?"

John nodded, pressing a soft kiss to Freddie's shoulder.

But then there was a loud knock on the door.

"Yes?" Freddie asked, quickly wrapping a blanket around John's naked body.
"Mail!" came Roger's voice from another side of the door.

"Mail?"

"Yes, we got a shitload of bills and also one letter for John."

The singer stood up, walking over to the door before opening it just slightly, preventing Roger from seeing John.

"Here you go," the drummer handed him the letter and then disappeared off into the living room. Freddie slowly closed the door and walked over to John, giving him the letter before pulling him into another hug.

John was confused. Who would write him a letter? Only his parents knew his new address and they very rarely sent letters to each other. He quickly ripped the envelope, pulling the letter out and unfolding it. Before he even read anything, he knew that was not his parents' handwriting.

Who would write him a letter and why?

John could feel Freddie's kissing his hair, humming a sweet melody and he knew the singer wasn't reading over his shoulder.

"Hello, John.

I am not a fan of letters, but since I cannot seem to reach you on the phone, this did seem like a sensible option. I am merely writing to apologize for my previous behavior and tell you that I look forward to seeing you perform tomorrow. I will make sure to be right next to the stage, cheering you on. If your gig goes well, we can meet at the restroom to celebrate. I'll buy you a glass of vodka as I heard that's your favorite drink. Can't wait to see you. I'm sure you'll do great, kitten.

Love, T.

P.S. Say hi to Freddie for me. I look forward to seeing him too."

John went completely still in Freddie's arms and the singer immediately noticed the change.

"What's wrong, dear? Bad news?"

The bassist couldn't speak; his head was spinning.
He just handed the letter to Freddie and gripped his thigh hard, the absolute dread washing over him at the realization that Tom will be at their gig tomorrow night.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is a bit of a domestic fluff before the angst and the drama hit us all across the face in the next one. ;) Comments are much appreciated! <3
Chapter 48

Freddie did not think much of the letter; he figured it was John's family and when the bassist said nothing as he opened the envelope, Freddie completely dismissed it and focused on how soft John's hair was.

He kissed the top of John's head, holding him close, enjoying the few moments of silence. It gave him time to think and Freddie could feel his lips curling up into a smirk as he remembered what they just did a few minutes ago. Rimming was not something he's done often in the past, but he just knew he'd enjoy it with John. And oh boy, did he enjoy it. Even sitting in his pants was very uncomfortable now and he just wanted to unzip them and let Frederico breathe a bit. Perhaps he was biased because he loved John so damn much, but his arse was the nicest looking arse he's ever seen in his entire life.

It was perfect.

Freddie really couldn't find anything wrong with it and he almost couldn't believe that he was privileged enough be be allowed to touch and kiss and lick that arse for the rest of his life. And the best part of it was that John enjoyed it as well. He did. Freddie could feel that John enjoyed it very much and it just took three touches of William's head and John was coming undone. And judging by how John was trembling in his arms, it was obvious that he bassist was still recovering from his orgasm and that couldn't make Freddie happier.

But then the trembling became a bit too much and Freddie did find that strange.

He pulled away slightly so that he could look at John, but before he could ask if something was wrong, John just handed him the letter with a trembling hand. He could see the sheer horror in John's eyes and it made his stomach drop; he was almost afraid to see that made the bassist react in such a way.

Freddie quickly took the letter from John and started reading it.

After reading the first sentence, it was obvious to him who wrote it. Still, he underestimated how sick to his stomach it would make him.

Yes, he was angry beyond words, but he was even more disgusted and just shaken up by what he just read. He threw the letter to the floor and turned his entire attention to John who was now staring at him with his big, brown eyes and there was such fear in them that it broke Freddie's heart. He cupped John's face in his hands, doing his best to keep a calm face.

"Darling, how about you take another hot shower, hmm?" the singer suggested, "Take as long as
you need and just ... relax."

"B-But I just took a shower. Y-You didn't and - "

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'll go after you," Freddie smiled, running his thumb over John's cheek.

"But the water'll be cold, Freddie."

"I adore cold showers!" the singer lied, forcing a chuckle, "You go and enjoy yourself and after you're done, we'll ... talk about some things, alright?"

John slowly nodded and Freddie quickly grabbed his bathrobe, helping John put it on before walking him to the bathroom. The bassist stepped inside and then quickly turned to face Freddie, "I-I'm scared. He - "

"Don't be scared, my darling. It's just a dumb letter, it doesn't mean anything. I promise. Alright?" the singer placed a kiss onto John's cheek, "I'll see you in a bit."

John slowly nodded and closed the door. Freddie just stood there for a few long moments, resting his head against the door, his heart beating violently in his chest. The first thing he did was rush back into his bedroom, grabbing the letter and placing it in his bedside drawer, hiding it under a few papers. He had to fight back the urge to rip it into shreds, but he thought he could use it some day, so he decided to save it. Much to his disgust.

And then he rushed back to the living room where he found Roger resting on the sofa with his feet on the table.

"I left you some hot water," the drummer said, "Am I not a good friend?"

"Roger, we have a problem," Freddie sighed, fidgeting nervously.

Suddenly, the drummer sat up straight, a shocked expression on his face, "You're leaving the band!"

"What? No, you dumb blond. I'm not leaving the band," Freddie rolled his eyes, sitting down next to him, "I think you should call Brian over."

"But he just left half an hour ago. What's wrong? You're actually scaring me," Roger admitted, then heard the shower running, "Is John in the bathroom again?"

"Y-Yes, he is. I sent him there."
"But ... he was just - " Roger stopped mid sentence, noticing the tent in Freddie's pants, "Someone's excited!"

The singer grabbed a cushion and placed it over his lap, mentally ordering Frederico to go back to sleep, "You know that letter you brought to our room?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Yes? What about it?"

"It's from Tom," Freddie forced out, clenching his teeth, "That bastard wrote a letter to John, telling him that he'll come to our show and .... other things."

"Are you serious? Is that guy mental?"

"I-I don't even know anymore," Freddie let out a deep breath, running a hand through his hair, "If he really does come to our show ... it'll throw John off. He'll probably run off the stage and .... "

Roger nodded, not saying anything.

After a moment of long silence, Freddie whispered, "Do you think we can cancel it?"

"I-I honestly don't know, Fred. We can, but what good will that do? Are we just going to keep on canceling gigs if Tom mentions he might swing by?"

"John's a shaking mess," Freddie said firmly, "You can't expect him to go on stage like that."

"There really is no other way," Roger shrugged his shoulders, "Unless ... you give me Tom's address so I can go and break his legs, making it impossible for him to come to our gig."

As much as Freddie enjoyed that mental image, he knew it couldn't happen, "We should talk to Brian. This is a band's decision."

"And Deaky's decision," Roger added, "If he doesn't want to do the show ... that's fine. But if he does want to ... I am not going to try and change his mind."

"I think he's after John," Freddie's voice was barely above a whisper.

"What do you mean?"

"I-I can't explain it, but I have this ... sick feeling that he might be after John. That I'm not the one
he's trying to reach, even though it might seem like he's doing this sick things to annoy me," Freddie explained, more to himself than to Roger. There was this disgusting feeling in the pit of his stomach that he couldn't quite understand, because it didn't make any sense. John was not Tom's type, Tom never expressed genuine interest in John. It was all to hurt Freddie, right?

The singer couldn't be sure anymore.

"I'll call Brian. Tell him it's an emergency," Roger said, standing up and walking over to the phone.

ooo

John stood in the shower until the water turned cold and then he jumped out, shivering, nearly tripping over his clothes on the floor. That would be something; if he managed to trip and twist his ankle on top of everything else that was happening.

He stood in front of the mirror for a few long moments, trying to keep it together, trying to convince himself that nothing was wrong. And then he remembered what he and Freddie did just before the letter arrived and a shy smile crept across his face. His legs were still shaking a bit from that intense pleasure and it did bother him quite a lot that him and Freddie did not get to cuddle afterwards or just spend some time with each other as they always did. It felt like something was missing. Their intimate moment was cut short and John couldn't wait to get back to Freddie; just being near the singer always made him feel better, no matter the situation.

ooo

As Freddie and Roger waited for Brian to arrive, both lost in their thoughts, John shyly entered the room, not knowing exactly where to sit. Delilah was sleeping in the armchair and other two boys were occupying the entire sofa. But as soon as Roger noticed the bassist, he jumped up, offering his place to John, "Here, Deaks. Sit next to Freddie."

"Oh, darling, come here," Freddie patted the spot next to him and John obeyed, walking over and sitting down, offering a smile. He was terrified and nervous out of his mind, but he didn't want to worry Freddie even more. It was obvious that the singer was pretending to be fine, but John knew him better than that. Of course he was nervous about the letter.

"Are you alright?" Freddie asked softly, bringing his hair up to play with John's hair, moving it behind his ear.

John quickly nodded, "I-I'm fine. There's no hot water left, though, Freddie - "
"Oh, don't worry about that, dear. We're waiting for Brian. He should be here any moment now."

"Would you move?" Roger's voice could be heard as he apparently started to argue with Delilah, "Don't look at me like that. I pay the rent and I will be the one sitting in the armchair. You can have the floor."

After the cat ignored him and yawned, the drummer quickly grabbed her and placed her on the floor, moving away from her as soon as possible before getting scratched or bit. Delilah hissed at him angrily and tried to smack his foot with her paw, but Roger was faster, bringing his legs up.

"W-Why is Brian coming over?" John lowered his voice, looking at Freddie.

"Darling, we need to discuss our course of action. The ... stupid letter does change a few things for us."

The bassist bit his lip hesitantly, "What do you mean? I-I thought you said there's nothing to worry about."

"There isn't. I just want us to be safe and do the smart thing and Brian is the smartest person I know - "

"Oi!" Roger disagreed, "What am I to you? A joke?"

Thankfully the doorbell rang, saving Freddie from having to answer that question. The drummer jumped up and hurried off to answer the door. Just a minute later he returned with a very concerned and sleepy looking Brian.

"If this is another one of Roger's jokes and fake emergencies - " the guitarist started, glaring at the drummer.

"It's not, darling," Freddie assured him, "Sit down. We all need to talk."

John remained silent, having no idea what this band meeting was about. Yes, Tom did write a letter to him, but that had nothing to do with Brian or Roger. As the drummer finally brought a chair for himself and sat down, the meeting could finally begin. Freddie cleared his throat, slowly starting, "Brian, dear. I've already told Roger and now I'm telling you. Earlier this evening John received a letter and it was from Tom."

"Tom?" Brian tried to remember, "That's your - "
"Yes," Freddie cut him off, not wanting to hear the word boyfriend or ex, "That Tom, yes. I-I don't want to get into details, but the nature of the letter was ... It was absolutely disgusting and vile and ..." the singer just sighed, "Apparently he's coming to our show tomorrow night."

"The cunt," Roger muttered under his breath.

Brian took all the information in and he leaned back in the armchair, not saying anything. John looked at the other three boys and they all looked very concerned, but he couldn't understand why.

"How much would it hurt us if we cancel the gig?" Freddie suddenly asked.

"C-Cancel the gig?" John repeated, not knowing if he heard that correctly, "Why would we cancel the gig?"

"John, darling. No one is expecting you to perform with the threat of him being there - "

"But ... He can't really do anything," the bassist said, but it sounded more like a question, "D-Do you guys think he'll do something?" he finally asked, not really wanting to hear the answer.

Freddie was the one to reply, carefully choosing his words, "Even if he doesn't do anything. Even if he just stands there and stares at us ... I don't want that for you."

"Canceling so late will not be good for our reputation, that is for sure," Brian sighed, trying to think of a solution.

"And we need the money," Roger quietly added, not meeting anyone's eyes.

"Fuck the money," Freddie snapped, making John flinch, "We're talking about the bastard who harassed John multiple times. Do you two really think he can just stand there on stage and play like - "

"I-I'll do it," John said quietly, making the singer look at him, "I'll be safe. He can't do anything."

"John, darling - "

The bassist continued, taking a deep breath, "He wants to intimidate us. Me. I-It's obvious. Even if we do cancel this gig ... he'll just threaten to appear on the next one."

"Deaky's right," Roger chimed in.

Deep down inside Freddie knew they were all right and he knew that canceling the gig would only
cause them more trouble and give Tom the satisfaction he wanted, but he couldn't stand the thought of that cunt looking at John. He didn't deserve the privilege to look at him. And no matter how brave the bassist tried to appear in front of Rog and Brian, Freddie knew that he was probably horrified at the thought of Tom staring at him and sneering. And even if it was all a lie and Tom had no plans of actually going to their gig, they'd all be nervous and on edge expecting him to suddenly appear from the crowd.

"Freddie," Brian's voice pulled him from his thoughts.

"Y-Yes? What is it?"

"You know this Tom guy better than any of use," the guitarist carefully said, noticing the shame on the singer's face, "Do you truly believe he's capable of doing something publicly? Calling you out or perhaps causing a scene?"

Freddie looked down at his hands, not knowing what to say. In the last few weeks Tom has done creepy things that he'd never expect from him and Freddie did not feel qualified enough anymore to give his predictions about his Tom's behavior.

"I-I don't know," he said honestly, "I don't think so. His goal isn't causing a scene."

"Right," Brian nodded, then took in a deep breath, "If John is alright with it, I believe we should go ahead with the gig."

This time Freddie did not argue with that; he realized it was pointless.

"I-I'm alright," John said, forcing a weak smile, "It'll be alright."

Noticing that Freddie did not react to that at all, John moved closer to him, covering his hand with his and linking their fingers. The singer smiled slightly at the gesture, gently squeezing John's hand to let him know he wasn't upset with him. He was upset with Tom.

"I did suggest going over to Tom's place and breaking his legs, but Fred disagreed," the drummer said with a serious voice.

"Roger," Brian sighed tiredly, "How many times have we said we don't want to go through the process of finding another drummer?"

"Many times," Roger replied, suddenly remembering all the situations, "You said that when Freddie dared me to jump out the window and when I wanted to drink expired milk and - "
"You dared him to jump out the window?" John looked at his boyfriend in confusion and Freddie let out a nervous chuckle.

"W-We were both pretty drunk, darling."

The bassist giggled at that, a part of him wondering if that was the same night as the one when Freddie and Roger decided to name their cocks.

"Do we have an agreement?" Brian asked, looking at all the boys, "We go through with the gig tomorrow night with the hope that nothing out of the ordinary will happen. If it does, we'll deal with it."

"You just stand close to me, Deaky," Roger puffed his chest out, "I'll protect you. And if I see that creep in the audience I'll throw my drumstick at him. Or Freddie's tambourine."

John laughed at the mental imagine and nodded, giving the blond a thankful smile.

Freddie remained silent, holding John's hand and gently caressing it, almost as if he was trying to convey a message with the touch. He tried to apologize and express just how guilty he felt for ever introducing himself to Tom and accepting his drink because all that led to this bad situation. If Freddie sent him to hell that night when they first met, none of the awful things that followed would have happened. It was impossible to not feel absolute shame at having to admit to Brian who was like a brother to Freddie, that he used to have something with that sick bastard. That he actually used to have a relationship with Tom and used to kiss him and talk to him and shag him. Looking back now, Freddie felt sick by the sheer memories of that.

What kind of a person was he that he felt attracted to someone like Tom? It was as if his shameful past came back to haunt him, but it wasn't haunting him, it was haunting John. His sweet, innocent John who didn't deserve any of this, but somehow always seemed to get caught in the middle.

Just the thought of John one day being tired of it all and calling their relationship off, made Freddie terrified. If he had to, he'd pack up their things and move them both to a different continent, only to be able to keep John.

That night Brian offered to sleep over and it made the rest of the boys feel much better; they were always the strongest together and whenever there was a problem, they'd face it together. First it was just Freddie and Roger, then Brian joined and now John was also a part of their family.

The bassist tried to keep his mind off of bad things as he waited for Freddie to come join him in bed. The singer was taking a quick shower and John was left with Delilah. The cat was just resting on the floor and the moment John made himself comfortable in the bed, she jumped up at him, startling him a bit, but then she just moved to Freddie's side of the bed and sprawled out, looking up at the bassist. John had to admit she was adorable. When she wanted to be. She could also be a little devil, especially around Roger, but there was no way the drummer would have the heart to kick her out of their flat, even if he constantly threatened to do so. John shivered at the thought of how cold it was
outside and Delilah was still very young and inexperienced. Not to mention quite spoiled; and John blamed Freddie for that. The singer could not say no to her, especially when it came to food. If Freddie kept feeding her so much, they’d soon have a very, very big cat on their hands. Which the singer wouldn’t mind; he constantly said that he preferred a bit of meat on the bones.

And that made John wonder about something.

Was he too skinny for Freddie? Yes, him and Freddie were more or less the same weight, but the singer had a lot more defined body. And John was just ... small and skinny. Perhaps he really should start eating something other than cheese on toast.

"Oh my god!" Freddie complained as he burst through the door, shivering, "I'm cold as fuck, darling. I'm sure my b-balls shriveled up completely."

John grimaced, "I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to use up all the hot water, but - "

"I-It's perfectly f-fine, darling," Freddie said, his teeth chattering, "C-Cold water is good for my s-skin."

The bassist quickly moved to the side a bit, patting the spot next to him, "Come here, I'll warm you up."

Freddie turned the lights off before taking off his bathrobe and crawling in bed, wearing just his underwear. It took a bit of maneuvering as Delilah decided that the middle of the bed was a perfect place to sleep, but Freddie somehow managed it.

John, who that night felt comfortable enough to also sleep in just his briefs, pressed himself against Freddie, but the moment their bodies touched, he almost jumped out of bed.

"You're freezing cold, Freddie," the bassist commented before once again trying to press himself against his boyfriend and this time it was easier.

"And you're very warm, darling. Just hold me," Freddie let out a breath, enjoying the feeling of warmth and intimacy.

They did not speak much after that; they just held each other, saying I love you to each other occasionally as they cuddled in silence before slowly drifting off to sleep.

ooo
Freddie yawned loudly, stretching his arms above his head, eyes still closed as his leg searched for John. After not finding a body next to him, his eyes snapped open and he looked around the room, realizing that he was alone. And that almost never happened. John was the one who usually enjoyed sleeping in. He waited for a few moments, thinking perhaps the bassist went to the bathroom and would return soon. But then the curiosity got the best of him and he jumped from the bed, quickly putting his pajama pants on before leaving the room.

Noticing that Brian was still very much asleep on the sofa, the singer quietly tip-toed to the kitchen, knowing he'd find John there.

And he was right; the bassist was in front of the stove, making pancakes. The entire flat smelt of delicious pancakes and it was soon becoming one of Freddie's most favorite smells. Freddie just leaned against the doorway, observing John quietly and admiring how beautiful his boyfriend was, especially now that he was lost in his work, not knowing anyone was watching him. The bassist's back was turned to him and Freddie couldn't really see his face, but as moments passed he noticed the small things that told him John was very nervous. His hands were shaking and he kept touching his face and hair while shifting the weight from one leg to another anxiously.

The singer took a deep, loud breath to gently let John know he was there, not wanting to startle him and it worked. John turned around and smiled, "Hey."

"Hello, my beauty," the singer grinned, walking over to John, placing his hand on the bassist's lower back, under his shirt, making small circles on the skin.

"I-I woke up early and ... couldn't really fall back asleep so ... " John explained as he flipped one pancake over, his hand shaking slightly.

Freddie debated whether or not to bring that up, but decided not to. Instead, he pressed himself against John, hugging him from behind and wrapping his arms around the bassist's waist.

"Why didn't you wake me up, darling?" he asked, placing a kiss onto John's shoulder.

"I-I figured you need the rest," the bassist replied, leaning back against Freddie, "And besides, I-I wasn't bored. I had Delilah keeping me company."

"Oh, really?" a chuckle escaped Freddie, "And what did she do?"

"Well, she kept jumping on your piano and I had to keep getting her off of it. That went on for about fifteen minutes and then she decided to try and scratch the sofa, nearly waking Brian up in the process."

"She did not!" Freddie gasped in shock, "Did she do any damage?"
"I think not. But then got really annoyed with me and hid under the sofa, ignoring me."

The singer forced a smile, "She's just moody, darling. Don't take her serious."

"Don't worry, Freddie," John chuckled, "I'm not going to hold any grudges against a cat."

"She's more than a cat, darling!"

That only made John laugh even more as he set the last pancake on the place, turning off the stove.

"Well, the breakfast is ready," he sighed and Freddie let go of him so he could help, carrying the plates to the table.

"Should we wake Roger and Brian?"

"Oh, no, darling. Roger likes to sleep in before a gig. He'll get up when ... he gets up. And Brian's very grumpy if he doesn't get enough sleep."

"Oh. Alright, then. We'll leave some pancakes for them," John said, placing two cups of hot coffee on the table.

When they were both sitting down and enjoying their breakfast together, Freddie could not help but bring up the subject of their gig and address the giant elephant in the room.

"Darling, I assure you, everything will be fine," the said, offering a big smile, "The only thing you should worry about is playing as marvelous as you always play. That is all."

John nodded, cracking a weak smile, "I-I know. Nothing bad is going to happen. I-I'm just ... nervous."

"Don't be. It'll be fun, darling! And after we can grab some drinks, perhaps have a few girls hit on you?" he teased, enjoying how easily John blushed.

"Please, no," the bassist giggled, "I don't want to be hit on."

"Oh, you'd do fine, dear. A lot better than poor Brian who goes off rambling about a hand knit sweaters," the singer laughed, shaking his head in slight embarrassment as the remembered the awkward moment during the New Years party.

"Yes, I'd never do that," John chuckled, biting his lower lip.
They were both silent for a moment before Freddie covered the bassist's hand with his, giving it a gentle squeeze, "Don't you worry about anything, darling."

Freddie had no idea if Tom would actually decide to show up or not, but he knew that he wouldn't let that bastard anywhere near John and if that meant flinging himself off stage to tackle Tom or hit him with his mic stand or drop Roger's drums on him, then so be it. Yes, four months ago he didn't even know John, but now he was the most important person in his life and Freddie would give his life for him, without hesitating. Loving John was something that completely changed Freddie's life and he couldn't remember the last time he was as protective of someone as he was of John. No one has ever made him as happy as John did.

The singer was actually glad that both Brian and Roger decided to sleep in a bit so that he could have one on one breakfast with John. They both needed that after the previous day. Freddie was so engrossed in his conversation with John that he did not even notice that he was full and he just kept on eating until he felt too full, almost to the point of feeling sick. He couldn't help but laugh at the was his belly was sticking out and it worried him that he wouldn't be able to fit into his leotard. A couple of hours later, the boys hung out in the living room, trying to remain positive and ignore the dark cloud that seemed to hover over them. Thankfully, Delilah helped a lot without even trying to.

Freddie took a deep breath, "I am going to ask you something and I want you to be honest," he took another deep breath, trying to keep a calm face, "Where did you pee in this flat?"

Delilah just looked at him, acting confused.

"I can smell it," the singer said, placing his hands on his hips, trying to look intimidating, "So tell me where you peed."

Delilah just meowed at him, not breaking the eye contact.

"Liar," Freddie whispered at her.

"She peed behind this dead plant," Roger sighed, pointing at the plant in the corner of the room. Freddie ran over to investigate and grimaced as he notice the pee puddle behind the plant.

"You knew all this time and you didn't clean it, Rog?" Freddie asked, rolling his eyes.

"It's your cat, Freddie."

The singer repeated Roger's words, but with a very high pitched voice, intentionally teasing him as he made his way into the kitchen to grab a few paper towels. After returning, he immediately noticed that John wasn't in the room anymore. Thinking he perhaps went to the bathroom, Freddie cleaned the mess Delilah made and after he was
done with that, he realized that the bassist was not back yet. Perhaps John needed a bit of alone time, but the singer still wanted to make sure he was alright so he made his way to the bedroom, knocking on the door softly and waiting for the bassist to reply.

"Yes?"

After hearing John’s voice, Freddie opened the door and hesitantly walked in, ready to walk out any moment if John asked him to. The bassist was lying on the bed, cuddled up under a blanket and there was a surprise on his face, "Why are you knocking, Freddie? This is your bedroom."

"I-I didn't want to just barge in on you, dear."

"Nonsense," John smiled at him, patting the spot next to him, "Come here."

Freddie quickly obeyed, getting in bed and lying down next to his boyfriend. John immediately changed his position and turned around so that he was now facing Freddie and he found his hand, interlocking their fingers.

He said nothing more after that; it was obvious that he was deep in thought and Freddie knew exactly what was bothering him. Apparently promising that everything would be alright was not doing much so Freddie decided for a different approach; keeping John entertained and keeping his mind off of negative things.

"Would you like to eat something before we leave?" the singer asked softly.

"I couldn't possibly," the bassist replied, "I'm sure I ate over ten pancakes at breakfast."

"You too? Darling, I ate at least twelve! I think I'll have to change my stage outfit, there's no way I'd be able to pull that leotard off. Not with his belly."

John chuckled, biting his lower lip, "I-I once read that er ... couples tend to gain a bit of weight. I-I mean, a person who is in a happy relationship normally gains a bit of weight."

That made Freddie grin, "Oh, really? Can I check?"

"What do you mean?"

The singer just laughed and moved down John's body until his head was next to his belly; he then moved John's shirt up, exposing the bassist's perfect, soft and deliciously rounded belly.

John giggled, but didn't try to cover himself as Freddie poked his belly and started talking to it.
"Why, hello there," the singer used his charming voice, "I believe he haven't been properly introduced yet. My name is Frederick Mercury," he introduced himself and placed his hand on John's lower stomach, pretending to shake it's hand.

"Freddie, what are you doing?" John asked, his entire body shaking with laughter.

It was in that moment that his stomach growled and it only made the bassist laugh even harder.

"See, darling? He's talking to me!" Freddie chuckled, drawing circles onto his boyfriend's skin with his finger as he continued chatting, "I've met all your other neighbors. The closest one's name is William, I believe?"

"Freddie!" the bassist snorted, hiding his face in his hands.

"A very nice and polite fella, I must say," the singer teased, continuing to have a full on conversation with John's stomach, "He's sleeping now so I better lower my voice. We wouldn't want to wake him up, he's had a pretty exhausting night."

John squealed with embarrassment, knowing exactly what Freddie was talking about.

"You should see the poor guy," Freddie chuckled, "He even threw up a bit in the end."

"Oh my god!" John nearly shrieked, pulling Freddie back up, "No more chatting with my stomach about William."

Freddie grinned, but nodded, "Alright, my darling. Give me your right wrist."

"Why?" the bassist asked in confusion, but still obeyed. His heart melted when Freddie gently took the wrist in his hand and started massaging it, the look of absolute concentration on his face. John wanted to say that a massage wasn't necessary, but the singer would insist and it did feel pretty good, so John just relaxed and enjoyed the feeling.

Even though it was very obvious to him before, but once again he became reminded that Freddie was the best boyfriend in the entire world and John couldn't be more lucky to have him.

oo0

Soon it was time to leave and everyone was waiting for Freddie who couldn't decide on which stage
outfit he should wear. John groaned when he noticed how messy their bedroom was, even though it
was perfectly in order just a few minutes ago. Apparently the art of folding clothes and putting them
back in closet was a stranger to Freddie. The clothes were all over the floor and the bed and the
singer was currently in front of the mirror, looking at himself, holding a pair of white, bell pants in
front of him.

"I thought you said you were going to wear a leotard," John sighed, picking up Freddie's clothes
from the floor.

"I changed my mind, darling. I don't think a sparkly leotard is the most appropriate outfit for a bar,"
Freddie explained, then turned around, "What do you say about these pants? And that silky blouse
right there," he pointed at the floor where the blouse had been dropped.

"I think you look beautiful in anything you wear," John smiled, "But white is a good choice, making
sure everyone is able to see you."

Freddie nodded, "A-Alright, alright. I agree. But what about this one - " he tried to walk past John,
but the bassist grabbed his arm, stopping him.

"Freddie," he started slowly, "If we're not downstairs in two minutes, Roger is going to come up
here and throw you out of the window."

After seeing the shocked expression on the singer's face, John quickly added, "H-his words, not
mine! And even Brian is looking pretty ... impatient and rather pissed off."

"Yes, well, we are all a bit on the edge. You know, with the ..." Freddie stopped himself, not
finishing the sentence, "Everything is going to be fine!"

John forced a smile and nodded; but he wasn't sure who Freddie was trying to convince. It seemed as
if he was saying it to John, but it felt like he was also trying to reassure himself.

After finally packing all his make up and his jewelry and stage outfit, John nearly pushed Freddie out
of their flat; Brian and Roger were already impatiently waiting for them in the van.

"Did you pack all your make up, Freddie?" Roger teased as they drove off, "And don't forget the
skin tight leotards that show of your cock. I'm sure everyone is just waiting to see that."

"Oh, shush, darling. If you had something down there, you'd show it off too."

"You did not just say that!" Roger turned around to face the singer who was sitting in the back seat
and the bickering began.
Their fight about whose cock is bigger and if it's alright to show it off, continued for the entire drive and by the end of it, John's head was full with cocks and balls and he wasn't impressed. Cocks were not something he was a fan of; Freddie's cock was the only one John was interested in and he had to wish to listen about anyone else's.

Thankfully, the fight was forgotten the moment they arrived and they immediately got to work, carrying the equipment out and setting in on stage. Not wanting John to feel useless, Freddie gave him the easiest things to carry. Things John was able to carry with just one hand, but he was still thankful. It always made him feel very awkward when the other three boys were sweating and having a literal workout session carrying their equipment and John was just standing nearby, not being allowed to lift a finger.

Once the equipment was ready and everything was plugged in, the boys were taken to a smaller room backstage.

"This is a dressing room?" Freddie sighed, dropping his bag to the floor, "I am disappointed. Our bathroom is bigger than this closet."

"And where are the drinks?" Roger asked, looking around, "Are we supposed to survive on just water?"

"I'll go get us something stronger," Freddie offered, "John, what can I get for you?"

"Er ... a beer, please," the bassist answered, "I-I'll go with you - "

"No, no, darling. You stay here and get ready," the singer was quick to say and John suspected there was another reason behind that, but he quickly pushed that thought aside.

He was right.

Freddie did not want any company getting the drinks, because he used that time to take a quick look around and he did not want John to be present if he did manage to find someone. Thankfully, there was no sight of Tom and Freddie returned twenty minutes later, carrying three beers.

"You on a diet?" Roger teased Brian, "You found out there's meat in the alcohol?"

"Piss off, Rog," the guitarist rolled his eyes at him before returning to the usual routine of tuning his guitar in the corner of the room.

John and Roger had no special preparing to do and they just waited on the old looking couch as Freddie did his make up; they watched as he applied his eyeliner, but then wiped it off, clearly not
satisfied with the result, before reapplying it. When it was finally time to go on stage, everyone was nervous. Usually they were nervous, but excited. This time it was just nervous.

"Just don't look at the audience, darling," Freddie said to John moments before they went on, "Do that sexy looking-down thing that you do, or you can look at me. Everything is going to be just fine."

And John decided to believe him. Worrying wouldn't solve anything and it was then that John made the conscious decision to believe Freddie that everything would be alright.

It was one of their worst performances. By their standards.

John was positive that the audience did not notice anything was wrong and those few times he did look at the crowd, people seemed to be dancing and having a good time. Even when he messed up his playing and when Brian's guitar string broke. Or when Freddie nearly tripped over some cables and almost crashed onto Roger's drums. Overall, it was a mess, but they didn't completely suck. They were just having some difficulties, but by the end of it, it was obvious to John that they were all very annoyed.

Freddie did move differently than usually; this time he spent an awful lot of time close to John, leaning onto him and just standing near him, which did make John smile and everytime he met his boyfriend's eyes, Freddie smiled back and occasionally winked at him.

Even though John knew Freddie was very flexible, he was still surprised by how much he was able to arch his back. During the song 'Liar' Freddie quickly approached John when it was time to sing "All night long" and stood in front of him, leaning back against him and resting his head against John's shoulder. The bassist could feel the heat coming from Freddie's body and it made him feel safe and a sense of familiarity washed over him. For a slight moment it felt as if they were in their bed, at home, cuddled together.

That was John's favorite part of the show; not even his solo that came right after that moment felt better, though he usually enjoyed his solo parts very much.

When the show was finally over, Freddie thanked the audience and John gathered his courage and looked at the crowd again. The light made it difficult to see clearly, but John wasn't able to recognize anyone. Just the thought of Tom standing in the audience sent shivers down his spine, but thankfully, John did not see him.

"You were all absolutely perfect tonight!" Freddie said into the microphone, "Thank you, my darlings, good night!"

With those words, the singer took a bow and John did the same, nodding at the crowd. Roger walked over to Brian and they both waved at the audience and then Freddie hurried off to John, placing a hand on his waist and gently walking him off the stage, not even caring how that would
look and if people would find it strange that the male lead singer was grabbing the male bassist's waist like that.

The moment they were safe in the dressing room, Freddie pulled John into a hug, kissing his neck.

"You were absolutely perfect, my dear," he said to him, bringing his hand up to play with John's hair.

"I-I messed up - "

"But you always fixed it in such a elegant way that no one even noticed anything," Freddie pulled back slightly so he could smile at his boyfriend, "Meanwhile, there I was ... tripping over fucking cables. I nearly twisted my ankle. Did you see that?"

John couldn't help but laugh, "I-I did. I thought you were going to fly into the audience."

"That'd be a sight," Freddie chuckled, imagining the scene in his head, "What if they refused to catch me and I just landed on the floor? Oh god, that'd be embarrassing!"

Roger and Brian entered the room not much after and they all quickly changed before carrying their things and the equipment to the van.

Everyone was in a really weird mood after the gig. Even though they decided to stay in the bar and have a few drinks, it didn't seem like anyone was really enjoying it. It was a mixture of reasons; one being the constant fear and anxiety as they waited for Tom to appear, the other reason was the anger and frustration over not playing as perfect as they usually do and the third was this strange relief because Tom did not appear. All that mixed together was a strange feeling; it almost felt as if there was this pent up stress and adrenaline that was not released.

"So," Roger sighed, "What do you want to drink? I'll go order."

Brian just shrugged his shoulders, "Anything you bring will be fine."

Freddie wanted to go home; he wasn't in the mood for celebration or even hanging out. His guard was still up and he couldn't help but looking around, his eyes carefully moving from person to person. Even without appearing and making a scene, Tom managed to ruin their evening. The audience probably did not notice that anything was wrong, but the band noticed it. And Freddie, being the perfectionist that he is, really disliked their performance. Especially his. His mind was elsewhere the entire evening and he was just going through the motions. He felt the need to go back on stage and repeat the performance.

As his eyes traveled around the bar, he noticed a very familiar looking figure walking towards the
exit. His entire body tensed up as he watched that person from behind. It was pretty far away and it was dark, but that person and the way he walked seemed too familiar to the singer.

And then the guy turned around, meeting Freddie's eyes.

The singer's blood ran cold as he recognized him.

Tom.

And then he saw red.

Without even saying anything, he jumped from his seat and started walking towards the guy, pushing his way through the crowd.

"Freddie, where are you going?" Roger shouted after him, but it was pointless.

Freddie kept his eyes on Tom and picked up his pace as he noticed Tom hurrying towards the exit and then disappearing from the bar. Running after him, Freddie soon found himself outside, on the street and Tom was nowhere in sight.

"Fuck!" the singer swore, running up and down the street and then he finally noticed him.

Tom was casually walking away in one of the back alleys and without thinking about it, Freddie ran towards him, grabbing his arm roughly and turning him around.

"What the - " Tom let out and then smiled, "Oh, Freddie. Didn't see you there."

"Cut the crap," the singer hissed at him angrily, "Are you leaving already, Tom? Where's the vodka that you've promised us? Hmm?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

In that moment the other three boys ran up to them and after recognizing the guy as Tom, Roger tried to sprint towards him, but Brian grabbed him last minute, holding his arms and not letting go of him. John went pale as a ghost, not even daring to move from the spot next to Brian and Roger.

Tom smiled at the bassist, waving his hand at him, "Hello - "

The singer smacked his hand down, "Wave at him again and you'll pull back a bloody pulp."
"Freddie, is that a way to talk to an old friend?" Tom asked innocently, crossing his arms over his chest, "And an ex boyfriend. Ex lover."

The singer gritted his teeth in embarrassment, too afraid to even turn around and look at his friends and look at John.

"Let go of me, Brian!" Roger struggled, trying to free himself, but the guitarist would not budge.

"Rog, calm down," Freddie said calmly, "I got this."

"Got what, Freddie?" Tom chuckled, "I was just in the neighborhood and decided to stop here for a drink. Such a coincidence that you guys were playing here tonight."

Freddie ignored his bullshit, not wanting to waste his time with those lies.

Instead he placed his hands on his waist and met Tom's eyes, "What do you want? Do you want me? Is that what this is about?"

"Freddie, I have a new lover. Don't take this the wrong way, but I am completely over you."

The singer nodded, lowering his voice, "Fine. Do you want John?"

"F-Freddie ... " the bassist said from behind him, "Let's just go."

"John?" Tom chuckled, "Your flavor of the month? Why would I want him? You are talking nonsense, dear Freddie."

"Nonsense?"

"I'll fucking kick your arse!" Roger shouted, "Call to our flat again and I'll break your legs, I swear to God!"

Tom ignored him, not moving his eyes off of Freddie, "You really think someone like John would interest me in any way?"

Freddie forced a smile and then took a step closer, grabbing Tom's crotch with his hand, but quickly Tom pushed him away, "What the fuck are you doing, Freddie?"

"Just checking for a hard on, dear. I heard you have a habit of getting hard around John. Why is that,
Tom? Just another coincidence? Are you a randy teenager, getting boners at most random times?"

The bassist turned red at those words, his heart beating so loudly he barely even heard anything else. It pained him that Roger and Brian were there to hear those things, but the feeling of embarrassment was no where near as strong as the feeling of fear. For his safety and for Freddie's.

"I have no idea where you got that information from," Tom forced a smile, but he did seem slightly more nervous now, "What I will say is .... it's not nice to grab people like that. That is sexual assault, Freddie. You don't want to be labeled a rapist, do you?"

John stopped breathing as he heard that r-word and it felt as if someone stuck a knife right through his stomach and it took everything in him to not just double over in pain.

"Do not change the subject, Tom," Freddie hissed at him, "What do you want from John?"

"Absolutely nothing," came a calm reply.

"Is that your final answer?" the singer replied, pushing Tom away, causing him to stumble back. Anger flashed on Tom's face and judging by his rapid breathing, being pushed like that, really pissed him off.

"I want nothing to do with your little boyfriend, Freddie," he hissed back, "I do have to admit that my first impression of him was wrong, though. And for that I apologize," he said, looking behind Freddie at John who tensed up at the attention he was suddenly given.

That enraged Freddie even more and he pushed Tom back again, this time with more force, nearly knocking him over in the process. This time Tom did not just let it slide and he pushed Freddie back, causing him to almost bump into John.

"You disgusting - " Freddie growled, but before he could get to Tom again, John grabbed his arm, pulling him back.

"L-Lets just go home, Freddie, please," the bassist whispered, too afraid to even meet Tom's eyes. Just his stare made John extremely uncomfortable.

"I can kick his arse! Brian, would you let go of me?!" Roger offered, trying once again to free himself from Brian grasp, but the guitarist only tightened his grip on his arm, pulling him further away.

Freddie took a deep breath, calming himself down, "Don't worry, darling. Nothing is going to happen. Tom and I are just having a conversation, aren't we?"
This made Tom chuckle and he nodded, "Yes, just a civil conversation."

"Right. Now tell me ... why are you following John around and getting hard ons from being around him? Why are you grabbing his crotch? I'm sure there had to be a perfectly good explanation for that," Freddie said, his voice cold as ice.

"I am not following John around, Freddie. And I have never grabbed him. He probably has me confused with someone else and about the hard ons ... I have no idea what you're talking about."

"So wanking off on someone else's bed is perfectly normal for you?" Freddie growled, once again stepping closer to Tom, getting in his face, "You are sick, you know that?"

"What?" Roger's shocked voice could be heard, "He did what?!"

It was obvious that Freddie's accusation did surprise Tom a bit, but he just raised his eyebrows, answering in a calm voice, "You'll have to ask your boyfriend about that. He knows how that happened."

"L- liar," John whispered, not able to stop himself, "I-I had nothing to do with that."

"It's alright, darling. You don't have to explain," Freddie said softly, still not moving his eyes off of Tom.

"He looks so darn innocent," Tom chuckled, "I have to admit, he did have me fooled for a bit. But then I discovered the truth."

"I don't give a shit about what you think you discovered," Freddie hissed at him, "I want you out of our lives. No more letters, no more phone calls. Do you understand that or do I have to write it down for you?"

"Get off your high horse, Freddie. No one is after your boring boyfriend - "

Before he could finish the sentence, the singer took one step closer to him, their chests nearly touching now. They were both staring at each other, neither wanting to be the first to back down or step away. It was a bit funny because Tom was taller than Freddie and the singer had to tilt his head up slightly in order to meet his eyes, but it did not seem as if Freddie was in any way intimidated by Tom's size.

"Call him boring again, I dare you."

"F-Freddie, please, just .. lets just go, please," John pleaded, tugging at the singer's arm.
"I won't touch him, darling. Don't worry. I'm not an animal," Freddie said with a smile, putting both of his arms behind his back, but still not getting out of Tom's personal space.

"Yes, yes. You absolutely despise violence, Fred," a humorless chuckle escaped Tom, "Yet you were always the first one to strike. Or have you forgotten that?"

"Yes. I was beating the shit out of you daily," Freddie said dramatically, "You know that's bullshit and no one here is going to believe that."

"I don't need them to believe me. You know it's true."

"Don't you fucking dare mention stalls or vodka to John again, you piece of absolute garbage," the singer threatened, ignoring Tom's words, "Don't you even dare to look in his direction."

"Or what?" Tom chuckled.

"Do it and you'll see."

Still chuckling, Tom moved his gaze from Freddie and then his eyes found John, but before he could say anything, Freddie pushed him again and this time delivered a swift punch to Tom's stomach, making him double over in pain. Roger actually cheered at that, but Brian wasn't as impressed, looking around in concern, but thankfully the alley they were in was completely empty.

"Oh my god," John cried out, pulling Freddie away from Tom, using all of his strength to do so.

Tom needed a few minutes to pull himself together, but once he finally stood up straight again, there was white rage on his face. However, his voice was still very calm as he spoke, only a bit lower, "This is the last time you hit me over your whore, Freddie. Stop protecting the honor of someone who's perfectly fine with fucking in a public stall."

Those words shook John to the core and it made him let go of Freddie's arm, which the singer took advantage of, lunging at Tom and managing to strike a heavy blow to his nose before pushing him to the ground. Freddie was about to kick him, but Brian's voice stopped him, "Fred, people are going to hear us. Do you want to end up in jail?"

John was too shaken up to even move or do anything to stop Freddie. He just stood there, shaking, watching Tom on the ground.

Freddie's chest was rising and falling with each deep breath that he took and his fists were clenched, but he did manage to stand still. It would be so easy to just kick Tom or punch him again, but he knew that would be dangerous. Even though it was obvious that Tom was in pain, he still managed
to chuckle, "Yes, the poodle is right. Who'd take care of John if you were in jail? Just imagine that," he said, standing up slowly, "He'd probably end up in some stall again, fucked against the wall and then cry rape."

John's throat closed up with absolute dread and suddenly he felt sick to his stomach. He had to cover his mouth with his hand, fearing he might vomit. He lost himself for a moment and apparently something happened in those two seconds because the next thing he saw was Tom pushing Freddie with all his force. Seeing that brought up John's protective instincts and before Freddie could jump at Tom, the bassist moved, putting himself in between the two of them, facing Freddie. The singer gripped his shoulders, trying to gently move him out of the way but John wouldn't obey, standing his ground. That is until something much stronger just pushed him to the side and the shock of it made him trip over his own feet and hit the wall that was nearby.

Freddie saw red.

It all happened in a second.

He punched Tom's face once again, but Tom managed to stay on his feet and then he delivered one sloppy punch, hitting Freddie across his face. In only just enraged the singer and he grabbed Tom's arm, twisting it behind his back painfully before pushing him to the ground. He could hear Roger cheering him on, screaming insults at Tom and he could hear Brian's worried voice telling him to stop, but Freddie was livid. He took one step towards Tom, but then he heard John's voice. And there was something in his tone that made Freddie's blood run cold.

"F-Freddie."

The singer turned around to see John kneeling on the ground, holding a hand over his face. Immediately, Freddie was by his side and it was then that he noticed John wasn't holding a hand over his face, but over his mouth. And there was a lot of blood.

On John's hands, on his clothes.

"O-Oh my god, darling. What's ... " Freddie trailed off, his own voice shaking, "W-What happened?"

"I-I hit the wall with ... m-my jaw and ... I-I think I ... my mouth hurts," the bassist tried to explain, his eyes full of tears, "I-Is it my teeth? D-Did I -?"

"Let me see, darling," Freddie said gently, pulling John's hand from his face. The bassist tried to open his mouth and it was then that the singer noticed where all the blood was coming from.

"Sweetheart, your teeth are fine. It's your lip. I-It looks as if you bit it or ... " Freddie explained, grimacing at the amount of blood, while John just stared at his boyfriend helplessly, not knowing
what to do.

Finally, Roger managed to free himself and then he pushed Brian backwards, making him lose one of his clogs in the process. Without even thinking about it, the drummer reached for the clog, grabbing it and throwing it at Tom, hitting his chest with it. Which was disappointing, because he was aiming at his head.

"Roger, stop," Brian said firmly and it seemed to have the effect.

The drummer just walked past that piece of trash on the ground and went over to Freddie and John.

"No, no, continue," Tom said, a bit breathless, "I'm sure the police - "

"No one is calling the police," Brian interrupted him, slowly making his way over to him and kneeling down next to him, "I don't see any visible injury on you at the moment. Meanwhile, John is bleeding. And that lovely letter that you wrote is the perfect evidence of you being a stalker. It's our word against yours."

Tom said nothing as he stared at Brian, but judging by the way his lips were twitching, he knew the guitarist was right.

"As a matter of fact," Brian forced a smile, "Go ahead. Call the police. We'll wait here."

Tom slowly stood up, opening his mouth to say something, but decided against it. And then, without a single word, he turned around and left, almost running away.

"What if he calls the police?" Roger asked, "We can't just let him go!"

"He won't call the police," Brian assured him, grabbing his clog and putting it on again before walking over to the boys.

Freddie and John were in their own little world, not even noticing Tom left or anything happening before that. John was shaking terrible, his face twisting at the sight of blood and not knowing how much he was hurt. And Freddie was worried sick, his heart hurting at the sight of John being in pain.

Roger kneeled down next to them, taking a better look at John's face.

"I think it's a split lip," he said, grimacing, "He should get that checked out, it might need a few stitches."

"Oh, darling, my sweetheart," Freddie whispered, gently caressing John's face, "D-Does anyone
"I do," Brian said, quickly pulling one out of his pocket and handing it over.

"Here you go, darling," the singer gently pressed it to John's lip, wincing when John winced, "I-I'm sorry, my love."

"M-My jaw hurts," the bassist said quietly.

"Did anyone see what happened?" Freddie asked, looking at Brian and Roger.

Brian nodded, struggling with his words, "Tom pushed him out of the way and ... John somehow ... hit the wall. Face first."

"I-I tripped," John whimpered, holding the handkerchief over his lower lip, "O-Over nothing."

And then he looked down at his clothes and at his free hand, noticing the blood and he felt sick at the sight. Suddenly remembering that John can't stand the sight of blood, Freddie grabbed his hand, covering it with his, "Everything is going to be alright, darling. It's just a little cut."

"P-Promise?"

"I promise, my love," Freddie forced a smile, using his other hand to caress John's leg, "Come on, stand up, dear."

He helped John to his feet, noticing that the bassist seemed to be swaying a bit, his legs barely supporting him. They slowly walked over to their van and the entire drive to the urgent care, Freddie held John close to him, running a hand through his hair gently, telling him that everything will be alright. The bassist was pretty shaken up because of everything that happened and Roger mentioning stitches did not help at all.

Freddie wanted to die.

He felt as if he might just explode from all the anger he felt for Tom; seeing him actually physically grab John and roughly push him aside, made something snap inside of Freddie and at the same time he was ashamed of his violent behavior. Especially because he knew how uncomfortable violence made John feel; apparently so much that he even put himself in between Freddie and Tom in an attempt to end it. And it backfired.

At some point during the drive, John suddenly looked up, his eyes wide with fear, "A-Are you alright?"
Freddie's heart melted with love, "I'm fine, my darling. Don't worry about me."

"H-He hit you, didn't he? I-I saw - "

"He hits like a small puppy. I barely even felt it," Freddie lied, smiling at his boyfriend. Tom's punch did hurt, but Freddie's gotten punched worse in the past. He knew he'd bruise tomorrow, but did not want to worry John with that.

John nodded, still not entirely convinced, but he let it go for the moment. He rested his head against Freddie's shoulder, looking down at their interlocked fingers, trying to keep himself grounded and not panic.

Brian's and Roger's conversation did help keep him distracted.

"That was my best pair of clogs, Rog."

"Don't be such a cry baby. I just - "

"You just pushed me to the ground, stole my clog and used it as a weapon. I must say, I am very disappointed in you."

"You got your damn clog back, Bri."

"That is not the point, Roger. We've talked about this. My clogs are not something for you to hurt other people with."

"Are you joking? Remember that one time you threw your both clogs at me?"

After arriving at urgent care, John did not have to wait for long before getting checked up. Freddie insisted on going in with him, ignoring the nurse saying he should wait outside.

"I-I'm his roommate," Freddie said, pulling a chair next to John and sitting down beside him, taking his hand in his. He did not interlock their fingers, knowing that would be a bit too much, but he still held John's hand, explaining to the nurse that John was terrified of the sight of blood and therefore
needed the comfort.

"How did this happen?" the nurse asked, taking a closer look at John's lip.

"He fell," Freddie quickly explained.

The nurse gave him a strange look; the singer couldn't really explain it, but it felt as if she was not believing him. And her look did seem accusing.

"I didn't hit him," Freddie suddenly said, feeling offended.

The nurse just sighed, not saying anything to that. John was too shaken up to pay attention to the conversation; in fact it seemed as if he was barely holding back tears. Freddie knew how traumatizing being in the urgent care was for John; he knew how terrified the bassist was of doctors and nurses and anything medical related, especially because of everything that happened after his attack. Not to mention that horrible nurse who insinuated John's attack was his own fault. Freddie could feel his blood boiling at the memory of that.

John squeezed Freddie's hand as the nurse cleaned the wound; it burned and it was painful and it took all of John's strength to not move away, but he forced himself to hold still, letting the nurse do her job.

It turned out that he did need two stitches, but the nurse was very gentle and it was done in a few minutes. Freddie had to fight back the urge to just kiss John's hand and talk sweetly to him or brush the tear that was threatening to spill from his eye.

"You will need to be very careful with the food you eat and not opening your mouth very wide," the nurse told John as the procedure was finished, "Come back in a few days to get the stitches taken out."

John nodded, "T-Thank you."

Before they returned to the waiting room, Freddie took John to the restroom to wash his hands, knowing the bassist despised seeing blood on his hands.

"Are you alright, my love?" he asked as John wiped his hands on the paper towel, "Did that hurt a lot?"

"A b-bit," John admitted, "It still does."

"Oh, darling. I believe we have some painkillers at home. Those strong ones that Roger got for you,"
the singer said, his heart breaking at the sight of an injured John. Especially since the injury was partially Freddie's fault; the guilt was killing him, but he knew the restroom wasn't the right place to beg for forgiveness.

Once they got back to Roger and Brian, the drummer tried to cheer John up, telling him a story about the time he needed stitches and how he ended up crying and embarrassing himself completely. It made John laugh, but then he let out a whimper of pain; apparently laughing or smiling too much hurt his split lip.

Freddie and Brian walked behind them and the guitarist noticed how awful Freddie felt about the entire incident. It was obvious by the sheer expression of pain on his face.

"I understand why you did it," Brian suddenly said, his tone barely above a whisper.

Freddie turned to look at him, "W-What do you mean, dear?"

"Maybe I do not agree with what you did, but I do understand. And I'm sure John does too."

The singer's eyes immediately filled with tears and he quickly looked away, slightly embarrassed by his reaction. Brian just smiled and gripped Freddie's shoulder reassuringly as they walked back to the van.

After dropping them back at the flat, Brian had to leave, explaining he had some errands to run early in the morning. John was unusually silent, though he did still offer weak smiles to Freddie and did not flinch away from his touch. As John went to take a quick shower, Freddie used that time to feel Delilah who was already very grumpy at being left alone for a couple of hours. The singer stood in the kitchen, watching his cat eat and purr happily, but then Delilah just moved closer to his legs and rubbed her head against it.

"Aww, darling," Freddie kneeled down, petting her and Delilah meowed at him and the singer could swear she actually smiled at him. The moment was cut short though because he could hear John leave the bathroom and walk into their bedroom. As much as Roger wanted to discuss everything that happened, he could tell that Freddie needed to be left alone and the drummer respected that. His questions and opinions would have to wait until the next morning.

Freddie took a quick shower, he was finished in less than four minutes and then he put on his pajama pants and hurried into the bedroom, desperate to talk to John and apologize. But first he grabbed a
glass of water and a painkiller from the drawer in the living room; wanting to ease John's pain as much as possible.

He found the bassist sitting on the bed, grimacing in discomfort as he gently touched his lips with his hand.

"The nurse said you are not supposed to touch it, dear," Freddie said softly, startling John a bit.

The bassist quickly moved his hand away and smiled at the singer, "S-Sorry."

"Here you go," Freddie handed him a glass of water and the pill and John was more than happy to swallow it, desperate for his entire face to stop hurting. His jaw ached and it actually hurt to talk, even if he tried to talk slowly, barely moving his jaw. Freddie hesitantly climbed onto the bed, sitting next to his boyfriend and for the first couple of moments, he just stared at him, observing his face closely.

"It's probably going to bruise," he finally said, bringing his hand up to gently touch John's jaw and cheek.

The bassist nodded, "P-Probably."

Freddie's throat closed up with fear and absolute sadness and he struggled with his next words, "How do I ... I mean, how can I ... What do I do, John?"

"What do you mean?"

"How do I make it better?"

John chuckled, "Unless you can do magic, I don't think you can heal me, Freddie."

"N-Not that, darling. I-I mean ... how do I begin to make it up to you? I know an apology means nothing and I don't even want to waste your time making you listen to me babbling about how sorry I am and - "

"I'm not angry with you," John said quietly, "I ... I actually understand why you did it."

"John - "

"You defended me and ... " the bassist smiled weakly, "I know I'd feel hurt if you just stood there while h-he said all those things to me and about m-me. I know it's selfish of me, but I-I liked you defending me."
"It's not selfish, darling," Freddie quickly said, taking John's hands in his, "And I'll always defend you. Always. What pains me is the fact that you ... got hurt in the process. Again."

"He hit you too."

"Yes, but I'm not the one with a split lip."

John took a shaky breath, "I-I don't think he wanted to hurt me like this. I really believe he just wanted me out of the way."

"It doesn't excuse it. He pushed you. In front of me," Freddie hissed angrily, blood boiling in his veins, "I could kill him for that."

John tensed up at those words, squeezing Freddie's hands, "I-I want to tell you something."

"Go ahead, darling."

The bassist nodded, meeting Fred's eyes, "I-I'm absolutely terrified of something happening to you. That's why I stupidly got in between you and ... him. I can't stand the thought of something happening to you. I'd ... die."

"Nothing is going to happen to me, darling."

"You don't know that," John said, getting more upset by the moment, "R-Remember that one time you went to face my ... attacker? You and Roger went after him and Roger came home with this giant cut. I-I'm not stupid, Freddie. I know there was a knife involved. What if it was you? What if he h-hurt you and ... " John had to stop before he burst into tears.

Freddie was silent for a long moment, shocked at the bassist's emotional outburst. He never had anyone, besides his mum, love him so much that they would cry over his safety. He could still clearly remember the evening when his mum begged him to stop with his other business and stop with his dangerous lifestyle and she was crying and Freddie started crying too, feeling like an absolute shit for making his mother so sad, but at the same time not being able to turn his back to what he truly wanted.

And it broke his heart seeing John almost crying over him and his safety; he never imagined anyone could love him nearly as much as him mum does.

"John, darling, I-I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," he apologized, "I promise to be more careful, alright? I promise."
That did make the bassist look up at him, "Really?"

"Yes, really. I promise, darling. Don't cry, sweetheart. Don't cry over me, I'm not worth it," Freddie smiled at him, leaning over to place a kiss onto John's cheek.

The bassist smiled back, sniffing a bit, "Yes, you are worth it. And ... I'm really grateful to have you to defend me and I-I love you even more because of that, because you are like that. But just ... be careful."

"I promise, my sweetness," Freddie brought John's hand up and kissed it gently.

John relaxed a bit at those words, closing his eyes for a moment, but then he opened them quickly again, clearly remembering something.

"A-About what he said - " the bassist started, tensing up, "About the ... the stall."

"Darling - "

"I promise it's not t-true," John whispered, looking down in shame, "I-I didn't want to ... do that and I-I swear ... I swear I didn't want to."

"John," Freddie said firmly, "You truly think I'd believe a word that came out of that bastard's mouth? I know you didn't consent to being dragged into that stall and ... I know that. There's no need to reassure me, darling."

John let out a shaky breath, "A-Alright."

"Oh, sweetie," Freddie pulled him into a hug, "I love you so much and I'm so terribly sorry you got hurt like that. I can't even - "

"T-The nurse said it'll be fine. I just can't ... eat certain foods or talk a lot or laugh or - Oh god," John suddenly broke the hug, pulling away so that he could look at Freddie, "I-I can't kiss you. We can't kiss."

Freddie did not even think of that; he was too worried about John being in pain and getting hurt and kissing was the last thing on his mind. But now, as it was brought up, he couldn't help but feel his heart twist painfully at the realization that he really would not be able to kiss John for days. At least not how he wanted to kiss him.

John brought his hand up to caress Freddie's face and then he dragged his thumb over his boyfriend's perfect lips, letting out a whimper.
"Fuck," Freddie swore, suddenly feeling the unbearable urge to his John.

The bassist slowly leaned closer to him, closing the distance between their faces until their lips brushed slightly and it was the gentlest kiss Freddie's ever received; it felt like a butterfly touching his lips and while it was beautiful, it pained him to realize that was all the kissing they'd be able to do for days. Perhaps even weeks.

As they went to sleep, they both knew they still had to have a serious conversation about Tom, but both decided to leave that for the morning. All they wanted to do that night was cling to each other and fall asleep in each other's arms and Freddie felt so selfish, realizing his biggest concern was not Tom, but the fact that he wouldn't be able to fully kiss John for a while. And he wouldn't be allowed to make him smile or laugh. Freddie's stomach twisted painfully and he could only hope John's lip would heal quickly and without any complications.

And he prayed that he'd soon be back to kissing his boyfriend like he wanted to kiss him and like John deserved to be kissed.

Little did he know that John was thinking about the same exact thing.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to add a "surprise visit" to this chapter, but it turned out it'd make the chapter way too long. Therefore, expect a surprise visitor in the next chapter. Our John is going to be a bit jealous. ;D
John was very surprised when he woke up alone; the last thing he remembered was falling asleep in Freddie's arms and the singer pressing soft kisses to his temple and forehead. Even though what happened after their gig was terrible, John fell asleep with a smile on his face. His lips did not hurt that much and he thought it was not going to be very painful and that his lip would heal quickly.

He was wrong.

John's entire face hurt, especially his jaw. He tried moving it a bit, but was immediately stopped by the pain. His split lip was not even the worst part, though that hurt as well.

He missed Freddie and was surprised the singer was up before him. John slowly pulled himself up and went to the bathroom to wash his face and brush his teeth. He nearly swore when the toothpaste came in contact with his injured lip; it burned, making him let out a pained sob. But the worst part was when he finally saw himself in the mirror. For the first few moments he just stared at himself, not actually believing what he was seeing was real. His face seemed normal when he went to sleep and he did expect some bruising, but not this. It looked horrible. His jaw seemed bigger and it was all kinds of colors; from yellow to purple.

He was almost too embarrassed to leave the bathroom, but he missed Freddie and he really, really needed a hug.

He found the singer in the kitchen, making some coffee.

"Darling! You're up - " Freddie offered a big smile, but it disappeared immediately upon taking a better look at John's face.

"Hi," the bassist shyly greeted him, trying to cover jaw with his hand.

Freddie was beside him in an instant, gently pulling John's hand away,"Oh, sweetie! That's .... That looks horrible!"

John giggled a bit, "I-It feels horrible as well," it was then that he noticed the bruise on Freddie's left cheek and his heart sank, "F-Freddie."

After realizing what his reaction was about, Freddie just shrugged his shoulders, "Oh, it's nothing, darling. It doesn't hurt at all."
That was a lie. It did hurt, but definitely a lot less than John's jaw.

"That ... bastard," John whispered, finding Freddie's hands and interlocking their fingers. Freddie was a bit surprised by that word leaving John's mouth, but he smiled, biting his lower lip.

"Did Roger teach you that word, dear?"

"You did, actually," John chuckled, then winced in pain because apparently he opened his mouth too wide.

"Oh, honey," Freddie winced as well, as if it hurt him too, "Sit down, dear. I-I made you some cereal. I-I wanted to make something a bit more romantic, but the fridge is empty! I'll send Rog to the store."

John obeyed, sitting down, but just one look at the cereal bowl in front of him told him that he wouldn't be able to eat it. But at the same time he didn't want to hurt Freddie's feelings and refuse to eat something he made for him.

"I'm an idiot!" Freddie suddenly announced, "You can't chew, darling, and here I am, making you a goddamn cereal. I am so inconsiderate!"

"N-No!" John rushed to disagree, "I-I can't try - "

"I'll make something else," Freddie grabbed the bowl in front of him and placed it on the counter.

"Freddie, you don't have to do this," the bassist said quietly, "Perhaps I can eat - "

"Even talking is painful, I can see it, dear. I will not have you chewing on some cereal," the singer sighed, thinking about it for a moment and then an idea occurred to him, "I'll make you some oatmeal. I believe we have a banana and oats. Brian once bought it for us, saying it's healthier than that sugary cereal we eat."

John was about to protest, but the singer was already peeling a banana and mashing it. While they waited for the milk to boil, Freddie turned his attention to John again, kneeling down in front of him, placing his hands on John's knees.

"Darling, I've called Brian and asked him to cancel tonight's gig."

That did surprise John, but he couldn't find it in him to complain or at least pretend to complain. If he was being completely honest, he was relieved to hear their gig was canceled. If he absolutely had to perform, then he would, but it wouldn't be an enjoyable experience, not to mention he looked
absolutely terrible and there was the threat of Tom. No one wanted to mention it, but it could be possible for Tom to appear again, this time angrier.

"B-But we need the money," John quietly said, refusing to meet Freddie's eyes.

"They weren't paying well. Besides, Brian said he'll try and get us a gig outside of London. One of his friends in is a band and they just performed in this town ... I forgot what it's called, but apparently they pay really, really well," the singer explained, then smiled, "Wouldn't that be fun? A road trip?"

John returned the smile, nodding his head, "That'd be lovely."

"There you go, darling," Freddie chuckled, "What I want you to do today is just rest, alright? We'll eat some ... mashed potatoes for lunch and perhaps a soup? I'll see what I can make."

"I'll help, don't worry," John smiled wider, completely forgetting about his lip; he was immediately reminded as a hot, burning pain shot through him.

"Oh, sweetie," Freddie grimaced, "I'm so sorry."

"It wasn't you who hit me, Freddie," the bassist said, "Don't apologize."

"I just - "

"I-I think the milk is boiling."

The singer immediately jumped up, rushing towards the stove. Banana oatmeal was something Brian taught him how to make and Freddie only hoped he would not fuck it up. The last thing he wanted was for John to starve. When he finally placed the bowl in front of his boyfriend, he grabbed the spoon and insisted on feeding it to him. John blushed at all the attention and care he was receiving, but couldn't deny that being pampered felt good. Especially being pampered by Freddie.

Freddie was caring enough to blow on the oatmeal to try and cool it down a bit before moving the spoon to John's mouth. The bassist tried to open his mouth, but it was soon obvious that he couldn't; not without hurting himself. Freddie immediately noticed, throwing the spoon into the sink and fetching a smaller spoon.

John felt all warm inside as he let Freddie feed him; he honestly thought there was no way he could love his boyfriend more, but apparently he could. It was fascinating to observe how very careful and gentle Freddie was being with him; a total contrast to how he was like the previous night with Tom. The same hand that punched Tom and nearly broke his nose, was now so delicately trying to feed
Just as Freddie placed the spoon back into the bowl, John suddenly pulled his chair closer and just hugged his boyfriend, hiding his face against his chest and inhaling deeply. He absolutely adored Freddie's scent and he loved how warm he was at all times. Even if someone were to pour a bucket of cold water over him, his body would be warm again in less than three minutes. It was something John absolutely adored about him.

At first, the singer was confused by the sudden outpouring of love, but then he wrapped his arms around John, bringing him even closer to him.

"Sometimes I wish we could stay like this forever," the singer said quietly, "This feels perfect."

"It really does," John agreed, bringing his hand up to unbutton Freddie's shirt a bit so he could press his face against the singer's bare skin. He then closed his eyes, just relaxing and enjoying the hug.

"Are you still hungry, dear?"

John just shook his head and moved even closer to Freddie. They stayed like that for a few long moments, perhaps even minutes, until finally Roger appeared in the kitchen, startling them both with a loud yawn. The boys immediately broke apart, looking a bit awkward being interrupted like that.

"Is this for me?" Roger asked, making his way over to the bowl of cereal. Without waiting for the answer, he took it and sat down next to Freddie as he started eating it.

"Rog, dear. It's your turn to go to the store," the singer said, "The fridge is completely empty. I honestly have no idea where all the food went to."

The drummer nodded, his mouth full of cereal as he said, "I also have no idea. Brian probably ate it."

John chuckled at that, but was careful to not open his mouth a lot as he did so; it did feel weird laughing with mouth closed, but that was the only way he was allowed to laugh for the next few days or even weeks.

Surprisingly enough, Roger did not put up a fight about having to go to the store and immediately after finishing his cereal, he was gone. John cuddled up on the sofa with a warm blanket wrapped around him as he listened to Freddie argue with Delilah in the kitchen.
"No, dear, I've already fed you. Do not look at me like that. It's not working."

Silence.

"It's not working, Delilah. I am not falling for that. No."

John held his breath, waiting for Freddie's next words because he just knew what they were going to be.

"Alright, dear! One more treat cannot hurt anyone, can it?" he heard Freddie chuckle, immediately followed by Delilah's pleased meow.

John couldn't help but shake his head; while he disagreed with how lenient Freddie was with Delilah, he had to admit he was immensely entertained by how easily the singer was manipulated. By a cat. It was adorable, but John knew he'd have to step in soon, otherwise they'll have an overweight cat on their hands in a couple of weeks.

Just as John pulled the blanket up to his neck, making himself more comfortable, the doorbell rang. Knowing that Freddie was busy in the kitchen with the cat, John pulled himself up from the sofa, "I-I'll get it."

He suspected it was Roger; the drummer had the habit of forgetting the keys. But when he opened the doors, he was met with a familiar face, but it wasn't Roger. John knew he had seen that boy before, but he couldn't quite remember where or when exactly.

"Er ... " the boy seemed surprised by who answered the door, "Hello. I am looking for Freddie Bulsara. I've been told he lives here."

"H-He does," John quickly replied, "He's in the er ... Freddie! Someone's here to see you!" he called out, stepping aside a bit, "Come in."

The boy nodded and smiled, walking in and looking around a bit, before facing John again.

"You look familiar," he said, eyeing John carefully, "Have we met before?"

"I-I think so, but ... I'm John," the bassist said, offering his hand.

"I'm Oliver," the boy replied with a smile, shaking John's hand.

Immediately the polite smile disappeared from John's face and he could feel his stomach twist
painfully. For a moment he just stood frozen and the handshake lasted for longer than it was appropriate.

John's mind was racing.

Oliver.

Freddie’s first serious boyfriend.

Apparently a very nice guy.

The first guy Freddie topped.

The awkward moment was interrupted by Freddie suddenly appearing in the hallway, wanting to see who the mysterious visitor was. John did see how taken aback Freddie was, but the singer hid it quickly, covering his shock with a big smile.

"Oliver!" the singer's voice was higher than usually, "Darling, how did you find me? What ... what are you doing here?"

"I am staying with my friends for the weekend and Tracy told me your new address and that you apparently live with that blond friend of yours."

"Roger," Freddie chuckled, moving closer to Oliver and pulling him into a quick hug, "Well ... welcome dear, come on in. Let's ... let's move this into the living room."

John tried to smile, but every time the smile just disappeared from his face, especially after seeing Freddie hug the guy. It was a friendly hug, but a part of John wanted to just grab his boyfriend and pull him away. Those feelings were completely unfamiliar to John and he didn't know how to behave. He followed Freddie and Oliver into the living room and his heart sank a bit when Oliver sat down next to Freddie, leaving the armchair to John. The bassist sat down awkwardly, trying to hide how uncomfortable he was feeling.

"Oliver, you remember John, right?" Freddie suddenly said, looking at his boyfriend.

"I knew we had met before, but I couldn't quite remember where or when."

"About two months ago," Freddie replied, "I believe we bumped into each other while out and about."
John nodded, remembering it very clearly. It was when Freddie said I love you to Oliver and later that night him and John got into a big fight because of it, ending with John leaving and returning to his own flat.

"That's right!" Oliver suddenly exclaimed, "I remember now. You two are in the band together, right?"

"I-I'm the bassist," John replied, smiling politely.

"He also lives here," Freddie added.

Oliver was confused for a moment, "I thought you lived with Roger?"

"Y-Yes, he also lives here, but so does John."

The bassist could see Oliver looking around, confused by how many bedrooms there were, but before he could ask anything, Freddie stood up, "I-I'll go make us some tea."

Hearing that, John jumped up, "No, no, I'll make it. You stay here with your ... friend."

"Darling, I can - "

"It's fine, really," John smiled weakly, "You two have a lot to catch up on."

Before Freddie could protest, John hurried into the kitchen. As he waited for the water to boil, he couldn't help but eavesdrop a bit. He could hear them talking and laughing, clearly having a good time and John felt a sting of jealousy at that. He knew that Freddie loved him, there was no doubt about that, but he still felt jealous. It wasn't logical and John was almost ashamed by his emotions. Freddie had given him no reason to worry; the hug was of friendly nature and it didn't last very long. Freddie would give a hug like that to Roger or Brian as well.

But that's different, a small voice in John's head whispered. Because Freddie did not have sex with them.

John grabbed the tea cups from the cupboard with a lot more force than he intended, nearly knocking them all down in the process. He had to stop for a moment and take a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. But after hearing laughter erupt from the living room again, anger took over him. And then he got an idea.
It did make him ashamed, but at the same time ... he couldn't stop himself. Before he was fully realized what he was doing, he was adding a small spoon of salt into Oliver's cup. When he finally returned to the living room, he placed the cup in front of Oliver, offering him some biscuits.

"So, how did you two meet?" Oliver asked, taking one biscuit and biting into it.

"Oh, it's a long story, dear," Freddie grinned, getting ready to explain every thing in great detail.

"They needed a bassist and I auditioned," John said casually.

"Apparently not that long," the singer chuckled awkwardly and then uncomfortable silence followed. John took that as opportunity to sip on his tea, but with all the stress and the nerves killing him, he forgot about his lip and the moment the hot liquid touched it, he let out a hiss, nearly dropping the tea cup to the floor.

"Are you alright, darling?" Freddie sounded very concerned and that did warm John's heart.

The bassist smiled weakly, "I-I'm fine. It's just ... really hot."

"If I may ask ... how did that happen?" Oliver pointed to John's split lip.

"It was my fault," Freddie sighed.

Before he could continue, John quickly added, "Freddie didn't hit me!"

Silence.

Oliver just stared at John for a few long moments, surprised by the bassist's sudden reaction.

"I-I'd never think Freddie is capable of hurting anyone intentionally. He can't even kill a mosquito," he finally said, chuckling a bit, "What did he do? Did he accidentally trip you? Freddie can be quite clumsy."

"Y-Yes," the singer said, a bit nervously, "That's .. that's what happened, I ... my feet are too long and poor John tripped over them and hit the wall. Head first."

"Ouch," Oliver grimaced, "That reminds me. One time, when Freddie visited me at my flat, he tripped down the flight of stairs and sprained his ankle."

Both Oliver and Freddie burst into laughter at that memory.
"The ankle was the least important, dear!" the singer chuckled, "My damn pants ripped right down my butt!"

"And you weren't wearing underwear!" Oliver laughed even harder, tears forming in the corner of his eyes.

"It was so humiliating!" Freddie slapped Oliver's knee playfully, "Why did you bring it up? I've spent months trying to erase it from my memory!"

John forced himself to laugh a bit, though he was sure it came out as this really strange noise. Without even thinking about it, he took off the ring Freddie gave him and put it on the finger on his left hand. As if that would do anything; as if it was a proof that him and Freddie were together and seriously together, even though Freddie did not clarify what the ring meant. Yes, it was a proof of their love, but what exactly did that mean?

John grabbed the bowl with biscuits, deliberately using his left hand and offered it to Oliver, waving it inches away from his face.

"No, no, thank you. I just had one," Oliver politely refused and John nodded, placing the biscuits back down. He did make an effort to really show off his ring, constantly touching his face and holding his hand up. Unfortunately, Oliver did not seem to notice anything and neither did Freddie. John suddenly felt very stupid and self conscious; there was Oliver looking absolutely stunning with his gold hair and perfect blue eyes and a smile. The way he moved was so gracious and elegant. And then there was John, bruised and completely plain looking in comparison.

It was then that it happened-, Oliver took a sip of his tea and immediately spat it back into the cup, grimacing as he did so.

"Oliver, dear, what's the matter?" Freddie asked with concern, not understanding what could have caused such a reaction; he himself took a sip of his tea a few moments ago and it tasted normal.

"It's ... er ... a bit salty," John said calmly, innocently looking at Freddie.

"Salty?"

"I-It tasted fine to me," John said calmly, innocently looking at Freddie.

"Shall I go make another one?" Freddie offered, already standing up, but Oliver took his hand, pulling him back down and John's eyes widened as he saw that. There was nothing he could do; he couldn't just pull Freddie away from him or act even more rude towards Oliver. The guy seemed pretty nice; a bit feminine and a bit too touchy, especially with Freddie, but they were friends so it was to be expected.
"It's fine, Freddie," Oliver shook his head, "Don't worry about the tea. I didn't come here to drink, I came here to see you and catch up! What are you doing tonight? We could go out? I heard there's this new club not far away from you."

John tensed up at that question and just stared at Freddie who seemed to be equally worried and clearly struggling to answer.

"Oh ... darling, I-I'm afraid I have plans today - "

"How about tomorrow? I'm free after seven," Oliver said, then grinned, "We could ... have a fun evening. You know, for the old time's sake."

John looked down at his hands; suddenly feeling like a third wheel, acting like an idiot, showing off his ring that probably made no sense and adding salt to Oliver's tea, sitting there with his hurt lip and bruised jaw, feeling hungry and jealous and -

"Can I tell him, darling?"

Freddie's voice pulled him out of his thoughts and he just blinked at his boyfriend in confusion, "W-What?"

"Can I?" Freddie asked again, quietly.

John was afraid to ask what he meant by that question, but he had a feeling and would be disappointed if it turned out he was wrong and Freddie only wanted to tell Oliver he had plans with John that evening. Slowly, he just nodded, giving Freddie permission to say what he wanted to say.

Immediately, the singer turned to Oliver with a big smile on his face, "Oliver, dear. I- did it. I found him."

"Found who?"

"H-Him," Freddie replied, biting his lip nervously, "The one. My other half. My soulmate. My love!"

John was speechless; hearing Freddie use those words to describe him made him feel things he couldn't even explain. Before he even knew it, a smile was forming on his face and then Freddie suddenly stood up, walked over to John and sat down in his lap, "Isn't he adorable? Look at him!"

John turned red at the compliment, trying to hide behind Freddie, but the singer wouldn't let him,
feeling too proud and wanting to show off his boyfriend.

"You two are ... " Oliver was clearly very shocked, "Oh. Oh! And here I was ... acting like. Oh, no! I-I didn't know. I had no idea! I'm so sorry!"

"I-It's fine," John replied, smiling and leaning against Freddie who was still sitting comfortably in his lap.

"This is my boyfriend John," Freddie chuckled, "My boyfriend. It feels weird saying it out loud like that, doesn't it, darling?"

John agreed; it was the first time he was introduced as Freddie's boyfriend. His soulmate and other half. Those were serious words and are not to be just thrown around like that. He felt incredibly touched by those words and it was then that he realized no one ever introduced him like that. He's never had a girlfriend before and he's never been anyone's boyfriend. And he's been Freddie's boyfriend for a while now, but they never had the chance to show it off and really tell anyone. It felt so good and John just wanted to call all his friends and acquaintances and just tell them that he was in a relationship and then introduce Freddie to them. He knew it was never going to happen, but he still enjoyed the thought of it.

After getting over the shock, Oliver offered them both a smile, clapping his hands enthusiastically, "I want to hear all of it! Tell me the story! Who fell in love first?"

"I di-" John tried to reply, but Freddie cut him off.

"I did, darling! Are you joking? I liked you since you tripped over your amplifier on the third day!"

"You're lying, Freddie," John chuckled, "I had to chase you."

"Excuse me?" the singer gasped in shock, "That is not true, dear!"

"Yes, it is! I liked you and you were running away from me."

"Oh, dear. I was in love with you, but I was in denial for a long time. Because I am a coward."

"He made you chase him?" Oliver laughed, directing the question at John.

The bassist giggled, "He did. Unfortunately he runs faster than me so it took a while."

Freddie slapped John's knee playfully, "Darling, stop that! You know it's not true. I resisted falling in love with you for a few days, at most!"
"It was weeks, Freddie!"

Oliver looked at both of them in slight confusion, "But you two weren't together that time we bumped into each other?"

"No, no," Freddie shook his head, "Not officially, at least. We've been officially together for less than two months."

Oliver nodded, "And when did you move in, John?"

The bassist tensed up, "Well ... three months ago. Nearly three and a half now."

Silence.

Oliver was just a bit confused by the timing of it all, not meaning anything bad by it, but John's smile disappeared from his face completely.

"Yes, dear," Freddie jumped in to help him, "He moved in while we were just ... friends. He needed a flat and ... he stayed on our couch."

Oliver seemed to be satisfied with that answer, but John was completely lost in his thoughts, too embarrassed to even look at anyone in the room. His and Freddie's story would always include that little detail; the thing that John never wanted to think about. He wanted to forget it, but will not be able to do that as it would mean forgetting a part of his history with Freddie. It was painful and it would always be there and they'd never be able to tell their entire story to anyone. Not without twisting the truth a bit. And that hurt. He moved in with Freddie because he was raped while out with Freddie and the beginning of their relationship was mostly based on comfort. John knew that was not a story he'd ever be able to share with anyone.

Still, as conversation went on, John felt more and more relaxed and any kind of negativity he felt towards Oliver seemed to just disappear. He really was a funny, sweet guy and John could see why Freddie liked him in the first place. Yes, his mind did occasionally conjure up the image of Freddie and Oliver kissing and doing other things, but he quickly pushed it away. And when it was time for Oliver to leave, he hugged Freddie and then gave John a hug as well. The bassist was a bit taken aback and he could see that Freddie was concerned if John would react negatively to being suddenly touched like that, but it all ended well. John blushed a bit, smiling at Oliver and thanking him for coming over and wishing them well. Suddenly he felt very guilty for adding a bit of salt to his tea, but he couldn't find it in himself to admit it.

Once Oliver finally left and the doors closed behind him, Freddie hesitantly turned around and faced his boyfriend.
"What is it?" John asked, noticing the strange expression on Freddie's face.

"How mad are you right now?"

"Mad?"

"I honestly had no idea he would come over, darling! He didn't even have my new address!"

John smiled, as much as he could, anyway, and took Freddie's hand in his, interlocking his fingers, "I-I didn't mind. Well, not after you told him I was your ... Did you really mean that?"

"Mean what? That you're my boyfriend?" the singer teased a bit.

"No," John rolled his eyes, "That we're ... that I'm your ... soulmate. That I'm your other half."

The bassist shyly stared up at Freddie, almost afraid to hear his answer, but then Freddie just squeezed his hand and nodded, "I had no idea I'm missing a half until I met you, darling."

John had to place his free hand on his chest because otherwise his heart would jump right out of it. It was a good thing that Delilah appeared, interrupting their romantic moment because John could already feel himself tearing up a bit and he didn't want to get all emotional.

Freddie kneeled down, petting Delilah's head, "Where were you the entire morning? Were you hiding from our visitor, dear? Hopefully you didn't pee in his shoes!"

Ooo

John adored days like this; when it was just the four of them, enjoying each other's company. He knew the other three boys would probably rather be out, partying or performing, but John liked being at home. Especially with the other three dorks because he never knew what to expect from them.

"Bri," Freddie said, walking into the room, "Roger told me a female peacock is called a peavagina."

John chuckled to himself, quickly covering his mouth with his hands, but nearly losing it at Brian's expression. The guitarist had come over more than twenty minutes ago and was desperately trying to get them all into one room to tell them something, but someone was always missing.

"I can't even tell if you're being serious right now, Fred," Brian sighed, "Where's Roger?"
"In the bathroom. He'll be out in a minute," Freddie replied as he sat down next to John.

After a moment of silence, Freddie raised his eyebrows at Brian, "Well? Are they called peavaginas?"

Before Brian could answer of sigh again, Roger finally appeared, shaking his head, "The washing machine just started leaking water all over the place."

"What?" Freddie gasped, "What did you do?"

"Nothing. It fixed it. I just ... at times like these I wish I had listened to what Brian told me."

"What did he tell you?"

"I don't know, I didn't listen," Roger sighed, sitting down on a chair.

"Can I have a minute of your attention?" Brian clapped his hands, making everyone look at him. After a few moments of silence, he continued, "I was on a phone with my friend and he told me about this pub in Maidstone. They were supposed to play there two nights in a row, but their drummer and singer both got sick and they canceled. And ... he asked if we'd be willing to play there instead."

"Maidstone?" John asked, "But that's ... two hours or more from here."

Brian nodded, "It is. We'd probably have to find a motel and spend the first night there. And maybe even the second as I don't really feel comfortable driving for two hours in the middle of the night after we all have a few drinks."

Freddie clapped his hands enthusiastically, "Yes! I'm all for it! Road trip and we get to make money! They are paying well, aren't they?"

"They are, but we still won't be able to stay in a five star hotel," Brian replied.

"It doesn't matter, darling. I'm excited to finally play somewhere else than in London. Wouldn't that be fun?" he asked, looking at Roger and John. The drummer seemed as excited, while John was a bit calmer and a bit nervous. But he still nodded, more than happy to see Freddie so excited about something.

"Then it's decided!" Brian said with a big smile, "We leave a day after tomorrow."
John was nervous and stressed; going to a different city and sleeping in a motel was something else entirely, but somehow he knew everything would be fine. He was surrounded with with his three friends and it did make him feel better knowing they don't have to be afraid of Tom just randomly appearing. And like Freddie said; road trips are always fun.

Ooo

It wasn't until later that evening, after Brian already left and Roger followed not shortly after, saying he had a date, that Freddie slowly approached John who was getting ready for bed and opened his mouth to say something, but then quickly closed them again, changing his mind.

"What is it?" John asked, immediately noticing that Freddie was struggling with something.

"I-I just ... It's no big deal, but ... I was just wondering you if ... thought about it?"

John blinked at him in pure confusion, "Thought about what?"

"About ... you promised you'd think about my er ... idea. Or ... question."

"Freddie, I love you, but I have no idea what you're talking about," the bassist giggled, realizing how adorable his boyfriend looked when slightly nervous or shy.

"A-About me drawing you. Nude," Freddie finally said, meeting John's eyes.

"Oh," was all the bassist could say; immediately all the color left his face and he stuttered, not knowing what to say, "O-Oh, I-I completely forgot about it. Sorry, I ... "

Freddie quickly smiled, shrugging his shoulders, "Oh, i-it's fine. Forget about it, darling."

John quickly grabbed Freddie's hand before he could turn away, "You really want to do this. I mean ... it's really important to you."

Freddie tried to play it off as not important, but John could see he was a bit disappointed, "No, no, darling. I just thought it would be romantic and sweet, but - "

"Do you want to do it now?" John blurted out the question.

"You mean -?"
"You can draw me now," John nodded with a smile, "I mean, we're alone and ..."

Freddie smiled the biggest smile ever and clapped his hands together, "Yes, darling! I'd love to!"

John chuckled, though he was a bit nervous and then quickly left the room, "I-I'll be right back."

He hurried into the bathroom, undressing and looking at himself in the mirror for a few moments, already feeling slight regret for agreeing to do it. He looked anything but beautiful and he was afraid Freddie would be disappointed by the final drawing. And disappointed in him for not looking as beautiful as other nude models.

John quickly pushed those thoughts out of his mind and put on Freddie's yellow bathrobe before walking out. When he entered the bedroom again, he noticed Freddie changed a few things. The lights were turned off and there were only a few candles lit. The atmosphere immediately made John more relaxed, but then he noticed Freddie sitting on a chair a few feet away from the bed, holding his notebook and a pencil in his hands, staring at John with a big grin on his face.

"Where do you w-want me?" John asked, even though he knew it'd probably be the bed.

"I think the bed would be the most comfortable for you," the singer replied softly.

John nodded, quickly making his way over to the bed and sitting down.

"Do I ... do I need to be oiled up?" he asked, looking up at Freddie.

"Oiled up?" the singer chuckled, "John, darling, why would you need to be oiled up?"

"I-I don't know. I just ... forget about it," the bassist giggled nervously as he tried to untie the robe, but he was stalling which Freddie noticed.

"Darling, I don't want to force you into this. That is not the point. The point is we both enjoy it and find it a relaxing experience. And that I'll have a hot drawing of you," he said, winking at his shy boyfriend.

John turned red at those words, still giggling a bit, "I-I know, I just ... I don't look my best right now."

"I'm not going to include your bruises and the split lip, dear. Don't worry about it. But even with that, you're absolutely perfect."
Nodding, the bassist untied the bathrobe, but then stopped again, not pushing it down his shoulders yet.

"Do you want me to do it, dear?" Freddie asked, standing up from his chair and walking over to John before leaning down and pressing a soft kiss to his forehead and then right on the tip of his nose, immediately making John more relaxed.

"A-Alright," the bassist smiled and let Freddie slowly push the robe down his shoulders, then dropped it to the floor. John shivered as the air hit him, trying to cover his crotch with his hands.

"Are you cold, darling?" Freddie quickly asked.

"No, no, just ... nervous," he admitted, looking down.

"Don't be, because you're beautiful," the singer said softly, but upon noticing his boyfriend's discomfort, he suggested something, "How about you lie on your front, dear? That way you'd keep some parts of you private and .. we can try that some other time. Would you be comfortable with that? Showing me your pretty arse?"

John blushed, a chuckle escaping him, "I-I think so. Thank you."

"Don't mention it, my love. Here you go," Freddie helped John get into the position he wanted him in, laying on his front, resting his head on his arm and looking like a forest nymph. Freddie couldn't help but stare at how absolutely breathtakingly his boyfriend was; the way his wavy hair rested on his back, the way his back arched and how sexy his arse looked. It was obvious it has never seen the sun, but Freddie sort of liked that. It looked so pale and soft and literally milky white and he had to fight back the urge to caress it or kiss it. Bite it. He knew John would never let him do this again if he managed to turn it into something sexual, so he did his best to control himself and remain professional. He could help but let out a little sigh as his eyes traveled down John's arse, landing on his perfect thighs.

John suddenly pulled his out of his thoughts, "I-Is there something wrong?"

"What? No, no, dear. Nothing. I-I was just wondering if I was even capable to capture your perfection," he replied, fixing John's hair a bit. When he was satisfied with the way it looked, he slowly walked back to his chair and sat down, grabbing his notebook from the floor.

John had to admit he was incredibly nervous and at the same time very thankful that Freddie allowed him to lie on his front. He really did not want his cock being observed carefully, at least not yet. Perhaps later.

"Are you comfortable, dear?" Freddie asked as he started to drag his pencil across the paper.
"I'm very comfortable, actually," John admitted, "I-I may fall asleep."

That made the singer chuckle, "I don't mind, my love. I'll just draw you as sleeping beauty."

John blushed, closing his eyes for a few long moments, but then they snapped open again, "What if Roger comes home?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. He's out on a date. I expect him to come home tomorrow after noon."

The bassist relaxed a bit at that and took a took breath, "When did you first started drawing?"

"I don't even remember. I've been drawing since I as a kid, really," he explained, not looking up from the notebook in his hand, "I usually drew famous people and then started doing portraits of my friends. Family."

"You're really talented."

John blushed when he noticed Freddie smile at his comment.

"Thank you, my sweetness," the singer replied softly, then sighed, "There were times I drew and painted a lot more, but then somehow ... music took over. I had to sell almost all of my paintings in order to make enough money to eat. Roger and I were absolutely broke."

"That's unfortunate," John replied with sadness in his voice, "I'd have loved to see them. And I can't imagine being forced to sell something I created and meant a lot to me."

Freddie nodded, but then shrugged his shoulders, "It is what it is, dear. I needed food and the roof over my head a lot more than I needed those paintings."

John smiled and changed the subject, not wanting to make Freddie even more sad, "A-Are you excited about the road trip?"

The singer's face lit up immediately, "I can't wait, dear! It's going to be so fun! We're sharing a room, just so you know," he said, looking up at John and winking at him.

"Oh, no," the bassist faked disappointment, "I was so looking forward to sharing a room with Roger."

"I'd never let you sleep in the same room with Roger, darling. He kicks in his sleep," Freddie chuckled.
John remained silent after that, completely absorbed by Freddie and the way he moved his hand across the paper, the way he every few moments looked up at John, his eyes traveling up and down John's body. It was strange; John thought he'd feel a bit degraded and uncomfortable with being stared at like that, but he actually felt adored. The way Freddie was observing him made him feel beautiful and he knew it wasn't just an act in order to get him in bed. Freddie seemed completely professional, but at the same time there was that intimacy he would only ever be able to have with his boyfriend. His lover.

John slowly let out a breath, closing his eyes and actually dozing off a bit. He expected to feel cold, but the room was unusually warm and he suspected Freddie had turned on the heat. It did make him feel a bit guilty, knowing that will cause the electricity bill to be a lot higher, but apparently John's comfort was more important to Freddie than bills.

John actually did doze off a bit and he'd already started dreaming; him and Freddie were at this lovely cupcake place and were feeding each other vanilla cupcakes and -

A warm hand on his lower back pulled John back to reality, but it didn't startle him; the touch was soft and gentle.

"Mhmm," was all John was able to say as he opened his eyes and noticed Freddie kneeling down next to him.

"Darling, the drawing is done. Would you like to see it?" Freddie asked, slowly rubbing John's lower back.

The bassist noticed that his arse and legs were covered; Freddie apparently pulled a blanket over his lower half the moment he finished drawing and realizing that, only made John fall in love with him more.

"Of course I'd like to see it," John said, a bit sleepily.

Freddie nodded, pulling up the notebook and showing him the drawing. For a few long moments John just stared at it, not believing that was really him. The person in the drawing really looked like a forest nymph; beautiful and elegant.

"T-That's not me," John whispered, not knowing what else to say.

"It is, that's exactly you, my dear."

"Freddie ... it's beautiful. Oh my god," the bassist raised himself up on his elbows, "That's really
"Yes!" the singer chuckled at his boyfriend's reaction, "It really is!"

"You're .... Unbelievably talented, Freddie."

"And you're unbelievably beautiful. Mesmerising."

After finally forcing himself to look away from the drawing, he met Freddie's eyes, smiling and blushing at the same time, "I love you so much."

"Aww, darling. I love you too."

"I-I want to kiss you," John admitted, sadness evident in his voice.

"Soon, my love. I promise," Freddie smiled at him, then smirked, "In just a couple of days I'll be bruising those soft lips of yours."

John giggled, "I-I can't wait."

"And I can't wait to show this drawing to Rog tomorrow, dear!"

The bassist's eyes widened in fear, "W-What?"

"I'm joking, my love. Relax," Freddie couldn't help but laugh, "Your naked beauty is just for me to see."

That made John calm down, but he still slapped Freddie's shoulder playfully, "You're an idiot, Freddie."

The singer quickly undressed down to his underwear and slipped in bed beside John, pulling the naked bassist closer to him. Freddie would be lying if he said he wasn't at all aroused and interested in making love to John and Frederico was half awake, but noticing how sleepy John seemed to be, Freddie ordered his cock to go back to sleep.

Never before has Freddie gotten aroused with a nude model, but never before has the nude model been his boyfriend. He tried to remain completely professional, but seeing John on the bed, looking completely naked and relaxed ... did things to him.

It warmed his heart though, that John did not even think of getting dressed before pressing up against
Freddie.

"Good night, my love," the singer said softly, pressing a kiss to John's forehead.

The bassist did mumble something in return and Freddie assumed it was 'good night'; he couldn't help but chuckle at seeing how disoriented and sleepy John was. Sleepy John was the most adorable John.

The urge to just kiss him was so strong that Freddie had to bite his lip to keep him grounded; just one day has passed, but it really felt like eternity and Freddie wasn't sure he'll be able to wait much longer. It physically pained him to stay away from John's lip and while kissing his forehead, nose, cheeks felt good, it was nothing like giving him a proper kiss on the lips.

John stirred in his arms and that was a sign he had completely fallen asleep; Freddie just pulled him closer and let himself drift to sleep as well.

Ooo

When John woke up the next morning, he was alone again, but did not think much of it. Freddie was probably in the kitchen or -

And then he heard the piano playing and it was the most beautiful melody ever. Immediately, John sat up, listening carefully. Freddie wasn't singing along, he was just playing, but it was absolutely perfect. Wanting to see his boyfriend as soon as possible, John put on his pajama bottoms and rushed into the bathroom, washing his face and brushing his teeth.

When he finally appeared in the living room, Freddie stopped playing and gave him a big smile.

"No, no, keep playing. That was beautiful," John said as he walked over to him, resting his hand on Freddie's shoulder.

The singer quickly obeyed, his fingers starting to dance along the keyboard again, producing the most beautiful sounds John's ever heard.

The longer he stood there and observed Freddie, the more he started to miss him and crave him. Soon it was unbearable and he tapped Freddie's shoulder, asking him to stop.

"What is it, dear?"
John just shyly smiled and moved, throwing his leg over Freddie and straddling him, sitting on his lap, their faces just inches apart. At first Freddie was a bit surprised and taken aback, but then he seemed rather amused by his boyfriend's behavior.

"I miss you," John whispered, touching Freddie's nose with his own.

"I miss you too, darling. Does your lip still hurt?"

The bassist nodded, "A bit, y-yes. Quite a bit, actually."

"Oh, sweetie. Can I kiss it better?"

John looked at him in confusion, not knowing if Freddie was joking or serious.

Noticing the confusion on his boyfriend's face, Freddie quickly smiled and explained, "I won't hurt, I promise. Can I?"

"Sure," the bassist replied; he trusted Freddie completely.

The singer slowly moved closer to him and then just barely brushed John's split lip with his own; it literally felt like butterflies gently touching him and it was almost ticklish. After a moment or two, Freddie moved away, meeting John's eyes and smiling.

"See, dear? I promised I wouldn't hurt you."

John teared up at those words and wrapped his arms around Freddie's neck, hiding his face in his shoulder, "Keep playing, Freddie."

The singer obeyed, his fingers starting to produce magical sounds yet again and John relaxed, enjoying the musical experience as well as the warmth of Freddie's body against his.

But then Freddie suddenly stopped playing, chuckling a bit.

"Darling, did your William wake up slightly angry?"

John immediately looked at him, "W-What do you mean?"

Freddie did not answer, but moved his hips against John a bit, making him moan in return. The bassist looked down and noticed his pants did seem a bit tight and immediately he blushed, hiding his
face against Freddie's neck again.

"Oh, sweetheart, don't be like that. It's normal. I've woken up with a morning wood nearly every day since I was thirteen."

John just groaned, not saying anything. Yes, it was normal, but John still thought it was a bit embarrassing. But then his hips moved as if they had a mind of their own, grinding against Freddie, making them both gasp. John kissed the singer's neck, as best as he could without hurting his lip.

"Keep playing, p-please," he whispered in Freddie's ear and the singer quickly obeyed, his fingers moving across the keyboard, a bit clumsily, missing notes, acting as if it was his first time touching a piano.

John chuckled as he heard the mistakes, "Freddie. Try harder."

"You little tease," Freddie replied, letting out a laugh and then concentrated on playing, decided to make this the best piano playing he's ever done.

John's started to hesitantly move his hips, grinding against Freddie and he could feel the singer pushing up against him, nearly causing them both to fall off onto the floor.

Freddie messed again, but quickly continued playing, letting out soft moans as he felt John moving against him, seeking his pleasure. It was the hottest sight Freddie's ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The position they were in made Freddie's ability to move very limited, but apparently he wasn't needed at all. John was more than capable of grinding and pressing down against Freddie and while it did start very slowly, it soon turned passionate and Freddie kept making a mistake after a mistake, messing up, his fingers slipping off the keyboard, making a horrible sound, but John couldn't hear anything besides Freddie's moans anymore.

John's erratic movement told the singer that his boyfriend was very close, but he underestimated how close. He thought he had a few more moments to get to that special place himself, he just needed a few more moments of feeling John moving against his cock and he'd get there. But then John just let out a soft moan, tightening his grip around Freddie and completely stilling his movement. His legs were shaking and they completely gave up under him, causing him to sit on Freddie's lap with his entire weight.

The singer stopped playing the piano and the only sounds in the room were John's soft gasps. Freddie wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's waist, pressing a kiss to his neck, being there for him and holding him as he came down from his high.

But the John surprised him, moving again. Before Freddie could ask him what he was doing, he was unable to speak as the bassist started rolling his hips and Freddie started pushing up with all the strength he could muster, desperate to reach that special place himself.
"I-I love you, Freddie," John whispered, moving against Freddie and the singer was almost ashamed by how little it took for him to finish.

Hearing that John loved him pushed him through the finish line and he moaned, his entire body stilling and then started twitching with pleasure. It took them both a few moments to be able to speak again and after finally moving apart so they could look at each other, they both just started laughing, blushing furiously.

"You just broke Roger's rule, dear!"

"N-No! We did it on your piano, so that's ... different."

"But the piano is in the living room," Freddie teased, "It's a good thing he's not home, or we'd be punished."

"I can't believe we just did ... that," John said, blushing even more.

"I can't believe you just used my body like that, dear!"

"Freddie!" the bassist whined, hiding his face in the singer's neck, "Just ... hold me."

That did not need to be asked twice; Freddie immediately wrapped his arms around John's body, pulling him closer to him, feeling him tremble and shake in embrace. But those were good trembles and it made Freddie proud. 

"Just so you know," the bassist giggled, "I don't think that was one of your best piano playing, Freddie. No offence."

The singer let out a laugh, "Oh, shussh, dear. I'd like to hear you play a perfect riff while I suck you off."

John just giggled even more and pressed a soft kiss to Freddie's neck.

"Oh, F-Freddie. I'd like to admit something."

"Yes?"

"Yesterday ... I ... I-I added salt to Oliver's tea."
"You what?" Freddie nearly shrieked, but he was still laughing.

"I-I didn't mean it ... Well, I did mean it, but ... "

"It's alright, dear. I'm sure he deserved it," Freddie teased; at that moment John could admit to him that he peed in Oliver's tea and Freddie wouldn't care.

He was so in love with John that every time he was with him, the rest of the world just faded away.

Chapter End Notes

Cute, short chapter because I'm on vacation and didn't want to leave you with nothing until the next week. ;) Comments are much appreciated, they fuel me. ;D
"I love you," John whispered into Freddie's neck, clinging to him as he recovered from the unexpected orgasm. That certainly was not a part of his morning routine; it just happened. And John wasn't complaining, he'd gladly do this every morning. The only problem was that he was now very sticky and he disliked that feeling.

"I love you, my dearest," Freddie replied, kissing John's cheek and running his hands up and down John's back, feeling as his breathing eventually calmed down and he relaxed into his arms. They were still sitting at the piano and Freddie could only hope that Roger wouldn't just show up and see them like this because it was very obvious what they were doing just a few minutes ago.

"We need to move, darling," the singer chuckled, patting John's bum.

"No," the bassist whined, clinging to Freddie even more, "This is fine. I like this."

"I like it as well, dear, but Roger wouldn't like it," Freddie explained, then put his hands under John, holding him in place as he stood up. The bassist did not expect to be carried, but he found it amusing and he giggled, wrapping his legs around Freddie's waist as the singer walked out of the living room. Before John could ask where they were going, Freddie carried him into the bathroom, gently placing him down on his feet.

"We need to shower, dear," the singer grinned, already unbuttoning his shirt, letting it drop to the floor. John's breath caught in his throat when he saw Freddie's hairy chest and he couldn't help biting his lower lip, but was quickly reminded that wasn't a good idea. He winced in pain, his hand flying up to cover his mouth.

"Oh, did you hurt yourself, darling?" Freddie was by his side immediately, gently moving John's hand away from his face, "Let me see."

John waited as Freddie took a closer look at his lip and nearly drowned in his boyfriend's warm, brown eyes. He had seen many brown eyes in his life, but Freddie's were by far the kindest and warmest. Not to mention his eyelashes; they were ridiculously long.

"I think it's fine, dear. Just don't bite your lip anymore," Freddie smiled, moving John's hair behind his ear, "Now ... will you join me in the shower or will you take one after I'm done?"

John blushed, which was funny considering what they did just minutes earlier, but then he finally nodded, "I-I'll join you."
Freddie's face lit up and he quickly unbuttoned his pants, pushing them down his legs, followed by his underwear. John's eyes widened when he saw that Frederico was still up, not completely, but William was already asleep and John expected Frederico to be as well.

"I'll make sure the water is the right temperature for you," Freddie said, then quickly jumped in the shower, turning the water on. John clumsily tried to undress, nearly tripping over his pajama bottoms and falling to the floor. Luckily, he caught himself last moment, holding onto the sink as he pushed the pants off and then he pulled down his underwear. Instinctively, his hands went to his crotch, hiding what was behind it. He approached the shower and Freddie was already waiting for him with a bar of soap in his hands. The singer noticed that John was hiding his package, but decided not to comment on it, wanting more than anything for John to finally be comfortable naked.

The bassist stepped in the shower, letting out a satisfied sigh as the warm water his his body.

"Is it too hot?" Freddie asked.

"It's perfect," John replied, closing his eyes and just enjoying the sensation.

"Turn around, dear."

John obeyed, turning his back to Freddie and smiling when he felt the singer hug him from behind, pulling him closer to him. After a few moments of just standing like that, not saying anything, just enjoying each other's company in silence, Freddie finally started to run his hands over John's shoulders, down his back and legs. John sucked in a breath when he felt Freddie gently bite into his left butt cheek; that surprised him, but it didn't bother him. He looked over his shoulder to see Freddie kneeling down, his face inches away from his bum. The singer just chuckled and stood up, turning John around. The bassist did not even realize his arms were resting by side side, hands no longer covering his William. He couldn't tell at what point he stopped hiding it, but he knew he wasn't embarrassed anymore. Freddie stared into his eyes, giving him the most genuine and loving smile John's ever seen and it made all the nervousness just float away.

"Absolutely beautiful," Freddie commented, "Do you realize how stunning you are with your hair wet?"

"D-Do I look like a ... wet forest nymph?" John teased, blushing at the compliment.

"Exactly like a wet forest nymph," Freddie grinned at him, "A nymph who just skinny-sipped in the forest lake."

"And you look like a Greek god," John replied, smiling, "I-I'm not joking. Your cheekbones ... your jaw ... your eyes. You look like you've been sculpted by the Greek gods."
The singer grinned even more, but then his eyes widened as he realized something, "Oh, dear. I hope you don't mean I look like one of those Greek sculptures with small cocks. No offense to them, but... those really are some tiny cocks."

John laughed out loud, quickly shaking his head, "N-No, no, your er... cock is nothing like theirs," he looked down at Frederico, who was now hanging nearly halfway down Freddie's thigh. John was impressed by it, but he couldn't help but feel panicked at the thought of that being inside of him, inside of anyone. It was confusing because he knew it had to hurt, but at the same time he knew Freddie would never intentionally hurt anyone like that. Before he could stress about it even more, Freddie brought his hand up to cup John's face, making him look at him.

As if he could read his mind, the singer offered a smile, "Don't worry, darling."

Those words worked like a charm; concern and worries immediately disappeared from John's mind and he purred in satisfaction as Freddie washed his front side; running his hands across his chest and belly, legs, taking a few moments to thoroughly wash William. It wasn't sexual; it was done in such a gentle and caring way that John's heart filled with love and it pained him to realize he still wasn't able to kiss Freddie. The bassist actually felt like he might explode with love; yes, he could hold Freddie's hands or caress him or snuggle against him or softly kiss him, but it wasn't enough. He wanted to press his lips against Freddie's firmly and feel the singer press back with passion and love.

They stayed in the shower longer than necessary, just talking and giggling; even after they were completely done with cleaning each other, they just stayed there, holding hands and caressing each other. It was only when cold water unexpectedly started pouring down on them, that they shrieked, stumbling out of the shower.

"I tell you, my cock is not a fan of cold water or cold weather," Freddie explained as he dried himself off with a towel, "It gets all scared and... shrivels up."

"Oh," John giggled as he put on Freddie's bathrobe, "Y-You mean it becomes like mine?"

"Darling!" the singer gasped in shock, "I told you, your cock is perfectly fine. Honestly. I-I wish you could see a few cocks I had to work with."

"Work with?" John laughed at those words.

"Well, you know what I mean," Freddie winked at him, "This one guy, bless his soul, was so small I couldn't even tell if he put it in or not."

"That's... embarrassing," John grimaced, "What did you do?"

"I asked!" Freddie replied, letting out an exasperated sigh, "It was really awkward, but what else
could I have done?" then he raised his eyebrows, grinning, "I certainly felt you."

John did not understand that immediately, "F-Felt me?"

"Yes, dear. When you topped me," Freddie gave him another wink.

John's cheeks turned red, "O-Oh, when I ... when you ... that time. Y-Yes. Er .. thank you?"

"You're welcome, darling."

Blushing was something John tried to control and every time he thought he finally had it under control, Freddie said something and it turned him into a tomato.

"I really hope Roger won't be home anytime soon, he'll kill me when he realizes there's no hot water left," Freddie chuckled, wrapping a towel around his waist. John just stared for a few long moments and he couldn't help but wonder if he's always found male bodies more attractive than female bodies. He tried to remember, thinking back to his childhood and teenage years and he couldn't find an answer. John always thought he was a bit slow and that his great sexual awakening would happen when it happened; he didn't stress about it. He didn't waste his time thinking about girls, he knew it would happen some day and it really did. But it wasn't with a girl. It was with a very beautiful boy.

It was at that moment that something occurred to John. He knew, he felt there was something he needed to do. His heart started beating faster and his hands started to shake, but he knew it was the right thing to do.

ooo

It wasn't until two hours later that John finally brought it up. Him and Freddie were in their bedroom, packing for their road trip. The room was a mess; clothes, Freddie's clothes were all over the floor and the bed and the singer was posing in front of the mirror, trying to decide what to take with him.

John's things were already packed in a smaller travel bag and he was currently helping Freddie pack. To be honest, he was slowly losing his patience, and had to remind himself every few minutes that Freddie was a very special person and apparently he really needed a large suitcase, filled with ten different pants and blouses and shirts and scarves. For a two day trip.

"F-Freddie, it's only two days, really," John casually said.
"I know, dear. But what if it's really cold? Or really warm? I can't predict the weather!"

"It's February. I-I doubt it'll be warm."

"Well, you never know. Besides, I need my stage outfits and my make up. Make up! Where did I put that?" the singer frantically began to look around, "I-I need it to cover this awful bruise on my cheek. And your chin, dear."

"I-I think you put your make up in the travel bag," John said calmly, smiling at his boyfriend.

"I did? You sure?"

"Yes."

Freddie relaxed at that, nodding, "A-Alright, alright. Now ... I need my jewelry. Where is -"

John took a deep breath, blurting out the question, "F-Freddie, I'd like to introduce you to my parents. I-If that's alright with you?"

The singer froze for a moment before turning around to look at John, confusion written all over his face, "But ... I've already met your parents, dear. Were you drunk the entire trip or what?"

John giggled a bit, shaking his head, "No, no. I-I meant ... introduce you as ... you know. M-My boyfriend."

The smile immediately disappeared from Freddie's face, "W-What are you saying?"

"Well. I'm saying I'd like to ... tell them about us."

Freddie's jaw nearly hit the floor at hearing that, "J-John, darling. I-I'm not ... What ... Why?"

"Why?" the bassist let out a nervous chuckle, "B-Because I want to. I don't want to hide you from my family anymore."

"You're not hiding me, dear. T-They already know we're good friends and ... and that we live together and are in a band together," Freddie explained, his voice shaking a bit, "It's practically the same."

John felt a bit hurt by that, "It's not the same, Freddie."
"It is, really. Think about this. Do you want to talk about ... sexual things with your parents? I think not and - "

"It's not about that," John cut him off, tensing up, "Us being ... sexual with each other is not the only thing that differentiates you from my other friends. I-I love you differently than I love my other friends."

"Shit," Freddie swore, quickly making his way to John and sitting beside him on the bed, "I-I know that, my sweetness. I didn't mean ... John, I really don't think it's a good idea."

"Why not?"

The singer just blinked at him, not understanding if John was being serious or not. It was obvious why telling his parents wasn't a good idea and it was a bit naive of John to be blind to it.

"Sweetheart," Freddie slowly started, "You really want to tell your parents that you're gay?"

John tensed up slightly, "N-No. I wouldn't say it like that. I'm still confused about ... I only want to tell them about you."

"They'll think you're gay. And that ... never ends well, dear. Trust me."

The bassist looked down at his hands, feeling as if someone just punched him in the gut, "I-I want to tell them about you. About us. I-I'm so proud of you, I want everyone to know that ... that we're together and how happy you make me."

Freddie teared up at those words, but he quickly blinked the tears away, taking John's hands in his, "My love, I have yet to hear a coming out to parents story with a happy ending. Do you want to know how it usually ends? With family disowning their child, kicking him out of the house, not associating with him anymore. M-my parents ... " Freddie paused for a moment, taking a deep breath, "They actually took it well. I'm still welcomed in their house, they still talk to me and love me. But ... they don't want to hear about my ... other business. They know about it, but they don't want to know about it. Don't you think I'd want to bring you home and introduce you? Of course I do and it hurts knowing that I'll probably never be able to do it."

John listened patiently, gently squeezing Freddie's hand as he explained the last part. After a few moments of silence, John nodded, swallowing hard, "I understand that. I-I really do. But ... I don't want to keep hiding you. Besides, I think they'd be ... fine with it."

"You really think that, John?" Freddie's voice got a bit aggressive, "They would be fine with their son engaging in homosexual acts? Acts that are sinful and illegal? Besides ... John, you are still
nineteen which makes our relationship illegal. You'd have to be over twenty-one for our ... love to be allowed."

"I-I didn't know that," John said quietly.

"What do you think your parents would say when they learn that I'm five years older? They'd want to hang me for corrupting their only son."

The bassist shook his head, "No, they wouldn't. I know my mum and dad."

"John - "

"Freddie."

They stared at each other for a few painfully long moments, neither of them willing to back down. Freddie was positive his opinion was the right one because he had lots of experience and was on the gay scene a lot longer than John, having heard many stories of parents disowning their sons after finding out they're gay. And John insisted he knew his parents and was positive they would never react in such a way, refusing to even think about it.

"I just don't want you to end up hurt, darling."

John gave him a sad smile, his voice barely above a whisper, "At the moment ... y-you're the one hurting me."

Freddie immediately pulled him into a hug, holding him close, "I'm sorry, my love! I-I really am. I'm just ... It wasn't my intention to hurt you, I swear. I'm just being very careful."

John nodded, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend, "I-I know that, Freddie."

After finally pulling apart after a few moments, Freddie took a deep breath, meeting John's eyes, "How about ... you take a few days and think about this? When we come back from our little trip and if ... if you still want me to officially meet your parents, then ... fine. I-I'll go with you."

John's eyes widened with excitement, "Really? You promise?"

Freddie forced a smile, even though he was still not on board with the idea, "I promise."

The bassist pressed a soft kiss to his cheek, "Thank you."
Freddie hoped, *prayed*, that John would come to his senses and change his mind. He knew exactly how John felt; he himself was also dying with the need to show John off, to introduce him to his parents as his boyfriend, to tell everyone how happy he was with John and how much he loved him, but he knew that would only complicate things. Perhaps one day their love would be allowed, but that day would not come anytime soon and sadly John needed to realize that on his own. Just like Freddie did.

ooo

Later that day Freddie had to take Delilah to his and Roger's mutual friend, a girl Roger briefly dated. She had kindly agreed to take care of the cat while they boys are gone. As much as Roger slept around and couldn't even bother to remember his one night stands' names, he somehow stayed on good terms with almost every girl he slept with or briefly dated. Even though Freddie resisted, saying Delilah can stay until tomorrow, the boys managed to convince him there would be no time because they'd be too busy packing the last things and loading the van.

After dropping Delilah off, he returned home with tears in his eyes.

"What happened?" John was by his side immediately.

"N-Nothng, dear. She just .... meowed and it was a sad meow," Freddie explained, looking down.

"She probably won't even notice you're gone, Freddie," Roger teased, leaning back into the armchair, putting his feet on the table, "Isn't it a lot more ... peaceful in the flat without that little devil?"

Freddie gasped in shock, "Don't call her that! She's a beautiful little angel!"

"Are we talking about the same cat?" Roger asked, seriously confused.

"F-Freddie," John placed a hand on his boyfriend's chest, trying to calm him down, "How about you go to the bedroom and finish packing? It's almost six in the afternoon and you still haven't finished deciding what you'll take with you."

The singer nodded, running a hand through his hair, "You're right, darling. Thank god I have you," he pressed a quick kiss to John's cheek and then hurried off into the bedroom. John let out a tired sigh and collapsed onto the sofa, closing his eyes briefly.
"How's your lip?" Roger asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

John let out an nervous chuckle, "I-I think it's healing nicely. Er ... I just can't do much with my mouth or eat any solid food. My jaw is actually the bigger problem, I can barely chew," he explained, lowering his voice a bit, "I-I can't ... do things with Freddie."

Roger grimaced, "Deaky, I'm sure Fred will survive a few days without a blowjob."

"W-What? No, that's not ... I-I mean kissing. I can't .. we can't kiss," John's cheeks turned red as he tried to explain.

"Oh!" Roger laughed, "That's more likely. I did find it weird to see you talking about blowjobs."

"Y-Yes, well ... " John trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"About what happened ... I'm sorry I couldn't do more," Roger said quietly, "I wanted to kick his stupid arse and .... give him summer teeth, but - "

"Summer teeth?" John asked, not understanding.

"Yeah, you know. Some are here, some are there," Roger grinned, then slowly continued, "I wanted to beat him up and I could have, but then Brian would probably spank me. He's already furious at me for using his clog as a weapon."

"Y-You what?"

"You didn't see? I grabbed Brian's clog and threw it at that bastard," the drummer proudly said, crossing his arms over his chest, "It gives me immense pleasure that he's probably covered in bruises."

"I-It's a nice thought," John agreed, his tone getting angrier, "He hit Freddie."

"And he said all that bullshit - " after noticing that the bassist tensed up, Roger quickly added, "I'm not going to repeat it, Deaky, don't worry."

John let out a relieved sigh and smiled, "T-Thank you."

"If you ever find out that bastard's address, you come tell me and I'll go kick his stupid arse. Run him over with Brian's van, throw him off the bridge. But don't worry, I'll make it look like an accident."
John laughed out loud, "T-That's good to know. Freddie would just die if you got locked up."

"Oh, I know. He'd probably do something stupid just to join me."

"And then I'd do something illegal to join him," John smiled, meaning what he said, but having trouble deciding what exactly he'd do in order to land himself in prison. You don't get arrested for jaywalking, right? He could try and steal something in a store.

"And then Brian would - " Roger paused for a moment, shaking his head, "No, Brian wouldn't want to join us in jail. Traitor."

John chuckled at that; Roger was right. Brian wouldn't join them in jail, he'd probably leave them there for few days to teach them a lesson, but then he'd try and get them out, only to smack them himself. John loved having friends.

ooo

"Freddie, please come to bed," John yawned, covering himself up with a blanket as he snuggled in their bed. The singer was still going through his closet, pulling out clothes, packing them and then unpacking them, throwing it on the floor.

"Just give me a minute, dear," Freddie replied, "What do you think about this?" he asked as he pulled up a sparkly leotard.

"Beautiful," John yawned again, closing his eyes and slowly dozing off. He could still hear Freddie moving around, he could hear rustling sounds and occasional groans of annoyance, but he wasn't bothered by it at all. The sounds and the noises actually relaxed him even more and he was slowly felt himself drifting off to a dreamland.

Before he could fall asleep completely, he felt the bed dip next to him and then a warm body was pressed against him from behind, an arm sneaked around John's waist, pulling him closer. The bassist giggled, not opening his eyes, "Hello."

"Hello, my darling."
"Did you pack everything you'll need?"

"I hope so," Freddie sighed, "This is stressful."

"It's just two days," John giggled, yawning again as he pressed himself back against the singer. It was then that he realized it.

"Freddie ... are you naked?" he laughed out loud, "Why are you naked?"

"I love sleeping naked, dear!" the singer chuckled, "But I can put something on if it bothers you -"

"No, no, it's fine," John snuggled against him, arching his back and pressing his bum against Freddie's crotch.

The singer sucked in a breath, slowly moving his hips away a bit, but John noticed and did not allow him to do so, pressing his backside even more against him. John was too tired and sleepy to do anything sexual, but he didn't want Freddie moving away from him. Without saying anything, John wiggled around a bit, pushing down his own underwear, kicking it off onto the floor.

"John Richard Deacon!" Freddie laughed, "Did you just undress?"


"Maybe? Can I check?" the singer teased, dragging his hand over John's hips, poking his left butt cheek.

John chuckled, covering Freddie's hand with his own and bringing it up to rest it on his chest. Neither of them said anything for a few long moments, perhaps minutes, and then John squeezed Freddie's hand, "I feel safe with you."

Freddie couldn't help but smile and he pressed a soft kiss to John's shoulder, "Good. Because you are safe with me."

Those words made John's heart flutter with love and he wiggled his bum even more, desperately searching a position that would feel right, perfect. Him and Freddie fit together like two pieces of a puzzle; it was impressive, actually. They fit against each other so perfectly as if they were made to cuddle and spoon. John was already used to feeling Frederico against him and he was amazed at how comfortable he felt with it poking him. Not long ago he was terrified of even seeing the outline of it, but now there it was, poking him in the back and John felt completely fine with it. Frederico wasn't a scary, evil creature; it was a gentle giant.
But after a few moments, Freddie moved as well, trying to get himself more comfortable and Frederico accidentally slipped a bit lower, poking John where he's never poked him before. Only Freddie's fingers were ever there, nothing else.

Both Freddie and John froze, stilling completely. It was unexpected for both of them; John was a bit shocked to feel Freddie's cock resting between his butt cheeks, it was a first time it happened and he didn't even know how to react. Freddie was feeling guilty for allowing it to happen and a small part of him hoped that if he kept completely still that John wouldn't even notice it. But judging by the way John tensed up and held his breath, the singer knew John certainly felt it.

Freddie wanted to move away, but for some reason he just stayed like that; perhaps it was because it made him feel closer to John than anything ever did before. And the position felt so natural for him that Freddie couldn't find it in himself to move away.

"T-This is ... something else," John said, a bit breathless.

He still did not move away and Freddie couldn't help but ask, "G-Good or bad?"

"Er ... interesting," the bassist replied, slowly relaxing a bit. Feeling Freddie press kisses on the spot in between his shoulder blades did help and John's lips curled up into a smile. It was a good thing that Frederico was currently soft because John wasn't sure he'd be able to feel him poke there while hard. Perhaps it'd be too scary. Just the thought of Freddie grabbing his hips, holding him still as he pushed inside was horrifying. John quickly pushed the thought away, he had no idea where it even came from. He trusted Freddie and knew that the singer would never do anything like that. Never.

"Do you want me to move away?" Freddie asked quietly, nuzzling against John's neck.

"N-No, not yet. Just wait for a bit."

The singer obeyed, stilling his movements completely. The only thing moving was his chest rising and falling with each breath that he took.

"Would ... " John tried to ask, but then paused for a moment before slowly continuing, "Would it feel good to you?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Would it feel good to you if you ... if we .. went all the way?"

Freddie let out a shaky breath, "You've already asked me that, darling."
"I-I know and you said it'd feel very good, but ... how good? What's so great about it?"

"You are killing me over here," the singer let out a nervous laugh, "Didn't it feel good to you when we ... when I sat down on your cock that one time?"

John blushed at those words, stuttering, "I-I remember it did, but I-I was too worried about you and -"

"You were worried about me?" Freddie asked softly, "Oh, darling. You're too sweet."

"I didn't want to hurt you," John whispered, squeezing Freddie's hand that was resting on his chest.

The singer kissed John's neck, "My sweetheart."

They both enjoyed a long moment of silence before Freddie finally answered, "It would feel fucking amazing, darling. Excuse the language. I-I don't want to even imagine it because ... I'd come like a horny teenager."

John giggled at that, "R-Really? It's that great?"

"It's ... I have no words. I mean, yes, people find different things pleasurable, but to me ... I really do sound like a pervert, don't I? I like putting my cock into people's arses!"

That made John laugh out loud, his entire body shaking, "No! I-I just want my arse to ... be the only arse you'll be putting your Frederico in."

Freddie froze at those words, "Y-You're .... Darling, are you .... You're joking, right?"

"No, I'm not. I actually ... I'd like us to try. We've done pretty much everything else," the bassist said shyly, "I-I'd want to, if ... you'd want to."

"But the last time we tried fingering -"

"I'll be better the next time," John sounded convinced, "Now I-I at least know what to expect and ... I want to try. Really."

Freddie could barely contain his excitement at hearing that, "Are you serious, darling? You'd really want to try? W-We don't have to, we have all the time in the world or ... or we don't have to do it ever. What we're doing now is perfectly enough-"
"Freddie," John interrupted him, turning his head so he could look at him, "I want to do it. W- With you. I'd be nice."

"But ..."

"If you keep saying but I'll start to think you don't want to," John teased a bit.

Freddie pulled him even closer, panicking, "No, no. It's not that at all. I just ... you really trust me so much? You really love me so much that you'd ... let me ...." he trailed off, not finishing the sentence.

"Well, yes, a bit of it is because I love you, but the bigger part is because I think you know how to do it right. I-I mean, with the experience that you have ... over a hundred guys," John teased again, barely holding in his laughter, "A-And Oliver came back looking for more ... If you were bad, I think he'd want to stay away from you."

Freddie was silent for a moment, "I honestly don't know if you are being serious right now or if you're joking, darling."

"I'm joking, Freddie! I was using my joking voice!" John chuckled.

"It sounds a lot like your normal voice, dear!"

"I've been told that."

Freddie moved his hips, removing his cock from where it was poking John and instead slid a bit lower, pushing it in between John's warm thighs. They both let out a long breath at that, closing their eyes and snuggling together.

"After the trip ... we can start working on it," Freddie said quietly, his heart beating faster at the thought of it, "If you change your mind in the meantime, that's perfectly fine -"

"I'm not going to change my mind!" John assured him, smiling as much as he could without hurting his lip. He wasn't naive; he knew it probably will not be easy, but he was excited to try. And yes, he was encouraged by Oliver's visit; the guy wouldn't be asking Freddie for more if it was a horrible experience. Even though it was weird that John was finding comfort in his boyfriend's ex, it really did help. Oliver apparently bottomed and he seemed perfectly fine and apparently he was able to take Freddie's cock and ... not die.

"I love you so much, darling."

"I love you," John replied softly, already feeling himself drifting off to sleep, "See you tomorrow."
Good night."

"Good night, my love."

The next morning was hectic. While Roger and John quickly ate their breakfast, Freddie decided to do some last minute packing and even though Brian was at their flat at ten in the morning, they did not manage to leave before twelve. One good thing about Freddie's relationship with John was the fact that he no longer argued with Roger about who's turn it was to sit in the front seat. There were no shotgun arguments anymore and Freddie was more than happy to share the backseat with John.

It wasn't even fifteen minutes into their drive that Freddie started singing at the top of his lungs, loosening his vocal cords, preparing for their show later that day.

"Fred," Brian sighed, "Our gig isn't until ten in the evening. Must you be doing this right now?"

The singer ignored him and only started singing louder.

"Hey, Freddie," Roger turned around, "Do you take requests?"

Freddie nodded in excitement, "Of course, darling!"

"Good. Shut up," the drummed shot at him.

"Fuck off, Rog," the singer kicked the seat in front of him, causing Roger to turn around again and try and slap him.

"I'm driving," Brian let out an exasperated sigh.

Half an hour into their drive, Freddie started feeling very loving towards John, using all kinds of pick up lines on him. A part of it was because he wanted to impress John and another part was because he wanted to annoy Roger and get back at him for earlier.

"Are you a cat, darling, because I'm feline a connection between us?" Freddie winked at the bassist who immediately blushed.
Roger quickly turned to face Brian, using his sweet voice, "Hey, Bri. My love for you is like diarrhea, I just can't hold it in."

"One normal car ride is all I ask for!" Brian replied, gripping the steering wheel as anger took over him, "I should have drove to Maidstone by myself and let them take the bus."

"Are you talking to yourself?" Roger asked.

"Yes," Brian nodded, "It's the only way I can have an intelligent conversation right now."

"That's rude, Brian, dear," Freddie commented from the back.

Half an hour later John fell asleep, resting his head on Freddie's shoulder. The singer was dozing off as well but Roger's stupid statements kept him from falling asleep completely.

"Hey, Bri," the drummer started, "The Netherlands, are they like ... a lot?"

"Yes?"

"So there's one Netherland here and a Netherland over there, and all together they're called Netherlands?"

"Roger, I will kick you out of this van if you utter another word."

"Why?"

"You are annoying."

"You hate me!" Roger said, offended.

"I never said hate. I'm very careful about that," Brian replied calmly.

"Well ... a birdie told me you wanted to rip your arm off and throw it at me."

The guitarist couldn't help but laugh, "And you got hate from that? You're taking a big leap there."
It wasn't until nearly two hours into their drive that they all started getting a bit suspicious; they were supposed to be entering the town, but they were still driving in the middle of nowhere, corn fields on either side.

"Are you sure this is the right way?" Freddie asked, looking around in confusion, "Isn't Maidstone supposed to be a big town?"

"I told you we were supposed to take the right turn at that intersection," Roger started, pulling out a map.

"No, I'm pretty certain we're on the right way," Brian insisted, but there was a look of confusion on his face as well.

"P-pretty certain?" John asked from behind.

"Yes ... er ... Eighty-six percent," Brian replied.

"Are you joking?" Roger sighed in annoyance.

"Also, I do not want to frighten you all," Brian started calmly, "But I think something is wrong with the van. It's overheating or something. It seems as if it's losing power when I accelerate."

"Brian, darling, this is no time for jokes," Freddie replied, letting out a nervous laugh.

"Does it look like I'm joking?"

"Shit."

John and Brian were looking under the hood, trying to determine the problem, quietly talking amongst themselves. Meanwhile, Freddie and Roger were sitting on the side of the road, eating a ham sandwich and complaining.

"We'll be late for our gig!" Freddie said with annoyance, "That is ... if we ever get there!"
Roger agreed, "I can't believe I'm stuck in the middle of nowhere, eating a ham sandwich!"

"Thank you for your help!" Brian shouted at them.

"I got us all ham sandwiches for the road," Roger shouted back, "If it wasn't for me, we'd all be starving!"

"I'm a vegetarian, Rog," Brian rolled his eyes.

"Well ... just take the meat out then!"

The guitarist rolled his eyes even more, "That's helpful!"

"I could stand there next to you two and stare at those ... things under the hood, darlings," Freddie said, "But I honestly have no knowledge about ... car things. I'm completely useless."

"Maybe it's a loose battery cable," John said, hovering over the engine that was radiating heat.

"It's getting dark!" Roger commented, "What time is it, anyway?"

Freddie sighed, "Nearly six. Our gig is in four hours!"

"The engine needs to cool down before I can touch it," John said to Brian, "That'll take half an hour to an hour."

"A-Alright," Brian nodded, trying to keep calm, "Alright, everything's alright. We can still make it."

Freddie suddenly stood up and rushed to John, putting his arm around him, "Do you really think you can fix it, darling?"

"Well, I-I think I can fix it for the time being. That way it can take us to town and then back home, but Brian'll have to go see a mechanic when we get back," John replied, crossing his arms over his chest and shivering a bit.

"Are you cold?" Freddie asked, then ran to where they kept their luggage, grabbed a coat and helped John put it on. He then hugged the bassist from behind, trying to keep him warm. They all stood in silence for a few minutes before Freddie suggested something, "I can try walking to the nearest town and calling - "

"No!" John grabbed his arm, "You're not walking anywhere now. It's dark and ... we don't know
"where we are."

"I'll be fine, darling."

"No," John insisted and by the way his body tensed up, Freddie could tell that the thought of him leaving made the bassist really nervous.

"We really should stay together," Brian agreed with John, "We are in the middle of nowhere."

Freddie nodded, pressing a kiss to John's cheek, "Alright, it was just an idea. We'll wait for the engine to cool down and then we'll take a look at it."

The bassist immediately relaxed and nodded, pressing himself back against Freddie.

Half an hour later John was looking under the hood of the van, working on it and Freddie was helping him by holding a flashlight so the bassist was able to see what he was doing.

Brian and Roger were sitting in the van in silence; both were lost in their thoughts and nervous about never making it to the gig.

And then Brian suddenly spoke, looking up at the night sky, "The stars are beautiful tonight."

"Er ... I guess," Roger shrugged his shoulders.

"You know what else is beautiful?"

The drummer blushed a bit, running a hand through his hair, "What?"

"The moon. The planets," Brian replied, smiling, "The rest of the galaxy. I just love space."

Roger rolled his eyes and exited the van, walking over to Freddie and John, "How's it going?"

"I have no idea what he's doing," Freddie replied, pointing at John, "He touched that ... machine and then poked that thing a bit. What's that called, darling?"

"Fuse box," John answered.

"Yes, fuse box," Freddie repeated as if he knew what he was talking about.
"Spark plugs look fine, which is good," John continued.

"Spark plugs are fine!" Freddie clapped enthusiastically.

"Fred, you have no idea what that even is," Roger commented, smacking the singer's shoulder playfully.

"Well, that is true, but does that mean I can't be happy, dear?"

"Can you tell Brian to try and start the van?" John asked, stepping back a bit. Roger did as he was asked, motioning to Brian to start the engine and the guitarist obeyed. They all clapped enthusiastically as the van started on the first try. Freddie picked John up and spun him around, making the bassist giggle and blush, but he wasn't complaining.

"Deaky, you are a genius!" Roger praised him, not able to wash the big grin off of his face.

"This is my man," Freddie said proudly, slowly placing John back on the ground.

"I-it's just temporary fix," the bassist giggled, "It'll still have to be looked at by a mechanic."

"As long as it gets us to a gig and back ... I don't care," Roger replied.

After nearly two hours of being stuck in the middle of nowhere, the boys finally continued with their drive.

ooo

When they finally arrived at the motel they were staying at, they had not time to look around or anything; they just checked in, left their bags and then they already needed to head for the bar. Brian and Roger shared a room which was across from Freddie and John's room. The only thing John noticed about their room was the fact that there were two separate beds and he couldn't help but worry about having to sleep away from Freddie. Literally across the room from him. He pushed that thought aside and decided to deal with it later that night, but there was another thing that also bothered him.

There was shared bathrooms.
John was aware of the fact that they were trying to find the cheapest motel possible in order to save money, but it never even occurred to him that it'd be a shared bathroom. A bathroom that he'd need to share with other people. Strangers. The showers were separated by a wooden wall, but it still made John a bit uncomfortable.

When they finally arrived at the bar, Freddie was ecstatic. All the troubles were immediately forgotten and the only thing Freddie could focus on was that it was the biggest bar they'd ever performed in. And there were so many people. The stage was the biggest stage they've ever stood on. He didn't even complain about the small dressing room and he always did that.

When he finally stepped from behind the curtain, wearing his sparkly, red leotard, the rest of the boys' jaws hit the floor.

"Wow," was all Roger could say.

"That's ... a look. Very sparkly," Brian chuckled, his eyes moving up and down Freddie's body, deliberately avoiding his crotch area.

"Thank you!" Freddie grinned, spinning around, "John, sweetheart. Do you like it?"

The bassist was almost drooling at the sight of Freddie's bare legs and his chest. The leotard did have long sleeves, but it was lacking in the leg department; it ended just slightly under Freddie's crotch area, leaving his hairy, slim legs completely bare.

"I think you like it," Freddie grinned, noticing the lust on John's face. Before the bassist could reply, the singer sat down next to him, grabbing his makeup bag, "Let me just cover those bruises up, my love."

John nodded, leaning closer to Freddie. He knew absolutely nothing about make up, but he trusted Freddie knew what he was doing. Especially because he really did a good job covering his own bruised cheek; John could not even tell there was ever a bruise there.

The bassist closed his eyes as he felt Freddie's fingers tapping his chin gently, applying some sort of a cream onto it. And then he used some kind of a powder, softly touching the skin with it, very careful to not press too much. And it was over before John could even say anything or ask what the singer was doing.

"Perfect!" Freddie smiled at him, "Absolutely perfect!"

John turned to look at himself in the mirror and there was no sign of bruises or swelling. His chin
looked completely normal and it was at that moment that John realized Freddie was really good with
make up. No just good, but talented.

Suddenly a man knocked on their door, before poking his head in, asking, "Are you all set?"

The boys nodded as they stood up and followed the man.

The happiness on Freddie's face could not be described in words. It seemed to John that the bigger
the crowd was, the less nervous Freddie was. As if he was feeding off of it, taking the crowd's
energy and eating it all up.

It was the opposite for John; the bigger the crowd was, the more nervous he was. It moments like this
John wondered if he was the right guy for the job; sometimes he felt as if he had to hide how nervous
big crowds made him. He was afraid the other three boys wouldn't understand it and that they would
regret taking him in. Fortunately, the nerves were killing him for just the first half an hour; after that
he was fine. He actually dared to look up and see all the people dancing, having fun. Even the ones
who weren't dancing and were just standing, had the biggest smiles on their faces and their eyes
followed Freddie's every move. The singer was covered in sweat after just ten minutes and it was no
surprise with the amount of jumping around that he was doing.

As the show went on, John got more and more comfortable and even dared to sing a bit louder when
it was his time to share a mic with Freddie during Liar. Perhaps it was because it was a new town
and John knew he'd never see those people again or maybe Freddie's energy rubbed off on him, but
the bassist was almost flying by the end. All of them were.

"We are Queen and make sure you remember the name, darlings!" Freddie said to the crowd when
the time came to leave the stage, "We'll be here tomorrow night as well. A completely different
show, even more crazy. Don't you miss it!"

John chuckled at how loud the crowd was with their clapping and cheering. It could be because they
were all so very drunk, but John liked to think it was because they really liked the performance.

"I want to go back on!" Freddie almost screamed as the other three boys dragged him to the dressing
room.

"Fred, it's over," Roger laughed, "You'll have another go tomorrow, alright?"

"But they loved us!"

"They'll love us tomorrow as well!" the drummer pushed Freddie onto the small couch that was in
their dressing room.
"Hurry and change," Brian said to him, "I'm starving."

"What do you mean, dear?" the singer asked, "Are we going back to the motel?"

John nodded, placing his bass guitar against the wall, "I-I'm also starving and ... I really should shower. It was hot up there."

"We can stay in the bar tomorrow as it's our last night. We can party, get drunk and ... well ... I haven't yet slept with a girl from Maidstone so ... I'll be very busy tomorrow."

"You're disgusting, Roger!" Freddie rolled his eyes, but it only made the drummer chuckle.

"As if you wouldn't be doing the same thing as me if you weren't with John!"

"No, I would not!"

"You know you would!"

After changing their clothes and packing their equipment up, the boys did have a quick beer, talking to some very excited girls who were mostly interested in Roger, and then they drove back to the motel. It was past midnight as they finally arrived there and the motel did look very different to what it looked like a few hours ago. The boys expected it to be very quiet, but they were wrong; there were people standing around the entrance door, drinking and smoking.

"Do you smell that?" Roger quietly asked Freddie, who already had one arm protectively around John.

"Yes, darling. Pot," he replied as they pushed their way in. They expected to be safe inside, but it was barely any better. They could all still recognize the strong smell of weed, but couldn't tell where it was coming from because they weren't able to see anyone smoking it.

As Freddie and John entered their room, the singer immediately locked the door, not liking this motel one bit. And judging by John's face, he wasn't excited about it either.

"It's just two nights, dear," the singer smiled at him, "Just two nights and then we'll be back home."

John slowly nodded, "I-I know. It's fine."
Freddie turned to look at the beds and raised his eyebrows, "Well, we will not be sleeping separately. I absolutely refuse! Let me just ... " he trailed off as he walked over to one bed and pushed it towards the other, making one big bed.

"There," the singer grinned, placing his hands on his hips proudly, "Much better!"

John's heart could burst with love; he said nothing about the beds because he did not want to seem needy and desperate, but then he realized how stupid that was. Of course he wanted to sleep next to his boyfriend, his love. There was nothing wrong with that.

He walked over to Freddie and hugged him from behind, wrapping his arms around his waist, "Have I told you how much I love you?"

"No, not really," Freddie teased, smirking to himself.

"I have!" John protested, "I-I tell you every day."

Freddie turned around and and took John's hands in his own, "I'm just messing with you, darling. I know you love me. I see it every time you look at me. You couldn't hide it even if you tried," he chuckled, "And ... you really thought I'd let us sleep in separate beds? Never."

John blushed, stuttering a bit, "Er ... Alright, so what's the ... plan?"

"The plan is we all shower and then go out and try to find a store. Or ... some cheap food place. I believe this motel has just a shared kitchen and I'm not a fan of those, dear. We'll buy some sandwiches, some cookies. A soup for you! Perhaps a smoothie. What else can you eat?"

"A ... banana," John replied, "Pudding, perhaps."

"I'll buy you ten of those, darling!" Freddie promised him before turning around and walking over to his travel bag, searching for a towel.

And then he let out the scariest, most high pitched scream ever, almost startling John to death. Freddie screamed again and then jumped away from his bag, tripping over John's bag, collapsing on the floor before jumping on bed and stuttering, "There's ... T-There's ... Oh god! Get rid of it, John, please!"

"Get rid of what?" the bassist asked, walking over to Freddie's bag, not even sure what he was looking for. And then he saw it. A small spider was standing on top of the bag, not moving one bit. It was probably traumatized from Freddie's screams.
"Poor little guy," John giggled, offering a hand to it and the spider slowly crawled on it.

Freddie was still panicking, it was obvious by the tone of his voice; he turned around, closing his eyes. "J- John, get rid of it, please. I-I can't even look at it!"

The bassist opened a window and let the spider crawl on the outside wall before closing it again, shuddering at the cold air that hit him.

"It's gone, Freddie," he said to his boyfriend who still refused to move from his spot on the bed.

"T-There must be others, I'm sure. I-I mean ... he probably had a family, right?"

The bassist let out a laugh, "He seemed pretty single to me, Freddie."

"But ... can you check, please? Pretty please?"

Seeing Freddie acting like a scared child was adorable to John and he'd be lying if he said he didn't enjoy being able to protect Freddie from something. The singer was always taking care of him and shielding him from all the bad things, defending him and the least John could do was get rid of the spiders for him.

It took John nearly ten minutes to search the room; he looked in the closet, under the bed, under the chair, he inspected all the corners of the room and he did manage to find three spiders, to which Freddie reacted with a shudder. After letting them all out into the freedom, John turned to Freddie to find him smiling shyly at him.

"I-I think it's safe to come down now," the bassist said to him chuckling a bit.

The singer nodded, stepping down from the bed, "What would I do without you, my love?"

"Those spiders would probably eat you during the night."

After seeing Freddie's horrified expression, John quickly added, "T-That's a joke! I-I was joking! They're harmless!"

Freddie finally relaxed a bit, letting out a nervous laugh, "This is shitty motel, dear. The bed is all creaky and probably uncomfortable as hell. Also, it stinks in here. Do you smell it?"

"I-I do."
"It smells like somebody died in here! Do you think it's haunted?"

"W-Why would it be haunted?" John giggled, grabbing his towel and fresh clothes, "We need to hurry and shower or Brian will kill us."

ooo

The showers were absolutely horrible. The floor that they stayed in had exactly three showers and not one worked properly. Brian and Roger went to a floor above them in the hopes of finding a free shower that was also working properly. Freddie was the first one to shower; John stood by the door, holding his clothes and a towel, avoiding making eye contact with anyone who passed him. Apparently people liked showering at night because the bathroom was pretty crowded. All the showers were occupied and when Freddie finally came out, he looked exhausted.

"The damn shower head is spraying water everywhere. I nearly drowned in there, darling."

John gathered all his courage as he walked in, quickly taking off his clothes and handing them to Freddie over the door. He nearly screamed as the cold water hit him and it took him a while to switch it to hot. Well, warm. And it was getting colder by a moment so John quickly washed his body before turning the water off. He sneezed and nearly slipped, but he caught himself in time.

"Bless you, darling," he heard Freddie's voice from the other side of the door.

"T-Thank you."

"We have known each other for months and I still haven't heard you sneeze, dear! I must say, you sound absolutely adorable! Do it again!" the singer giggled as he handed him the towel and clothes.

John laughed, "I-I can't do it on command, Freddie."

They wasted no time leaving the bathroom; they hurried into their room and put on their coats before leaving. They found Brian and Roger already waiting for them in the hallway.

"This motel couldn't be shittier if it tried!" Roger complained.
"It's very cheap," Brian said politely, "We have beds and ... we're just sleeping here and it's just two nights. You'll survive."

"I think our room is haunted," Roger said to Freddie and the singer gasped in shock.

The drummer continued, "The door opened by itself!"

"The window was open, Rog. It was the the wind!" Brian rolled his eyes, looking absolutely done with Roger's bullshit.

"And then I heard someone calling my name, I swear! It sounded like ... Rogaaahh."

"No one was calling your name, for god's sake! It was the wind!" Brian let out a tired sigh.

"I'm having a conversation with Freddie over here," the drummer drawled, "If you could stop butting in, that'd be great!"

"That's so creepy, Rog!" Freddie whispered, "Just before I was saying to John that the motel might be haunted!"

"Do you think someone died in here?"

"Probably! He probably slipped in one of those awful showers and they just took him to the cellar, never reporting the accident to the police!" the singer explained.

"Yeah, probably," Roger agreed.

Brian and John just stared at them as they all walked out of the motel, exchanging looks that were a mixture of worry and amusement. Any time Roger and Freddie were together, they just fueled each other's stupid ideas and came to very illogical and impossible conclusions.

ooo

"Where the fuck are we?" Roger asked, looking around, "I thought we were looking for a store!"
"We are," Brian answered, "But ... I-I don't want to jump to conclusions, but I think we're lost."

"Nonsense!" Freddie dismissed that idea, "I am never lost. My sense of orientation is - "

"You kept getting lost weeks after we moved into our flat!" Roger cut him off, "One time it took you an hour to come back from the store that was literally five minutes away from us."

Freddie let out a nervous laugh, "I-I got distracted, dear."

John did not like this; it was past two in the morning and they were currently standing in a dark park, with no one in sight. It was a very cold night and John wasn't even hungry anymore, all he wanted was a warm bed.

"W-What if we head back?" he suggested quietly, "We can wake up early and ... look for a store. I-I just don't think it's very smart to be wandering around this late."

"We're tourists, Deaky!" Roger laughed, "We all need to relax a bit and enjoy .. this."

"Yes, darling. Standing out in the freezing cold. Next to a scary park with no living being in sight. Wait, is that a cemetery over there?"

"Where?" Roger asked, looking around. It was then that he noticed a man walking towards them. Perhaps it was because he was in a group, surrounded by his three friends, but that man quickly approaching them did not scare Roger as much as it would have if he was alone. If he was alone, Roger would definitely find the man a bit suspicious.

Freddie was happy to see another person and he was about to ask for help and directions when the man stopped in front of them, suddenly pulling out a knife.

The boys froze; no one even said a word or let out a breath. A knife being pointed at them shocked them and it seemed as if all the blood disappeared from their faces. The only thing Freddie did manage to do was pull John back as the bassist was the one standing the closest to the man.

"Money," the guy ordered, his voice deep and hoarse, "Give me your money. Quickly!"

Brian immediately searched his pockets and handed him a few bills; it wasn't a lot as he left the majority of their money at the motel and took only what he thought the food would cost.

"You!" the guy pointed at Freddie, "What are you waiting for?"
The singer quickly snapped out of his trance, searching through his pockets and pulling out some coins and one bill; it was even less than what Brian had.

"You, blondie! Do I have to search you myself?"

Roger just stared at him, completely frozen. His eyes were wide open and he was struggling to breathe. Realizing that Roger was too scared to move, Brian quickly searched the drummer's pockets for money and handing it over. Freddie was already going through John's pockets, his hands shaking as he pulled out a few bills. He threw it at the mugger, "There you go, you c-coward."

"Fred," Brian quietly said, placing a hand on the singer's shoulder.

"What else do you have?" the guy asked, looking at them, "Jewelry? Hand it over. Your necklace, Paki."

Freddie's blood boiled at that word; it's been a while since he last heard it, but it still made him furious.

"It's not even real gold," the singer replied, his tone low.

"Hand it over. I'm not asking twice."

All John could see was the knife and how the mugger's hand seemed to be shaking, as if he was nervous and his eyes were all red. It was then that he John realized the guy could be high on something or going through a withdrawal. The way his hand was shaking was terrifying; it seemed as if any moment the knife could move and slide into Brian or Roger or Freddie.

John's stomach twisted at the thought of that and he grabbed Freddie's arm, pulling him back a bit. Freddie took of his bracelet as well, throwing it at the ground, "Here. You'll get £5 for that!"

John was surprised by how silent Roger was, but before he could question it even further or look at the drummer to see how he was doing, the mugger pointed at him, "Your ring."

It took John a few moments to react, but then he shook his head, "N-No. No."

"Hand it over."

"No," John refused, hiding his left hand behind his back.

"That ring's worth nothing," Freddie tried, acting calm, but the bassist could hear the panic in his voice.
"I'm not asking again. Hand over the ring," the guy growled, swaying the knife around dangerously.

"Fuck," Freddie muttered under his breath, turning to look at John who was slowly backing away, his eyes filled with fear and sheer panic.

"Darling, give me the ring, please," Freddie spoke softly, managing to offer a slight smile.

"N-No, it's mine. Y-You gave it to me," John whispered, tears filling his eyes.

"I'll get you a new one. Tomorrow. I promise."

"No, no, no," the bassist's voice was barely above a whisper and he kept his eyes locked with Freddie's, begging him with his look.

"Sweetie, please," Freddie pleaded, "Just give me your hand."

The mugger was losing his patience, probably thinking the ring was very expensive if John refused to hand it over. He swung the knife at Roger and Brian just managed to pull him back the last moment.

"Give me the fucking ring!"

John let out a sob and gave his hand to Freddie who gently took off the ring.

"P-Please," the bassist whimpered, already feeling the tears running down his cheeks. No, the ring was not worth any of their lives, but it meant so much to John. It was a reminder of his and Freddie's love, the reminder that they choose each other and belonged to each other. John knew that Freddie probably used his savings to buy it for him and John couldn't bear the thought of losing it.

It literally felt as if his heart shattered into a million pieces as Freddie took the ring off; it was as if a part of him was now missing.

"F-Freddie, please. Please, don't," John kept repeating, not realizing that hearing those words broke Freddie's heart.

The singer squeezed John's cold hand and gave him a smile before turning to face the mugger again, trying to give him the ring, but before the guy could grab it, Freddie dropped it to the ground. The mugger bent over to grab it and then Roger jumped at him, pushing him to the ground and kicking his hand in which he held the knife. It made the guy release the knife and then Brian kicked it away, grabbing Roger before he could jump at the mugger again.
The guy somehow managed to get on his feet and then he ran away, disappearing in less than two seconds.

"Roger, Roger, calm down. Everything's f-fine," Brian said to the drummer, pulling him into his arms. Roger did no resist and he just collapsed against the taller boy and John thought he heard crying, but couldn't be sure. Freddie knelted down, searching the ground in panic and then he finally found it.

The ring.

He picked it up and stood up, facing John. The bassist knew he probably looked just terrible; his nose was red from the cold, his eyes were puffy and red from crying, his jaw was bruised and his lip was split. The image of Freddie was very blurry and John had to blink a few times, tears spilling down his cheeks.

"D-Do you have it?" John asked, his voice shaking, "P-Please."

"Give me your hand, darling," the singer smiled at him.

John quickly obeyed, giving him his right hand, the hand on which he usually wore the ring. Freddie hesitated for a moment before letting out a shaky breath, "Y-Your other hand, my love."

The bassist didn't understand, but he quickly switched the hand, offering his left one. Freddie took it in his own and slowly placed the ring on John's ring finger. The bassist let out a sob of relief, but he was laughing through his sobs. At that moment he felt as if all the tension left his body and the sudden relief that washed over him made him feel like he was floating. He couldn't even feel the ground beneath him. Perhaps it was the adrenaline pumping blood through his body and then it's levels suddenly dropping, perhaps it was because he hadn't had much to eat that day, perhaps it was because he was dehydrated and tired from the gig, but John felt a bit lightheaded.

"Right where it's supposed to be," Freddie smiled, looking at the ring on John's finger.

The bassist smiled back, then whispered, "Hug me?"

There was slight concern on Freddie's face, but he quickly obeyed, wrapping his arms around John. He could feel the bassist weakly place his hands on Freddie's back, but almost immediately they just dropped lifelessly to his sides as John's legs gave up under him and he went limp in Freddie's arms.
Chapter End Notes

Such a fun road trip, right? :D Let me know what you think, if you liked it, if you hated it. ;}
John had passed out a few times in his life, but it was never like this. He didn't even know if he could call it passing out, because he was still very much aware of everything. Only his body went limp and he was feeling a bit light-headed, but he did not black out completely. Everything was spinning around him, but he was aware of Freddie's arms wrapped around his waist, holding him up. He did feel bad for Freddie because he did just ... fell onto him, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't control his legs.

"John, darling? Can you hear me?" there was panic in the singer's voice and it pained John to hear it.

"I'm f-fine," he managed to whisper, but it came out weaker than he intended.

"Roger, honey, can you help me?" Freddie asked and soon John was being moved; he quickly realized that Roger and Freddie were on either side of him, holding him up. And then they were walking. John's feet were moving, not as much as he'd like them to, but at least he didn't have to be carried. Every now and then John managed to look around, but all he saw were dark alleys and street lamps. Thankfully it didn't take them long to return to the motel; John expected someone to stop them, perhaps someone working at the motel, and demand and explanation, but it didn't happen. Stairs were a bit more tricky and he had to be helped, but then soon he was in bed. Even in his slightly confused state, John noticed that the bed was very uncomfortable.

"Lie down, sweetheart," Freddie instructed him and John obeyed. The singer took off his shoes and his jacket and then immediately he was covered up with a blanket and Freddie was caressing his face.

"I'll go see if I can get us a few water bottles," Brian said and with those words he was gone.

"Roger, are you alright, darling? Come, sit here with me."

John opened his eyes to see the drummer sit down on the bed next to Freddie and the singer used his other hand to rub soothing circles on Roger's back.

"I-I'm fine, don't worry about me," Roger muttered quietly, looking down at his hands.

"You saved us all," Freddie praised him, "You were very brave. I'm sure that guy will think twice before he goes and tries to mug someone else."

That made the drummer smile, "Y-You really think so?"
"I do," Freddie replied, returning the smile, but then he looked at John again, "How about you, dear? Are you feeling better? You really gave me a scare!"

John managed to let out a weak laugh and while he was feeling slightly better, he was still not completely fine. First of all, he was freezing; which was strange because he was still wearing his coat and was covered with a blanket. Second of all, he was sweating profusely.

"He doesn't look that well, Fred," Roger commented, getting a bit worried, "He seems ... feverish."

"What?" Freddie gasped, his eyes widening, "He can't be! He was fine just ... hours ago."

John started shivering even more and it was then that he realized it; he really did feel sort of ... unwell. Ever since they left their flat earlier that day; he was sleepy, without energy, he sneezed a few times and his throat did feel a bit sore.

"Do you have temperature?" Freddie asked, pulling his sleeve up so he could press the inside of his wrist against John's forehead. After a few moments of holding it there, his eyes widened with realization, "Y-You're burning up, darling. Shit. Shit! What do we do?"

"I-I'm fine, Freddie," John replied, slowly pulling himself up in a sitting position.

"You don't look fine, dear," the singer wrapped the blanket tighter around the bassist, brushing hair from his face, "You look ill. Are you cold?"

"A-A bit."

"Roger, darling, can you go and get the blanket from that suitcase over there," Freddie pointed at the corner of the room where his three travel bags were.

The drummer immediately got up and walked over to them, unzipping the first suitcase and pulling out the blanket Freddie mentioned. John quickly recognized it as that very large, warm and heavy blanket Freddie got him for Christmas.

"Here," Roger handed it to Freddie who immediately covered John with it, pulling it up to his neck.

"Y-You ... I-I didn't know you packed this as well," the bassist smiled at his boyfriend, his heart literally melting at how thoughtful Freddie was.

"Well, of course I packed it," the singer replied gently, "I couldn't risk you being cold."
Before John could reply, Brian returned to the room, carrying four water bottles and two bags of crisps, "There is a vending machine in the lobby."

He handed a bottle to Freddie who immediately opened it and brought it to John's lips, "You need to drink, lovely. You're probably dehydrated."

John did not need to be told twice, he really was very thirsty and ended up drinking more than half of the bottle before moving away and shaking his head. Freddie placed the water bottle on the nightstand and brought his hand to John's cheek, a worried look on his face.

"I-I don't like this at all," he muttered quietly, looking at his boyfriend's sweaty face. He was feeling immensely guilty for not noticing the sign earlier; now looking back, it was obvious that John was not feeling well the entire day. He wasn't hungry, he slept almost through their entire trip and was standing out in the freezing cold for nearly two hours as he tried to fix the van.

"I got this for you. Extra salty," Brian said as he handed Roger a bag of crisps.

The drummer took it and grinned, "I-Is this a reward for saving your arse?"

Brian rolled his eyes, but nodded, "Yes, Rog. It's a reward for saving all of our arses."

"W-We didn't get the money back, though," the drummer sighed, a smile disappearing from his face.

"It wasn't more than £20 all together," Brian quickly said, "And you did manage to save something a lot more ... priceless, I believe."

John heard those words and immediately looked down at his right hand, panicking only for a moment before he remembered that Freddie put the ring on his left hand. He choked on a sob as the memories came flooding back and he realized that he nearly lost the ring.

"Guys, I-I'm really sorry for ... " John paused for a moment, taking a deep breath, "For ... nearly getting us all killed by refusing to hand over the ring. It was ... v-very irresponsible from me."

"No, darling," Freddie quickly said, his hand covering John's, "Don't say that. I almost jumped at him for demanding the ring."

"But you didn't," Roger teased, raising his eyebrows, "And why is that?"

The boys chuckled at hearing that and Freddie playfully rolled his eyes, "Because you did it, Rog. You jumped him and saved the day. Or ... the night."
"You're damn right I did!" the drummer stated proudly.

Freddie was relieved to see that Roger was slowly becoming his old self again and that the shock seemed to be wearing off; even though he knew a part of it was an act and that he was still very much shaken up, but at least it wasn't as horrible as it could be.

The singer could still clearly remember the night a year or two ago when Roger came home after being mugged; he was completely in shock, barely talking and flinching at sudden movements. And, yes, Freddie did cuddle him that night and neither of them were ashamed of that. Roger clung to Freddie as if his life depended on it and it did seem to help, because the next morning he was feeling a lot better. It was obvious that being mugged again would bring back those memories and Freddie was glad that this time Roger won and kicked the mugger's arse. It seemed that Roger was recovering a lot quicker as he sat on the floor and stuffed his mouth with crisps.

That made Freddie think of John and worry about what he would eat, "John, darling -"

"I-I'm not hungry," the bassist quickly answered, as if he could read Freddie's mind.

"But you should eat something!" the singer insisted, "I-I just don't know what. You can't eat crisps, right?"

"Perhaps you could chew it up and then give it to John," Roger suggested, making both Freddie and John grimace in disgust.

"Do I look like a bird to you?" the singer asked, then turned his attention to John again, "I'll go get you something as soon as the damn stores open. Apparently everything here closes at nine! I miss London."

"I-It's fine, really," the bassist replied, forcing a weak smile, but it was interrupted by a sneeze. And then another one. And another one.

"Bless you, darling," Freddie said, looking very concerned.

"T-Thank you."

"John, are you sick?" Brian immediately asked.

Freddie and John answered at the same time; John shook his head 'no', while Freddie nodded a 'yes'.

"He is a bit feverish," the singer replied, "I'm hoping it's only a cold and nothing too serious."
"I'll go see if I can get some tea around here," Brian stood up, walking towards the door.

Roger jumped up as well, "I'll go with you! I can steal some for you. I once stole these great sounding maracas!"

After finally being left alone, Freddie could turn his entire attention to John, pressing his wrist to his boyfriend's forehead again.

"You really are burning up, dear!"

"S-Strange," John chuckled, his teeth chattering, "B-Because I feel pretty cold."

Freddie was silent for a moment before standing up and taking off his coat and his jumper; then he approached John again, asking the bassist to do the same.

"I'll warm you up, dear," Freddie offered and John would never pass the opportunity for some skin to skin session with Freddie. He tried to take his coat off, but his arms felt so heavy and he couldn't really bother with the buttons. Noticing that, Freddie jumped to help, taking the coat off, quickly followed by John's shirt and his undershirt. Not wasting any time, Freddie joined John in bed and the bassist immediately pressed himself against him. The fact that John's body seemed to be very hot, but the bassist was clearly freezing, concerned Freddie very much. He pulled the blankets up to cover them both, holding John close to him and kissing his forehead.

"Better, dear?"

"Much better," John let out a sigh of relief, relaxing against his boyfriend.

"Sweetheart, if you're sick - "

"I'm not!"

"If you are, we'll cancel the gig. Don't worry."

"No," John looked up at Freddie, "I'm not sick. Maybe I have a cold, but I-I'm fine. I-I don't want us to cancel."

Freddie nodded, trying to be understanding, "We'll see how you feel in the morning, alright? I'll have Roger run to a pharmacy and get you something for the cold."

That calmed John down, "A-Alright."
After a moment of silence Freddie pulled John even closer, his voice barely above a whisper as he asked, "A-Are you alright? I-I mean ... with the mugging and all ... Are you alright?"

"It was scary," John admitted, hiding his face against Freddie's chest.

"It really was. We need to be more careful in the future. No more wandering around at night."

John nodded, letting out a shaky breath.

"I'm really glad the cunt did not get your ring, though," Freddie said after a long moment of silence.

It made the bassist look up at his hand and immediately a smile formed on his face. Not even a moment later Freddie's hand found his and he laced their fingers together.

A very important question was at the tip of John's tongue and his heart was beating faster with each passing second. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, Roger and Brian returned, carrying a hot cup of tea.

"We did it! There's some tea in the shared kitchen," Roger explained, setting the cup down onto the night stand.

"You're wonderful, darlings!" Freddie praised them and only then did Roger take a better look at the two of them in bed.

"A-Are you doing some ... funny things under that blanket?" he shot the question at Freddie and John.

John immediately blushed, quickly shaking his head, but Freddie sent a glare at Roger's direction, "Yes. We are having sex at this very moment, dear. In fact, I'm sucking John off and we'd appreciate a bit of privacy."

Roger let out a laugh, "It was a joke, Freddie. Don't get your panties in a twist."

Before Freddie could reply, Brian spoke, "I think we should all try and get some sleep. It's past three in the morning and I'm ... very tired."

Roger looked a bit uncomfortable, shifting his weight from one leg to another, not making any attempt to move towards the exit.

"Do you want to sleep here, dear?" Freddie asked softly, but the drummer quickly shook his head,
"Then what is it?"

"I just ... nothing," Roger let out a nervous laugh.

Brian smiled reassuringly, "Do you want me to move our beds together like Freddie and John did?"

Roger's head shot up, "You ... " but then he raised his eyebrows, teasing, "Oh, are you scared, Brian? Do you need me to keep you safe during the night?"

The guitarist forced a smile, "Yes, that is the reason I want our beds together. It's not because you are scared, it's because I am."

"Pff, I knew that," Roger shot back, walking past Brian and exiting the room.

"I'll see you in the morning," Brian said to John and Freddie and then quickly followed Roger, closing the doors behind them. After a few minutes of silence, John cleared his throat, "C-Can you ... can you go lock the door, please?"

"Of course," Freddie slowly untangled himself from all the blankets and jogged to the door, locking them before returning to join his boyfriend in bed again. John was immediately a lot more relaxed knowing that they were safer; being in a new town and in that awful motel really made John uneasy.

"Try and drink a bit, dear," Freddie brought the cup of tea to John's lips and the bassist took a few sips, feeling it warm his body from the inside.

"Does it taste good, sweetie?"

"Mhm, really good," John replied, taking another sip.

After Freddie placed the cup back on the nightstand, John pressed himself even closer to Freddie, moving one of his legs in between Freddie's, feeling safer that way.

"Are you still cold?"

"N-No, no," John shook his head, "It's better now. 'm sleepy."

"Alright, my love. Get some rest. I'll watch over you."

John smiled and gently kissed Freddie's neck, "Good night."
"Good night, darling."

ooo

Four months ago ....

John rang the doorbell and then quickly looked down at himself, smoothing out his jacket. It was early November and it was really, really cold outside. He couldn't stop his teeth from chattering, but thankfully, the front door was opened barely moments later.

John smiled at the sight of Freddie, but before he could say anything, the singer grabbed his arm and pulled him inside, closing the door behind them.

"Gosh, I'm so sorry for not answering the door quicker, dear! I was in the bathroom!" Freddie apologized, leading John into the living room and then sitting them both down on the sofa.

"I-It's fine. I was standing outside for less than a minute, really," John said with a polite smile.

The singer still seemed awfully concerned and he reached to John, rubbing the bassist's arms up and down, trying to warm him up.

"Your nose is red, darling!"

"Oh," John quickly brought his hand up to touch it, realizing it really did feel very cold.

"I'll go make you some tea - " Freddie stood up and then John stopped him, handing him a smaller bag that he brought with him.

"What's this?" the singer asked with confusion.

"Just some ... junk food that I bought. Popcorn and er ... a few bags of crisps," John replied awkwardly, hoping it didn't seem weird that he brought food.

A few days ago he received a phone call and it was Freddie, inviting him to their board games night and while John was over the moon by the fact that the boys seemed to want to include him into activities, he couldn't help but worry about what he should bring. He couldn't just show up with
"You really shouldn't have!" Freddie gave him the biggest smile, "But Roger will adore you for it! That boy lives off of junk food."

John let out a chuckle, relaxing slightly. It was the first night that they'd hang out together, as a band. He did talk to Brian and Roger at the few rehearsals they managed to have since accepting John as their new bassist. And that was just under a week ago. He was a bit intimidated by Roger and Brian; they did seem nice and they were nice, but they both were very opinionated and John did have the privilege to witness one of their fights.

It was terrifying.

John did manage to hang with Freddie outside of their rehearsals; the singer invited him to a ballet show and then they grabbed coffee together once. He felt closer to Freddie, which was understandable. The singer went out of his way to make him feel welcome and John really appreciated that.

But tonight was the first night that John had to hang out with all three of them and it not being related to music. Apparently the plan was to just hang out, talk, play a few board games. It sounded so simple, but John was terrified. His weakness was overthinking and overanalyzing everything. Besides, he was much better at having one on one conversations. As the number of people involved in the conversation increased, John's levels of nervousness increased as well.

When Brian and Roger finally arrived and they were having a few drinks, Freddie pointed at the bowl of crisps on the table and said, "John brought this! Extra salty, just how you like it, Rog."

"How'd you know that?" Roger looked at John, stuffing his mouth with crisps.

"O-Oh, I-I like those and I hoped you do too," the bassist replied nervously.

Roger grinned, "Well, you were right. Thanks, mate."

After a moment of silence Brian smiled warmly at John, "Tell us about yourself."

"Um," was all that came out of John's mouth. He hated introducing himself; it reminded him of those days in school when he had to stand up and tell a few things about himself.

"You're ... seventeen?" Roger asked, raising his eyebrow.

"N-No, I'm nineteen," John replied, a bit confused. He had a feeling his age would cause problems.
Roger continued, "And you live with your parents or - ?"

"He lives with his roommates, Rog," Freddie rolled his eyes, "Were you sitting on your ears yesterday at rehearsal? He's been out of his parents' house since he was eighteen. Which is more than I can say for you."

Roger sent Freddie a glare, but the singer continued, "Anyway, are you done interrogating him? I really want to play Scrabble - "

"I don't know how to play Scrabble," John quickly said, "I-I've never played it before."

The silence that followed was deafening. John could feel everyone staring at him in shock and it really did seem like he just admitted to committing a murder.

"But Scrabble is like ... our band's official game," Roger slowly said, then turned to Brian, "I told you we should have a "you must know how to play Scrabble" rule when deciding on who to allow in the band."

John felt as if he was punched in the gut; he could hear Brian talking to Roger, but could not understand any of the words. He started nervously playing with the material of his shirt, keeping his head down, hoping the floor would just open up and swallow him whole.

And then he felt a hand on his knee and he looked up to see Freddie smiling reassuringly at him, "Have you got time tomorrow night? I'll teach you how to play Scrabble."

John just stared at Freddie for a few moments, not understanding why anyone would actually want to bother with teaching him how to play a board game, but then he quickly nodded, "I-I have time, yes."

"Good," Freddie's smile grew even more, "At around eight in the evening? It's really easy, you'll see. With a bit of effort you'll be better at Scrabble than Roger is and he's been playing it for years."

Roger grabbed a cushion and threw it at Freddie, but then asked, "Why can't we explain it to him now?"

John tensed up; he always was better at learning things on his own and not in a group of people. Besides, he could tell that Roger was a very impatient person and it'd only make him even more nervous.

"No, no," Freddie quickly dismissed the idea, "I want to take my time with John and teach him all the tricks so he could kick your arse the next time we play Scrabble."
"That's impossible!" Roger protested, "I'm better than both you and Brian."

"Excuse me?" the guitarist gasped in shock, "The longest word you've come up with is 'house'."

"That's not true! I also came up with fuffapster, but you were too much of a jerk to admit it's a real word!"

"Because it's not a real word, Roger!" Brian let out a sigh of annoyance.

"Yes, it it!"

John was never more glad to hear someone arguing; it took the attention off of him and he managed to relax a bit, but then he realized that Freddie's hand was still on his knee. When he looked up at him, the singer let out a chuckle, "You better not make up words like the blondie does all the damn time!"

John giggled, shaking his head, "I-I won't. I promise."

A few hours and quite a lot of drinks later, John decided it was time to leave. He didn't drink, but it seemed as if Roger took it upon himself to drink instead of him. John did not even have the opportunity to say goodbye to him as the drummer ran into the bathroom, nearly vomiting on the way. Brian only managed to smile at John and wave before rushing after Roger to take care of him.

"Are you sure you don't want to stay, dear? We have plenty of space!" Freddie said as he walked John to the front door, "Well ... we have the sofa, but I can sleep there and you can have my bed."

"I-It's fine, really. I don't want to bother you," John replied, smiling politely.

"You are not bothering us, darling! I just don't want you walking around this late at night."

John opened the front door, noticing the taxi was already waiting for him.

"I-I won't be walking. He'll drop me off right by my building," the bassist explained, then awkwardly cleared his throat and offered his hand to Freddie, "Thank you for having me over and ... everything else."

Freddie let out a chuckle at seeing John offer to shake his hand as goodbye and he pulled the bassist into a hug, "Don't mention it, darling. Did you have fun?"

John could not believe Freddie was really hugging him. They've known each other for just a few
days and the bassist did not expect that kind of affection from the singer. It was a polite hug, yes, but it was still a hug. John wasn't used to people just hugging him, at least not people he's known for just a couple of days. When they finally pull apart, Freddie keeps his hand on John's shoulder and the bassist could feel his cheeks burning.

"Well, did you, dear?"

"D-Did I what?"

"Have fun?" Freddie laughed, finding John's awkwardness incredibly adorable.

"Oh! Y-Yes, I did! I had a lot of fun. It was fun, yes," the bassist babbled, still blushing.

"Alright, don't forget about our learning lesson tomorrow night, dear."

"I-I won't," John said with a big smile.

When John finally left the flat and quickly walked over to the taxi, he turned around and was surprised to see Freddie still standing at the front door, watching him. It did make John feel safer as he knew the neighborhood Fred and Roger lived in had quite a reputation.

As John finally climbed in the taxi and closed the door, he instinctively waved at Freddie, but then mentally slapped himself for acting like such a child. Adults do not wave at each other. But then Freddie grinned and waved back, a lot more enthusiastically than John and the bassist couldn't help but smile as he drove off. Normally it took John a lot of time to really like someone and trust them completely, but at that moment he knew he liked and trusted Freddie as if they were lifelong friends.

John slowly woke up and immediately he recognized the familiar ache in his muscles. Everything was so sore and even his pinky was throbbing with pain and it was then that John realized he really was slightly sick. At least he wasn't cold anymore; Freddie's body was literally radiating heat and John wasn't complaining.

Though, he was thirsty.

His mouth was so dry he could barely swallow. Slowly, he untangled himself from Freddie and
reached for the water bottle on the nightstand. In a few short moments he finished the entire bottle and then he cuddled up against Freddie again. He had no idea what the time was, but it must have been in the middle of the night or early in the morning because it was still dark outside.

No matter how hard John tried to fall back asleep, he could not ignore the sounds and voices that were coming from everywhere. He could hear people walking past the door, he could hear them laughing and talking. Judging by how they were talking, John suspected they were drunk or something worse. After a few minutes he closed his eyes, but then he felt his bladder complaining. At first he tried to ignore it and fall asleep, but it wasn't working. As minutes passed it actually started getting painful and soon John couldn't ignore it anymore.

He needed to pee.

Carefully, he untangled himself from Freddie again, but then he froze. He couldn't go to the bathroom alone. It wasn't safe. Who knew what kind of dangerous people were there, waiting for him to mug him or something worse. While John felt that he should be brave enough to go to the bathroom alone, he simply couldn't do it. But as he looked at Freddie's peaceful face, he felt a sting of guilt at waking him up to accompany him to the toilets. John dismissed the idea and decided to wait until morning. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath and tried to relax. It did not work. His body was in pain. John groaned and pressed a soft kiss to Freddie's cheek, hoping that would wake him up. The singer just rubbed his nose with his hand, snored one time, and then continued sleeping.

"Freddie," John whispered, bringing his hand up to playfully poke the singer's cheek, "Frederick?"

After getting no response from his boyfriend, John let out a frustrated sigh, not knowing what to do. He didn't want to be rough with Freddie or shake him, it was already bad enough that he was waking him up in the middle of the night.

"Freddie, please?" he tried again.

The singer mumbled something and John gently shook him, "Are you awake?"

"Mārē stōra para ... javūṁ nathī."

(I don't want to go to the store)

John froze, not understanding what Freddie was saying in his sleep.

"Freddie?" he tried again, gently shaking the singer's arm.

"Tamārō vārō chē, Roger," Freddie mumbled and tried to roll to his side.

(It's your turn, Roger)
"Freddie!" John tried again, a bit louder and it worked.  

The singer's eyes snapped open and he immediately sat up, looking around, "W-What? What is it? What's ... " he blinked a few times, finally remembering where he was.  

"I-I'm sorry," John quickly apologized, "I-I just - "  

"What's wrong? Did something happen? Are you alright?" Freddie's voice, although sounding very sleepy, was filled with concern and slight panic.  

"I-I'm fine, everything's fine," John smiled, "I-I just ... " he paused, not knowing how to ask Freddie to accompany him to the toilets.  

The singer brought his hands up to gently cup his face, "You're still very warm, darling. How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling ... like I ... like Ineedtogotothetoilet," he whispered and upon noticing the confused expression on Freddie's face, he slowly repeated the sentence, "I-I need to go to the toilet."

It took the singer a few moments to understand what John was trying to say with that, but once he did, he quickly nodded, "Alright, alright. That's not a problem, dear. Let me just ... " he got up from the bed and quickly put on a T-shirt, offering one to John as well and then helping him put it on.  

Soon it became apparent that perhaps Freddie was the one needing help to get to the toilets as he nearly tripped over his travel bag and then bumped into a wall on the way out of their room. But once they finally reached the toilets, he was completely awake.  

Surprisingly enough, the bathroom was completely empty and John was very thankful for that as he hurried into the stall, closing the door behind him. But then he realized that there was a complete silence and John did not want Freddie to hear him doing his business.  

"Er ... F-Freddie?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can you ... perhaps sing or something? Please?"

There was a long moment of silence before Freddie finally spoke, "Sing? Why do you want me to sing?"

"Just ... " John could feel himself blushing, "It's ... awfully quiet, isn't it?"
"I don't understand, dear?"

"Or maybe ... you could let the water run for a few seconds."

"Oh!" it was then that Freddie realized it and he let out a chuckle, "Are you embarrassed about me hearing you pee? Perhaps poop?"

"Freddie!" John squealed in embarrassment, "No! I-I just need to pee, alright? Please?"

"Alright, my love! I'll sing while you pee."

Silence.

John cleared his throat, "Could you maybe cover your ears too?"

"Darling!" Freddie gasped in shock, "I've had my tongue in your arse and you're embarrassed about me hearing you pee?"

That only made John squeal even more, "Oh my god! K-Keep your voice down!"

Freddie let out a giggle, then clapped, "Alright, I'll sing for you, my love!" he then cleared his throat before finally starting to sing, "Purple haze, all in my brain. Lately things they don't seem the same. Acting' funny, but I don't know why. Excuse me while I kiss this guy!"

"Is that Jimi Hendrix?" John asked, then flushed the toilet and came out of the stall.

"It is!" Freddie grinned, "I absolutely adore this song, darling!"

"I-It's nice, but ..." John nervously giggled as he went to wash his hands, "I-I think you're singing it a bit wrong."

"What do you mean?"

The bassist turned to look at Freddie, raising his eyebrow, "I-I think it's 'excuse me while I kiss the sky'."

Freddie blinked at him, but then quickly shook his head, "No, no, it's 'while I kiss this guy'."
John couldn't help but laugh, "I'm pretty sure it's the sky. Why would he be singing about kissing a guy?"

That only made Freddie grin and he raised his eyebrow playfully, "Why wouldn't he? There's nothing better than kissing a guy."

It was said in such a charming way that if it wasn't for his split lip, John would have immediately wrapped his arms around Freddie and gave him a kiss. He missed doing that so much; he didn't even know what he had until he lost it.

When they finally returned to their room, Freddie wasted no time locking the door and when he turned around, he found John already cuddled up in bed, waiting for him.

"Are you still cold, dear?" the singer asked as he slipped under the covers next to his boyfriend.

John shook his head, "N-Not anymore, but I'm still ... shaky."

"You're sick," Freddie stated, a look of concern on his face.

"No - " the bassist wanted to argue, but then a sneeze surprised him.

And another.

And another.

"Bless you." Freddie sighed, touching John's face again, "You're very warm."

"I can't possibly be sick. Not now."

"Yes, well. It is what it is. Do not worry about anything, dear. We'll take care of you and ... we'll see how you feel in the morning."

John nodded, pressing himself even closer to Freddie, "Sorry."

"What for?"

"For ... being all sweaty."

Freddie chuckled, running his hand through John's hair gently, "Do not apologize for that, dear. You need to sweat it out. Perhaps it'll help."
John nodded again, but then moved away a bit, "P-Perhaps we shouldn't do this."

"Do what?"

"Cuddle. I-If you get sick as well - "

"I won't get sick. I never get sick!"

That made John laugh; he could not tell if the singer was joking or just very delusional. Yes, John has only seen him sick once, but he could remember it as if it happened yesterday. Freddie turned into a literal baby.

"Roger will kill me if I infect you," John sniffled, realizing only then how weird his voice sounded. Weak and hoarse.

"I'll be perfectly fine, my dear. Don't you worry about me," Freddie said softly, "There is nothing in this world that'd make me separate the beds and sleep away from you."

John wanted to be responsible and assure Freddie that he'd be perfectly fine sleeping alone. But he was too selfish and he needed the closeness. Especially now when he was feeling so weak and everything around was so unfamiliar.

"I'm so glad we're all safe," John whispered after a moment of silence, "T-That mugger could have - "

"Don't think about it, John."

"I don't want to, but ... The knife was so close to you and .. to Brian, but closer to you. And I was being a ... a literal brat, not wanting to hand over the ring. I'd be my fault if ... if something happened to you."

Freddie pulled John even closer, pressing a kiss to his forehead, "Hey. Stop that. Nothing happened to me and everything is perfectly fine. You still have the ring, don't you?"

John slowly nodded, a smile appearing on his face.

"And you still have me," Freddie continued, "Everything is as it is supposed to be. Now try and get some sleep, love."

"Sing me something," the bassist whispered, "This place is so ... loud."
There were constant screams and laughter and door slamming. John wasn't used to those sounds and especially not during the night.

"It really is very loud," Freddie agreed, then chuckled, "Our flat is a pretty shitty one as well, but at least it's very quiet. It's probably because we live next to very old people."

John giggled and then pressed a soft kiss to Freddie's neck, making himself even more comfortable against him. Freddie was silent for a few long moments, trying to think of an appropriate song to sing. John was already dozing off slowly, when he heard Freddie's soft voice. It was barely above a whisper and it made everything even more intimate.

"I can dim the lights and sing you songs full of sad things, we can do the tango just for two. I can serenade and gently play on your heart strings. Be your Valentino just for you."

ooo

John and Freddie were awoken by a knock on the door. When neither of them went to answer the door, the knocking returned, louder this time.

"Freddie, get your arse up and open the damn door!" Roger's annoyed voice could be heard from the hallway.

"Yes, yes," the singer groaned, untangling himself from John and hurrying to the door. After letting Brian and Roger in, he quickly locked the doors behind them before turning around to face them.

"Good morning," Brian greeted, "How are you feeling, John?"

The bassist pulled himself up in a sitting position, "B-Better, I guess."

"Shit, your voice sounds awful," Roger commented, "Thank god you're the bassist and not the singer."

"What's in the bags?" Freddie asked, noticing that Roger seemed to be carrying three paper bags.

"Well," the drummer sighed dramatically, "Some of us got up early and went to do something useful, you know. Brian and I were at the store, we got some food and then went to the pharmacy and bought some ... powder. It's supposed to help with the cold."
"Also," Brian smiled mysteriously, taking one bag from Roger and pulling out what seemed to be a chocolate cake, "We got this for John."

"W-What?" the bassist blinked at them, "A cake? For me? But ... it's not my birthday." "It doesn't have to be your birthday for us to buy you a cake, Deaky," Roger laughed, "It's a ... We got it to say thank you for saving all our arses yesterday and fixing the van. We could all have been eaten by werewolves if it wasn't for you."

The guitarist turned to Roger, "You know that werewolves aren't real, Rog?"

Before Roger could reply, Freddie clapped his hand enthusiastically, "A cake! You like chocolate cake, right?"

John quickly nodded, blushing from all the attention, "I-I do. But you really didn't have to."

"Nonsense!" Freddie said with a smile, "You deserve this cake and much, much more. You saved us yesterday, you do realize that?" The bassist turned even more red and stuttered a bit, "I-I just did what anyone else would."

That made Freddie laugh, "If it wasn't for you, the three of us would still be out there, looking under the hood and having no idea what we're even looking at."

All the praise and the attention made John feel so warm inside; he almost forgot he was sick. He couldn't tell if he was just really hungry or if the cake was just that good, but John ended up eating three big slices. Brian and Roger were considerate enough to buy a very soft cake that did not require a lot of chewing and John really appreciated that. The boys spent the next hour eating cake and hanging out. Brian and Roger bought everything they needed; water bottles, plastic plates, knives and forks and they did manage to have a good time, even though they were sitting on the floor in a shitty motel.

ooo

The rest of the day was spent pampering John and making him well enough to perform. The boys did suggest canceling the gig, but John refused to hear any of it. As shy and quiet as he was, he was also incredibly stubborn and both Brian and Roger were quite surprised by it. And John wasn't sure, but he thought he saw respect on the faces as he stood up against Freddie and the two of them.

Realizing they had no other option but to go through with the gig, the boys threw themselves into
taking care of John. Brian kept making tea for John and bringing it to him, while Roger's job was to feed John. With Brian's help he made some soup in the shared kitchen and it actually tasted pretty good. Freddie's job was being a human radiator; he spent the entire day cuddling John and handing him fresh tissues.

"I have taken care of a lot of sick people in my life," Roger said, looking at John, "But you're by far the easiest one. All you do is nap."

"He's adorable, isn't he?" Freddie grinned, brushing John's hair away from his face.

The bassist smiled, shrugging his shoulders, "Er ... thank you?"

"I just realized something!" Roger suddenly exclaimed, "This is probably the longest we've been together in one room. And we haven't killed each other yet."

"Yet," Brian murmured under his breath.

The drummer ignored it and sighed, "This is the opportunity to have a serious conversation. With John."

The bassist tensed up, "With me?"

"Yes, Deaky. Brian and I would like to have a talk with you. I don't believe you've had one with your parents?"

"What talk?" John blinked at him in confusion.

"About sex!" Roger laughed, then poked Brian with his elbow, "Go one. Tell him about the birds and the bees."

The guitarist sighed, "They're disappearing at an alarming rate."

That made Freddie laugh, but his expression quickly turned serious again, "There is no need for the talk with John. I promise I won't get him pregnant, alright?"

Roger stared at him for a long moment and then nodded, "Good enough."

For the rest of the day John kept dozing off and waking up; he couldn't fall into deep sleep and his flu symptoms were very inconsistent. One moment he was relatively fine, but the next he was shivering like a leaf. He must have had at least ten cups of coffee and that required a lot of bathroom visits. Freddie was being the perfect boyfriend, always accompanying him, never letting him out of
As the evening approached, Brian and Roger drove to the pub to set all their equipment up. After doing that, they'd return and pick John and Freddie up. They were doing everything in their power to ensure John was out of the bed as little as possible.

Freddie and John dressed for the gig at the motel; the singer decided to wear something a bit more normal, opting for leather pants and a black blouse with lots of jewelry. John dressed like he normally would, but his shirt was causing him problems; well, the buttons were.

There were so many of them and John just gave up halfway, his arms dropping down to his sides.

"Sexy," Freddie commented, noticing how the shirt revealed quite a lot of John's chest, "But I don't want you getting even more sick."

He gently buttoned John's shirt all the way up and then pressed the inside of his wrist to John's forehead, holding it there for a few moments.

"You're still pretty warm, dear," he sighed, observing John closely, "I don't want you passing out on that stage."

"I-I won't. I promise."

"You'll keep your water bottle near? And after every two songs I'll talk to the audience for a few moments, buying you some time to take a few sips, alright?"

John nodded, giving Freddie a thankful smile. He really did appreciate Freddie looking after him and doing everything in his power to make sure he'd be alright.

And then randomly he remembered something, "Um ... Freddie. During the night when I-I had to go to the bathroom ... I tried waking you up, but you were deep asleep. And then you said something. In this ... other language. It wasn't English. I wouldn't be able to repeat it, but - "

"Oh god, did I really?" Freddie blushed, looking a bit awkward, "It's been years since I last spoke it or ... heard it. Well, my mother uses it when she wants to scold me."

"What language is it?"

"Gujarati," Freddie replied, looking down, "It's ... It's my native language, but I haven't spoken it since I was six."
John was genuinely interested, "T-Tell me something in ... Gujarati."

Freddie wanted to protest, but seeing the hopeful look on his boyfriend's face made him change his mind, "Tamē sundara ... chō, mārā prēma."

Immediately, John's smile grew, "What did you say?"

"I said ... you look beautiful, my love."

The bassist blushed, "How do I say thank you?"

Freddie could tell that John was really interested in the language and wasn't just pretending or mocking him. Slowly, a smile appeared on Freddie's face as well as he said, "Ābhāra."

"A-Alright," John took a deep breath, "Ahbara?"

"Close enough," the singer chuckled, suddenly feeling completely at ease. He spent years trying to bury his past and his roots, knowing that there was no way he'd make it in England while being Farrokh Bulsara. He always worried about having an accent or having darker skin or being too hairy. It took him a while and step by step he did manage to put Farrokh Bulsara behind him and he did enjoy being Freddie Mercury. It came to a point when he actually pretended he didn't understand what his mother was saying to him if she spoke to him in Gujarati. Eventually his family also gave up and communicated only in English.

But with John showing interest in the language and that part of Freddie, the singer couldn't help but appreciate it. And it made him love John even more, if that was even possible. Slowly, he sank down to his knees in front of John, staring up at the bassist.

"W-What?" John asked, slightly confused by Freddie's behavior.

It took Freddie a few moments to speak, but when he did, his voice was shaking and his heart was pounding in his chest like crazy and his hands were trembling.

"Tū mārī sāthē lagna karīśa?"

John smiled in confusion, waiting for Freddie to translate what he just said. After a few moments of complete silence, it became apparent that Freddie had no intention of explaining it.

"What did you just ask?" John blinked at him in confusion.

Freddie's eyes widened with panic, "H-How do you know it was a question?"
"Well ... the tone of your voice went a bit up at the end. Like when you ask someone a question," John explained, "What did you ask?"

"Oh ... er ... " Freddie quickly stood up, clearing his throat, "I-I asked if you're feeling better."

Something did not feel right to John, but he dismissed it, nodding his head, "I'm good enough to do the show. I-I hope."

And he did feel better.

It was really weird; there were moments when he was feeling completely fine and then there were moments when he felt like he was burning up and he desperately wanted to just crawl in bed and stay there. Thankfully, the boys really did everything in their power to make the night as easy for John as possible. They kept bringing him water bottles and even when it was time for their gig, they took it slow.

That night Freddie spent an awful lot of time talking to the audience, joking with them, being even more playful than usually and John used those minutes to drink water and rest a bit. Every few moments Freddie looked at him to check if he was alright and it warmed John's heart. He had no idea how he got through the show, to be honest. Everything was foggy to him, but at least he did not mess up his playing. One thing he was aware of was the fact that he was sweating a lot; he could feel sweat dripping from his forehead and he found that really weird. He looked like Freddie, but Freddie was running up and down the stage and it was understandable that he was sweaty.

Thankfully, the hour passed fairly quickly and John just waved at the audience before hurrying off the stage. Freddie immediately followed him, slowly took his bass from him and stayed with him backstage for a few minutes, wiping his face with a wet towel and giving him water.

"You were wonderful, my love. I'm so proud of you. Brian and Roger will pack everything up, dear," Freddie explained, cupping John's cheek with one hand, "You and I can wait by the bar, alright? And then we'll go straight back to the motel and I'll tuck you in, Mister. You need to rest. You look exhausted."

John slowly nodded and then Freddie helped him up.

It was after their gig when the troubles started. As they waited at the bar, John realized that he was starting to shiver again. Freddie ordered himself a gin and tonic while John requested just a glass of water.

"I would offer we wait in the van, but it's very cold outside" Freddie leaned closer to John as he spoke, "But if you need some fresh air - "
"N-No, no, it's fine. Here is ... is good," John forced a smile.

Noticing that the bassist was shivering, Freddie took his coat and placed it around him, "Here you go. You really do not look well, darling."

"I-I'll be fine. As soon as I get in bed," John replied weakly, looking around, trying to find Roger and Brian. The stage was completely cleared and then he saw Roger talking to some girls while Brian waited beside him, looking annoyed. It was then that Roger looked at their direction and motioned for them to come over.

"You wait here, dear. I'll go see what he wants," Freddie said and quickly walked over to the drummer. It was just a few steps away, but John still stood up and moved a bit so he could see them, not wanting to lose sight of them. Freddie and Roger exchanged a few words and then the singer returned, looking even more annoyed than Brian.

"W-What is it?" John asked as they returned to the bar.

"Oh, that dumb blond wanted to know if we could stay for a bit. Apparently, he found himself a girl," Freddie rolled his eyes, "I told him we are going back to the motel. With or without him. Can't he see you're sick?"

John did feel terrible about dragging the entire band with him; it was understandable they would rather stay at the pub and party, but because John caught a cold, they were all forced to call it a night early.

"Alright, let me just finish this and we can go - " Freddie grabbed his drink and brought it up to his mouth, but before he could take one sip, John smacked the glass out of his hand. It dropped to the floor, smashing into a thousand pieces. At first Freddie did not dare to move; he just stared at John with sheer confusion and shock in his eyes.

Even John himself was shocked by his own reaction; he did it without thinking. He saw Freddie was about to take a sip of a drink that was left unattended for a few minutes and such panic took over him that he couldn't stop himself from smacking the drink out of his hand.

"John," Freddie said slowly, his tone very serious, "W-What was that for?"

"I'm sorry. I-I just ... " John felt mortified by his reaction; a few people did notice the incident and were not staring at him.

Freddie tried again, "John?"
"I-I need to go. I'm embarrassing myself," the bassist muttered under his breath and then jumped from his chair and headed for the exit. He was walking so fast that Freddie could barely keep up with him and he actually had to jog a bit to reach him. Once they were finally outside, Freddie grabbed John's arm and turned him around, forcing him to face him.

"Darling, slow down! What happened in there?"

John just shook his head, "I-I'm stupid. I'm so sorry. Everyone was staring at me and ... "

"You didn't want me to drink?" Freddie asked softly, "Darling, if ... if you don't want me drinking alcohol, you can just say - "

"No, it's not that. It's ... " John paused for a long moment before finally forcing the words out, "Y-You walked away for a few minutes. And I-I wasn't paying attention to you drink. Someone could have ... s-slipped something inside and ... "

It was then that Freddie understood everything and he mentally scolded himself for not realizing it sooner. He did want to have a conversation with John about it, but noticing how ashamed and mortified the bassist seemed to be, he decided for a different approach.

"Well, I guess I have to thank you," the singer slowly said, smiling at his boyfriend who now seemed slightly confused.

"W-What?"

"I have to thank you for looking out for me," Freddie continued, "You are right. Anyone could have slipped something in that drink. This town is crazy, I tell you."

"But ... " John did calm down slightly, "I-I made a scene."

"You didn't make a scene, dear. Dropping drinks and smashing glasses is something that happens often in clubs. Don't you worry."

"Really?" John managed to crack a smile.

"Really, yes," Freddie pulled him closer and walked him over to their van. He tried to divert the attention from John's reaction to John looking after him and it worked. Slowly, but steadily John relaxed and did not seem as mortified anymore. They did not have to wait for Brian and Roger for too long; they met up with them moments later and they all retired for the night and drove back to the motel.
After arriving back at the motel, John collapsed into the bed, not even bothering to take off his coat or shoes. His entire body felt so weak and it took him completely off guard because he actually thought he was starting to feel better. Freddie said goodbye to Roger and Brian as it was already pretty late at night and then he tended to John, taking his shoes off and undressing him.

"Have you packed your pajama pants, dear?" he asked softly as he pulled John's trousers off.

"T-This is fine," the bassist replied, quickly covering himself up with a blanket, "This is comfortable."

It made Freddie chuckle, "Of course it is. That's what I've been trying to tell you all this time. You know what is even more comfortable? Sleeping completely naked, but underwear is good too."

John giggled, but then let out a pained cry, "E-Everything hurts. My muscles ... "

"Oh, darling. Do you want me to go make you some tea?"

"No, no," John answered, panic taking over him, "S-Stay here, please. I-I'm too sleepy."

Not wanting to torture John even more, Freddie quickly nodded, "Alright, my sweetness. I'm staying right here. But you need some liquid in your system."

With those words he pulled John up in a sitting position and offered him a bottle of water. The bassist took a few gulps, but then turned his head away, refusing to drink more and Freddie did not force him.

"I'm tired," John whispered, lying back down and covering himself up to his neck. Freddie quickly undressed himself, turned the lights off and joined his boyfriend.

"Sorry for being all sweaty, darling," he quickly apologized; he desperately needed to take a shower, but there was no way he'd leave John alone.

"We're both sweaty," John whispered, cuddling up to Freddie, "Just hold me."

Those words warmed Freddie heart so much and he happily obliged, pulling John against him and warming him up with his body. After just a few minutes John started snoring softly and Freddie almost laughed at that; it was too adorable for words. He's never heard John snore before. but apparently he did if very exhausted or sick.
For some reason sleep avoided Freddie that night; no matter what he did, his eyes would not stay closed. Perhaps it was the unreleased adrenaline from the gig or the gin and tonic he had. Well, half of it. Also, his arm was starting to cramp; usually when he cuddled John during the night, he was asleep himself and did not notice if a position was starting to become uncomfortable. But now he was very much awake and very much aware of the fact that he didn’t feel his arm. And his leg was starting to complain as well. Also, he desperately needed to go take a leak. His bladder was absolutely killing him. Slowly, he moved from underneath John; the bassist stirred and mumbled something, but did not wake up. Freddie quickly put on his pants and quietly left the room, locking the door behind him and taking the key with himself. He absolutely refused to leave John in an unlocked room in that awful, creepy motel.

After doing his business and refreshing himself a bit with cold water, Freddie quickly returned to the room and then the damn key refused to cooperate. It just wouldn't go in and for a moment Freddie thought he was trying to unlock someone else's room, but he wasn't. It was his room.

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" he swore, using more force as he pushed the key in and for some reason that helped. Freddie quickly entered the room and had no problems locking door behind him; he was getting more and more irritated with this shitty motel and really could not wait to get back to his flat. But when he turned to walk back to the bed, he was a bit startled to see John sitting up and staring at him in complete silence. It was very dark in the room and Freddie could not see much besides that the fact that John was sitting up.

"Oh, darling, did I wake you up?" he asked quietly, "I had to go to the toilet. And this damn key wouldn't work!"

When John said nothing to that, Freddie started feeling a bit uneasy. He reached for the lightswitch and turned the lights on. "John?" the word escaped him before he could stop himself.

The bassist was sitting on the bed, panic clearly written on his face and he was holding a small, plastic knife in his hand.

"Darling? It's just me," Freddie approached him slowly and then suddenly John realized what he was doing and quickly lowered the knife. "I-I'm sorry," he whispered, a bit breathless, "I woke up and ... I woke up and you weren't here and then I heard s-someone trying to g-get in and I-I panicked and I- I had nothing to defend myself with and ... "

"It's alright, darling. It's fine," Freddie used his most gentle voice as he spoke, "Can you give me the knife, please?"

John quickly obeyed, handing Freddie the knife and the singer threw it on the floor. It was a small, plastic knife and it probably wouldn't be able to do any real damage, but it pained him to see John so terrified and holding a knife, ready to defend himself. Even though Freddie suspected that if anyone were to break in the room, John wouldn't even be able to do anything with the knife. He'd probably freeze with fear and that was very understandable.
"Oh, darling. I'm so sorry for ... leaving you alone. I didn't want to wake you up, you were sleeping so peacefully."

"I-I can't wait to go home," the bassist quietly said.

"Soon, my love. Tomorrow night we'll be in our bed, cuddling with Delilah by our feet. That image did make John smile and he nodded, already counting down the hours until they left this scary place. Yes, they did make quite a bit of money; a lot more than they would ever make by playing at bars in their neighborhood, but the price was almost too much. They got mugged, they were in constant fear, the motel was awful and dangerous. John just wanted to go home. He did manage to fall back asleep pretty quickly, which was surprising, but very welcome.

ooo

Freddie really disliked sleeping anywhere but at his own flat and in his own bed. Whenever he slept anywhere else he had trouble relaxing and no matter in what position he slept in, the next morning his entire body hurt. He kept falling asleep and waking up and it soon became apparent to him that he wouldn't get any rest that night.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to focus on John's steady breathing and that did manage to relax him, but not enough to fall asleep. He wished the morning would come soon, but judging by the darkness in the room, it was still very much the middle of the night. And there were all kinds of noises. Banging sounds. Someone laughing hysterically. And he was pretty sure someone one floor above them was having sex. He didn't hear voices, but he kept hearing this rhythmic pounding sound. And no matter how hard Freddie tried, his mind wandered off and he started remembering his previous life. Before John, that is. Before that awful November and everything that happened. When he was so very careless and his only worry was who he was going to seduce that night. When sex was so easy and nothing too serious; it was just harmless fun. When Freddie woke up in someone else's bed, not even remembering their name. Were those times fun? Yes. Would he go back to that now? Absolutely not. With John everything was so much more demanding and it took so much work, but it was a lot more rewarding in the end.

And then John muttered something, pulling Freddie out of his thoughts. For a moment Freddie thought that John had woken up and was saying something to him, but it soon became apparent that the bassist was still very much asleep, but it wasn't as peaceful anymore.

"Darling?" Freddie tried gently calming him down, but it didn't work. John just groaned, his face twisted with pain and fear; he pushed at Freddie, desperately trying to get away from him.

"John, hey, it's alright. It's just me," Freddie still remained calm, remembering that his worked best for John.
But this time it did nothing for the bassist; John just groaned even louder, then let out a cry before starting to violently trash around, pushing at Freddie and kicking him.

"Hey, hey, John. Wake up," Freddie said a bit louder and firmer, but John did not react to that. Fearing the bassist would end up hurting himself, Freddie grabbed his arms, pinning them to his sides as he spoke to him, trying to wake him up.


But the pinning down only seemed to make everything even worse; John struggled and then his eyes snapped open. Freddie smiled, thankful that it was already over, "Oh, darling. Are you alright - "

"S-Stop, stop, s-stop, please!" John cried out, starting to struggle even more, a look of sheer panic on his face. He started resisting, using his entire body, raising his hips, moving his legs and it terrified Freddie. He met John's eyes for one moment and he realized that John wasn't looking at him. Or he did, but he wasn't seeing him.

He didn't recognize him.

"Stop!" the bassist screamed, tears running down his eyes, "Let me g-go!"

Freddie immediately released him and John crawled away from him, falling off the bed and taking all the sheets along with him.

"Stop! P-Please," he continued crying and struggling, even though nothing was holding him anymore. Freddie just froze, not knowing what was happening and what to do.

"J-John, my love?"

"Let go of me, please. Please," the bassist kept repeating, moving his legs and it was then that Freddie noticed it. John's legs somehow got tangled in the sheets and the struggling made it even more worse.

The singer immediately moved, jumping down and gently removing the sheets from John's body, getting his legs free and only then did John stop moving and for a long moment everything was completely silent. Freddie was afraid to say anything; he was terrified he'd do something wrong and frighten John even more.

"F-Freddie?"
"Yes, dear. I-I'm right here."

At first John was completely silent and then he burst into tears, sobs completely wrecking his body. It took Freddie completely off guard; he couldn't remember the last time he saw John cry like that. It was full on crying; the sounds of his sobs being the only sounds in the room.

"What ... what's the matter, John?" Freddie panicked, gently pulling John into a sitting position, "Are you hurt?"

John just shook his head, clinging onto Freddie and sobbing. The singer almost started sobbing himself; he couldn't stand seeing and hearing John in such a state. It was physically painful to Freddie and he was willing to do anything to make it stop. He could feel wetness on his shoulder and his heart broke as he realized those were tears. He pulled away slightly so he could wipe look at John and wipe his tears away, but it was impossible. The tears just kept on coming and then Freddie just gave up and hugged John again.

"Shhh, darling. It's alright," Freddie whispered to him as he started rocking them back and forth.

They spent forever like that; Freddie had lost track of time, but he did notice that John was starting to calm down. Perhaps it was his sweet words or it was just the fact that he had no energy or tears to full on sob for more than an hour. Though Freddie liked to think it was his comfort that calmed John down, but a part of him suspected it was the latter.

"Can you tell me what happened, honey?"

"I-I don't know."

Freddie nodded, trying to help him, "Did you have a nightmare?"

"I-I couldn't move," John breathed out, a sob escaping him, "A-And I felt as if someone was holding me down. I-I couldn't ... "

"That was me, darling," the singer carefully explained, running his hand through John's hair, "I was trying to wake you up and ... you somehow got tangled in the sheets. It's understandable that you panicked."

"It's not."

Before Freddie could question that further, John continued, his voice barely above a whisper, "You ... you deserve someone better."
"W-What?"

"You deserve someone better," John repeated, stronger this time, "Someone normal. Not ... me. Not a ... mental case. I'm just an embarrassment and - "

"Stop that," Freddie scolded him, "I don't want to hear that. It's not true."

"Y-Yes, it is. You're just ... I'm so much trouble."

"You're not."

Silence.

After a few moments, John slowly pulled away from the singer and looked at his left hand, observing the ring on his finger. And then he started taking it off, but Freddie stopped him, grabbing his hand.

"What are you doing, John?"

"I-I'm giving it back to you," John replied, his voice breaking.

"No, you are not!"

"G-Give it to someone who's .... normal and ... " he couldn't finish the sentence as his eyes filled with tears again.

Freddie's voice got a lot higher, the way it usually did when he panicked, "You don't know what you're talking about, John."

"I-I do," he whispered, "I-I don't even know what this ring ... means, but I know you should give it to someone else."

"To who?" Freddie demanded, "The ring is yours and only yours. I got it for you and I only want to see it on you."

John let out a shaky breath, "What does it ... represent, Freddie? I-I'm walking around with a ring with ... your initials on it and ... I-I don't even know what it means."

"It means that you're the one for me," Freddie said quietly, but firmly, "I-I can't ... tell you everything right now, but ... soon. Alright? Trust me, John. I'll tell you when the time is right. And if you take it
off ... it would hurt me in ways I can't even explain to you."

John could hear Freddie starting to choke up and the last thing he wanted was to make Freddie cry. It was never his intention hurting Freddie; he just wanted to make things better for Freddie by letting him go.

"Promise me ... " the singer slowly said, "That you'll never take it off. Promise me."

"But you deserve better than this," John pointed at himself, "I'm a m-mess."

"But you're my mess. And do you think I'm any better?" Freddie asked, letting out a humourless laugh, "I have lots of baggage, believe me. Family problems, ethnicity problems, sexuality problems. But ... being with you helps. Does being with me ... not help you? Because if ... if it doesn't ... then I-I'll understand."

John felt as if someone stabbed his heart with a knife and he grabbed Freddie's hand, squeezing it, "I-It does. It helps - You help so much, Freddie. I-I love you so much. So much."

That made Freddie smile and it gave him a bit of hope, "Then ... we can be a mess together, alright?"

The bassist nodded and threw himself on the singer, nearly knocking him down on his back. Clinging onto him as if his life depended on it, John whispered, "I-I won't take it off. I'm so sorry. I'll never take it off, I promise."

Freddie finally let out a breath he was holding in, his entire body relaxing, "G-Good. Because it belongs to you, darling. Only to you."

Even though nothing dangerous was happening, Freddie could not remember if he was ever this scared in his entire life. Scared was not the right word.

Terrified. Horrified.

Just the thought of losing John was too much to handle; Freddie refused to even imagine it. And seeing John trying to take his ring off actually broke his heart in two.

Freddie nearly laughed out loud. When did he sign up for this? When did he sign up for falling madly in love and caring so much about someone that their pain became his pain? When did he agree to that?

Yes, he was aware of the fact that John had problems that would probably never go completely away, but when he looked at John he didn't see that. He didn't see all the problems that John probably thought were so very obvious and annoying.
No.

Freddie saw this charming, adorable, sweet boy whose laughter was literally the cutest sound in the whole entire world and who made the best pancakes ever.

Freddie knew he wanted to spent every day of his life with John; he just knew it. Felt it. And nothing would ever make him just walk away. He finally found that niche that he was looking for his entire life. And no fucker in this universe was going to upset it.

Chapter End Notes

Well, darlings. We're approaching the end. Only less than ten chapters left and things are going to start happening quickly. Spoiler alert; Valentine's day is coming (well, not in real life, in this story ;D ) and our lovebirds are going to enjoy it. ;) Really appreciate anyone who reads (silently) and also the ones who are brave enough to leave a comment. ;D
Chapter 52

Freddie knew neither of them would be getting any sleep that night. The only thing left to do was to hope morning would come as soon as possible so they could all leave that shitty motel. It was still dark outside, but Freddie had a feeling it was already very early in the morning; his eyes were dry and desperately needed to be closed, but Freddie couldn't risk it. He didn't want to look away from John who was currently cuddled up against him, softly breathing against Freddie's chest. They were both in bed, safe and sound under all the sheets and blankets, but they were still clinging to each other as if afraid the other might just slip away and disappear.

That night would forever remain in Freddie's memory; the way John just broke down and cried like Freddie has never seen him cry before. He spent hours just brushing and kissing the tears away and eventually John calmed down. They held hands and Freddie could not help but let out a sigh of relief when he felt John's ring against his own fingers. It was right where it belonged; on John's ring finger. Freddie had gotten so used to seeing it there, but he still smiled everytime he noticed John wearing it with pride. It was mindblowing to him; there was someone, John, who was very much willing to wear a ring that indicated he belonged to someone. That he belonged to Freddie. The singer felt himself wanting to wear a ring as well. He'd proudly show it off to everyone; he'd just be running around telling everyone that he belongs to someone.

And it'd be official.

Freddie felt his blood run cold as he realized he was describing a marriage. He was fantasizing about being married to John and that idea did not scare him as much as it should. And that terrified him.

He leaned away a bit so that he could take a look at John's face and he realized that the bassist was still very much awake. His eyes were open and he was staring off into the distance, clearly lost in his thoughts.

"You alright?" Freddie asked softly, using his other hand to gently play with John's hair.

The bassist nodded, smiling weakly, "I-I'm ... better."

He looked so soft and adorable in that moment that Freddie could not stop himself from leaning closer and pressing his lips against his boyfriend's. He was very gentle and it surprised him when he felt John kissing him back a bit more passionately than he expected him to. Freddie pulled away after a moment, a look of concern on his face, "Your lip, darling?"

"My lips is also better," the bassist smiled at him shyly, "It doesn't hurt ... as much."

"I'm glad," Freddie couldn't help but grin and then he went for another kiss, more heated than the
first one, but still very careful.

John moaned against Freddie's mouth, slowly bringing his hand up to caress the singer's face as they kissed. Freddie's hands also seemed to have a mind of their own; they just wandered off and his right hand sneaked up under John's shirt, caressing his back.

They both knew that was as far as it was going to get; John was still sick and even if he wasn't, they wouldn't be comfortable doing anything sexual in that motel.

Even though they had no end goal in mind, it did feel good to just kiss and touch and Freddie wished he could do this all night long. John moved his leg in between Freddie's, sighing happily as he made himself more comfortable against the singer. When they finally broke their kiss, they both just stared at each other for a few long moments, just lost in each other's eyes.

Words were not needed that night. It was obvious to both of them that they were madly in love and were now one. Whenever one was hurting, the other was feeling it too. If one of them was happy, the other one was happy too. It was obvious to both of them that there was no way back, nothing could destroy what has slowly blossomed between them.

They cuddled together until morning came and at first signs of sunlight, Freddie moved, causing John to groan in protest. Even though he wasn't asleep, he still liked resting and especially cuddling.

"We need to pack, love," Freddie chuckled, "You do want to be out of his hell hole as soon as possible, right?"

John nodded, yawing a bit, "I do."

"Then you need to let me go, sweetie," the singer looked down at his body, noticing that John was holding onto him like a koala.

After a long moment, John finally moved away and made an attempt to get up, but Freddie stopped him, "Where do you think you're going, dear? You're sick and you're staying in bed. I'll pack our things, don't you worry."

John wanted to argue, but he truly was too tired and weak for that. His entire body ached and he knew he wouldn't be able to stand up for longer than a few minutes. Instead, he made himself comfortable once again and observed in silence as Freddie packed their things, doing a surprisingly good job.

After everything was put away and packed, they went to the toilets together and Freddie did intend to take a quick shower, but apparently the shower head was broken off. Even more than it was before.
"Fuck this shitty motel," the singer swore, letting out a frustrated sigh.

"Lets just go home," John replied quietly, "We'll shower at home. It's just a two hour drive."

Freddie forced a smile, "You're right, dear. You are absolutely right! No need to stay in this hell longer than necessary."

When they returned to their room, they found Brian and Roger waiting by their door with their suitcases.

"I'm so ready to leave and never come back," the drummer said, not even greeting them. Freddie let out a laugh as he unlocked their room and went inside to grab their travel bags.

"It wasn't ... that bad," Brian said calmly, "Yes, there were a few problems, but overall the motel isn't that bad. For it's price."

"It was horrible, Brian. What are you talking about?" Roger complained, "The beds are uncomfortable, there are spiders everywhere, it smells of corpses and I'm pretty sure it's haunted."

"To me ... it didn't seem that bad," Brian shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, that's you. I, on the other hand, am used to ... a certain standard of living, you know?" Roger drawled, raising his eyebrows, "Can't you just try and look at this things from my perspective for once?"

Brian nodded and crouched down to Roger's height. John let out a laugh at that and quickly covered his mouth with his hand, trying to cover it up and not get punched by the angry drummer.

"Not like that, you idiot!" Roger shot at Brian, pushing him away, causing the guitarist to nearly lose balance.

"Do not kill Brian, please," Freddie sighed as he returned from their room, carrying four bags, "We still need him to drive us home."

"I can drive!" Roger exclaimed.

Freddie gave him a serious look, "Darling, you're blind. How many times have I told you to go get yourself glasses?"
Roger blushed, stuttering a bit, "I-I don't need glasses, Fred. Shut up."

They bickered all the way to the lobby where they checked themselves out and then continued bickering all the way to the van. John fell asleep within the first few minutes of the ride and surprisingly did not wake up more than once during the entire ride, even with the loud fighting that was going on.

There was one brief moment when John woke up, only to snuggle closer to Freddie, pressing his head against the singer's face.

"Are you comfortable, dear?" Freddie asked, "You can rest your head in my lap, if you want to?"

John shook his head, smiling, "I love laying my head on your chest so I can hear you breathe. It's ... calming."

"Awww, darling - "

Freddie was interrupted by Roger's angry growl, "Last night I recorded you snoring, Brian, so you can hear how fucking loud you are and why I can't fucking sleep!"

Even with all the yelling and swearing, John let out a happy sigh and relaxed against Freddie, dozing off once again. Thankfully, the van did not break down on their way back, but thanks to Brian driving like a grandma, they traveled for nearly three hours and arrived back at their flat at two in the afternoon.

John felt like he was in a dream; everything was hazy to him. He could barely keep his eyes open, but he still offered to help carry bags inside, only to be scolded by Freddie and told he needed to go and rest. Even though he was reluctant, he agreed, realizing there was no point in arguing with Freddie. The singer walked him to their flat and helped John undress and then put him to bed, covering him up to his neck. John could not help but smile as he recognized the room he was in; Freddie's bedroom. Their bedroom. Their bed. Their closet and nightstand with the picture of John's family on it. Suddenly a feeling of warmth washed over him and he took a deep breath, smelling the pillow under his head. Everything was familiar and safe.

John felt as if he could cry tears of happiness; they were finally back home.

"Do you need anything, dear?" Freddie asked him softly, "Are you hungry?"

"N-No," John shook his head, then sneezed unexpectedly.

"Bless you, sweetheart," the singer gently touched his cheek, then pressed his wrist to John's forehead, "You're still very warm. I'll go check if we have a thermometer."
John just nodded, closing his eyes, "And I-I'll just ... rest for a bit."

The bassist could not remember much after that; he fell asleep in a matter of minutes.

After the boys unloaded the van and Brian left, Freddie took a quick shower, desperately wanting to wash off all the sweat from the previous night. He nearly slipped on the wet floor and broke his leg because he was rushing to get back to John.
"Do we have a thermometer?" he remembered to ask Roger as he passed him in the living room.

"I don't think so, no," Roger replied, then grinned, "I can go buy one, though. Rectal one?"

Freddie sent him a glare, "Very funny, Rog," but then he softened his voice, "I-I actually need a favor."

"Is it difficult or time consuming?" Roger quickly asked.

"I need you to go get Delilah - "

"Absolutely not!"

"Please - "

"I want nothing with that little devil! Why can't you go, Fred?"

"I need to stay with John," the singer explained, batting his eyelashes at Roger, "Please, darling? Please?"

Roger let out an annoyed sigh, but then he nodded, rolling his eyes, "Fine. But you owe me one."

"I owe you ten favors, darling!" Freddie offered him a big smile. He couldn't wait for his small family to be reunited again. And after everything that's happened at their little road trip, both him and John desperately needed Delilah's cuddles.
John could not tell how long he was asleep or what time it was, but when he opened his eyes, he realized the room was dark, there was only once candle lit, offering just enough light. John smiled when he felt Freddie spooning him from behind, holding him close.

The bassist cleared his throat, wincing a bit at how painful that was. His throat suddenly seemed very sore and irritated; just as John hoped he'd start to feel better.

Then he heard Freddie's voice from behind him, "I made you some tea, dear. It should help with the throat."

John nodded, slowly pulling himself into a sitting position. Freddie quickly moved as well, grabbing the tea cup from the nightstand and handing it to John. The bassist took a few sips, enjoying the feel of warm liquid soothing his irritated throat.

"What's the time?" he asked, a bit confused.

"It's almost nine in the evening."

That surprised John, "I-I was asleep for nearly ... seven hours?"

"You were, dear. It's understandable," Freddie gently moved hair out of John's face, "You haven't gotten any sleep last night."

"Neither have you," John replied quietly, "Did you ... nap?"

"Not really, not. But I did rest a bit."

John nodded, remembering that Freddie really disliked napping and any kind of sleeping during the day was considered a waste of time to him. He slowly leaned against the headboard and placed the tea cup back on the nightstand, letting out a deep breath.

"It pains me to see you like this, dear," Freddie admitted.

"I-I'll be fine, really," John chuckled, then coughed a bit, "It's just ... a cold. I'll be fine tomorrow."

That did not make Freddie feel better, "I wish I could ... do something."

"You are doing something. You are doing a lot. You're here," the bassist smiled at him, his eyes half
closed; he could feel sleep slowly taking over him again.

"I wish I could do more," Freddie said, a bit frustrated; he then uncovered John's feet and started massaging them, starting with the right foot. At first John was surprised by the act, but immediately relaxed, letting out a sigh of relief.

"R-Right there," he moaned as Freddie pressed hard at one particular spot, "Oh, god."

The singer felt immensely pleased at John's reaction; he finally felt useful. Yes, he was making John tea and cuddling him, but that was not taking any of the pain or discomfort away. He was just offering emotional support and he wished he could do more. Apparently, massaging John's feet was the right way to go and he'd be lying if he said that hearing John moan was not turning him on just a little bit, but he mentally ordered Frederico to stay put and not get excited.

"Y-You don't .... ahh ... have to - " John paused and moaned again, his eyes rolling back with pleasure, "Your hands must be cramping by now."

"My hands are perfectly fine, darling. Don't you worry," Freddie smiled warmly at him, not able to take his eyes off of his beautiful boyfriend. Even while being sick, with his red nose and puffy eyes, John was the most adorable creature Freddie's ever laid his eyes on. And while he was pretty used to calling John his boyfriend, every now and then it still shocked Freddie that John really was his. All his.

They were interrupted by a soft knocking on the door and Freddie quickly went to answer it; he didn't miss a quiet groan of protest from John and it made him smile.

When he opened the door, he was met with a sight of a very angry looking Roger and in his arms he was holding a very angry looking Delilah. Without waiting for Freddie to speak, Roger handed the cat to him, "Here's your demon child."

Freddie completely melted at finally being reunited with Delilah again, kissing her head, "Oh, my love! My darling. You're so cute, yes, you are. You are! Did you miss me?"

"Look at this!" Roger said angrily, pulling up his sleeve and revealing a nasty looking scratch on his skin, "Look at what that fur devil did to me!"

Freddie winced at the sight of the wound, "Well, what did you do to her?"

"What did I do to her? Are you joking? I picked her up, that's what I did!" Roger growled and then Delilah hissed at him and Freddie, struggling to escape the singer's arms. When she finally managed to jump down onto the floor, she sent one last glare at Roger before slowly making her way over to the bed. Immediately, she jumped up and made her way over to John, nuzzling his face and then licking his nose.
"Delilah!" John giggled, moving away a bit, but the cat licked him again before snuggling up against him, almost laying on John's face.

"Isn't she just adorable?" Freddie sighed happily as he observed the sight in front of him.

"Yeah, she licks her arse with that tongue and you let her lick John's face!" Roger commented, disgust showing on his face.

The singer said nothing to that; he was too busy watching John play with Delilah, trying to escape from her, but the cat was very persistent and she ended up snuggling against John's chest, purring in satisfaction.

"Fine," Roger rolled his eyes, "Enjoy your little demon child."

With those words he walked away and it took Freddie a few long moments to realize he was gone; he was too absorbed in the adorable scene happening on his bed. After closing the door he quickly joined John in bed, pressing himself against his back, peeking over John's shoulder to speak to Delilah.

"Did you miss me, dear?"

The cat just hissed at him and rolled her eyes. Well, at least Freddie understood it like that. The singer gasped in shock, "Why are you angry at me, Delilah?"

"I think it has to do with being left with a stranger," John explained, giggling a bit at how ridiculous the cat was acting. He had never before seen a cat being offended and Delilah was very offended. She even refused to make eye contact with Freddie, ignoring him completely.

"Delilah, darling!" Freddie pleaded with her, "I couldn't leave you alone in the flat!"

John gently stroked Delilah's head, causing the cat to purr, "Don't be like that with your father, Delilah. You know he adores you."

The cat just meowed at that, but still ignored Freddie and instead enjoyed being petted by John.

"I-I think she has that after you," John let out a giggle, "The stubbornness."

"Excuse me?" Freddie laughed, "I am not stubborn at all, darling. I am the most easy going person you'll ever meet!"
That actually made John turn around and look at his boyfriend, "You must be joking."

"I'm not! When have I ever been stubborn?"

"Right now?" John chuckled, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Well, she has the sheer adorableness after you, dear," Freddie pressed himself closer to John, kissing his neck softly, "And I think she's brave. Just like you are."

Those words made John melt; hearing Freddie praise him never failed to make him blush. He took one of Freddie's hand that was resting on his hip and brought it up to his lips, kissing his knuckles.

"I love you," he said quietly, interlocking their fingers.

"I love you," Freddie quickly replied, "And this little ... furry devil, as Roger likes to call her. I think ... " the singer paused for a moment before finally continuing, "I think I'm the happiest I've ever been."

John's breath caught in his throat; he knew that he made Freddie happy, he could see it in his eyes every time they talked or just stared at each other in complete silence. He could see that look and he recognized it because he saw it every time he looked at his own reflection and thought about Freddie. But actually hearing it; actually hearing Freddie say that he made him happy, the happiest he's ever been ... it was a whole other experience.

John usually disliked being sick, but being pampered by Freddie and constantly cuddled did make it bearable. He couldn't tell when exactly he fell asleep again, but when he woke up again, the room was completely dark and silent. Freddie was asleep next to him and he could hear his soft breathing, but Delilah was nowhere to be seen. John could remember falling asleep with her by his side, but apparently she had other business to attend to.

He moved, his left hip hurting from laying on it for hours. As he turned around, facing Freddie, the singer stirred a bit and yawned, "Hello, darling."

"Hi," John replied back softly, "W-What's the time now?"

"No clue. But probably after midnight."

John just nodded and let out a deep breath, cuddling up to Freddie and resting his head against the singer's chest. He couldn't help but smile as he noticed he was resting his head on bare skin as Freddie apparently took off his shirt. John moved his legs against Freddie's and realized that apparently he wasn't wearing pajama bottoms.
"Are you completely naked?" John chuckled, not wanting to check for himself.

"No! I have my briefs on, dear," Freddie gasped in shock, "Contrary to popular belief, I'm not always naked, you know!"

"But you would be if you could?"

Silence.

Freddie sighed, trying to find words to explain it properly, "I see nothing wrong with nudity. When I was younger, I was always running around naked, dear."

"Er ... how young are we talking about?" the bassist giggled a bit.

"Darling! I meant when I was ... five or six years old. I wasn't running around naked when I was fifteen. My mother would kill me!" Freddie laughed at the mental image, "Most of my memories include her running after me, yelling 'Farrokh, no! Farrokh, don't do this, don't do that. Don't touch that! Leave that cat alone!'"

"Well, you probably deserved it!" John teased a bit, "Clothes were invented for a reason, you know."

"Yes, to keep us warm! And where I'm from ... lets just say it's pretty warm."

John pressed a kiss to his boyfriend's chest, running a hand down it, "I-I was just messing with you. I actually quite like having you ... like this."

Freddie's tone got seductive, "Oh, you do, don't you? And what do you like about it?"

"Um ... how soft your skin is and how ... hairy it is," the bassist whispered, feeling a bit ashamed by his words. He did not want Freddie or anyone to think he had some weird body hair kink, because he didn't. He just adored it on Freddie.

He slowly dragged his nails across Freddie's chest, causing the singer to suck in a breath, his entire body starting to tremble and goosebumps appearing on his skin.

"If ... " Freddie slowly started, "If I didn't know you any better, I'd say you're trying to seduce me, dear."

"M-Maybe I am," John joked, chuckling again, "Is it working?"
"Why don't you check, dear?" Freddie flirted right back. Both of them were exhausted and desperately needed sleep; they were literally too tired to move and neither of them were in the mood for anything that involved a lot of moving. But Frederico certainly was excited, completely ignoring Freddie's wishes.

"You're an idiot, Freddie," John slapped Freddie's chest playfully and then let out a long yawn, "Why don't you check?"

"Check what?" the singer laughed, "My own cock? I don't need to check that."

"No! Not ... yours."

"Oh," Freddie's tone once again got seductive, "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"I-I'm so sleepy that ... even I don't know what I'm saying," the bassist replied, yawning again.

Freddie playfully pushed John onto his back, hovering over him and the younger boy laughed at that, but sucked in a breath when he felt Freddie's leg moving a bit, teasing just the right spot between his legs.

"I'm suddenly ... very awake, dear."

John giggled, not saying anything to that; he just relaxed completely, closing his eyes and enjoying the sensation of Freddie kissing his neck, slowly moving down to his chest. The next thing he knew was his shirt being pushed up and immediately the singer's lips were back on his skin again, his warm tongue moving lazily, circling John's nipples, but purposely avoiding direct contact. John let out a long sigh, feeling as if he could melt right into the bed. He was surprisingly very relaxed, even though they were doing naughty things.

Freddie was sleepy just a few minutes ago, but now sleep was completely forgotten and had only one thing on mind. And that was John.

He was a bit hesitant to do anything and would never initiate sexy times when John was feeling sick, but apparently the bassist was very much up for it; Freddie could not see his face in the darkness, but John's body language was very telling. He was completely relaxed, Freddie could feel it; and he even spread his legs a bit, making room for the singer as he climbed on top of him.

"I've missed you so much," Freddie whispered, leaving a trail off kisses down John's chest, slowly dragging his hands up and down, eliciting a moan from the bassist. He was decided on making John feel good and was more than ready to do all the work. It's been too long since he's heard John's sweet moans and was dying to hear them again. He spent several moments just kissing John's belly, nuzzling against it and caressing the bassist's thighs.
And then he slowly sneaked his hand inside John's briefs, wrapping his hand around his cock. He was a bit surprised to find it completely soft, but Freddie was up for a challenge. Though he did enjoy times when John was already a bit aroused, a large part of Freddie liked it when he was the one making William going from completely asleep and disinterested to full on awake and excited. It was an ego thing.

He gave John a few slow, almost lazy like strokes and when he moved his thumb against the head, he could feel John let out a weird noise. It wasn't a moan, like Freddie expected, but something else. The bassist still felt completely relaxed under him; there was absolutely no tension in his body and Freddie took that as a sign to continue. But after a few more slow strokes, John suddenly tensed up, his hands immediately gripping Freddie's shoulders and pushing him away. The singer did not need to be physically pushed off; he backed away immediately after feeling John reject him.

"D-Darling, what's - ?"

"W-What ... why ... why were you ... F-Fredde?" John's voice sounded hoarse and almost like he just woke up from a deep sleep.

But he wasn't asleep; they were just talking to each other minutes ago. It completely confused Freddie and he untangled himself from their blankets and jumped up from the bed to go and turn the lights on.

When he did that, he quickly turned around to look at John; the bassist held a hand over his eyes, nearly blinded by the sudden light. And he was trembling a bit, his chest heaving with panic.

"John, sweetheart," Freddie slowly approached him, not knowing what to do, not knowing what happened.

When John finally moved the hand away from his eyes, Freddie could see the sheer confusion and fear written all over his face.

"Why ... why were you t-touching me like t-that?" John whispered, pulling the blanket up to his neck.

Freddie had no idea what was going on; he opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. And then he saw it; John kept blinking, he looked completely exhausted and sleepy and everything finally made sense.

"Darling, did you .... fall asleep?" he slowly asked, daring to sit down next to John. Thankfully, the bassist did not flinch away from him and Freddie was so very thankful for that. He wouldn't be able to stand his boyfriend flinching away from him in fear; once was enough.
"Y-Yes," John replied quietly, "I-I woke up and I felt someone's ... your hand ..."

"Sweetheart, I-I'm so sorry," Freddie quickly apologized, feeling horrible about the entire ordeal, "I thought ... we were talking and I-I thought you were alright with it. I-I should have asked. Shit. I'm so sorry."

John narrowed his eyes at that; slowly the memories came back to him and he did remember talking to Freddie, being playful and flirting with him. He also remembered Freddie kissing his neck and then ... nothing else.

"I-I fell asleep," the bassist stated, sounding shocked, "I-I fell asleep during ... You did nothing wrong, Freddie. I'm sorry for ..."

"Don't apologize, darling! I should have made sure you were really up for -"

"But I was up for it," John shook his head in disbelief, "I-I can't believe I ... fell asleep."

He reached over to Freddie and took his hand, squeezing it lightly, "I-I'm sorry for ... reacting the way I did."

Freddie could imagine how horrible it was for John to wake up to someone touching his private parts and not being able to see who it was or why it was being done. He could still remember the time he was played with in his sleep and waking up to Tom doing things to him, really shook Freddie to his core.

He could see that John was still pretty shaken up and embarrassed about everything and Freddie decided to try something to lighten the mood.

"Is my seducing technique really that boring, dear?" he joked, "I thought I was pretty good in bed, but apparently not!"

John's lips curled up into a smile, "N-No, it's not you. Your technique is still very good, I just ... I'm just exhausted and ... sick."

"There is no need to lie to me to make me feel better, darling. I understand that I will have to make some adjustments; up my game a bit. Perhaps read an article or two about the art of seduction. Unfortunately, there are only articles about straight seduction. I'll have to alter it a bit as you don't have tits to play with."

"No!" John laughed, "I-I like your ... game as it is now. Don't change it."
"I literally made you fall asleep!" Freddie laughed as well, "Oh god. I'm so embarrassed. If Roger ever finds out about this - "

"I won't tell him, I promise!"

"Pinky promise?"

"Pinky promise," John smiled at his boyfriend, "G-Go turn the lights off and join me in bed."

"Pff," Freddie sneered, "You'll probably be back asleep even before I get in bed."

"I won't!" the bassist laughed.

After turning the lights off, Freddie quickly joined John in bed, wrapping his arms around him and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

"I really am so, so sorry, dear."

"Don't," John replied, "It's fine, really. I'm fine."

"I would never, ever - "

John did not even let him finish the sentence, "I know you wouldn't. I trust you."

That did make Freddie feel slightly better; he could hear the trust in John's voice and he knew the bassist wasn't lying when he said that. And even though the singer joked about it, a part of him was a bit self conscious about his ability to seduce John. He was pretty sure he was doing a good job and arousing John, but apparently not. Freddie tried to explain it as John being sick and exhausted, but a small part of him did wonder if he should up his seduction game a bit. Still, he was very thankful that the night did not end up horribly wrong, because it could have. John could have panicked a lot more and his trust in Freddie would be broken completely. As he felt the bassist peacefully sleeping in his arms, he thanked the god or whatever force there was in the universe, that things ended as they did.

ooo

The next morning Freddie slipped out of the bedroom quietly, not wanting to wake John up. The bassist seemed so relaxed and peaceful that Freddie granted him a few more minutes of sleep before he waking him up for breakfast.
"Morning," the singer greeted Roger who was already in the kitchen and reading a magazine about cars.

"Morning, Fred," the drummer replied, not taking his eyes off of the magazine in his hands. He seemed more interested in those magazines than in those sex ones with all the naked ladies.

As Freddie made himself some tea, he struggled with something. He wanted to ask Roger something, but did not know how. He did not want to tell Roger any details, but he desperately needed a friend to confide in.

"Hey, Rog," he started slowly, "Can you do me a favor?"

Roger looked up at him, "I'd literally die for you, but go on."

Freddie let out a nervous laugh, "Yes, well ... the thing is. You ... Am I a fun person? I mean ... do you, as a friend, see me as a fun person? I'm not boring, right?"

"You're the least boring person I know, Fred."

"Good!" the singer laughed again, a sigh of relief escaping him, "And ... do you think I'm fun in the ... in the bedroom?"

Silence.

"Well, this just took a weird turn," Roger commented, giving Freddie a suspicious look, "What do you mean by ... fun in the bedroom?"

"Do you think I'm a good lover?"

Roger took a deep breath, taking the question very seriously, "You are very ... bendy and kinky enough. Also, you have a pretty long tongue which I guess is very ... handy. And I've seen you play the piano and let me tell you. If you fuck the way you play the piano, then you're a very good lover. And yes, I am talking about how fast you can move your fingers."

Freddie had to be honest; he did not expect an answer that detailed. He expected a 'yes' or 'no' in the best case, and a laugh in the worst.

"Alright," the singer nodded, smiling nervously, "So ... I'm a pretty good lover, right?"

"I don't know, I guess? Why don't you ask Deaky?"
Freddie tensed up, but before he could reply, John appeared in the kitchen.

"Darling, you're up!" the singer shouted, startling the bassist.

"I-I woke up a few minutes ago," John smiled, taking a seat next to Roger.

"I was about to make you some breakfast and bring it to you in bed," Freddie sighed with slight disappointment.

John yawned, then chuckled, "It's the thought that counts, Freddie. Besides, I-I'm not that hungry. Can I just have some tea, please?"

"Yes! Of course!" Freddie exclaimed, grabbing his own tea cup and setting it down in front of John, "Here you go, dear."

But before John could thank him, Freddie continued, "You should eat something, dear. I swear, you look skinnier than yesterday! You've lost at least ten pounds in the last few days."

"He looks fine to me," Roger threw a quick glance at John before returning to his magazine.

"How can you say that?" Freddie asked, "He's all skin and bones."

John blushed, shifting uncomfortably in his chair; he always felt weird with people talking about his appearances. He knew Freddie was right about John losing a bit of weight, it was understandable because he was sick, but it was nowhere near ten pounds.

"Also, if you want John to eat, you need to go to the store," Roger said, "The fridge is almost empty. We need milk and potatoes and bread. Oh, and buy some of that ... ghost broccoli."

John nearly choked on his tea when he heard those words.

"The ... what now?" Freddie asked, raising his eyebrows at the drummer.

"You know. Ghost broccoli. White broccoli," Roger explained, raising his eyebrows back at the singer.

A laugh escaped John before he could stop himself; Roger had to be one of the funniest and weirdest people John's ever known.
"You mean ... cauliflower, Rog?" Freddie slowly asked, not sure if Roger was joking or not.

The drummer was about to answer, but he was interrupted by the doorbell.

"I'll get it!" Freddie offered as he walked out of the kitchen, muttering to himself, "Ghost broccoli. He has to be kidding me."

When he answered the front door, the smile immediately disappeared from Freddie's face and it was replaced by sheer anger.

A man stood before him, he was probably in his forties or fifties; had a had brown hair and a moustache. His clothes seemed dirty and unwashed and even though he was standing quite away from him, Freddie could smell the stench of alcohol coming from him.

"C-Can I speak to Roger?" the man asked, not even bothering to greet Freddie. He was sweating nervously, constantly fidgeting and looking around, not making eye contact with the singer.

"No," Freddie replied firmly, "I don't think so."

As he tried to close the door, the man stopped him with his foot, not allowing Freddie to close it. The singer took a deep breath, trying to keep himself under control and behave politely, but he was walking a thin line.

"I suggest you leave and never come here again, Mr. Taylor," Freddie said quietly, but his voice was as cold as ice.

"I want to talk to my son. You can't stop me - "

"Dad?"

Freddie turned around to see Roger standing down the hallway, a shocked and surprised expression on his face. The drummer did not even move for the first few moments.

Freddie took a deep breath, softening his voice a bit, "He was just leaving, darling."

"No, I wasn't!" the man argued, "I want to talk to my son," he then looked past Freddie, setting his eyes on Roger, "Please, Roggie? Just a few minutes? I-I ... missed you."

Freddie could see Roger's eyes fill up with hope and felt sheer fury wash over him; he wanted to strangle the man for lying to Roger and giving him hope before disappointing him over and over again.
"C-Can you leave us alone for a bit, Fred?" Roger asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"No, Roger - "

"Please, Freddie."

The singer bit his tongue, preventing himself to speak. He knew he had no right to decide whether or not Roger spoke to his own dad, but he wanted to protect Roger with every fiber of his being. He knew the drummer would get hurt again. He just knew it. It wasn't the first time something like this happened.

"As you wish," the finally nodded, barely holding his anger in, "John and I will be in our bedroom."

With those words he walked away, leaving Roger alone with his father.

John was very worried when Freddie asked him if they could talk in the bedroom. He did catch a glimpse of the visitor as they hurried into their room, but before he could greet him, Freddie nearly dragged him away from the man.

"W-What's wrong?" the bassist asked, crossing his arms over his chest when they were in the privacy of their own bedroom, "Who is that man?"

Freddie gritted his teeth in frustration, shaking his head.

"Freddie, you're scaring me."

The singer finally just nodded, forcing the words out, "That right there is ... Mr. Taylor."

John blinked in confusion, but then his eyes widened as he realized it, "That's Roger's - "

"Yes," Freddie replied before John could finish the sentence, "That's him."

"Oh. And ... Why are you angry? I-I don't understand what's happening."

The singer's face softened a bit as he spoke, "You remember what I told you about Roger's family?"
John nodded, "I do. But ... I thought he had no contact with his dad."

Freddie flinched at the last word, "Do not call him that, darling. He's not a dad. He's not a father. He's merely a ... sperm donor, if you will. That's pretty much everything he did. That and regularly abusing his family."

John nodded and let Freddie continue. He could see that the singer needed to vent and he allowed him to.

"He visits every now and then, claiming he's a changed man and that he ... misses Roger and would love to reconnect," Freddie spat out, clenching his fists, "And Roger believes him, of course he does. He wants to believe him. But it's always the same damn story and I-I just ... "

"I-I can't even imagine ... " John trailed off, shivering at the thought of his own dad acting like that. His father was the sweetest being ever, he was always someone John looked up to and took pride in. He was an important figure in his life and he couldn't even imagine being without him.

"The cunt," Freddie growled, breathing heavily through his nose.

It was then that they heard a soft knock on the door and the singer sighed, "Come in."

As expected, it was Roger and he seemed very uncomfortable, even though he tried to force a smile.

"Is he gone?" Freddie asked.

Roger shook his head and then cleared his throat a bit, "I-I was ... Fred, can you ... I-I need a favor."

Concern washed over Freddie and he slowly approached the drummer, "What is it, darling?"

John did feel very awkward being there; it almost felt like intruding, but he had no where else to go. If he left the room, he'd have to go past Roger's dad and he really did not want to do that.

"Er ... " the drummer struggled with his words, "I-I need ... can you lend me £200?"

Freddie let out a deep breath, "Am I lending it to you or to him?"

"P-Please," Roger whispered, his face turning red, "H-He needs it for ... he's trying to get clean and ... he says he'll pay me back."
"Sure he will," Freddie rolled his eyes, unable to stop the bitterness and the anger from showing in his tone.

"Please, Freddie. He ... he said he'll be back next week and we'll go out for lunch and ... I-I promise I'll pay you back if - "

"Darling," the singer lowered his voice, "You do know he's lying to you, right?"

Roger said nothing to that; he just lowered his gaze in sadness, his lower lip trembling a bit. John tried to not look and not listen, but he couldn't help hearing and seeing everything. And his heart broke at seeing Roger in such a state.

Finally, Freddie moved, letting out a deep breath as he walked over to the bed and pulled out a box from under it. John observed as Freddie took the money from it, not even bothering to count it as he handed it to Roger.

"I-I promise I'll pay you back, Freddie," Roger whispered, smiling weakly.

The singer returned the smile, "Don't mention it."

And then Roger hurried out of the room, closing the door behind him. Freddie just stood there for a few long moments and John had no idea what to do, what to say, how to react.

When the singer finally turned around and went to sit on the bed, John quickly followed, sitting down next to him, waiting for him to speak.

"That was most of my savings," Freddie said quietly, "I-I still have a bit of money, but - "

"Don't worry about the money, Freddie."

"The rent is due in two weeks and ... " the singer sighed, a look of concentration on his face, "I'll have to sell a few of my drawings. And maybe I could call and see if I can get my job at the airport back. Just for a couple of months."

John found Freddie's hand and covered it with his own, "Hey. Don't worry about the money."

"I-I know, I know. It's just money and I'll earn it again."

"I have money. I still have the money my grandma gave me for my eleventh birthday," John laughed, then turned serious again, "It's not just you anymore. It's us," he explained, giving Freddie an encouraging smile, "We're together in this and you don't have to worry about money. And you're
certainly not selling your drawings. You love those."

Freddie smiled back, "I'll think of something, dear. Don't you worry." 

"I'm not worried," John pressed a kiss to his boyfriend's cheek, "We'll manage."

Being in a couple was a new thing for both of them and they both struggled with different things. Freddie was aware of the fact that he find it very difficult to lean on another person financially as he always enjoyed taking care of other people. If he wasn't able to provide for his loved ones, he felt like he was failing. However, it did feel good that he wasn't alone anymore. Even if he'd refuse to take John's money and have the bassist support him financially, he felt at ease knowing that another person was looking after him and that Freddie could share his troubles with him. Especially since John was so very calm about the entire thing; not stressing or panicking about the fact that Freddie just handed another person loads of money and was probably never going to see that money again.

The money was the least of their problems; Freddie knew there were bigger issues in life than money.

Money would come and go.

Freddie now had someone to lean on and someone who'd support him through the good and the bad and that was the only thing that mattered.

ooo

There was a tense atmosphere in the flat for the rest of the day. Freddie tried to lighten the mood by playing with Delilah, but the cat was still holding the grudge and absolutely ignored him. There were no hard feelings between Roger and Freddie, but the drummer felt really ashamed and awkward about everything that happened and he just kept to himself until eventually he just left the flat, saying he was going to accompany Brian to the mechanic.

John and Freddie spent the entire day cuddled on the sofa, watching romantic movies which were not exactly John's cup of tea, but he did find them entertaining enough. Apparently Freddie was a fan of those movies and the bassist could swear he saw the tears in the singer's eyes when the lead female protagonist got reunited with with the love of her life after being separated for years.

As it started to get dark outside, John realized that Roger still wasn't back and that worried him.

"He'll be fine, dear," Freddie said, as if he could read John's mind, "He always does this. He's ... embarrassed about the entire thing and ... it's happened before. I doubt he'll be back today."
"Do you think he's at Brian's?"

"Probably," Freddie nodded, letting out a deep breath, "Roger is pretty tough, darling. He'll be fine. I'll talk to him tomorrow, though."

John relaxed; Freddie has known Roger for years and they were best friends. If Freddie wasn't worried, neither was John. Besides, the bassist had a feeling that Brian was taking good care of Roger and was providing all the comfort that he needed. Even if they fought a lot, they were still best friends and would always be there for each other.

"What about you, darling?" Freddie smiled as he looked at his boyfriend, "Are you feeling better?"

John giggled, "I-I haven't sneezed in hours."

"That's progress!" Freddie laughed, leaning in to kiss John's cheek, but the bassist turned around and offered his lips instead.

"Kiss me? Please?" John batted his eyelashes at Freddie and that was all that it took.

Moving closer to him, Freddie gently pressed his lips against John's, keeping in mind that he needed to be careful because John's lip still wasn't healed completely and he did not want the wound to reopen.

They could both hear screaming and yelling coming from the telly; apparently a very intense scene was happening, but neither of them cared. They only had eyes for each other and slowly the kiss progressed, turning from the softest peck on the lips to a passionate kissing.

Afraid that he'd hurt John, Freddie moved lower, releasing the bassist's lips as he kissed his way down his neck, dragging his tongue over the skin slowly. He gently sucked at the skin, wanting to leave a mark and John moaned, arching his back and climbing onto Freddie's lap completely. He wrapped his arms around the singer's neck, holding onto him as little hickeys were being left all over his soft skin.

When Freddie finally pulled away, he couldn't help but smile at three tiny marks that were left on John's neck. A strange feeling of possessiveness washed over him, but before he could say anything, John's hands moved down to his shirt and he started fumbling with the buttons, desperately wanting the shirt off of Freddie.

"Are you in a rush, darling?" the singer teased, causing John to chuckle.

"N-No, I just ... these stupid buttons!"
"Let me," Freddie smiled, quickly unbuttoning his shirt and throwing it to the floor.

John let out a shaky breath and leaned down to kiss Freddie's chest; he gently licked over Freddie's left nipple, causing the singer to growl and shiver as pleasure shot through him. Feeling a bit courageous, John softly bit the nipple and Freddie so loudly the neighbors were probably able to hear him.

It made John giggle and Freddie gasped, "Are you laughing at me, darling?"

"No!"

"No?" Freddie teased, "Lets see how loud I can make you moan."

"You can try," John teased right back, accepting to play Freddie's game.

The singer grabbed John, holding him up in his arms as he stood up and carried him into their bedroom. John kept giggling, even as he was gently lowered onto the bed and Freddie crawled on top of him, covering his body with his. One of Freddie's hands sneaked down in between John's legs, lightly stroking him through the material of his pajama bottoms. A soft gasp escaped John's lips and his his bucked up, desperately wanting more.

Suddenly Freddie stopped and met John's eyes, "Oh, sorry. Just checking if you're awake, dear."

The bassist playfully slapped his arm, "You're an idiot! Of course I'm awake."

"I'm just checking!" Freddie laughed before returning to what he was doing, this time dragging just one finger across John's crotch, deliberately teasing him.

"F-Freddie, please!"

John was blushing, but there was such need and want on his face that Freddie felt almost bad for playing with him like this. Almost.

And then he kissed him again; teasing him, nibbling at John's lower lip, flicking his tongue over the sensitive flesh. Sighing into Freddie's mouth, John surrendered to the delicious feelings roiling through him. Their tongues danced, mated and fell apart, explored and retreated.

Freddie kissed his eyelids, the side of his mouth, the beating pulse at the base of his neck. He kissed his nose and his chin, he bit his earlobe, and then he covered his mouth once more.
After a few long minutes Freddie finally broke the kiss, rising up over John as he lay on the bed, staring down at him with a hooded expression in his eyes. John's mouth was wet from his, and his breathing was slightly labored.

"Can I?" the singer asked, his fingers playing with the waistband of John's pants.

"Y-Yes, yes, yes," came the answer and John even helped, raising his hips as Freddie undressed him. Freddie gave him a seductive smile before moving down his body and John had to raise himself up on his elbows to observe what the singer was doing. Well, he knew what Freddie was doing, but he wanted to see it.

"So soft and beautiful," Freddie said quietly, nuzzling at John's belly, leaving a trail of kisses down to his cock, but he stopped before he could reach it.

John was trembling; he was feeling all these emotions from love to lust and he could barely hold it together.

"Spread your legs for me, darling."

Nodding, John quickly obeyed and watched as Freddie settled in between his thighs, his head right above William. Pressing a few kisses to the inside of John's thighs caused the bassist to fall back, unable to support himself up on his elbows anymore.

And then he finally felt it; a warm, wet mouth kissing the head of his cock.

John's eyes rolled back with pleasure and a long, loud moan escaped him, causing Freddie to chuckle and that caused vibrations that John could very much feel on his cock.

"P-Please, please," he begged, not knowing what exactly he was begging for. His thighs were shaking and it did not help that Freddie kept caressing them as he moved his tongue over his cock. At first it was just teasing, dragging his tongue over the entire length, gently sucking the head and then finally, Freddie moved down, taking him in his mouth completely.

John moaned, even louder this time and found Freddie's hands that were resting on his thighs, covering them with his own. Freddie responded by lacing their fingers together and after a long moment he started moving, pulling up before sinking back down, enveloping John's cock in his warm mouth.

The bassist did manage to take one look and it was enough to send shivers down his body. Good shivers. Just the realization that someone would willingly put their mouth on his cock like that ... and enjoy it ... it only fueled John's arousal.
And then suddenly Freddie released his cock with an over the top slurp and pop, looking up at John mischievously, "Are you still awake, dear?"

John's head snapped up, meeting his boyfriend's playful eyes, "Freddie!" he whined, blushing even more.

"Just checking," the singer laughed and then gave it a quick lick, "Better than a lollipop."

That made John giggle, but it was cut short as the singer once again took his entire length in his mouth without giving John a warning. The bassist let out a sound that was a mixture between a moan and a whine, but at the moment he wasn't feeling embarrassed. Freddie felt too good; he knew exactly which buttons to push, when to stop, when to continue. The pleasure was making it impossible for John to keep his eyes open, but he did try. He wanted to see Freddie; the fact that Freddie so clearly enjoyed pleasuring him made everything that much better.

The bassist was a bit ashamed that he could already feel that familiar feeling building up in the pit of his stomach and it took everything in him to ask Freddie to stop.

"F-Freddie, wait, wait. Please."

The singer immediately pulled off of him and sat up, concern written all over his face, "What's wrong? Did I do something -?"

John needed a few moments to recover and he allowed himself a few long breaths before finally answering, "I-I want us to try something else now."

"You mean ... ?" Freddie did not dare to finish the question, but he had a sneaking suspicion of what John was trying to say.

"Y-Yes," John quickly nodded, a mixture of excitement and nervousness on his face.

Freddie still wasn't completely sure and for a few moments he just waited, not knowing how to proceed. He didn't want to jump to conclusions, but at the same time he hoped John was insinuating what he thought he was. The bassist gave him a shy smile as he sat up, grabbing Freddie's hand and bringing it to his lips. Freddie honestly thought John was going to kiss his hand or his knuckles, but then John took the singer's index finger in his mouth, gently licking it.

Yes, Freddie nearly passed out when that happened. His eyes rolled back with pleasure, but he managed to pull his hand away at the last moment, shuddering, "Y-You can't do this to me, darling!" he chuckled, his heart beating like crazy.

"W-Why not? I-I was ... trying to be seductive," John admitted shyly, biting his lip.
"Yes, and you nearly killed me, darling!" Freddie let out a breath, trying to calm down, "Also, if you want to do ... what I think you want to do ... it'll take a bit more than just saliva, honey."

John chuckled, turning even more red and Freddie couldn't tell if it was because he was that aroused or that embarrassed. Either way, he looked absolutely adorable. And very fuckable. Freddie tried to refrain himself from thinking those thoughts about John or even using those words when talking or thinking about him, but sometimes he couldn't help it. His boyfriend was adorable and hot and yes, Freddie did want to fuck him.

"I-I want us to try ... fingering," John whispered the last word as if afraid someone might hear him.

And Freddie nearly finished just hearing that sentence; he had to take a deep breath to collect himself and then he moved into a sitting position, his back leaning against the headboard.

That confused John and he was a bit taken aback, "Oh, you ... you don't want to do it - "

"Come here, kitten," Freddie smirked at him, tapping his legs, "Sit here for me."

"Kitten?" the bassist chuckled nervously, "That's ... new."

He climbed onto Freddie's lap, straddling him, a bit confused about how Freddie wanted him to sit. The singer helped him, making John sit on his legs, facing him.

"W-What do I do with my legs?" the bassist asked, feeling a bit exposed straddling Freddie like that.

"Try and wrap them around me. Tell me if you get a leg cramp and we'll change the position, dear."

John nodded, doing as he was told. He wrapped his legs loosely around Freddie and placed his hands on his shoulders, steadying himself a bit.

"I-I'm not too heavy, am I?" he asked, worry showing on his face. He was sitting on Freddie's legs with his entire weight.

"You're literally as light as a feather, John!" Freddie laughed, then brushed his nose against John's and immediately the bassist relaxed, enjoying how close this position made them. Even if it would get a bit uncomfortable in the next fifteen minutes.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Freddie asked quietly, staring into John's eyes.
John quickly nodded, shivering a bit. Yes, he was nervous, but he wanted to do this. Trying to ignore what happened the last time they tried it, he leaned in and brushed Freddie's lips with his, giving him a soft kiss. That was more than enough for Freddie; he smiled and nodded, reaching over to the nightstand and pulling out a bottle of lube from one of the drawers. John could still remember when Freddie hid the lube and was embarrassed if John accidentally stumbled upon it; but now they've gotten to a point where lube was stored in a drawer of their nightstand, like it was no big deal. And John liked that. It made it less scary.

He watched as Freddie poured a large amount on his hand, warming it up before one of his hands reached down in between them. Immediately, John went to rest his head against Freddie's shoulder, but the singer stopped him.

"No, no, dear," there was slight fear in his voice as he said that, "I-I need to see your face, alright? At least for the first few moments. Can you do that for me, darling?"

John nodded, although he was blushing a bit, but he met Freddie's eyes, jumping a bit when he felt a finger being dragged around his entrance. It startled him a bit, but he quickly got used to it, reminding himself to breathe and stay calm. He focused on Freddie's eyes and only then noticed just how beautiful they were. Yes, he did notice that before, but this time something was different. He could see such love and lust in them that he felt he could drawn in the depth of them. Freddie once told him that he used eyeliner to enhance his eyes, which in Freddie's culture were the mirror to the soul. Or the window to the soul. John couldn't exactly remember, but if Freddie's soul was anything like his eyes, it was too beautiful for this world.

His thoughts were interrupted when he felt a finger probe around his entrance and he forced himself to calm down, relaxing his muscles. He wasn't afraid of one finger; that he could take.

And he did.

Very slowly, Freddie moved his finger, pushing it inside, giving John time to stop him or express discomfort. But there was none; John only seemed to be nervous, but he wasn't in pain.

"You alright, dear?"

John smiled, nodding his head, "F-Fine. It doesn't hurt. It's just ... intense."

And then he felt the finger move again, pulling out slightly, only to be pushed back in. John leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Freddie's as he steadied his breathing and tried to get used to the feeling.

"You are doing so well, darling," Freddie praised him, "Do you have any idea how hot you are right now?"
"No," John let out a nervous giggle, quickly followed by a silent moan as he felt the finger moving a bit faster now, keeping a steady pace.

"Can I try adding another one?" Freddie asked, his own voice shaking. That surprised John and he moved away a bit so he could look at him and the sight surprised him.

Freddie was usually very calm and collected during their intimate moments, but now he seemed almost desperate, too aroused for words. John couldn't believe that he made Freddie feel like that; that he was the one who aroused him to the point of being desperate.

"I-I promise I'll go slow and I'll stop whenever you say," Freddie assured him, "Even before you say anything. I-I'll be watching you closely, darling. What happened the last time - "

"Alright," John replied, nodding his head. There was a nervous smile on his face, but he trusted Freddie and wanted them do to this.

"Alright?" the singer asked, wanting to make sure he heard it right.

"Y-Yes."

Freddie pressed his lips against John's, feeling the bassist literally melt in his arms. But immediately after he tried adding another finger, John tensed up, gripping Freddie's shoulders and breaking the kiss. Freddie stopped, an apologetic look on his face. Slight discomfort was to be expected, but it still pained him to see it on John's face. It took everything in him to continue when John gave him the green light.

He tried again, adding another finger slowly and even though John said nothing to stop him, he was gripping his shoulders very hard, probably leaving bruises.

Freddie kissed John's shoulder, nuzzling against it, "Does it hurt?"

"Just a ... a bit. But ... go on, please."

The singer obeyed, keeping eye contact with John as he slowly, but firmly pushed another finger in, carefully stretching John, making his suck in a breath. The bassist kept looking at him and Freddie was very hesitant to look anywhere but at his boyfriend, afraid he might miss the signs that John wasn't alright; like he missed them the last time.

But this time John seemed to be mentally present, he kept blinking and biting his lips. There was something intense in his eyes; it seemed as if he was trying really hard to focus and stay in the moment. As if the bad memories were trying to pull him away and he was afraid to look away from Freddie because he would just float away mentally.
"I'm in, darling," Freddie smiled at him, "How does it feel?"

"Intense," John replied quietly, returning the smile, "It's ... a lot."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No. Just ... give me a moment," John whispered, taking a deep breath and shifting around a bit.

Freddie waited patiently, though his hand was starting to cramp a bit. He kept planting soft, featherlike kisses onto John's shoulder and neck, feeling the bassist relax with each passing moment.

John was tight.

There was not denying that; Freddie would almost call him too tight, but he knew that with practice things stretch. And it really does get easier every time. John leaned closer to Freddie, resting his head on his shoulder and that did alarm the singer; it made him panic that he couldn't see John's face, but at the same time he did want to give John time to relax and recover a bit.

"Hey, you alright, darling?"

John nodded, "So ... this is sex?"

It made Freddie laugh, "You sound disappointed?"

"No!" John's head snapped up and he looked at Freddie, "I-I just ... if this is intense, I can't imagine what going all the way feels like."

"Darling," Freddie chuckled, "This isn't really sex. I'm just ... keeping my hand still. Do you want a small preview of what having sex really is like?"

John seemed confused by that, but he nodded, gripping Freddie's shoulder as if he was preparing himself for what is to come.

"First ... " Freddie continued, "I need you to answer my question. What feels better? This?" he slowly pulled his fingers out a bit before pushing them in again. He repeated that a few times and then stopped, pushing his fingers as far as they would go, "Or this?" he kept the fingers in and just bent them a bit, moving them inside of John without actually pulling out.

A moan escaped the bassist, "T-This. This feels ... b-better."
Freddie chuckled, "I thought so, darling. You do seem more like a ... grinder."

Before John could ask what exactly that meant, Freddie managed to poke that spot; the spot that made John see stars. It was a bit difficult to reach it and Freddie had to search for it, poking around slightly, but he knew the moment he found it.

John's mouth fell open and his eyes rolled back, his chest moving, *shaking* with each breath that he took.

"Good?"

"Oh my god, F-Freddie. Don't ... "

Freddie immediately stopped, panic showing on his face, *Don't?*

"Don't *stop,*" John corrected himself, moving his hips a bit, urging Freddie to continue.

"You little minx!"

Freddie moved his fingers slowly, ignoring the cramping in his hand as he pleasured John, nudging and gently pressing against that spot. Hearing John's moans was better than any song Freddie's ever heard and he was addicted to it. He wasn't joking when he said he'd like to add John's moans into a song.

Even though it was obvious that John losing himself in pleasure, it still took Freddie by surprise when the bassist fell against him, tightening his grip on his shoulders as a strong orgasm took over him, shaking his entire body. The singer stilled his fingers and noticed that John was rocking against him, his body apparently having a mind of it's own. The singer wrapped his free arm around his boyfriend, holding him close.

After a few long moments, John finally relaxed and Freddie was able to slowly remove his fingers, causing John to wince a bit.

"Sorry, sorry!" Freddie immediately apologized, pressing a kiss to John's shoulder.

"'s fine."

"Are you alright, darling?"

"I'm ... oh my god."
John was like jelly in his arms, he was still trembling and breathing heavily and even though Freddie wasn't able to see him face, he could hear it in his voice. John was completely blissed out and apparently unable to form sentences.

"I-I love you so, so much," John finally whispered after a few moments, "So much."

"I know, darling. And I love you more," Freddie replied, trying to hide the discomfort in his voice; he was painfully hard, but he wanted to wait until John calmed down to do something about it. The bassist was still clinging onto him like a koala and Freddie couldn't just start jerking himself off. Besides, he didn't want to. He needed these few moments of just holding John and talking to him. Frederico could wait.

"Thank you."

"For what?" Freddie let out a laugh.

"For ... being you."

"Oh, darling. Come here," the singer patted John back, urging him to look at him. And he did.

John moved away a bit and met Freddie's eyes. He seemed completely blissed out and he could barely keep his eyes open; Freddie would never get tired of that sight. But before the singer could say anything, John smiled weakly, "You know ... Valentine's day is in three days."

To be continued ... ;)
"You know ... Valentine's day is in three days."

A nervous smile formed on Freddie's face, "I-I know, darling."

The bassist shifted uncomfortably, "Er ... And ... I-I was thinking we could ... perhaps ... you know."

"Sweetheart, what on earth are you on about?" the singer laughed, bringing his hand up to move John's hair away from his face.

It was obvious that John was very nervous about what he wanted to say and his red cheeks were proof of that, "I-I was just wondering if ... You are going to think I'm stupid - "

"I'll never think you're stupid, John."

"Or ... maybe childish," the bassist whispered, biting his lower lip nervously, "Promise you are not going to laugh."

"I promise, darling," Freddie gave him a reassuring smile, "What is it?"

John looked down and whispered something under his breath and Freddie could swear that even John's ears managed to turn red; it was unbelievably adorable even though he had no idea what John just said to him.

He let out a laugh, "You'll have to speak a bit louder, darling."

"Fine," John forced out, taking a deep breath and meeting Freddie's eyes, "Will you ... will you be my V-Valentine?"

It took the singer a few moments to react; he just stared at John, gaping like a fish. Apparently he took very long to react because he could see the hope on John's face slowly turn into embarrassment probably caused by Freddie's inability to answer immediately.

Quickly, the singer nodded his head, "Yes, yes, of course, darling! Of course I'll be your Valentine."

Immediately, John's face lit up, "Really?"
"Yes. I'd be my honor."

The bassist nodded, giving his boyfriend a big, excited smile; all of his insecurities and fears vanished completely. He'd never celebrated Valentine's day because he was never in a relationship and he never paid much attention to the holiday. But now he was in a loving, caring relationship and John did feel the need to celebrate their love; even if it did sound a bit cheesy.

"I am actually already planning our date, darling," Freddie winked at him.

"Date?" John asked with excitement, "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise, dear. I can't tell you."

"Freddie," the bassist whined, sticking out his lower lip, "Tell me. At least ... give me a clue."

The singer laughed again, "Honestly, darling, I had no idea you were this impatient! It's a surprise. Let me surprise you."

It seemed as if John wanted to say something, but then he just nodded, looking down and then grimacing at the sight of the mess he made. He had completely forgotten about it, but there was his sticky substance on his and Freddie's chest.

"Ewww," he whispered, slowly meeting Freddie's eyes again, "I-I'm sorry. I don't know what is the ... etiquette."

"Etiquette for what, dear?"

"This," John pointed at both of their chests.

"Etiquette for coming?" Freddie let out a loud laugh, "Well ... usually it's appreciated if you don't come in your partner's eye or ear - "

"Not that!" John giggled, "I-I just mean ... should I warn you before it happens or ... use a T-shirt? A towel?"

"You don't need to warn me, dear. I usually can tell pretty well when you're ... about to reach your finish line and there is no need for towels if you come on me. The bed stays clean," Freddie explained with a grin, "And it's easy to clean up," with those words he brought his hand to his chest, wiping the sticky stuff with his finger before bringing it to his mouth.
John shrieked, grabbing Freddie's hand before it could reach his mouth, "W-What are you doing?"

"Trying to lick - "

"Why?" John interrupted him before Freddie could finish the sentence, "I-It's ... eww."

Freddie chuckled, raising his eyebrows, "How is it eww? You did the same exact thing, darling. Remember? That one time in the living room?"

John turned red, stuttering a bit, "Y-Yes, well ... I-I wanted to see how it tastes, but you already know that and ... and there's no need for you to ... you know."

"I know there's no need, but I want to," Freddie replied calmly, then smirked, "Because you taste exquisite."

"Shut up!" John squealed, pressing his hand against Freddie's mouth and still blushing furiously. Freddie decided to tease a bit more and he licked John's hand, making the bassist laugh and move his hand away.

Freddie reached over for his T-shirt that was dropped unceremoniously on the bed and used it to clean himself and John of any sticky stuff. It did not escape his attention that John smiled when he did that and there was a look of gratitude on his face; it was obvious to Freddie that John enjoyed being taken care of after sex and that included being cleaned up. It was a good thing that Freddie enjoyed doing it; he liked making John as comfortable as possible and besides, he very much enjoyed cleaning off the evidence of how good he made John feel.

Still, Freddie was almost in pain; he needed to do something about Frederico because it was starting to be too much. Thankfully, John noticed it. Well, he'd be blind if he hadn't noticed it, because Frederico was standing up proudly, making a tent in Freddie's pajama bottoms.

Freddie shyly met John's eyes, not knowing exactly what the bassist would do. While the singer would absolutely love it if John decided to give him a hand, quite literally, he would never just expect it. It was apparent that that orgasm took a lot of energy from John and it'd be perfectly understandable if he just wasn't in the mood to help Freddie get off.

A soft gasp escaped Freddie's lips when John reached down in between their bodies and cupped Frederico through the material. Freddie's hips instinctively moved towards the touch and John giggled, biting his lower lip lightly.

"Does this feel good?" he asked, a bit hesitantly.

Freddie quickly nodded, "Yes, yes, darling. Just ... you can do it more firmly, I-I won't break, well ...
My cock won't break," he let out a chuckle.

John laughed at that and obeyed, squeezing Frederico through the material, but the pajama bottoms soon proved to be in the way and John slowly sneaked his hand under the waistband of Freddie's pants, his fingers finally wrapping around his boyfriend's cock. It sent shivers down his body as he felt how hard and hot Frederico was. A funny thought occurred to John; considering that his hands were almost always cold and freezing, he could keep them warm with Frederico's help. That mental image made John giggle; he always did find the strangest things funny.

Freddie immediately tensed up, his eyes snapping shut, but his arms wrapped around John's torso, pulling him closer and holding onto him.

"P-Please, darling."

Hearing Freddie beg like that, his entire body trembling, really did things to John. He had trouble comprehending that it was him who was making Freddie feel that way. He moved his hand up and down a bit, causing Freddie to moan loudly and bite down on his lip hard and John couldn't help but lean closer to him and give him a soft kiss. Freddie immediately responded, moving his lips against John's, moaning into his mouth, caressing John's back with his hand.

It took John completely by surprise when Freddie suddenly tensed up even more and still, his entire body going rigid as he came, Frederico literally pulsating in John's hand.

It wasn't something John has ever really experienced before, but this time he felt it so clearly. It was as if Frederico was it's own entity and it's entire body was shaking violently as it pumped out warm, sticky substance. And just as John thought it was finally over, Freddie shuddered one last time, moaning John's name before collapsing onto the headboard behind him, eyes closed, mouth open in sheer ecstasy.

John was amazed; he thought it would take longer for Freddie to reach that finish line, but apparently he underestimated how on edge Freddie really was. He realized the ability to read his boyfriend's body language would probably come with time and experience.

Freddie really was a sight; John actually wished he could take a picture. He moved his hand a bit and it caused Freddie to let out a soft whine, his body shuddering again; apparently he was too sensitive and John slowly removed his hand from his pants and wiped it on the T-shirt that was beside them, before throwing it to the floor.

Again, he could not resist just leaning closer to Freddie and softly kissing his chin before moving up to his lips, giving him a gentle peck. It made Freddie smile even though his eyes were still closed and John decided to tease a bit.

"Are you sleeping?"
Freddie let out a laugh, opening his eyes, "I believe that is your specialty, darling."

John just smiled and brought his hands up to rest them on Freddie's chest; admiring how beautiful it was. There was just enough hair and the muscles were just enough defined for it to be attractive and not too much. And Freddie's skin wasn't as pale as John's was, it was this warm color and it was so damn soft. John could spend the entire day just running his hands over it.

"Are you really mine, darling?"

That question surprised John and he met Freddie's eyes, giving him a confused look, "W-What do you mean?"

Freddie actually blushed a bit, hesitantly repeating the question, "Are you ... really mine? Really, really mine?"

John smiled, nodding his head, "If ... if you're mine."

"I am," the singer replied quickly, "Only yours."

"Then ... yes, I am really, really yours," John assured him, bringing his hand up to gently caress his boyfriend's cheek.

Apparently that made Freddie extremely happy because he grabbed John and flipped them over, laying the bassist down on his back, making him chuckle in surprise. Before John could ask what he was doing, Freddie pulled the blanket over them and laid down next to him.

"Are you alright, my sweetness?" he slowly asked, brushing hair away from John's face so he could look at him.

"Y-Yes," John replied, not understanding what he was trying to ask.

"Are you sure? You're not sore or in ... pain?" Freddie asked gently, "I have some ointment - "

"I-I'm fine," the bassist cut him off, blushing a bit, "Really. I'm not sore. I'm ... perfect."

"Promise?"

John gave him an honest smile, "Promise."
It seemed to do the trick and Freddie relaxed, letting out a breath of relief. But then he moved, untangling himself from the blankets and standing up. John immediately tensed up, trying to keep panic from his voice, "W-Where are you going?"

"I'm just going to wash my hands, dear. I'll be back in a minute, alright?"

Slowly, John nodded, forcing a smile, "A-Alright."

Freddie quickly disappeared from the room, purposefully leaving the doors open so that John wouldn't feel completely cut off and alone. Still, those two minutes that he spent waiting for his boyfriend to return and cuddle him, were pure torment.

Suddenly the bed was too big and not comfortable enough; it seemed empty and cold. And so did the entire room. Freddie's personality was so large that it filled the entire room even if he wasn't saying anything.

And then John heard something; soft steps. They were too quiet to be human steps. Before he could give it another thought, Delilah meowed and jumped on the bed, making herself comfortable by John's feet. The bassist couldn't help but smile at how adorable she was and he reached over to her, slowly stroking her head.

"Well, hello there. Why aren't you sleeping?" John quietly asked.

The cat just purred and leaned onto John's hand even more, clearly enjoying being petted like that. John was not a cat person, but he loved Delilah with all his heart, even if he wasn't constantly showering her with love and affection like Freddie was and running after her to tell her he loves her. John had his own way of proving his love to Delilah; be that by giving her a treat in secret or caressing that spot right behind her ears that apparently made her purr the most and not even Freddie has realized that yet.

"I absolutely adore my little family," Freddie's voice cut through the silence and John looked up to see his boyfriend standing at the doorway, looking lovingly at him.

"Family?" he asked quietly, a smile forming on his lips.

"Well, yes, dear!" Freddie chuckled when he joined him in the bed, "We're family. You. Me. Delilah. Roger. Brian."

Those words made John's heart literally melt and he even teared up a bit, but blinked the tears away. He was feeling happy and there was absolutely no need for tears. It surprised him a bit when Freddie rested his head against John's chest, clinging onto him; it was a change from their usual sleeping position, but John found it adorable. He couldn't believe this strong, loud, over the top human being, called Freddie, was really clinging onto him in such a way. He seemed so soft and vulnerable at that moment that John instinctively wrapped his arms around him and pulled him even closer. Being the
big spoon had it's responsibilities and John was taking them very seriously; no one was going to harm or disturb Freddie while he was watching over him.

They fell asleep in that position; holding onto each other, with Delilah snoring by their feet. John did wake up once during the night and he was surprised when he realized that apparently they changed positions during the night and he was now sleeping with his upper body on top of Freddie. He couldn't remember doing it and was positive Freddie did not change their positions intentionally; it just happened without them realizing it.

Suddenly Freddie's words from earlier that evening came back to him and he couldn't help but feel this warm, safe feeling wash over him at remembering Freddie calling them a family.

A small family.

John fell back asleep with a big smile on his face.

The next morning Freddie decided to enjoy a bit of alone time in the kitchen while John and Delilah slept in, but the moment he took a sip of his coffee, he heard someone unlocking the front door.

Freddie took a deep breath as he waited.

He did not have to wait long, just a few moments later Roger walked into the kitchen, letting out a gasp of surprise at seeing Freddie there. Clearly, he did not expect the singer to be up this early in the morning.

"F-Freddie!" Roger gasped, holding a hand to his chest, "What the fuck ... why are you up?"

"It's half past eight," the singer replied as if that explained everything; he then gave Roger a gentle smile, "Where were you, Roger?"

The drummer shrugged his shoulders, "Around."

"Were you at Brian's?"

"That was the last stop, yes," he grinned, but it was a forced grin, "I was with a few girls, but then crashed at Brian's."
"That must have been a very exciting night, darling."

Roger nodded, then dropped the act, the smile disappearing from his face, "I-I went to Brian's to ... apologize."

"Apologize?" Freddie asked, a bit surprised, "What for?"

"For ... " the drummer struggled with his words, "For ... asking your for the money that we could have used for ... making music."

"Roger - "

"That was a lot of money. A lot of studio time, a few months' rent. I'm such a fool."

Freddie stood up and walked over to Roger before pulling him in for a hug. He could feel the drummer tense up a bit, but he almost immediately relaxed and gave into the hug, resting his face against Freddie's shoulder.

"You are not a fool," the singer said to him firmly, "I would have done the exact same thing as you did if it was my father."

"I know he just ... visits when he needs money - "

"It's alright, darling," Freddie pulled away slightly so he could look at his friend, "Don't worry about it. We'll manage."

"I promise to pay you back as soon - "

"Nonsense!" the singer dismissed that idea, "It wasn't you who took the money, darling. You have nothing to pay me back for."

"Freddie - "

"Darling, shush! Instead tell me if Brian's got any ideas on how to continue recording with less money."

Roger sniffled a bit and nodded, "Er ... he said that we could record at night. Apparently renting the studio during the night is a lot cheaper, like ... half of what we've been paying."

Freddie's eyes lit up with hope, "Good! That's good! That's great!"
"It's from ... eleven pm to six or seven am."

"That's fine with me, darling! I can be up all night long if necessary."

Roger gave him a thankful smile, though it was a bit hesitant, "But ... what about Deaky?"

"John will be fine, dear! He's nineteen, he's ... bursting with energy, don't you worry about him!" Freddie chuckled, then his tone got a bit more serious, "He'll understand, Roger. You were also being very considerate of him when he was ... unable to play because of ... certain things that happened."

Roger slowly nodded, still a bit shaken up and ashamed by everything related to his father, but Freddie playfully slapped his shoulder, grinning at him, "Lighten up, dear! Tell me a sex joke, come on!"

A laugh escaped Roger; he knew that Freddie was trying to cheer him up and he really appreciated it. Taking a deep breath, he tried to remember a joke and he quickly thought of one, "What do you call a lesbian dinosaur?"

Freddie raised his eyebrows, "No idea!"

"Lick-a-lotta-puss."

They both burst into laughter, giggling together until Freddie remembered that John was still asleep, "Shhh! Keep it down!" he covered his mouth with his hand and Roger did the same, but they still giggled for the next few moments.

"Well, what else have you been up to the previous night, dear?" Freddie asked as they both sat down at the kitchen table.

"Nothing much," Roger shrugged his shoulders, "Brian and I did have this weird discussion, though."

"About what?"

"About ... " the drummer took a deep breath, "Fred, you're pretty knowledgeable in the whole gay sex thing, right?"

"Yes, I got an A on the last test about that," Freddie replied sarcastically, then waited for Roger to continue.
"Alright, then explain this. Top is the one doing the fucking, right?"

Freddie slowly nodded, not sure where this was going.

"Right," Roger continued, "But what if the top was under the bottom? What then? What if the bottom was on top of the top? Would that make the top bottom?"

For the next few moments Freddie just stared at Roger, blinking at him in utter confusion, "Was that ... English?"

"Yes! Listen ... if the bottom is on top, is he still a bottom?"

The singer rubbed his forehead as if getting a headache, "It's too early for this kind of mind exercise, Rog. But yes, even if the bottom in on top, he's still a bottom."

"But ... that doesn't make any sense, Fred."

"The top is the active one!"

"Well, what if the bottom is very active and the top is just sort of ... laying there?"

Freddie rolled his eyes, "Do I need to spell it out for you, darling? Or maybe draw you a picture? The bottom is the one who is being fucked and the top is the one who is doing the fucking."

Roger stood up and pointed at the floor, "Go lie down, Fred."

Sighing, the singer obeyed and the moment he was on the floor, Roger sat on top of him, straddling him.

"See? I am now on the top," the drummer said, resting his hands on his waist.

"It doesn't matter, darling. If I'm inside of you, you are the bottom," Freddie argued back, "It doesn't matter if you're on top of me or under me."

"That's nonsense! What if I'm the one being very active, even though I'm ... taking the cock?"

Freddie groaned in annoyance and flipped them over so that he was now on top of Roger, "It does not matter! Even if I do this - " he started to ride Roger, very aggressively, but before he could say anything else, they both heard someone clear their throat.
As they looked up, they saw a very confused looking John standing in the doorway, staring at them with an awkward smile.

"Er ... G-Good morning," John greeted them both.

"Darling, you're up already!" Freddie jumped to his feet and helped Roger up as well.

"We were just ... " the drummer let out a nervous laugh, "Er ... you know. Boys being boys."

Freddie gave him a look, "That sounds very wrong, darling."

"I-I need to ... change clothes," Roger quickly disappeared from the room, leaving Freddie and John alone.

The bassist chuckled, "I-I guess you were ... wrestling? I hope you were just wrestling."

"We were, darling," Freddie smiled reassuringly, pulling John closer and kissing his cheek.

"Are you sure?" the bassist giggled, lowering his tone a bit, "Should I be adding salt to Roger's tea as well?"

It took Freddie a moment to understand what his boyfriend was talking about and when he realized it, he let out a loud laugh, "Oh, darling. Please, don't poison Roger. We'd all miss him. You know I only have eyes for you. I was just ... demonstrating something to him."

That was a good enough explanation for John and he decided to let the subject go; besides, he did not want to hear the detailed explanation.

"I-I'll go and take a quick shower," the bassist said, "And then we can ... talk?"

"Talk?" Freddie was immediately concerned, his mind going wild with ideas about what could be wrong, "Tell me now."

"No, no. It's - "

"Darling, I hate it when people start the conversation like that."

John chuckled, pressing a kiss to Freddie's lips, "It's nothing serious. I just wanted to take a quick shower, but ... fine, we can talk about it now."
"Alright," the singer did not even blink; he was too tense and concerned, expecting to hear some bad news.

And judging by the way John seemed to struggle with words, he was nervous about what he was about to say.

"Y-You're free tonight, right?"

Freddie slowly nodded, "Yes."

"A-Alright. Er ... I-I was thinking that maybe we could ... " John let out a shaky breath before meeting Freddie's eyes, "Maybe we could go visit my family?"

At first Freddie did not even react, he hoped he heard that wrong, but the nervousness he could see on John's face told him he heard the question perfectly.

"I-I was just thinking," the bassist carefully continued, "We could ... stop by and have a cup of tea and then ... head back here in the evening."

Freddie forced a smile, but realized he wasn't fooling anyone so he just decided to be honest, "Darling, are you ... are you still planning on telling them?"

John tensed up, but slowly nodded, "Y-Yes, that's ... why I want to go."

"I thought we agreed you'd think about it."

"I did think about it."

"You were sick," Freddie reminded him, "I doubt you've had the time to really, really think about it, darling. Besides, you're still a bit sick and ... maybe it's not such a good idea to go on another long trip."

"It's not a long trip, it's just one hour away. And I'm not sick - "

"I heard you cough earlier this morning, darling."

John narrowed his eyes at Freddie, his smile disappearing as he crossed his arms over his chest, "You ... you don't want to go? Is that it?"
"John, sweetheart - "

"Y-You don't have to go," the bassist replied, his voice shaking a bit, "I-I can go by myself, it's fine."

Freddie took a deep breath, his tone very gentle when he spoke next, "Do you want me to go with you, dear?"

John nodded, not saying anything.

"Then I'll go, sweetie. I just ... I don't think telling them is a very good idea."

"I don't want to continue hiding this from them," the bassist whispered, "I want to tell them about you. About us. They're my family and we've always been .... very close."

Freddie opened his mouth to protest, but the look in John's eyes stopped him. The bassist wasn't trying to argue with him, he wasn't irritated or angry; he seemed genuinely hurt that Freddie was trying to talk him out of telling his family. And seeing John hurt like that hurt Freddie as well.

Finally, he just nodded, offering a weak smile, "Alright, darling. We'll go together."

John's face lit up, "Really?"

"Really, yes. Have you called them yet?"

"No, no. I-I'm not going to. We'll just ... stop by. Surprise them."

Freddie let out a noise that was supposed to be a squeal of excitement, but it failed miserably and it came out like a mortified whine.

"S-Surprise, yes," Freddie stuttered, "I'm sure they'll be surprised, darling. Very much so."

John nodded, giving Freddie a big smile, "I'll take a shower and then we can have breakfast together and then ... we head out?"

All Freddie managed to do was nod, forcing a smile, but John did not seem to notice it was a fake one. Perhaps he did notice, but refused to acknowledge it. It was obvious that John was very nervous as well, but clearly it meant a lot to him that his family knew about their relationship. Freddie did not have any experience with coming out; he never needed to tell his parents he was gay because they just ... knew. It was something that was obvious from very early on; Freddie was always different and the Bulsara family knew it. Freddie never needed to talk about boys, in fact, he refused to talk about boys or that other business with his family, but they always knew. Whenever he was
out late, they knew what he was up to. No longer were they asking him about when he was going to bring a girl home; it was clear that Freddie was *never* going to bring a girl home.

But with John it was different. Freddie did not have a lot of knowledge about John's family, but he knew the news about their son being in a relationship with a boy would just shock them. As far as Freddie knew, John was not showing any gay tendencies ever before and his family was under the impression that he was ... *normal*. And judging by their last visit when they were asking their son about girls, it was obvious they expected John to bring home a girl. Not a boy.

Freddie had that sinking feeling in his stomach; he just knew it was going to end badly, but he had no right to tell John what to do or not to do. If John wanted to tell his family, then he had every right to do so. And Freddie would stand by him and support him in his decision. Even if he knew John would end up hurt.

"What do you mean I need to watch over Delilah?" Roger shrieked, his eyes wide open with shock.

"It's just for a couple of hours, darling, don't be such a drama queen!"

"But -"

John decided to intervene, "It's my fault. I sort of ... forced Freddie to go visit my parents with me. But we'll be back by ... ten o'clock. We promise."

"Will you manage to survive those ten hours, Roger?" Freddie teased him, "Delilah is such a sweetheart, I honestly don't know why you dislike her."

"Dislike isn't a strong enough word," Roger replied, then look around, "Where even is she?"

Both Freddie and John threw a few glances around, but found no cat in sight. But that was a normal occurrence; every now and then Delilah just hid from everyone. She usually stayed under the sofa, but after Freddie discovered her hiding spot and started bothering her, she found herself another place where she could rest without anyone annoying her and the boys still have not discovered that place.

"I hope she stays wherever she is until you guys come home," Roger grinned as he plonked down onto the sofa.

For some reason Freddie was not nervous about what he was going to wear; he was nervous the first time they went and visited because he was trying to impress them, but he knew that no matter what
he wore, they would really dislike him after today's visit. So he just stayed in the living room, going through four cigarettes before John was finally ready to leave.

They took a taxi to the bus station where they bought the tickets and waited for the bus. Even a blind person would see that John was very nervous as well, but Freddie decided to not comment on it; he did not want to make John even more nervous than he was. Apparently he was dead set on telling his parents and even though Freddie silently hoped that he'd change his mind, he refused to do anything to try and talk him out of spilling the beans. Instead, he decided to try and put John in a better mood by joking around a bit.

"I'm not sure me going with you is a good idea, darling. The stress is not good for the baby."

John looked at him in confusion, "What ... baby?"

"Me!" the singer chuckled at his own joke and John laughed as well, shaking his head at his boyfriend.

"You're an idiot, I swear, Freddie!"

"I'm just kidding, darling. It's very boring to just stand in the same spot in silence," he complained, wondering where the hell that bus was, "It's not good for my legs. You don't know what it's like to be my age, dear."

"Freddie," John laughed again, "You're just ... five years older than I am."

"Exactly!"

John was almost thankful when the bus finally came; Freddie was starting to talk nonsense and cracking joke after a joke. Some jokes were good and the other not so much. But he did realize that it was just Freddie trying to distract him and keep his mind off of things and he appreciated it.

A few minutes into their bus ride, Freddie leaned closer to his boyfriend, lowering his voice, "I know this probably is not the right place ... nor the right time to ask, but ... how's your arse doing?"

John's eyes widened in shock and he blushed, hoping no one on the bus heard the question, "I-It's ... fine. Why are you asking?"

"Well, after last night's activities - "

"It's fine, Freddie!" John whispered, barely holding in his laughter, "I can't believe you're asking me this now of all times."
"I just remembered it now, darling!"

"Er ... " the bassist awkwardly cleared his throat before continuing, "That ... part of me is perfectly fine, but thank you for asking."

Freddie smiled at him and covered John's hand with his, interlocking their fingers and keeping it safely hidden under his fur coat.

For some reason the singer remembered the bus ride as being quite long and it completely shocked him when they suddenly arrived at their destination and John poked him with his elbow, telling him they need to get off the bus. In all his panic, Freddie nearly tripped and fell face first right off the bus, but he caught himself the last moment and tried to play it off, hoping no one noticed it. His instincts were telling him to go back on the bus and drive away, and even as the bus slowly disappeared from the sight, Freddie felt like running after him.

That made him feel like an awful boyfriend; he knew he was supposed to be there for John, but his gut was telling him that the entire visit was a very bad idea.

"Everything's going to be just fine," John said as they finally reached the house and rang the doorbell.

Freddie managed to smile, but he wasn’t sure if John was trying to reassure him or himself. John did take his ring off of his left hand and placed it on the finger on his right hand; his parents would have enough trouble absorbing all the information and he wanted to spare them the stress of wondering why their son was wearing a ... something that seemed like a wedding band.

They did not have to wait long; just moments later the front door opened and John's mum was standing there, looking as pale as if she just saw a ghost.

"John?"

The bassist smiled warmly at his mother, "Hi, mum. I was just - "

"Did something happen? Why are you - "

"Everything's fine!" John quickly assured her, "Nothing happened. I just ... we just decided to stop by for a short visit."

"Oh, sweetheart!" Lillian finally relaxed, letting out the breath she was holding and she pulled John into a hug, pressing a kiss to his cheek. John immediately blushed, but he clearly enjoyed his mother's affection. When Lillian finally let go of him, she turned her attention to Freddie, pulling him
in a hug as well.

The singer awkwardly returned the hug; he just could not stop thinking about the reason for their visit and it was impossible for him to relax. He was sure John's mother would never want to hug him again after finding out certain things.

"Arthur!" she called out, "Get in here immediately! Your son just got here!"

She pulled John and Freddie into the house, closing the door behind them. Freddie remained silent as he followed John into the living room; he did his best to keep a smile on his face, but it probably came out very strange looking. And he could tell that John was nervous as well, even though the bassist tried to hide it.

"What happened to your lip, John?" Lillian suddenly gasped, inspecting her son's face very closely.

"Oh, I-I tripped," John quickly said, "I ... tripped and hit the wall. I'm fine now, but just days ago my entire jaw was swollen. It was horrible."

"How did you trip?" his mum seemed very confused and worried, "Yes, you were always clumsy, but ... " she trailed off, looking from her son to Freddie.

The singer let out a short laugh, "He really is clumsy. At the audition he nearly tripped over his amplifier and twisted his ankle. It gave me quite a fright."

John chuckled, blushing a bit, "It wasn't that scary, Freddie. You're exaggerating!"

Lillian seemed to calm down and she laughed as well, "You should have seen John as a baby. He kept bumping into things and falling right onto his head. I swear, this kid cannot land on his bum to save his life."

For a moment Freddie forgot the reason behind their visit and he got caught in the story telling with John's mum; he really enjoyed hearing about John's life before they met, especially funny accidents of baby John.

"He would cry at every little thing!" Lillian laughed, "If he wanted to sleep, there had to be complete silence in the room otherwise he'd bawl his eyes out."

"Well, some things remained the same," Freddie teased, "Except the eye bawling, of course."

Before they sat down, John's father appeared and he seemed delighted to see his son again. At first he just stood there, a bit frozen, clearly very surprised and confused at seeing his son again, but then
he quickly made his way over to John.

"What a nice surprise!" the older man pulled his son into a hug, ruffling his hair playfully.

"Dad!" the bassist complained, immediately fixing his hair and stepping away so Mr. Deacon could greet Freddie.

"Hello, Mr. Deacon. It's very nice to be here. Again," the singer smiled politely and offered his hand. John's father gave him the biggest, warmest smile as he shook Freddie's hand and it broke Fred's heart. He knew that warm smile would soon be replaced by a look of disgust and anger.

"Hello, Freddie. It's really nice to see you. How have you been?"

"I've been ... great. Everything's er ... great," he replied a bit awkwardly, wanting for the earth to open up and swallow him whole.

"What happened to your lip, John?" Mr. Deacon asked, narrowing his eyes in concern.

"He bumped into a wall," Lillian quickly answered, "Some things never change."

Freddie was very thankful that John's parents seemed to believe the story; yes, it was a true story, but there was more behind it.

"Well, sit down. There's no need to stand!" Lillian laughed before disappearing from the room, probably off to make them all some tea.

Freddie sat down next to John, though he made sure there was enough space between them, not wanting to anger the parents even further after they got hit with the news. Mr. Deacon sat in an armchair, leaned back and just observed the two of them for a few long moments, not saying anything. It was obvious where John got his quiet personality from.

"We were free today and I figured we could ... pay a short visit," John explained, "We're not staying the night, though."

"Oh, why not?"

"We're actually very busy tomorrow," John lied, "And besides, we have a cat now. Delilah. She's not a fan of Roger, our other roommate and it's not smart to leave the two of them alone for the entire night."

Mr. Deacon chuckled, a look of confusion on his face, "A cat? How did you get a cat?"
"Well," John smiled, "Freddie was the one who found it. We were out on a walk and ... he stumbled upon her. She was in a very bad shape, but we got her home and ... she just ... stayed with us."

It was clear that John's father was very touched by the story as he was a big animal lover himself and would never be able to turn his back to an injured animal. Lillian quickly returned, carrying a tray. She placed it on the table in front of them and served them all tea. Freddie felt like an intruder, he was almost afraid to touch his tea cup, because he just knew he'd be kicked out soon.

"So, John!" Lillian started, "What have you been up to?"

"Er ... Nothing much, we've just gotten back from Maidstone. We had two gigs there," John explained, a look of pride on his face, "It went pretty well."

"Maidstone?" Lillian gasped in surprise, "That's very far away, isn't it?"

"No, no, just two hours, mum. It was fine, just ... I got a bit sick there."

"Oh, sweetheart! Are you alright now?"

John nodded, "It was just a ... cold, nothing too serious."

Freddie zoned out; he could hear the conversation, but he was never a fan of small talk. Besides, he was too nervous to participate. All he was currently able to do was smile and nod his head every few moments. He couldn't even tell how long they were just sitting there, chatting and then he heard John's mother say something that pulled him out of his thoughts.

"So there's nothing new? Same old same old?"

Freddie could feel John tense up beside him; he refused to look at John the entire time and meet his eyes, knowing that he wouldn't be able to prevent the desperate look in his eyes, pleading him to not do this.

"A-Actually, there is ... well, not everything is same old same old. Some things have ... happened," John struggled with words, but it was obvious that he had no intention of stopping.

"Really?" Lillian asked with excitement, "Is there a ... girl?"

The question was supposed to be a joke, but after noticing the expression on her son's face, Lillian gasped in shock, "There's a girl? John, darling? Is there really a girl? Are you - "
"Mum, c-calm down, please," John let out a nervous chuckle before slowly continuing, "What I'm trying to say is ... yes, I'm in a ... in a relationship."

"John! You're not joking, are you?"

"No, mum, I'm serious. I'm ... seeing someone. I've been seeing someone for the past few months."

John's father seemed delighted and it broke Freddie's heart. At that moment he wished he could turn into a girl; everything would be perfect if he was a girl. John's parents were happy about the idea of John being in a relationship and apparently they really liked Freddie. The only problem was that Freddie was not a girl.

Lillian clapped her hands excitedly, "Why are we only hearing about this now? John, I'm so happy for you! When are we meeting her?"

Silence.

Freddie started sweating; the room suddenly seemed very hot and he was thankful that he did not need to go through this with his own parents. His hands were shaking and he desperately needed a smoke, but had a suspicion John's family wouldn't be a fan of him pulling out a pack of cigarettes.

"It's not ... I-I don't think you'll ever meet her," John finally replied, a bit nervously.

"What do you mean, honey?"

"Because it's not a ... a her."

Freddie swallowed hard and unbuttoned his shirt a bit; he literally felt as there was no air in the room. He did wonder how did John manage to not panic; yes, he bassist was nervous, but Freddie was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

"Well ... " Lillian slowly started, "I'm not sure I understand, John."

"Mum, I'm ... " John let out a shaky breath, "I-I mean ... Mum, dad, I'm ... I'm with F-Freddie."

The singer stopped breathing; he just stared at the floor for a few long moments before daring to look up and then he saw the sheer confusion on John's mother's face.

"What do you mean you're ... with Freddie, sweetie? You're ... friends with Freddie?"
"No, well ... Y-Yes," John tried to explain, his voice shaking, "I'm friends with him, yes, but ... I'm also with him."

"You're with him? In ... what way?"

"As in ... together with him. In a ... r-relationship."

Silence.

"J-John, sweetheart," Lillian finally managed to speak, "If ... if this is a joke ... if you're joking - "

"I'm not," John quickly said, his voice a bit stronger, "Freddie and I are ... together."

"Oh my god."

Freddie started looking around the room and his eyes fixated on the exit; he wished he could just run out of the room and escape this awful, tense atmosphere.

"You're ... John, what's ... "

Arthur finally spoke, "John, this isn't funny."

"I'm not trying to be funny, dad. I'm serious."

Lillian slowly stood up, a hand on her chest, "You're telling us that you're ... in a relationship with a ... a boy? A ... romantic relationship?"

"I-I think so ... I-I mean, yes. Yes."

Freddie was startled when he heard his name being called.

"Freddie," John's mother addressed him, trying to keep her voice calm, "Is this ... true? Is John telling the truth? You and my son are ... " she couldn't even finish the sentence.

Slowly, Freddie nodded, "Y-Yes, Mrs. Deacon."

The woman nodded, a look of shock on her face and he turned to her son again, "You're saying that you're ... g-gay?"
John tensed up a bit, "I-I'm not sure. I'm not ... I'm just telling you I'm with Freddie and that's - "

"Well, were there other ... boys?"

"No," the bassist quickly replied, "Just Freddie."

Lillian let out a sigh of relief, "So ... it's not ... serious. You can still change back, right? Darling, have you tried ... not being g-gay?"

Freddie closed his eyes for a moment, taking in a deep breath; that was a question he's heard many times in his life. It wasn't exactly the same, but his parents did constantly ask him if he can just try not being who he is.

"Mum, I'm ... I want to be with Freddie, I don't want to change that," John stood up as well, crossing his arms over his chest.

Immediately, Freddie followed, standing up as well and so did John's father and then they were all standing. Everyone could feel the tension in the room; you could almost cut through it with a knife.

Arthur was just silent; a look of complete disbelief and disappointment on his face.

"How ... long has this been going on, John?" his mother asked, slowly starting to get more nervous.

"A few months. Three months, I think."

"I knew I shouldn't have let you leave for London!" she said, throwing a hand over her face, "It's such a big city, full of bad people and you're very naive - "

"Mum, stop that," John interrupted her, "It has nothing to do with London."

Lillian looked at him, letting out a shaky breath again, "How far has this gone?"

John blinked at her in confusion, "W-What do you mean?"

"How far ... how far have you two gone, John?"

Just as Freddie thought he couldn't get more uncomfortable, he heard that question. Talking to John's parents about sexual things he did with their son was too much for Freddie to handle and he had to fight his instinct to just flee. Every time his own parents started asking uncomfortable questions,
Freddie would just deflect the question or just ... leave. But now he couldn't do either.

"Are you ... are you really asking me this?" John's voice was barely above a whisper and it was apparent that he was mortified.

"Yes, John," his mother nodded frantically, "Sweetie, e-everyone experiments. You're ... in those years when ... people get curious about things and try a few drugs - "

"What drugs?" John asked, "W-What does that have to do with anything?"

Finally, Arthur spoke, "John, do not raise your voice at your mother."

Lillian continued, "Have you started smoking, dear? I-I smelled something on you when I hugged you and - "

"I'm not smoking," John was starting to get overwhelmed; he was trying to tell his parents about Freddie and suddenly they were talking about drugs and smoking.

"As long as you haven't done anything ... illegal, it can be fixed, darling," John's mother said, a hopeful look in her eyes, "Tell me ... have you done something illegal?"

"W-What ... do you mean drugs? No, I-I haven't done any drugs, mum."

"That's good to know, darling," she relaxed a bit, "And what about ... you two? Have you done anything that ... shouldn't have happened?"

Freddie stared down at the floor, noticing a very nice looking rug and it was suddenly the most interesting thing in the room.

When John didn't reply, Lillian took that as a 'no' and let out a sigh of relief, "Thank god."

"Mum ... " the bassist slowly started, not knowing what do say.

"Oh my god, J-John. You didn't - ?"

"Mum, that's ... not your business," John quietly said, "I-I came here to introduce my b-boyfriend and - "

"Boyfriend?" Lillian gasped, "Oh my god. This is ... is this a joke? John?"
"Why do you keep saying that?" John raised his voice a bit, "I-It's not a joke!"

"John," his father gave him a warning look.

"Stop acting like this!" the bassist demanded, "I-I thought you were different. Why are you ... behaving in such a way?"

"You just told us you're participating in illegal activities, John," Lillian said to him, "Do you realize what you're doing? Sweetie - "

"What illegal activities?" John demanded, "I-I finally found someone and - "

"A boy, John."

"W-What's wrong with that, mum?"

Lillian forced a smile, desperately trying to stay calm, "You are just confused, darling and ... we ... your father and I understand that."

"I'm not confused! I-I love Freddie and - "

"John, that's enough," his father interrupted him.

Freddie felt so useless; he wanted to defend John, but he knew that anything he said would only add fuel to the fight they were having. Even his presence there was too much; he suddenly felt so very unwelcome.

"Why are you acting like I-I'm a child and not capable of making my own decisions?" John demanded, "I'm the happiest I've ever been, can't you see that?"

"But it's ... with a boy," Lillian repeated, sound completely desperate, "It's London, it has to be London. Sweetie, why don't you come back home and - "

"I'm not coming home, mum. I'm living with Freddie and we're together - "

"John - "

The bassist continued, "He's the sweetest person ever. I-I thought you liked him?"
"W-We did ... we do like him, John. As your friend, not as ... "

"M-My boyfriend?"

"John, please, stop saying that," his mother sounded as if she was on the verge of crying.

"Mum, don't do this," John begged, "Can you at least look at him? You barely looked at him this entire conversation."

"John, it's fine," Freddie finally spoke, his voice barely above a whisper.

"No, it's not fine!" the bassist said, "Why is this so wrong?"

"John," his father spoke, "Lower your voice, please."

"S-So the neighbors don't hear me? Is that is? So they don't hear I-I have a boyfriend? A-As if it's any of their business," John's voice was shaking now and he was barely holding his tears in.

"I'm serious, John."

"So am I, dad!"

And then it all happened in a moment; anger flashed on his father's face and he approached John very quickly and threateningly, but before he could reach him, Freddie pulled John back and stepped in front of him, keeping John safe behind him. He stared Arthur directly into his eyes, not budging one bit, letting him know with his look that anyone who dared to lay a hand on John would pull back a bloody pulp, no matter who it was.

Arthur backed down almost immediately, taking a few steps back and holding his chest as if in pain.

"Dad?" John asked from behind Freddie, "A-Are you alright?"

"I-I'm fine," the older man replied, sitting down in his armchair and immediately Lillian was by his side, rubbing his shoulder and telling him to breathe.

Freddie let himself relax and he finally exhaled; he felt as if he was holding that breath in since they started the conversation.

"I-I think we should go now," John quietly said, "I'll ... see you when I see you."
With those words, he took Freddie's hand in his and they quickly made their way to the front door. But before they could exit, Lillian ran after them, "John, please, don't go. Y-You can stay and we can t-talk, alright? This has been a bit of a shock for us all, darling."

"I-I don't think me staying would ... make things better," John said quietly, looking down at the floor.

And then Lillian grabbed Freddie's arm, a pleading look in her eyes, "F-Freddie, I know you are a good person. I-I can see that. Please ... Please, don't confuse John. Please. He's just - "

"Mum!" John cut her off, "Stop it. Please."

Freddie felt torn; he had no idea what to say or do. He wasn't angry at John's mother, he had no bad feelings towards her because he understood her concerns.

"Freddie, please - " she started again, but was cut off by John.

"W-We're leaving, mum. I'll call you in a few days," John forced the words out and then hurried out of the house, pulling Freddie with him.

The singer could hear John's mum calling after them, apologizing and begging, pleading, but John did not stop. They just walked and walked, neither of them saying anything until they reached the bus stop and then suddenly John threw himself in Freddie's arms, just clinging onto him. Not even crying, just shaking uncontrollably.

"It's alright, it's alright," Freddie tried to soothe him, but there was not much he could say to make him feel better.

"I-I'm so s-sorry," John cried out.

"What for, darling?"

"For ... " the bassist slowly moved away so he could look at him, "For how they t-treated you. I'm so s-sorry."

"They treated me fine, dear. Don't worry about that. Honestly, I expected worse. They were polite to me, it's alright," Freddie tried to keep his voice as gentle as possible.

John was still upset, but he just nodded and that was it. He did not speak a single word until they got back home that night. It was the most heartbreaking sight for Freddie; he wanted to make John feel better, but there really was no way he'd be able to do that. It hurt him to see John so beaten down, so
disappointed and sad, but there was also another thing Freddie was very worried about.

He could not help but notice the way John stayed away from him; yes, he held his hand during the bus drive back home, but Freddie could just sense that something was a bit off. Perhaps he was imagining it, but it still worried him. He was terrified to even think about it, but no matter what he did, he just could not dismiss that fear.

He was terrified of John leaving him.

Freddie was dying on the inside, trying to figure out what was going on inside John's head at that very moment. Was he considering breaking things off between them? Did his family's opinion mean that much to him that he wouldn't be able to stay in a relationship they did not support? Freddie's stomach twisted painfully just at the thought of that and he actually felt sick. Thankfully, they got back to London very quickly because there was no traffic and the taxi ride from the main bus station to their flat did not last more than twenty minutes.

Still, John said absolutely nothing. When they entered the flat, he immediately made his way to their bedroom and Freddie was almost afraid to follow him. He could tell that Roger was in his room, but he was probably asleep and Delilah was nowhere to be seen.

Freddie stood in the living room for a couple of minutes and then forced his legs to move. When he walked into the bedroom, he noticed John was already in his pajamas and sitting on the bed, staring down at his lap.

"J-John, please say something," Freddie pleaded, his voice shaking.

He was afraid to even approach the bed and he just stood by the door, looking uncomfortable. He did not want to be annoying and he felt a bit weird because the entire conflict between John and his parents was because of him. Because of Freddie. Well, because of his sex. Even though Freddie wanted to detach himself from the entire situation and look at it from the outside perspective, he just couldn't do that because he was a part of it. And he felt immensely guilty over it.

The bassist sniffled a bit, "I'm ... I-I don't know what to say."

"Are you hungry? You've barely eaten anything today."

"I'm not hungry, Freddie."

"John," the singer said carefully, "You've barely eaten anything ever since you ... got hurt," he pointed at his jaw before continuing, "You look really skinny, darling."

"I-I feel fine, I just ... maybe a cup of tea?"
Immediately, Freddie nodded, "I'll be back in three minutes, dear!"

With those words he was gone, almost running out of the room. John did not even move for the first few moments; he felt numb the entire drive back to their flat and now he could feel the emotions creeping up on him. The adrenaline was slowly going down and all that was left was just ... sadness.

He felt hurt and betrayed and disappointed. He knew his family would be a bit shocked by the news, but he never expected that kind of a reaction. It all escalated very quickly and John could barely keep up with the question that were being thrown at him. He felt as if he should protect Freddie, but he was unable to even protect himself.

Suddenly he broke down, bursting into tears, his entire body shaking with sobs. He barely let out a sound, not wanting Freddie to hear him and worry about him. But then he heard something; some kind of a noise coming from under the bed. As if someone was moving underneath it.

John tensed up, stilling completely.

And then he heard a soft meow and Delilah crawled from under the bed and jumped up, landing on John's lap. The bassist let out a soft chuckle, his hand immediately going to gently stroke her head. Surprisingly, Delilah was very affectionate and even leaned against him as she started purring. John did stop sobbing, but for some reason the tears just kept falling. He tried blinking them away, but there were too many and his vision was completely blurred, his lower lip shaking. Delilah meowed again and moved, holding herself up on her back legs as she reached up to lick John's face, her tiny paws pressing onto John's chest.

"W-What are you doing, Delilah?" John giggled through his tears, but did not move away, letting the cat lick his cheeks and nuzzle against his face.

And then Freddie returned and nearly dropped the tea cup he was carrying as he saw the adorable scene in front of him. Delilah turned to look at Freddie and hissed at him as if she was scolding him about where he was and why did he leave John alone.

It was then that Freddie noticed John has been crying; he immediately rushed over to him and sat down on the bed, placing the hot cup of tea on the bedside table.

"I-I'm fine," John quickly assured him before Freddie could even say anything.

The singer took a deep breath, placing his hand on John's knee, "D-Darling, listen. I'll only say this once and ... Here it goes. I can imagine how heartbreaking and stressful it must have been for you to have your family react in such a way. And ... I-I'd just like to say that I'd understand if ... "

"If what?"
"If ... if you ... I'd understand if you want to end things," Freddie forced out, but the moment those words left his mouth, a look of panic appeared on his face, "Who am I kidding? John, please, don't leave me. P-Please, darling. I'll do anything that's in my power and ... please, don't leave me."

John blinked at him in confusion, covering Freddie's hand with his, "What are you talking about? I-I'd never do that. Never."

"But ... your family - "

"They'll have to come to terms with it," John replied, sniffling a bit, "Leaving you just ... isn't an option. Don't be silly, Freddie."

It felt as if a giant weight had been lifted off of Freddie's shoulders and he let out a sigh of relief, unable to even speak for the next few moments.

John moved closer to him, "Did you really think I'd just break things off? Just like that?"

"I know you love your family, darling."

"I do love them. But I-I love you too. And ... you're the sweetest, kindest, bravest, the most interesting and the most generous person I've ever known," John shyly smiled at him, "I love you."

"I love you too," Freddie whispered, returning the smile.

The bassist shook his head in disbelief, "I-I can't believe they asked those questions. As if ... sex is the main thing here. They didn't even ask if ... if we love each other, all they wanted to know was how far we've gone."

Freddie nodded, "It's ... normal for them to be worried. I understand their concern."

"Well, I don't. They know you, they .... they like you!"

"John, sweetheart," the singer struggled with his words, "It's the world we live in. Two boys together is not acceptable and with time you ... get used to it and it doesn't really bother you as much."

"It will always bother me," John whispered, looking down, "It's as if we're doing something wrong. As if we're ... hurting someone by just being in love. Are we hurting anyone with it, Freddie?"

The singer shook his head, "No, darling. We're not hurting anyone."
"Then ... what's the problem?" John sounded desperate, his voice shaking again, "Are we ... bad people? Are we s-sick? Perverts? S-Sexual deviants?"

"No," Freddie said firmly, "Absolutely not. Especially not you, darling. Don't even ask such horrible questions."

John was silent for a moment before remembering something, "A-And why were they asking me about drugs? What's that got to do with anything?"

"Sweetie, give them some time. Alright? It took my parents years, but they ... came to terms with it. In a way. At least they're not asking me when I'm bringing a girl home."

John slowly nodded, letting go of the subject. Talking about it would not solve anything; it would only make both of them even more upset and that was the last thing they needed before going to sleep. It was almost midnight and John quickly drank his tea before slipping under the covers; Freddie joined him not soon after, wrapping his arms around the bassist and pulling him closer.

John relaxed in his boyfriend's embrace; feeling so safe and right with Freddie pressed up against him. He could not comprehend why this was apparently so wrong and so frowned upon. They were in love, just like any other couple. They cared about each other, just like any other couple. But somehow their love was disgusting and a sin, just because they both happened to be boys. John would never be able to understand that and he'd never be able to forgive his parents if they refused to come to terms with it.

ooo

The next morning Freddie tried to wake John up with soft kisses and while the bassist enjoyed the attention, he refused to get up. The singer could tell it was more than just John preferring to sleep in; the bassist still seemed very hurt about the previous night's events and no matter what Freddie did, it was not helping put John in a better mood.

"Sweetheart, it's almost eleven," Freddie pleaded with him, "What do you say we watch some telly in the living room?"

John gave him a sad smile, "I'm not ... feeling up for it. Perhaps later?"

It pained him to do so, but Freddie nodded, trying to be understanding, "Alright, darling. You should rest a bit, yes. That's ... good."
John just smiled again and pulled the blanket up to his neck, closing his eyes. It was a depressing sight and Freddie could not believe that John's parents still have not called him to check on him. They had their phone number and the least the could do was call and see how John was doing. Freddie was positive that was one of the things that made John unable to get out of bed; the realization that his parents refused to call to check on him after that horrible fight last night.

Roger was sitting on the sofa, eating his cereal when Freddie entered the room. He sat down next to the drummer and then hissed in pain, quickly jumping up and rearranging his briefs under his bathrobe before sitting down again.

"What the hell was that?" Roger asked, completely confused.

"I sat on my cock," Freddie replied nonchalantly.

"You what? Is that ... a common occurrence?"

"Not really, but it does happen every now and then."

"You're lying!"

Freddie looked at him, "Why would I be lying, darling?"

Roger laughed, mimicking Freddie's way of speaking, "Oh, don't mind me, darling! I'm just accidentally squishing cock while sitting down all the time, it's no big deal. I'm just hung as a horse, dear!"

"You're being ridiculous, Rog. And I do not speak like that."

"You do. It's exactly how you speak," the drummer laughed again.

Freddie rolled his eyes, but let the subject slide, "Listen, dear. I need you to watch over John a bit. He's ... lets just say our visit did not end well."

"What do you mean?"

"They reacted ... badly."

Roger gave him a confused look, "They reacted to what badly?"

Freddie did not say anything, he just raised his eyebrows and waited until Roger figured it out
himself. It took longer than he expected, but then finally the drummer's eyes widened in shock, "Oh! Oh! You two told... oh. Shit."

"Yes, shit, indeed," Freddie agreed, letting out a deep breath, "John is feeling pretty bad and tomorrow's Valentine's day. I need to go out and get a few presents for him and ... maybe something to cheer him up? A cake?"

"He seems to be a fan of those, yes. Go out and don't worry. I'll stay here with him."

"Thank you, darling. I owe you one," Freddie gave him a quick smile before rushing back into the bedroom. To his surprise, John was deep asleep. At first Freddie thought he was just pretending, but after observing him closely, he realized that there was no way he was pretending.

Trying to be as quiet as possible, Freddie changed clothes and got ready to go shopping. He knew that the next day will be far from perfect; no matter what Freddie did, there will be that dark cloud over their heads, but that would not prevent Freddie from spoiling his boyfriend on Valentine's day.

ooo

When John finally woke up, he was a bit confused. His eyes found the clock on the dressing table and at first he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. There was no way it was already two in the afternoon, was it? He quickly pulled himself into a sitting position and blinked a few times, trying to clear his sight before looking at the clock once again.

It really was two in the afternoon.

It took John a few long moments to remember everything that's happened and immediately his spirits dropped and sadness took over him. It was more than just sadness; he felt abandoned by his own family and never before has he felt that way. His parents always supported him, no matter what he did. He was a bit shy and awkward kid with little friends, but his parents never shamed him for him. They were always supportive and encouraging, even when he expressed his wish to pursue a career in music. And he expected them to support him when he told them about his relationship.

Freddie wasn't just a boyfriend.

He was his soulmate. His other half. His everything.

And they just refused to hear about it.
John's chest ached, it physically pained him to remember all the words that were exchanged the previous night. It especially hurt to remember his own father walking towards him angrily and Freddie feeling the need to put himself between the two of them. John knew that his father would never hit him, he would never raise his hand at him, but at the same time ... he'd never seen his dad as upset before.

The bassist could feel tears threatening to spill again and he blinked them back, refusing to feel sorry for himself again. He got up from the bed and put on Freddie's bathrobe; it still smelled like him and it immediately made John smile. John did not exactly enjoy wearing bathrobes around the flat, but he enjoyed wearing this one because it was Freddie's. Wearing Freddie's clothes gave him a strange sense of belonging and if the clothes smelled like him, it only made everything even better.

After his usual morning routine in the bathroom, John slowly made his way to the living room and found Roger resting on the sofa, reading a magazine.

"Hey, Deaks," the drummer greeted him.

"Hey," John replied, looking around in confusion, "Where's Freddie?"

"Oh, he went shopping."

"Er ... when did he leave?"

"About .... three hours ago. He'll be back soon, don't worry."

John nodded and sat down in the armchair, yawning a bit.

"Deaky," Roger slowly started, his expression serious, "I-I need to talk to you. Well, apologize to you."

"What? Why?"

"You know ... my ... dad," Roger looked down, struggling with his next words, "I-I know you and Fred are together and by taking his money ... I sort of ... took your money as well."

"Oh, that," John gave him a warm smile, "Don't worry about it. Freddie and I already discussed it. Everything's fine, Roger. Really."

The drummer seemed really touched by those words, but before he would get overly emotional, he cleared his throat and continued, "Brian's coming over this evening because we need to talk about
some band things. Has Freddie told you about the er ... changes?” after noticing the clueless expression on John's face, he quickly continued, "Well, we're thinking about renting the studio during the night because it's a lot cheaper. Would you ... have a problem with that? Recording at night?"

"No, no. Not at all. It's fine by me," John replied, "Whatever you guys decide."

"Whatever we decide, Deaks. You're a part of the band," Roger corrected him and gave him a wink.

It immediately made John blush, but before he could reply, they both heard the front door opening and not long after, Freddie entered the room, looking absolutely exhausted. He was carrying at least four large bags and one tiny box and he was holding a few letters in his left hand.

"This is the mail," he threw the envelopes at Roger and then ran out of the room, trying to hide the bags behind his back, yelling, "John, don't look! These are presents for you!"

"Presents?" the bassist asked, his eyebrows rising up.

"These damn bills," Roger complained, looking through the mail, "I was hoping they'd forget about us this month, but that was too optimistic of me."

Freddie slowly returned to the room, looking a bit hesitant and carrying a small box in his hands. He took a deep breath and started, "Roger, John. I-I did something."

Both boys looked up at him in confusion. There was a moment of silence and then the box Freddie was holding in his hands, made some kind of a noise. It sounded like *scratching*.

"What ... did you ... do, Fred?" Roger asked, almost afraid to hear the answer, "What's in the box?"

"Let me start by explaining, alright?"

"Fred, what is in that box?" Roger asked again, trying very hard to stay calm.

John had no idea what was happening, but he did notice that the box seemed to have two small holes in it and he could swear he saw fur poke through the hole.

And then they all heard a *meow*.

And it wasn't coming from Delilah.
"Freddie," Roger forced a smile, "You better say there's a toy in there."

"Er ... darling - "

Another soft meow came from the box and John gasped, suddenly realizing it, "Did you get a cat?"

Freddie squealed with excitement, "I did!"

"Oh my god," Roger said, hiding his face in his hands, "Are you joking?"

The singer took a deep breath, trying to explain, "I-I was just walking down the street and I passed this ... cute, little pet store. And ... there were cats in there. And this kitten ... she is absolutely adorable. You honestly thought I could resist getting one? I mean, really?"

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist so I prohibited you from entering pet stores, didn't I?" Roger asked, on the verge of a mental breakdown, "Another cat. Are you kidding me?"

"Let her out of the box, Freddie. She must be terrified," John said, a part of him very excited to meet the new cat, even though he knew getting one was not the smartest decision.

Freddie gently placed the box on the table and opened it. The boys were all silent, waiting for the kitten to come out, but after a few long moments it became obvious that she was not planning on coming out.

"You said you were going to get something to cheer John up a bit, Fred!" Roger complained, "And I thought you meant a cake, not a damn cat! Next time bring a damn horse, will you?"

"Don't raise your voice, Roger! You're scaring her!" Freddie yelled back at the drummer.

"Shhh! Both of you!" John whisper-yelled, feeling really bad for the new kitten. After a few moments of silence, the cat slowly peeked out of the box and immediately John fell in love with her. She was snow white with a few black spots on her back and head. Her eyes were blue and she seemed so tiny. Almost half of Delilah's size.

"How old is she, Freddie?" John quietly asked, his heart melting as he watched the kitty hesitantly step out of the box, looking around fearfully.

"Barely a few months," the singer replied, "Apparently a family bought her for Christmas, but then returned her after a few weeks, saying she was broken."

"What does that mean?" Roger asked, his voice soft and gentle. Apparently not even Roger could
resist the cuteness of the new kitten.

"Apparently, she would not behave like a normal cat and she was ... a lot of work," Freddie rolled his eyes, "Bloody idiots. Look at how adorable she is. Her mum died when she was very young. Poor thing."

"She seems so frightened," John commented, slowly moving his hand, trying to pet her, but she flinched in fear, escaping back inside the box.

"Oh, darling, don't be afraid," Freddie tried to soothe her.

And then they all heard an angry hiss, but it wasn't coming from the new kitten. It was coming from Delilah. The cat seemed absolutely enraged, she was on the floor by the piano, her ears flat beside her head and her back arched in a threatening manner.

"Delilah!" Freddie gasped, "I did not raise you to be this rude! Play nice, alright?"

The cat ignored him, hissing again.

The new kitten went completely still and silent, not letting out a single sound, but her body was trembling slightly.

"Oh, she's terrified," John whispered, then looked at Roger, "Can you take Delilah to our bedroom, please? She's not coming out until she learns to play nicely."

The drummer was quick to obey; apparently he fell completely in love with the new kitten and would not allow Delilah to bully her. He rushed over to her, picking her up, completely ignoring her hissing and complaining. When they disappeared from the room, the new kitten jumped out of the box, down onto the floor and escaped under the sofa.

"Darling!" Freddie gasped in surprise, kneeling down onto the floor and trying to stick his head under the sofa, "Come out, sweetie. There's nothing to be afraid of, I promise!"

John giggled at the sight; he would never get tired of seeing Freddie interacting with cats. It warmed John's heart so much because he could clearly remember his mother telling his sister 'a man who loves animals is a good man'.

Date a guy who loves animals, who turns into a little kid around pets and adores them to his heart's fullest extent. Because a guy who has pets knows how to love selflessly. He knows how to put someone else's needs before his; he will wake up at the middle of the night to give his cat treats.
John could hear his mother's words in his head; the only problem was that those words were aimed at his sister, not at John.

The bassist finally looked away from his boyfriend talking sweetly to a kitty hiding under the sofa and something in the pile of mail caught his eye. In between various letters and bills, there was one envelope that wasn't entirely white. It was slightly pink and John reached for it, taking a closer look at it. He was a bit confused when he noticed his name and address written on it.

He ripped the envelope and pulled out a pink card. There was a red heart drawn on it and it did confuse John a bit; it was clearly a Valentine's day card, but Valentine's day wasn't until tomorrow.

"Oh, F-Freddie," he suddenly realized it, "I-I think you accidentally gave me the Valentine's card. It was in with all the other letters - "

"What?" Freddie asked, clearly confused. He stood up and walked over to John, "That's not mine, darling."

"What do you mean?" John quickly opened the card and immediately noticed that the handwriting inside was not Freddie's.

_Dear John,

I'm finally able to use my right hand again after your boyfriend injured it and I'm not missing the opportunity to write you a lovely card! The only thing I want to do on this Valentine's day is ... you.

Love,

T._

John could feel the hairs on the back of his neck standing up and his hands started shaking, but he quickly handed Freddie the card, "G-Get rid of it, please."

"Darling - "

"H-He thinks he's so smart, doesn't he? He thinks he'll ruin the day for us, but ... he won't," John spoke, his voice shaking, "It's just a card, right? It's just words and it ... doesn't matter. _He_ doesn't matter."

It was obvious that John was upset and was trying to hold it together. Tom contacting him on Valentine's day, sending him a creepy card, would obviously affect John, not matter how hard he tried to fight it.
The singer just stood there, his face completely pale.

He wasn't worried about Tom. Because Tom did not write that card. Because Freddie never injured Tom's hand.

He did, however, break John's attacker's right wrist.

And his name also started with a letter T.

Chapter End Notes

Lets play a game! How many cats can Freddie accumulate by the end of this story? ;D

Hope you enjoyed! I love reading your comments. ;) <3
Freddie did get rid of the card, but not in the way John probably wanted him to. Instead of ripping it to pieces and throwing it away, the singer hid it in a box under his bed where he kept other letters and pictures. He had a strange feeling about this entire thing and throwing the card away did not feel right to him.

He tried to pretend that everything was fine, not wanting to worry John, but a part of him did wonder if he should say something to John. Should he express his concern and suspicions over the card and only make the bassist panic or should he wait a few days and then tell him? John was already stressed as it was; the entire situation with his parents was hurting him so much and Freddie did not want to add to that. Besides, Valentine's day was approaching and telling John that he might be stalked and harassed by his rapist, would ruin the mood and Freddie desperately wanted to shower his boyfriend with love and make their first Valentine's day something special.

Thankfully, their new cat gave them all something to busy themselves with and while the thought of the card was constantly at the back of Freddie's mind, he was able to relax a bit and enjoy the afternoon with his little family.

"What should we call her?" John asked, sitting on the floor beside the sofa, trying to make the kitten come out from underneath it.

"Maybe ... Daihatsu?" Roger suggested, making the other two boys look at him in confusion.

"What the hell is that?" Freddie asked, "Does he look like a Daihatsu to you?"

John chuckled a bit before leaning down and looking under the sofa, softly talking to the kitten. Freddie would be lying if he said he did not enjoy seeing John in that position; on his knees, with him bum up in the air. Roger noticed him staring and nearly drooling, but before he could tease him about it, Freddie said, "How about ... Melina?"

"She does not look like Melina to me," the drummer shrugged his shoulders, "Maybe ... Taylor?"

"Excuse me? I'm not naming my cat after you, darling! Besides, don't you hate her?"

"I-I don't hate her, she's ... " Roger blushed, struggling with words, "She's not a demon like Delilah, so that immediately makes me like her."

"How about ... Lily?" John asked, sitting up again.
Freddie thought about it for a moment and then he gave John a big, toothy smile, "Lily! Lily sound perfect! She really does look like a Lily, dear."

Even Roger agreed with that, quickly nodding his head, "I guess she's Lily."

"Lily!" Freddie shrieked, leaning down to look under the sofa, "Come out, darling! You must be starving!"

John flinched at that, poking Freddie's arm, "I-I think screaming scares her."

Immediately, the singer looked horrified, "Oh my god, you're right. Shit. I'm scaring her," then he stood up and ran into the kitchen, "I'll get her some food, maybe she'll come out then."

John chuckled, shaking his head; he knew taking care of two cats was going to be a handful, especially if they happened to hate each other. The bassist had no experience with owning a cat, let alone multiple cats and just the mere thought of responsibilities that come with that, made his stomach clench with concern.

"How's Delilah doing?" he carefully asked Roger, not really wanting to hear the answer. The cat was acting really hostile towards the new kitten and if that continued, there would be problems because there was no way they could always keep them in separate rooms.

"She's pissed!" the drummer laughed, "The Queen herself is afraid the new princess is going to take her throne. And rightfully so! If we ever need to get rid of one cat, it should be Delilah."

"Roger!" John gasped, "D-Delilah is not as bad as you think she is. Yes, she has her moments ... but she can be very kind and caring. Trust me."

"Oh yes, I remember that one time she kindly scratched me. Not to mention she's always hissing at me."

That made the bassist chuckle, "She knows you don't like her."

"Deaky, I think you and Fred are giving her way too much credit. She's not this intelligent creature you both think she is, you know," Roger teased him.

And then Freddie came running back into the room, carrying a bowl of milk and some cat food. He kneeled on the floor and tried luring the little kitten out of her hiding spot.

"Here, kitty, kitty," he almost sang to her, "Look what I have for you, darling. You must be starving."
Come on, dear. Come out.

A few moments and many failed attempts later, Freddie just pushed the milk and food under to sofa, as far as he could reach and gave up on trying to lure the kitty out.

"She's scared," the singer sighed, a look of disappointment on his face, "Do we just ... leave her there? What if we try moving the sofa?"

"No!" John quickly shook his head, "That'll only scare her even more. Imagine thinking you're safe and then suddenly your shelter being taken away."

"Yeah, Fred," Roger agreed, "Don't be an idiot."

"I-I suggest we wait until the evening. Just ... leave her be," the bassist said, "Apparently she needs time to get comfortable."

"Yeah, she's not like Delilah who was acting like she owns this place after being here for two hours," Roger commented and after seeing Freddie glare at him, he raised his hands in defeat, "But ... that's none of my business."

John was very thankful for any kind of distraction and for a few moments he completely forgot about why he was sad in the first place. As Freddie and Roger continued dealing with Lily and gently trying to make her come out, John decided to prepare late lunch. Or early dinner. Anything to keep him busy.

He spent more than one hour in the kitchen, making some mashed potatoes with fried vegetables and to be honest, he was very satisfied with how it all turned out. He even had some time to make chocolate pudding. His jaw was getting better and he was able to chew a bit, but even if he had trouble with all the vegetables, he could eat mashed potatoes and be completely fine with it. He wasn't even that hungry; all the stress and worries made his stomach just clench up.

"What's all this for?" Freddie gasped in shock when he entered the kitchen and saw all the food on the table.

"I-I made us some food," John gave him a shy smile, "I hope it's any good."

"This is more than just some food, darling. This is a feast! Are we celebrating something?"

John quickly nodded and walked over to Freddie to press a kiss to his cheek, "Yes. We're celebrating how good of a boyfriend you are."
That made Freddie blush; the singer was not used to hearing such compliments about himself and his heart melted every time John praised him like that.

"But you really didn't have to - "

"You deserve it!" John playfully slapped his arm and then pulled a chair out for him. Freddie hesitantly sat down, looking a bit unsure. Usually it was him who was pulling a chair out for John and it being the other way around made him a bit awkward, but he was loving every moment of it. He did suspect why John was behaving in such a way; he just felt it was because the bassist was embarrassed about how his family had acted towards them.

"D-Do you need anything? Water? Cup of tea?" John asked, ready to go get it immediately.

"Darling, sit down. I don't need anything," Freddie patted the seat of the chair next to him.

The bassist obeyed, slowly sitting down next to his boyfriend.

"Roger, dinner is ready!" Freddie called out to the living room, but the drummer was too busy staring at Lily, leaving Freddie and John alone for a couple of minutes.

"Talk to me, John," the singer said in a serious tone, "I-I know what's bothering you, but - "

"I'm fine, really. It's ... fine," John replied, staring down at his plate.

"It's not fine and it shouldn't be fine. It's understandable that you're angry. Hurt."

Shrugging his shoulders, John forced a smile, "I-I'll be fine. They'll come around eventually, right? I mean ... they can't just ... "

It pained Freddie to have to lie to John, but at that moment he could not stand telling him the truth. Many parents do not come around after their child comes out as gay, but John did not have to be reminded of that now when he was feeling so weak.

"I'm sure they'll ... come around, dear," Freddie smiled at him, "They need time."

John visibly relaxed at those words, letting out a sigh of relief, "G-Good. That's good. I mean, I-I know they love you. They absolutely adore you, you know that, right?"

Freddie nodded his head, "Y-Yes, yes, we got along quite well."
"They're just a bit ... shocked, but it'll be fine."

And then Roger interrupted their conversation, barging into the kitchen and letting out a surprised gasp, "What is this? Where did you get all this food, Deaky?"

"I know this will be shocking to you, but ... there are actually these little places where they have all the food and you pay for it and then you can take it home and cook a meal!" Freddie's voice was dripping with sarcasm.

Roger decided to ignore the comment and instead quickly sat down, nearly drooling at the sight of the all the delicious, warm food. He was a bit tired of living off of cereal and sandwiches.

"What did you do, Deaks?" he asked, stuffing his mouth with broccoli.

"W-What do you mean?"

Roger swallowed the food and then grinned, "I recognize an apology meal when I see one. What did you do wrong?"

John quickly tensed up, but before he could answer, Freddie spoke, "He has done nothing wrong, dear. This is called being in a loving, caring relationship. Not every kind thing needs to have an ulterior motive, you know."

Roger just shrugged his shoulders and continued eating; stuffing his mouth as if he hadn't had anything to eat for days.

After their dinner John and Freddie did the dishes together and had some private couple time, talking quietly amongst themselves and giggling, while Roger was once again trying to lure Lily out. Freddie tried his best to be his normal, happy self and apparently he was doing a good job because John did not notice anything being wrong. Even though Freddie was worried sick and his mind filled with horrible thoughts about why John's attacker would suddenly be sending cards to him, he was a pretty good actor and was able to fool John.

It just did not make any sense to Freddie; the guy who assaulted John never showed any particular interest in John, he even had no idea what John's name was when Freddie and Roger went to confront him. He got what he wanted from John and then moved on. Besides, how would he get John's full name and new address? It was all very strange to Freddie and he could not shake off the feeling that something was very odd.

000
Later that evening when Brian came over to talk about the business things, he sat on the sofa and all other three boys gasped in shock, tensing up and Brian froze, not daring to move.

"W-What?" he whispered, a look of panic on his face.

"Just ... be a bit gentler while sitting down, yeah?" Roger said, "Like this," and then he slowly and very gently lowered himself down onto the sofa.

"Why?" Brian asked, "Is the sofa broken?"

"No, dear! The sofa is perfectly fine," Freddie replied as he plopped into the armchair, pulling John down with him, making him sit on his lap. The bassist just smiled and made himself comfortable, not feeling as awkward as he used to feel being affectionate and touchy with his boyfriend. His comfort zone used to be just their bedroom, but soon the bubble was getting bigger and bigger and now he had no problems even kissing Freddie in the living room in front of Brian and Roger.

"There's someone under the sofa," Roger explained, "Lily."

"A girl is under the sofa?" Brian carefully asked, wondering what Roger and Freddie got themselves into this time and if there was a body needing to be disposed of.

Freddie grinned, "Brian, darling. We have a new cat."

At first Brian just laughed, thinking it's a joke, but then he noticed how serious the other three boys were, "Oh god, you're serious? You got another cat?"

"A kitten," Freddie squealed with excitement, wrapping his arms around John's waist pulling him closer.

"But ... what ... why?" the guitarist had no idea where to start, "I thought the landlord specifically said no animals in the flat."

"Oh, he can kiss my arse, dear," Freddie rolled his eyes, "We're hiding it from him and if he does find out, we'll just move. Life is too short to worry about such matters."

Brian let out an exasperated sigh, looking at Roger for support, but the drummer just shrugged his shoulders, "She is kind of cute, Bri. Small and white with ... dark spots. She's adorable!"

"Am I dreaming, Rog? Since when do you like cats?"

"She's cute," Roger repeated, suddenly very nervous, "F-For a cat. I still hate her, though."
It was obvious to everyone that he was lying, but Freddie let it pass, "She's been hiding under the sofa for the past three hours, dear. She's incredibly shy. I do think she's eating and drinking, but ... I believe we're going to wake up to a smell of poop tomorrow."

"Eww! You're cleaning that, Fred!" Roger grimaced.

"Where's Delilah?" Brian asked, looking around.

"She's in our bedroom," Freddie explained, "Let's just say she ... wasn't on her best behavior and we don't want her scaring poor Lily. I'll let her out once she learns to behave."

"Anyway," Roger cleared his throat awkwardly, "Enough of this cat talk. Let's talk business."

Brian agreed, quickly nodding his head, "I believe we all know what our financial situation is currently."

John and Freddie nodded, listening carefully, while Roger blushed horribly, looking down. Even though none of the boys made him feel guilty for what happened with his father and the money, Roger still felt extremely uncomfortable.

"And not to worry," Brian continued, "Like I'm sure Rog already told you, we may have to make a few changes regarding studio time, but other than that ... we're fine."

"Y-Yes, the night recording," John nodded, "That's fine with us. It's no problem."

"Good!" the guitarist seemed excited, "I was thinking we could perhaps start tomorrow night?"

Freddie suddenly tensed up, "Er ... Actually, darling... tomorrow is ... well, it's ... John and I have plans."

"We do?" the bassist turned around to look at his boyfriend.

"Of course we do, dear. Have you forgotten?"

Brian and Roger looked at Freddie in confusion until the drummer finally remembered, "Oh! Right! It's Valentine's day and I'm sure Fred has something sappy planned. And then they'll probably want the flat to themselves, right?"

Both John and Freddie blushed slightly; all of them knew what 'wanting the flat all for themselves' meant, but John was still a bit uncomfortable letting everyone know he wanted to have some intimate moments with his boyfriend.
"That's fine," Roger said before they could answer, "I have plans too. Valentine's day is the perfect time to get laid. Honestly. You can come with me, Bri. I'll teach you all the tricks. First, you need to find a girl who is clearly waiting for someone. Then you approach her and say 'he's not coming' and - "

"Alright, Rog," Brian interrupted him, letting out a nervous laugh, "I think I can find myself a girl without being an absolute douche and lying."

"Sure you can, Bri," Roger patted his shoulder, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Freddie rolled his eyes, realizing the conversation turned into something else, "Darlings, we are not here to discuss Brian's ability to get laid. We are here to plan our recording sessions, remember?"

The guitarist quickly nodded, "Right, yes. You'll be pleased to know the studio is mostly free during the nights, apparently no one wants to record at night."

"Why?" Roger asked, a bit suspiciously, "Is it haunted?"

Brian rolled his eyes, then continued, "We can start the night after tomorrow? And then record every night until Saturday? Do we have enough material?"

"We have lots of material, darling. Don't you worry about that."

"Good. I'll pick you guys up at ten p.m.?"

"That sounds marvelous, dear," Freddie grinned, clearly very excited about it, "And then we can ... start sending the demos to record companies?"

All the other three boys tensed up hearing that, a bit nervous, but at the same time very excited. So far, every time they performed at some bar or a pub, the people loved them, but convincing a record company that they are good enough, would be an entirely different thing. Still, the boys refused to let that intimidate them; they knew they were good, more than good, and only needed someone to give them a chance.

ooo

Later that evening when Brian went home, Roger, Freddie and John were hanging out in the living room. The bassist was already peacefully asleep on the sofa with his feet in Freddie's lap while Freddie tried to solve a crossword puzzle, his brows furrowed in concentration.
Roger was casually flipping through a magazine with pictures of naked ladies, letting out a chuckle every now and then.

"Hey, Rog," Freddie asked, not looking up from his puzzle, "On average, how long is a giraffe's neck?"

"Long as fuck."

Freddie nodded, "Yes, but how many feet?"

"Four feet and a long ass neck," Roger replied.

Before the singer could say anything, John stirred in his sleep, groaning a bit. Apparently he really was bothered by any kind of noise while he was sleeping; John's mother was telling the truth when she said the bassist was a very fussy baby. Freddie would love to see pictures of baby John or hear stories about him. He just knew that John was the cutest baby to have ever existed.

And then he remembered.

It was very unlikely that Freddie would ever again set his foot in the John's family's house. As much as that made him sad and disappointed, he was hurting even more for John. The bassist did not deserve this; he was the gentlest, most open minded person Fred's ever had the privilege of knowing and he deserved all the love on this world, especially his family's.

"You know," Roger suddenly said, interrupting the singer's thoughts, "To prove that I'm a good friend, I'm offering my room to Lily tonight. I know she can't share a room with Delilah and ... that demon cat refuses to go into my room, therefore ... Lily sleeping in my room seems like a ... reasonable solution, right?"

Freddie quickly shook his head, "I want Lily to sleep in my bedroom, darling!"

"But your bedroom isn't safe, Fred."

The singer just sighed, not knowing what to do, "It's been hours and she still refuses to come out from under the sofa."

"Do we just ... leave her there?"

"I-I guess?" Freddie answered, but it sounded more like a question, "If we force her out ... she'll only be even more terrified. I say we leave her until the morning."
Roger reluctantly agreed; he had to admit that Lily was his kind of a cat. Quiet and cute; a complete opposite of Delilah.

After realizing it was almost midnight, Freddie slowly stood up, careful not to wake John up and then he scooped him up in his arms, said good night to Roger and carried sleeping John into their bedroom. He slowly put him to bed, but then hesitated a bit, not knowing if he should take off John’s pants. They were not sleeping pants and did look rather uncomfortable, but Freddie still worried about undressing the bassist without him being aware of it. It was something he always struggled with; he did not want John to wake up to a feeling of someone pulling pants down his legs.

After a few moments of considering it, he just gave up and covered John with a blanket before quickly undressing himself. He noticed Delilah in the corner of the room, but she refused to even look in Freddie's direction; her back was turned and she was staring at the wall.

"Delilah," the singer whispered, "Darling, why are you mad at me?"

The cat continued ignoring him.

"Sweetie, you need to play nice with Lily because she's staying."

The cat refused to give any signs that she was listening to her owner; she just kept staring at the wall.

Finally, Freddie just gave up, but before he could climb in bed beside John, the bassist groaned, pushing the blanket away from his body.

"P-Pants ... off," he managed to say, not even opening his eyes.

Freddie chuckled at that and immediately obeyed, slowly undressing John, leaving him just in his briefs. When he was done, he quickly slipped in beside him and covered them both up before pressing a good night kiss to John's temple. Freddie was almost too excited to fall asleep; he could not wait until morning. It was his first real Valentine's day and he was over the moon about it.

ooo

John did not sleep well that night; he purposefully went to bed early the evening before, because he wanted to wake up first and make a romantic breakfast for Freddie. He kept waking up during the night, afraid he might oversleep.

And he did.
When he finally woke up, he was alone in bed.

"Shit," he swore; he very rarely swore, but he was really frustrated that his plans fell through.

He glanced at the clock, realizing it was eight in the morning. Of course Freddie was already up.

John yawned and tried to untangle himself from all the blankets, wanting to get up and go find his boyfriend and wish him a happy Valentine's day, but before he could get up, the door to the bedroom opened and then Freddie walked in, carrying a tray with food.

John immediately smiled, his heart melting at the sight.

"Good morning, darling!" Freddie winked at him before slowly placing the tray on the bed. He leaned in to kiss the bassist, but John avoided it, grimacing.

"M-Morning breath," he quickly explained, standing up and putting on Freddie's bathrobe, "I-I'll be back in one minute!"

"Darling!" Freddie laughed, shaking his head, "I don't care about your morning breath. Come back, dear!"

John squealed and rushed out of the bedroom, almost tripping over some clothes that were on the floor. Probably Freddie's clothes. He quickly used the toilet and then washed his teeth, making himself presentable and worthy of kissing Freddie.

He was gone for less than three minutes and when he returned to the bedroom, he found Freddie waiting for him on the bed. John quickly sat down next to him and blushed, "H-Happy Valentine's day, Freddie."

The singer pouted for a moment, but then just smiled, "Can I have a kiss now, dear?"

John giggled and leaned over the tray, careful not to accidentally knock something over and then he pressed his lips against Freddie.

The singer smiled as he lightly kissed his boyfriend, then opened their mouths together and exhaled. John could only inhale his sweet breath as Freddie ran the tip of his tongue over John's lip before slipping it into his mouth and firmly pressing his lips to John's even more passionately. John was left breathless as the kiss ended; he needed a few moments to pull himself back together.

"Happy Valentine's day, darling," Freddie replied, bringing his hand up to caress John's face. When
John just stayed quiet, not opening his eyes yet, the singer placed a kiss onto John's nose, "Pancakes are going to get cold, dear."

That made John open his eyes and he looked down at the tray; he was too infatuated by his charming boyfriend to really look at the food before. And then his heart melted for the second time that morning.

Freddie really made pancakes with whipped cream and strawberries; there were also two cups of coffee with two glasses of orange juice. And he even remembered to bring some flowers in a small vase; John could not recognize the flowers, but they were a beautiful blue color.

"This is ... wonderful, Freddie," John whispered, unable to wipe the smile from his face, "Y-You know how to make pancakes?"

The singer chuckled, "You always seem so surprised, dear! I'm not that hopeless, you know. I've been watching you and learning."

John blushed even more; he wasn't used to this. He wasn't used to expressing love in such a way and celebrating a holiday with the love of his life. The previous year he thought Valentine's day was just like any other day. It had no deeper meaning.

And now everything was different.

"We have whipped cream?" the bassist chuckled, looking at Freddie.

"I bought some, yes," Freddie gave him a playful smile, "We'll be using it in the evening as well, darling."

"You'll make pancakes again?" John was a bit surprised.

Immediately the grin disappeared from Freddie's face and he chuckled a bit, "W-What? No, darling. I meant ... we'll be using it in the bedroom."

"Oh!" John immediately understood, blushing even more, "Oh! I-I saw that in a few movies."

Fred raised his eyebrow, "What movies are you watching, dear?"

"Romantic comedies!" John quickly explained, "Not ... not those movies."

"Alright, darling, I believe you. Breathe," the singer teased, "Now eat up, dear. We have plans for today!"
Nodding his head, John started eating and realized the pancakes were really, really delicious. It was obvious that Freddie put a lot of love and care into making them and it probably wasn't just something he did in a hurry.

As they enjoyed each other's company and flirted a bit, John suddenly remembered, "How's Lily? And where's Delilah?"

Freddie sighed, grimacing a bit, "Lily is still under the sofa. I had to move it and clean under it, though. She did her business right there, apparently. Delilah's in the living room, she's too fat to hide under the sofa. Don't worry, she can't get to Lily, dear."

John immediately relaxed, taking a sip of his coffee, "Is she still hissing at Lily?"

"Not really, no. She's ... " Freddie stopped for a moment, trying to find words, "She's ... ignoring everyone. I swear, she looks the other way when I walk past her or try and talk to her. I tried to pet her and she placed her paw on my hand and pushed it away. Can you imagine, darling?"

John laughed at that and nearly choked on his coffee, "S-She's just jealous. It happens all the time with kids who get siblings."

"I know," Freddie nodded, then chuckled, "My mum said I was very jealous of Kash when my parents brought her home from the hospital. Apparently I said if we can send her back."

That made John laugh even harder, "B-But you got used to her, right? It'll happen with Delilah as well. Don't worry."

"But ... what if it doesn't? What if they never get along? What if ... I-I have to return Lily? She doesn't deserve this, she's been through a lot."

John placed a hand on Freddie's leg, squeezing lightly, "It's going to be alright. We'll find a way to make it work. I-I want Lily to stay. And apparently so does Roger."

Freddie lowered his voice, a playful expression on his face, "Did you see him yesterday? He's head over heels for Lily! He adores her!"

"I did notice that," John nodded, smiling, "I-I thought he was a dog person."

"Oh, of course he isn't able to resist a cute pussy, dear! Have you met him?"

John nearly choked on his coffee hearing those words, but he tried to play it off.
The boys spent the next hour in bed, simply enjoying their breakfast and each other's company. John knew that Freddie had the entire day planned out for them and it did make him a bit nervous that the singer refused to tell him where they would be going. How would he know what to wear?

"I-I have a gift for you," John smiled, biting his lip.

"You ... " Freddie seemed surprised. Really surprised.

As John made a move to get up from the bed, Freddie grabbed his hand, preventing him to do so. The bassist gave him a surprised look, but said nothing, waiting for Freddie to explain.

"You really got me a gift, darling?"

"Well .. of course I did, silly," John chuckled, "You're my boyfriend and it's Valentine's day."

Freddie just stared at him, afraid that the bassist would burst out laughing and say that it was a joke. He was afraid to actually believe John and then get his feelings hurt. Of course he wanted John to give him a gift; not for the gift itself, he'd be happy if John gave him an apple, but he wanted John to love him so much to feel the need to gift him something on Valentine's day.

"Did you really, dear?"

John laughed again, "Freddie! Yes, I-I got you a gift. It's ... not much, but - "

"I love it!"

"You haven't even seen it yet - "

"I love it already!" Freddie clapped his hands in excitement, tearing up a bit, "I-I love it. I love you. Did you really get me a present?"

John rolled his eyes playfully, "No, I didn't. I was just messing with you."

It was supposed to be a joke, but the disappointment that suddenly showed on Freddie's face, felt as if someone stabbed John with a knife. His hand immediately found Freddie's and he laced their fingers together, "I'm joking, Freddie. I did get you a present."

Freddie let out a breath that he was holding, nodding his head, feeling a bit stupid for not getting the joke, "You make me so happy, darling. I love you."
John gave him a smile, almost tearing up himself. He blinked the tears away and nodded, "I-I love you too. So much it's ... crazy."

Freddie let out a shaky breath, the emotions taking over him, "I suggest we exchange the gifts later this evening? We have some plans, but then we'll return back to the flat because we have it all to ourselves, dear. I bought us some champagne."

"Fancy," John giggled, biting his lip.

It was a perfect start to a beautiful day.

ooo

When they finally moved to the living room, the boys were shocked to see the new kitten hesitantly exploring the room. Freddie and John just stood by the piano, not letting out a sound as Lily walked around the sofa and under the table. She did notice them and did tense up slightly, but since neither of the boys was moving, she quickly calmed down and continued her exploring.

"She's ... adorable," John whispered to Freddie, completely melting at the sight. No offence to Delilah, but she was not as cute as Lily.

"I want to cuddle her," Freddie whispered back, barely holding himself still. He wanted to jump at the cat, grab her and pet her and kiss her, but he knew that would not sit well with her.

"What do we do? Do we just ... stand here?" John asked, not daring to move.

"Perhaps we could ... sit down? Pretend we don't see her? Act natural?"

John nodded and then they both slowly moved from where they were standing, walking to the sofa and very gently sitting down. Lily immediately noticed that and she froze, not moving from where she was which was currently under the table.

"What do I usually do with my hands, darling?" Freddie asked, not knowing where to put his hands.

"Here," John quickly grabbed his hand and covered it with his own.

The boys stayed like that for a few minutes, not talking, barely daring to breathe. And it was worth it;
the new kitten slowly moved from under the table and apparently she found Freddie's feet very entertaining. She approached them, carefully inspecting them and then she lightly bit Freddie's big toe.

The singer gasped with excitement and disbelief, "She's playing with my foot! Oh, darling."

John leaned down a bit more so he could see what was happening and he couldn't help but smile at the sight of Lily biting and nuzzling against Freddie's feet. The kitten seemed completely relaxed and very playful. She wasn't even biting hard enough to injure, it was obvious that she was just playing.

Neither of them even thought of Delilah before it was too late. The older cat stormed into the room and hissed at Lily before slowly and threateningly moving towards her. The new kitten let out a scared meow before nearly jumping to the ceiling and then she landed right in Freddie's lap, hiding behind his hand.

"Oh, sweetie," the singer immediately melted, "Hello, nice to finally meet you."

"Bad Delilah!" John stood up and scooped the older cat in his arms, keeping her away from Lily.

Freddie gave Lily the comfort and safety that she needed, making her a shelter with his hands, occasionally petting her. The poor thing was trembling against him, not letting out a sound, clearly terrified of the older cat.

John raised Delilah up so he could look in her eyes, "Why are you being so rude, Delilah? You don't want to prove Roger right by being a demon child, do you? I know you can be the sweetest cat ever."

"Bring her here, darling. Maybe we can introduce them?" Freddie suggested and John immediately obeyed, carrying Delilah over to his boyfriend, still holding her safely in his arms.

Freddie put his hands over Lily, holding her in place as John slowly moved Delilah closer to her. The older cat immediately tensed up, letting out a low growl and Lily meowed in the softest way possible, trying to literally squeeze herself in between Freddie's legs and escape, but the singer held her in place.

Suddenly Roger entered the room, "Morning, what are you guy doing?" he asked as he sat down in an armchair, observing the scene in front of him.

"We're trying to make Delilah like the new kitty, but ... I-I think it's hopeless," John admitted, letting out a sight of frustration.

"Delilah," Freddie pleaded with her and tried to pet her, but the cat avoided his touch, making the
singer gasp in shock, "Listen, darling. I love you, but you really are acting like a ... b-i-t-c-h," he spelled the last word, not wanting the youngest kitten to hear it.

Roger gave him a confused look, "A ... bitca?"

Both John and Freddie looked at the drummer and Lily took advantage of the moment they were not paying attention to her; she escaped Freddie's grasp, jumping onto the floor and hiding under the sofa again.

"That's it," Freddie said firmly, taking Delilah from John and carrying her out of the room, "Bedroom it is, then. I'm really disappointed with your behavior."

John chuckled a bit; yes, the situation was very frustrating, but at the same time very entertaining. He had hope that the cats would start getting along and he would do everything in his power to help them get along.

"I guess it wasn't love at first sight," Roger teased.

John kneeled down onto the floor and tried looking under the sofa; he could see Lily's big, blue eyes staring at him, but she did not dare to move.

"Delilah's gone, Lily," he said softly, "You can come out now."

Freddie's voice could be heard as he walked back into the room, "She scratched me! Can you imagine?"

John made a move to get up, but he did not realize how close he was to the table and he bumped his head against the sharp edge of it. He hissed in pain, holding the injured spot with his hand as he leaned against the sofa.

"Oh, darling!" Freddie immediately rushed to help him, "Let me see!" he quickly inspected the sore spot, but thankfully there was no blood.

"I-It's fine," John grimaced in pain, "I'm just really ... clumsy."

"That you are, dear," Freddie agreed, "You'll have a bump on your head tomorrow. What year is it, darling?"

"W-What?" John blinked at him in confusion.

"I'm trying to see if you have a concussion, darling."
"When did you study medicine, Fred?" Roger laughed, "Deaky will be fine, don't worry. How many times did I accidentally electrocute myself while I was a child? Many times. But I turned out fine."

Freddie had to bite his tongue to prevent himself from commenting on that; instead he focused on John, "Alright, darling. If you have ten cookies and I take half, how many do you have?"

"Zero," John replied, rubbing the sore spot on his head.

"What? No, darling, I - "

"I'd give you all of the cookies if you wanted them," the bassist smiled at him.

Freddie was speechless for a long moment; he was so touched that tears of happiness started to fill his eyes, but then he was interrupted by Roger pretending to vomit.

"Fred, make yourself useful and go make me some coffee," the drummer said, rolling his eyes.

"What's the magic word, dear?"

"Hurry?" after getting a glare from the singer, he finally sighed, "Please. Please, go make me some coffee."

Freddie nodded, then helped John sit back onto the sofa, "I'll be right back, dear. I have to go. I have to go make coffee."

John laughed at that and gave Freddie the cutest, warmest smile the singer's ever received. It was painful for Freddie to separate himself from his boyfriend; he wanted to spend every moment of this special day with him. And any other day as well. He could still remember how in denial he was; just a few months ago all he could think about was John, he wanted to hold his hand, he wanted to go on walks with him and listen to him talk and kiss him and hug him and make him laugh. But he did not want to be his boyfriend.

Freddie nearly laughed at the past Freddie and how foolish he was. He had John literally right in front of him, but he tried to fight falling in love with him.

Such a stupid boy past Freddie was.

When Freddie finally disappeared from in the kitchen, John slowly leaned closer to Roger, "I-I need your help."
"Sure," the drummer nodded, "Anything."

"Well ... " John struggled with words, "You know that today is Valentine's day and ... I'd like to be really flirty with Freddie, but ... I'm not sure what he likes. And you've known him the longest. What should I say to him?"

"Oh, that's easy!" Roger chuckled, "Just go up to him and tell him 'you're beautiful'. That always works."

John did find that a bit strange, but he figured Roger must know what he's talking about because he has known Freddie for years and probably knew what Freddie liked hearing.

When the singer finally returned to the room, he handed Roger his cup of coffee and then sat down next to John. Before he could say anything, John leaned closer to Freddie and blushed, whispering, "I'm beautiful."

Roger nearly choked on his coffee; "No, Deaky, I didn't mean - "

"You are beautiful, darling. You're absolutely perfect," the singer smirked, pressing a kiss to John's cheek, making the hairs at the back of John's neck to stand up.

Roger was planning to correct John and explain that it was a misunderstanding, but realized it would be pointless. Freddie and John only had eyes for each other; they stared lovingly at each other and held hands, while Roger pretended to not see all the kisses that were exchanged right in front of him.

A few hours later Freddie informed John that they would be leaving the flat soon and that he should get ready. John liked surprises, but the fact that Freddie refused to tell him where he'd be taking him, stressed John out because he couldn't decide on what to wear.

Were they going for a walk?

Were they going out to eat?

Were they going to a club?

John tried to get the answer from Freddie, but the singer simply said, "Dress like you always dress, dear."
And he did.

He put on white bell pants, a button up shirt and a white blazer. He did one naughty thing, though. John was never the one for naughty, kinky things, but it was Valentine's day and he wanted to surprise Freddie. Because of that he did something he would otherwise never, ever do.

He chose to go commando.

He did not realize how awkward and difficult that would be; walking around the flat was one thing, but it was another thing to walk outside with no underwear. John knew he had made a mistake, but it was already too soon to go back and put on some briefs.

He had a feeling everyone was able to tell he wasn't wearing anything under his pants and he kept his hands in front of his groin area as if to hide it.

"Are you alright, dear?" Freddie noticed that John was walking a bit funny.

"Y-Yes, yes. I'm fine. It's just ... cold," John replied and Freddie decided to drop the subject. They took a taxi to some unknown part of London; it was John's first time being there.

It seemed as if it was slightly out of London, they weren't in the city anymore; there were no tall buildings, just houses and farms. When they finally reached their destination, John realized what it was. It was some kind of a Valentine's day Festival. There were pink and red balloons everywhere; there were even a small ferris wheel and vintage carousel where people could ride fake horses. There was music playing and he could hear people laughing and having fun. Surprisingly, there were a lot of kids as well.

"Do you like it?" Freddie asked, a bit nervous. He knew large crowds made John nervous, but he decided to take a risk and hope John would enjoy spending an hour or so at a festival.

"It's beautiful," John's eyes lit up as he looked around, "Lets go," he grabbed Freddie's arm and pulled him towards the cotton candy cart.

"You really do have a sweet tooth, darling," Freddie laughed at how excited his boyfriend seemed to be over something as simple as cotton candy. The line wasn't too long and within three minutes John had his cotton candy, which he offered to Freddie as well.

The singer took a bit and ate it, immediately grimacing, "Darling, how can you eat these things? This is too sugary."

"You don't want it?" John asked, then grinned, "That means more for me."
"I'm more of a popcorn guy myself," Freddie said, looking around, trying to see if he could get some.

And then he felt someone grabbing his right leg. Looking down, he was surprised to see a little girl, clinging onto him and looking around in panic.

"Well, hello," the singer smiled, slowly kneeling down to look at her, "What's your name, darling?"

"S-Sophie," the girl answered, looking as if she was on the verge of crying.

"That's a lovely name. I'm Freddie," he chuckled, "How old are you?"

The girl brought her hand up and showed him four fingers.

"Three?" he teased a bit.

The girl chuckled, shaking her head and bringing up four fingers again.

"Five?" Freddie asked, deliberately messing with her a bit, wanting to make her smile. And it worked.

The girl let out a laugh, "F-Four!"

"Four? Such a big girl," the singer replied softly, "Where are your parents, darling?"

She just shrugged her shoulders, her eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, darling, it's fine. Don't worry, we'll help you find them, alright?"

John kneeled down as well, "Do you like cotton candy?" he asked, offering some to her.

Immediately, the girl smiled, nodding shyly.

"Well, have some," the bassist chuckled; the girl slowly grabbed some with her fingers, bringing it to her mouth. While she was entertaining herself with cotton candy, Freddie and John looked around, trying to see if anyone was searching for her. They did not have to look for long; the parents of the girl suddenly appeared, running towards them.
"Mum!" the girl quickly jumped at her, giving her a hug.

"Sophie!" the mother scolded her a bit, "Why did you walk away like that?"

"T-There was a ... p-puppy," Sophie answered, clinging to her mother.

The parents laughed at that and the father smiled at John and Freddie, "Thank you so much for staying with her."

"She has a habit of following any puppy or a cat she sees," the mother added, shaking her head a bit.

"She isn't the only one," John replied, giving Fred a teasing look.

The singer let out a laugh, then addressed the parents, "It's no problem, really. She's absolutely lovely."

The girl waved at Freddie and John when they walked away and the bassist was suddenly smiling from ear to ear.

"What?" Freddie asked, noticing the strange expression on his boyfriend's face.

"N-Nothing," John replied, still unable to wipe the smile from his face. Seeing Freddie with that little girl, interacting with her, made John love him even more. There was something so charming, yet adorable in the way he spoke to her and John suddenly realized he wanted to witness that again.

As they walked by a games booth, John stopped for a moment, observing all the stuffed animals that were presented there.

"That one looks a bit like Delilah," John said to Freddie, chuckling, "It has the same grumpy expression."

"It really does!" Freddie agreed, letting out a laugh, "I'll win it for you."

"What - " before John could protest, the singer was already pulling out his wallet and paying for the game. John had no idea how the game was even played, but he soon understood. It was a peach basket toss; Freddie had to shoot three balls into a basket that was laying nearly on its side, and get it to stay.

The singer threw his first ball and it managed to stay in the basket. But the second ball seemed to have a mind of its own and while Freddie did throw it in the basket, it just bounced right back,
landing on the floor.

Freddie groaned with frustration, pulling his wallet out again.

"W-Wait, Freddie," John grabbed his arm, "I-I don't need the toy that badly, really."

"I promised I'd get you the stuffed animal and I will," the singer winked at him and then paid for another attempt. John knew how stubborn Freddie was and that he'd stand there the entire evening, throwing the balls into the basket, spending all of his money, trying to get the stuffed animal.

Freddie threw the first ball and again, it stayed in the basket. John clapped, cheering his boyfriend; praying the second ball would stay in as well.

And it did. It nearly fell out, but apparently it changed it's mind the last moment.

And then it was the time for the last ball; Freddie looked at it in his hand, giving it a threatening look before throwing it in the basket. And it stayed in; there were no problems with it.

John jumped with excitement, giving Freddie the biggest smile. The singer got the stuffed animal that he wanted and he handed it to John, "Here you go, darling. Little Delilah."

The bassist laughed, holding it to his chest, "I-I didn't know you were that skilled in playing with balls."

That made Freddie grin and he gave John a cheeky smile, "I've been playing with balls since I was twelve, darling."

It took John a moment to understand and then he blushed, playfully slapping his boyfriend's arm, "Not t-those balls. Freddie!"

The singer just chuckled and brushed his hand against John's, linking their pinkies, It was the most the could do in public and while they were already used to it, it hurt that they were not allowed to show affection to each other on that particular day. There were couples all around them; hugging and kissing and they were not allowed to do that.

But John refused to let that ruin the mood.

He was having so much fun that he even forgot he wasn't wearing any underwear.
After spending an hour at the festival, Freddie took John to the second part of their date.

A fancy restaurant.

The moment they stepped inside, John felt as if he did not belong. He could see that everyone there was wearing a tuxedo and it was obvious they were quite well off. He almost wanted to tell Freddie he did not feel comfortable being there, he felt as if everyone was watching him, watching them, and judging them. But one look at his boyfriend told him that Freddie could care less about that; he seemed confident and really excited.

"Table for two, please," Freddie said to a waiter who greeted them, "I have a reservation under Mercury."

They were taken to a table by the window and John was really thankful for that; he'd hate it if he had to sit in the middle. After they were given their menus, the waiter asked what they would like to drink.

"Yes," Freddie drawled, "I would like a glass of Jermann Pinot Grigio, please."

John cleared his throat, looking at the wine menu in his hands, not knowing what to order. None of those names meant anything to him, so he just went with the cheapest one, "I-I'd like a glass of ... er ... Westery Pinot Gris."

The moment the waiter left them alone, John leaned closer to Freddie, "I-I feel as if we're sticking out like a sore thumb."

"Why, darling?" Freddie asked, narrowing his eyes at him.

"Well ... this looks like a very fancy restaurant and everyone's dressed smart and - "

"We're dressed fine, dear. Don't worry," the singer smiled at him, "The only thing that probably seems weird is that we're two boys having a romantic dinner on Valentine's day. They're probably frying their brains trying to rationalize it."

John let out a laugh, but quickly covered his mouth with his hand.

"Just relax, dear. It's Valentine's day and I could give two shits about what anyone thinks of me. Of
us,” he smiled at his boyfriend before looking down at the menu. John did the same, finally relaxing a bit, but then his eyes widened when he saw the prices.

"C-Can we afford this?” he whispered, hoping no one would be able to hear him, "I-I'd be fine with some fish and chips, really."

"Darling," Freddie chuckled, "I think I can afford taking you out for dinner once a year. Besides, this restaurant is not even that fancy."

"A-Alright,” John relaxed again, looking down in his menu, trying to decide what to order. He did struggle a bit because he couldn't really pronounce most of what was on the menu so he settled with what he could and hope he wouldn't get laughed at. Freddie was really taking him out of his comfort zone; John'd be perfectly fine with some pizza.

When the waiter finally returned, Freddie ordered for himself and then looked at John. The bassist stuttered a bit, "Yes, I-I'd like a ... a rigatoni in porceni cream. T-Thank you."

After they were left alone again, Freddie leaned closer to him, giggling, "What the fuck is a rigatoni, darling?"

"I-I don't know, Freddie!” John laughed as well, "I-I panicked, alright?"

They both soon relaxed; John was positive it was due to the all the wine they were drinking because soon the rest of the world just disappeared and all John could see was Freddie.

"I really hope Roger is keeping things under control at the flat," Freddie joked, "Hopefully Delilah isn't bullying Lily too much."

"I hope she isn't bullying Roger," John teased, but then realized he wasn't joking entirely. He really hoped that Delilah wasn't bullying Roger. He wouldn't put it past her.

"By what time do we need to get back, darling?"

"I-I think he said by eight," John replied, "Apparently he has plans with Brian afterwards."

"Brian? Our Brian? Oh god, Rog will probably be teaching Brian how to pick up girls."

"Well,” John laughed, "I just hope Roger isn't kidnapping Brian and forcing him to go out with him."

Freddie raised his eyebrows playfully, "You'd be surprised, but Bri can be quite fiery when he wants
to. No one can force him to do anything he doesn't want to do. I once tried doing that and ... well ... lets just say I got hit with a clog, dear."

When they finally got their food, John was pleasantly surprised that he recognized everything that was on his plate; it was mostly vegetables, no meat, but it looked delicious. The atmosphere in the restaurant was quite nice and relaxing, there was soft piano music playing in the background and no one was staring at them. Apparently everyone was too busy with their own food to care about what others were doing or who they were on a date with.

"And then I hid the cat under my bed for the next three days and my parents had no idea!" Freddie laughed as he remembered the time he found a stray cat and brought it home. He must have been around five years old.

"How did they find out?" John asked, completely invested in the story.

"Well, they heard me talking to her in the middle of the night," the singer sighed, "I was forced to say goodbye to her, but weirdly enough she did not seem to be too sad about being kicked out. Anyway, darling. Tell me about yourself. Did you have any pets growing up?"

"Well ... I-I did. We had a bird."

Freddie blinked at him, "A bird is not a pet, dear."

"What do you mean?"

"A bird is like a ... a plant. You can't do anything with it, darling!"

John gasped in shock, "I-It's not like a plant. I'll let you know that my Jimmy was a very social and fun bird. He was a budgie, they aren't very big, but there are birds that are smaller."

Freddie was a bit intrigued, "Well, what did Jimmy do? Did he let you pet him? Or cuddle him?"

That made John laugh, "You can't cuddle a bird, Freddie! You're silly. Jimmy liked to sing and ... and he had two small mirrors in his cage and he constantly fought with them. I-I think he thought his reflection was another bird. It was hilarious to watch."

Freddie chuckled, "And did you ever buy him a girlfriend?"

John shook his head, smiling as he explained, "No, but I don't think he missed the company of another bird. He loved spending time with humans. He was weird like that."
The bassist could not remember if he had ever told anyone about Jimmy; that bird was very special to him, but he knew other people would not understand because he was a bird. And while Freddie did tease him a bit at the start, he really did pay attention to everything John wanted to tell him, even asking questions. Freddie's personality was very welcoming; he immediately made you feel as if you could tell him anything.

When they were done with their food, the waiter took their plates and asked if they would like a dessert. Freddie nodded and then looked at John who shook his head.

"You sure, dear? I'm sure they have a chocolate cake," he winked at him.

John smiled, but shook his head again, "R-Really, I'm too full. I can't possibly eat anything else."

Freddie looked at the waiter, "Give us a few minutes, please. We'll think about it."

When they were finally given some privacy, Freddie gave his boyfriend a warm smile, "If this is about money, darling - "

"It's ... it's not, really. I just ... " John sighed, looking a bit uncomfortable, "I want to go home."

"Why?" there was panic in Freddie's voice, "Is something wrong?"

The bassist blushed, letting out a nervous giggle, "Well ... er ... I'm not actually very ... comfortable right now."

"Why? Are your pants too tight, dear?"

"No, no, no. It's not that. Well, yes, it is about my clothes or ... lack thereof."

"I'm not sure I understand, darling," Freddie chuckled, narrowing his eyes in confusion, "Did you forget to wear socks?"

"No! F-Freddie," John blushed horribly, "It's my er ... my ... I'm not wearing my ... underwear," he whispered the last word and Freddie just barely heard it.

He just stared at the bassist for a few long moments, not sure if he should believe it or not. He kept waiting for John to burst out laughing and say that it was a joke, but the bassist just stared back at him in silence, his cheeks completely red.

"You forgot to put on underwear, dear?" he did not understand.
John let out a mortified sound, "N-No, I-I didn't forget. I just ... didn't put them on."

"Darling," Freddie took a deep breath before he continued slowly, "You're trying to say that ... you're completely naked under those pants? That William is just one thin material away from me?"

John turned even redder, "Y-Yes. I-I thought it'd be ... sexy, but it's mostly just uncomfortable and I-I feel as if everyone knows."

Freddie nearly drooled; he could feel his own cock twitch with excitement and he leaned closer to John, "So we agree ... no dessert, right?"

"No desert."

The singer nodded, looking around to find their waiter, "Check, please!"

ooo

When he finally left the restaurant, Freddie turned to John and said, "Well, that was fun, we should have dinner again."

"No thanks, I'm full."

The singer blinked at John in confusion, "What? No, darling, I-I didn't mean now - "

The bassist burst out laughing, "It was a joke, Freddie! I was joking. You should have seen your face."

Finally, a sigh of relief escaped Freddie, "Oh, thank god, darling. For a moment I was afraid you suffer from chronic dumbass disease. Like Roger."

"I don't, thank you very much," John replied, still chuckling a bit. He leaned against Freddie a bit, pressing their arms together. It was the only contact they were allowed, but thankfully the flat was not far away. Because the night was beautiful they decided to walk back home. It was just a twenty minute walk and at first it seemed like a good idea to John, but he soon realized that he truly hated not wearing underwear. His bits were all over the place; at least that was how he felt.

Freddie could not help but chuckle at the way John walked; it was both hilarious and adorable.
"Stop laughing!" the bassist slapped Fred's arm, but couldn't stop himself from laughing as well.

"Where on earth did you get the idea to go commando, dear?"

"Well, from you," John replied, blushing a bit.

"Yes, but I have a lot of practice, darling. As far as I know, you've been wearing underwear all your life and then you decide to go without on the day we have a lot of walking to do? You're absolutely crazy and I love it!" Freddie laughed, then stopped walking to take a better look at John's behind.

The bassist covered his backside with his arms, "Freddie! Stop that. Walk beside me."

"I was under the impression you wanted to impress me, dear," he teased, "Let me take a look."

"No!" John giggled, grabbing his arm and forcing him to move.

That was how their entire walk home was spent; Freddie teasing John and trying to get a better look at John's arse, and the bassist pushing him to move or literally dragging him. They were giggling and even loudly laughing, but for some reason at that moment they did not care if anyone saw them. To an outsider they probably looked like two completely wasted boys, when in reality they were both just high on love.

ooo

"Finally!" Roger jumped from his sofa the moment Freddie and John entered the living room.

"It's not even eight o'clock yet, darling!"

"Yeah, but I have things to do, alright?"

The drummer was already dressed to go out and did seem very impatient; he probably could not wait to hit on all the lonely, single girls.

"How did the cats behave, darling?"

"Well, Lily was an angel," Roger immediately got heart eyes, "She ate all the food I gave her and actually explored the flat a bit. Delilah just ignored her. She was here the whole day and just pretended she couldn't see Lily."
Freddie gasped, "Oh my god! Really? Darling, are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

The drummer quickly grimaced, "Considering you're probably thinking about Deaky's arse, then no, I'm not thinking what you're thinking."

The singer rolled his eyes, "Not that, Rog. About the cats. I think they're finally getting along."

"If ignoring each other means getting along ... then yes, they're best friends."

Freddie just slapped Roger's arm, giving up on the cat topic, "Weren't you in a hurry? Go, darling!"

The drummer did not need to be told twice; he rushed to the front door, yelling "No sex in the living room!" before exiting the flat.

Freddie finally relaxed, they were finally alone and in the comfort of their own flat. As he looked at John kneeling by the piano, petting Delilah, showing her the stuffed toy Freddie won at the festival, he fell even more in love with him. And when the bassist scooped the cat in his arms and stood up, facing him, Freddie fell even more in love with him. It was ridiculous.

"She rarely lets me do that," Freddie complained, acting offended.

"She's probably just tired," John explained, chuckling a bit, "Otherwise she'd be biting and clawing her way out of my arms."

"Lily's under the sofa?"

"I saw her there, yes. That way Delilah can't get to her."

Freddie seemed a bit worried, "Do you think she's alright, darling?"

"Lily? Of course she's alright. She's full, she's warm and she has her own place where no one can bother her," John gave him a reassuring smile, "She's fine."

Those words made Freddie relax a bit and he clapped his hands excitedly again, "Alright, dear. You go to the bedroom and wait for me there, please. I-I'll be there in a minute."

John nodded, lowering Delilah to the floor before disappearing from the room. The moment he was in the bedroom, he quickly grabbed the little gift box that he hid under the bed and then sat down, nervously playing with the box in his hands. To be honest, he did struggle quite a bit with Freddie's Valentine's gift. Yes, he had a lot of random ideas, but he wanted the gift to be special. He wanted it
to have a meaning and a story. He wanted Freddie to truly be happy with it.

He was a bit startled when Freddie pushed the door open with his leg and then walked in, carrying two glasses of champagne and a little, pink box under his arm. He approached the bed with a smile on his face, handing John his glass, "Here you go, darling."

"T-Thank you," the bassist blushed; everything felt like a dream. This entire day was too perfect; John never imagined he could be this much happy and in love. And it was only getting better and better. Being alone with Freddie in their flat, drinking champagne, was the perfect ending to a perfect day.

Freddie quickly placed the gift on the bed before quickly lighting a few candles and turning off the lights.

"Much better," he chuckled as he sat down next to John again, "What should we toast to?"

"To us," John quickly said, raising his glass up.

"I was just about to suggest that, dear. To us," Freddie grinned, gently clinking their glasses.

They both took a sip of champagne and just stared at each other; they were in no hurry, there was no end goal in sight. They had the flat to themselves until tomorrow morning and John wanted to enjoy his champagne. He took another sip, letting the liquid slowly slide down this throat, before placing the glass on the bedside table. He then took a deep breath, nervously fidgeting with the gift box in his hands.

"I-I got you something," he said nervously.

"Did you, darling?" Freddie gave him the biggest smile and he bit his lower lip with excitement. Freddie loved gifts, but not because of the gift itself. He loved what receiving a gift presented; it meant that someone cared about him so much that they actually went out of their way to give him something. Freddie's heart melted when he saw the pink box in John's hands and he couldn't wait to open it.

"I-It's not much, but .... " John trailed off, a nervous smile forming on his lips.

"I already love it, darling."

John nodded, then handed Freddie the box. The singer seemed like a little child, giggling with excitement as he opened the box. He noticed that there were a few pieces of paper inside. He picked up the first paper, bringing it closer to his face. And then he realized it.
"T-Those are tickets, dear?" he said, but it came out like a question.

John smiled and nodded his head, "Y-Yes, for a ballet show."

"Are you serious?" Freddie gasped, his face suddenly very serious, "These must have cost a fortune, darling! You shouldn't have. Oh my god."

"It's for a show called A Midsummer Night's Dream and it's the ... the same theater we went to a few months ago. Remember?"

"Of course I remember!" Freddie finally smiled and it was a big, toothy smile, but he did not care. He absolutely adored going to ballet shows, but he did it very rarely because he never had enough money.

"I-I bought two tickets," John explained, "In case you ... wanted to bring someone along."

"Roger is going to be so happy, dear!"

John slapped Freddie's knee, "Well, that's too bad because you're taking me!"

It only made the singer laugh, "Of course I'm taking you, my love. There was never a question about it."

The bassist gently nudged Freddie's leg, "T-There's something else as well."

The singer pulled a folded sheet of paper from the box; it seemed like a regular sheet of paper that you'd tear out of a notebook. Not having any idea what it would be, Freddie unfolded the paper and immediately noticed John's handwriting. He smiled, thinking the bassist wrote him a letter, but then he realized something.

It was a song.

"Oh, you're the best friend that I ever had, I've been with you such a long time. You're my sunshine and I want you to know that my feelings are true. I really love you," Freddie quietly read, his heart melting with each passing word, "Ooh, you make me live. Whenever this world is cruel to me, I got you to help me forgive. Ooh, you make me live now honey. You're the first one, when things turn out bad. You know I'll never be lonely, you're my only one and I love the things, I really love the things that you do. Oh, you're my best friend."

Freddie looked up at John to see him staring back at him with glistening eyes.
"Sweetheart?"

"I meant every word," the bassist sniffled a bit, "I wrote it for you. About you."

"I love it," the words were spoken barely above a whisper. Freddie was trembling; he never expected John would write a song about him, especially not this kind of song. It was so very personal.

"Y-You can still change - "

"I'm not changing anything, dear," Freddie assured him, "It's perfect."

That made John smile and he blushed, nodding his head a bit, "A-Alright. I was nervous you'd hate it."

"You're silly, darling. I absolutely adore it. It's ... beautiful," he leaned closer to John, pressing a small kiss to the bassist nose before pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss. When they pulled apart, they were both an emotional, sniffling mess and they laughed at each other.

"Your turn, dear," Freddie handed the gift to John and nervously waited for the bassist to open it.

John struggled with the box a bit, but when he finally did manage to get it open, the first thing he noticed were two keys.

He took them out of the box, holding them in his hand and then he looked at Freddie, waiting for an explanation. The singer cleared his throat before pointing at the biggest key, "Darling, this one is the key to the flat. I-I know you still did not have your own key and I wanted to make one for you. It's our first shared flat and I'm sure there will be a lot more until we finally buy a large house," and then he pointed at the smaller key, "And this one is the key for this room. I know you've always been nervous about not being able to lock this room and I-I know how much privacy and safety mean to you ... When we were in Maidstone I had a guy come over and look at the door and he ... he made a key for it."

John let out a shaky breath, his lips immediately forming a smile, "This means ... so much to me. I-I can't even begin to tell you."

"It's more of a .. practical gift, but - "

"I love it," John interrupted him, "The fact that you went out of your way so much to make me more comfortable ... I-I just adore you. Have I already told you that?"
"Once or twice," Freddie grinned, "There's one more thing, dear."

John looked in the box and removed a piece of paper, revealing a picture.

"Oh my god," he whispered.

It was a picture of the two of them; they were cuddled up on the sofa, Freddie was topless and John's head was resting on his chest. They were covered with a blanket and Delilah was cuddled up against their legs. The picture frame was silver and bedazzled with rhinestones.

"Roger took a picture of us a few weeks ago and he asked if I wanted it," Freddie explained, smiling, "I-I had it developed and ... Unfortunately, the picture was taken before Lily joined our little family and we need to take an updated picture, darling!"

"We will," John giggled, looking at the adorable picture. Usually, John wasn't a fan of seeing himself in pictures, but he absolutely adored this one. He gently set in on his bedside table, next to the picture of his family and that did cause sadness to wash over him, but he quickly pushed the feeling away, not allowing it to take over.

Instead he decided to cherish the love he felt for his boyfriend and he quickly faced him again, giving him a shy smile, "Kiss me?"

Freddie just purred at those words, not saying anything as he leaned closer, cupping John's face with one hand, staring into his eyes for a few moments before pressing their lips together. Their kissing still wasn't as passionate as Freddie would have liked it to be because he had to be careful with John's split lip. Thankfully, it seemed to be healing nicely and they'd soon go to take the stitches out.

John broke the kiss and just stared at his boyfriend lovingly; he was constantly surprised that Freddie was really his.

"Pinch me, Freddie."

"What do you mean?" the singer chuckled, not understanding.

"Is this really happening? A-Are we really together?" he asked quietly.

Freddie kissed the tip of his nose, "It's not a dream, sweetheart."

That made John smile and he quickly pulled Freddie into another kiss, lowering himself onto the bed until the singer was on top of him, straddling him. Freddie's fingers fumbled with the buttons on John's shirt and then he quickly unbuttoned his own shirt. Considering they had the flat to themselves
until tomorrow morning, they really were in too much hurry.

John raised himself on his elbows, trying to take his shirt off and nearly bumped Freddie's head with his own.

"Sorry!" he giggled, falling back onto the bed.

"Are you trying to knock my teeth out, darling?" Freddie teased as he removed his own shirt and then helped John take his off.

"No!" John replied, suddenly feeling a bit tipsy; he did drink an entire glass of wine at the restaurant and then a glass of champagne at home. He couldn't tell if it was from the alcohol or if he was high on happiness and love.

Freddie was suddenly kissing his neck and John's eyes rolled back with pleasure, but before he could moan, the singer was off of him, sitting in between John's legs, tracing his finger up and down John's thigh.

"No underwear, huh?" he smirked, biting his lip, "Cheeky little minx."

John groaned, raising his hips, trying to tell Freddie to undress him, but the singer deliberately ignored it.

"Can you unzip your pants, darling?"

John looked at him in confusion, not understanding why Freddie was asking him this because his hands were free and he was perfectly capable of doing it.

"W-Why don't you - "

"I want to see you undress yourself for me, darling," Freddie explained, his voice low and hoarse, "Just the thought of it makes me incredibly horny."

John blushed, but the alcohol in his blood was giving him all the courage he needed as he quickly unzipped his pants and then removed his hands, placing them by his sides again. Freddie's eyes widened when he noticed there really did not seem to be any underwear material and he could already see bits of John's pubic hair sticking out.

The moment John realized what the singer was staring at, he closed his legs, an embarrassed chuckle escaping him.
"Darling!" Freddie laughed as well, "It's nothing I haven't seen before, you know!"

"Shush!" John continued giggling, but then noticed the playfulness on Freddie's face.

"Fine, I'll make you beg for those pants to be taken off," the singer smirked at him and before John could ask what he meant by that, Freddie covered his body with his and the bassist moaned at the feeling of his boyfriend's strong, hairy chest brushing against his. For a moment they both forgot about John's split lip and when their lips collided together rather passionately, the bassist cried out in slight pain, turning his head away, "Ow, ow."

"Shit," Freddie swore, "I'm sorry, darling."

"It's fine," John assured him and then giggled again, "I-I thought you said something about ... making me b-beg?"

Freddie raised his eyebrow in surprise, then started kissing John's neck again, occasionally nibbling at it and sucking; desperately wanting to leave a mark. Because John's skin was so soft and pale, it didn't take long for Freddie to successfully make a hickey. And then he left a trail of kisses down John's collarbone, creating another hickey right there. He could see that John was very much enjoying it, he was raising his hips, trying to get more friction, but Freddie deliberately ignored it, instead focusing only on John's upper body.

He covered his entire chest with kisses before dragging his tongue over his boyfriend's nipple, gently biting it. Immediately John let out a hiss that was a mixture of surprise and pleasure and again, he raised his hips up, trying to make contact with Freddie.

"Those are some really tight pants, darling," Freddie teased, "It must be very uncomfortable for you."

"I-It is," John groaned with frustration, shifting his hips awkwardly, trying to find a comfortable position, but it just wasn't working. William was literally suffocating and he needed to be free.

"I can help you with that, dear," Freddie grinned and before John could question it, the singer traced a finger down his buldge, deliberately teasing.

"M-More, Freddie."

"You mean like this?" the singer chuckled, using his entire hand to cup John through his pants.

The bassist's eyes rolled back with pleasure and desperation, "T-Take them off, please."

"I-I'm not sure I remember how, darling," Freddie acted dumb and only pulled John's pants even
"N-No, not like that," John groaned again and then met Freddie's eyes, "Please?"

Hearing that word being spoken so softly made it impossible for Freddie to continue teasing. He enjoyed playing around in bed and even some light teasing, but he couldn't find it in himself to ignore John's soft 'please'. That boy had him completely wrapped around his finger and even though it seemed as if Freddie was the one calling all the shots, it was in fact John.

Not having to be told twice, the singer gently pulled John's pants down his legs, finally freeing William who was already very excited. John let out a sigh of relief and then suddenly he was being moved; before he even realized what was happening, he was on top of Freddie, straddling him.

"W-What - " he asked, blushing immediately.

"A bit of change, dear," Freddie replied softly, "Is this alright?"

"I-It's fine, I just feel a bit ... exposed," John admitted, suddenly realizing he was completely naked and on top of Freddie who had the perfect view of everything.

The singer quickly grabbed the covers and pulled it over them, covering them both up.

"It's like a tent now," John giggled, but immediately relaxed. Actually, the sheer intimacy of being naked and on top of Freddie, safely hidden under the covers, sent a jolt of pleasure through his body.

He leaned down and kissed Freddie; gasping into his mouth at the feeling of his cock rubbing against Freddie's belly. It made the singer chuckle, "You like that?"

John nodded, biting his lip but being a bit unsure of how to continue. Should he just ... rub himself on Freddie? Was that acceptable? And then Freddie placed his hands on John's hips, urging him to move.

The bassist met his eyes and noticed how excited Freddie seemed; the singer was almost not even blinking, not wanting to miss a second of it.

And then John moved; he lowered himself down again so he could continue kissing Freddie as he rolled his hips slowly. It felt too good and he couldn't stop himself from moaning into Freddie's mouth. He could soon feel Fred's hands move from his hips to his bum and then a soft squeeze caused him to let shudder with pleasure; it didn't feel physically as good as it did emotionally. Just the thought that Freddie was gripping his bum was turning John on so much.
After a few minutes of just gentle kissing and grinding, John moved away slightly so he could look at Freddie's face and he could tell that the singer was as turned on as he was, perhaps even more. His cheeks were flushed, his lips were the perfect pink color, his pupils were dilated and immediately John remembered reading an article about how a person's pupils dilate when they look at something they like.

"Hey," he whispered, giving Freddie a shy smile.

"Hey," Freddie replied, letting out a chuckle. For a moment they stopped moving and Freddie brought his hand up to brush John's hair away from his face, just taking in how breathtakingly beautiful the bassist seemed to be.

"Today has been perfect," John whispered, giving him a smile, "D-Did you enjoy it?"

"It was the best Valentine's day ever," Freddie quickly replied, then added, "Not that I've ever celebrated it. This was a first for me, darling."

"It was the first me for as well," John admitted, bringing his hand up to Freddie's face to trace a finger down his cheek and along his jaw. It always surprised John just how perfect Freddie's facial structure was. It was funny because in the beginning he had to be careful about Freddie's teeth whenever they kissed, but now it's become like a second nature to him. To both of them. They knew exactly how to kiss so that Freddie's teeth wouldn't get in the way and John absolutely adored feeling them against his lips while they kissed.

His thoughts were interrupted when Freddie suddenly flipped them over and climbed on top of John, settling in between his legs. Pressing a quick kiss to John's lips, the singer sat back on his heels and tried to seductively unbutton his pants, but then he suddenly remembered something.

"Shit! I forgot!" he quickly climbed off of John, untangled himself from the sheets and ran out of the room with a "Be right back."

John just stared at him in confusion; he pulled the blanket over him, covering his bits as he waited. Thankfully Freddie was back in less than a minute and he was proudly carrying a can of whipped cream.

"You're crazy!" John squealed, "We're going to make a mess on the bed!"

The singer raised his eyebrow playfully, "We're going to make that either way, darling."

And then he sprayed a burst of whipped cream into his mouth before slowly walking towards bed again, returning to his previous position in between John's legs.
"Do you want some, sweetie?"

John nodded, a laugh escaping him before he opened his mouth, waiting for Freddie to squirt some whipped cream into it. The singer chuckled as he did that and John quickly swallowed, licking the corners of his lips. Seeing that made Freddie's heartbeat accelerate and he leaned over to the bedside table to grab his glass of champagne; he quickly finished it and placed it back on the table before returning his attention to John.

The bassist just stared at him as he continued giggling; seeing Freddie while topless and holding a can of whipped cream was for some reason hilarious to him. But the laughing ended the moment Freddie sprayed a bit of whipped cream on his nipple.

John nearly shrieked at the coldness of it, "It's freezing, Freddie!"

"Really?" the singer gasped, "Shit, sorry, sorry!"

He quickly leaned down and licked it off of John; in the end he pressed a soft kiss to John's nipple, looking up at him with puppy dog eyes, "Sorry, darling."

John just chuckled again, "They don't tell you in the movies that it's freezing cold."

"I wanted to be romantic," the singer admitted, pouting a bit.

"You can ... put it in my mouth again?"

Freddie nearly choked on air when he heard those words, "D-Darling, you can't just ... say these things."

The bassist blinked at him in confusion, "What things?"

"Nothing, nothing," Freddie just shook his head while laughing; he then sprayed a bit of cream into John's mouth again and into his own as well, before tossing the can onto the floor and quickly kissing the bassist, making him moan.

Freddie could feel John wrapping his legs around his waist and dragging his nails down his back; it sent shivers down the singer's body. Good shivers.

It took him completely by surprise when John reached down in between them and unzipped Freddie's pants before reaching inside and wrapping his fingers around Frederico. But instead of moaning, Freddie shrieked and fell onto John, hiding his face into John's neck.
The bassist froze with shock, "W-What? What did I do?"

Freddie suddenly started laughing, "Your hand is freezing cold, darling."

"Oh," John chuckled, "S-Sorry."

The singer raised his head to look at him, "Serves me right for falling in love with a damn snowman!"

"I'm not that cold!" John argued, but couldn't stop laughing.

He gently freed Frederico from Freddie's pants and managed to move the pants down his body a bit; Freddie took care of the rest, kicking them off along with his briefs.

When they were finally both naked, their lips met again and John surrendered to the passion Freddie always managed to arouse. After a few moments of gentle kissing, John finally gathered the courage to ask something.

"I-I ... want you," he managed to say in between kisses.

Freddie purred against his mouth, "That's good because I want you too, darling."

"N-No, I-I really want you," John tried again, lowering his voice, "I-Inside of me."

Freddie broke the kiss to look at him, a playfully expression on his face, "Well, that can be arranged, dear. One or two fingers?"

John let out a nervous laugh before meeting Freddie's eyes, "N-Not fingers. Your ... you know. Your c-cock."

It took Freddie a moment to react; for the first few seconds he was just gapping like a fish, "C-Come again, darling?"

"We can ... maybe do that tonight? It'd be perfect," John explained, still very nervous, "I-I mean, I think I'm ready."

Freddie laughed, then realized that John was serious.

"Darling, we ... we can't do that tonight. What makes you think you're ready?"
"Well, the two fingers went well and ... " he trailed off, biting his lip.

"Sweetheart, that's just ... two fingers. Not to brag, but I'm slightly bigger," after saying those words, he went in for a kiss, but John turned his head to the side, avoiding it.

"M-Maybe we should just ... get on with it?" the bassist suggested, "Like ... ripping off a bandaid?"

"John, it's nothing like ripping off a bandaid."

"Maybe it is?" the bassist insisted, "Maybe once you ... get it in, it'll be fine. So maybe you just need to ... you know. Get it in."

"Sweetheart, it doesn't work like that. If I just put it in, I'd hurt you," Freddie explained, his voice soft.

"Maybe not," John said, but it sounded like he was talking to himself. After not getting any reaction from Freddie, the bassist wiggled a bit, trying to sit up. Freddie immediately got off of him, giving him the space he needed.

It hurt Freddie so much to have to reject John like that, but it would be crazy if he actually agreed to do it. John wasn't ready yet and Freddie refused to try anything like that while both of them were slightly intoxicated. Not that he didn't trust himself while a bit tipsy, but his reaction time was shorter and he'd easily miss some of the signs that John wasn't well.

"Sweetie?" he reached to touch his leg and John did not flinch away which was a good sign.

"I-I know why you're doing this, Freddie," John finally spoke, his voice shaking a bit, "T-To protect me because I'm so fragile. Y-You think I wouldn't be able to take it. W-Well, I-I could and ... I want you to give me a chance to prove it."

"Prove it? You don't have to prove anything to anyone, darling. We're taking it slow. We just recently managed to get to two fingers and I'm definitely not about to just ram my cock into you."

John flinched at those words, "I-I don't want you to ... ram anything into me. I just ... I think it'd be fine."

"Sweetie - "

"I'm always struggling!" John let out a hiss of frustration, "It's ... pathetic. We have to move at snail's pace with everything."
"That's not true, John."

"I-It is," the bassist whispered, "I feel so ... fragile and d-delicate. And not in a good way."

"Look at me, darling," Freddie said and when John turned his head to meet his eyes, he slowly continued, "I once heard this quote. It goes something like this; when we do it, it's scary and it feels like weakness, but when other people do it, it's inspiring and it looks like strength."

John's face softened, but he said nothing to that.

"Do you understand what I'm trying to say, darling?" Freddie gently asked, "You see your struggling like a weakness, but every time I look at you, I see an incredibly brave and strong person."

"You're just saying that," John said, but there was a weak smile on his face.

"I'm promise I'm not."

The bassist looked at him firmly, "Look me straight in the eyes and swear you're not just saying that."

Freddie laughed, "I can't look in those eyes and be straight, darling!"

"Freddie!" John chuckled, slapping the singer's arm.

"Alright, alright," the older boy sighed, meeting John's eyes, "I swear I'm not just saying that."

It did seem to calm John down a bit and he managed to smile; it immediately made Freddie melt with how adorable he looked. And then something occurred to him.

"We can't that tonight, dear, but we can do something that's fairly similar. At least regarding the movement and position."

John looked at him with interest, "W-What do you mean?"

"We've already done it once before, sweetie," he winked at him before laying down in bed and tapping the empty spot next to him, "Come here."

John obeyed, but when he tried to face Freddie, the singer stopped him, "Press your back against mine and lie on your side, love."
Slowly, John realized what Freddie was planning on doing and suddenly he felt very hot. He pressed his back against the singer's chest and clutched his thighs together. He could hear Freddy opening a drawer and pulling something out. He immediately knew what it was and what Freddy was doing.

A few moments later, he could feel strong arms enveloping him, pulling him closer and then he felt Frederico poking the back of his thighs.

"Alright, dear?"

John couldn't nod fast enough and then he felt Freddie's cock slide in between his thighs and it felt like heaven. It wasn't physically satisfying as it was emotionally. When the singer started rocking against him, moving his hips, John quickly felt pleasure building in the pit of his stomach. He was embarrassed by how little it took, but the rocking motion and feeling Freddie's cock in between his thighs, really did things to him.

When he felt the singer kiss his shoulder blade and then leave a trail off kisses down his back, John could barely hold it in anymore. He squeezed his thighs closer together, knowing what that would do to Freddie and he was right; the singer immediately moaned, his movements slowly speeding up.

"E-Er ... F-Freddie," John forced the words out, trying to warn him, "I-I think I'll ... "

Freddie understood and he moved his hand lower, wrapping his fingers around John's cock to help him. At the same John turned his head and gave him a soft kiss, moaning into his mouth when he finally came, his body shuddering almost violently and then stilling completely. Freddie pulled him even closer to his body and John felt like he just jumped from a plane, but Freddie was like a parachute, keeping him safe and grounded. He was vaguely aware of Freddie's hips still moving, a lot faster than at the start and he could actually hear the sound of skin slapping against skin, but then suddenly it stopped and he felt something wet and sticky on his thighs.

John was completely blissed out; he couldn't even keep his eyes open, but he still held onto Freddie's hand as if his life depended on it. Hearing Freddie's rapid breathing and feeling his body shaking with aftershocks, pleased John very much. He couldn't help but smile, even though he wasn't even able to keep his eyes open.

"Yet again, we managed to dirty the bed, dear," Freddie slowly spoke, letting out a chuckle, "The amount of laundry I'll have to do tomorrow ... "

"I'll help you," John quickly offered, "But ... sleep now."

Freddie found that incredibly adorable and he wasted no time cleaning John up with a random sock he found on the floor and then he covered them both up before snuggling against John once again.
"Happy Valentine's day, Freddie."

"Oh, darling. Happy Valentine's day," the singer replied, pressing a soft kiss to John's temple. Within moments, the bassist was deep asleep, even snoring softly. He must have been exhausted and also a bit tipsy.

Freddie could not remember the last time he was as happy as he was at that moment. The entire day was perfect and the future did not look that bad either. Even though he would never admit it out loud, he was excited when he heard John say he wanted him. *Inside.*

And even though he refused that offer or ... suggestion, Freddie could not wait to start working on it. He knew it'd be very difficult and stressful, but he was more than ready. He couldn't wait to make love to John fully and completely.

And he could not wait to see what having sex would be like for the rest of his life because he knew he'd never sleep with anyone else ever again.

He found his *person.*

ooo

Freddie was not used to waking up alone; he was usually the one to get up before John and he was very rarely in bed alone. But apparently that morning John was already up and about because when Freddie woke up, he was alone. He stretched his arms above his head and yawned, beautiful memories of the previous day flooding his mind. But the warm, fuzzy feeling did not last because he remembered one very important thing. Valentine's day was over and there was something he should tell John. Something he had been keeping away from him, not wanting to ruin the day for him. Something Freddie did not even allow himself to think about the entire day.

The card.

No matter how hard Freddie tried, he just couldn't understand why would John's attacker send a card. Why would he care about John? There were never any signs that he'd want anything more to do with John.

And then he realized something.

Sending letters and being a stalker was not something Todd did; it was something Tom did. Freddie's mind quickly put two and two together and with each passing second he started to suspect more and more that the card did not come from John's attacker.
Could it be possible that Tom was just playing with them?

Freddie quickly reached from under the bed, grabbing a box in which he kept various letters, receipts and pictures. He desperately tried to find something he knew he had put there. And then he found it.

Tom's letter to John. The one he wrote a few weeks ago.

Freddie knew it would come in handy one day and he kept it. It did not take him more than a few moments of comparing the handwriting before realizing it was the same one. It was completely the same. Freddie hid the letter into the box again before putting it away under the bed. His stomach turned at the realization he had to go visit Tom again.

ooo

When Freddie stepped out of the bathroom, he was surprised to hear John talking quietly with someone. He couldn't hear Roger answering so that was a bit strange. When he finally entered the living room, he realized way it seemed as if John was having a monologue; he was on the phone with someone.

John gave him a slight smile after seeing him, but Freddie could tell that the bassist was very tense."Y-Yes, yes, I understand," John sighed, his voice very soft and quiet, "That wasn't my intention, mum."

Freddie tensed up immediately and for a long moment he just stood there, but then he remembered he should give John some privacy. He tried walking past him, but John grabbed his arm and stopped him. Freddie gave him a questioning look, but John just mouthed at him "Stay."

Awkwardly, the singer walked over to the sofa and sat down, not knowing what to do with himself. Yes, he could only hear John and not what his mother was saying to him, but it still felt like invading their privacy a bit. Especially because he knew they weren't discussing the weather.

"I know, mum," John said again, "No, I-I don't want to come home."

Silence.

"Mum, I'm fine. I'm not in any danger. How's dad?"

Silence again.
"Well," John's voice started shaking slightly, "I-I'm sorry about that. It wasn't my intention to upset him."

Freddie looked around the flat, desperately needing to distract himself with something. And then he saw Delilah resting on the floor beside his piano, licking her paw and minding her own business. He grabbed a small ball that he bought from the pet store and threw it at her, expecting her to fetch it, but the cat only gave him a look that said 'do I look like a dog to you?' and continued licking her paw.

"What?"

The sudden shock in John's voice make Freddie's head turn to his direction immediately.

"Are you r-really doing this?"

Silence.

Freddie had no idea what was being said over the phone but apparently it made John really upset; not angry, just hurt.

The difference was very obvious.

"No, I'm not coming home, mum. If ... I-If that's what you think is necessary, then ... fine."

It took all of Freddie's self control to not rush over to John and press his own ear against the phone receiver; he desperately wanted to know what was being discussed and prevent if John was doing something that he should not be doing. He knew the bassist could be very stubborn when needed and it was not smart to make decisions while upset.

"No, no. I-It's fine," John whispered, "I'll manage. I-I need to go now. No, mum, we'll ... we'll talk some other day. I-I ... need to go. B-Bye."

With those words he put the phone down, ending the call.

He needed a few long moments before he could move and Freddie was holding his breath, nervously waiting to hear what the phone call was about. When he couldn't stand the uncertainty anymore, he asked, "D-Darling?"

John reacted to that, clearing his throat and slowly turning around. His eyes were already red and puffy; it was obvious that John was barely holding back tears and at that moment Freddie wanted to kick John's mum's arse. And his father's arse as well. Yes, he knew he should respect them for being his parents, but whatever they said to him, made John cry. There was no excusing that.
"Sweetie?" Freddie tried again, extending his arm towards John who hesitantly took his hand, intertwining their fingers before sitting down next to him, keeping his eyes on the floor.

"What happened, John?"

The bassist shrugged his shoulders, "N-Nothing. They're still .. you know."

"That does not surprise me, dear. And ... it shouldn't surprise you. They'll need more than two days, dear. But the fact that they called ... it shows they still care about you."

John nodded, before finally meeting his eyes and giving him a sad smile, "They're ... giving me an ultimatum."

"Ultimatum?"

Nodding again, John's eyes filled with tears, "E-Either I come home or ... or they stop helping me."

"Helping you? I'm not sure I understand, dear."

It was obvious that John struggled with finding the right words and he blushed a bit, "E-Ever since I moved to London, they've been ... helping me. Financially. They've been sending me money once a month and ... "

Freddie understood what John was trying to say; he managed to smile reassuringly, "It'll be fine. Don't worry, darling."

"How will it be fine, Freddie? I-I won't have money for r-rent. I'll need to g-get a job and ..."

Squeezing his hand, the singer got his attention and then smiled again, "Calm down, dear. I don't want you to worry about that, alright?"

"H-How can they do this?" John asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Freddie could not prevent his hands from cupping John's face, his thumbs feathering gentle and attentive along the thin skin beneath his eyes, catching the salty liquid that finally tumbled free. A rough whimper clawed it's way out, and then another, and soon John was crying, gasping for breath, until he fell into the circle of Freddie's arms.

"Darling, don't do this to yourself," Freddie soothed him, "Everything will be alright. They still ... love you, dear. It's just their way of trying to force you to return home. And don't worry about the
money. I'll get a job."

John said nothing to that; he just held onto Freddie, silent tears running down his cheeks.

The previous day was so perfect and John could not be happier; he was on cloud nine. Spending the entire day with Freddie, doing romantic things that *couples* do was like a dream come true and he thought nothing would ever destroy that feeling of happiness, but he was proven wrong. It was just one phone call and it completely destroyed John's hope that perhaps everything would one day be alright.

His parents were making him choose between them and Freddie.

And even though it hurt John immensely, it was obvious that he had already made his choice.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, lovelies.;D I know this took longer than usually, but it's also the longest chapter yet. Please, leave a comment. It feeds my muse. ;)

Chapter 55

John was inconsolable that entire day; yes, Freddie managed to calm him down and he wasn’t sobbing anymore, but it was obvious that John was completely destroyed by that phone call. While the lack of money was going to be a problem, John was the most hurt by his family rejecting him. The fact that they decided to stop sending him money meant that they were rejecting him as their son; at least that was how John saw it, no matter how much Freddie tried to convince him otherwise.

"Do you want some cereal, darling?" Freddie asked, looking at his boyfriend who was currently wrapped in a blanket and laying on the sofa with Delilah cuddled up next to him.

"I-I'm not hungry," John replied, giving Freddie a weak smile.

"But you must eat something," the singer insisted, "It's already noon, dear. It's almost time for lunch."

"Maybe I'll ... eat something later."

Freddie opened his mouth to protest, but then just closed them, giving up. He couldn't force feed John and bugging him about it would only stress the bassist even more. Instead, the singer decided to try something else. He disappeared off into the kitchen and returned minutes later with a bowl of really yummy looking banana oatmeal. He sat down next to John and started eating it; letting out a very over the top excited gasp after first tasting it.

"I can't believe it!" he said, his voice higher than normally.

"What?" John asked, clearly interested.

"This must be the best oatmeal I've ever made. Or eaten. Really, darling, you must try it," he quickly offered a spoonful to John who raised himself up on his elbows and decided to give it a try.

He swallowed the oatmeal, nodding his head, "It's really good."

"It's magnificent, darling! Here, try some more," Freddie offered John another spoonful and the bassist tried it again.

"It's ... really good, yes," John commented, "It might be the best one you've ever made."
"I added a secret ingredient, darling," the singer grinned at him, "Can you guess?"

John narrowed his eyes in confusion, "Er ... sugar, maybe?"

"No, darling! Here, try it again."

Apparently the singer was a very good actor because John had no idea what was happening, even after eating almost the entire bowl of oatmeal, as Freddie insisted he must guess the secret ingredient.

"I-I don't know, Freddie," John let out a tired giggle, "Did you add apples? Apple juice?"

The singer shook his head and smiled, "I added my never-ending love for you, dear."

John just stared at him for a few moments, but then couldn't help but chuckle, "That was the secret ingredient? No wonder it tasted very sweet to me."

Freddie gasped, immediately bringing his hand up to his chest, "Oh, darling."

The bassist quickly laid back down, covering himself up to his neck. Unfortunately, the smile soon disappeared from his face and was replaced by a worried frown.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" Freddie asked as he finished his oatmeal and caressed John's leg with his free hand.

"Just ... that we better be careful with food," the bassist admitted, "Pretty soon we ... won't be able to afford much."

"Darling, look at me," Freddie said firmly, "No one is going to starve. Don't you worry about anything. I'll get a job. I could be back at my old job tomorrow if I wanted to."

"A-At the airport?"

"Yes, at the Heathrow airport, dear. I was a baggage handler and I could be one again. Just for eight hours a day, though. The other sixteen hours I'm busy ... being a legend," Freddie fabulously flipped his hair back and then gave John a reassuring smile, trying to tell him that everything would be fine.

"But ... I-I can't pay my part of the rent anymore," John lowered his voice as if ashamed.

"I'll pay your part, dear. Besides, it's not your or mine part anymore; it's our part. Don't stress about it. I'm sure Roger can find a job as well, especially since we're now recording during the night."
Money isn't a problem.

"I-I can't have you paying my share, it's ... not fair," John argued, "I-I ... should get a job a well."

"You really don't have to, dear. But if you really want to, if you think that is something you'd be interested in, then ... alright," Freddie nodded, trying to be a supportive boyfriend.

John lied; he didn't want to get a job. Well, he did want to, but the mere thought of searching for a job in the middle of everything that was happening, was absolutely terrifying. Even if circumstances were normal, John'd be stressing about it. How does one even look for a job? Should he just look through newspapers? What can he even apply for? He's never had a real job before, the only way John ever made money was by playing in various bands. Even if he did manage to find a job that he could apply to, that would require calling and arranging an interview and just the thought of that made John nauseous.

He immediately felt bad about not being truthful with Freddie and admitting that getting a job made him nervous; the singer seemed to agree with the idea and was even encouraging.

John felt sick to his stomach.

"Listen, darling, I have to go to the store real quick," Freddie said, pulling John from his thoughts, "I'll be back in an hour, alright? Are you going to be fine?"

John quickly nodded, forcing a smile, "I-I have Roger, even if he's currently sleeping in his room and ... I-I have Delilah and Lily. I'll be fine, don't worry."

"Good!" the singer clapped his hands with excitement, then leaned down to meet Delilah's eyes, "You are older than Lily is, so you will be the one in charge of looking after John, alright? Do not let him out of your sight."

John couldn't help but smile at how adorable that was, especially because Delilah meowed at the end and it truly sounded as if she said 'yes'.

"Such a good girl!" Freddie pressed a kiss to Delilah's head and then quickly stood up, disappearing from the room to get ready. He returned just minutes later, looking a bit nervous. He said goodbye to John, giving him a soft kiss and then left the flat. It physically hurt him to leave John alone while he was in such a state, but there was something Freddie desperately needed to do and could not keep it off any longer.

And it definitely had nothing to do with going to the store.
Freddie knocked on the door and then waited, clenching his jaw with pure rage.

After getting no answer, he knocked on the door again, a lot harder now; he was just about ready to break through the door when he finally heard someone unlocking it and then the door opened.

Tom just stood there for the first few moments, looking very surprised to see Freddie, but then he quickly composed himself, "What a nice surprise. How can I help you, dear Freddie?" he asked, forcing a smile.

"Can I come in, Tom?"

That did confuse Tom a bit, apparently he did not expect Freddie to be so very calm and polite. Slowly, he nodded and moved to the side, letting Freddie into the flat. After closing the door behind him, they walked into the living room and then Freddie faced him, not saying anything.

"Should I be worried?" Tom chuckled, "Are you going to beat me up again?"

"It depends."

"On what exactly?"

"If you behave or not," Freddie replied, reaching into his pocket and pulling out the Valentine's card, holding it up in front of him, "What's this?"

Tom raised his eyebrows, taking a closer look at it, "It sort of looks like a Valentine's day card. A very cheap one, though."

"Well, you never had any taste, darling."

"What does that mean?"

Freddie's expression hardened, "Care to explain why exactly are you sending my boyfriend love cards?"

Tom let out a laugh, "I honestly have no idea what you're talking about, Freddie."

"How do you know about John's rape? And how do you know the cunt who did it? And where did
you get the idea to torment John with it?"

That did make Tom grimace a bit, "Slow down, Freddie. I can't keep up with all the questions."

"Yes," Freddie forced a smile, "You were never really bright, were you, dear?"

Tom decided to ignore that comment and instead do something he knew would hurt the singer, "Let me answer few of your questions. First of all, I'd really appreciate it if you restrained yourself from calling what your little boyfriend did in a dirty stall, rape. It really minimizes all the suffering the real victims go through, you know?"

Freddie's blood boiled at those words, "Don't you dare - "

"To answer your second question; yes, I do know the guy that your boyfriend had a fling with. He's been quite mouthy, complaining about some Paki guy and his blond sidekick dragging him into the stall and beating the absolute shit out of him, even stealing his wallet. You're lucky he chose not to report you, Freddie. You do know beating people up is illegal."

"Oh, shut it," Freddie hissed, throwing the card at him, "Why the fuck are you sending cards to John, pretending you're his attacker? Is that what gets you off? Bullying other people? Making them terrified? You really are sick, you know that?"

"I did not send that card, Freddie."

"It's your handwriting, Tom. You weren't even smart enough to change it a bit," Freddie let out a cold laugh.

Tom said nothing to that; he just tensed up and forced a smile, trying to seem relaxed, but Freddie could see right through him.

"What will it take?" Freddie asked, lowering his voice, "What will it take for you to fuck off and leave us alone?"

"Are you .... offering to pay me, Freddie?" Tom sounded very amused.

"Don't misunderstand, darling. I am not afraid of you and neither is John," the singer shrugged his shoulders, chuckling coldly, "Do you think the card upset us? We actually had a laugh about it, John and I. We agreed it was very cheap and corny."

That did make Tom's smile disappear, even though he tried to pretend he wasn't affected by it.
"Oh, I'm sorry! Did you expect to hear how we immediately burst into tears, holding onto each other in sheer panic?" Freddie teased. "You are not scary, Tom. You are just a nuisance, dear. You are ... a fruit fly. A very annoying one at that."

"If I'm really that annoying ... why are you here?" Tom asked, crossing his arms over his chest, "Why are you wasting your time with me?"

"Because you're trying to get to John and I really do not appreciate another man circling my boyfriend as if he's some kind of a pray."

"Do you see me circling him? I'm in my own flat, minding my own business - "

"Probably wanking off to the thought of John," Freddie spat out.

"I don't want John," Tom replied, "You can have him."

"Oh, really? Then what do you want?"

It took him a moment; but then Tom slowly approached Freddie and raised his eyebrows, "Isn't it obvious what I want? And need?"

"Besides a punch to the face? Not idea, darling."

"I want you."

Those words did make Freddie lose his composure a bit; he knew Tom was lying. It was obvious that he had some sort of a sick obsession with John and saying he wanted Freddie was only his attempt to gaslight him.

"Don't give me this bullshit," the singer snapped at him, "I'm not buying it."

"It's true," Tom approached him slowly, "I'm not a fan of this ... new Freddie. I miss the old Freddie. The one who would get on his knees and suck my cock the moment we stepped into the flat."

Freddie flinched at the memory and his stomach turned, nearly causing him to gag.

"Or the Freddie who enjoyed being bent over that table right there," Tom continued, a smile on his face, "I want you to submit to me, Freddie. That's what will make me stop."

"Submit to you?" Freddie let out a laugh, "What do you think this is? You've read too many BDSM
magazines, dear. I'm not into that kind of shit, but ... no judgment. Whatever floats your boat, darling."

"Are you sure, Freddie? It seemed to me that you quite enjoyed - "

"What? Waking up to you trying to fuck me?" Freddie asked, his face turning hard, "Yes, that is everyone's dream, actually."

And then Tom approached him slowly, biting his lower lip, apparently trying to be seductive and it made Freddie sick. Just the fact that there were times when he did find Tom attractive, made his stomach turn.

"I think you're lying to yourself," Tom sighed, "You found yourself a little puppy who follows you around and does everything you tell him to, but deep inside you want to be the puppy."

A laugh escaped the singer, "You're into bestiality now? Can't say I'm surprised."

Tom did not let himself get sidetracked by the mocking; he kept approaching Freddie until they were just inches apart and then his eyes dropped from Freddie's eyes to his lips. The singer refused to step away; he stood his ground as if daring Tom to try and do anything.

And then Tom did do something.

He grabbed the back of Freddie's head with his hand and pressed his lips roughly against him, giving Freddie the most disgusting kiss the singer has ever received. Freddie's first instinct was to push him away and punch his face, but then an idea occurred to him.

He used all of his willpower to stop himself from vomiting as he returned the kiss, even more roughly, fighting for dominance with Tom. It was clear that it surprised Tom and his poor attempts at trying to dominate Freddie were actually laughable. Clearly he did not expect to be kissed back, especially not in that way. Freddie knew what it looked like; two tops trying to make the other one a bottom and he had a feeling Tom realized that as well.

When they finally pulled apart, Freddie wiped his mouth and forced a smile.

"Oh, you didn't like that, Tom?" he asked, a bit breathless, "You want me to be a bit more ... unresponsive?"

"You're pretending, Freddie. This isn't who you really are. You are a good actor, I must admit."

The singer raised his eyebrows in defiance, "Are you trying to say you know the real me? Alright,
then. Try and get me hard for you. Go on. I'll wait."

Tom always like a challenge and he immediately kissed Freddie again, but this time the singer just stood there, not responding at all. He tensed up when Tom reached down to palm his cock through his pants and it literally made his skin crawl with sheer disgust. He knew he'd need a hot shower after this visit.

Just hearing Tom moan was disgusting enough; being groped by him was almost too much, but somehow Freddie managed to not vomit right there and then. When Tom finally pulled away, his eyes desperately searching for any signs on pleasure on Freddie's face, the singer raised his eyebrows, not being too impressed by what happened.

"I'm truly sorry, Tom, but I don't think it's working," he let out an overly sad sigh before walking over to the sofa and bending over, wiggling his arse, "We can try it this way? You think you can do it better this time?"

Tom clenched his teeth in anger and humiliation, "Fuck you, Freddie."

"Yes, dear, that was the plan, but you can't seem to do it," the singer straightened up, glaring at him, "You can't seem to be able to seduce me. Or anyone else, for that matter. All you do is pray on the weak because you can't handle someone being stronger than you. You get hard at the thought of making someone terrified of you and that's why are obsessed with John. I know you don't want me anymore, I'm not stupid."

"What would your dear John say if he found about about what just happened here?" Tom asked, forcing a smile.

"He'd feel sorry for me for having to experience that. Because we trust each other. Not that you would know anything about that."

"Freddie - "

"Stop contacting us. This is your last fucking warning," the singer said firmly, "I'll do whatever it takes to make sure John is never alone again and you won't be able to get to him. You won't be able to wank off to the thought of scaring him ever again."

"I'm not doing anything illegal, Freddie."

"Shut the fuck up or I'll break your damn legs for putting your disgusting cum in John's hair. Don't think I've forgotten about that. And leaving that shit all over our bed," Freddie hissed at him, disgust evident on his face.
"I have no idea what you're talking about. Now, if you'll excuse me - "

"Oh, I'm leaving, dear. Don't you worry about that. Are you expecting some company? Perhaps rapists and murderers? Apparently you're good friends with those."

"Again with this shit, Freddie? Todd is a perfectly decent guy. I've had drinks with him. He remembers you, but he doesn't remember John very much. He just calls him the toilet fuck. Don't believe anything your little boyfriend tells you. You truly are naive."

Freddie's blood boiled at those words; he honestly couldn't decide who was more sick; Tom or Todd. He hated Todd with his entire being and if he could have it his way, Todd would be six feet under where he wouldn't be able to hurt anyone else ever again. But Tom was something else entirely; he was truly sick in the head. No normal person would be able to say those disgusting things and get turned on by someone's fear. What Todd did to John was evil and fucked up, but he didn't do it because he enjoyed seeing someone in distress. He didn't stick around later to watch how much pain his actions caused to John.

"John and I are very happy and you are not going to stand in the way," Freddie said to Tom, his voice low and dangerous, "But ... you can try and see what happens. Just ... give me a reason, Tom. I beg you."

There was a complete silence after that. They both just stared at each other until Freddie finally forced himself to move, wanting to be out of that flat as soon as possible.

"Keep the card," the singer said as he slammed the front door behind him.

ooo

Freddie felt absolutely dirty; he now understood why John insisted he was dirty even though there was nothing on him. It was all in his head and now Freddie experienced that. All he wanted was to take a hot shower, desperately needing to wash off the feeling of dirt.

But the first thing he did after entering the flat was finding John and pulling him into a hug. The bassist was a bit surprised, but he quickly wrapped his arms around his boyfriend, kissing his neck softly.

"Hello there," John chuckled, finding it a bit strange that Freddie missed him this much after just an hour of being away from him.

"Hello, my love," the singer breathed out, not letting him go just yet.
They stood like that for a few long minutes until finally Freddie pulled away, meeting John's confused eyes.

"What did you buy?"

"W-What?"

"You said you were going to the store."

Freddie tensed up, "Oh, right. I-I wanted to buy some hangers. You know, for ... clothes. But they didn't have them."

"They didn't have hangers?"

"I know, unacceptable," the singer pretended to be disappointed and then he finally moved away from John, "I-I'll go take a quick shower, dear. Alright?"

"Er ... yeah, sure."

Freddie could see the confused expression on John's face, but he desperately needed to get clean.

For the next fifteen minutes the singer just stood under the burning hot water, not even actively cleaning himself, just standing there. He knew he wasn't physically dirty, he only felt dirty. During that long shower he made a decision; he realized that there was no point in telling John anything about the his visit to Tom's flat or the true story behind the card. While the singer believed in honesty, there were things that were better left as a secret. It wasn't as if Freddie was afraid of John's reaction; he knew the bassist would understand what Freddie was trying to prove by kissing Tom and letting himself be kissed. The only reason the singer wanted to keep the entire thing from John was the fact that telling him would do him no good. It would only add more stress to his life and John did not need more of that.

When he finally left the bathroom, he quickly found John again; desperate to be next to him and enjoy his company. Freddie entered the living room and then froze as he noticed the sight in front of him. John was sitting on the sofa and right next to him was Lily; the small kitten was shyly letting herself be petted and it just melted Freddie's heart.

The bassist turned to look at his boyfriend, a big smile on his face, "She just jumped up on the sofa."

"Oh my god, darling. She's adorable. Is she purring? I think I can hear it all the way here!" Freddie squealed with love, barely holding himself back from sprinting towards Lily and taking her in his arms.
"Come sit with us," John whispered.

"You think she'll be alright with it?"

"We'll see," the bassist smiled, patting the empty space next to him.

Freddie did not need to be told twice; he slowly approached them and carefully sat down next to John. He could see that Lily tensed up, her big, blue eyes wide open as she observed him, but then she relaxed again, realizing he wasn't a threat.

"I'm so excited," Freddie whispered, desperately wanting to clap his hands, but he refrained himself from any sudden movements.

Lily then eyed Freddie carefully and slowly approached John even more; she put her paw on the bassist's leg, trying to get a feel of it. After a few moments she climbed on John's lap and clumsily tried to get to Freddie. John held in a giggle when Lily lost balance and fell down from his lap, landing head first on the sofa in between Freddie and John.

"She's as clumsy as you, dear," Freddie giggled and then gasped as Lily hesitantly poked his leg with her paw before bringing nudging it with her head.

"Is she smelling you?" John asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Neither of them dared to speak at a normal volume, worried it might scare Lily away and make her hide under the sofa for the next three days.

Apparently Lily was very intrigued by Freddie's clothes; she kept smelling them and gently biting the material and rubbing her head against it. After a few minutes the singer dared to slowly move his hand and he gently touched the top of Lily's head, petting her. The kitten was a bit surprised by that, but then she just purred again and let herself be petted.

"Oh, no," John suddenly said, "Freddie, look."

The singer turned his head into the direction John was pointing at and realized what made the bassist react in such a way. Right there, on the top of the piano, was Delilah. She was calmly sitting there and her paw was against the giant glass vase which had flowers in it.

At first Freddie did not understand what Delilah was doing, but then the cat pushed the vase a bit, nearly knocking it over.
"Delilah!" he whisper-yelled at her, "Don't you dare!"

The cat just blinked at him with a neutral expression before pushing the vase a bit further towards the edge of the piano. Both John and Freddie tensed up, not knowing what to do. The singer tried to stay calm and collected, not wanting to freak Lily out who was currently playing with Freddie's pockets, completely oblivious to the drama that was happening with Delilah and the vase.

"Delilah!" the singer tried again, "If you knock that vase over, you'll be sleeping in Roger's room. You know you hate that room."

The cat completely ignored those words and slowly pushed the vase to the edge of the piano before smacking it over with her paw. It landed on the floor and shattered into a thousand pieces. The sudden noise startled Lily and she let out a panicked meow before literally falling off the sofa and hiding under it.

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Delilah!" Freddie groaned as he stood up, approaching the piano. The cat just jumped off of it and walked away, not being at all bothered by what she did.

"Shit!" the singer swore again, looking at the mess on the floor, "Darling, make sure none of the cats come near this. There's shattered glass all over!"

John nodded, letting out a tired sigh as he watched the singer sweep the glass from the floor and then use a towel to wipe all the spilled water.

"Why is she acting like that?" Freddie complained, "She was such a well-behaved cat. I can't possibly understand what got into her!"

"She wants attention, Freddie," John replied.

"I give her attention all the time! But she's refuses to even acknowledge my existence!"

Dealing with Delilah and her tantrums was becoming increasingly more demanding; the older cat was showing no interest in meeting the newest addition to their little family and showed pure jealousy when anyone gave Lily a tiny bit of attention.

At least she was just knocking over vases and not trying to physically harm Lily.

ooo
Later that afternoon when John returned from taking a quick shower, he found Roger and Freddie in the living room, clearly having a serious conversation.

"I enjoyed having that booth at the Kensington Market," Roger sighed, running a hand through his hair, "Too bad that didn't work out."

"Well, it is that it is, dear."

They both tensed up slightly when they noticed John; the bassist felt as if he was interrupting something by the way Fred and Roger reacted. He contemplated leaving the room, but then Freddie patted the empty space on the sofa right next to him.

"Come here, darling. We need to talk."

Oh no.

John did not like when conversations started with those words. He heard that people usually use that phrase when they intend to break up with their partner. But why would Roger be there if Freddie wanted to break up with him? Surely he'd want some privacy, right?

John sat down slowly, not even blinking as he stared at the singer, waiting for him to speak.

"Sweetheart, as you probably know ... there are going to have to be some changes around here," Freddie slowly started, "Money is not an issue yet, but I'd like to do something before it gets an issue."

John relaxed, realizing the singer was not breaking up with him. He subconsciously started playing with the ring on his finger as he listened to what Freddie was saying.

"While you were in the shower I called my previous employer and I asked if I could get my job back and ... I-I'm starting tomorrow morning."

John opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out.

"And I'll get a job as well," Roger added, "Some extra money won't hurt anyone."

The bassist nodded, not actually knowing what to say, "Er ... you worked at an airport, right, Freddie?"

"Yes, dear. I was a baggage handler and ... I also did other things. It's not bad at all. The people there
are really nice, I have some friends there," Freddie explaining, smiling a bit, "They pay pretty well."

"Oh," John nodded, nervously biting his lip, "That's ... great. I'm glad. I-I mean, if ... you think that's necessary, then ... fine. But how will you manage? I-I mean, with time."

"Well, we've decided to record during the night and I start my shift at eight in the morning," Freddie explained, "I'd like us to be home from the studio at least by four in the morning. That way I could get three hours of sleep."

Apparently concern showed on John's face because Freddie rushed to reassure him, "I'll be fine, darling! I'll take a nap when I come home. I believe I'll be home around four or five every day, so I'll have some hours before we leave for the studio. Besides, we won't be at the studio every night."

That did not make John feel better; in fact, he felt absolutely horrible. He wished Freddie wasn't forced to do this; it was a crazy schedule. John was positive he himself wouldn't be able live by it for a week, let alone longer. Freddie was not the kind of person to dwell on things; he quickly moved on and the same was with this conversation. He explained that he got a job and that was it. The next minute he was laying on the floor, trying to lure Lily out.

But John wasn't like that. It took him a while to process things and he hated changes. While he was a responsible person, the thought of obligations and getting a job, scared him. It was obvious that it was expected of him to get a job as well and John knew he had to do it, but just the thought of it made him stressed.

Also, just the thought of Freddie being away for the majority of the day, made his stomach twist with pain. Him and Freddie have been together almost every single day since that horrible night in November. The only time they were apart was when Freddie had to go visit his parents, but other than that, they were inseparable. John knew he was probably too selfish and needy, but he did not want Freddie away from him for eight or more hours. He just knew those hours would be absolute torture.

Leaving for the studio at ten at night was really unusual; John wasn't used to going out at such a late hour. Night usually meant sleep for him. And for the last couple of months the night also meant other fun activities, but not going to the studio. They all drank a strong cup of coffee before Brian picked them up, but they were all yawning within the first twenty minutes of recording.

John felt very bad for the audio engineer who had to work because he seemed extremely exhausted. That night they did not record like they usually do; Freddie recorded a few vocals, but then they started experimenting a bit, not being satisfied with the sound they were making. John had to admit that was quite fun, although he felt foolish clapping his hands or hitting a pot with a spoon to make a
He wasn't sure why, but he was quite confident about what they were doing. Yes, it looked ridiculous, but he was pleased with how it turned out. Although, he could only imagine what the poor audio engineer must have thought while he observed them.

He probably thought they were drunk.

"Don't you think I sound like shit?" Freddie asked as they listened to his recorded vocals.

"No, it's good," Brian replied.

"Let me try that again," Freddie said and rushed back to the recording booth.

John was dozing off on the sofa; he had to pinch himself every few minutes to stay awake. There wasn't much that he could do and not doing anything was making him sleepy. Half an hour later they were listening to Freddie's vocals again, but they weren't completely satisfied. Something was missing.

"Sounds better," Roger commented, yawning a bit.

Brian nodded, "Yes, but we need to get experimental."

"Try bouncing us left and right for the ah-ah-ahs," Freddie suggested to the audio engineer.

The guy did as asked and all the boys grinned at how good that sounded.

"Now dead center for the last," Brian added.

"And then blast it!" Roger clapped with excitement and the boys all stood up with happiness and pride at how good that part came out. Freddie grabbed John, raising him up and spinning him around. If the bassist was sleepy just moments earlier, he was now more awake then ever. Just seeing the pure happiness on Freddie's face was worth staying up all night. Even the audio engineer cracked a smile.

"We still have a few hours. Does anyone want some coffee?" Brian asked, getting ready to leave the control room.

"I'll have a cup, darling."

"I-I'll have some, please. Black."

"Yes, I'll have a cup too," Roger said, yawning again.
"Alright, one sugar or - ?"

"One and three sevenths, please," the drummer replied casually, causing all the boys to look at him in confusion.

"Three sugars?" Brian asked carefully.

"No, one and three sevenths."

"Seven sugars?"

"One and three sevenths!"

"What the fuck does that even mean?" Freddie asked, staring at Roger.

After a few minutes of bickering Brian finally left and the other three continued with editing the recorded audio. John collapsed on the small couch right behind the mixing desk and Roger soon joined him, closing his eyes for a few moments. John realized it was two in the morning which meant they had less than two hours left. Freddie was sitting at the control desk with the audio engineer, quietly talking to him and pushing the buttons up and down, giving his suggestions.

"Roger, darling, come listen for a moment."

The drummer yawned loudly, but immediately stood up, approaching the desk and listening to a small part of the song.

"Oh, it sounds alright to me!" he said afterwards, nodding his head.

Freddie let out a small chuckle, "Well, he's ... only added your drum part."

"That's why it sounds alright to me!" Roger laughed, slapping his own face a bit to wake himself up. Once it was finally time to leave, all the boys were high on adrenaline, chatting amongst themselves and throwing out ideas and suggestions for their next session. The enthusiasm lasted for about ten minutes and then they were all asleep. Well, all except for Brian who had to drive.

After finally getting back home at around four in the morning, the boys just disappeared to their rooms and collapsed into beds. Freddie just managed to pet Delilah who was snoring on the sofa and he nearly fell asleep doing that. Dread washed over him as he realized he had to get up in less than three hours if he wanted to make it to work on time. All his life Freddie was always on the go; he rarely spent an entire day at home. He was always out; clubbing, working or just ... doing things. He rarely got more than five or six hours of sleep each night.
But it all changed that horrible November night when John was attacked. Since then he spend almost every day with John and the days were mostly spent at home. And Freddie wasn't complaining; he enjoyed those days and did not miss his busy lifestyle. The only problem was that he was now used to not having obligations and getting used to having to work again would be quite challenging.

"You have to get up in three hours," John groaned as the singer got into bed, grimacing a bit.

"Oh, don't remind me, darling!"

"I'm sorry," John whispered to him, pressing a kiss to Freddie's cheek.

"Why are you sorry?"

"Well ... it's because of my p-parents - "

Freddie cut him off, "Don't be ridiculous, darling. This has nothing to do with them. I would have found a job even if they continued to send you money, dear."

"But - "

"No buts, dear. I'll be fine. I'll drink some coffee and .. I'll be fine. Do not worry."

John slowly nodded, although he still wasn't convinced. But he figured arguing with Freddie wasn't a very smart idea because the singer should use every free minute he could get for sleeping.

"Good night," John kissed him again, "I love you."

Freddie grinned, clearly enjoying being showered with affection, "I love you too, dear. Good night."

They got into their usual position with Freddie spooning John and the singer managed to lace their fingers together before they both fell asleep.

ooo

When he heard the alarm, Freddie thought it was a joke. He had just fallen asleep; how was it possible that it was already half past six? He smacked the alarm clock on his nightstand, nearly knocking it to the floor. John stirred beside him, letting out a groan and managing to open one eye, "A-Are you getting up?"
Freddie yawned, "Yes, dear. You go back to sleep, alright? I'll try to be as quiet as possible."

The singer tried to get up, but then John pulled him back into bed and hugged him, not allowing him to leave.

"Oh, darling, you're making this difficult for me," Freddie chuckled; he wished he could just throw his alarm clock through the window and cuddle up next to John. In their comfortable, warm bed.

"W-When are you returning home?"

"Sometime between four or five in the afternoon, dear."

"That's ten hours from now," John sighed, his chest tightening with sadness.

He already missed Freddie, even though the singer hasn't even left yet. They cuddled for a few minutes, not even talking, just enjoying those quiet moments together. And then Freddie had to get up; while he was in the bathroom getting ready, John got up as well to prepare breakfast for him. He quickly made some scrambled eggs and a very strong cup of coffee before serving it on the table and then he made two sandwiches that Freddie could take to work.

The singer was very surprised to see John in the kitchen; when he left the bedroom he was certain that John had fallen back asleep.

"Darling, what on earth are you doing up?" he asked, noticing the breakfast on the table, "Oh, you ... you shouldn't have. I'm not expecting you to make me breakfast, dear. I can eat some cereal, really."

"You'll be handling baggage, right?" John asked, smiling, "You won't be able to do that with just cereal in your stomach, Freddie."

"What's that?" the singer gasped as he noticed two large sandwiches on the table, "That's for you, right?"

"N-No, it's for you. Your ... lunch," the bassist replied, "I-I wouldn't want you to starve."

Freddie was visibly touched as he pulled the bassist into this arms, giving him a soft kiss, "Darling, you are the best boyfriend ever!"

John blushed, stuttering a bit, "H-Hurry and eat your breakfast."

The singer quickly obeyed, sitting down and stuffing his mouth with food. It was still dark outside;
John absolutely despised having to get up so early that it was still pitch dark outside. He could clearly remember his school days during the winter; while he was never late to class, it was quite a challenge to get him out of the bed in the morning.

"Are you nervous?" John asked, his voice very quiet. "I've worked there in the past, dear. I already know everything there is to know," Freddie explained, yawning again, "Also, I know all the workers. We got along just fine. Don't worry about me. Instead, tell me about you."

Immediately John tensed up, "W-What about me?"

"What are your plans for today, dear?"

"Oh. I-I'll clean the flat and ... I-I'll look through the newspapers a bit. See if there's something for me."

Seeing Freddie off was the most stressful thing ever; John actually teared up. A rational part of him knew that going to work was normal and that he'd get used to it, but he was just so used to having Freddie around constantly. Saying goodbye to the singer that morning felt as if they were saying goodbye forever.

"Oh, darling! You're going to make me cry!" Freddie cupped John's face in his hands, kissing his forehead, "Stop that nonsense! I'll be back in nine hours, alright?"

The bassist nodded, forcing a smile, "A-Alright."

"I'll tell you, it's a sin to have to get up at this ungodly hours. Even the cats are still sleeping, dear! How is that fair?" Freddie joked a bit, wanting to make John smile.

And it worked.

John chuckled, shaking his head, "I-I can go wake them up if you want to?"

"No, no, dear. Let them sleep. I don't want them to annoy you," Freddie leaned closer to his boyfriend, pressing their lips together in the softest kiss ever before slowly pulling away and opening the front door, shivering as the cold air hit him.

John again felt like crying and he playfully pushed Freddie out the door, "Okay, go! This is taking too long!"

The singer gasped in shock, "Are you kicking me out, darling?"
"Yes!" John giggled through tears, "G-Go and ... bring home some money."

Freddie laughed at that, then raised his eyebrow, "Your wish is my command, dear."

After blowing him a quick kiss, the singer finally left and John returned to the flat, realizing how empty and silent it felt. Sending Freddie off into the night seemed so wrong and his heart ached for him already, but he tried to be mature about it.

Not knowing what to do with himself that early in the morning, he returned to bed, but was unable to fall back asleep. He kept tossing and turning, not able to ignore that Freddie's side of the bed was empty. He dragged himself out of bed at half past eight which was very early for John and after giving the cats their food, he decided to be an adult and find himself a job. His courage quickly disappeared when he actually flipped through the newspapers and seeing all the job ads that was not qualified for.

Personal assistant.

Content writer.

Physiotherapist.

Engineer.

Account assistant.

Sales executives.

John's anxiety grew slowly, but consistently. Even if he did manage to stumble upon a job that he thought he might actually be qualified for, they demanded at least five years of experience. After half an hour of trying to find a job, John could not take it anymore and he got rid of the newspapers, hiding them under the table, away from sight. His stomach actually physically hurt from worrying so much; he felt incompetent.

Freddie got a job. Roger was probably going to get a job.

And there was he; completely useless.
It did get a bit easier when Roger finally got up as well because at least then John had some human company; the cats were fun, but John couldn't actually talk to them.

"Damn, the previous night was rough," Roger yawned, stretching on the sofa, "Even when I went out to party, I was usually home by two. Brian's probably still sleeping."

"And ... Freddie's working," John said quietly, feeling very guilty.

"I wouldn't worry about him, Deaky. He has ways to ... make others work for him. Or do his work for him. He used to tell funny stories at work to make his coworkers do his job."

That made John laugh because he could clearly see Freddie doing that; while the singer wasn't lazy, he did try to get out of doing physical labour quite often. He could just imagine Freddie sitting on a chair, making up crazy stories while the others worked.

"What was Valentine's day like?" Roger suddenly asked, grinning a bit, "I haven't had a chance to ask you. Was it ... well spent?"

John blushed, "Y-Yes, it was perfect. We went to this festival and then we had dinner."

"And then you came home?" Roger raised his eyebrow teasingly.

"Er ... y-yes, we did."

"What's that on your arm, Deaky?"

John immediately looked down and noticed a bruise on his left arm; he had no idea where he got it, "I-I probably bumped into something."

"Yeah, like ... Fred."

"W-What?"

Roger laughed, "Oh, come on, Deaks. I'm not judging. I-I understand two guys together have sex differently than if there was a girl involved and I know that Fred is quite feisty. I mean, he's probably doing cartwheels with you."

John turned completely red, not understanding what kind of a position a cartwheel position would be, but he was positive they were not doing anything even related to that.
"Roger, I-I don't - "

"All those arguments and tension in studio," the drummer laughed, "Fred is probably pounding you into the next week. I'm completely fine with it, as long as I don't have to hear it."

"N-No, we ... " John did not know what to say; he couldn't understand why Roger thought he and Freddie were being aggressive in bed. Was that normal? Do gays have aggressive sex? Was John letting Freddie down by not being into that kind of sex?

All those questions came to John's mind and he was suddenly stressing about that as well. And then Roger stood up, making his way to the kitchen while still laughing. He suddenly stopped and made a really aggressive thrusting motions with his hips, snapping them forward as if trying to kill someone with the force of it before laughing even harder and disappearing from the room.

John was left completely speechless and shocked; his arse hurt just imagining Freddie doing anything as aggressive and rough to it. He had no clue where Roger go the idea that their lovemaking looked anything like that. Not that John wanted Roger to know anything about their lovemaking, but he also did not want the drummer to think Freddie was so rough with him that it left bruises. Because it wasn't anything like that.

ooo

John spent his day cleaning his and Freddie's bedroom; he changed the sheets, placing the stuffed toy the singer won for him at the festival on the bed, he wiped the dust before rearranging their closet and placing Freddie's clothes back inside. No matter what John did, the singer kept leaving his clothes on the floor; there was no changing that. John then vacuumed the entire flat and did the dishes.

Roger left around twelve because apparently he had errands to run and John suspected he was going to go look for a job. As much at the bassist liked being alone every now and then, he absolutely despised it now. He was very thankful for the cats; without them, he'd lose his mind completely.

At around one in the afternoon, John realized he was feeling really dizzy and he took a break; resting a bit on the sofa. Delilah slowly approached him and nudged his leg with her head.

"What is it?" John looked at her, noticing she was carrying a small mouse in her mouth; not a real mouse, but a toy that Freddie got for her, but she never showed any interest in playing with it.

Until now.
John took the toy from her, wondering what he should do with it. He knew how to play with dogs, but with cats? Not so much.

And then he just threw the toy across the room, hoping for the best. Immediately Delilah jumped after it, running towards it and biting into it before bringing it back to John who couldn't help but chuckle.

"Good girl," he praised her and took the toy from her before throwing it across the room again. Once again, Delilah sprinted towards it and bit into it, but then she stayed there, playing with the mouse. John spent nearly ten minutes just observing her and giggling; it was the first time Delilah showed interest in any toy.

And then he heard the phone ring.

John quickly got up and answered it, "H-Hello?"

"Hello, darling!"

The bassist's heart skipped a beat, "F-Freddie?"

"Yes, dear, it's me. I'm having a late lunch, dear. How are things at home?"

"G-Good! It's good. Roger left a few hours ago and it's just me and the cats."

"You've locked the door, right?"

John quickly nodded, even though the singer could not see him, "Y-Yes, I did. Don't worry."

He could hear Freddie let out a sigh of relief before asking, "Well, what have you been up to, dear? What are the cats doing?"

"Er ... I-I was just cleaning our room. I-I changed the sheets and tidied up a bit. And ... Lily is just hiding under the sofa. She was terrified of the vacuum cleaner, but Delilah was just annoyed by it," John chuckled as he remembered, "She kept hissing at it and attacking it."

Freddie laughed, "She's such a brat, I cannot with her, darling!"

"A-And now she's playing with the toy you bought her!"
"The mouse one? Really? I spent ages trying to make her interested in it and she decides to play with it when I'm gone?" Freddie groaned. "Not fair! I wanted to see that!"

"I'm sorry," John whispered, a smile disappearing from his face. For some reason he felt as if their baby just uttered their first word and Freddie wasn't around to witness that.

"She better play with that toy when I get home!" Freddie teased, noticing the change in John's tone and wanting to make him feel better.

"You know she'll be glad to see you," the bassist said softly, "She keeps walking around the flat and peeking into our bedroom, looking very confused. She's probably wondering where you are."

"Oh, my darling! Tell her I miss her! And Lily. And you!"

John smiled, blushing a bit, "I-I miss you too. How's work?"

"Same old same old. It's fine," Freddie replied, "I must say you make the best sandwiches, darling! I would never have thought of putting eggs into it."

It made the bassist giggle, "Y-You liked it?"

"It's the best sandwich I've ever eaten, honestly. What have you eaten, dear?"

Silence.

John tried to remember, but then realized he had not eaten anything that day. And it was nearly two in the afternoon.

"John, darling? You still there?"

"Y-Yes, yes. I'm here, I-I just ... I haven't really eaten anything."

"Excuse me?" Freddie nearly shrieked, "What do you mean you haven't eaten anything?"

"I-I don't know, really. It just ... never occurred to me. I guess I wasn't hungry."

"John," Freddie said in a serious tone, "I don't like this. You need to eat."

"I-I'll go eat something now. I promise."
Freddie let out a sigh, but then decided to let it go. For the time being.

"Alright, my sweet. Take care of yourself. I-I'll see you in two hours."

John smiled, biting his lower lip with excitement, "O-Okay, I'll see you soon. I love you."

"I love you, darling. Bye bye."

The bassist was smiling for a long time after that phone call; just hearing Freddie's voice was enough to put him in a better mood. Besides, knowing that Freddie was not suffering terribly at his job, did make John feel less guilty about not being able to provide for him.

Keeping his promise to Freddie, the bassist made himself some cereal and ate all of it, even though he wasn't feeling very hungry.

ooo

When Freddie finally returned home, John was waiting for him by the door, almost jumping on the spot with excitement. It took the singer completely by surprise and he just barely managed to close the door before John threw himself into his arms, holding him tight and kissing him. It made Freddie chuckle and he picked John up, throwing him over his shoulder and carrying him to the bedroom. John was giggling the entire way, pretending he was trying to escape; they both almost fell down on the floor when Freddie tried to kick off his shoes.

When the singer gently laid him down onto the bed, John just stared at him with such love that it sent shivers down Freddie's body. They were both unable to utter a single word, completely overwhelmed by emotion at being finally reunited again. Yes, it was just a couple of hours, but to them it seemed like eternity. Freddie crawled on top of John and kissed him again before resting his head against the bassist's chest, listening to his heartbeat.

John brought his hand up to play with Freddie's hair; he finally felt at peace. The entire day was just too stressful, even though nothing much was happening on the outside.

However, a lot was happening on the inside; in John's head. He was worried about the money situation, about his family, about getting a job, about not seeing Freddie as much, about their sex life, even about Delilah not getting along with Lily.

But cuddling with Freddie was just what he needed; it was perfect.
Without even realizing it, they both fell asleep and were rudely awakened someone knocking on their bedroom door.

"W-What?" Freddie asked, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

John had no idea what was happening, what day it was, what time it was. He was completely disoriented, but then he heard Roger's voice from the hallway.

"Brian's picking us up in ten minutes! Are you two still in bed?"

Both Freddie and John sat up, looking at the clock. It was nearly ten in the evening.

"What the actual fuck?" the singer asked as he untangled himself from the sheets, "Where did the time go?"

John got up from the bed, yawning, "I-I thought we'd just cuddle for a bit, I never expected us to fall asleep. I-I made you some spaghetti, but they're cold now."

Freddie gave him a smile, "Darling, I don't care if they're cold. I'm starving. You get ready and I'll go eat something quickly."

Even though he just spent nearly six hours cuddling with Freddie as they slept together, John felt as if he hadn't had a chance to really talk to him and spend time with him. Immediately after waking up from their much needed nap, they had to rush to the studio and work. For some reason Brian and Roger looked well rested while Freddie and John looked as if they were run over by a train.

They all drank at least four cups of coffee each that night and they somehow managed to be productive.

It was around midnight when Freddie decided to share with Roger and Brian the lyrics to the song John wrote about him; *You're my best friend.* The bassist was nervous as he waited for their opinion, almost expecting to be hit with hard critique.

While he and Freddie often could see eye to eye regarding music and even enjoyed the same things musically, Brian and Roger were a bit different. Their taste was slightly different and they disliked anything that wasn't hard rock.

After a few moments of silence while Roger and Brian read through the lyrics, the drummer nodded, looking at John, "It's good. Just this part... *You've stood by me, boy.*"
"Yes, yes, we'll change it to girl," Freddie quickly said, "So you like it?"

"Also this sentence ... I'm happy at home," Roger winced, "I don't want that."

Freddie narrowed his eyes in confusion, "What do you mean?"

"We're a rock and roll band," Roger raised his eyebrows at Fred, "We can't be singing about being happy at home."

"I have to agree with Rog," Brian sighed, then quickly added, "But other than that, it's fine."

John was relieved; he thought they were going to tear his entire song apart. Changing one or two lines would be no problem to him.

"The line stays," said Freddie, "It's John's song."

The bassist tensed up, "Oh, it's fine - "

"No, darling. I see no problem with that line."

"I refuse to sing about being happy at home," Roger crossed his arms over his chest, "People will laugh at us."

"Why would they laugh? It's a good song!"

"I don't want that fucking line!"

John let out a tired sigh and just went to sit on the sofa while Freddie and Roger argued about one sentence. John saw no point in wasting his energy with such little things; if Roger really wanted it out of the song, John was more than ready to replace it with something else. It was just one sentence, but for some reason Freddie refused to give in to Roger. They continued arguing for the next ten minutes, but then finally the drummer submitted and the line stayed in.

After that argument John played them the riff he envisioned for the song and they all started to work on it, building it, everyone adding a small bit, giving suggestions. For some reason it seemed they were all much more creative when working during the night. They left the studio at around half past three that night.
John fell asleep on the way back to the flat and apparently so did Freddie because Roger had to shake them both to wake them up. Just like the previous night; they went straight to bed, but for some reason John had trouble falling asleep that particular night. He kept tossing and turning and it worried him that he was keeping Freddie awake as well. He actually thought of going to sleep to the sofa, but he was too selfish and could not bear the thought of sleeping alone and not feeling Freddie next to him.

"Darling, do you have ants in your pants?" the singer suddenly chuckled.

"Y-You're still awake?" John asked quietly, "It's because of me, isn't it? I'm annoying. I-I'm sorry, I can move to the sofa - "

"You're not going anywhere, dear," Freddie only pulled him closer, burying his face in John's hair.

The bassist smiled and forced himself to relax, desperately wishing he could fall asleep and stop torturing himself and Freddie.

"Is something bothering you, darling?"

"W-What? No, no. It's fine."

Apparently he wasn't a good liar because Freddie moved so he could look at him, "What is it?"

"Nothing."

"John."

The bassist sighed, "Our new schedule is .. very demanding and ... there's not much time for us to ... "

"Make love?" Freddie grinned.

John choked on air, "N-No! Not _that_. Well, _that_ as well, but I-I meant just us being together and ... consequently, yes, making love."

"I'm free this weekend," the singer replied, pressing a kiss to John's neck and it immediately sent shivers down the bassist's body.
"Er ... I-I was thinking ... well, maybe we should set a date," John suggested, turning his head so he could look at his boyfriend.

"A date for what, dear?"

"Well, for ... s-sex. I was thinking we could start working on that."

"On sex?" Freddie let out a chuckle, "Funny. I was under the impression we've been working on that for months, darling. Who have I been mistaking you with this entire time?"

John laughed, slapping Freddie's arm, "You know what I mean. I-I mean going all the way. Don't you want that? You've ... never suggested we start working towards that."

The singer tensed up slightly, "I don't feel like it's my place to suggest that, darling."

"Alright," John quickly said, "Then I'm suggesting it. What do you say one week from today? The 24th of February?"

The suggestion shocked Freddie a bit and he needed a few moments to react, "W-What?"

"I'm setting a d-date."

"Why a date, darling?" Freddie looked confused, "You are not booking a flight."

"I-I know that," John blushed and then slowly continued, "I just ... Well, there has to be a date, right? We need to set a date because we both know it's not going to happen just ... accidentally or spontaneously. It's not something that would just happen on it's own."

Freddie let out a breath, "I agree with that, but you still can't schedule ... sex, darling."

"I'm not scheduling s-sex, I'm just scheduling ... t-that part."

"The penetration?"

John winced at the word, blushing even more, "F-Freddie."

"I just want to make sure we're both thinking the same thing. I wouldn't want any misunderstandings, dear."
While Freddie made it sound like a crazy idea, John was not backing down; he was positive his suggestion was actually pretty smart. Knowing when it was going to happen, would help John because there wouldn't be any uncertainty. He'd have time to prepare both mentally and physically.

"Well, when ... when you first did it, did you do it without a plan?" John asked, staring at his boyfriend, noticing how Freddie tensed up at the mention of his first time.

"Darling, that was different."

"Why?" the bassist asked, then softened his tone, "You ... you never talked much about the first time you b-bottomed. You just mentioned it in the passing."

Freddie nodded, a weak smile on his face, "I-I know, dear. I just said it was intense."

"I remember that. I always wondered what that meant," John admitted quietly, hoping Freddie was willing to share a bit more this time. The singer let out a long sigh, struggling with his words, "It ... it wasn't a great experience, darling."

That immediately caught John's attention, "Was it a b-bad one?"

"Not really, just ... Those aren't the only two options, darling."

After a few moments of silence, the singer let out a deep breath, "Alright. Do you really wish to know?"

John quickly nodded.

Freddie bit his lower lip nervously before continuing, "The first time I decided I want to try that ... I-I met this guy at the club and we flirted a bit. I liked him and we went to his flat. It all went well, but then he dropped his pants and ... darling, I panicked. Looking back now, his cock wasn't even that huge, but I decided there was no way in hell it was going inside of me. I got dressed and literally ran out of his flat, leaving the poor guy with blue balls."

John was surprised to hear that; he never imagined Freddie as someone who was afraid of anything. Yes, he got nervous like everyone else, but panicking and running away? It did not sound like Freddie.

"And ... it actually wasn't even that long ago," the singer admitted, "It happened less than four years ago, maybe three, darling."

"Three - ?" John blinked at him in confusion, "But I-I thought you were very young when you
became sexually active."

"I-I was," Freddie nodded, "But I meant other things. I tried everything else long before I tried taking it up my arse."

"Oh."

The singer forced a smile, "A few weeks after that incident I tried again, going home with a random guy again. But this time I was decided on going through with it and I-I used a bit of er ... liquid courage. Well, lots of it, actually."

"You were drunk?"

"I was absolutely wasted, darling! I don't remember much, if I'm being completely honest. I remember it being a bit uncomfortable and very intense. It wasn't just a walk in the park, no. It was quite straining and exhausting and ... I-I can't even remember which position we did it in, I just remember how it felt," Freddie explained, looking down at his hands, "I also remember being disappointed because for some reason I-I expected more."

John swallowed hard, "D-Did you enjoy it?"

Freddie struggled with his answer, "Well ... I-I didn't enjoy that part, but I did finish. If that's what you're asking, dear. I'm sorry if this is too graphic for you - "

"No, no!" John quickly shook his head, even though he could feel himself burning up, "I-I asked."

After a few moments of uncomfortable silence, John slowly asked, "But ... did it hurt? Were you in pain?"

Freddie gave him a sad smile, "Yes, but it wasn't excruciating pain. It was bearable, but we did everything wrong. The guy just wanted to get it in, not really caring about me and I was too embarrassed to say anything. I should have told him to slow the fuck down," he paused for a moment before putting on a strong face, "Well, that happened and I survived. It got easier after that."

John found it strange that in Freddie's mind that wasn't a horrible experience; he said it wasn't good nor bad. How could he remember that and not think it was just a horrible experience?

"I'm sorry that happened to you," was all John could say; while Freddie did not seem very sad about how his first time went, the bassist still felt sorry for him because he deserved better.

"Oh, don't be sorry, darling. It was my own fault. Besides, what have I always told you? First times
are overrated," he said, then his voice softened, "Except your first time. Your first time should be magnificent and perfect."

John blushed, giving him a shy smile, "I-I know it will be. Because it will be with you."

For a moment Freddie just stared at him, feeling the sheer love and adoration just radiating from John and it was overwhelming. It was almost frightening because the singer has never had anyone look at him in such a way and trust him so damn much. Freddie realized he could probably do anything with John and that he would be fine with it. It was an enormous proof of love and trust, but it was also a giant responsibility for Freddie. It was a good thing he always performed good under stress or he'd be a nervous mess right at that moment.

Then he finally let out a nervous chuckle, "But no pressure, right, dear?"

John pressed a soft kiss to his lips, "No pressure, Freddie. I know you're a magnificent lover."

"Darling, I'm serious!"

"You're probably the best lover on planet," John continued teasing, enjoying how Freddie was the one blushing for a change.

"Stop that!" the singer squealed with embarrassment.

"You'll take good care of me, I'm sure. You'll make it a perfect experience and - "

Desperate to make John stop talking, Freddie pressed his lips against his and just held still. It felt like kissing a dead fish and John couldn't help but laugh against Freddie's mouth. When they finally pulled apart, John was still chuckling and Freddie turned away from him, pretending to be annoyed.

"Where are you going?" John asked, moving closer to his boyfriend and pressing himself against his back, "I-I was just joking, Freddie. I know you won't be perfect. You'll probably be quite ... average."

"Excuse me?" Freddie gasped in shock, turning back to look at John, "I'll let you know, darling, nothing about me is average!"

It only made John laugh even harder; he wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's torso and put one of his legs over Fred's body, clinging onto him, "I was joking. I love you."

After hearing that, Freddie could not even pretend he was offended; he immediately smiled and covered John's hands that were resting on his chest with his own, "I love you too, sweetie. Now go
"Do we have an agreement about the... date?"

Freddie sighed, not completely sure that was a good idea, but he wasn't perfect. He wanted to make love to John and he decided to give John's suggestion a chance.

"Yes, we have an agreement, dear. The 24th of February it is."

Pressing a kiss to the back of Freddie's neck, John finally relaxed and closed his eyes, hoping to get some sleep before the alarm would go off.

ooo

John almost swore when he heard that damn alarm go off; he could swear he just closed his eyes. How could nearly four hours pass in just a moment?

Freddie let out a groan as he turned the alarm off and he rolled onto his back, stretching his arms above his head. While the singer was a morning person, getting up at six in the morning was still difficult. It might be easier during the summer, but having to get up while it was still dark outside was just annoying.

John sat up in bed, yawning; before he could slip from the bed, Freddie grabbed his hand, "Where are you going, darling? Go back to sleep."

The bassist shook his head, yawning again, "I'll go make you something to eat."

"Absolutely not. You are going to cuddle up in this warm bed and go back to sleep, darling."

John quickly escaped Freddie's grasp and jumped from the bed, a playful smile on his face, "Make me."

It took Freddie completely by surprise, he was not used to John being this giggly and upbeat early in the morning.

"You little minx! Come back here!" Freddie chuckled, pointing at the empty spot next to him.

John just stuck out his tongue and ran out of the room. Wasting no time, Freddie tried to get out of
bed, but there were too many damn blankets and he fell to the floor as he attempted to rescue himself. Somehow he managed to break free and he ran after John, catching up to him in the living room.

"Darling, what has gotten into you?" he asked with a smile as he pulled John closer, kissing the tip of his nose.

"I-I just miss spending time with you," the bassist admitted.

"Well," the singer looked at the clock, "I believe we have exactly twelve minutes before I have to start getting ready. What do you want to do?"

"I-I should make you something to eat," John said quietly, but he did not try to move away from Freddie, just enjoying feeling his body against his.

Freddie just stared at him for a long moment and then he raised an eyebrow, "I have an idea, darling."

"Yes?"

Not saying anything, Freddie just leaned closer to John, pressing their foreheads together for a long moment before giving a small kiss to John's nose again, then his cheek and his chin, deliberately avoiding John's lips. The bassist tried to kiss him, tried to catch his lips in his, but he could not seem to do it.

"You think you are the only one who can be a tease?" Freddie chuckled, kissing the corner of John's lips while his hands sneaked their way under John's shirt, gently caressing the soft skin on his back. The bassist shivered against him, arching up into Freddie's broad chest, moaning in the contact of body heat against his own.

Unexpectedly, Freddie's hand drifted to John's hip. It settled there and pulled him closer. The bassist inhaled sharply; he was against Freddie's warm chest, chiseled to perfection. Must he be so perfect? He splayed his hand against it, intending to push him away and tease him right back, but instead he left it there. His breathing quickened as did Freddie's. The singer began nuzzling John's neck with delicate kisses. So faint, they were whispers.

John moaned when he felt warmth radiate from the spot where Freddie's lips touched his neck, slowly spreading through the rest of him. And then Freddie finally took mercy on him; kissing him and the world fell away. It was slow and soft, comforting in ways that words would never be.

Sparks flew in every direction, and the world was slowly disappearing around them, along with all of their worries, their troubles and their problems. The both made each other feel like none of that mattered. It was a small yet warm kiss.
Freddie honestly never knew a kiss so innocent could be so intimate and electrifying. Their lips were moving in perfect sync, Freddie's hands feeling John's waist; he pulled him closer, the kiss deeper, more passionate. He felt John's hands on the back of his neck play with the ends of his hair. A smile grew on his face as it started to tickle and then something came over Freddie; his hands sneaked down to John's bottom and he raised the bassist up. John quickly wrapped his legs around Freddie, not wanting to be accidentally dropped to the floor. He had no idea where Freddie was carrying him, but then he felt himself be placed on top of the piano.

The singer was standing in between John's thighs and they continued kissing, not rushing it, even though they had just six more minutes left. When they finally pulled apart, they were both completely flushed as breathless and Freddie bit his lip, desperately wanting to cancel work and carry John back to their bedroom and ravish him.

He observed as John traced his hands over his bare chest; the bassist had a fascination with Freddie's chest and it was the most adorable thing ever. It was flattering and Freddie did not mind standing there for hours, letting his boyfriend play with it.

Slowly, the singer pushed John's T-shirt up, revealing his chest. It did not escape his notice that it seemed a lot thinner than a few weeks or even days ago, but it was not time nor place to be having that conversation.

John let himself be undressed, helping Freddie pull the T-shirt over his head; and then the singer immediately moved down to his chest, gently suckling on his left nipple. John's eyes rolled back with pleasure and his breathing got louder and heavier.

"You like that, darling?" Freddie teased, looking up at him.

John bit his lip and shyly looked away, trying to get his breathing under control.

"You're absolutely adorable," the singer said to him softly, "I honestly can't get enough of you."

The bassist blushed even more, "W-We have just three more minutes."

A groan of frustration escaped Freddie and he pulled John into a hug, kissing his neck and trailing his hand up and down his back as he held him close, enjoying the feeling of their chests being pressed together.

After a few silent moments the singer chuckled, "I would suggest a quickie, darling, but - "

Suddenly someone cleared their throat.
Loudly.

Both John and Freddie tensed up, turning to look at the direction from which the sound came from. And then slowly, Roger appeared, standing up from behind the sofa, looking absolutely mortified.

"Roger!" Freddie shrieked, "What the fuck are you doing hiding behind the sofa? W-Were you ... watching us?"

John let out an embarrassed squeal, hiding behind Freddie's body; even though the drummer had seen him topless before, it was different in that particular scenario. He and Freddie were in the middle of something intimate and even though only his shirt was gone, John felt completely naked.

"W-Watching you? Ewwwww! Why would I be watching you?" Roger grimaced, "I'm not a pervert, you know!"

"Then what the hell were you doing behind the sofa, darling?" Freddie demanded, trying to hide his boner.

"I went to take a leak and then I-I heard Lily and I came here to play with her and ... then you two walked in and ... started doing things and I didn't want to interrupt!"

The singer let out an annoyed sigh, "So you just stayed hidden and listened to everything?"

Roger grinned at that, "Yeah, you could say I did that. Come on, don't be such a drama queen. I haven't heard anything too awful," he slowly walked past them, winking at the singer, "Only that you're a big softie for John. Really, Freddie. You're such a romantic! I nearly melted with the cheesiness."

John jumped down from the piano, quickly rushing into the kitchen, "I-I'll go make you some breakfast, Freddie."

The singer and Roger remained in the living room, bickering and teasing each other. Meanwhile, John faced the most difficult challenge yet.

He tried to make some decent food.

While having a boner.
Chapter End Notes

Hello! :) Who's excited for the 24th of February? ;D Also, our boys got hit with a bit of reality in this chapter. Having to get up early does indeed suck. What do you think? :)
Chapter 56

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie started that day with a good wank in the bathroom; he had to do it because he did not want to go to work with a boner. It was his own fault though; he should have known better than to make out with John when he knew they had just a few minutes. He was a bit embarrassed to admit it, but it only took him two minutes before he came with a silent cry; an image of naked John in his mind.

When he finally appeared in the kitchen, the bassist was already waiting for him with breakfast. Even though Freddie was the one who just wanked off and was a bit breathless, John's face was more flushed.

"Are you alright, darling?" the singer asked as he pressed a kiss to his cheek, knowing John disliked getting interrupted during their intimate moments.

"Y-Yes, yes, it's fine," John quickly assured him, "I-I mean, we haven't done much. We were just ... kissing. Mostly."

"He probably didn't even see anything, dear," Freddie gave him a smile as he sat down next to him. And then he noticed that John made him cheese on toast and his heart melted again; he'd never take John preparing him breakfast for granted.

"Sweetheart, I am not expecting you to get up every morning with me. I mean it."

"I-I want to," John replied, "I want to spend as much time with you as possible. Now eat your toast."

Freddie knew better than to argue with John; the bassist could be very stubborn at times and they really did not have time for discussions as Freddie had to leave in less than ten minutes. They ate breakfast together and Freddie could not help but notice that John only managed to eat one slice of toast when usually he ate three or four. Brushing that thought away, Freddie tried to convince himself that it was just too early for John to eat more than that.

When it was time for them to part, John gave Freddie a kiss and they just stood by the front door, hugging each other tightly.

"I'll see you in a few hours, darling," the singer said, bringing his hand up to play with John's hair. It was such a simple act, but John purred and leaned into the touch, closing his eyes.

"Oh, sweetheart," Freddie sighed; saying their goodbyes should be getting easier with each morning and not more difficult.
Not wanting to make this even more hard for Freddie, John opened his eyes and put on a brave face, "I-I'll see you in a couple of hours. What do you want for lunch? Or ... dinner?"

"Anything would be fine, dear. Don't worry," Freddie replied, but after seeing the disappointment on John's face, he quickly added, "Actually, I'd love some ... pizza, dear."

"Pizza?"

"Do you know how to make it? If not - "

John's face lit up, "Y-Yes, I think I do know. I'll make us some pizza, then."

Freddie gave him a big smile, "Marvelous! I can't wait to get back!"

The singer expressing his wish to eat pizza gave John something to do; he had a goal for that day. Attempting to make the perfect pizza for Freddie. It wouldn't be like one of those professional pizzas, but John would try his best. Thankfully, they already had all the ingredients and John did not need to go to the store.

After saying goodbye to Freddie that morning, John returned to bed and was surprised to find Delilah in bed, on Freddie's side. She was sleeping peacefully and John was actually very thankful for her presence; it helped to have another living creature in bed with him and it suddenly seemed less lonely. He was sure Delilah missed Freddie; she barely saw him the previous day and no matter how childish she acted, the cat adored Freddie. Even if she acted annoyed by him most of the time.

ooo

Just like the previous day, John could not fall back asleep after Freddie left for work. He did stay in bed for a bit longer because he was not feeling very well and he suspected it was because of all the stress and the lack of sleep. When he finally forced himself to get up at around nine o'clock, he fed the cats and spent a bit of time with them. He wanted Lily to get used to his presence and because of that reason he spent several minutes just sitting on the floor beside the sofa. The kitten peeked out every now and then and meowed and John thought it was the most adorable thing ever.

"We have chairs, you know," Roger said as he appeared in the room.

John let out a giggle, "Oh, no, no. I-I'm just ... spending some time with Lily."
"She's still under the sofa?"

"Most of the time, yes. Especially when Freddie's gone," the bassist explained, "For some reason she always comes out of her hiding spot when he's home."

"At least she's using the litter box," Roger commented, "I don't fancy cleaning up pee and poo."

John had to agree with that; he would really dislike it if there was pee and poop all over the flat.

Roger sat in the armchair, putting his feet on the table, "So, Deaky ... I had no idea you were that kinky, mate."

The bassist slowly stood up and sat on the sofa, staring at Roger with a confused expression, "W-What do you mean?"

"Getting frisky on top of Fred's piano?" Roger chuckled, shaking his head, "I'm not allowed to even touch it because apparently it's so very precious and expensive and yada yada yada. But then he sits you up on top of it and nearly ravages you right there and then!"

John's face turned red," Oh, no, w-we wouldn't - "

"I seem to be the only that remembers the rule," Roger raised his eyebrow at him, "No sex in the living room. Or was it ... no sex on the sofa? I can't remember."

John forced a smile, "Really, R-Roger, we wouldn't ... we were just ... hugging."

"Usually hugging doesn't involve kinky nipple play," Roger winked at him.

Immediately John turned even redder, "I-I wasn't ... you saw that?"

Roger laughed, nodding his head, "It was on accident, but yes. I had no idea Fred was such a fan of nipples. I mean ... male nipples. They're just .... weird."

Up until a few months ago, John would have agreed with him, but since then he's been introduced to all the pleasures of nipple play and he was not going back.

Still, it was not something he felt comfortable discussing with Roger of all people.

"Do you lick his nipples as well?" Roger suddenly asked, narrowing his eyes in confusion.
John tensed up, suddenly forgetting how to speak. What even were words?

"I mean, you're not hairy, so ... I-I guess your nipples are fine," Roger continued, apparently having a monologue, "But Fred's so .... his chest is like a damn carpet. How do you even find his nipples in the midst of all that forest?"

"It's not ... er ... that difficult?" John replied, but it sounded more like a question.

"Do you get hair in your mouth?" Roger suddenly gasped, grimacing in disgust, "I guess it's the same as when I eat a girl out. Or not. I mean, it's not pubic hair, so it's not as bad? I guess? Still, I'm not a fan of hair getting stuck in my teeth."

John stood up, letting out a nervous laugh, "I-I need to go ... er ... clean our room. I'd love to stay and talk, but ... "

"Yeah, sure. Go ahead. I'll be leaving soon anyway. Have a few job interviews today."

Those words cut through John like a knife; he felt so incompetent. Everyone was trying and doing their best to get a job and earn some extra money. Everyone except for John who was too anxious to even look through the newspaper.

John spent that entire day cleaning; he started in his and Freddie's bedroom and then moved to the bathroom. He was surprised to find actual cleaning supplies, though he doubted Freddie and Roger ever used it and thoroughly cleaned the bathroom. He spent at least an hour in there, scrubbing it clean. He started with the shower and then moved to the toilet. He even organized their vanity cabinet and threw out the things that were expired, which there was a lot of.

When he was finally done he took a ten minute rest and used that time to play with the cats. To his surprise Lily came out of her hiding spot and was trying to climb onto the sofa, but was failing miserably. Delilah observed the scene from under the table where she was resting and John could almost swear he saw her roll her eyes.

"Do you want me to help you?" John asked Lily, smiling at her.

The kitten just meowed and tried to climb onto the sofa yet again, but was too clumsy for that as she landed on the floor again.

"Let me help you, you silly thing," John chuckled, slowly extending his hand towards the small kitten who just froze and stared at him in fear. When she realized John meant no harm, she let herself be picked up and John nearly melted at how soft and warm she felt.
He placed her beside him on the sofa and then left her alone. Lily hesitantly explored the sofa, looking up to John with confusion, even smelling him and then moving away slightly.

John immediately understood, "I'm not Freddie, no. But he'll be back soon."

Lily meowed at him and then just stared at him for a few long moments, not looking away, as if she waited for him to do something. To go bring Freddie.

"I miss him too," John slowly reached towards the kitten and gently stroked her head with his hand. At first Lily was very tense, but then she relaxed and even leaned against the touch, closing her eyes.

"You're so adorable," John giggled; he was so thankful to have to company of cats. No, they could not speak, but just their presence made everything better and less lonely.

But then Lily seemed to be interested in the table in front of the sofa. John observed as she nervously prepared herself to take a leap and jump; it did last several minutes for the poor kitty to gather her courage.

But when she finally moved and jumped, she totally missed the table and instead landed on Delilah who was chilling on the floor. Both cats squealed and Lily bolted for the sofa, hiding under it while Delilah hissed at her with anger and annoyance.

John could not help but laugh; Lily was the most clumsy cat he's ever seen. Delilah rolled her eyes again and walked out of the room, clearly very annoyed and offended.

At around three o'clock John started making pizza. It would be his first time trying anything like this, but he had a pretty good idea on how to make it.

It was actually pretty easy; he struggled with making the dough and only hoped it wouldn't come out hard as a rock. He let the dough rise for one hour and in the meantime he tidied up the living room. While he was doing that he nearly stepped on Lily who was following him around.

John's favorite part of the pizza making was putting on the toppings; he put on extra cheese, not caring that there would be no more cheese left for his toast. They had no tomato sauce so he used regular ketchup and only hoped it wasn't expired.

He put the pizza in the oven and made a mental note to check on it in fifteen minutes. He used that free time to rest a bit; he was feeling off for the entire day and he couldn't figure out why. The only thing he did was clean the bathroom and it was not that exhausting.

John nearly dozed off a bit and then heard an angry growl. He immediately jumped up from the sofa and saw poor Lily on the piano, staring with fear at Delilah who was on the floor and hissing at her.

"Delilah, enough," John said to her, walking over to the piano, "Leave Lily alone."
The cat ignored him and hissed again, never removing his eyes from the smaller kitten. Lily was panicking; she had no idea where to go. The piano was too tall and she did not dare to jump down.

"How did you get up here?" John asked softly as he approached her and gently picked her up. He could feel her trembling in his arms, but then Delilah hissed again and Lily panicked, escaping from John's grasp and falling to the floor. She did land on her legs, but then Delilah ran towards her and in the process she tripped over some cables and nearly knocked over the telly. John caught it in the last minute, preventing it from hitting the floor.

"Delilah!" he groaned, "Would you stop that?"

He quickly put the cables away, tucking them behind the tv cabinet so that no one would ever trip over them again.

And then he smelled something burning.

John's stomach dropped as he realized what it was.

He ran into the kitchen which was already filled with smoke. He turned the stove off and opened the kitchen window, letting out all the smoke. Any hope that the pizza could be saved, was destroyed the moment he took a look at it.

It was completely burnt.

John took it out of the stove and immediately his eyes filled with tears. Freddie would be coming home in twenty minutes and the pizza was completely ruined. The bassist felt sick to his stomach; he sat on the chair and just waited there, not moving, not doing anything as tears rolled down his cheeks.

He barely registered when he heard the doors opening and someone calling his name. And then he recognized Freddie's voice.

"That the hell is that smell, darling?" the singer asked as he appeared in the kitchen.

John turned to him, a look of defeat on his face.

"Sweetheart, what happened?" Freddie quickly approached him, noticing the burnt pizza on the kitchen counter.

"I-I'm sorry," John whispered, "I-I messed up. I tried to..."
Freddie kneeled down in front of him, taking his hands in his, "Hey, darling. Don't worry about it. It's not the first time something was burnt in this kitchen. Roger once nearly burnt the entire kitchen to the ground."

A pained sob escaped the bassist, "I-I wanted to make pizza for you. And ... I-It was going so well, I-I added extra cheese for you and then ... then the cats started arguing and the telly nearly fell down and ..."

"John, darling. Breathe," Freddie smiled at him, "Everything is alright."

"But your p-pizza -"

"You'll make me another one some other day, don't worry."

John felt so stupid, so useless; he couldn't even make lunch for his boyfriend without messing it all up.

"Oh, darling," Freddie leaned closer and kissed his tears away, "Stop that. Lighten up, dear. Everything's fine. I'm not even that hungry."

"I can't do anything right," John whimpered, finally meeting Freddie's eyes.

"Sweetie, I want you to go take a hot shower and then wait for me in the bedroom, alright?"

The bassist blinked at him in confusion, not understanding.

"Do as I say, alright? I'll eat something quickly and then come join you."

John just nodded and stood up, giving his boyfriend a quick hug before disappearing from the kitchen.

ooo

The shower did make John feel better; it still pained him to think about how he messed up Freddie's lunch, but at least he wasn't sobbing over it anymore. And he was thankful for that; the last thing he wanted was to burden Freddie with his emotional outbursts. He did as the singer asked him to; after his shower he went straight to the bedroom and cuddled up on the bed. Within minutes Freddie
joined him, softly closing the bedroom door.

"How are you feeling, darling?" he asked as he sat on the bed, looking down at John.

"B-Better," the bassist admitted, "I'm really sorry, Freddie. I-I can try make you another pizza, but we'll have to go to the store and -"

"I've had two sandwiches, dear. Don't worry about me. I don't want you to stress over such small things, sweetie. It's not good for you."

John sighed, "I know. I'm just ... stressed."

"I think it's because you're stuck at the flat. Have you managed to find a job that would interest you? Was there anything useful in the newspaper?"

And then John lied.

"Y-Yes, I-I did find something. I have an interview tomorrow at ... three."

"Really?" Freddie sounded happy, "What kind of a job is it?"

"Oh, it's ... electrical something. I-I'll explain later."

John had no idea why he lied; he hated lying. But the words just escaped his mouth before he could stop them and he had no idea how he was going to get himself out of that one.

Freddie was a bit surprised by John's unwillingness to talk about it, but he accepted it, nodding his head.

"H-How was your day?" John asked, changing the subject.

"Oh, it was fine, dear. Nothing too exciting happened. Except that coat you got for me? Yes, two buttons fell off. I have them in my pockets, though. I'll sew them back on."

"I'll do it!" John offered before he could stop himself; he had no idea how to sew, but he'd try his best.

"Are you sure?"
"Yes, yes, I-I have time," John chuckled nervously.

"Alright, thank you, darling! Now ... take your shirt off and lie on your front, dear," he suddenly instructed, "I'll give you a massage."

"W-What? Freddie, that's really not necessary - "

"You're so tense, darling. Let me help you. Please."

Not being able to say no to Freddie, John nodded and took off his shirt, dropping it to the floor before moving and getting into a position, lying on his stomach. Freddie straddled him, sitting on his butt and then he placed his hands on John's shoulders.

The bassist immediately moaned, "Your hands are so warm."

"Are they?" Freddie teased as he rubbed the back of John's neck before moving down to his shoulder blades. He heard John groan as he grasped his shoulder-blades firmly and began a slow and tender massage.

"Are you groaning in pain or pleasure?" Freddie asked; at that moment he couldn't really tell the difference.

"Feels good," John replied quietly, his eyes closed.

"I swear, darling. You are so damn tense," the singer commented as he pressed his thumbs into the spot between John's shoulder blades, making the bassist hiss with slight discomfort.

"To get better it has to get worse, dear," he explained softly, but lessened the pressure on John's back.

John nodded; he felt as if he was melting into the mattress. He did not deserve this; Freddie was the one who should be getting a massage because he was the one getting up early and working to pay their bills.

"Am I to assume you want a full body massage, darling?" Freddie asked as he trailed his hands down John's back and hooked his fingers under the waistband of John's pants.

"N-No," John immediately protested, "You should be the one getting massaged. Y-You are the one working and - "
"Oh, shush, dear. You think I haven't noticed the bathroom is squeaky clean? And you deserve a reward for putting up with the cats for the entire day."

John was about to complain, but he felt Freddie pulling at his pants and he couldn't find it in himself to argue with him. Besides, Freddie gave the best massages ever and John was too weak to refuse. He raised his hips slightly so Freddie could pull his pants down, leaving him only in his briefs. He had no time to get cold because Freddie's warm hands were on his body immediately and he relaxed into the touch.

Freddie had no intentions of making this sexual; he only wanted to help John relax a bit because he could see how tense the bassist was. It was obvious in his posture and the way he moved. And he was right; John's back felt as if it was in a constant state of tension. He could feel him relax slightly as he massaged the muscles on John's lower back and seeing that made Freddie smile. He was more than happy to provide a relief for his boyfriend, even if it was short term.

Moving his hands down John's body, Freddie focused on his thighs and no matter how hard he tried to stay professional, he could not help but admire how beautiful his legs were. He felt the sudden urge to just kiss and lick John's thighs all over, burying his face in them.

But that wouldn't be so professional of him.

Fuck it, Freddie thought. I'm not a professional masseuse.

He lowered himself down, covering John's body with his. The bassist immediately noticed the change and chuckled, "I-Is this a part of a massage?"

"Yes, dear," Freddie laughed as well, "It's a happy ending massage. Ever heard of those?"

"N-No? Aren't all ... massages with a happy ending?"

Freddie snickered, "I wish."

He gently brushed John's hair to the side and pressed his lips to the back of John's neck, letting them linger there for a moment. He could smell his shampoo on John and that did things to him; he absolutely loved seeing John wear his clothes or brush his hair with his hairbrush or smell of his favorite strawberry shampoo.

Slowly, he moved down John's body, leaving a trail of kisses all the way down his back until he reached John's perfect bum. Freddie actually moved away a bit so he could admire it fully; it was absolutely perfect. Freddie had no idea if it was just because he was head over heels for John of it the bassist really did have the most adorable bum in the entire world. It was perky and beautifully rounded and it fit perfectly in his hands.
"I-I think you're getting sidetracked," John giggled, turning his head slightly so he could look at Freddie.

"Nonsense, darling!" the singer denied it, "This is all a part of your ... relaxation. So just relax, alright?"

John nodded and closed his eyes again, the smile never disappearing from his face.

The singer did struggle a bit with deciding if he should just go for it or if he should warn John first. He wasn't planning on doing anything too shocking, but he knew John did not like being surprised with sudden intimate touching. Especially if it involved his bum.

Still, Freddie decided to not say anything and not warn John vocally; he decided to ease him into what was going to happen. Well, what Freddie hoped would happen.

He kissed the spot just above the waistband of John's briefs and let his hands gently cup John's arse. Immediately the bassist sucked in a breath, but did not try to move away or make Freddie stop which Freddie took as a sign to continue. He slowly pulled John's briefs down halfway, immediately kissing the exposed, soft skin.

John let out a whimper, but it was a good whimper. Freddie could feel the bassist's starting to move; his back was arched and his arse was pushed out, clearly wanting more.

"Such a lovely, little bum that you have, dear," Freddie chuckled before pressing a kiss to John's left buttcheek, dragging his tongue over the skin. Feeling a bit brave and hoping John would like it, Freddie gently bit down onto the soft skin, eliciting a gasp from the bassist.

It surprised him, that much was obvious, but apparently he liked it. Freddie grinned and repeated the process on John's other butt cheek before moving away and admiring his work. Just seeing his teeth marks on John's perfectly rounded bum made all the blood rush straight to his cock. He deliberately did not move for a few long moments, wanting to see what John would do and if he'd miss his touch. And he did. Within the first three seconds, John started wiggling his lower body, desperately needing Freddie's touch to return.

Slowly, Freddie pulled John's briefs down all the way and dropped them onto the floor. When he returned to his position, he noticed John turned his head so he could look at him.

"Hey," Freddie smiled, caressing the bassist's hip gently.

John chuckled nervously, "H-Hi. I'm ... naked."
"I've noticed," Freddie laughed as well, moving his hand and cupping John's arse.

"A-Are you trying to seduce me?" John asked, acting innocent.

"Trying to?" the singer arched his eyebrows, "I think I've already succeeded in doing so, dear."

John said nothing to that, he just bit his lip and gave Freddie the warmest, most adorable smile ever. For a few moments Freddie just sat there, not moving, just admiring John's body. The pose in which he was reminded him of the nude drawing Freddie did of him a few weeks ago. The bassist seemed so perfect and seductive and innocent. Like a forest nymph.

And Freddie decided to give his beautiful nymph the night of his life. He lowered his head down again and kissed John's butt cheeks again before letting his tongue lick the teeth marks Freddie made on John's skin a few minutes ago.

"Spread your legs for me, darling. Just a bit."

John quickly obeyed and Freddie praised him, his hands rubbing soothing circles on the bassist's hips. Seating himself in between his lover's spread legs, Freddie placed both hands on his arse cheeks and spread them apart.

Immediately, John tensed up, pressing his butt cheeks together, literally closing his arse, preventing Freddie to do anything to it.

"Sweetie," Freddie kissed the soft skin of John's bum, nibbling against it, "Let me do this for you, please. I promise you'll like it."

John just groaned again, hiding his face in the pillow.

"I thought you liked it the last time we did it?"

"I-I did," John admitted, completely mortified.

"Then ... what is the problem?" Freddie asked softly and then got a bit playful, "Are you shy? Is that what it is? Oh, darling, I assure you, it's nothing I haven't seen before."

John raised his bum up, smacking Freddie in the face. It was done on purpose, but it was very gentle and the singer just laughed, shaking his head, "I want to eat you out, darling. Will you let me do it if I promise to keep my eyes closed?"

John did not respond immediately which told Freddie he was considering his offer.
"I promise I won't look," Freddie reassured him again.

And then John finally nodded, "A-Alright."

Immediately the singer closed his eyes and returned to what he was doing just moments ago; he was familiar with John's arse and ... arses in general and was more than capable of doing this with his eyes closed.

First he bit John's left butt cheek gently, eliciting a breathless moan from the bassist before spreading his arse cheeks and delving in. Flicking his tongue out, he licked at what he suspected was John's entrance and he could tell by John's gasps of pleasure, that he was correct.

At first he just teased a bit, giving little cat like licks, but John was growing impatient and it made the singer chuckle.

"I-It ... tickles," John managed to say, his entire body trembling.

"Good or bad tickles?" Freddie asked, stopping what he was doing.

"Good," John quickly replied, hiding his face in the pillow.

Freddie grinned and returned to what he was doing, this time being slightly more aggressive, not wanting to only tease John, but actually pleasure him. It was so fascinating to him; Freddie never really enjoyed having his arse eaten, but apparently John was having the time of his life. He couldn't understand if his tongue was just that skilled or of John's skin around his entrance was just that sensitive.

Freddie continued licking; altering between long laps and rapid strokes with the tip of his tongue. Every few moments he moved his mouth away, licking and biting at John's butt cheeks and then he returned to the centre, pushing just the tip of his tongue inside of John, feeling the ring muscles tighten around him, preventing him to go further.

Soon the only sounds in the room were John's breathless moans and then suddenly John moved, turning around on his back and pulling Freddie up, "K-Kiss me," he asked, meeting his boyfriend's eyes.

"A-Are you sure?" Freddie was a bit hesitant; he would understand if John was a bit of a germophobe and would pass on the kissing until Freddie washed his mouth.

But John seemed to not care about that; he quickly nodded his head, biting his lips and giving Freddie a soft smile. The singer did not need to be asked twice; he pressed his mouth against John's,
kissing him deeply and passionately.

To be honest, John did expect to taste ... certain things, but surprisingly enough, he could not taste
anything. He did just take a shower and John always cleaned himself thoroughly. Besides, Freddie
mostly played on the outside and did not delve in.
They continued kissing and just making out, running hands over each other's bodies, moaning into
each other's mouth. And then John raised his hips, rubbing his lower half against Freddie's body and
within moments he was shaking, holding onto Freddie as he orgasmed.

It completely surprised him; John could not even tell at what point exactly he got hard, but apparently
he did. He had no time to feel embarrassed by how quickly he finished because Freddie kissed him.

"You're so fucking hot when you do that," the singer whispered, biting his lower lip as he watched
his lover shake and tremble with pleasure.

"D-Do what?" John managed to ask before falling against the bed, his body turning into jelly.

"Cum," Freddie whispered in his ear and grinned, "You look so beautiful with your flushed cheeks
and eyes closed and ... mouth slightly open. Pure perfection."

John was unable to speak; he just smiled as he tried to catch his breath. His eyelids were too heavy to
move and he could already feel himself drifting away.

"Sleep, darling," Freddie instructed, caressing his boyfriend's cheek, "I'll be right here. Watching
over you. I promise."

John nodded, his smile growing. And then he remembered something.

"I-I just changed the sheets and ... now I got them all dirty again," John whined, furrowing his brows
in annoyance. He could hear Freddie laughing and that was the last sound he heard before drifting
away completely.

When it was time to wake up and leave for the studio, Freddie gently woke John up with soft kisses
all over his face. John was not a fan of being woken up, but he could not help but smile at Freddie's
gentleness with him. They had no time to talk about what happened between them a few hours ago
before they both took a nap, because Roger was already banging on their door, yelling that Brian
was in the van, waiting for them.
John was surprised to see he was all cleaned up, there was no sticky stuff on him and for that he was immensely thankful. The only evidence of what happened between him and Freddie was the fact that John’s legs still felt a bit like jelly and Freddie had to help him out of the room, afraid the bassist’s knees would give up and he’d just collapse.

The boys spent their entire drive to the studio talking about jobs which only made John even more anxious. Freddie's massage did help relax him, but it was just a temporary solution. It did not make the problems go away. He only hoped no one would ask him about how his job searching was going.

"How are you managing, Freddie? How many hours of sleep do you even get?" Brian asked.

"Enough, darling. I usually take a nap when I get back from work."

"Is the job physically straining? Are you lifting heavy things?"

The singer shrugged his shoulders, "It depends on the day, really. Oh, that reminds me! Roger, dear, my department is employing. Would you be interested?"

Roger immediately turned around to look at Freddie, "Really? That'd be great, actually. I've had a few interviews, but ... I doubt I'll be getting a call back."

"You'd be working with me, dear. I can recommend you, but ... you need a bit of muscle mass to do the job," Freddie teased, knowing Roger would immediately take the bait and start undressing to show off his muscles.

And he was right.

The drummer took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves to show his nearly non-existent biceps, "Excuse me? Who defended us from that mugger in Maidstone? I did!"

John couldn't help but laugh; Roger was very sensitive regarding his muscles and he got very defensive anytime someone doubted their existence. And while he'd be glad if Roger got the job and started working with Freddie, he still wondered why Freddie did not offer him the job. John could be a baggage handler as well, right? Why did Freddie not think of mentioning it to him?

Those insecurities started eating away at John and no matter how hard he tried, he could not make them disappear.

ooo
For some reason John found working in the studio that night especially exhausting. It was barely midnight and he was already yawning every few moments and not even black coffee helped. The boys were all in the recording room, going through some parts of their new song together.

"No, no, Brian, darling," Freddie sighed, running a hand through his hair, "You're playing as if you're sleepy. Give it a bit more energy, will you?"

"Excuse me?" the guitarist gave him a glare, "I'm playing like I always play, Fred."

"You really are a bit slow tonight, Bri," Roger commented from behind his drums, "Are you trying to slow the song down? Again?"

"No," Brian rolled his eyes.

"Roger," Freddie was suddenly beside the drummer, speaking quietly to him, "You're using too much of this ... cymbal. Lets try it without that, alright?"

Roger sighed, but agreed to give it a go.

They started playing again and after a minute, Freddie stopped the entire thing again, approaching Roger, "I-I don't think it should go like that. It needs to be even. It's not even now."

"What's not even, Fred?"

John let out a deep breath and walked over to the wall, leaning against it a bit. He was exhausted and he felt such enormous guilt over it. Freddie was the one working eight hours a day and then having to go to the studio and he wasn't complaining. John felt he had no right to say he was a bit tired and could use a break. He was thirsty, but his water bottle was in the control room.

Roger hit his drums like Freddie asked him to, but it still wasn't how the singer had envisioned it.

"No, try to do it evenly, darling."

John was getting a bit hot; he was suddenly sweating, but he thought the room was just warmer than usually. There were no windows and the air was usually very bad there.

"Alright, lets try it again!" Freddie clapped his hands and John quickly returned to his usual spot. He noticed that his bass suddenly seemed a lot heavier than it usually did.
Again, he brushed that thought away.

They started playing again and John tried very hard to keep up, but his fingers kept slipping and he kept making mistakes. He could hear it and was positive the rest of the band could as well. Actually, they all started sounding very strange. The sound of Brian's guitar, Roger's drums, Freddie's voice. It all sounded very off.

When they stopped playing, Freddie turned to look at him, "John, sweetie, does your wrist hurt?"

The bassist blinked at him in confusion, wiping the sweat from his forehead with his hand, "N-No, no. It doesn't. I just ... messed up. Sorry."

Freddie nodded, a look of concern on his face, "Alright, darling. We're all a bit tired, it's understandable."

Roger immediately complained, his voice playful and teasing, "When I make a mistake you nearly bite my head off, but when Deaky messes up, it's fine!"

"Yes ... shut up, Rog," was all Freddie could say; he knew he could not justify treating John differently. He was his boyfriend, his other half; of course Freddie would treat him differently. It wasn't fair, but it was what it was.

John took a deep breath, trying to pull himself together, but it wasn't working. He was burning up and his hands started shaking. Still, he refused to ask for a break. If the others could stand there for an hour and not complain, so could he.

"John, are you alright?" Brian's voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

The bassist quickly looked at Brian and noticed the guitarist seemed to be ... blurry. Blinking a few times, trying to clear his vision, John realized it wasn't doing much good. He could hear voices, but it was like the sound was coming from far away, even though the boys were standing a few feet away from him.

John could feel his arms getting tingly and there were white spots in his vision; no matter how many times he blinked, it just wouldn't go away. Those spots were getting bigger and bigger and then suddenly everything went quiet.

It only lasted for a short moment though.

The next thing he was aware of were arms around his body and panicked voices. When he came to, he realized he was on the floor, lying on his back and could see blurred faces of Freddie, Roger and Brian who were probably kneeling down next to him.
He tried to say that he was fine, but speaking was suddenly impossible. He felt hands on his shirt, unbuttoning it a bit and it made breathing a bit easier, but then he felt someone's hands on his belt, trying to unbuckle it and panic shot through him. He cried out in sheer terror, his eyes widening with absolute panic.

"Roger, stop that!" Freddie's sharp voice could be heard and the hands suddenly disappeared and John's belt was left alone. But then his legs were raised up and John could see the drummer sitting beside his feet, holding his legs up slightly.

"You're as pale as a ghost, Deaky," the drummed explained, "This will make the blood rush back to your head."

"Darling, it's alright, you're alright."

The bassist turned towards the direction of Freddie's voice and could see the singer kneeling down next to him, holding his hand.

"Here," Brian suddenly appeared, handing the singer a bottle of water. Apparently having his legs raised slightly really did help and John could feel himself getting better with each passing moment. Freddie helped him sit up, making him lean onto his chest as he brought the bottle of water to John's mouth.

"You need to drink, sweetie."

John obeyed, quickly taking a few gulps of water.

"Not too fast, Deaky," Roger said, "Slowly."

After a few moments the guy that was working with them peeked in the recording room, "Is he going to be fine? Should I call an ambulance?"

"No!" John replied, blinking a few times, "I-I'm fine. I just - "

"You fainted," Freddie said, voice evident in his voice.

"I think he'll be fine," Roger offered his opinion, "You did manage to catch him before he hit his head and it could be because he'd dehydrated. And tired."

"I-I'm not tired," John quickly protested, "I-I'm fine, really."
He tried to move and get up, but Freddie was having none of that, "Rest for a bit, darling. Can you two pack up our equipment, please? I think we're finished for tonight."

John shook his head, "F-Freddie, I really think I'm fine - "

"You fainted, John. You almost gave me a heart attack," the singer's voice was shaking slightly, "Your face is white and you feel cold," he pressed his free hand to John's cheek, "Icy cold."

John did find that a bit strange because he felt hot, but decided to not bring it up.

Freddie stayed with John, offering his lap as a pillow to John's head as he recovered on the floor. Even though John insisted he was fine, Freddie would not allow him to get up; they both stayed on the floor as Roger and Brian packed up their equipment. When it was time to leave, Freddie helped John stand up, never letting go of him. The bassist did feel embarrassed, especially because the guy that worked at the studio could see all of this and John felt like a child, having to be taken care of.

"Here, drink a bit more, dear," Freddie brought the bottle of water to John's lips as they were driving home.

John obeyed, taking a few sips; he was feeling much better, at least he was not burning up anymore.

"You alright? Does your wrist hurt?" Freddie asked, looking at him with concern, "You would tell me if your wrist hurt, right?"

"M-My wrist is fine, really," John quietly replied, "I-I think it was just ... really hot in the studio."

"It actually seemed cold to me," Roger said from the front seat.

"The temperature was normal," Brian agreed, "I did not seem hot to me. Perhaps you're coming down with something, Deaky?"

Freddie immediately pressed the inside of his wrist on John's forehead, checking for temperature. He seemed confused and then placed both of his hands on John's cheeks, his brows furrowing in surprise.

"You are really cold, darling," the singer said, "Do you feel cold?"

John quickly shook his head, "N-No, I feel fine. Just ... sleepy. But that's probably all of us."

"Yes, but only you fainted, darling," Freddie said to him, the look of concern still on his face.
It was around half past one in the morning when they got home; Brian offered to stay with them and make a vegetable soup for John. As he busied himself in the kitchen, Freddie took John to the bedroom and put him to bed, helping him change into his pajamas.

"Freddie, I'm fine now, really," the bassist said as the singer pulled the covers up to his neck.

"What did you eat today, darling?" Freddie suddenly asked, meeting John's eyes.

The question caught John by surprise, but then he tried to remember, "I-I ate breakfast with you this morning."

"Yes, one tiny piece of cheese on toast," Freddie commented, "What did you have for lunch?"

John opened his mouth to speak, but realized he couldn't answer the question, "I-I made pizza for you and ..."

"Yes, but what did you eat, darling? I ate two sandwiches for lunch and then I had one banana. What about you?"

John blushed, suddenly tensing up, "I-I don't think I've ... I don't think I ate anything."

Freddie's eyes widened with shock, "That small piece of toast was everything you ate today? And then you had two large cups of black coffee at the studio?"

"I-I'm sorry - "

"John, I'm not angry. I'm worried. I'm worried sick," the singer's voice was shaking, "You fainted. That's no joking matter. You could have hit your head."

There was nothing John could say; he wasn't doing it on purpose. He just wasn't hungry and it just never occurred to him that he should eat something. He was constantly doing something during the day; cleaning, looking after cats, making lunch, worrying about everything.

"What's the matter, darling?" Freddie's voice softened, "You know you can talk to me, right? You look ... skinnier. A lot skinnier. Every since you split your lip you've been losing weight."

John quickly looked down at himself, "I-I haven't noticed that."

"Well, I have."
"I'm sorry."

The singer took a deep breath, "Don't apologize to me, darling. Just ... eat. Please."

They were interrupted by a soft knock on the door.

"Yes?"

Roger's voice could be heard from the other side of the door, "Can I come in?"

"Yes, dear. Come in."

The drummer peeked his head inside before walking in hesitantly. He met John's eyes and offered a smile, "How are you feeling, Deaky?"

"I'm fine. I'm feeling better," John replied, returning the smile.

Roger nodded before nervously looking around the room, "Look, I want to apologize."

"What for, darling?" Freddie asked in confusion.

"For what happened at the studio when John ... well, when he went down," Roger explained, "When I ... well, that's what they taught us in med school. When someone faints you should unbutton their shirts and pants so they can breathe easier and I just ... I wasn't thinking, Deaky. I'm really sorry."

John blushed, remembering his reaction and feeling embarrassed by it, "N-No, no, it's fine. I just overreacted. It's ... stupid."

"It's not stupid," Freddie said softly, looking at John, "Stop saying that, darling."

John's face turned even redder and the singer noticed that he was uncomfortable talking about what happened, so he tried to end that discussion, "Roger promises he won't try unbuttoning your belt ever again because I am the only one allowed to do that. If he tries something like that again, I'll smack him. Alright?"

John chuckled at that, nodding his head, "Alright."

Roger rolled his eyes, pretending he was offended, "Everyone is always hitting me or threatening to
hit me. I deserve better."

With those words he walked out of the room, leaving Freddie and John alone again. The atmosphere was a lot less serious now, but concern was still evident on Freddie's face.

"Promise me you'll take better care of yourself, dear," he said, taking John's hand in his own, "No more of that forgetting to eat and not being hungry business."

John nodded, offering a weak smile, "I promise. I really do."

Freddie did not seem to be relieved, but he decided to drop the subject, not wanting to scold John too much because the poor boy looked very tired. When Brian finally appeared, carrying a tray with soup and a piece of bread, John couldn't help but smile. He never imagined he'd find such good friends and he couldn't be happier that he decided to go to the audition that one day in early November. He had no idea his entire life would change that day.

"Look at you, darling!" Freddie chuckled as he took the tray from Brian and placed it in front of John, "You have a personal chef. How about that?"

"I-I'm not sure I can afford that," John joked, blushing at all the attention he was getting.

Suddenly Roger appeared in the room, "Hey, Brian! I bet you can't make a sentence without a letter a!"

Brian sighed tiredly and looked at the drummer, "You thought you just did something here, didn't you? Sorry to burst your bubble, but numerous sentences could be constructed without employing the first letter of the English lexicon."

Roger seemed to lose interest in what Brian was saying and he narrowed his eyes in concentration, "Brion. Whot the fuck."

"Please, remind me ... why are we friends?" Brian rolled his eyes.

"Oh, you know you adore Roger, darling! What would you do without him?" Freddie teased as he lifted a spoonful of soup to John's lips.

Brian rolled his eyes again; sometimes dealing with Roger and Freddie was a bit too much. Separately they were fine, but having to deal with both of them together was nearly impossible to handle.

"I need a drink," the guitarist sighed, rubbing his temple as if he was getting a headache.
"Here you go, darling," Freddie offered him a bottle of water.

Brian accepted it, "Just plain water? Don't you have anything hard?"

Freddie raised his eyebrow playfully, "Not for you."

"Oh my god, I'm leaving," Brian started to walk out of the room, but Freddie stopped him.

"Darling, wait a second! We need to talk about something!"

Brian stopped and waited, but he did look very annoyed.

Freddie slowly continued, "I think we better cancel studio tomorrow night. We all look as if we were run over by a train and ... with what happened tonight - "

"But I'm fine - " John started, but immediately shut his mouth after Freddie sent him a warning glare.

"Alright, I agree," Brian nodded, "We could all use a day of rest. Especially you, Freddie."

With those words he waved to the boys and walked out of the room, "See you soon!"

Freddie furrowed his brows in confusion, "Especially you, Freddie. What does that mean? Do I look awful?"

"You look fine, Freddie," John assured him, taking a bite out of bread.

"Are you sure?" the singer still seemed suspicious, "You would tell me if I looked weird, right?"

"Yes!"

Roger laughed out loud, "Deaky, Freddie once had to go have an X-ray and he came home so damn concerned. He was afraid he'd look fat in them."

John nearly choked on his bread, "But you can't look fat in an X-ray."

"That's what I told him," Roger shrugged his shoulders, "But does he ever listen?"
"You are the one to talk!" Freddie shot back, "Brian once had to leave you photos of food instead of a shopping list!"

"I have no idea why he did that, honestly."

"Maybe because you keep confusing cauliflower and broccoli?"

John couldn't help but giggle; he was immensely entertained by all the crazy stories about Freddie and Roger and their adventures. When the drummer finally left the room, leaving the boys alone, Freddie just shook his head, a smile never disappearing from his face as he helped John eat. Once the soup was finished, John cuddled up in bed and Freddie quickly joined him.

"Do you even realize how much ... I love you?" Freddie suddenly said, his voice cutting through the silence. It made John look at him, not understanding where that came from.

"I-I think I do," he hesitantly answered, "Because I ... love you just as much."

The singer relaxed at that, slowly nodding his head, "I don't know what I would do if I lost you."

Those words sent shivers down John's body and he pressed himself even closer to his boyfriend, "You'll never have to find out because you won't lose me. Ever."

Freddie smiled and pressed a kiss to John's forehead, pulling him as close as physically possible. It made John feel so very safe and warm; not soon after he could tell that Freddie had fallen asleep. The singer's hold on him loosened and he was snoring lightly. It made John happy that at least Freddie was able to get some sleep because he truly deserved it. He was the one working his arse off and deserved all the sleep he could get.

For some reason John was unable to fall asleep that night; his mind kept getting bombarded by unwanted thoughts. No matter how hard he tried he kept thinking about his parents and the fact that they hadn't called yet. He couldn't help but wonder what that meant. Were they still a family? Was he still their son? Would they even answer the phone if he called? Did they tell his sister? What did she think about everything that happened?

And then there was the money problem. John did not want to be a burden to Freddie, but at the same time he felt as if he was stuck. Just the thought of getting a job stressed him out and if he thought about it for too long, he got sick to his stomach. He had no idea why he just lied to Freddie's face, saying he had a job interview. John rarely lied, but at that moment words just flew from his mouth.

And the sex thing; John wanted to make love to Freddie. He wanted to be normal and he desperately wanted to make Freddie happy. As happy as he could be. Was he nervous about the 24th of February? Yes, but he still wanted to go through with it. He'd force himself to be alright. It was his body and it should do what John ordered it to do.
John kept turning and tossing around, careful not to wake Freddie up and then he suddenly remembered something.

Freddie's coat.

He promised to sew the buttons back on and he didn't.

John sat up in bed, debating whether or not he should try and sew the buttons on now or the next day. But then he remembered how much Freddie adored that coat and the bassist wanted to fix it for him.

Slowly, he slipped out of bed, grabbed the coat that was dropped over the chair and quietly left the room. He turned the lights on in the living room, quickly apologizing to Delilah who was asleep in the armchair and then he grabbed the sewing kit from the drawer.

He had everything he needed.

There was just one problem.

He had no idea how to sew the buttons back on. Never in his life has he ever used a needle or a needle threader. Yes, he did see his mother do it lots of times, but he never actually observed.

John decided to give it a try and he picked up the button, wanting to take a better look at it, but he accidentally dropped it to the floor. The bassist immediately kneeled down, trying to find it, but it was nowhere to be seen. John spent minutes looking for it, but the button seemed to literally disappear.

Panic started creeping in on John; he wanted to fix Freddie's beloved coat and he only made everything worse. He lost the button and it wasn't just any button. It was very unique and John had no idea where he could get the same exact button.

John could already feel tears forming in his eyes as he desperately trailed his hands over the carpet, trying to find the damn button. He even looked under the sofa and under the table, but with no luck. Finally, he just sat on the floor for a few long moments, his throat closing up with sadness.

When he finally forced himself to move, he picked up the second button and decided to sew at least that one back on, but he couldn't seem to get the thread through the eye of the needle. It was probably because the tears in his eyes made his vision blurred and his hands were shaking, but John was not ready to give up. He spent minutes trying to thread the needle, but he just couldn't seem to do it. Tears spilled down his cheeks and then he felt something warm rubbing against his leg. He looked down to see Delilah pressing her head against his leg, softly meowing.
"H-Hi," John said through his sobs, "G-Go back to sleep, Delilah."

The cat refused to obey and he kept meowing softly, looking up at him. John managed to smile at her before returning to what he was doing, but he couldn't even see the thread, let alone being able to guide it through the needle head. He was getting frustrated and silent tears were rolling down his cheeks when he finally gave up, dropping the needle to the sofa, taking a deep breath.

He was just about to return the sewing kit back to the drawer, but as he picked the needle up, he accidentally pricked his finger. A hiss of pain escaped him and he quickly stuck the finger in his mouth, lessening the pain. He could taste the blood in his mouth and it made him sick. Pulling the finger out of his mouth, he took a look at it, noticing it was still bleeding. Just barely, but it still made him ill.

And then he could hear footsteps.

John quickly turned around to see a very sleepy looking Freddie walk into the room. The singer yawned, but the moment he noticed the state John was in, he rushed to his side, sitting down next to him, his eyes traveling up and down his body.

"J-John, what's the matter?" he asked in panic, noticing that John seemed to be in pain.

"Oh god, d-did I wake you u-up?" John asked, tears still rolling down his cheeks, "I'm so s-sorry, Freddie."

"You didn't wake me up, darling. Delilah did. She kept nudging my face and when I woke up, you weren't in bed and I ... " the singer trailed off, "Are you alright? Darling, what happened?"

He noticed John's finger was bleeding and without thinking he took John's hand, wiping the blood away with the material of his T-shirt. It was then that Freddie realized what was beside John on the sofa and he put two and two together, understanding what John was trying to do.

"Sweetheart, why are you trying to sew at his hour? It's not that urgent. The coat can wait until morning."

"I-I promised I'd fix it," John said quietly, then a sob escaped him, "B-But I lost one button. I-It fell to the floor and I-I can't find it and ... F-Freddie, I don't know how to sew. I've never done it before. I'm so, so sorry - "

"Darling, I know how to sew. Don't worry," Freddie brought his hand up to wipe John's tears, "And don't stress about the button. If it fell to the floor, it has to be here somewhere. I'll look for it in the morning, alright? Is that why you're crying?"
John nodded, but then shook his head, "N-No, that's ... I-I burnt the pizza. You wanted pizza and I-I ruined it!"

"It happens, darling. Do you have any idea how many times I accidentally burnt my food?"

"B-But that's my only job!" John cried out, his voice shaking, "My only job. I-I wanted to make pizza for you and .... I-I burnt it and you came home and ... I-I've failed you."

"I did not starve, sweetie. I'm sure you'll make pizza some other day," Freddie said to him softly, "Is that the reason you're crying? Pizza? Forget about the pizza, dear! It's not worth your tears."

John just whimpered, his lower lips trembling as he stared down at his hands, not saying anything.

Freddie took a deep breath, "Darling, you're feeling like this because you're constantly at home. You have a job interview tomorrow, right? Well, I mean today. It'll do you good to go out a bit."

Those words only made John sob even more and Freddie panicked, pulling the bassist into a hug immediately, "John, sweetie, you're scaring me. What's the matter? What happened?"

John shook his head, refusing to answer as he clung to Freddie as if his life depended on it. He could feel that Freddie was worried sick; the singer's body was tense and he could feel his heartbeat accelerating.

Finally, John could not take it anymore; he could not continue lying to Freddie and he whispered, "T-There's no job i-interview. I'm s-sorry."

Freddie gently pulled away, breaking their hug so he could look at John, "What do you mean, darling?"

John looked away in shame, "I-I lied to you. There's no interview. I-I haven't found a job and ... I-I haven't been looking for one. It's ... it makes me physically ill to even think of it. The thought of getting a job and ... calling for an interview and ... going to an interview ... " he trailed off, his hand covering his mouth in horror.

Freddie was completely silent as he listened to John, he kept trailing his finger over John's knuckles comfortingly.

John continued, "I-I did try looking for one, but ... I-I found nothing and then I just ... gave up."

The silence that followed was deafening; at least that was how it sounded to John. He couldn't even
look at Freddie and see the disappointment on his face.

"That's it, darling?" the singer suddenly spoke and the cheerfulness in his tone made John meet his eyes.

"W-What?"

Freddie smiled at him, "That is what you are stressed about? That's what you're crying about at three in the morning? A lost button? A burnt pizza? And the fact that you don't have a job?"

It sounded much less serious when Freddie said it out loud; those same words sounded terrifying in John's mind.

"Y-Yes?" the bassist sniffled, his lower lip trembling.

Freddie let out a chuckle, "Here is what we are going to do, dear. We'll find the button in the morning. It must be here somewhere. Unless Lily ate it, which I doubt she did because she's sleeping. The pizza thing is over, darling. Forget about it. You'll make lots of pizzas in the future, I'm sure of it," and then he paused for a moment, his voice softening, "And about you getting a job ... Darling, you don't have to. In fact ... I wanted to suggest you stay at home because of the cats. Someone needs to stay here with them and look after them."

That made John look up at him, "Y-You're not just saying that?"

"No," Freddie assured him, "Sweetie, do not worry about the money. I'm working and besides, we'll still make some money playing gigs. It's not all hopeless. You don't have to work. Especially when it stresses you out so much. You have enough on your plate as it is, dear."

It made John tear up again, "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Freddie said firmly, "Now, brush those tears away. Come on, darling. And give me a smile."

John obeyed, quickly wiping his cheeks and then he smiled weakly, his lower lip still trembling. He felt as if all the weight was just lifted off his shoulders. The problems were still there, but they did not seem as serious anymore.

And then Freddie's hands cupped his face, his fingers sending a streak of heat to John's neck and cheeks. He felt so loved, so cared for, so safe. Freddie made every problem seem fixable and John loved that about him.
The singer then leaned closer to him, capturing his lips in a soft kiss. They stayed like that for a moment, their forehead pressed together, just enjoying the closeness.

And then John finally moved, letting out a chuckle, "Y-You have to get up in three hours, Freddie. We should go back to sleep."

The singer arched an eyebrow, "Or maybe ... we could make better use of those three hours. I mean, I'm already awake."

"No!" John giggled, standing up and pulling Freddie up as well, "I want you to rest."

Freddie teased for a few more moments, but then he finally gave up and followed John into the bedroom. Considering him eager he was to do some physical activities, he fell asleep pretty quickly. And John did the same; he was deep asleep just a few minutes after closing his eyes.

The next morning John was surprised to wake up and realize it was already day outside. And that he was alone in bed. Not understanding anything, John looked at the clock and it shocked him when he realized it was almost ten in the morning.

How could he sleep through the alarm? How come he did not wake up by all the noise?

And then he understood; Freddie probably did it on purpose. Either he turned the alarm off completely so it did not even go off in the morning or he turned it off immediately after it let out the first sound. He probably wanted John to get as much sleep as possible.

It warmed John's heart that Freddie would be so considerate, but at the same time he felt so bad that he did not make Freddie some breakfast. Knowing Freddie, he probably ate just a small bowl of cereal before leaving for work.

After his morning routine in the bathroom, John walked in the kitchen to get himself something to eat and was surprised to find two large sandwiches waiting for him on the table. He was so touched that he could easily cry; he did not deserve Freddie. He was the one who should be taking care of Freddie, cooking for him, giving him massages, not the other way around. The singer was already doing so much for him. Remembering his promise, John sat down and forced himself to eat both sandwiches. He wasn't that hungry, but a promise was a promise. He immediately felt stronger and a lot less dizzy. After feeding the cats and spending a some quality time with them, John decided to clean the kitchen.
And that was a lot more exhausting than it was cleaning the bathroom. John found a lot of food that was expired and was surprised there were no worms in the fridge. Which was a good thing because John could not stand to look at worms. He'd immediately vomit and pass out. He was fine with ants and spiders and snakes, but worms? No. Just no.

That was how John spent his day.

Cleaning.

The only highlight of his day was when Freddie called.

"Hello, darling? Did I wake you up?"

"No, I-I woke up at around ten," John blushed, getting all giddy. He still got all flushed and nervous when talking to Freddie; it seemed as if he just fell in love with him.

"Good! That's great! I let you sleep in, dear."

"You didn't have to. I would have loved to say goodbye in the morning."

"You'll say hello to me soon, sweetie. I'll be home in two hours."

John smiled, "I-I can't wait."

"I can't wait either, darling. I miss you so damn much. I accidentally called my coworker John. It's embarrassing!" Freddie chuckled into the phone.

Just hearing Freddie laugh put John in a better mood and he felt so lucky knowing he'll be able to listen to Freddie laughing for the rest of his life.

"Oh, shit!" the singer suddenly swore, "I completely forgot to tell you. Roger's here. He's working with me."

John could hear Roger's voice from the distance, but was unable to understand what he said.

"He says hello, dear," Freddie explained, then continued, "He had an interview this morning and he got the job."

"That's ... great. Really great. I'm happy for him," John quickly said, "I-I'll make us all pasta for lunch."
"Oh, Roger won't be coming home, dear. He says he's got ... three? Four dates with four different girls. It must be exhausting to be Roger Taylor!"

John chuckled, "A-Alright, then it'll be just the two of us."

"I can't wait, dear."

"I can't wait either," John bit his lip, blushing terribly. He was so excited to see Freddie and spend some time with him, without having to worry about going to the studio.

Still a bit traumatized from his pizza fail, John decided to be a lot more careful with today's lunch. While it was impossible for pasta to get burnt, he still refused to leave the kitchen as the water boiled.

The lunch was ready just in time; Freddie walked through the front door as John placed both their plates on the table. The singer seemed so excited to see him; he ran towards him, wrapped his arms around John's waist and picked him up.

"How much did you miss me?" John asked, not able to wipe the smile from his face.

"To the moon and back, dear. How about you?" the singer raised his eyebrow.

"To the moon and back and then again to the moon and back."

Freddie gasped in shock, "Well ... I missed you to the moon and back and then again to the moon and back and again to the moon and - "

John slapped his arm playfully, "Alright, alright. You missed me. I believe you," he giggled, "Lets eat. I'm actually hungry."

Freddie was pleasantly surprised to hear that; it seemed as if John was doing better. His appetite returned and that was a good sign.

They spent nearly two hours in the kitchen, just talking and enjoying each other's company. John listened patiently as Freddie went on and on about some guy at work who was apparently the most lazy person Freddie has ever had the displeasure of knowing. And then he talked about Roger and how he did well for his first day. Also, apparently he flirted with all the girls there. Even the married ones. The worst part? He actually managed to get a few phone numbers.

After they were finished eating, they both retired to the bedroom. Freddie did spend a few minutes talking to Lily, but the kitten was apparently already dozing off under the sofa. She managed to
answer a few of Freddie's questions with a soft meow, but that was it.

Delilah, on the other hand, was still very much awake and when Freddie picked her up, she did not struggle or try to escape her from her annoying owner.

"I'm so fucking happy we get this night off, dear," the singer sighed as he pressed a kiss to Delilah's head.

"Are you tired?" John asked and immediately felt stupid; of course he was tired.

"Lets just say I will thoroughly enjoy my six hours of sleep," Freddie chuckled and then quickly approached John, sitting down on the bed next to him, "Darling, did you know she loves being petted behind her ears? Look at this."

He touched that special spot behind Delilah's eat and the cat closed her eyes, immediately purring loudly.

John giggled, shaking his head, "N-No, I had no idea. good catch."

The truth was, John found that special spot behind Delilah's ears weeks ago, but he did not want to make Freddie feel left out because he just now discovered it. John wasn't a fan of lying, but just seeing the proud expression on Freddie's face was worth it.

"Did you miss me?" the singer asked the cat in his lap, "Did you miss your father?"

That made John think, "Freddie, if ... if you're their father, what does that make me?"

"You're their father as well, darling."

"I'm not the ... mother?"

Freddie gave him a confused look, "Why would you be the mother, dear? Our cats have two fathers."

John relaxed, a smile on his face, "Oh, okay. Good to know."

When Freddie finally placed Delilah on the floor, releasing her from his loving grasp, the cat just yawned and walked out of the room, leaving the boys alone again. John wasted no time; he pulled Freddie in bed with him and cuddled up against him, making the singer let out a laugh, "You apparently missed me more than the cats did, dear."
"Well, of course I did," John shyly admitted, "I'm so glad we don't have to leave the bed until tomorrow morning."

Freddie nodded, letting out a tired sigh, "We could both use some extra sleep, yes."

Hearing that, John nervously bit his lip, "Y-You would like to sleep? Just ... sleep?"

"Why? Do you have something better in mind?" Freddie teased, sneaking his hand under John's T-shirt, gently caressing his skin.

The bassist immediately blushed, "O-Oh, I'm not ... sure. Maybe."

"I'm all ears."

John hated it when Freddie put him on the spotlight like this; it was obvious what John wanted, but Freddie still continued teasing him, making him say it out loud.

The bassist let out a nervous chuckle, "W-Well ... considering we are doing something important on the ... 24th, I thought we could ... start working on it."

"And how should we do that?"

"I hate you," John squealed with embarrassment and then his hand found Freddie's and he interlocked their fingers, "I-I thought you could maybe ... do something with your fingers."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Freddie!" John slapped his boyfriend's chest, his face turning even more red. It only made the singer laugh and he rolled on top of John, capturing his lips and pulling him in a deep, passionate kiss. The bassist immediately moaned loudly; he did not expect Freddie to be this eager. He could feel warm heat enter his mouth; Freddie's tongue, his skillful tongue. It swirled and bended against John's, pushing him into submission. But before John could enjoy it fully, the singer pulled away, sitting up in between John's legs. There was such lust in his eyes as he stared down at John; the intensity of it actually made John shiver.

"That day you when walked into the audition I could barely take my eyes off of you," Freddie whispered, his voice low and deep, "I kept wondering what you looked like under all those clothes."

"Liar!" John chuckled, "You barely even noticed me on the first day."
Freddie gasped in shock, "Of course I noticed you, dear."

"And you wanted to see me n-naked?"

"Yes!"

"You're such a liar, Freddie," John could not stop chuckling.

"I swear, darling! You were so adorable. You blushed whenever I said anything to you," the singer teased, "It was absolutely adorable."

"Shut up," John laughed and pulled Freddie down for another kiss.

They were in no rush this time and they had the flat completely to themselves. Still, John could not relax completely. He knew they had the entire night ahead of them, but he was still trying to speed things up, even taking his and Freddie's shirt off and dropping them on the floor.

"Slow down, darling," Freddie chuckled against his mouth.

"I-I just missed you so much," John whispered, licking his lips, "I want us to ... I want you."

"I want you too, sweetie, but take it easy, alright?"

The bassist nodded and forced himself to slow down. They spent several minutes just gently kissing and touching each other, but hands stayed on their upper bodies and John found himself getting impatient. He undid Freddie's pants, trying to push them down his hips.

"Darling, what has gotten into you?" Freddie asked as he moved away slightly.

"N-Nothing, I just ... want you."

"You're not telling me something."

John refused to answer that, he just pulled Freddie in for another kiss. The singer responded, kissing him back passionately, but then John ended the kiss, only to reach over to the nightstand, pulling out the lube and handing it to Freddie.

To say that Freddie was shocked would be an understatement. For the first few moments he just stared at John, not understanding what was happening. John was never this forward; he was never in such a hurry.
"What is this, John?"

"N-Nothing, I just want us to get on with it," the bassist replied, his voice shaking.

"Get on with it? That's how you see our lovemaking? As a chore? You set a date, you want to get on with it? Why? So you could be done with it?"

"No! F-Freddie, it's not like that - "

"Then explain it to me. Do you even wish to do this? Do you want us to make love or do you want us to fuck? I cannot even tell anymore."

John flinched at those words, "D-Don't say that. You know what I want. I-I want us to m-make love. I-I love you."

"Do you?" Freddie asked coldly, "Because at the moment it does not look like that."

"W-What?"

"I was trying to spend a romantic evening with my boyfriend, the love of my life. I wanted to spend a few moments just kissing you. Because I fucking missed you, John. Forgive me if I want to enjoy every little moment with you and not jump straight to shoving things up your arse."

"I-I didn't mean ... " John paused for a moment, blushing "I want you to ... you know. Really."

"What? You want me to finger you?"

"Y-Yes."

"You're not even hard yet," Freddie commented, looking down at John's lap. The bassist quickly covered it with a pillow, his face turning red.

Freddie slowly continued, "You're not even aroused yet and you hand me the lube to get on with it?"

Not knowing what to say and how to defend himself, John just stared down at his hands, feeling completely mortified.

"Is feels to me as if you only want my fingers and my cock. You're in such a damn hurry and it feels
as if you might go look for it somewhere else if I don't give it to you the moment you say so or throw the fucking lube at me."

John froze; it felt as if someone dropped a bucket of cold water on his head. Along with the bucket.

"T-That's not ... that's not true," he managed to force out, his voice shaking.

"You are making me hurt you," Freddie said to him angrily, "I don't want that, John. I refuse to do that."

"Y-You're not hurting me. It's fine - "

"You struggle with two fingers and you want me to shove my cock inside of you. You set a fucking date and expect everything to go as planned. Do you even realize what you're asking me to do? Imagine if it was the other way around," Freddie hissed, "Would you be able to continue hurting me? Even if I asked you to? I sure hope not."

"I-I wouldn't," John replied, his voice barely above a whisper. The entire situation was getting out of hand and John did not like it at all. At the same time he had a feeling as if he could not stop it anymore; it has already spiraled out of his control.

"Then what is this?" Freddie asked, shaking his head slightly, "Why are you trying to rush things?"

"B-Because I want to do something right," John admitted, tears already forming in his eyes, "I-I can't seem to do anything right. M-my parents, a job ... B-But this, I-I can make this right. I can make it work."

"You can't, darling," Freddie's voice softened, "Not by forcing it. It doesn't work like that."

"I-It does!"

"John, while we were kissing, before you threw the lube at me, I could feel you were tense. Your whole body is tense," the singer explained to him, "If I tried putting anything up your butt tonight, I'd hurt you. Do you understand that?"

John shook his head, wiping the tears from his face, "I-I know it'll be fine. I'll get used to the feeling. I-It can't hurt that badly, can it?"

Freddie could not believe what was happening, "Do you hear yourself? This is madness and I'm not going to play a part in it."
John grabbed his hands, pleading with him, "P-Please, Freddie. I-I know it'll be fine. You'll see. Let me prove it to you. P-Please?"

"Prove it to me? You don't have to prove anything to me, darling," Freddie seemed exhausted; he closed his eyes and let out a deep breath.

"Please, p-please?"

Finally Freddie nodded, picking up the bottle of lube, a hard expression on his face, "Fine, lie down and spread your legs. I'll do it. How many fingers do you want? Two? Three? Four? Perhaps a whole fist? It won't hurt at all. You'll see."

John flinched at those words, feeling as if someone slapped his face. He let out a sob and crossed his arms over his chest, shaking his head. He suddenly felt so very stupid; he was ashamed of his behavior. It was supposed to be a romantic evening and he went and ruined it all by trying to speed things up. He could not even look at Freddie, not able to stand disappointment he'd probably see in his eyes.

Freddie just stared at John for a few moments, waiting and when it was obvious that the bassist was not going to do or say anything, he just dropped the lube onto the bed and stood up, walking out of the room, "For fuck's sake, John."

Chapter End Notes

This was supposed to be a short chapter, but things got out of control again. My apologies. Who loves to see our lovebirds fighting a bit? *raises hand* ;)


Hello, darlings!

This isn't another update, sorry. (The update is chapter 56, if you've missed it). It's something I've been meaning to do for the past few chapters. I feel like people are losing interest in the story and it's really sad to me because I do work really hard on it and there is a sequel planned. I know there are a lot of silent readers (I myself am one most of the time) and apparently kudos can be left only once so it's really difficult/impossible to tell how many people are still here and reading.

I know I've done this before, a long time ago, but if you could leave a comment ; a word or a smiley face, just so I get a feel of how many of you are still here, it would be really appreciated.<3 Currently I have no idea if it's six people or forty and I would like to know.

Thank you for everyone who's still sticking around for Freddie and John. <3 ;)
It happened instantly.

The moment Freddie stormed out of the room, guilt and shame hit John like a train. Suddenly he felt so dirty and disgusting. What was he thinking by behaving in such a way? Was he even thinking anything at all?

If it wasn't for the enormous shame he was feeling, he would have ran after Freddie immediately. But he couldn't face the singer; not yet. He was terrified that Freddie would just leave the flat, but John did not hear the front door opening or closing so he figured Freddie just went to the living room to cool down.

After a few minutes of drowning in guilt and shame, John wiped the tears off his face and forced himself to get out of bed. Hesitantly, he walked into the living room and found Freddie sitting on the sofa, smoking a cigarette. By the way his body tensed up when John entered the room, it was obvious he heard him. Still, he did not react and continued smoking as if nothing happened.

John slowly walked towards him, fighting the urge to just hug him and apologize over and over again. As he sat down next to Freddie, tears spilled out of John's eyes again, but he quickly brushed them away, not wanting to cry in front of Freddie and in a way guilt him into forgiving him just because of pity.

After a few torturous moments of silence, John finally forced himself to speak. It did not go easy, he just opened and closed his mouth for the first couple of tries, not really knowing how to start.

And then Freddie spoke, still not looking at him, "Did you bring the lube with you? And maybe handcuffs as well? Mouth gag? Maybe we could get all that kinky shit over with as well while we're at it, you know? Getting it over with."

"I-I'm sorry," John finally uttered, but quickly added, "I know it's not enough and it probably sounds stupid, but ... I'm really, really sorry. I wish I could take it back. E-Everything I did. And said."

Freddie continued staring off into the distance as he took another drag of his cigarette, not responding to what John said.

The bassist slowly continued, "I-I deserve your anger. If ... you want me t-to leave you alone, I'll just -"
"I don't want that, John," Freddie finally said, letting out a deep breath.

Just hearing Freddie talk to him again made John choke on a sob; suddenly he felt a thousand times more horrible about the way he acted in the bedroom.

"John," the singer sighed as he leaned forwards to stub the remains of the cigarette into the ashtray that was on the table.

"I-I'm so sorry, Freddie," John whispered, "I-I have no idea what came over me. I-I guess I just ..."

"You wanted to get it over with," Freddie said as he finally looked at John, "How do you think hearing that made me feel? I'm your boyfriend, not a random ... stranger from the street. And sex isn't something you absolutely have to do, John. I sure hope I'm not giving an impression that you need to do it with me."

John immediately tensed up, "N-No, that's not ... you're not, Freddie. I promise. You're the most ... patient, understanding, loving partner I-I could have hoped for."

After a long moment of silence, Freddie's voice softened, "I shouldn't have yelled at you like that. I'm sorry, darling. I used some really mean words and -"

"Stop," John cut him off, tearing up again, "I-I deserved it. I was acting like a ... b-i-t-c-h."

The corners of Freddie's mouth curled up in a playful smile, "A bitca?"

"Y-Yes," John giggled through his tears, "A bitca. I-I was a bitca and I'm really sorry. I'm so sorry."

Freddie slowly nodded, but there was still sadness in his eyes when he continued, "John, don't you ... don't you want to ... Never mind. Forget about it, darling."

"N-No, tell me."

It seemed as if the singer was struggling with words, debating whether he should say anything or not, but then he just forced the words out, "Don't you like being with me? Am I not what you h-hoped for?"

"What?" John asked, his voice shaking.

"Don't you like just cuddling with me or ... kissing me? Just ... being with me? I-I know I'm pretty good at giving you orgasms, but ..."
The sincerity and the vulnerability in Freddie's tone made John tear up yet again and he moved closer to Freddie, taking his hand, linking their fingers, "I-I adore being with you. Freddie. S-Sex is just... I-I mean, it's great, but I adore everything that happens before that and after. I adore you, not just your... o-orgasm giving skills."

Freddie seemed to be really listening to him and John realized how important this issue was to him. Not even thinking about it, John moved, crawling into Freddie's lap, straddling him and wrapping his arms around the singer's neck as he pulled him in for a hug. He could feel Freddie relax against him and when the singer wrapped his arms around him as well, John broke down again and he hated himself for it.

Why was he damn emotional all of the sudden?

He wasn't like that before. He barely ever cried in his life before he met Freddie.

"Oh, darling," the singer said softly, pulling John closer, "I-I'm sorry for what I said. Don't cry, sweetness."

"I-It's not... it's not because of what you said," John shook his head, slowly moving away so he could meet Freddie's eyes, "It's because I-I deserved it."

"You didn't. I was too harsh - "

"No," John interrupted him, "It's not just today. I-I've been rushing me. Us. For a while now."

"I've noticed that, darling. Why?"

The bassist shrugged his shoulders, "I-I guess I want to stop feeling like a f-failure. Like someone who got hurt and is now p-permanently broken because of it. If... if I hadn't been a-attacked, then we would be... doing it like bunnies by now."

That actually made Freddie chuckle, "Is that what you want? You want to be doing it like bunnies?"

John smiled, biting his lip, "I-I don't know. M-Maybe. Yes."

"As much as I love that idea, dear, I honestly doubt we'd be going at it like horny bunnies even... even if you hadn't been... raped."

Freddie used that word on purpose; he knew John disliked hearing it and he constantly avoided using it. Instead he referred to rape as attack or simply it. Freddie hoped that by calling it for what it really
was, that he'd make John realize it wasn't just a small thing. It was a big, horrible thing and it was perfectly understandable that John wasn't fully recovered yet. And nobody expected him to be fully recovered less than four months later.

Nobody except John apparently.

Freddie could feel John got uncomfortable by the use of that word; he tensed up and looked away, avoiding Freddie's eyes, shame written all over his face.

"Darling, it's alright," the singer immediately tried to soothe him, "Don't do that, sweetie. Look at me."

John obeyed, slowly meeting his eyes again and it hurt Freddie so much to see such shame and pain in his look. It enraged him and it would probably always enrage him; the fact that that sick cunt did something to John against his will and John was the one feeling ashamed even though he had no say in it. It wasn't fair and made Freddie's blood boil.

Realizing he did not want to make John even more upset by talking about his attack, Freddie changed the subject, "Listen, dear. Even if that hadn't happened to you and we still got together, we would not be doing it like bunnies."

"W-Why not?" John asked quietly.

"Because I'd want to do it the right way," Freddie smirked, bringing his hand up to play with John's hair, "I'd be taking you out on dates and courting you properly. I'd be bringing your flowers and all that romantic stuff, dear."

"You would?" John asked, smiling, "You wouldn't be trying to ... get in my pants?"

Freddie laughed, pretending to be offended, "Who do you think I am, dear? I'm not a horny bunny, you know."

"I-I know," John quickly said, pressing himself against his boyfriend and kissing his neck, "I'm sorry. I know you'd do it right."

"And ... I'm more to you than my cock or ... my fingers, right?"

That question surprised John and he moved away again, meeting Freddie's eyes, "W-What? Of course you are."

Freddie nodded, but there was still slight sadness and uncertainty on his face and it broke John’s heart
knowing that he was the one who made Freddie feel like that. Because he acted like a total idiot.

"I love you for you," John assured him, "I'd adore you even if ... if you didn't have your fingers or your ... cock. Even if you lost him in some horrible, horrible accident and -"

Freddie winced at that and shifted uncomfortably, "Y-Yes, yes, darling. Let's not castrate me. Even if it's hypothetically."

The bassist laughed, biting his lower lip, "I-I'm just trying to say that ... I love you. And I'm really sorry I made you feel ... like shit."

Freddie gasped again, "Darling! Honestly! Who taught you that word?"

It made John laugh and he hugged Freddie again, pressing his face against his boyfriend's neck, inhaling deeply. How he missed just being with him and enjoying him without feeling like they need to hurry.

"It's nine in the evening, dear," Freddie said to him softly, "Which means we still have nine hours until I have to get up. Which means we still have around three or four hours until I have to go to sleep."

John nodded, chuckling a bit, "What are you proposing?"

"Just ... enjoying each other. I've missed kissing you."

"We kiss all the time, Freddie," John laughed again.

"I-I know, dear, I just meant ... kissing slowly and without feeling as if time's running out."

"I miss that too."

John slowly moved away and pressed his forehead against Freddie's, rubbing their noses together. It was the kind of intimacy they hadn't had for a long time. Well, days. Which to John seemed like eternity. Suddenly he had all these hours to spend with Freddie and he had to remind himself to slow down because Freddie wasn't going anywhere.

"I love you," he whispered, wrapping his arms around Freddie's neck and then just holding still.

"I love you too, darling," Freddie replied, giving him a smile.
John could see the singer's eyes kept dropping down to his lips and it was obvious what he was thinking about. Before he could comment on it or do anything, Freddie asked, "Can I kiss you?"

The fact that he asked for permission made John's heart melt; for some reason he loved when Freddie acted all proper with him. It made him fall even more in love with him.

"Of course you can," the bassist giggled and then hesitantly leaned in closer, brushing their lips together. It was such a soft kiss; the kind that John usually gave. And Freddie seemed to enjoy it, he didn't try to speed things up or change the kiss into a more passionate one.

Not yet.

John felt as if a butterfly was touching his lips, the kiss was that gentle and soft. When they finally pulled away, Freddie ran his fingers down John's spine, pulling him closer until there was no space left between them and he could feel the beating of John's heart against his chest.

It did not escape his notice that John moaned at the contact, probably enjoying the feel of Freddie's naked, warm chest against his own.

Freddie then leaned in and softly kissed up and down John's neck as the bassist let out little whimpers of anticipation. He couldn't be happier when Freddie finally worked his way back to his tender, smooth lips. Unable to contain themselves anymore, Freddie held John's head in his hands and pulled him into a fiery and passionate kiss.

Feeling a bit breathless, John slowly pulled away, trying to end the kiss and Freddie bit his lower lips gently, not allowing him to move away completely. It made John chuckle and he pressed another quick kiss to his boyfriend's lips before pulling away.

"I think your lip is healed, dear," Freddie commented, narrowing his eyes at it, "Does it still hurt?"

John shook his head, "N-No, not at all. I should probably go get the stitches out."

"We can go tomorrow after work?"

"You'll go with me?" the bassist asked a bit hesitantly; he did not want to drag Freddie to do errands after his work, but at the same time he really did not want to go to the doctor's alone.

"Well, of course, silly!" Freddie chuckled, "I'll go with you. And then we'll get your lip sorted out and then we'll do lots of kissing."

"I-I think I can do lots of kissing even now," John shyly smiled and kissed Freddie again and this
time he was the one to gently bite onto the singer's lower lip.

Freddie chuckled, thoroughly enjoying being played with like that. While he did find it immensely hot to see John tease him and be confident in what he was doing, Freddie always liked doing something unexpectedly, only to make John gasp in surprise. And just like that, as John was busy kissing him, Freddie sneaked one of his hands up and just brushed his finger over the bassist's right nipple, making him gasp against his mouth. Chuckling, Freddie did it again, this time rubbing the nipple, making it immediately harden at the contact.

John broke the kiss, completely breathless and flushed; he was so beautiful at that moment that Freddie wanted to draw him. Still, the naughty side of him urged him to continue and John did not protest. He only moaned and bit his lip when Freddie gently pinched his nipple, playing with it.

"Oh my god," was all John could say at that moment.

"What is it?" Freddie teased, "Do you want me to stop?"

The bassist quickly shook his head, "N-No, please, don't."

But then Freddie removed his hand, placing it back down onto John's hip and the younger boy groaned in protest. Before he could even say anything, Freddie gave him a playful smile before leaning down and taking his nipple in his mouth, twirling his tongue around it.

The sounds that left John's mouth were absolutely sinful and they went straight to Freddie's cock. And it was obvious by the William was poking Freddie's belly that John found the entire thing very enjoyable as well.

Not wanting to leave the other nipple feeling left out, Freddie quickly turned his attention to it, gently biting it and sucking on it. John's eyes rolled back with pleasure and he dug his his nails into Freddie's skin, leaving marks. Freddie was well aware of the way John's hips kept moving against him; it seemed as if John was doing it subconsciously and it was incredibly hot. But then the singer remembered that Lily was sleeping under the sofa and he did not want to traumatize her by having sex right above her. Because of that he grabbed John's bum, holding him as he stood up from the sofa.

"W-Where are we going?" John giggled as he wrapped his legs around Freddie. He suspected the singer was carrying him to the bedroom and was very surprised when Freddie walked over to the piano and sat down on the stool.

John was still sitting on top of Freddie, straddling him, but it confused him why they were suddenly at the piano and not in bed.

"A-Are you going to play something for me?"
"Do you want me to?" Freddie asked, placing his hands on the keyboard and playing a quick melody.

John chuckled, "As much as I'd enjoy that, I-I don't think your neighbors would."

"Alright then," Freddie grinned, "I had some other activity on my mind anyway."

"W-What do you mean?" the bassist asked, acting innocent.

Not answering that question, Freddie just moved his hands down to John's pants, unzipping them. And then he did the same with his own pants. John just stared at him with a mixture of excitement and confusion on his face, waiting for the singer to continue.

"Stand up for me, love," Freddie instructed and John obeyed, using Freddie's shoulders for support as he stood up.

"W-What are you doing?" the bassist gasped, covering his mouth in shock when Freddie suddenly removed his own pants before sitting down onto the piano stool completely naked.

"Getting comfortable," the singer winked at him before hooking his fingers under the waistband of John's pants, "Can I?"

John quickly looked around, feeling a bit nervous, "W-What about Roger?"

"Oh, he won't be home anytime soon, dear."

"But ... his rules?"

"This is my damn piano. I paid for it and I can have as much sex on it as I please," Freddie chuckled, slowly moving John's pants down, teasing him. The bassist was as red as a tomato and the color went down all the way to his chest. Finally, he just nodded, biting his lips and Freddie slowly undressed him before helping him get back into position. John was a bit too fast trying to sit down and he accidentally sat on Frederico, causing Freddie to cry out in pain.

"I-I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" John quickly apologized, getting up from Freddie's lap.

"It's f-fine, dear," Freddie said through gritted teeth, forcing a smile.

"I-I nearly snapped it in h-half," John stuttered, concern evident on his face.
It made Freddie laugh even though he was still in pain, "It's not that easy to break Frederico, don't you worry, darling."

He then helped John sit in his lap again, this time a bit more slowly and carefully. When the bassist was finally comfortably seated, the singer rested his hands on John's hips and smiled at him.

"Do you like this?" he asked, noticing that John seemed to be a bit clueless about what to do.

"I-It's fine, just ... I'm a bit cold."

Freddie immediately pulled him closer, trying to warm him up with his body, "Oh, darling. I'm sorry. Should we move this to the bed?"

John giggled, shaking his head, "N-No, no. It's fine. Just ... what do you want me to do?"

For some reason hearing that question sent a rush of blood to Freddie's cock.

"Do what feels good to you, darling."

John hid his face in Freddie's neck, "Y-You know I don't like that."

"You don't like doing things that feel good?" Freddie chuckled, trailing his hands up and down John's back, causing goosebumps to appear on John's soft skin.

"N-No, I like that, I just ... "

"Look at me, darling. Come on," he pulled away slightly, making John face him, "What's the matter, sweetie? It's just you and me. You don't have to be uncomfortable or embarrassed."

"I know, it's just ... " John trailed off, not knowing how to explain it.

"Don't you trust me?"

"I do."

"Oh, sweetie. Sex is something natural. We're not doing anything wrong or forbidden," Freddie explained, "We both want it. Is that correct?"
John nodded, biting his lip.

"I can see that William wants it," Freddie teased, looking down in between their bodies to see John's cock resting against his lower belly, desperate for some attention.

John chuckled, finally meeting Freddie's eyes and nodding. Freddie took that as a 'yes' and rested his hands on John's hips again, helping him and guiding his movements as John finally started to move. It took a bit of adjusting and a few awkward moments which ended in laughter, but then finally they seemed to find the right position and rhythm. At first John moved quite slowly, grinding his lower body against Freddie's, but the feel of their cocks brushing together soon became too addicting and felt too good and he sped up slightly, holding onto Freddie and kissing him.

He could feel Freddie moan against his mouth and it sent shivers down John's body knowing that what he was doing was pleasurable for Freddie as well. Feeling the singer's grasp on his hips tighten as John quickened his pace only seemed urge John to move faster and more passionately. Moans and whimpers were escaping John's lips as if he had no control over it and it did make him slightly embarrassed and he tried to hold them in, but Freddie wasn't having any of that. He gently took hold of John's hair and yanked it down a bit, exposing John's neck.

As the bassist continued rocking against his body, Freddie latched onto the soft skin on John's neck, kissing and sucking, desperately wanting to leave a mark. And he did. Just as he pulled away and admired his work, John cried out, his movements speeding and getting a bit less controlled.

"That's it, darling," Freddie praised him, smiling at him, not able to tear his eyes away from the beautiful creature that was currently almost riding him. Even though Freddie tried to stay present, he could not help but imagine he was inside of John while he was moving so enthusiastically against him. He could almost imagine how heavenly that would feel.

"M-My thighs hurt," the bassist suddenly whispered, slowing down his movements.

"I'll help you, dear," Freddie quickly offered, gripping John's bum rather roughly, helping him move and even raising his own hips in order to create friction that would help tip John over the edge. John hummed happily, biting his lip and closing his eyes as he rested his forehead against Freddie's shoulder.

It did not take long; after just a few moments of grinding their bodies together, John gasped, his hips snapping forward and jerking a few times before he went completely limp in Freddie's arms. The singer couldn't help but smirk in satisfaction; it always made him so damn proud and happy to witness John reach that point of sheer pleasure. It was quite a sight.

He held the bassist against him as he recovered and then he realized John's things were shaking, probably hurting from all the hard work they had to do. The thought made Freddie chuckle and apparently it was loud enough and John heard it.
"W-What's so funny?" the bassist managed to ask, moving away a bit so he could look at Freddie.

"You look adorable."

"And you're laughing at me?" John pretended to be annoyed, but could not wipe the satisfied and sleepy smile from his face.

"Maybe," Freddie teased, then gently tapped John's bum, "Hold on, darling. I'll move us to the bedroom."

The bassist nodded, clinging to Freddie as he raised them both up and carried John to the bedroom, placing him onto the bed gently. Just as he was about to pull away, John pulled him down with him, hugging him with his legs. It caught Freddie by surprise and he landed on John with his full weight which was a bit painful and John hissed in slight discomfort before letting out a chuckle.

"Shit," Freddie swore, quickly changing his position so he was holding himself up on his elbows, "Did I hurt you?"

John was still laughing and he shook his head, "N-No, it's fine. I was just trying to be ... spontaneous."

"Well," the singer chuckled as well, "The next time you try to be spontaneous, darling, give me a hint at least. I almost killed you."

"I'm not that delicate, you know!"

"Oh, really?"

"Yes!" John replied, raising his eyebrow playfully.

It made Freddie excited and he was in the mood for games so he covered John's body with his own, slowly lowering himself down onto him completely. He expected John to be uncomfortable, but that did not seem to be the case. John seemed to enjoy feeling Freddie's weight on top of him.

Also, being pressed together like that really did wonders for Frederico who was still very excited and begging to be played with. Judging by the way John's eyes widened he could clearly feel the hardness between their bodies. The slight shock quickly went away and John just smiled at Freddie, bringing his hand up to caress his face.

"I love you," he said quietly; and he meant it.
John knew he loved Freddie every minute of every day, but it was the most apparent to him when they were alone like they were at that moment. There were no distractions and John could only focus on how much he adored and loved the boy in front of him. The intensity of it nearly scared him; he could not even imagine spending his life with anyone else. He did not want to imagine it. John knew he was still young and considering that was his first love, many would argue that it was just a crush, but John knew better. It wasn't just a crush. It was so much more.

And he knew that Freddie felt the same way as well. It was so apparent by the look in his eyes.

"I love you too," the singer whispered, giving him a shy smile, "So much."

And then he captured his mouth into a soft kiss, but it turned passionate in the matter of moments. They did not even need to talk about it, they just started moving their bodies together instinctively. John kept raising his hips as Freddie moved against him in a rocking motion, giving his lower part the friction it needed.

They kept kissing and moving together until Freddie sped up his movements quite a bit and John could tell that he was getting closer because he kept whimpering and moaning against his mouth until finally he just pressed against John's body as much as he physically could before just collapsing on top of him.

John smiled and at that moment he felt like he could cry from pure happiness and love he could feel for the boy lying on top of him. He kept caressing Freddie's back and running his hand through his neck, taking care of him as Freddie recovered.

John was tired.

Apparently having sex was also physically straining; his thigh muscles were burning and he just knew he'd feel sore the next morning. Still, he felt quite proud of himself. This time it wasn't just Freddie doing all the work; John helped as well and they both enjoyed it.

"Good?" the bassist asked after a few minutes.

Freddie chuckled, still a bit breathless, "Good? Are you asking me if it was good or if I'm good?"

"B-Both, actually."

"Well, dear," the singer raised his head to look at him, "I'm feeling absolutely amazing and the sex was extraordinary! We should do this more often."

"We will," John giggled.
"How much do you love me?" Freddie suddenly asked.

The question surprised John a bit, but he quickly answered, "More than anything on this world."

It made Freddie relax and he gave him the biggest smile, exposing all this teeth, "Thank you."

John laughed, "Thank you? That's all you have to say? You're thanking me? Well ... you're welcome, I guess?"

"W-What? No, darling. I-I love you too, I just - "

"Get off of me, you're rude!" John couldn't stop laughing as he kicked the singer off of his body and turned away from him, pretending to be offended.

Freddie was immediately all over him again, pressing soft kisses on John's neck and face, "I love you too, darling! I love you more than anything! Even more than I love Roger, really!"

"You're being rude to Roger now!"

"How am I being rude to him?"

John continued with his teasing, "You are supposed to love me differently than you love Roger, not more or less."

"Oh," Freddie said, realizing that actually made a lot of sense, "You know, dear. You're right. That's pretty smart. You're smart!"

"You're only now realizing that?" John laughed again, shaking his head.

"No, I knew that, darling. I just ... are you messing with me?"

"Y-Yes!"

"You cheeky little minx!" Freddie gasped, trying to move away, it was now his turn to be offended, "I'll leave it to you to clean yourself up! I refuse to do you any more favors tonight!"

John quickly grabbed his arm, stopping him, "N-no, Freddie! Hand me a shirt or .. a towel, please. If I move it'll just slide down onto the bed and I just changed the sheets," he grimaced as he looked down at the mess on his belly. It wasn't that the sticky substance grossed him out; it was just that
John preferred not to have it on the sheets.

Freddie shrugged his shoulders, "No, I think I'll just go to sleep, dear. Good night."

With those words he rolled to his side and pretended to fall asleep. And John just stayed in his position, naked on the bed, lying on his back, not daring to move an inch. They spent a few moments in complete silence and then John shivered and apparently Freddie felt it or heard it because he immediately faced the bassist again, "Oh, darling, are you cold? I-I was just playing with you. I'm so sorry!" he quickly grabbed a T-shirt and cleaned the mess on John's belly and then his own as well before pulling John into a hug and covering them both with blankets.

"I know you were playing," John giggled, "I was just trying to see how long you'd last."

"Well, my plan was to torture you for at least five minutes, but I couldn't leave you freezing. You're literally a snowman, John, I swear!"

"I'm not!"

"You are!"

"I'm surprised you don't have frostbites!"

John laughed, "Shut up! You're silly."

Freddie could not stop smiling; at that moment he was the happiest he's been in days. Having to be away from John for nine or ten hours a day really made him appreciate the time they could spend together even more.

Neither of them was planning on falling asleep; they both wanted to talk and spend some quality time together, but apparently they were both exhausted because within minutes they were asleep, cuddling and holding hands.

The next morning John completely forgot about their new routine; as he slowly woke up, he found it strange that he couldn't feel Freddie beside him. He moved to his the singer's side a bit, expecting to bump into his body, but only then realized that the bed was empty. Immediately he sat up, panicking a bit and it took him a few moments to remember that Freddie was at work.

And that he yet again did not wake John up when he left. A quick glance at the clock told John that
it was nine in the morning.

As he sat there in their bed, John felt strangely ... empty. He always missed Freddie when he was at work, but this morning it was even more painful because he desperately wanted to wake up next to him and spend the morning with him. Especially because of the previous night. It felt odd not having Freddie beside him the morning after they made love.

Still, John refused to let the sadness overcome him. He focused on the fact that he'd see Freddie soon and with those thoughts in his mind, he made the bed and tidied the room a bit before taking a quick shower. After he was done, he fed the cats and actually remembered to eat something himself. It was a bowl of cereal, but it was a big bowl of cereal and Freddie would be proud of him.

John spent that morning cleaning the hallway and he was finished in just ten minutes. Realizing he had nothing else to clean, something occurred to him.

Roger's room.

He could clean his room a bit, right? He wouldn't be going through his closet or anything like that. He'd just vacuum the room and wipe the dust. Was it an invasion of privacy? He did struggle with it for a few moments, but then realized that Roger probably would not mind. The drummer constantly left the door to his room open and was not as protective of his privacy.

Finally he decided to just do it. Dragging the vacuum into Roger's room, he vacuumed the floor and opened the window the clear the air a bit. And then he quickly wiped the dust off his nightstand and his dresser. There was a small box on it and as he was wiping the surface, he accidentally knocked the box over and it dropped to the ground.

Thankfully nothing broke; there seemed to be some kind of candy in the box. John quickly kneeled down to pick it all up and then realized that it wasn't candy but probably some kind of a chewing gum. After further inspecting it finally occurred to John that those were condoms. Blushing, the bassist hurried to pick it all up and then he heard the door bell which shook him to the core. Clumsily, he returned the box with condoms back onto the drawer and dragged the vacuum out of Roger's room, tripping over the cables and falling onto his hands and knees. Letting out a cry of pain, John quickly stood up and hurried towards the front door. The doorbell rang again and he was conflicted about what do to. There was no peephole in the door and John could not see who was on the other side. With what happened the last time he answered the door, John was a lot more careful now.

"W-Who is it?" he asked, pushing himself closer to the door.

"Hello!" he heard the familiar voice from the other side, "It's me, Brian. Can I come in?"
John was very surprised and he quickly opened the door, letting the guitarist in. Brian greeted him with a warm smile, but before he could speak, John asked, "I-Is something wrong? Did something happen?"

"No, no, no. Nothing happened," Brian quickly assured him, "I just thought I'd keep you company because I have a free day."

"Oh," John finally relaxed, letting out a breath, "Thank god."

"That is ... if you want my company?"

"I-I do! Sure, come in," John let out a nervous chuckle as he led Brian into the living room. It was a bit awkward; he and Brian rarely spent any alone time together. While it did seem strange that he'd just come over to hang while Roger and Freddie were gone, John was very thankful for it. He was running out of rooms to clean and he really did not fancy going out for a walk. It was freezing cold and raining.

"I was thinking we could have a ... party night," Brian suggested, "Freddie and Roger are free tomorrow, right? It's Saturday."

"I-I don't know. I think so, yes."

"It's been a while since we had some band time and since we ... had a few drinks," Brian continued, "Do you have any alcohol or do I need to go to the store?"

"I think there are a few beers in the fridge and ... there's whiskey, I think."

Brian grimaced, "That's a strong one."

John chuckled, then realized something.

"D-Did Freddie ask you to come over?"

The guitarist shook his head, "No, I haven't talked to Freddie since that night when you ... went down in the studio. I just thought we could hang. Talk. It's awfully boring when the weather is like this and I have nothing to do."

John laughed again, agreeing, "That's true. I've cleaned the entire flat and I'm running out of ideas of what to do now."

Just as Brian was about to answer, Delilah approached him, eyeing him suspiciously, clearly not
used to seeing him there. When Brian leaned down to pet her, the cat hissed at him, making the guitarist jump with shock.

"Hey!" John raised his voice, "Delilah, play nice! He's Brian, remember?"

The cat still observed Brian suspiciously, but then finally decided he was worth her trust and she lazily walked away only to roll down onto her back under the piano.

"She's ... feisty," Brian commented, letting out a nervous laugh.

"She's ... a lot of things," John chuckled, observing as the cat started licking her paws and cleaning herself. And then he noticed the piano and the memories of the previous night came flooding back and he immediately blushed, clearing his throat.

"Where's the other cat?" Brian asked, pulling the bassist out of his thoughts.

"Oh, she's - " instead of answering, John jumped up and down a bit on the sofa and immediately they heard a soft meow coming from underneath it.

"She's ... still hiding? How long have you had her?"

John took a deep breath, trying to remember, "Er ... less than two weeks, I think. She is getting better, though. She's really brave when Freddie's at home. She absolutely adores him."

The boys talked about cats for a bit and then John went to make them both some tea. The conversation was getting more and more relaxed with each passing moment and soon they were just laughing and gossiping about Freddie and Roger.

"You really haven't noticed?" Brian gasped, not believing what he was hearing, "You've been living with Fred and Roger for months now and you haven't noticed it?"

"Noticed what?" John chuckled.

"The way they avoid conflicts! Don't get me wrong, they do fight, but when they really want to avoid a conflict or an uncomfortable subject, they always do the same thing. Freddie just leaves the room. And Roger starts taking his clothes off."

"What?" John laughed even harder, "You're messing with me. I-I mean, yes, I have seen Freddie leave the room a few times when things got too ... much, but I've never seen Roger just take his clothes off!"
"I'll prove it to you one of these days, just wait!" Brian insisted, "They're both so damn childish. You've heard that one time they pretended to be Americans to get laid?"

John nodded, still laughing, "I-I remember hearing that, yes."

"Don't get me started on Freddie! He thinks he has the best American accent ever, but when in reality it is totally rubbish!"

"I've never heard him try to talk with an American accent before," John admitted; though he was very intrigued now.

"Please, don't encourage him! Have you heard of the time Roger tried to pick a girl by pretending to be a girl?"

"N-No?"

Brian nodded and he seemed a bit too excited to tell the story; it made John wonder if there was any whiskey in his tea.

"One evening when we went out ... Rog got this brilliant idea to seduce a girl whilst ... pretending to be one. Freddie encouraged him! I actually think it was some kind of a bet. Roger was dressing in a girl, he was wearing a skirt and had a red lipstick," the guitarist sighed, shaking his head, "I still don't know if he succeeded and I do not wish to know! John, I'm really glad you joined the band. I was going mad with just the two of them."

John was touched by those words; he couldn't help but smile, "Well, I-I'm glad you now have ... normal company. Well, as normal as I can be."

"You are, trust me. Also, it's not just that. Freddie's changed a lot," Brian suddenly turned serious, "He's changed for the better. He's no longer waking up in random dumpsters with Roger or doing stupid challenges like ... trying to drink twenty cans of soda."

John blinked at him, "Freddie actually ... tried doing that?"

"He did, yes. And Roger. It was a good thing I swung by when I did. Don't get me wrong, they're not stupid, they're just ... bloody idiots."

The bassist could not even believe some of the things he heard from Brian, but at the same time he knew that the guitarist was not lying to him. They were both so engrossed in their conversation that they completely forgot about the time and had to make a quick lunch for Freddie and Roger. Brian helped and they made pasta with tomato sauce.
When the working boys finally came home, they were both surprised to see Brian there.

"Brian, darling!" Freddie greeted him as he pulled John into a hug, "What are you doing here?"

"Probably talked shit about us to Deaky," Roger winked at him.

"I would never!" Brian acted offended, "I just thought we could spent some time together. Are you two free tomorrow?"

Both Freddie and Roger nodded and then the drummer's eyes widened, "Are we drinking? Can I get drunk? What about studio?"

"We'll go tomorrow," Brian replied, "There's no rush. It's Friday night and we're young."

Roger eyes him suspiciously, "Who are you and what have you done to Brian?"

"Shut up, Rog and go to the kitchen. Food is served!"

Freddie pressed a kiss to John's cheek, making the bassist blush, "Did you miss me?"

"So much," John sighed, "But you're here now."

"And I'm not leaving until Monday morning," Freddie grinned and then noticed Delilah rubbing against his leg, meowing. Immediately, he picked her up, kissing her head, "Well, hello, dear. You missed me too, didn't you? Yes, you did!"

And then something occurred to Roger, "Oh, we can have a movie night! I think there's some weird horror movie on the telly tonight."

"You want to watch a horror movie, dear?" Freddie teased, "Are you sure that's a good idea?"

"Yes," Roger rolled his eyes, "I'm really into these kind of things now. I'm really .... what's another word for horny? Like ... I'm horny for Halloween, but I don't want to fuck a pumpkin."

Brian blinked at him, "E-Excited?"

"Yes!" Roger clapped his hands, "That's it! I'm excited for the horror movie!"
The guitarist was already losing his patience; he grabbed Roger's arm and literally dragged him into the kitchen. Long ago he found a way to make Roger stop talking; by stuffing his mouth with food. When they were left alone, Freddie quickly kissed John, smiling at him.

"Hi," the bassist turned red again.

"Hello," Freddie smirked back, leaning in for a another kiss.

When they parted again, the bassist chuckled, "I really missed you."

"I missed you even more, dear," as Freddie leaned in for another kiss, he was suddenly stopped by a paw.

He looked down in confusion to see Delilah staring at him and she kept her paw on his lips. It made Freddie chuckle and he gently removed her paw before trying to go in for another kiss, but Delilah stopped him again, resting her paw on his mouth.

It made John laugh out loud, "I-I think she's trying to tell us something."

"What?" Freddie asked as he moved Delilah's paw away, "That my breath smells? That's very rude of you, Delilah."

"No," John shook his head, chuckling, "That we're being annoying with all the kisses."

"Well, I refuse to let a cat dictate what I do or - " he was once again interrupted by a paw being placed on his mouth, shutting him up instantly.

John took the cat from Freddie, raising her up so he was face to face with her, "Delilah, you do not interrupt your father when he's speaking. That's rude and - "

The cat suddenly pressed her paw to John's mouth as well, making him stop talking. It was too much for Freddie; he burst out laughing, leaning in and covering Delilah's head with soft kisses.

"You're the smartest cat ever, yes, you are!"

"Freddie!" John giggled, "That's not disciplining her."

"I could never discipline such a cute, adorable, perfect kitten as she is, dear!" Freddie replied, still laughing. When Delilah had enough of the attention, she let out an annoyed meow and John immediately placed her down on the floor, only to kneel down next to the sofa and call for his second favorite cat.
"Lily? Oh, Lily? Guess who's back, darling!"

Freddie only had to wait for a short moment because the kitten immediately crawled from under the sofa and leapt towards him, nearly tripping on her own legs in the process. She stopped right before him and hesitantly looked up at him, not knowing what to do next. Feeling nervous, she let out the most adorable meow ever and Freddie couldn't help but melt at hearing it.

"Come here, darling," he slowly scooped her up and held her in his arms, softly kissing her head. John carefully approached them, smiling at the sight.

"She missed you so much this entire day," he said to Freddie.

"You think she notices that I'm gone?" the singer was a bit skeptical.

"Of course she does, they both do! Delilah keeps walking into our bedroom, looking confused and she's constantly on or under your piano. They both notice and they miss you," John assured him.

Freddie could not help but smile, almost tearing up a bit, "My babies."

ooo

After their quick lunch Freddie and John left for the hospital to get John's stitches out; they promised to be back home as soon as possible and they only hoped Brian and Roger would manage to not kill each other. Freddie could tell that John was nervous; hospitals always made him nervous and he couldn't tell if the bassist has been afraid of anything doctor related his entire life or if it only started happening after the attack. As much as he wanted to know, he did not want to ask and possibly bring up bad memories, making John even more stressed.

When they arrived at the hospital they went straight to the front desk and John quickly explained why he was there. They were told to wait in the waiting room for a few minutes and that only made John even more nervous. He hated waiting at the hospital.

"D-Do you think it'll hurt?" he suddenly asked, turning to Freddie.

"Just a bit, dear. It feels like you're getting pinched," he replied and after getting a confused look for John, he quickly explained, "Oh, I've had a few stitches when I was younger, darling."

"From boxing?"
Freddie nodded, pointing at the barely noticeable scar right under his right eye, "This needed stitching. The bastard nearly punched me in the eye."

John winced at those words, bringing his hand up to caress his boyfriend's face, but then he remembered that they were in a public place and immediately dropped his hand. Freddie gave him an encouraging smile, promising to stay with him every step of the way.

That promise was nearly broken when a nurse come for John and asked Freddie to stay in the waiting room. John's eyes widened in panic, but before he could say something, Freddie was already speaking.

"I'm going in with him," he told the nurse, leaving no room for arguments, "He's terrified of the needles and stitches and I'm not leaving him alone."

Thankfully the nurse did not seem to be in the mood for fighting and she just nodded, asking them both to come with her. The room where they took them was really small and there were just two chairs. Freddie did not mind standing up; he was literally glued to John and kept his hand on his shoulder as the nurse took the stitches out.

The bassist did wince a few times, but it was probably from expecting the pain, not the pain itself. Freddie noticed that John seemed to be very nervous; his breaths came in short gasps and his eyes kept darting around, not able to focus on one thing. It was physically painful for Freddie to keep himself from taking John's hand in his own when he noticed the bassist gripping onto his own jacket that he was holding in his lap.

It was quickly over, though. The nurse was finished in less than five minutes and John finally relaxed, letting out a breath. The nurse took one closer look at his lip and concluded that it was completely healed and that John was good to go.

The bassist did not need to be told twice; after a few minutes of paper work and signing a few things, John was free to leave. It was only after they stepped outside the building that John allowed himself to laugh, turning to Freddie, showing off his lower lip, "D-Does it look fine?"

"It looks very ... kissable, dear," Freddie grinned at him as he opened up his umbrella, "Too bad we're in public otherwise I'd have ravished you by now."

"Really?" John giggled, blushing a bit, "T-The nurse said I'm free to use my mouth again."

Freddie at first thought nothing of it, but after noticing the playful expression on his boyfriend's face, he gasped in shock, "Are you saying what I think you're saying, you naughty minx?"

"M-maybe," John blushed even more; he was so happy to be finally himself again and to not have
the constant reminder of Tom and that horrible incident staring at him everytime he looked in the mirror.

Freddie cleared his throat and readjusted his pants, "You cannot just say these things to me in public, dear! I'll embarrass myself."

The bassist acted innocent, "What did I say?"

Freddie opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted by a horrible thunder, making both of them jump a bit. The singer quickly pulled John closer as they started walked, "Come on, dear. We better get home as soon as possible. I really do not wish to be hit by a lightning."

ooo

When they arrived back home, they were both completely soaked. The umbrella did not help much; they were wet the moment they stepped out of the taxi. And the thunderstorm did not seem to be nowhere near finished. It was pouring rain outside and Freddie absolutely hated that kind of weather.

As they finished taking off their soaked shoes, they heard panicked yelling coming from the living room and they both rushed to see what the problem was.

"What's - " Freddie went to ask, but stopped as he took in the sight before him. Lily was in the corner of the room, meowing in pure panic and Roger was on his knees beside her, trying to comfort her, but was afraid to touch her. The poor kitten seemed to be terrified of him.

Roger finally gave up and stood up, walking to the boys, "She's been like this for the past half an hour."

"Ever since the thunder started," Brian added, crossing his arms over his chest.

Without thinking Freddie rushed towards his youngest kitten, but Lily just cried out, backing even further into the wall. The singer immediately stopped, kneeling down next to her, but not touching her.

"Oh, darling," he said to her softly, "It's alright. It's just the stupid thunderstorm. It's nothing to be afraid of."

The kitten seemed to be completely terrified; soon she gave up on meowing and was just letting out these weak whimpers that sounded a lot like crying. She kept blinking nervously and looking around in panic. Freddie's heart broke when he tried to reach for her and the kitten just cried out even more.
"What do we do?" Roger asked; he seemed completely overwhelmed and worried sick.

"There's not much we can do," Brian sighed, "I hope this bloody storm stops soon."

And then the thunder could be heard again and the entire flat shook with the force of it; Lily went completely silent, her eyes wide open with fear.

"Oh, no, she's trembling!" Freddie cried out, "Poor baby. I-I need to do something."

Just as he uttered those words, Delilah appeared out of nowhere and casually made her way past Freddie, stopping beside Lily.

"No, Delilah, darling, leave Lily alone - " Freddie started saying, thinking the older cat was going to bully poor Lily, but his jaw dropped when he saw Delilah gently rub her head against Lily's and then she started licking it.

All the boys just stood in complete shock; they have never seen Delilah behaving in such a way, especially not towards Lily.

"Am I seeing things?" Freddie asked, afraid to even blink.

"Er ... I think we're all seeing things," Roger replied, "What's up with Delilah?"

The older cat gave Lily a few affectionate licks before lying down beside her; apparently Delilah was not at all bothered by the storm and she seemed as relaxed as ever. Thankfully, her attitude seemed to be rubbing off on Lily who was at first very skeptical about the older cat's behavior towards her, but then she relaxed and actually snuggled against Delilah, hiding her head under Delilah's front leg.

It took Freddie a moment to react and he seemed completely confused. He reached towards them, trying to pet them, but Delilah hissed at him, pulling Lily even closer to her and covering her up with her body.

"Wow," Roger commented, "I think Delilah just claimed Lily. Such a shame, really. She'll totally corrupt her."

John slowly approached Freddie, grabbing his arm and pulling her away from the cats, "Give them space. They seem to be fine."

Freddie agreed, but he couldn't stop looking at them, "Is Delilah really ... comforting Lily? Oh, look! She's licking her head again!"
All the boys let out a soft "aww", just watching the adorable scene in front of them. And then the horrible thunder could be heard again and Lily flinched, pressing herself even closer to Delilah. It warmed Freddie's heart that the cats were finally getting along; he knew that Delilah was a soft-hearted cat and she proved it. He could stand there for the entire night and just watch them, but Roger clapped his hands, interrupting his thoughts.

"The movie's starting in ten minutes! I've already prepared all the snacks," he pointed at the table where there were four large bowls of popcorn, "Please, sit down. I'll go grab us all something to drink."

Brian, Freddie and John sat down onto the sofa in that exact order and then the singer turned to John, pulling him into a passionate kiss, gently biting his lower lip as if testing if it was alright. John was blushing like mad; thankfully Brian stared at the picture on the wall, pretending he did not see any of the making out that was happening right beside him.

"F-Freddie," John giggled nervously as they finally broke apart, "What are you doing?"

"Just checking if that nurse did a good job," the singer teased, brushing his lips gently against John's again.

And then Roger returned with four beers; he squeezed his way in between Brian and Freddie, ignoring the guitarist's protests.

"We're all going to be sitting here? Really? There's a perfectly good armchair right there - "

"It doesn't have a good view of the telly," Roger rolled his eyes as he made himself more comfortable.

"What's the name of the movie, anyway?" Freddie asked, putting his arm around John and pulling him closer.

"The haunting. It's about a haunted house," Roger replied, stuffing his mouth with popcorn, "When I was little -"

Brian snorted, "Was."

The drummer elbowed him and then continued his story, "When I was little I used to watch lots of horror movies."

"Yes and that is probably why you now believe in impossible things, like ... ghosts," Brian sighed.
"Ghosts are real, darling!" Freddie immediately defended the drummer.

"Oh, that reminds me!" Roger quickly turned to look at the singer, "Fred, I think this flat is haunted."

John let out a chuckle; he did not believe in ghosts and definitely did not think the flat was haunted, but it was fun listening to Freddie and Roger theorize about it.

"Why, darling?" Freddie gasped in shock, "Did something happen?"

"Oh, for the love of god .... " Brian rolled his eyes.

"Something weird happened in my room earlier today," the drummer quickly explained, "When I came from work, I went to my room to change and there it was ... on the floor ... "

Silence.

Freddie was almost afraid to ask, "W-What was on the floor, dear?"

"Condoms!" Roger replied, "There were three condoms on the floor!"

"What?" Brian rolled his eyes again, "What does that even prove?"

"I did not leave them there, Bri! There's a box on the dresser where I keep these things and today ... condoms just magically appeared on the floor. What do you think the ghosts are trying to tell me?"

Freddie seemed to be seriously thinking about it and then John hesitantly raised his hand, "I-I need to confess something. It was me. I-I was cleaning your room, Roger. I-I just vacuumed it and wiped the dust and ... I-I accidentally knocked the box over and... I thought I picked it all up, but apparently not."

"Oh," Roger seemed to be disappointed.

Brian just snorted, a smug expression on his face. He refrained himself from saying 'I told you so', even though it was physically painful.

"Thank god this place isn't haunted!" Freddie let out a sigh of relief, "I really don't want to move right now."

As they waited for the movie to start, the conversation shifted a bit and they were no longer talking
about ghosts or supernatural and were instead discussing Freddie's and Roger's jobs.

"There's this annoying guy at work," Roger started, "What's his name, Freddie?"

"Which one do you mean?" the singer asked, "Is there anyone you do like?"

"Oh, you know that one with the mustache? He keeps ordering me around, I don't know what his problem is!"

The singer blinked at him, "You mean Bill? Our ... boss? Yes, I honestly have no idea why he's ordering us around like that," his voice was dripping with sarcasm, but Roger did not notice it.

"He doesn't like me," the drummer concluded, "That's it. I'm sure of it. Also the other three guys who work with us, they don't like me either!"

Brian slowly asked, "How do you sleep at night knowing that there are many some people in the world who don't like you?"

Roger grinned at him, "With no underwear on in case they want to kiss my arse."

John nearly choked on his beer and had to cough a few times. Freddie gently patted his back and slapped Roger's arm for being an idiot.

Another few minutes later Brian was asked a simple question about the moon and the guitarist got completely sidetracked, explaining every little detail about space and planet. Roger pretended to yawn while Freddie pretended to be interested and John was genuinely interested.

"Uranus' atmosphere is similar to Jupiter's and Saturn's in it's primary composition and helium - "

Suddenly Roger laughed, making Brian pause his monologue.

"What's so funny?" the guitarist asked.

It only made Roger laugh even harder, "You said Uranus. URanus."

Freddie burst into laughter as well and they were both giggling for nearly two minutes while John and Brian waited for them to stop acting like children. And then the movie finally started and Roger quickly jumped to go turn off the lights; on his way back he tripped over Brian's legs and nearly landed in his lap.
The movie was a bit slow at first; it showed a group of people moving into a house that was supposed to be haunted. Roger nearly fell asleep a few times; he had a short attention span. But then the pace started to pick up and soon he was terrified, his eyes wide open as he stared at the telly. There were a lot of very common things that happen in a horror movie; lots of scary sounds, things moving, doors opening and closing by themselves.

"R-Roger," Brian suddenly said, "Can you not lean on me? Thank you!"

Meanwhile, John noticed that Freddie was slowly moving closer and closer to him, but he did not mind it at all. In fact, he couldn't stop smiling even though they were watching a horror movie. There was a scene in which a woman was in bed and it soon became apparent that something else was in bed with her.

Freddie and Roger both covered their eyes with their hands, refusing to look. There were a few minutes of silence and then the woman screamed, making both Freddie and Roger jump, startling John and Brian in the process.

When they finally dared to look at the tv again, they went completely pale as the woman tried to figure out who was in bed with her.

"Whose hand was I holding?" she said, looking completely shocked.

Thankfully, it soon cut to commercials and there was a complete silence in the room for a few moments until Brian shrugged his shoulders, "It's a pretty interesting movie."

"Interesting?! Freddie shrieked, "This movie should be banned!"

Roger quickly nodded, agreeing and then he slowly stood up, "I-I need to go pee."

And then he just stood there, not moving at all. Another loud thunder could be heard and Roger flinched, crossing his arms over his chest. Brian stared at him, not understanding why the drummer was just ... standing there.

"The movie's about to start," he said to Roger, "Hurry and go pee if you must."

The drummer seemed to be a bit uncomfortable, "I-I just ... Are we sure this place isn't haunted?"

"Yes," Brian replied.

"You don't live here, Bri, shut up," the drummer shot at him before turning their attention to Freddie and John, "Have you two ever encountered something ... creepy while living here?"
John shook his head, "N-Nothing."

Freddie had to think about it for a few moments and then he remembered, "One time I left a sandwich on the table and went to take a leak and when I returned, the sandwich was no where to be seen."

"Oh, that was me," Roger chuckled, earning himself a kick from the singer.

"Rog, the movie is about to start!" Brian sighed, "Either go to the bathroom or sit down!"

"Can you go with me?" the drummer asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"You must be joking!"

"The bathroom is right around the corner, darling. Don't be such a coward," Freddie teased.

"Oh yeah? Well, you go ahead and go to the bathroom. Lets see if you are brave enough!"

Freddie crossed his legs, "I-I don't have to pee, dear."

Brian sighed, standing up, "Alright, Rog. Lets go. But I'm not going in with you, I'll be outside by the door."

Roger scoffed, "As if I'd want you in there with me. Keep dreaming, Bri."

They bickered as they left the room and when they were finally alone, Freddie turned to John, smiling, "Are you having fun, darling?"

"The movie's pretty interesting. It's not scary, though. I-I don't believe in ghosts."

That made Freddie gasp in shock, "You don't believe in ghost? How? Well .... what do you think happens when we die?"

John shrugged his shoulders, "I-I don't know. Haven't thought about it. I hope we go to heaven. I'd really hate it if I was stuck on earth, spending all my free time opening and closing doors."

Freddie grinned, "I'd have fun with it, though. Freaking people out is fun, dear!"

And then he quickly turned around to check on cats; he found them just as he left them - cuddled up
together and they seemed to be sleeping. Freddie's heart melted at the sight. Finally everything was right in his tiny family.

When Roger and Brian returned from the bathroom they continued with the movie which only got scarier by the minute. At one point Freddie took John's hand in his, squeezing tightly. While the singer seemed to be afraid, Roger appeared to be terrified. There was one particular scene in which a woman went to investigate the strange noise and there was a complete silence for a few long moments only to be interrupted by a loud noise of doors slamming shut. Roger shrieked and jumped in Freddie's lap, completely squishing the singer's private bits.

Delilah meowed in annoyance, probably telling the drummer to shut the hell up.

"Ow! Rog, would you - get off of me!" Freddie pushed him away, grimacing in pain as he caressed his injured private parts.

"Brian pushed me!" Roger quickly said, blushing.

"I did what?"

"You pushed me into Freddie's lap!"

"Why would I do that?" Brian asked with annoyance.

"I-I don't know. You have a weird sense of humor, I guess."

"Children, do shut up," Freddie rolled his eyes.

The next fifteen minutes were filled with occasional gasps from Freddie and Roger and a lot of critique form Brian.

"That would never happen in real life," he said, rolling his eyes.

"What do you mean?" Roger asked, not understanding.

"Imagine you are alone in an abandoned house and you hear a noise. A child laughing. Would you be stupid enough to go investigate and - " Brian stopped as he realized that yes, Freddie and Roger would be stupid enough to go investigate, "Never mind."

When it was time for commercials again, Roger rushed into the kitchen to get himself another beer. The boys found it strange that he wasn't back immediately and after not hearing any sound from the kitchen, they were starting to get a bit worried.
But then they heard Roger's voice, "Hey, Bri. Come and give me a hand, will you?"

"What? You can't carry one beer by yourself?" Brian muttered to himself and was about to stand up, but John was faster.

"I-I'll go help him," he offered, "I need a glass of water."

John walked towards the kitchen, not suspecting anything and just as he was about to step inside, Roger jumped from the corner with a loud "boo", scaring John nearly to death. The bassist shrieked in terror, immediately dropping to the floor.

Delilah quickly jumped to his defense, standing in front of John and hissing at Roger.

Freddie was by his boyfriend's side in an instant, helping him to his feet, "Oh my god, darling. A- Are you alright?"

John nodded, still visibly shaken up.

"Shit!" Roger swore, "I-I thought it was Brian. I wanted to scare Brian, not ... "

"I-It's fine," John said, letting out a nervous laugh.

"Oh, sweetie," the singer pulled him into a hug, "Roger's an arse!"

"I'm really sorry, Deaky," Roger apologized again, a look of remorse on his face. It'd be hilarious if he managed to scare Brian into collapsing to the floor, but not John. He never wanted to do that to poor John.

Freddie helped John back to the sofa and then went to get him a glass of water, smacking Roger's arm as he passed him.

As they continued watching the movie Roger suddenly jerked away, claiming that something or someone was touching his neck. The other boys dismissed it, thinking Roger was messing with them again, but it occurred several times throughout the movie.

"I swear that something is touching my neck!" the drummer complained, rubbing his neck in frustration.

"Maybe it's a spider?" John asked, making Freddie shriek and move as far away from the drummer as possible.
After a few minutes of Roger complaining and being freaked out, Brian suddenly burst into laughter, not able to hold it in any more.

"It was you, wasn't it, darling?" Freddie chuckled.

Brian just nodded, still laughing.

"You're such dickhead, Bri."

"I'm a dickhead?"

"Can you two stop arguing? I'm trying to watch a movie, darlings! Shut the fuck up!"

And then the entire flat went completely dark.

It took the boys a moment to react; at first they were just frozen, not understanding what happened.

"I think the power went out," Brian finally said, "It must be because of the storm."

"Really?" Roger snapped at him, "The power went out? I haven't noticed in the slightest!"

"How many times have I told you that you need to get glasses," Brian teased right back.

As Roger and Brian continued bickering, John just moved closer to Freddie, not liking the sudden darkness at all. He was never a fan of it and has come to actually feel really uncomfortable by it in the last couple of months.

"I wanted to see how the movie ends!" Freddie groaned as he pulled John closer, wrapping his arms around him.

"They all probably get killed by the ghosts," Roger replied, shrugging his shoulders, "I mean, they do deserve to get killed. They're acting like such idiots. Did you see that woman running out of the house? If a ghost was chasing me, I'd lock myself in a cupboard. A ghost can't get in there."

"How do you know that?" Brian was really losing his patience.

"I just do, alright? Mind your own business, Bri! You'd probably try and talk to it, right?"
"Yes," the guitarist sighed, "I'd definitely try and have a conversation with a paranormal entity. That does not exist."

"Do we have candles?" John asked, interrupting their bickering, "I-I don't think the power is coming back anytime soon."

"I think there are some in the kitchen," Freddie replied, trying to stand up, but John wouldn't let him, clinging to him as if his life depended on it.

The singer found it endearing and offered they all go to the kitchen together, claiming they'd be safer that way. The boys agreed, standing up and very slowly moving towards the kitchen, careful not to step on the cats. It was a complete darkness in the flat.

"Do you think Delilah and Lily are fine?" Freddie asked, a bit worried.

"I can't hear them complaining," Roger replied, holding onto Fred's shirt as they walked.

"Cats have have night vision," Brian explained, "They'll be perfectly fine. They probably haven't even noticed something is wrong. Well, besides us acting like bloody idiots."

Freddie suddenly stopped, "D-Do you guys hear that?"

John was now terrified; he did not believe in ghosts, but for some reason he was scared out of his mind at that moment. The movie did not freak him out, he actually found it quite entertaining, but at that very moment he was terrified and he couldn't explain why. Perhaps it was because he could tell that Freddie was scared; he could feel the singer's heart beating uncontrollably and he did not like that at all.

"It sounds as if someone's trying to unlock the front door!" Roger whispered, causing John to press himself even closer to Freddie.

"No one's trying to unlock the front door, dear!"

The boys just stood frozen for a few long minutes, listening for any strange sounds and then Roger snapped, "Brian, stop touching my arse, will you?"

"I'm not touching your arse, you idiot!"

"Yes, you are!"

"No, I'm not."
"Someone's touching my arse!" Roger complained again.

And then Freddie started laughing.

The drummer kicked him, "You are such a dumbass, Fred. Deaky, control your man! He's going around, grabbing other people's arses!"

"That was hardly a grab, darling! I merely brushed my hand across it!"

"Well, stop brushing your damn hand - "

Suddenly the power came back and the boys could finally see again. They realized how stupid they probably looked, standing in the middle of the living room, holding onto each other. Delilah observed them, annoyance written all over her face. At least Lily was peacefully sleeping cuddled up against her, not bothered at all by four idiots being unnecessary loud in the middle of the night.

"Well," Roger cleared his throat awkwardly, moving away a bit, "This was a fun night. But I'm sleepy, so ..."

"Are you sure you'll be able to sleep alone in your room?" Brian teased, raising his eyebrow at him.

"Do you want to join me, Bri? I sleep naked."

The guitarist immediately grimaced, shaking his head.

"Though you should sleep here, Brian," Freddie said, "You've had two beers and you are not driving."

Brian was about to start arguing, but the firm expression on Freddie's face told him that it was not up for a debate. He simply accepted the fact that he'll have to spend the night at their flat.

ooo

John was already in bed when Freddie joined him; the singer took a quick shower and then quietly entered the bedroom, giggling to himself.

"What?" the bassist immediately asked.
"Roger's left the door to his room open," Freddie whispered, "He's such a coward, I swear!"

John decided to tease a bit, "You know very well that you'd be scared as well if it wasn't for me sharing the room with you."

"Oh, I fully admit that, darling. If you weren't here, I'd be in Roger's bed, that's for sure. That movie was too much."

"It was alright," John yawned, then patted the empty spot in bed, "Come here."

Freddie quickly took his T-shirt off and joined John in their bed, moving closer to him. It always surprised him how cold John always was; Freddie was only half joking whenever he called him a snowman.

"I think you're only using me for my warmth, dear," he teased as John snuggled up against him.

"Well, it is cheaper than turning the radiator on," the bassist chuckled, "You know ... today was ... good. It was a good day."

"I'm glad to hear that," Freddie immediately smiled, kissing the top of John's head. It pained him to see John in constant state of nervousness and they both really deserved a nice, relaxing evening with friends. If a horror movie night could be considered relaxing.

"Oh, darling! I've found the buttons from my coat! They were on the floor and thankfully the cats didn't eat them! I'm sewing them back on tomorrow."

"You can sew?" John was a bit surprised.

"Well, of course, dear! Have you got any idea how many pants I managed to rip right down my arse? And I didn't have money to constantly buy new pants."

The bassist chuckled, "I-I think your pants constantly ripping is a sign that maybe you should wear a bit looser clothing."

"Oh, shush, darling. I want to show off my assets," Freddie grinned and then yawned. Even though it was barely midnight, he was already half asleep.

After a few minutes of silence, John looked up, meeting his boyfriend's eyes and Freddie could immediately recognize the change in John's mood.
"They still haven't called," John whispered, "It's been nearly two weeks now."

Freddie understood what he was talking about and it pained him so much that John had to go through something like that. Freddie had a lot of problems with his own family, but they never just refused to speak to each other for such a long time. While the singer knew that John's parents still loved him dearly, he could not understand how they could behave in such a way.

And he had no idea how to comfort John.

"Maybe you should give them a call, sweetie. Just to ... check up on them."

"What if ... they don't want to talk to me?"

"Of course they want to talk to you! They love you."

John said nothing to that and Freddie made him look up at him before repeating the sentence, "They love you. You know they do. This is just ... a bump in the road."

The bassist managed to smile weakly, "You really think everything will ... work out some day?"

"I do," Freddie managed to sound convincing even though he was not that sure in what he was saying, "What do you say we go out tomorrow night, dear?"

John's face lit up, "Where do you want to go?"

"Dancing," the singer winked at him, "Would you like to go dancing with me, darling?"

"S-Sure," the bassist chuckled; he did feel a bit awkward dancing in public, but he always managed to enjoy it with Freddie. When he was dancing with Freddie, the rest of the world seemed to fade away.

"Marvelous!" Freddie chuckled, pressing a kiss to John's forehead, "And then we could have a private party at the flat. Just the two of us."

"And what are we celebrating?"

"The fact that your lips is completely healed," Freddie grinned at him, "What do you say?"

The bassist immediately blushed, but he quickly nodded, "I-It sounds like a good plan. I've a few
things I'd like to do with my mouth."

*Kissing.*

John meant *kissing.* Lots of kissing.

But judging by the sheer lust and playfulness on Freddie's face, it was obvious the singer was thinking about something else. Theoretically, he was thinking about kissing. Just not mouth to mouth kissing.

John squealed in embarrassment, hiding his face in Freddie's chest, "G-Good night, Freddie!"

It made the singer laugh, but he decided to stop his teasing and allow John to go to sleep, "Good night, darling."

He had the entire day ahead of him to tease John and make him blush and he was determined to enjoy every single moment of it.

ooo

Freddie woke up the next morning around eight o'clock in the morning and he forced himself to stay in bed for a bit, but he quickly got bored. He pressed a kiss to the tip of John's nose, making the bassist grimace and scratch his nose, but he did not wake up. It was such an adorable sight that Freddie was tempted to do it again, just so he could see that cute reaction one more time, but he decided against it, not wanting to accidentally wake John up.

He slipped out of bed as quietly as possible and made his way to the kitchen, desperately needing some warm tea. While it was still early in the morning, Freddie was very grateful that he got to sleep in a bit. It was a big difference having to get up at six or at eight o'clock.

As he passed the sofa, he noticed that Brian still seemed to be deep asleep.

Freddie tried to be as quiet as possible as he made himself some tea and when he finally sat at table, taking his first sip, Roger appeared in the kitchen, greeting him with a very loud "Hello!"

"Keep your voice down!" Freddie whisper-yelled at him, "Brian's still sleeping!"

"He's still here?" Roger seemed confused, "I haven't even noticed him."
The drummer then sat down across from Freddie, yawning.

"Rough night, Rog?"

"I kept having this strange dream about being chased by a little girl."

Freddie raised his eyebrow, "You're afraid of little girls?"

"Dead, little girl."

"Oh, that's a quite important piece of information, yes. I actually think I heard you whining during the night."

Roger kicked him under the table, "You didn't!"

Freddie just laughed and continued drinking his tea. After a few moments of silence, Roger leaned closer to his friend, "You know, you really scored big time with Deaky. My room has never been cleaner!"

"His ability to clean is not exactly why I fell in love with him, but continue, darling."

"I swear, my room looks the best it's looked in months! And he said he only vacuumed and wiped the dust. Unbelievable. It even smells differently in there."

Freddie laughed, "You know, dear. There is such a thing as a window and people usually open it a bit during the day so the bad air goes out and the good, fresh air comes in."

"You're a dick, Freddie."

"Oh, bite me."

"By the way, that reminds me. The box of condoms Deaky accidentally knocked over ... I have a few condoms if you want some. There's no way I'll be able to use all of them before they expire. Feel free to take a few. I think I have at least a hundred in that box."

Freddie just stared at him in confusion, "And what am I supposed to do with them, dear? Blow bubbles?"

"Well, Freddie, you put them on your cock. What's the matter with you?" the drummer laughed, thinking that Freddie was messing with him.
"Roger, darling. I hate to be the one to tell you, but ... guys cannot get each other pregnant."

Roger laughed again, but after noticing the serious expression on Freddie's face he realized the singer was not joking.

"F-Fred, you do know that condoms aren't only used to prevent pregnancies, right?"

"Well, yes, but ... " the singer trailed off.

"Even if there was no risk of getting a girl knocked up, I'd still put my Rogerina in a rubber. You never know ... especially with all those diseases floating around."

Freddie was usually very mouthy and Roger found it very suspicious that the singer was suddenly very quiet and actually seemed to be a bit uncomfortable by the topic.

"What is it?" Roger could not help but ask, "You're acting very ... odd. You do know what a condom is, right?"

Freddie rolled his eyes, "Of course I know, Rog. I'm not a complete idiot, you know."

"Then what's the problem? You've used them before, right?"

The singer tensed up, "Er ... o-occasionally, yes."

"Occasionally? What does that mean?"

"Just ... "

Silence followed.

Roger was trying to read Freddie's face and then he finally realized it, "You haven't, have you? Are you serious, Freddie?"

"No one is using them in the gay scene, Roger," Freddie rolled his eyes again, "Besides ... I-I'm perfectly healthy and I'm sure everyone I've slept with in the past was healthy as well."

"Really?" the drummer could not believe what he was hearing, "Are you sure about that? How many guys have you slept with? More than a hundred? And you can assure to me that not one of them had anything?"
"R-Roger, do I look sick to you?"

"I can't believe I'm hearing this!" the drummer was astounded, "Some STDs don't even show until months later! There are more than 30 different bacteria, viruses, and parasites that can be transmitted through sex."

Freddie winced at those words, but quickly dismissed it, "I'm fine, Roger."

But the drummer continued, completely outraged by Freddie's lack of concern or the fact that he refused to admit he was being careless, "There's chlamydia, gonorrhea, and syphilis. Not to mention genital herpales, and genital warts. You do not want those, mate!"

"Really, Rog? I'm trying to drink my tea in peace and you're going to talk about genital herpales?"

"I can't believe you! You really fucked around with strangers and not used condoms?"

"Roger, I'm perfectly healthy and even if I did ... manage to catch something, it's easily curable, dear. I'd just jump to the pharmacy and - "

"Of the most common infections, syphilis, gonorrhea, chlamydia, and trichomoniasis are curable, while herpes and hepatitis B are treatable but not curable," Roger explained, his inner med school student coming out, "Resistance to certain antibiotics is developing among some organisms such as gonorrhea. I-I mean, this is common fucking sense, Freddie!"

"Lets just drop it, Rog. It's in the past - "

"Many symptoms may not appear immediately after infection. In some instances a disease can be carried with no symptoms, which leaves a greater risk of passing the disease on to others. If you do have something, you could have infected Deaky, you know!"

That made Freddie look up with a horrified expression; his face turned pale in just a moment.

"N-No, no," he said, forcing a smile, "Even if I had something ... we didn't ... we still haven't ... it's not possible that I could have passed something onto him."

Roger took a deep breath, lowering his voice a bit, "If you're saying what I think you're saying ... Freddie, STDs are not only transmitted by penetration."

The singer tensed up, "W-What do you mean?"
"As much as it makes me really uncomfortable to imagine you two ... " Roger grimaced before continuing, "If he's ever sucked you off, he could have gotten throat chlamydia or throat gonorrhea. Even herpes. And if you've ever sucked him off ... you also could have passed something onto him."

Freddie just stared at Roger, his face completely pale. Suddenly he felt as if he couldn't breathe, as if there was no air in the room.

"I thought you knew all that," the drummer said, "Freddie, you were there when Deaky had to get tested for possible STDs. You went with him to the hospital. How did you not - "

"I have no symptoms," Freddie replied, his voice barely above a whisper, "I-I didn't know .... "

Roger did not know what to say; he never expected to be having this conversation with Freddie. He honestly thought the singer was smarter than this.

"W-What do I do now?" Freddie asked, looking up at the drummer in sheer panic.

He would never forgive himself if he passed something onto John; it'd just kill him. Just the thought of John finding out he did have an STD, not from his attacker, but from Freddie ... it hurt to just imagine that scenario. And Freddie would rather die than make John have to go through all that again; testing and waiting for results. Not to mention if the results came back positive.

Freddie felt sick to his stomach.

"Go get tested, mate."

It was all Roger said and Freddie quickly nodded; his throat closing up with panic. The singer had no idea how to proceed; should he tell John or not? He did not want to worry him even more and add to the stress, but they did have a romantic evening planned and the bassist would find it suspicious that Freddie was avoiding intimacy, not daring to even kiss him.

Freddie hid his face in his hands in utter defeat; it was such a mess.

Chapter End Notes

I got bombarded with love in the previous chapter and I want to thank you all! *cries*. I
can't believe there's more that one hundred people still reading this trainwreck of a story! ;D I'm so thankful for you all.<3 This chapter included a "horror movie night" to get you all in the mood for Halloween! ;)

P.S. How many How I met your mother references can you find in the chapter? ;D

The boys are still struggling, poor babies. :( 

Also! I'm on Tumblr if anyone wants to sends some asks. Username is QueenFanatics. ;)


Chapter 59

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Freddie was a nervous wreck that entire morning; he tried playing it off and pretending everything was fine, but he wasn't doing a very good job. As they were all having breakfast together, John could not help but ask him if he was alright.

"W-What?" the singer looked up from his coffee, "Y-Yes, I'm fine. Just a bit tired, dear. I got up early."

"You can have a nap after breakfast," John suggested, "I'll make sure no one bothers you."

Freddie smiled at his caring boyfriend, "A-Actually, darling, I need to go out for a bit. I have some ... errands to run. Go to the store and ... " he trailed off; suddenly he couldn't even lie convincingly.

"I'll go with you," John quickly offered and Freddie tensed up.

"Er ... Actually - "

Thankfully Roger jumped in to help Freddie; he knew where Freddie was planning to go and what exactly "errands" meant. The singer decided to go to the hospital and get tested for any STDs and Roger was happy to hear that. He wasn't happy that Freddie was keeping it a secret and was not sharing it with John, but he respected his decision. Besides, Roger knew that if the results came back positive that Freddie would immediately inform John of it.

"Deaky, I actually need your help today," the drummer said, forcing a smile, "Actually, Brian and I have some errands to run as well and ... someone needs to stay home with the cats."

Brian gave Roger a confused look, "We have errands to run?"

"Yes! What? You've forgotten?" Roger let out a hysterical laugh, "Must be all that beer from last night."

"What ... errands?" Brian asked again, scratching his head.

"I-I need you to drive me to the ... post office, yes."

Brian just nodded, accepting the fact that he probably did forget it due to all the alcohol consumption from the previous night.
It pained Freddie to lie to John like that, but he couldn't bring himself to tell him the truth. Not yet, at least. He was too ashamed.

"I'll be back as soon as possible, darling! It won't take more than ... two hours, I promise!"

John nodded, smiling, "That's fine. I'll be alright. Someone should really look after the cats. They're being too cuddly right now and I don't know what to think of it. I keep expecting Delilah to just ... snap at poor Lily."

"If she does that, I'll throw her out of the bloody window," Roger threatened and then Freddie kicked him under the table.

"You will do no such thing, darling! Or I'll throw you out of the bloody window!"

Brian interrupted their bickering, "We have studio time today at four. Do not forget."

The boys just nodded and continued with their breakfast. Freddie could not think about studio right now; all he could think about was the fact that he could have infected John with something. If it was just his own health in danger, Freddie would not feel as bad. Yes, it would suck, but he was the one being irresponsible and he'd deserve any punishment he got. John, on the other hand, trusted him and probably did not even think of the possibility that there was something Freddie could pass on to him. He was thankful that it was Saturday because that meant he could go get tested; if it was Sunday, he'd have to wait until Money. And while he probably would not get the results for a few days, it still made him feel better knowing that at least he did something.

Immediately after breakfast, Freddie got ready and left the flat, not even saying goodbye to John properly. He felt too guilty to do so; he just waved at him and told him he'd be back soon. John was a bit surprised by that and the lack of a goodbye kiss, but he waved back, giving his boyfriend a soft smile.

ooo

For some reason Freddie felt as if everyone could tell why he was at the doctor's office. He had a feeling as if it was written all over his forehead that he had unprotected sex and was now probably infected with something. Even though he tried to tell himself it was just his nerves, he could not shake the feeling off.

Freddie took a deep breath and went straight to the front desk, lowering his voice a bit, "Yes, hello. I'd like to get tested for ... for sexually transmitted diseases."

The woman behind the counter nodded, barely even looking up at Freddie and gave him a
questionnaire that apparently he needed to fill out first. Freddie thanked her and went to sit in the corner, away from all the people in order to have some privacy.

There were some questions that were pretty easy to answer and Freddie went through them fast.

What is your gender?

Have you ever been tested for an STD before?

Are you sexually active?

If yes, have you recently had sexual intercourse?

But then he read the question "Have you ever had an STD?" and struggled a bit with an answer. Finally he chose "no", but then the next question made him reconsider his answer.

If you answered No, how do you know?

The options were;

- I have never had sexual intercourse
- I have been tested
- I have never had any symptoms
- Other

Freddie felt like such a fool; he was ashamed to admit that he was so damn irresponsible and what pained him the most was the fact that he did not even have a good excuse. He did not use condoms because they were a hassle and no one else was using them.

Finally, he just chose the "never had any symptoms" answer and moved on.

Which of the following forms of protection against STD do you prefer?

The options were condoms, vaccination and none.

He really felt like such a fool, but a part of him wondered if this questionnaire was put together for straight people having straight sex because things were very different in the gay scene and literally no one Freddie knew from there has ever used condoms. The topic of condoms has never even been brought up.
Freddie quickly went through the rest of the questions, desperately wanting to be over with it as soon as possible and go get his blood drawn. He was by the front desk in less than ten minutes, returning the questionnaire. He had to go wait back in the waiting room until someone came and got him and that half an hour was the longest in Freddie's life. He kept trying to convince himself that he was fine; he really had not noticed any symptoms. Well, the truth was he had no idea what kind of symptoms to look for, but nothing out of the ordinary ever happened to him or his cock. No strange leakage or strange body rashes.

When he was finally called in the room, Freddie tensed up even more. He tried to fight off the feeling of shame and ignore the judgmental looks the nurse was giving him. Freddie was usually completely fine with going to the doctor's office; hospitals did not scare him, but at that moment he was terrified. He could only imagine how awful John felt when he had to go through it. And it wasn't even John's fault.

The nurse went through his answers on the questionnaire and asked him a few additional questions.

"Have you experienced any discharge or unusual fluid that may be white or yellow that comes out of the penis? Semen not included?"

Freddie rolled his eyes at that, "No, I haven't had any strange symptoms. As you can clearly see on that questionnaire that you're holding."

The nurse gave him a look before continuing, "An unexplained rash?"

"No."

"A burning sensation when urinating?"

"No."

"Bumps, sores, blisters, or warts on the genital area?"

Freddie let out exasperated sigh, "No."

"How many sexual partners have you had in the past?"

"A ... few."

"How many is that, Mr. Mercury?"

Freddie swallowed hard, lowering his voice, "A-Around ten."
He lied. He couldn't bring himself to tell the real number and he doubted knowing that piece of information would help with anything.

The nurse nodded, "What do you want to be tested for?"

"Er ... Sexually transmitted diseases."

"Yes, but there are a few of them. Do you want to get tested for everything?"

"Y-Yes," Freddie replied, trying to remain calm. He was more and more nervous with each passing second and the nurse did not help; she was talking and moving too slow for Freddie's liking.

"Have you engaged in vaginal, anal or oral sex?"

Freddie shifted uncomfortably on his chair, "Er... yes."

The nurse looked up from her papers, "Which one?"

"All of the above," Freddie replied quickly, forcing himself to maintain the eye contact with the nurse. He did fuck up a lot in the past, but he was finally doing the right thing by getting tested and he refused to get shamed because of it.

"If you haven't had any symptoms, why are you here, young man?"

"I-I'd just like to be on the safe side."

The nurse raised her eyebrows, "Prevention is better than cure, don't you agree?"

Freddie stopped himself from rolling his eyes again and he forced himself to nod, "I agree."

The nurse was mostly silent after that; she prepared everything and then took a blood sample from Freddie's finger, quickly going over some diseases and explaining how they treat them. Freddie only half listened; he was too nervous to actually pay attention. She then used a cotton swab to take sample of saliva from Freddie's mouth and explained that he had to pee in a cup before leaving. Freddie thought that was it, but then the nurse asked him to take off his pants.

"E-Excuse me?"

"I need to take a swab from the opening of your urethra."
"My what?"

"That's where - "

"I-I know what **urethra** is, thank you very much," Freddie sighed, running a hand through his hair. He did not expect that; he doubted John had to go through that particular thing when Susan examined him and if he did, he just did not tell him. And Freddie did not exactly ask what he was doing with Susan when they were left alone for a few minutes.

"A gonorrhea test looks for the presence of gonorrhea bacteria in your body," the nurse explained, "The disease can be cured with antibiotics. But if it's not treated, it can lead to infertility and other serious health problems."

Freddie quickly undid his belt and pulled his pants down along with his underwear; he felt uncomfortable, but no where near to how John would be feeling. The nurse was quick; she took a swab and that was it. Freddie barely even felt it and he absolutely refused to watch; he kept his eyes on the picture of flowers that was on the wall.

And then it was done. Before leaving, he gave a urine sample and with that he was gone. He was told the results would be back in a few days and that they would call him.

Freddie felt dirty; he desperately needed a hot shower, but he knew he could not come home empty handed. John would ask questions. He made a quick stop at the store and got a few things, mostly groceries and a lovely bouquet of flowers for his boyfriend.

ooo

Brian pulled over at the post office and turned off the engine, "I'll wait for you here, Rog.

The drummer leaned back and yawned, "Oh, I'm not going anywhere. I'll just wait here with you."

Silence.

"Didn't you say you needed a ride to the post office?" Brian finally asked, taking a deep breath.

"Yeah, I lied. I just needed an excuse to leave the flat."

"And you absolutely had to drag me into this?" Brian asked, raising his voice, "We just drove for twenty minutes ... for absolutely no good reason at all!"
"There is a reason. I needed John to stay at home."

"Why did you need John to stay at home?"

"Because Freddie had to go somewhere and didn't want Deaky to go with him."

Brian was getting a headache, "Roger, you have exactly ten seconds to explain everything or I'm kicking you out of the van and leaving you here!"

"I think you're exaggerating - "

"One, two -"

"We're on other side of the town! You wouldn't just leave me here!"

"Three, four, five -"

"Fine! Freddie is keeping a secret from John and that's why John needed to stay at the flat!"

Brian frowned at him, "What secret? Is he ... Is Fred doing something he shouldn't be doing?"

"Well, you could say so."

That made Brian gasp, "Is he ... seeing someone?"

Roger nodded, "Yeah."

Brian immediately gasped, "Is he serious? He's cheating on Deaky?" he started the engine again, "We're going back to the flat and I'm going to give him a piece of my mind!"

"What? No!" Roger smacked his arm, "Don't be an idiot! Freddie would never cheat on Deaky!"

"You just said - "

"Yes, he is seeing someone. A doctor. Can't you see Fred and John are all over each other and it's been three months already? I thought the infatuation would pass after the first month, but no. No such luck."
"Then what is - "

"I can't tell you."

Brian raised his eyebrow at that and started counting again, "Six, seven - "

"Alright, alright! Freddie might have an STD so he went to go get tested and he's keeping it from John for the time being and therefore he lied about going to a store and he didn't want John to go with him!" Roger was breathless by the time he uttered the last word and he completely missed the shock on Brian's face, "Was that under ten seconds?"

"Fred has an STD?"

Roger shrugged his shoulders, "I hope not. Turns out our favorite lover boy kept forgetting to wrap it up!"

It was obvious that Brian was shocked and he needed a few moments to recover, "Is he ... "

"He's not dying, Bri. It's a shitty situation for him and John, but you don't need to go looking for a funeral suit."

And then Brian realized it, "John! Is John also - ?"

"We don't know just yet. Freddie doesn't want to tell John anything until he gets the results."

Silence.

Roger made himself comfortable in the van, knowing they'll have to spend at least one hour in it.

"He's such an idiot," Brian suddenly spoke, shaking his head.

And Roger agreed with him, "I know, right? A bloody cretin!"

ooo

When Freddie came home, he found the flat completely silent.
"Hello? Anybody home?" he asked from the hallway as he took off his shoes.

"We're in the living room!" John yelled back and the singer quickly made his way over there. He found John sitting on the floor and watching Delilah and Lily play with each other. Well, Lily was playing with Delilah, while the older cat seemed to just be humoring her and letting her play and annoy her. Freddie placed the groceries on the floor and quickly joined John, sitting down beside him and kissing his cheek.

"Hello," John smiled at him.

"Hello, sweetie," Freddie smiled back, not able to stop himself from pulling John into a hug. The bassist was a bit surprised by the sudden outpour of affection, but he welcomed it, wrapping his arms around Freddie and hiding his face against Freddie's neck.

He went to pull away after a few long moments, but Freddie just tightened his hold on him, not ready to let him go just yet.

"What's wrong, Freddie?" John quietly asked, bringing his hand up to play with Freddie's hair, "You've been acting ... weird."

Freddie finally pulled away, forcing a smile, "I'm perfectly fine, dear. I'm just really tired. I promise."

John slowly nodded, even though he did not believe him.

"What have you been up to this morning, dear?" the singer asked, looking at the cats in front of them. Delilah was chilling on the floor, lying on her side while Lily was jumping around her, apparently attacking her tail. Delilah did not seemed amused or bothered by it, she just kept moving her tail and Lily tried to catch it, but failing at it every time. Lily was the clumsiest cat ever and she was constantly tripping over Delilah legs, not even coming close to catching her tail.

"I think the tail is winning this battle, little one," Freddie chuckled, slowly reaching towards Lily and petting her head. The kitten seemed a bit frightened by it at first, but she quickly got used to it and just stood there, purring. That seemed to annoy Delilah and she gently pushed the smaller kitten with her front leg, causing her to fall to her side.

"Delilah!" John laughed, "Don't do that!"

Lily did not seem to hold it against her, she quickly recovered and just continued attacking the older cat's tail as if nothing happened.

It made Freddie so happy that his family was finally getting along and the day would be absolutely perfect if it wasn't for that constant fear hanging over his head. The next few days would be
absolutely torturous; Freddie was not sure if he was doing the right thing. Should he tell John about what was going on or should he wait for the results to come back and then tell him? Yes, it involved John as well, but there was nothing the bassist could do about it now. Except to worry and stress about it.

And John was not good with stress.

He was finally eating again and he seemed less fragile.

Freddie did not want to go and ruin all that.

"I-I called home," John suddenly said, pulling the singer from his thoughts.

"You did? When?"

"Earlier this morning," John replied, a nervous smile on his face, "When you all left. I-I called and my mum answered and ... we talked."

Freddie noticed that John seemed to be in a good mood and that gave him the courage to ask the next question, "How did it go?"

John bit his lip hesitantly, but there was hope and happiness in his eyes and it just warmed Freddie's heart. Seeing John go through such a difficult time with his family was absolutely painful and all Freddie wished was for John and his parents to start talking again.

"It went well," John finally replied, smiling a bit, "We mostly talked about how I am and ... what I've been up to. We didn't talk about ... what happened between us. But she seemed happy and relieved to hear from me and ... and even my dad said hi to me."

Freddie gave John a big smile, "That's great news, darling! I told you everything would be alright."

John nodded, letting out a shaky breath, "It was ... a bit nerve-wrecking to actually pick up the phone and call, but ... she seemed really happy to hear from me."

"Of course your mother is happy to hear from you, dear. She's your mother and she loves you. She might not agree with everything you do, but ... that's besides the point. It doesn't make her love you any less because of that."

John slowly found Freddie's hand, covering it with his and giving it a soft squeeze, "Things are looking up. I-I don't know what to expect in the future, but ... at least I have hope now."

"Just give them time, darling. Don't rush it."
John nodded again and then quickly changed the subject, looking behind Freddie and noticing all the bags, "What did you buy?"

"Oh, just groceries, dear. And lots of toast and cheese for you."

The bassist giggled, "You are the perfect boyfriend."

Those words cut through Freddie like a knife and he quickly changed the subject, "Er ... yes, well ... It's no big deal. I-I also got you this," he leaned over to the bags and pulled a big, colorful bouquet of flowers and handed it to John, "For you, my love."

John blushed, a smile forming on his face, "You bought me flowers?"

"You do like flowers, right?" Freddie was immediately concerned.

"I-I do! I love them. Especially if they come from you," he replied, admiring all the beautiful flowers, "I love it."

He quickly gave Freddie a kiss and stood up to go find a vase for them. After a minute or two he finally placed them on the piano, but quickly looked at Freddie, "I-Is this alright? Does it bother you - "

"Nonsense, darling! It looks absolutely beautiful on the piano. Perfect spot for them," and then he looked at Delilah, "You are not allowed to knock that vase over, Delilah. Do you understand? Or I might let uncle Roger throw you out of the window."

Freddie spent that afternoon trying to avoid John; he could not stand lying to him so he decided to just not talk to him. But that was very difficult to do, considering they shared a flat. And a room. And a bed. There was no room Freddie could just go to and be alone; except for the bathroom. And he did take a long, hot shower, scrubbing his body as if that would rid him of any diseases he managed to pick up.

After the shower, he just collapsed onto the sofa and pretended to work on a song; he kept his notebook in front of him, trying to look very focused on writing even though all he managed to do was doodle. John left him alone, not suspecting anything might be wrong, and started working on making them lunch. Freddie felt like a piece of shit; he wanted to go help John and not rest his arse on the damn sofa and pretend he was busy. But he couldn't. He couldn't look John in the eyes and pretend that everything was fine. He was even thinking of calling off their date, but at the same time he did not have the heart to do so. John seemed to be really looking forward to going out.

When Roger and Brian finally returned, they all had a quick lunch and then left for the studio. It was a welcome distraction; Freddie insisted to record as many vocals as possible, barely allowing the
other three boys into the booth with him. He wanted to keep them, especially John, on the other end of the glass wall.

"Don't you think that's enough, Freddie?" Roger's voice could be heard from the speakers as he leaned over the control desk, speaking into the mic.

"No, no, let me go again, darling -"

"You are going to tear your throat up," the drummer said.

"My throat is absolutely fine!"

"You've recorded more than enough vocals, Freddie," Roger rolled his eyes, "How about we start working on John's song now?"

The bassist's eyes lit up and he looked at Freddie hopefully, though he did not dare to say anything, not wanting to be too pushy with his song.

Freddie opened his mouth to argue, but then he noticed the way John was looking at him from the other side of the glass wall and his heart broke; he couldn't find it in himself to refuse working on John's song. It then occurred to Freddie that he was in a way punishing John for something he had nothing to do with; he was avoiding John and he did not deserve to be treated like that.

"S-Sure," the singer finally said, nodding his head.

He could see John smile and he couldn't help but smile himself; he was positive that John's smile was contagious.

They spent the next two hours working on John's song 'You're my best friend' and while it was painful for Freddie to read through the lyrics over and over again, he did his best. A part of him wondered if John's opinion of him would change after finding out about how stupid and irresponsible he was and that because of that John himself might face some consequences, but he quickly pushed those thoughts away and tried to be a professional.

Everyone was very happy with how the song was turning out to be, even Roger who had a lot of problems with the lyrics. Well, with one sentence.

"I had no idea you can pay the piano so well, darling!" Freddie suddenly shrieked as John sat at the electronic piano and played the melody he envisioned for the song.

"I-I can play a tiny bit, yes," the bassist replied, blushing.
Roger grinned, "Watch out, Freddie. You're not the only one who can play the piano now! Can you sing, Deaky? If you can, we don't need Freddie anymore!"

The singer elbowed Roger hard, "You are never getting rid of me, dear!"

John tried to get up and offer the seat to Freddie, "I-If you want to play it - "

"No, no, darling! You were doing a wonderful job," Freddie smiled at him, "I just had no idea you were so full of talents."

Those words only made the bassist blush even more and Freddie's smile grew; for a moment he completely forgot all the problems and was happily flirting with his boyfriend. Unfortunately, it only lasted for a few moments as the harsh reality hit him hard again and he cleared his throat and returned to business.

Roger started working on his drumming parts, but they were running out of time because it was already nearly seven in the evening, so they decided to continue some other day.

It was a bit strange leaving the studio at a reasonable hour and not at three or four in the morning and the boys could not be happier. Brian dropped them off at the flat before leaving, claiming he desperately needed his own bed because apparently his back was killing him from sleeping on the sofa.

"Ready, darling?" Freddie asked John, wrapping his arms around the bassist waist and pulling him closer. He missed him so much and realized that he sucked at trying to avoid him. He didn't want to avoid John; it physically pained him to do so.

John giggled, "I just need the change my clothes. Are we leaving now? Do you want to eat something before we go?"

"I'll make us both a sandwich, alright? You go and change and I'll wait for you in the kitchen?"

The bassist quickly nodded and disappeared from the room. Freddie just stood there for a long moment; he took a deep breath and tried to be positive about the entire situation.

Yes, he was panicking a bit since this morning, but perhaps he was completely healthy and was stressing for no reason. Perhaps he did not catch anything. His last one night stand was in November and he had no strange symptoms since then. Freddie tried to make himself feel better and then suddenly Roger appeared and all of Freddie's hope and optimism went straight to hell. He prepared himself for another scary lecture from the drummer and was surprised when the blond just approached him and quietly asked, "Did you do it?"
"I-I did it, Rog.

"Well, how did it go?"

"Fine, I guess," Freddie replied, keeping his voice very low, "They took all kinds of samples and they're going to run a bunch of tests and ... I'll find out in a couple of days."

"Good," Roger nodded, "That's good. It was a smart thing to do."

Freddie remained silent, not knowing what to say. He always thought of himself and Roger as two peas in a pod; they were equally crazy and stupid. But apparently Freddie was more stupid and more irresponsible. He never imagined he'd be lectured by Roger and that the drummer would be in the right. It made Freddie feel such shame that he could barely even look him in the eyes, but at the same time he felt as if he owed Roger a big thank you.

But before he could say anything, the drummer approached him even more, his voice barely above a whisper, "You didn't tell Deaky?"

Freddie shook his head, "N-No, not yet. I can't. I won't do anything with him until ... but I can't."

He expected the drummer to scold him again, but then Roger nodded, "I understand. It wouldn't do him any good. Wait until you get the results back and then you'll see."

"Yes ... " Freddie trailed off, lowering his gaze.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder and he looked up to see Roger smiling at him.

"Lighten up, mate! When I yelled at you I only wanted to scare you a bit, not make you depressed! If you do have anything, it's not deadly. You'll survive."

Freddie gave him a weak smile, "I would hope so. T-That'd be horrible."

"You're not dying, Fred."

The singer finally relaxed a bit and nodded, "G-Good, that's good."

"Your cock might fall off, but other than that - "

"What?" Freddie shrieked, making the cats flinch.
Delilah hissed at him while Lily just hid under the older cat, not letting out a sound. It only made Roger laugh and he casually sat down on the sofa, not answering Freddie's questions. The singer wasted no time sitting down next to Roger and he continued with the questions, "Can it really fall off?"

Roger laughed, finally shaking his head, "I don't think so, no."

"Do you think so or know so?"

"I'm fairly certain."

After Freddie gave him a skeptic look, the drummer continued, "I'm 91% sure it can't just fall off."

Just as the singer was about to say something, Delilah nudged his leg with her head, meowing at him. Freddie reached down and stroked her head, but kept his eyes on the drummer, "I-I don't want my cock to fall off. Or ... or John's! Oh my god. He'll never forgive me."

Delilah meowed again, this time louder, nudging Freddie's leg again.

"Darling," the singer finally looked at her, "The adults are talking."

The cat ignored that and meowed a couple of times, staring at the singer, not even blinking.

"What do you want?" Freddie asked, "I've already fed you. You can't possibly be hungry already!"

Delilah growled at him in response.

"Delilah, sweetie, you can't just eat all the time! That's not good for you."

And then the cat bit Freddie's pant leg, pulling at it.

The singer finally gave in, slowly standing up, "Fine, one treat. And that's it!"

Immediately the cat rushed into the kitchen, leaving a very confused Freddie behind, "Where did you go? Your treats aren't in the kitchen!"

Roger leaned back onto the sofa, a grin on his face, "I can't believe the great Frederick Mercury is being bossed around by a cat."
"Oh, shush!" Freddie smacked his arm as he rushed into the kitchen after Delilah. At first he did not understand what the cat was trying to tell him and why she brought him to the kitchen, but then he saw her staring and meowing at the fridge.

"You want human food?" Freddie asked in confusion, but when he turned to look at the fridge, he noticed what the problem was.

Right there, on the top of a very tall fridge was Lily. The kitten seem frightened and was not letting out a single sound; she kept approaching the edge of the fridge, trying to jump off, but each time she got too scared and moved away.

"Oh my god, darling! Come here," Freddie gently picked her up and pressed her closer to his chest, noticing how the small kitten seemed to be trembling with fear. As he took a step, he nearly tripped over Delilah who seemed to refuse moving out of his way, clearly very worried about the younger kitten.

"How did you get up there?" Freddie asked, looking at Lily, "You are crazy, you know that? How on earth did you manage to get up there?"

He slowly walked back into the living room and Delilah followed him, meowing constantly.

"Did you put Lily on top of the fridge?" Freddie asked as he sat down next to Roger again.

"No? Why would I do that? Besides, I was here with you the entire time!"

"I have no idea how she managed to get up there all by herself," Freddie said, stroking Lily's head gently. The kitten seemed to calm down a bit and was now happily purring in his lap. And then Freddie remembered that he was supposed to be making sandwiches for him and John. He quickly handed Lily off to Roger and rushed into the kitchen. He could hear Roger immediately starting to argue with Delilah; apparently the older cat was no fond of Roger handling Lily.

"Stop biting my foot, Delilah! I mean it!"

Freddie laughed at those words and quickly made two sandwiches; they were ready just in time for John. After having a quick dinner, the boys headed out, telling Roger to not wait up.
Freddie could not remember the last time he was in a gay bar; it seemed like weeks ago. And strangely enough, he did not miss it. Yes, Freddie enjoyed occasionally letting loose and having fun and dancing and drinking, but he found cuddling at home with John a lot more pleasurable.

And this time something was different; Freddie couldn't help looking at all the guys and wondering which one of them had some kind of an STD. And he wondered if there was one single person in that club that used condoms.

When they reached the bar, Freddie wanted to immediately drag John to the dance floor, but the bassist quickly shook his head, letting out a nervous laugh, "I-I need a bit of liquid courage for that."

They each ordered a beer and then spent a few minutes just talking and Freddie noticed that John's spirits seemed to be lifted and he concluded it was because of that phone call. Apparently the majority of John's sadness over the course of the last few days could be explained by that big fight he had with his family. And Freddie could not be happier that things seemed to be looking up.

"Are you planning on visiting them, darling?"

John tensed up slightly, "I-I don't know. My mum suggested it, but ... I said I'll think about it."

"Why, dear? It'd do you good to go and see them."

"I know. I just ... " John took a deep breath and meet Freddie's eyes, "If and when I go home the next time, I-I want you to go with me."

This time it was Freddie's time to tense up, "Oh, sweetie, I-I'm not sure - "

"I refuse to go there if they still don't accept you and ... us. I just refuse to."

"John, perhaps they'll come to terms with it a bit easier if you ... if you try and stay in touch with them? If you do your best and work on the relationship ... " the singer struggled with words, "Look, darling. It seems to be as if you and your family are currently blackmailing each other. You refuse to visit them until they accept us and they refuse to ... talk to you until you do what they say."

John nodded again, but then sadness washed over his face, "I-I'm not stupid, Freddie. I know I sometimes seem naive and ... I know there's not a lot that can come out of our ... relationship. I know we can't get married and ... have children and ... tell everyone that we're together."

Freddie's heart skipped a beat at the mention of marriage and his eyes instinctively dropped to the ring on John's finger; the ring that he gave him and couldn't even explain properly what the meaning of it was.
Yes, it was a proof of their love, but Freddie wished it could be so much more.

John's voice pulled him out of his thoughts, "I'm not asking them to ... come to the wedding or anything like that. I'm not stupid. I just want them to accept the fact that you're my partner. My ... boyfriend. My ... other half," he blushed at the last part, not wanting to be too corny.

Freddie took John's right hand, gently tracing his thumb over the soft skin there and playing with the ring. He absolutely loved seeing that ring on John's finger; it gave him a sense of pride and belonging. While it was nothing official yet, Freddie still felt as if they were more committed to one another. And even though John never mentioned it, he just knew the bassist felt the same way about it. There were multiple instances where he caught John just looking at the ring and smiling and he couldn't be smiling at the beauty of the ring because it was nothing special; Freddie couldn't afford more than a basic ring. So the only explanation for John looking at it so fondly was in how much it meant to him.

"Would you like to go visit my parents?" Freddie suddenly blurted out.

John just stared at him for a few moments, just blinking, "Er ... W-What? Why?"

Freddie's heart was beating faster with each second, "I'd like to introduce you ... properly."

"Oh, like your ... " John trailed off, swallowing hard, "That's not necessary, really. I-I don't want you to feel as if you need to do it just because I told my parents."

"It's not because of that, darling," the singer smiled, squeezing John's hand, "I'd like to do this properly. Yes, it might be a bit of a shock to them, but ... I think they would accept it. You'd be the first boy I ever brought home."

That made John feel all special and he nearly melted, "Look at us. Sitting in a gay club talking about ... meeting the parents."

Freddie laughed, "I doubt there's a lot of these kind of conversations happening in here. We might be the first ones."

John smiled and then struggled with his next words, "I-I don't know yet, Freddie. I mean, I'd be over the moon to meet your parents ... I-I mean, properly meet them. I haven't yet met your father. What's he like?"

Freddie took a deep breath, "He's very ... strict. He spent most of his life working and he expects me to do the same. I don't think he sees music or my art as a ... stable business. But he's a good father, we just ... don't see eye to eye on many things. But that's fine. We actually started getting along much better since I moved out."
"Really? How so?"

"I think he respects that I provide for myself and that I am independent," Freddie explained, then a smile washed over his face, "He always used to say to me sārā vicārō sārā śabdō sārā kāryō."

John chuckled a bit, "I-I have no idea what that means."

"It means ... good thoughts good words good deeds," Freddie quickly explained, "That's what he taught me to live by and I-I hope I'm making him proud."

"I'm sure you are," John reassured him, "You are a very good person, Freddie. Very kind-hearted, very righteous."

Immediately the singer blushed, "Oh, darling! If I knew I was going to be bombarded with compliments, I'd have taken you to a quiet restaurant. I can barely hear you in here."

John laughed and repeated the words, only a lot louder, "I said you are kind-hearted and righteous. And that you're most definitely making your dad proud."

Freddie acted stupid and pretended he could not hear John at all, "I'm sorry, but I missed that as well, dear!"

"You're such an idiot, Freddie!" John giggled, shaking his head.

That made the singer gasp, "I'm an idiot?"

"Now you can hear me?"

Freddie just laughed in return and dragged John to the dance floor, spinning him around a few times, nearly making the bassist lose his balance. John just giggled and allowed himself to be thrown around; he couldn't stop laughing and blushing. At first he was a bit worried about constantly bumping into other people and what they might say, but soon he realized they didn't care. People were mostly drunk or making out, not caring what was happening around them. Freddie then dipped John over his knee and when he pulled him back up, John wrapped his arms around Freddie's neck and leaned in for a kiss.

It was quite a gentle and slow kiss, especially in comparison to how they were dancing just moments before. When they finally pulled apart, they just stared at each other's eyes lovingly, the rest of the world completely disappearing. John could swear that there was a complete silence in the club for a few seconds; it was only when the music started to slowly come back and he was aware of it, did he snap out of it and grasped Freddie's hand, taking him off the dance floor and back to the bar.
"I'm thirsty," John said when they finally reached their chairs.

"I think I'll have another beer, dear," Freddie replied, wiping the sweat off of his forehead. He was quite breathless; it was obvious it's been a while since he last went dancing and was clearly out of shape. Just as John leaned over the bar, trying to get a bit closer to the waiter and order them drinks, he felt someone's body pressed against him from behind and then a question followed; it was clearly not Freddie's voice.

"Can I buy you a drink - "

The question was cut short because that body was roughly pushed away from him, nearly knocking John down in the process. He quickly turned around to see Freddie glaring at some guy who was slowly getting up from the ground.

"What the fuck is your problem?" the guy asked, staring at the singer.

"What the fuck is my problem?" Freddie asked, taking a step forward. "What were you just doing?"

"I was offering to buy him a drink!"

John tensed up, moving closer to Freddie; partially because he felt uncomfortable and partially because he did not want Freddie to jump at the guy as he was displaying all the signs that he was ready for a fight.

"You can do that without humping him from behind!" Freddie hissed back, his hands already clenching into fists, "Come to think of it, no! You cannot do that in any case!"

"What the hell is your problem?" the guy asked, "Are you his father or what? Is he incapable of speaking for himself?"

Freddie took one step forward, but John pulled him back, placing his body in front of the singer's holding him back, "F-Freddie, it's alright."

"Are you two together?" the guy asked, angrily fixing his clothes, "Well, excuse me, but I didn't see a ring on his finger!"

"You humped him, you son of a bitch - "

"He didn't!" John tried to calm the singer down; it all happened in less than a second and John couldn't even remember what exactly happened. One moment he felt someone's warm body pressed
against his and the next moment it was already gone. The guy muttered something under his breath and just walked away; thankfully Freddie made no attempt to follow him, but he did keep his eyes on the guy until he disappeared into the crowd. Then he immediately turned to John, taking his hands in his, "A-Are you alright? I'm so sorry, darling. I-I looked away for a moment and then he was already ... on you."

"It's fine," John assured him, giving him a soft smile, "It happened so fast I-I didn't even register what was happening."

That did calm Freddie down a bit and he took a deep breath, shaking his head, "Every time we go to a club something like this happens! You probably think all gay men are like this. Pushy, rude - "

"I don't think that, Freddie."

"You'd have every right to think so!" the singer continued, shaking with frustration, "I mean ... have you ever met a gay guy who seemed relatively normal and nice? No, because they all act like horny animals - "

"I have met one very nice gay guy," John smiled at him, blushing.

Freddie thought about it for a moment, not understanding, "Oliver?"

"No!" John slapped his arm, "You, silly!"

"Oh. Oh!" the anger immediately disappeared from Freddie's face and shyness replaced it, "I-I don't even think ... Do you really think so?"

"Freddie, you are the nicest gay boy I've ever met in my entire life," John slowly spoke, then raised his eyebrow playfully, "Well, maybe second best. Oliver was pretty nice as well."

The singer gasped, pretending to be offended, "Well, if you liked him so much, why did you put salt in his tea, dear?"

John wrapped his arms around Freddie's neck, pressing a soft kiss to his jaw, "B-Because he was ... trying to seduce m-my man."

"Your man?" the singer asked, clearly very pleased by that title.

"Y-Yes," John nodded, his cheeks turning red, "And I'd do it again."

"Oh, darling. I assure you, I only have eyes for you."
"You better," the bassist giggled, capturing Freddie's lips with his.

Any leftover of anger and frustration Freddie still felt for that guy, just disappeared within the first few moments of John kissing him. When they finally pulled apart, Freddie could barely remember why he was angry in the first place.

But then John reminded him.

"I-I just don't understand it," the bassist said awkwardly, "It's always me."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Why am I always the one who gets ... hit on?" John seemed genuinely confused and uncomfortable, "I mean ... look at you. You're more attractive than I am."

"Okay, darling, first of all, that's not true. Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? You're beautiful," Freddie said firmly and then he hesitated for a moment, not knowing if he should continue or not.

"What is it?" John asked, immediately noticing that something seemed to be troubling the singer.

"Sweetie, perhaps I should not be telling you this, but ... the guys who approach you, they're ... tops," Freddie forced out, clearly uncomfortable, "Aggressive tops, actually."

"Oh," John turned red, "That's ... But why? Again, I'm nothing special and you - "

"Aggressive tops are attracted to a certain type," Freddie slowly explained and after he noticed the fear and confusion on John's face, he immediately regretted ever bringing the subject up.

The bassist pulled his shirt down, fixing his clothes and crossing his arms over his chest in an attempt to shield himself from what Freddie was talking about, "W-What type? What type am I?"

The singer could go on and explain in great detail how obvious it was even from miles away that John was a bottom and a very shy, innocent, submissive bottom at that; and that it drove all the tops crazy. Especially the very dominant, nearly aggressive tops who searched for someone like John to dominate.

But Freddie did not say any of that.

He could see how uncomfortable John was and knew he'd only get even more uncomfortable; he'd
probably think there was something wrong with him and the way he carried himself if he was getting so much unwanted attention.

So the singer wrapped his arms around John's waist, pulling him closer and giving him a big smile, "A beautiful, sweet, forest nymph type."

He could feel John relax into his arms and then the bassist chuckled, "Do you really think I look like a nymph?"

"Yes, darling! I swear! If only you'd let me show that nude drawing of you to Roger and Brian - "

"Never!" John cut him off, laughing and hiding his face against Freddie's chest.

"Pretty please?" Freddie teased.

"No!"

After a few minutes of just standing like that and holding onto each other, Freddie suggested they head home and John agreed. They were both getting a bit sleepy and clearly they had enough of the club and the loud music. As they made their way through the crowd, trying to get to the exit, John noticed something a bit weird; there were two guys in the corner and they seemed to be doing something. The smaller, skinnier guy was standing with his back turned in front of the much taller and bigger guy and they seemed to be grinding. John wouldn't think anything of it, but he did notice the first guy's pants seemed to be pulled down a bit and the both guys seemed to be enjoying the grinding session a bit too much.

"What are they - " John asked, but then realized it, "Oh. Oh! They're - "

"There's no better place to fuck than in a corner of a club," Freddie sighed with annoyance and gently pulled John forward, urging him to move. He did not want the bassist to witness all that. While Freddie knew there would be a lot of familiar scenes in a normal club as well, but probably not full on sex. It was easier for straight couples to express attraction; they weren't judged by the whole world while doing so. Gay men could only do that in clubs and sometimes they got a bit carried away; the make out session turned into something more.

Freddie knew from experience.

He did not bring that incident up the entire drive back to the flat and neither did John.

ooo
Freddie did enjoy going out and partying, but the moment he saw John in his cute pajamas, holding Delilah in his arms as he got into bed, he just knew that his partying days were long over. And he did not mind that at all.

"Where did you lose Lily?" John asked the cat in his lap, but Delilah ignored him and just started purring.

Freddie chuckled, "Well, darling, either she's under the bed or we have another cat in the flat."

John moved a bit so he could look at what Freddie was staring and then he noticed a tiny, white tail sticking from under the bed.

"Has she ever been in our room before?" the bassist asked, then looked at Delilah again, speaking sweetly to her. "Did you bring her to our room? Yes, you did!"

Freddie quickly changed into his pajamas and joined John in bed, reaching over to Delilah and stroking her belly; the older cat's eyes rolled back with pleasure and she started purring again, turning into a literal jelly.

"She did bring Lily in here," the singer said softly, "She probably tried to show her that it's safe. Poor Lily has been with us for over two weeks now and she never even left the living room!"

"She really likes hiding, though," John commented, very amused by the younger cat's behavior, "Delilah is acting like she owns this place and Lily is so damn shy and hesitant. It's adorable."

Freddie chuckled, "Thank god Lily isn't anything like Delilah. Can you imagine that? There'd be a constant war zone in the flat if I ever dared to bring in another Delilah."

The singer was relieved that the cats decided to join them for the evening. He was terrified that John would try and be intimate with him and the cats being in the room would prevent him from trying anything. It pained Freddie so much that he had those kinds of thoughts, but there was no ignoring the fact that he absolutely was not allowed to be intimate with John.

Even if they only did things that did not demand an exchange of bodily fluids or if Freddie wore a condom, he couldn't mentally and emotionally relax enough to go through with it. The guilt was eating him from the inside, but the singer kept telling himself that in just a couple of days everything would be over. He'd get the results and then he'd be able to go on from there.

Until then ... no sex with John. Any kind of sex.

Just to make sure John would not get any ideas, Freddie pretended to be sleepy and he forced out a very long and loud yawn, pulling the covers over his body. John did not react to that; he kept playing
with Delilah for a few more minutes until the cat had enough and jumped from the bed, joining Lily on the floor.

"Do we let them stay in here?" John asked Freddie.

"Yes," the singer replied a bit too quick, "They'll be just fine. The rug is comfortable enough for sleeping."

John nodded and went to turn off the lights before returning to bed and snuggling closer to Freddie. It immediately made the singer tense up and he felt stupid for reacting like that; why was he suddenly so suspicious of everything John did and was almost expecting the bassist to jump him and ravish him? John wasn't like that and Freddie was just panicking for no good reason at all.

And then John yawned as well and Freddie let out a sigh of relief, quickly followed by a cry of surprise when John's cold feet touched his legs.

He couldn't help but laugh, "Honestly, darling. May I suggest you start wearing socks to bed?"

"Oh, I could never! Who wears socks to bed?" John giggled.

"I've only known you during the winter months, but how are you like during the summer? Still a snowman?"

"No!" John nudged Freddie with his elbow, "I'm ... quite warm during the summer. Though I don't like heat very much. I once got terribly sunburnt and since then I try to avoid staying in the sun for too long."

"Really? Well, you do have a very pale skin, dear. I, on the other hand, enjoy sunbathing! How are we going to make it work then?" he teased, pulling John closer.

"I guess I'll just have to wear a lot of sunblock and stay under a sun umbrella."

"So it's fair to say we won't have to break up for the duration of summer?"

"We're definitely not breaking up!"

Freddie chuckled at how upset John seemed to be by his suggestion.

"I'm just kidding, my dear. We'll just ... spend a lot of time in the water. Pools, lakes -"
"Oh, I'm not sure about that. I can't really swim ... that well."

"I'll teach you!" Freddie offered a bit too enthusiastically, "Do you want to know how I learned how to swim?"

Judging by the tone in Freddie's voice, John knew there was a story behind it, "How?"

"I was thrown into a lake."

John chuckled at that, thinking Freddie was making a joke. But after seeing the serious expression on Freddie's face, he realized the singer was serious, "Wait ... what?"

"My parents threw me into a lake and told me to swim."

"And ... did you?"

"Well, I guess I did. Otherwise I wouldn't be here today, darling," Freddie chuckled a bit, "It was quite ... harsh, but it did the trick."

John went pale, not understanding how anyone could just ... throw their child into a lake, especially if that child did not know how to swim.

"Don't worry, darling. I promise I won't push you in the water!"

"I'd appreciate that, yes," John said nervously and then a yawn escaped him.

"Sleep?"

"Yes, please."

Freddie sat up and looked over John's body to see what the cats were doing on the floor beside the bed; he was pleased to see them cuddled up and sleeping peacefully. He then did the same thing as the cats did; he pulled John closed and wrapped his arms around him. John pressed a soft kiss to his cheek before snuggling even closer to him and yawning again.

When Freddie felt John relax and fall asleep, he finally let out a breath of relief. He managed to get through one evening without anything happening and he was very grateful for it. He wondered if John would find it strange that Freddie wasn't making any advances at him, but that was the risk Freddie was willing to take.
It took him quite a while to finally fall asleep that night and it wasn't a peaceful sleep. He kept waking up in cold sweat and having absolutely horrific nightmares that made him hold onto John even more. Freddie spent most of that night awake, anxiously waiting for the morning to come.

ooo

John was awoken the next morning by a loud thunder; he nearly fell off the bed and for a few moments he was completely lost, not understanding what that noise was. When he finally came to, he realized he was alone in bed and that it was nearly nine in the morning.

John liked lazing around in bed and it took him a few minutes to finally get up. After making the bed, he slowly walked in the living room and he found Freddie there, staring at his notebook.

"Darling, you're up!" the singer greeted him with a big smile on his face.

"Hi," the bassist replied, returning the smile, "Have long have you been up?"

"Oh, just two or three hours, dear."

"Where's Roger?" John asked, realizing it was too quiet in the flat.

"No idea. Probably with some girl. He didn't come home last night."

John nodded and then yawned; he almost wanted to go right back into bed. The weather was awful, it was pouring rain and John only hoped the power wouldn't go out again.

"I've made you some cheese on toast, dear! I left it for you on the kitchen table."

"You shouldn't have," John replied, blushing a bit, but she quickly rushed into the kitchen and grabbed one slice before returning to the living room and sitting down next to Freddie.

"Are you working?" John asked, noticing that Freddie seemed to be very focused onto what he was writing down, "Am I bothering you?"

"N-No, no, dear. Don't be ridiculous. I'm just ... working on a song. I-I really want to finish this."

Freddie lied.
There was no song.

He just kept doodling and pretending to be busy in order to be left alone. His mind was all over the place and he could not possibly focus on writing anything at that moment. He probably could not put together two words that would rhyme.

After eating his toast, John went to take a quick shower and do his morning routine. As he was looking at his reflection in the mirror and brushing his hair, something occurred to him. Just the thought of it made him blush, but no matter how hard he tried, the idea just would not leave his head.

He unwrapped the towel from his waist and put on Freddie's bathrobe before returning to the living room. Freddie raised his eyebrows at seeing him in just his bathrobe; John usually put on clothes when walking around the flat.

"F-Freddie, do you have plans for today?"

"Er ... not really, no. I'll try and ... finish this song."

"Oh," John paused for a moment, his heart beating faster with each passing moment, "I-I was just thinking ... if you want a break ... we could ... maybe you could ... you know ... draw me?"

Freddie narrowed his eyes at him, "Draw you?"

"Y-Yes, like you did that one time. N-Nude drawing. Well, partially nude. If ... if you'd be interested in it."

John's cheeks were burning and he just knew he was as red as a tomato. He had no idea why he was suggesting that; all he knew was that he really wanted to pose for Freddie. Despite all the initial awkwardness, John really enjoyed it the last time.

Freddie seemed a bit surprised and then he shook his head, "Not today, darling. I-I'm really busy with ... the song and ... " he trailed off and immediately noticed John's cheeks turn even redder.

"Oh, o-okay, that's f-fine, I'll just ... " John felt so embarrassed and he wanted to be out of that room as soon as possible.

"Wait, darling!" Freddie took his hand, keeping him in place, "I-I'm sorry. That was stupid of me. The song can wait."

"N-No, it's really fine. I can wait," John gave him a weak smile, but Freddie could see that he really
hurt him with rejecting him like that.

What was he thinking? John had confidence and self-esteem issues and when he finally felt comfortable enough to pose for him naked, Freddie acted like an idiot and rejected him.

"I'll do it, dear!" the singer smiled and then stood up, "Come on!"

"Freddie, you really don't have to - "

"I want to," he assured him, "I've been .... working on that song since this morning and I could use a break."

He gently pulled John up and gave him a reassuring smile, "Bedroom?"

John finally seemed excited again; he nodded his head, biting his lower lip a bit nervously, "A-Alright."

Freddie knew it was a bad idea; he was trying to avoid intimacy with John and drawing him nude was not helping that at all. At least it was the morning and therefore a lot less romantic as it would be if they tried this in the evening before bed. Immediately after entering the bedroom, John went to close the blinds, saying he did not want the neighbors to see him. Freddie placed a chair beside the bed and then thought of something, quickly disappearing from the room.

While he was gone, John made himself comfortable on the bed; he untied the bathrobe, but still kept it on, not knowing what position Freddie wanted him in. He could feel butterflies in his belly; he had no idea why he was doing this now and he was very nervous, but at the same time very excited. It was as if he was addicted to how lovingly Freddie looked at him the last time the drew him.

When the singer finally returned, he was carrying a single flower, "This is from the bouquet I bought for you yesterday, dear."

"W-Where should I put it?"

"In your hair, darling!" Freddie smiled, "That way you'll be a real forest nymph."

And then he took a step back, trying to figure out how exactly he wanted John to lie down. He removed the pillows from the bed and told John to lie on his back.

The bassist removed his bathrobe, letting it drop to the floor and he quickly pulled the sheet over his lower half, blushing furiously, "S-Sorry. I-I know this was my idea, but - "
"No worries, dear. I was not planning on making you pose completely naked just yet," Freddie winked at him and then helped John lie down, fixing his hair and placing the flower into his hair. He smiled at how adorable John looked at that moment; like a true forest nymph.

"Can you put your arm under your head, dear? Yes, like that. Perfect. And keep your other arm on your waist. Yes, like that."

After getting John's upper body in the position he wanted it in, Freddie focused his attention on his lower body. He carefully fixed the sheet so that it was only covering John's private bits and a part of his leg; it looked perfect.

After fixing John's hair a bit more, Freddie was finally satisfied with how it all turned out and for a few moments he just stood there, taking in all of John's beauty. Yes, John was naked, but at that moment Freddie wasn't thinking any dirty thoughts. John was breathtakingly beautiful and he just wanted to admire him.

"Are you comfortable, dear?"

John nodded, his cheeks now a soft pink color.

Freddie tried giving John a pillow under his head, but he wasn't satisfied with how it turned out so he removed the pillow and fixed John's hair again, taking a step back to take a look at it.

"Oh, I love it!" Freddie clapped his hands, "Beautiful!"

He quickly took a seat and started drawing.

"You know, dear," he said softly, "If you closed your eyes, you'd look like a sleeping beauty."

"D-Do you want me to close my eyes?"

"No, no, darling! I want to see those soft, sleepy eyes! I've never met anyone with such ... kind eyes."

"You have kind eyes," John replied, smiling.

"Not like you I don't!" Freddie chuckled, looking at John, then down at his notebook, his hand moving on it's own, creating something beautiful. Even if Freddie completely fucked it up, it'd be a beautiful drawing because it'd be a drawing of John.

The bassist seemed so relaxed and he nearly fell asleep, but then he realized something and he tensed
up, "F-Freddie, the door! I didn't lock the door!"

"Front door?"

"N-No, the door to the our room. What if Roger returns? C-Can you please lock it?"

Freddie immediately stood up and went to lock the door. He could hear the bassist let out a breath of relief and he finally relaxed into the bed.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, darling!" the singer said as he sat back down, "I wouldn't want Roger to see your beauty. That's only for me to see!"

John giggled, "Only for you."

And then they heard meowing coming from the other side of the door and Freddie let out a laugh, "How about our cats? Are they allowed to see you, dear?"

"No!" John shook his head, giggling again, "No one but you."

Thankfully the cats got bored of being ignored and not let in the room and eventually left. Freddie and John spent the next few moments in silence; the singer was completely absorbed in drawing John as perfectly as he could. Meanwhile, John did his best to pose and keep still as best as he could. It was a bit cold in the room and he looked down at his chest, noticing his nipples were aware of that fact.

John blushed, quickly looking away; his eyes fixated on Freddie. The singer seemed to absorbed into what he was doing and it was just heartwarming to see him like that; putting so much effort into drawing John's *average* body. John lost himself a bit while observing how gently Freddie's hand moved over the paper; how his brows furrowed in concentration.

"Stop moving, darling."

That made John snap back to reality and he quickly nodded, "S-Sorry."

Freddie smiled at him and continued with what he was doing. It was a bit confusing to John; as far as he knew, he wasn't moving.

"Sweetie, you need to stop moving."
"I'm sorry," John apologized again, not understanding how he was moving. He tried to breathe as slowly as possibly so his chest wouldn't be moving as much.

But then he heard Freddie's voice again, "John, darling. You keep moving."

"How?" John asked, completely confused and a bit desperate.

And then Freddie smiled at him, raising his eyebrows, "You keep moving your lower body, dear."

"H-How - " John went to ask, but then he looked down at himself and immediately realized what the problem was. There was a slight tent where the sheet covered his cock; it seemed as if William decided to rise up and greet everyone in the room.

John blushed, his hand flying down, pushing his cock down again, but the moment he removed his hand, William just sprung right back up. John tried it a couple of more times, pressing his cock down, but each time it just jumped right back up.

Freddie couldn't help but laugh at the panic on John's face; he placed his notebook on the floor and approached John, kneeling down next to the bed.

"I don't think that will work, dear. William seems to be quite a stubborn fella."

"D-Do we have any tape?"

Freddie's eyes widened with shock, "We're not taping your cock down, darling!"

"I-I didn't meant to ... " John trailed off, his cheeks burning, "I don't know why it happened."

Freddie said nothing to that; he was barely holding himself back from just pulling that sheet off of John and taking him into his mouth. He was so close to doing that; he swallowed hard, forcing himself to lean back a bit and clear his head.

The room suddenly seemed very hot and his pants seemed very tight. Painfully tight.

"Shit," Freddie swore, realizing he was getting himself in a very dangerous situation.

"I'm really sorry," John apologized again, "Did I ruin the - "
"You didn't ruin anything, darling. Don't worry about it. The drawing is nearly finished," Freddie realized how breathless he sounded and he had to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

"Are you alright?" John gently asked taking his hand, interlocking their fingers.

Freddie pulled his hand away, a bit roughly; John's skin felt so warm and soft and Freddie really should not be touching it at that particular moment. Not when he was so close to just ravishing John.

Hurt immediately showed on John's face, even though he tried to hide it.

"I-I'm sorry, darling. I'm just a bit ... " Freddie tried to explain it, "I'm feeling a bit under the weather. That's all."

"Oh, it's ... fine. We can just continue some other time."

"I'm really sorry. Please, don't be mad at me."

"I'm not," John gave him a soft smile.

"Can I make it up to you?"

"You can .... kiss me."

Freddie tensed up and he nearly refused that as well, but after seeing the vulnerability on John's face, he couldn't bring himself to do it. So he took a deep breath and leaned in for a kiss, telling himself he can do this. Just give John a quick kiss and that'd be it.

But of course that wasn't it.

The kiss started slowly and just as Freddie was about to pull away, John wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him down and deepening the kiss. Freddie moaned at the contact; he was never as attracted to John as he was at that moment. And he couldn't tell if it was because John really did look hotter than ever or if it was because John was now forbidden to him.

When they finally broke the kiss, they were both a bit breathless and John smiled at him, "You know ... R-Roger's not home yet and ... "

"John ... Please," Freddie had no idea what he was begging for, but his damn lips apparently had a mind of their own because they were soon pressing against John's again; a lot more passionately than before.
"W-We ... really s-should not be ... doing ... t-this," he managed to say in between the kisses.

"Why not?" John asked, puling him closer, making the sheet fall off the bed in the process.

Freddie couldn't not control himself anymore; he tried telling himself it'd stay at kissing, but then he found himself touching John's body all over, his hand sliding down over John's chest, over his belly, but before it reached the goal, Freddie pulled away, sitting on the floor, gasping for air.

John sat up, a look of concern on his face, "Freddie? W-What's wrong?"

"Don't do this, John," Freddie forced the words out, trying to get his breathing under control.

"Do w-what?"

"I-I don't want this."

John immediately froze, "Y-You don't?"

"Put your ... clothes back on, please. Just ... cover yourself."

Freddie did not meant for that to sound out how it did; in his mind the words made complete sense, but the moment they were said out loud and he noticed the expression on John's face, he knew that he fucked up.

John seemed as if he was just slapped across his face. His eyes immediately filled with tears and he reached down, grabbing his bathrobe, clumsily trying to put it on. He felt so vulnerable at that moment; he was completely naked in a very bright room, next to Freddie who was was fully clothed. It was such an imbalance of power and usually John would feel a bit intimidated by it, but this morning he tried to be brave and be a good boyfriend to Freddie. He wanted to make Freddie happy and help him relax a bit because he seemed so stressed the entire weekend.

He pulled the flower from his hair, dropping it onto the bed, his heart breaking in half as he did so.

"John, no ... I-I didn't mean ... shit!" Freddie swore, moving closer to his boyfriend and resting his hands on John's knees, "Sweetheart, I-I'm sorry."

"It's f-fine," John whispered, his hands shaking as he tried to tie the bathrobe, "I-I don't know what I was thinking with ... I'll just leave you a-alone. I'm stupid, don't worry."

"You're not stupid," Freddie said, panicking, "John, I just ... I can't. Not today. Not ... tomorrow. Not for a while."
"You ... don't want to?" John's voice was barely above a whisper.

Freddie opened his mouth, but nothing came out of it.

John took that as a 'no' and he let out a whimper before trying to stand up, but Freddie did not let him, pulling him back down onto the bed, "Sweetheart, just ... listen to me, please."

The bassist remained completely silent; not daring to meet Freddie eyes. He felt so stupid; who did he think he was? Trying to be all seductive, asking Freddie to draw him naked? What did he think he'd achieve with that? And to think he actually believed for a moment that he was beautiful ...

John swallowed back a sob, brushing the tears from his eyes.

"I can't, John. I can't touch you. Not ... not for a few days."

"W-What? Why not?"

Freddie moved away from John, pulling his knees up to his chest and hiding his face in his hands. After a few moments he felt John approach him and gently touch him, resting his hand on Freddie's knee, "What's wrong, Freddie? Please, talk to me. Y-You're scaring me."

"You'll ... hate me."

"I'll never hate you."

"Yes, you will. W-When you find out how stupid and ... irresponsible I was and ... I was such a damn idiot."

Silence.

Freddie could not decide what he wanted at that moment; he wanted John to leave him alone, but at the same time he desperately needed the comfort from him. As if he could hear his thoughts, John wrapped his arms around Freddie, holding onto him; not even saying anything. Freddie wondered if John would continue hugging him if he told him the truth about why they weren't allowed to be intimate with each other.

Not able to carry the burden all by himself anymore, Freddie took a deep breath and slowly started, "I-I went to see a doctor yesterday."
Chapter End Notes

Oh no, how will John react? ;D

Your comments literally make my day, so please, keep them coming! They feed my muse.;D

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