**Give Love (That One More Chance)**

by **BlueSelenitas (lillylua)**

**Summary**

After a night of passion and a morning filled with misunderstandings, Brian and Roger’s relationship suffers with the strain caused by their inability to properly communicate their feelings. To complicate further the circumstances, Roger receives some life changing news that puts him in an extremely delicate situation.

**Notes**

I started writing this fanfiction a few days ago and my wonderfully supportive sister thought it would be a great idea to share it with the fandom. This is the result of my Maylor obsession meeting my current “Baby Fever”.

I think it goes without saying that this work should not be shared with any members of Queen or the Bohemian Rhapsody cast.

Also, I would like to add that English is not my first language. Therefore, if you spot any mistakes, feel free to get in touch with me here or on Tumblr (@blueselenitas) and I will happily correct them. In addition, nonsensical words that escaped our proofreading can be considered as my cat’s contribution to the chapter.

- Please notice that this is an AU and the chronological order of facts will not be perfect, although I will do my best to follow the timeline as closely as possible.
- This story is set 1973, during the early recordings of Queen II.

- Due to the fact that male pregnancies are a possibility, homosexuality is not considered a crime. However, not many people are open about it as society still frowns upon the topic.

Enjoy!
Chapter I

The tiles of the bathroom wall were cold against his back.

Of course, only a small part of Roger’s brain paid any attention to that, as he was currently dealing with far more important matters. Like trying to breathe even though the information he recently acquired threatened to shut down his lungs completely.

Clutching tighter the paper in his grasp, the small blond man took another centering breath while fighting hard to keep in the sobs coming out of his quivering lips. The last thing he needed was one of his flat mates hearing him and coming to investigate the reason behind his pathetic demeanor.

It had been already a struggle to pass unnoticed through them as he tried to suppress his meltdown until he was safely hiding inside of their mercifully unoccupied bathroom.

He stared intently at the black letters, as if by being persistent enough, they would rearrange themselves and decide against changing his life entirely. Obviously, that was not going to happen. But he hoped. God, he hoped. Just as he prayed that morning to be mistaken and delirious. The test was only so he could put his mind to rest, not to actually confirm anything. Jesus. What was he going to do? The probability alone for his condition was ridiculous.

Roger vaguely remembered his old biology teacher going on about it in a very frustrating and embarrassing, to everyone involved, sex-ed class. Poor Mr. Jones was probably four different shades of pink under his thick glasses as he attempted to explain the mechanisms of coitus, as he so professionally put, in the shallowest way possible to a room full of horny and mortified teenagers. The girls blushed and some of the most daring boys wolf whistled while the young teacher was certainly regretting volunteering to minister the most dreaded class of the year.

Mr. Jones did manage, though, to explain in simple terms how everything worked and the importance of protection during intercourse. He even motivated people to ask questions. Some students actually had fairly honest and valid doubts while others were just messing around.

Roger could recall vividly the episode that he liked to consider as one of the most satisfying of his whole education. Dave Miller, the proud occupant of the Biggest Asshole of The School post thought he was being funny when he asked if boys could get up the duff too. Mr. Jones, bless his soul, said yes with a deadpanned tone and asked if he had any personal concerns related to it that he would like to share with the class. The thundering laugh that followed was enough to shut up Dave and the rest of his daft mates. As for Roger, he never felt so thankful towards an educator in his entire High School experience.

The, at that point, fed up teacher furtherly explained that although possible for a man to be expecting, the odds of that happening were astronomical. The existence of male carriers was so rare that nowadays there were only one or two reports every few years. Then, Marla Johnson felt that a proper demonstration of how to put on a condom was extremely necessary and the sight of Mr. Jones fumbling with a banana and a bright purple rubber was all it took for Roger to completely brush aside his newfound knowledge.

Until now.

With trembling fingers, the drummer folded the paper again on its already prominent creases and ripped it into small pieces, deciding wisely that it was better to get rid of the evidence. He didn’t know why he even bothered to look at it again, as the result was already ingrained in his brain and
would certainly haunt his thoughts for the next foreseeable future. He was pregnant. There was an actual real life growing inside of him.

Carefully, he lifted his shirt and pressed one palm to his belly. A warm feeling grew in his heart, on top of the dread and panic that were already there. Despite of holding for dear life to his disbelief at first, a tiny part of him already knew that he was expecting. This sixth sense of him was the reason to why he was so frightened when the possibility came up. He was not ready in the slightest to be a parent and the prospect of having a fragile life in his hand made him terrified.

He was going to have a baby. He was going to have Brian’s baby. Good Lord.

Brian.

Shit, shit, shit, shit...

Was his only chain of thought for the next second.

Brian was going to kill him for sure.

The guitarist was barely speaking to him as it was. If he found out about this, Roger’s dead body would surely appear on the margins of the Thames within days. He could tell John or Freddie, maybe? No. He immediately shut down that possibility. It wouldn’t be fair to ask his friends to keep a secret this big from Brian. God… If only he could figure out what made him so pissed off at him on the first place.

He was his best friend since forever. Roger, honestly, couldn’t remember a time of his life when Brian wasn’t by his side. For so long he had loved him in secret, stealing longing glances as he watched the boy play his guitar, drink tea, or even just peacefully sleep with his head resting on top of Roger’s thighs. Then it all changed. All because of his stupid inability to keep his hands to himself. Even if Brian just wanted him for one night, he shouldn’t have had given in so easily. But how could he resist having the guy of his dreams whispering sweet nothings in his ears? Wasn’t it what Brian had wanted?

Sighing, the blond boy ran his hands through his hair and decided to get up, firmly gripping the sink for support. His morning sickness having subdued but still leaving behind a bit of dizziness. At least, now he didn’t have to worry about suffering from a persistent stomach flu. Or dying. Because it just couldn’t be normal to feel that exhausted the whole day.

Well…Turns out, it could be quite normal if you were going through the process of growing a new human being.

Moving forward a bit, Roger spared a glance at his own reflection on the slightly dirty mirror. He was paler than usual and his eyes were puffed and still considerably red from crying. The pair of dark circles underneath them also didn’t help much to improve his looks. His hair was probably tangled as a result of his tossing and turning during the previous night. This couldn’t continue. This wasn’t healthy. Now he didn’t have just himself to worry about. If he really was going to have this baby, he had to start taking better care of them both. Even if that meant eating Brian’s dreadful greens and drinking John’s Heaven’s-Knows-What’s-Inside smoothies.

Barely suppressing a shudder provoked by the mere thought oh the bassist’s healthy concoctions, Roger slipped out of his clothes and turned on the water, adjusting it until he got the right temperature. He made sure to take a quick shower. God knows for how long he had actually been there and he absolutely could do without one of the boys checking if he was okay.
He came out of the bathroom toweling his still damp hair and thinking about scheduling an appointment with a doctor, as the nurse advised. He had to be certain that everything was okay with the baby. Perhaps a look at the phone book could help? He wasn’t sure if it was safe to use the house phone. In fact, he was almost convinced that getting the address and going there would be better. Roger couldn’t risk having them finding out just yet. He needed a plan. He needed to think.

He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that his brain barely had a moment to register that Brian was right in front of him. Roger lost his balance trying to step out of the way and he could already feel his bum hitting the floor in the next few seconds. The pain, of course, never came. Instead, a strong set of gentle hands were holding his elbows and putting him upright again.

As he looked up, Roger found unreadable hazel eyes almost hidden beneath a deep frown. Not wanting to bother Brian even further, he removed his arms from the other man’s warm hands and took a step back. He swallowed the lump in his throat and started to open his lips to say something but Brian had already beat him to it.

“Watch where you’re going.” He said with a blank expression and passed by his side towards the bathroom.

Roger held his breath until he could hear the door closing behind the guitarist. All he wanted was to call him back, jump in his arms and tell him the big news. Tell him he was going to be a dad and watch his face fill with happiness. But Roger knew that wasn’t going to happen. For all he did know, Brian could even say this kid wasn’t his at all.

That’s what you get for acting like a slut.

The blonde closed his eyes at the thought. God, he wasn’t like this. All those hormones the nurse mentioned were probably screwing big time with his head. And Brian wouldn’t doubt him. Brian was his friend first of all. At least, he was before of all this mess started a few weeks ago.

Making his way to their shared bedroom, Roger was just about dying to cuddle under Brian’s bedsheets and be engulfed by his smell. The man had the gift of smelling like old books and completely fresh all at the same. How many times had Roger fallen asleep resting his head on the crook of his neck? Too many to count. God, he missed that. Maybe this was the worst part. He could deal with Brian’s low opinion of him, but not his indifference. This cold distance the man imposed between them.

Holding back more tears, Roger abandoned the towel in the nearby chair, crawled with defeat to his own bed and buried his face on the pillows, once more trying to remember how they got to this point.
Chapter II

Chapter Summary

What started as a fun time at their usual pub quickly took a sour turn when one of the boys got caught in an unpleasant situation. However, that did not mean that their night was close to an end.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Thank you so, so, so much for all of your support!! I was really scared about posting this work and you guys are turning this into an amazing experience. Once more, many, many thanks!!

Also, I couldn’t do it without my wonderful sister (@marveltrwsh) and her precious incentives! She also has agreed to beta this work and to stop me from being too mean to the boys. Thank you, sis!!

I would like to warn the readers that there are some crass language in this chapter. Any other minor situations that are not exactly fitting for the main tags but that could be troublesome for someone will be mentioned at the initial notes of every chapter containing them.

The story will go a few weeks back in time for the next chapters, in order to explain how exactly they got to the scenario of Chapter I. Please let me know if you have any questions regarding the timeline and I will be more than happy to answer them. 

Hope you all enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

\textit{A few weeks ago...}

The pub was completely packed. Warm bodies moved to the rhythm of the beat on the dance floor as people lined up alongside the bar to get their poison of choice for the night. Yellow and red lights filled the ambience and the loud music made it a bit challenging to carry on a conversation. However, that didn’t matter. The boys were \textit{ecstatic}. They managed to record a full song at the studio and even started working on the next one. It was an amazingly productive day and they decided to go out and celebrate.

Freddie was a ball of energy waltzing between the bar and the dance floor, sometimes coming back to their table to try to convince Brian to please just come and dance with him.

“Darling, you have to let yourself have some fun!” He exclaimed enthusiastically over the music as he tried once more to drag their quiet guitarist to the mass of people dancing around.
From afar, Brian could see Deaky having the time of his life as he tried new moves that somehow fit the beat perfectly and then a bit more to the right it was easy to spot Roger pressed all over a petite girl with brown hair. His hands moved in a non-discernible pattern from her waist to her thighs.

*Honestly, was there any place Roger had not touched her yet?*

Brian thought bitterly as he wished nothing more than to have his hands on the blond drummer.

“You know that if you just stare at him and do nothing, he will never guess you have feelings for him, right darling?”

Freddie’s voice interrupted his thoughts and he found the singer looking pointedly at him. Brian sighed and drank the final remains of his pint. He wasn’t nearly drunk enough to have this conversation.

“Leave it alone, mate.” He said and hoped his friend would abide.

After narrowing his eyes and clicking his tongue, he conceded.

“Fine! But I’m not letting you stay here sitting down the whole night, darling”

“I won’t dance, Freddie.”

“As you wish. But you will drink. Come on, dear!” He said with a twirl of his body and grabbed Brian’s hand, “Tonight is for celebrations!”

Being thankful that he dropped the subject, Brian let himself be pulled towards the bar. He knew the way fairly well, though. This pub was close enough to their shared flat that it was easy to leave Roger’s car parked in the garage, walk the two blocks path to the pub, and then back home. As Freddie sneaked his way through the crowd of people around the bar, Brian could even discern a few of the regular clients of the pub from the back of their heads.

Normally he would pay no mind to other people’s conversation, however a certain name drew his attention and he couldn’t refrain himself from tuning in.

“… Roger, I think. Asked a mate the other night. Look at him.”

Brian focused and confirmed the talk was between the regulars he spotted.

“Damn right. He just rubs against any passing body. Fucking slut.” The taller one said and Brian clenched his fist.

How dare…?

Taking a calming breath, he tried to find Freddie so they could just go home. As fun as their afternoon had been, he was in no mood to celebrate anything anymore. People shouldn’t talk like this about someone they didn’t even know. Who the hell did they think they were to just call Roger a slut like that?

It was true enough that Roger usually could be found making out with some fortuned soul nearly every night they came here and even going home with some of them more often than not. The blonde didn’t spare flirtatious glances as he would charm literally anyone around him. At the current moment, he was having no problem whatsoever with the muscular guy in the red shirt all over his personal space, he was even smiling and giving his best come-hither look to the guy. Did it make Brian feel his blood boil with jealousy? Yes. Would he think of Roger as a slut for it? *Abso-fucking-lutely* not. He could hardly blame him for doing whatever he wanted with his time when Brian himself had not made his feelings about him clear.
“I mean, look at that pretty little ass. Those tight jeans have to be on purpose.” One for the assholes said and Brian refrained the urge to just turn around and smack that bloody sod.

Brian moved his head in the other direction to look for Freddie on the other end of the bar. How long does it take to get two pints? Was he waiting for the beer to ferment?

His exasperated thoughts were interrupted as an unknown hand clasped his shoulder.

“Hey, mate.”

The guitarist followed the rest of the limb touching him to find it attached to one of the assholes at the bar. A clearly inebriated grin adorned his face. Great.

Brian raised an eyebrow to the guy, not trusting his voice enough. He was certain that if he talked, it would be to call him every name in the book.

“My friend here and I were wondering if you could introduce us to that pretty blondie that walks with your group.” He said as his friend drowned a shot of God-Knows-What.

“I’m afraid I can’t.” Brian spoke through gritted teeth and shrugged off the dude’s hand. That small sentence alone seemed to take the rest of his cool away. All he wanted was to find his flat mates and just leave.

“Awn, come on!” He said again, poking Brian’s shoulder, “I’m sure we can give that little hoe a good time.”

Brian saw red. Before he knew, his body was turning around and his fists grabbed the guy’s shirt, lifting him slightly from the floor. He could feel his own body shaking with anger, teeth clenched tightly and his blood running wildly under his skin. “What did you just call my friend?”

The man, first a bit shocked because of the sudden movement snarled at him and pushed at his shoulders, making Brian release his shirt.

“Well, that’s what he is, isn’t him? He is a teasing little hoe.”

Brian launched his body at him, right fist ready and aiming for his chin. However, the punch never landed. Freddie and another man he vaguely remembered seeing before at the pub were holding his shoulders and the guy’s friend was motioning for them both to leave.

Freddie kept repeating his name to make him focus as the other released him from his tight grip, however keeping a hand on his chest, in order to prevent another sudden anger outburst.

The commotion attracted some attention and their other bandmates came rushing in their direction. Both looked flushed and slightly sweaty from all their dancing. John sent a puzzled look at Freddie, a non-verbal demand for an explanation. Roger, on the other hand, had no such tact.

“What the hell, Brian?!?”

His big blue eyes were full of concern and he quickly ran his eyes through the guitarist’s face looking for bruises as his hands fussed all over his chest. It was quite easy for Roger to see how angry he was and he couldn’t help but wonder what had put his best friend in such a state.

“Look at that. The slut came to rescue you. You would sleep with just anyone, wouldn’t you, blondie?” The asshole felt the need to open his mouth.
Roger stilled his hands on Brian’s chest and slowly turned around.

“Excuse me?”

Brian swallowed harshly. He absolutely didn’t need his friend to be called that right to his face. He felt the anger boiling on the pit of his stomach.

“Come on, sweetheart. Join us for the evening.” The guy propositioned and took a step further to give the blonde an once over before lowering his voice to a filthy tone. “I bet you are already loose enough to take both of us.”

Honestly speaking, everything was so fast that Brian wasn’t quite sure how it happened. But within seconds the guy was panting on the floor and Roger was hissing as he shook his hand still closed into a perfect fist, Freddie and John tightly grabbing his shoulders as the guy’s friend helped him get up. The bastard had a smile on his face and blew kisses as he was dragged away to the back exit. John was pulling Roger on the other direction and Freddie said something about coats.

So much for a night of celebration…

Calming down, Brian followed his friends to the front door where half the band was already outside and Freddie had his coat ready to go. His hand stopped shaking as he reached for it and he could breathe better knowing they all would be safely at home in a few minutes.

Also gathering his stuff to leave was the fella that helped to hold back Brian earlier.

“Thank you so much for the aid, darling.” Freddie said as he finished fastening his way too flamboyant coat.

“Yes. Sorry for the trouble, mate.” Brian spoke as they did a quick handshake.

“That’s alright. Although your little friend seemed to have it covered. Tough guy.” He said with a small laugh that the other two shared. Roger certainly knew how to take care of himself.

The way home was uneventful and soon enough they were all in different states of sobriety in their living room.

John looked exhausted, as if his hangover had already started but was firm enough when he said that he didn’t want a single sign of trouble for at least the next twenty four hours as he made his way to his shared room with Freddie. The singer was also clearly done for the night as he followed his roommate and announced his solid plan to sleep for at least ten hours straight without any disturbances. That last part sounding more like a threat than anything else. Which left in the room a grumpy Roger slouched on the sofa and a very lost Brian standing in the middle of the hallway, unsure of what to do next.

Chapter End Notes

That’s a wrap on this one, guys! Next chapter: smut ensues.

I did consider keeping the whole night as a single piece, since the two chapters already posted are so short. However, it would be way too long if compared with the length of the future chapters and the discrepancy bothered me a bit. Hence, the break.
I'll be posting the next one tomorrow!

Thank you so much for reading! Kudos and comments are incredibly welcome!!

Lots of love! Xx
Chapter III

Chapter Summary

As the night goes on, Brian and Roger share an intimate passionate moment that will bring unpredicted consequences for their future and relationship.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!! I’m so amazed by your support and incentive!! Thank you all sooooooooo very much!!

Once more, my sister did a fantastic work of proofreading. Thanks, @marveltrwash!!

This chapter is pure and complete smut. Even though I’ve been reading fanfictions like that for a really long time, actually writing something was quite challenging! I hope everything makes sense.

Also, to everyone who loved Roger’s badassery: HELL YES! He is awesome and won’t hesitate to defend himself or someone he loves. Brian, however, has the gift of bringing his softer side to the surface and that scares him a bit. He will have to learn that there are other forms of being tough. Hopefully, he will find his inner strength in the hardest of times while dealing with his own vulnerability. Let’s see if he can manage.

I don’t believe there are any warnings for this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Well, better get on with it. Brian thought. It wasn’t the first time he had to put Roger to bed.

Sighing, he made his way to the sofa and offered a hand to his friend. Roger whined a bit but took it, letting himself be pulled in the direction of their bedroom. Brian made quick work of removing both their shoes as the smaller man just threw himself on the bed closer to the door, caring very little about the fact that it was not his bed. Rolling his eyes, Brian went to the kitchen to fetch glasses of water to help with their hangover, ignoring Roger’s protests of not being drunk.

When he came back, the drummer was occupying half of his bed, leaving enough space for Brian to lay down next to him. He didn’t even bat and eye to the sight. Many times before they cuddled after an especially tiring day. Carefully putting the glasses on their nightstand and turning on the lamp to cast a soft warm glow in the room, Brian slid himself under the covers.

“Are you okay, Rog?”

Roger did not answer immediately. To be honest, he was feeling rather upset. It was not the first time
some guy thought it would acceptable to call him names for his behavior. So what that he liked to
dance and kiss people? That most certainly did not make him anyone’s *slut*. God, that word felt so
ugly in his ears.

Then there was Brian. He had no idea what the dumbass must have said to get the guitarist ready to
punch his teeth out of his mouth. He guessed it was something about him. Whatever it was, watching
Brian coming in his defense made a deep feeling of gratitude wash over him, as if he needed any
more reasons to fall for his friend.

Brian waited patiently and a few moments later, Roger snuggled against his side, taking his sweet
time using one hand to just play around with the same button of the other man’s shirt. After a while,
he spoke in such a low voice that for a few seconds, Brian thought he must have imagined it.

“Thank you for stepping up for me. You didn’t have to.”

Using his free hand, Brian delicately pushed a blond strand of hair out of the way and slid a finger
under his chin, making his friend face him. His beautiful blue eyes were shinny with tears and the
most vulnerable look adorned his perfect face. The guitarist’s heart broke a little bit at the sight as he
took a shallow breath and cupped his jaw, catching a running tear with the tip of his thumb.

“I will always be there for you. Even if you have it covered”

Roger smiled at that and leaned into the soft caress.

The touch was warm and gentle against his cheek. The way that Brian was looking at him made his
heart flutter and a lovely shade of pink appear on his face. Without realizing, he let his gaze travel
from Brian’s shinny eyes to his perfectly drawn lips and he couldn’t help but wonder for the
thousandth time if they felt as soft as they looked. A small gasp that most certainly didn’t come from
his own lips made him realize that he was staring and the pink on his cheeks went a shade darker.

As he brought his eyes to meet Brian’s again he was surprised to find the intensity and *desire*
burning in those stunning hazel orbs as gentle fingers tilted his jaw just enough to warn him of
Brian’s intentions but giving him enough space to back off.

When Roger showed no sign of discomfort and eagerly licked his lips to wet them, the guitarist
gathered every single ounce of courage he had and finally, God, *finally* pressed their lips together.

*Definitely softer.*

Roger thought as he enlaced nimble fingers on curly brown hair. Too soon, they pulled apart and
their eyes met again. The pure adoration Roger found there drove him instantly to lean forward and
connect their mouths once more.

Their lips moved against each other in a pace much more intimate than he was used to and that was
driving him insane in a good way. No one had took their time to kiss him like that. Like he was a
delicacy that should be tasted slowly and appreciatively.

Brian was *elated*. Never, in a million years, he thought he would have this opportunity. He imagined
it, of course. *Vividly*. But he was so certain that Roger would never give him the time of the day that
he forced himself to bury his own feelings as deep as possible. Now? He could just about die of
happiness. His Roger was kissing him back so gently he felt like he could burst. He needed more. He
needed to *taste*.

Tentatively, he pressed his tongue and found absolutely no resistance. The small moan that escaped
from the drummer was enough encouragement for him to grow bolder, experimentally sucking in
that rosy lower lip, and giving it a quick nibble as he always dreamed of doing. Roger *melted* against him and tightened the grip on his hair, eliciting a near growl out of his throat.

When they pulled apart for a much-needed breath, he took his time to land kisses on those lovely cheekbones before giving a quick peck to the sinful lips that were just begging for his attention.

“I thought you would never do it.” Roger chuckled and started to tease his way down Brian’s neck, a kiss at time.

Roger knew how he looked and he definitely had caught his friend’s lustful glances in his direction more than once. Still, it didn’t have to *mean* anything. Brian could perfectly well find him attractive for a second and not necessarily return his feelings. Sometimes he just *wished* he wasn’t imagining the loving touches and warm smiles the taller man always gave him. That was just him being friendly, of course.

*Brian would never go for someone like me.*

Finally having the object of his affection actively kissing him meant a lot to Roger. He barely could believe that it was *actually* happening. He sure wasn’t drunk. A bit tipsy, he would give you that. But definitely aware of everything happening around him. Especially of how Brian’s hands made their way underneath his shirt and were slowing inducing goosebumps to surface on his skin, as his nails gently scrapped the extension of his waist. The sheer fact that he was *allowed* to touch Brian like that, having his tongue drawing a tortuous path on the taller man’s throat, was enough to make Roger feel himself hardening.

“Should have done it sooner.” He answered and gasped as Roger sucked on a particularly delicious spot on the left side of his neck that would surely bruise.

With a swift motion, Brian found his lap full with a naughty drummer, who wasted no time in opening and discarding his shirt, bringing his deft fingers to explore the lean expanse of the taller man’s chest. That did no favors to Brian, who was trying to hide how hard the blond boy was making him with each passing second. He wanted to take things slowly, but Roger was making that line of thought disappear unsurprisingly quickly.

As if reading his mind, Roger pressed down on his hips, grinding their erections together and moaning wantonly next to his ear. Brian grabbed his thighs as an automatic body response and bucked up, the action sliding his cock roughly against the material of his jeans as an unauthorized groan left his mouth.

“Brian, *please.*” He begged as the continuous movement of their dry humping made his head dizzy with want and all his blood direct south. “I need you.”

Roger heard him swear colorfully before he was pulled into a passionate kiss. This one rougher than all the previous kisses of the night, still gentle at its core, but dripping with hunger and steam and just pure *want.* Barely breaking their lips apart, Brian tugged his arms up and pulled away his shirt, dropping it unceremoniously on the floor. With a flipping motion, Roger found himself pressed against the bed, firm hands holding down his hips as hot lips trailed their way from his collarbones to his navel, kissing, sucking and biting, *torturously* slowly every inch of his skin.

Roger brought his fingers to Brian’s hair and that earned him a chuckle and a sharp bite on his hip.

“So impatient…”

The drummer hissed at the delicious sting and his heart skipped a beat as Brian caught both his wrists
with one hand and pinned them above the headboard, capturing his lips for another searing wet kiss and pushing their hips together. His back arched from the bed and the man above him hummed at that, breaking their kiss. Roger barely had time to recover as Brian whispered in his ear.

“What do you want, Rog?”

The low, dangerous tone of his voice sent shivers down his spine. Having Brian like this, all to himself, was doing things to him. He never felt like this before. This raw desire mixed with the purest love and adoration he held for the other man was too much for his already slightly drunk brain. God, this would end embarrassingly fast.

Staring intently into hazel eyes, Roger bit his lower lip, already swollen and red from all their kissing, and felt his cheeks burn as he answered.

“I want you to fuck me.”

Brian snapped his hips down and released a labored breath. Still maintaining a firm grasp on Roger’s wrists, with a warning squeeze he let go of his hip and used the same hand to make quick work of the button and zipper right next to it. However, he decided to take his time dragging his fingers against the outline of the tempting cock underneath white boxers, drinking in the drawled moan he got from the drummer.

Carefully, he sat back on his heels and freed the wrists in his hold, bringing both his hands to tug down Roger’s trousers and underwear in one go. He had to fight against his groan at the sight as his cock twitched in his strained jeans. His best friend was completely naked, faint red marks already forming on his pale skin due to Brian’s previous activities, his chest moving rapidly with each breath and his proud length dripping pre-cum on his belly. Under his gaze, a lovely blush started to spread from the drummer’s cheeks all the way down to his neck.

“You are so gorgeous, Rog.” He said in awe as his friend bit his lip and turned his head. Brian quickly cupped his jaw and tenderly pecked him. “I mean it. I could just stare at you all day long.”

Roger smiled against his lips. He couldn’t believe how lucky he was. All he ever wanted was to hear Brian say these things to him. For so long he ached to reveal his true feelings and decided against it for fear of rejection. And now here they were. His heart was beating so fast that he wondered if Brian could hear it too.

With a grin, the guitarist pressed open-mouthed kisses to his neck and down his chest. Teasingly biting down again on his hip and then giving a torturously slow lick from the base to the head of his cock, drawing out filthy moans from him. Roger honestly thought he was going to have a heart attack when he felt Brian’s hot mouth enclose the tip of his throbbing erection and suck.

Shutting his eyes, he had to firmly grab the sheets and press his lips closed to subdue the very loud moans forming in his throat as Brian beautifully bobbed his head around his cock and used his hand to fondle his balls. The heated look in his eyes being nearly enough to send him over the edge. With his vision going almost white and the heat pooling in his belly, he pulled at Brian’s hair and manage to stutter.

“S-Stop! P-Ple-Please!”

Brian immediately released his cock and flattened his hands on the top of his thighs, running soothing circles with his thumbs. “Are you okay, love?”

Taking a second to catch his breath, Roger nodded his head before offering shyly, “I didn’t want to
come like that.”

Brian chuckled and ran his hand over the drummer’s taut stomach, marveling at how soft the skin against his fingertips was and evoking shivers from him.

“And how do you want to come, love?”

He leisurely pushed his weight on his elbows and came to an almost sitting position as Brian brought himself to lock their mouths together in a playful kiss, savoring his own taste on Brian’s tongue. Breaking apart for air, Roger took the opportunity to nibble at his earlobe and lowered his voice to reply.

“I want to come with you buried deep inside of my ass. How about that?”

The sudden grip on his thighs and the expletives that came pouring from Brian’s lips as his hips thrust hard against Roger’s made it pretty clear that the guitarist was more than okay with the idea.

“Fuck, Rog…” Brian spoke with a strain on his voice, “You can’t just say things like this.”

He was very much sure that he could come with Roger’s dirty talking alone. There should be a law forbidding the blond boy to use his raspy voice to say such filthy things in that tone. Jesus.

Extricating himself from the bed, with the promise that it would just take a second, he fished for the lube on the nightstand and removed the rest of his clothes. His cock finally free and begging for attention, tip glistening in anticipation. He pumped it a few times and hissed at how sensitive it felt.

Roger’s eyes were glued to the hardened length on Brian’s hand. After sharing a bedroom for so long, it was impossible to say he never had a glimpse of that cock. Of course, he never looked for more than a few seconds. He was afraid of being caught in the act and having no explanation whatsoever to offer to why he was looking in the first place other than his absolute need to have it inside of his body. So, now that he had already voiced said need out loud, he took his sweet time to openly stare at it, successfully making Brian go red on his cheeks.

As he came back to the bed, Roger could feel some nervousness make itself known and he gulped as his hands clasped the bedsheets. He took a few counted breaths to get a grip around his nerves. This was Brian. He wanted this more than anything else. He even dreamed of it. It was just… Even though he talked a big game and tried to hide behind his bravado, truth was that Roger never got this far with a guy. A couple experimental handjobs and a messy blowjob, surely, but he never got to the main event. As cheesy as it sounded, he wanted this to be Brian’s. Even if the chance of his friend returning his feelings were next to zero, he still hoped.

Sensing Roger’s hesitation, Brian put aside the lube somewhere between the blankets and gingerly let his hands rest on the small hips in front of him, drawing soothing languid circles again, as it seemed to work earlier to calm down the drummer.

“Talk to me, love.” He asked fondly.

Roger swallowed around the lump in his throat and brought his left hand to cup Brian’s face, receiving a tender kiss on his wrist. His friend looked at him with pure adoration and he could feel his heart skip a beat under his loving gaze. Chewing his lower lip, Roger offered in a small voice. “I haven’t done this before. With a man.” He added after a minor confused look crossed Brian’s face.

He took a moment to say something, absorbing the news. He honestly assumed that Roger had been familiar with the experience, given how confident he was earlier. To be completely frank, he wasn’t very fond of thinking about Roger’s sexual activities with other people, for dwelling too much on the
subject usually led him to heartache. Therefore, he hadn’t actually given it a thought. And to be even more honest, now that he allowed his mind to work on the subject, he found himself completely entranced with the fact that no one had had Roger like this. Realizing his friend was still waiting for his answer, he offered a warm smile and said the first thing that came to his mind.

“Well, neither have I. And we don’t have to do anything if you don’t want to, love.”

Roger chuckled and sat up to give him a soft kiss.

“Oh, I want this. Badly.” He whined and nibbled at the taller man’s lips as he blindly searched for the lube. Upon finding it, he pressed it to Brian’s hand.

“Are you sure?” He asked with genuine concern and Roger just knew that was the right decision. He could trust Brian with anything.

“Yes.” He let out with a more confident voice and grinned, wrapping his arms around his neck and joining their mouths for a heated kiss.

Taking that as incentive, Brian gently lowered Roger on the mattress and kissed him back with all his intent, trying to convey all his love and care as their tongues languidly danced against each other.

Without breaking their kiss, Brian kneeled between Roger’s legs with ease, letting his hands travel all over Roger’s pliant body, tracing random patterns on the inside of his thighs, and lazily kneading deliciously pale bums, basking on the sound of Roger’s soft gasps against his lips.

Growing bolder, he managed to get his fingers generously coated in lube and being as careful as he could, he circled a digit around his friend’s tight little hole. The sound that came out of Roger’s throat was absolutely divine and Brian was dying to hear it again. However, he had to be certain. He refused to do anything against Roger’s will.

Brian broke their kiss and took a moment to study his expression. Roger looked like heaven and already thoroughly debauched at the same time, with his tousled blonde tresses spread against the white pillows, knuckles white from holding tightly the bedsheets, kiss-swollen lips and electric blue eyes, dazed with want. “Brian, please.” He begged.

He had never been happier to comply with something in his life as he let his middle finger slowly make its way inside of the drummer, watching out for any sign of pain.

Roger was feeling blissed. The discomfort he felt was so minimal his brain barely registered it as he eagerly rocked his hips to match Brian’s tiny trusts. He almost mewed as he felt the finger inside him curl just right, the shockwave of pleasure sending shivers down his spine and going straight to his cock. Before he knew, he was asking for more.

Brian smirked at him. “What was that, love?”

Whimpering, Roger bit down on his lip and spoke coyly. “May I have one more, please?”

Brian muttered a curse under his breath. At that moment, Roger could have asked him for the password to the Queen’s jewelry vault and he would have given it away if he possessed it.

He gasped, his cock throbbing painfully at the sight of a second finger joining the other and carefully opening him up. However, it was the heated look Roger gave him, as he pressed down on the sweet spot he found earlier, that nearly made him come without his permission and had him taking deep centering breaths.
It was too much. Roger was damn sure he could come just like this, his cock rock hard and leaking without a single touch, even though he literally ached to wrap a hand around it. But he knew that would end things too soon. Brian’s deft fingers were curling just perfectly inside of him, the delicious burn of his stretched hole making his whole body tingle and he wanted, needed more.

“Brian, please! I’m ready.” He moaned and rocked his hips harder, searching for more friction.

“Shh. I’ve got you.” Brian hushed him and slipped in another finger, wanting to make sure he was properly stretched. He hadn’t done this before and the last thing he wanted was to hurt him. Roger arched his back and clawed at his forearms, his body covered with a thin layer of sweat as the sweetest pleas came spilling from his lips.

“You won’t hurt me.” He said, between gasps, as if reading his mind. “I need you. Fuck me, please.”

Good Lord.

How was he supposed to resist when Roger begged him like that?

When Brian’s fingers left him, he needed to suppress the whimpers from coming out of his mouth. His whole body trembled with want and his heart was seconds away from coming bursting out of his chest.

The press of a slicked, thick cockhead against his hole had him taking a sharp breath. Brian’s eyes searched for his and he nodded his head, sinking his teeth on his lower lip. As he felt Brian pass the first ring of muscles, he barely could stop the loud whine that was torn out of his throat. Hot lips were on his within a second.

“Quiet, love.” He whispered between soft kisses, looking at Roger’s face for any signs of pain. Upon finding none, he slowly guided his rock hard length inside the ever so tight hole, taking several calming breaths. God. Had he even stretched Roger at all? “You don’t want John and Freddie to barge in here and scold our asses, do you?”

So damn tight. So hot. So perfect. Fuck.

When he finally bottomed out, Roger was a whimpering mess under him, chanting his name, arms firmly wrapped around his back, nails deliciously scrapping his sensitive skin.

“B-Brian, move.” Came the plea after a minute. Who was he to deny Roger anything?

Experimentally, he gave a slow thrust, pulling his hardness nearly all the way out before pushing it in again, Roger’s moans a solid encouragement, especially when he found his sweet spot again. He tried to establish a contained pace. This was too good to be real. How he managed to have this gorgeous man under him, taking his cock so beautifully, was still a mystery. The tight heat engulfing him every time he rocked his hips forward was challenging his every will to last longer, harsh groans making their way out of his throat. Roger’s heels digging on his bum, urging him in a silent demand to rock his hips faster, harder.

Roger honestly thought he was going to pass out. It was too much. For so long had he wanted this that every thrust of Brian against his prostate made his skin crawl with desire and his head dizzy with his need to just please, please come.

He hoped to last longer, but Brian’s hard grip on his hipbone as his hot mouth sucked bruises on his neck, never breaking the sharp rhythm of his hips were driving him insane.
He could already feel his telltales showing when Brian wrapped his free hand around his cock, thumb circling the tip, and he barely had time to shout a warning before thick ropes of come painted his taut stomach and Brian’s hand, wave after wave of pleasure passing his muscles as his vision went blissfully white.

The guitarist’s breath got caught in his throat and the feeling of Roger’s ass clenching hard around him was all it took to make him spill his load with shallow rapid thrusts, dragged moans filling the room, the muscles of his back straining under the effort and pleasure crawling all over his skin. Taking a hold of his ragged breath, carefully, he slid out of Roger and used the rest of his strength not to fall right on top of him, ungracefully landing by his side.

Roger chuckled; sleep creeping around the corner of his eyes as his body pleasantly tingled and relaxation installed itself on his heavy muscles.

“That was something else.” He whispered and offered his brightest smile to the man lying down next to him.

Brian kissed him softly, a shy smile adorning his features. As the fog in his brain started to let some room to coherent thoughts, Brian picked up the nearest shirt on the floor and made a quick work of cleaning them up. Already feeling his eyes close, he angled his body and pulled Roger’s pliant form against him, enjoying how warm and perfect he felt. He fell asleep in a second.

Roger let out a content sigh and snuggled closer, grabbing the crumpled blanket and carelessly covering them.

_This is what happiness feels like._

He thought as sleep started to claim his mind. Later, they would surely talk. The two didn’t exactly trade love confessions as they were too caught in the heat of the moment, letting their bodies talk instead. If he knew Brian, a long conversation about feelings waited for them in the morning. Roger was okay with that. For now, he was perfectly content with just lying in his arms.

“Love you.” He mumbled on Brian’s neck, not waiting for an answer before letting sleep finally take control over his body.

Tomorrow could wait.

Chapter End Notes

These two idiots are too much for me. I love them!! I hope my smut writing skills aren’t too poor. ^^'

I must warn you, though, from now on our misunderstanding and miscommunication tags will be in full effect. As my friend so eloquently put: shit will hit the fan.

Please let me know your thoughts on the comments! Kudos are always welcome!

Lot’s of love!! Xx
Chapter IV

Chapter Summary

What started as a beautiful morning soon becomes the beginning of a myriad of misunderstandings.

Chapter Notes

Hello!! I’m still astonished by all the support this work got. Thank you all so much!!! You guys are AMAZING!!

And a special thanks to @marveltrwash for the patience and fantastic reactions!

In this chapter we will find out what started their situation of not talking to each other. But be aware, this is just the very tip of the iceberg and many more things will happen before/if they are okay again.

I don’t think there are major warnings for this chapter. Does heartbreak count?

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Daylight made its way through their open curtains and shone brightly on the small room. Brian stirred slightly as he felt an unusual weight on his chest, opening his eyes to find tousled golden tresses shining under the warm sunlight.

The events of the previous night came flashing before his eyes and he had to suppress a childish giggle. If the dull ache on his muscles haven’t made itself present, he would have thought that he must have imagined the whole thing. But there he was, in his full naked glory, Roger Taylor lying on his bed.

Unfortunately, all that is good never lasts and his bladder was just about ready to beg him for some relief.

Quietly, in order not to disturb his sleep, Brian kissed the top of his head, carefully disentangled their bodies and stepped out of the bed. He took a moment to admire the pace of his chest going up and down as he peacefully slept. So rarely Roger could be found like this, being the restless ball of energy he was. Brian was smiling at the picture without realizing.

We’ll talk after breakfast.

He thought as he grabbed a pair of pants and made his way to the loo.

What he truly did not expect was the myriad of scratches adorning his back or even the perfectly indented half-moons on his shoulder blades that he spotted while he washed his hands. Jesus, Roger.
The night before was *amazing* and he was dying to properly talk to Roger and finally tell him about his feelings with actual words. In fact, he had a solid plan of waking up the drummer with his favorite tea and even some pancakes if he could still find eggs in the flat. Hell, he would have brought him roses if he could.

When he entered the small kitchen, he felt immensely grateful for remembering to put on the robe he found on the bathroom’s hanger. Siting with his elbows resting on the tabletop and nursing a steaming cup of tea, Freddie gave him a knowing smirk the second he passed under the threshold.

“What a lovely morning, dear. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Brian felt his cheeks burning up as he filled the kettle with water and grabbed a cup for himself after realizing how thirsty he was, the glass from last night forgotten on the nightstand.

In hindsight, perhaps drinking anything at all before Freddie got all the comments out of his system was a mistake.

“Did you top?”

Brian choked, spluttering water everywhere. Brian’s throat burned at the sudden action and he had to take some deep breaths through his nose before saying anything.

“Bloody hell, Freddie.” He spoke with some strain. Teardrops prickling on the corner of his eyes. “Some warning would be nice.”

Freddie winked at him. His throaty laugh as he sipped on his tea clearly indicating his amusement with the whole situation.

“Do tell me, darling, was it as good as you expected?” He probed and raised an expecting eyebrow.

“What?”

“Oh, please!” He flicked his hand. “It was about goddamn time you two figured it out.”

Brian blushed harder and took a sit in front of him, hands fidgeting with the borrowed robe.

“It was better.” He finally answered with a shy smile. Freddie beamed at him and clapped his hands excitedly. “However, we haven’t talked about it yet.”

He felt the need to add, before Freddie could ask questions he still did not have the answers for yet.

Surely, the night had meant to Roger as much as it did to him. Right? Just remembering the adoring look on his face was enough to make his heart skip a beat and an idiotic smile form on his lips. God, he was dying to just go back to bed and hold the small drummer again.

“Another thing, darling.” Freddie started and chuckled. “Do I have to worry about you going all Muhammad Ali again? I’m sure Roger loved it and it was very hot. But definitely not your style.”

…

Roger lazily stretched his back and opened his eyes. For a second, his brain did not quite register what was odd and then it hit him. He was on a different side of the bedroom, staring at this
untouched bed. Memories from the night before had him turning pink and then frowning. He was naked and alone in Brian’s bed. An unsettling feeling grew on the pit of his belly, but he was fast to brush it aside.

His stomach growled and he decided it was best to see if Brian was in the kitchen. Stealing his breakfast had always been one of his favorite’s ways to tease the guitarist. He swiftly put on some fresh clothes and made his way down the hall. His body pleasantly ached with each step and flashes from the night before distracted his thoughts.

His name made him stop on his tracks. Was Freddie talking about him? Something about being hot but not who’s style? His sleepy brain wasn’t being very helpful at the moment.

“Don’t worry.” Brian’s serious voiced reached him and his heart stopped. That couldn’t be. He wouldn’t say these things behind his back. Although he agreed with Freddie that he wasn’t exactly the type of people Brian normally went for, he sure as hell didn’t expect to hear his friends talking like this about him.

“It was a one-time thing. Won’t happen again.” He said decisively and Roger thought he could hear his heart shattering inside his chest.

His breath caught in his throat and he had to lean against to wall for support. They were talking about him.

He doesn’t love you, silly.

Came the vicious thought. However, how could he deny it when he just heard it with his own ears? Brian wanted him for one night only. A one-time thing that, judging by the grave tone of his voice, he wouldn’t let happen again.

“That guy at the bar actually had a point.” He heard Brian say with amusement.

Roger took a few steps back. He didn’t have to listen to this anymore. His whole body was shaking with anger and tears made his vision blurry. How dared he?

He pressed a hand firmly against his mouth as small whimpers tried to escape, not wanting to be heard. He actually thought his heart was physically breaking such was the pain in his chest. He felt like throwing something out of the window or maybe he just needed to smack Brian across his face. Ragged breaths were making his lungs ache with the effort. His body felt dirty and he had to suppress a sudden urge to rub himself until only raw skin was left. Brian thought he was a slut.

Was this what last night was all about, then? A fun ride with Roger, The Slut?

He had to leave. He needed fresh air. That or beat Brian to a fucking puddle. He hadn’t decide yet. What he knew for sure was that he refused to stay in that blasted hallway for any second longer. Drying his tears and running his hands through his hair to help him focus, he stomped his way to the living room, making a straight line to the coat rack and completely ignoring the kitchen door.

Freddie was about to agree with Brian that yes, Roger was perfectly cable of taking care of himself like the guy who helped them said when loud foot noises came from a short distance. He and Brian exchanged similar frowned looks and got up to investigate, Brian beating him to the door and freezing.

“Rog?” Brian tried hesitantly. “What happened?”
A scoff was all he got. That was strange. A few minutes ago, he had left Roger peacefully sleeping in his bed and now he could almost feel his anger from across the room, even if he could see only his back.

Oh, God. Is he regretting last night?

His body tingled with the need to come closer to the clearly irate drummer and find out what the hell was going on. However, he knew better. Roger was famous for his tantrums and he did not care to whom he lashed out when he was in these moods.

“Where are you going?” He pressed, his concern growing by the second.

“Out.” Came the dry reply and Brian felt a sting in his heart at the tone.

“Rog…”

“Leave me alone, Brian.” He warned and let out a defeated sigh. “I need a drink.”

Brian gasped as he watched Roger quickly put on random shoes, pick up the car keys from the bowl under the mirror and head to the door.

“It’s the middle of the morning!” He said slightly shocked. He was used to Roger’s drinking habits but not ever he saw the man start this early.

Already halfway through the door, Roger turned and faced him. Brian almost wished he hadn’t. The look he gave him would probably haunt him forever.

Brian couldn’t quite put his finger on which emotions passed through his eyes, but the intensity of it shot daggers aimed straight to Brian’s heart and he was surprised Roger hadn’t actually punched him on his face.

“It’s five o’clock somewhere.”

With that, he slammed the door on his way out, leaving behind an astonished Brian and a curious Freddie.

He was still catching his breath, brain cells working like crazy trying to understand what had just happened. He was so confused that he nearly missed the question he was asked.

“What did you do?”

He thought about last night, doing his best to figure out what went wrong. Roger seemed happy, ecstatic even. They both wanted it. He figured his feelings were being returned, relieved for finally being able to show Roger how much he loved him and now… God, had he interpreted things all wrong? What happened?

He didn’t have an answer for Freddie. His head hurt and his heart was shattered into a millions pieces.

Chapter End Notes

And that’s how it started! There are still a few chapters to come before we reach the
scene in Chapter 1.

I try to pick the best point of view to describe a situation when I’m writing. In the near future, there are going to be pieces with a lot of John and Freddie’s perspectives. However, the greater part of the story will be centered in Brian and Roger.

Also, would you like to see some Deacury in this fanfiction? I’d love to hear your thoughts on the story!

Thank you so much for reading!! Comments and kudos, as always, are extremely welcome!

Lots of love!! Xx
Chapter V

Chapter Summary

After Roger stormed out of the flat, he found himself in a familiar place. He needed some time to figure out his feelings on the whole situation before he could talk to Brian again. Perhaps, an old friend could be of assistance in his time of need.

Chapter Notes

Here is one more chapter, guys!!

I’d like to thank you all immensely for your support and all the kind words of your comments. You guys are amazing!!
Thank you so very much!! <3

Since so many of you are up for some side Deacury, keep an eye open for some subtle hints that are coming in future chapters. Those two are adorable, but I don’t think they would start something while Roger and Brian don’t figure things out.

Also, big thanks to my fantastic sister and beta, @marveltrwsh! She was my first reader and the reason why I continued this work. Thank you, baby sis! <3

Again, no major warnings for this chapter. Maybe a blink and you miss suicide mention, but it is just an angry thought about a beloved car. Fear not.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As it turned out, Roger decided against going to the bar. It was the middle of the bloody morning, after all. Also, it was the last day of the month and he was kind of broke.

He did consider it for a while, though. However, he had barely turned left on the corner of their street when angry tears blurred his vision once more. He cursed under his breath and let go of the gear for a second, harshly wiping them away. He didn’t even remember at what moment he started to cry again and could only pray for it to have happened after he stormed out of the flat. The last thing he needed was to give Brian the satisfaction of seeing him crying.

Thinking about Brian, though, revealed itself to be a terrible decision, as it only brought a fresh wave of tears to his eyes. He shook his head and blinked them away, but ultimately decided to stop the car near the park. If he had a crash on top of if all, he would probably end up jumping from the goddamn bridge.

Roger found a decent spot under a large tree, just a slight bit off the running track. There was a hardwood bench and he could see a couple of kids with their watchful mothers a little further to the left playing on the swings. They were far enough that they would not bother him or spot him crying,
so they weren’t a problem.

He winced a bit as he sat down. The activities of the night before came right back to the front of his mind and he shut his eyes closed in order to will them away. He took a deep breath and chose to observe the people around to distract himself.

He was actually quite surprised that there were only a few kids around this time. Normally this park was filled with the laughter of running children and the occasional gossip of their mothers or nannies. He liked to come here to think about song lyrics and more often than not smiley ladies would chat with him while keeping an eye on the children. He didn’t mind it. Once he even brought Brian here and they had a small music session with his acoustic guitar, one or two kids looking very impressed as he played. He never knew that being called “cool” by a child would put him in such a good mood. Brian teased him for the rest of the day.

And there it was again. The pang in his chest as he thought of Brian.

_Stupid Brian May, with his stupid hair and his stupid fucking guitar._

He thought, furiously. It was still a mystery to him why he didn’t just punch the man. He had no problem doing it to the last one who dared to call him a slut.

First of all, even though he kissed a lot of women, and even a few guys, it did not mean that he had slept with all of them. Sure, once in a while he had his fair share of fun as he was a healthy young male and a very attractive one, while we are at. He had no problems whatsoever with getting in people’s beds. However, most of the girls he went out of the pub or a gig with was just him being polite and offering to accompany them home. He was a gentleman in the first place. A naughty one, he will give you that. But the point remained. And even if he was a slut, _so what?_ Did that give Brian the right to use him like that? What about his bloody feelings?

Roger sighed and ran his hands over his cheeks, finding them wet once more. At this rate, he would end up dehydrated because of Brian Fucking May.

More children came to his field of vision and he realized the park had filled up a bit more, laugh reaching his ears, but still at a fair distance. From his bench, he could see when a blond boy on a green shirt pushed his play-pal to the grass. The smaller boy wasn’t happy and got up fast, stomping his feet and saying something back to the blond one. Whatever it was, must have worked like a charm for within seconds the two children were hugging each other and turning back to their game as if nothing had happened.

Roger smiled fondly at that. If only _his_ life was this easy.

He was still so mad at Brian for playing with his feelings like this. But… Had he?

When stopping to give it thought, he never actually _told_ him how he felt. Good chances were that Brian was probably already asleep when Roger said he loved him. And even before that, Roger didn’t say anything. Of course, he thought his body was speaking quite enough. However, could he really blame his friend, so intelligent for some things and so incredibly _daft_ for others, for not _guessing_ his feelings?

As far as Brian knew, Roger could just be looking for some fun. That’s what he was known for, right?

His head hurt. This was all too much. When he woke up that morning, the last thing in the universe he could think of was that he would be pitifully sitting there, heartbroken and bloody starving, as he
later realized.

He felt his anger cooling off and sadness taking its place. Had he ruined everything? His friendship? *Queen?*

*All because I couldn’t keep my stupid hands to myself.*

Because even if Brian just wanted some fun, he should have been the responsible one and turned him down gently, knowing perfectly well that there were too many feelings involved on his side for this to lead anywhere healthy in the end. Alternatively, hell, he maybe even should be glad he had the opportunity at all. Brian didn’t swing that way. Fine. At least he had a chance to get a glimpse of what *could* have been.

He sighed again. His thoughts took a turn from murderous to pathetic.

*Pull yourself together, Taylor.*

At least, he had started to make his peace concerning their one-night stand. He was a big boy and he could deal with it. Currently, he was regretting the way he left the apartment. If it was supposed to be something casual between them, the last thing Brian expected was for him to storm out the way he did. God, he made such a mess. Once he felt calm enough to go back home, he should probably try to act nonchalant about the whole situation and make it clear that they’re cool and that it was, as Brian so eloquently said, a one-time thing that wouldn’t happen again.

As for how Brian thought that he was a *slut*… He groaned and the knife that seemed to be lodged on his heart since earlier twisted a little bit. He didn’t want to think about it right now. That part was still an open wound. He could come around to the fact that Brian did not reciprocate his feelings. It would take a while for him to heal that particular stab, but he would live. However, having his best friend in the whole world thinking so low of him… That hurt him more than what he had expected to be possible.

His growling stomach distracted his wandering thoughts as it hit him that he had not eaten anything that morning. Looking around the park, he noticed most people had left, probably gone home for lunch. The sun, already high on the sky confirmed his theory. Even though the air was chilly, the sunrays were a rare blessing on the ever so rainy London.

While he made his way to the car, a passing redhead called his attention. She was precariously balancing two way too full brown paper bags as she walked at a leisured pace. For a second he thought he recognized the woman. When she turned her head in order to get a better view of where she was stepping, he was sure that he knew her.

“Angie, wait up!” He called out and she turned around looking for the source of the sound. Once she spotted his figure, she brightly smiled at him.

He wasted no time and offered for some help with the bags. She gladly passed one to him.

“Thank you so much! These are heavy.” She spoke softly.

“Do you need a ride?”

“Oh, honey, I’d hate to be a bother.”

Roger smiled and told her it would be no bother at all. He was actually very happy to see her. She was an old friend from college and they had studied for many exams together. Behind her easy smile and bright red hair, Angela Robbins held an extremely clever brain and a burning passion for
biology. To be quite honest, Roger was more than glad with the detour if that meant extra time where he could avoid going back to the flat.

Something bothered him, though. If he recalled it correctly, Angie had the prettiest blue Jaguar XJ Mk1 and she was extremely proud of it. She took the thing everywhere. In fact, it was their love towards The Blue Beast, as Roger fondly named it, that got them talking to each other in the first place.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what happened to your beast?” He asked genuinely concerned as they walked to his car.

Angie rolled her eyes and let out a frustrated breath. “I have no idea. One day the damn thing was fine and the other… Argh! It starts the engine very poorly and refuses to move. I’ve been meaning to take it for a checkup, but I just couldn’t find the time yet.”

Suddenly, she stopped and grabbed his arm with her free hand. She had a wicked gleam in her eyes.

“You are just a Godsend, Roggie!” She beamed excitedly. “Tell you what. I’ll treat you for lunch and in return you could take a look at the beast.”

Roger chuckled as he unlocked his car and put both groceries bag in the backseat. He was no mechanic and Angie was well aware of that, but he certainly knew his way around a car. Plus, it meant he didn’t have to go back to the flat right away and he got to eat her amazing food.

“Sounds like a win-win to me.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck and squealed in delight. At that moment, Roger knew he was in for a fun afternoon. It might not help him forget about his problems, but it surely would be a very welcome distraction.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Roggie is in a tough place. He is heartbroken, very angry and struggling to do the right thing.

Next chapter we will have John and Freddie’s perspective of the situation. It is one of my favorite chapters so far. Writing from the point of view of those two is absolutely delightful!

Also, I feel the need to clarify that Angie is a dear and a good friend. She and Roger never had anything romantic going on. She is most definitely NOT a threat.

Thank you all so much for reading!!

All the love I got from this work has been mind-blowing! Your comments and kudos are deeply appreciated!

Lots of love!! Xx
Chapter VI

Chapter Summary

As Roger brushed up his mechanical knowledge, John woke up to find an unsettling atmosphere in their flat and uncooperative friends who were being very difficult to explain what on God’s Green Earth had happened while he slept.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!! Once more, thank you so much for the incentive, support and kind words. You are the best!!

We are halfway through our massive flashback to go back to the time of the first chapter. Bear with me a little longer! In this one, we get to see John and Freddie’s perspective and decisions regarding the whole situation. Thank Goodness Queen can count with at least two sensible people at time.

A huge thanks to my amazing sister for her beta work, @marveltrwash. She is doing her best in order not to kill me as I put her boys through so much agony. Thank you for taking so long to plan my assassination. <3

No warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Blue Beast was officially back in business.

It took him a while to figure out what was wrong with the car. After eating the delicious Shepherd’s Pie he proudly helped to prepare for lunch and gossiping shamelessly about their old classmates, Roger rolled up his sleeves and started to take a look under the hood of the problematic car.

Angie was a polite host and spoiled him with fresh lemonade and snacks every time he took a break to study the situation in front of him. He did that a couple times, spending most of the afternoon tinkering around the car pieces searching for a solution. It was actually rather pleasant to spend his time thinking of anything else than Brian. Being elbows deep in the car’s engine distracted him and he actually had a good time.

The problem turned out to be very small. Literally.

It was just a tiny piece that came lose and got lost, only needing to be firmly reattached, which Roger had no problem doing.

Once he told Angie that everything was fine with her beast, she thanked him profusely and asked if he would like to stay for dinner as it was already way past five o’clock.
He was tempted. She was great company and they had a lot to catch up to, having spent almost one
year with no contact, now that he thought of it. However, he decided against it. He had already
intruded enough on her day and he had a considerable problem of his own that needed his attention
back home. Therefore, instead, he thanked her for the offer and asked for a rain check.

“I had a lovely time, Angie. Take good care of that beast, yeah?” He said and hugged her softly.

“You got it. Thank you, again.” She spoke cheerfully and tiptoed to kiss his face.

He offered her a final smile and turned around to make his dreadful way home.

…

Brian was sitting on the sofa with an opened physics book and doing a great job of not reading a
single word of it. John sat casually on their fluffy rug on the other side of the small table; he had a
focused look on his face as he scribbled randomly on an old notebook. He had spent a good portion
of the afternoon working on some basslines and throwing concerned glances at Brian’s direction
every once in a while. The man barely had said a word during the whole day.

When he woke up that morning, John Deacon thought he was the first one to rise despite being
almost noon. For starters, Freddie was still softly snoring on his bed under his thick velvety blankets.
A sight a bit unusual for that time of the day, as the man usually could be found dancing around their
living room or eliciting masterful notes out of his keyboard first thing in the morning. But fine.
Sleepyhead Freddie was something he could deal with.

What really startled him was the absolute silence of the flat. By this hour, Brian would be sure as
death failing miserably at being quiet in the kitchen and Roger would be creating some new type of
havoc that would certainly consume a great amount of John’s brain cells to be fixed. Most days he
could definitely live without any of the two previously mentioned activities happening
simultaneously. However, it was days like this, when everything seemed to be completely quiet, that
worried him the most. Because either someone died or was about to. Honestly, after yesterday’s
antics from Brian and Roger at the bar, he was in no mood to help anyone hide a dead body. And
that was that on that.

After further investigation, he found Brian sitting by their living room window, looking like a
wounded puppy and Roger nowhere to be found.

Great. One of those days.

He firstly thought. However, after a few hours, he noticed differences in the otherwise regular pattern
of their post fights. Lunchtime came and gone by without Brian moving a single muscle other than to
make himself a cup of tea. Very odd. Usually Brian would be fretting all over them to make sure they
got proper nutrition. Yet, that wasn’t the strangest thing. There was no sign of Roger anywhere
around the kitchen. And that, my friends, was a clear sign of the Apocalypse. For no matter if it came
hell or high-water, Roger Meddows Taylor never failed to show up for lunch.

John made a few attempts to talk to Brian and figure out if he should be sending word to the police to
look for the drummer or prepare his fists to smack the living daylights out of Roger once he came
home. The devastated look on Brian’s face didn’t give him much to work with, but a lot to worry
about. His friend didn’t speak a lot and only said something when asked a direct question.
If he knew Brian well, and at this point he liked to think he did, he needed some space for himself. However, he must have had a serious fight with Roger if he refused to brood in their bedroom and chose to remain in the living room, looking like the saddest statue John had ever seen.

When Freddie waltzed in the room a couple hours later with a loud yawn and a dramatic stretch of his arms, he only needed to take a quick look around to figure out Roger was yet to come back and Brian had spent the entire time sulking. Once he got John to successfully catch his eyes, he made a pointed head motion towards the kitchen and started digging around the fridge for something edible, feeling starved after having skipped lunch. He needed that afternoon rest though, as he had spent a good part of his night pretending not to hear his friends having sex and a decent portion of that morning waiting for Brian to have a nervous breakdown.

As he turned his back, he found John next to the table, crossed arms and a blank expression. How great.

“So, Brian…” Freddie started and stopped talking, having no idea of how to explain what had happened nor if it was his place to do so.

“He was already like that when I found him.” Deaky spoke as he raised both his arms, palms defensively towards Freddie.

He had to suppress an eye roll and clicked his tongue against his teeth, returning his attention to his previous endeavor. “I know, darling. That’s Roger’s doing.”

“Then what in God’s name happened? Because you don’t seem nearly as freaked out as I am.” He demanded and crossed his arms again.

“Well, I have lived with them longer than you, dear. No need to make such a fuss.”

Honestly, was there no food in this flat?

“Brian didn’t make lunch, so you can stop looking around for leftovers.” John deadpanned and it made Freddie stop dead on his tracks.

Oh, God. The situation is worse than I thought.

Giving up entirely on the fridge, for he knew a lost cause when he saw one, he sat defeated on the nearest chair.

Rolling his eyes, John searched on the cupboard to his left and threw a pop tart on his direction, which he gladly caught and thanked his friend for. John shrugged and started playing around with a sad looking apple, which reminded him they had to go grocery shopping in the near future unless they all wanted to die of starvation.

The problem, however, was not the lack of lunch. They all knew how to cook decently enough to get by. Brian liked to prepare lunch and took great joy from doing it. Therefore, the boys were more than happy to comply as they helped with different chores of the house. The problem was what the non-existing lunch meant.

Many times in the past Roger and Brian had fought. It was even a monthly occurrence to have their bickering escalating to the point of a full-fledged fight. But never had Brian shut himself down like that.

“Spill the juice, Freddie.” John pressed and Freddie groaned. It was really not his place to be talking about this.
“Are you offering to make some, darling?”

“You know what I mean.” Freddie considered John for a moment. Yes, it wasn’t his story to tell. Fine. However, he knew John’s questioning came from a place of genuine concern. Also, he couldn’t just let his friend in the dark if the other two decided to kill each other once Roger returned, could he?

“They had a fight.” He offered with a tired voice.

John almost threw the apple on his face. “I know that, Freddie. The singing birds know it. My long dead aunt Debbie knows it. What I don’t know is bloody why!” He hissed it all in one breath. Great lung capacity. Very impressive.

Freddie only arched an eyebrow at him, though.

John sighed and put the apple back on the bowl. “I’m not helping you hide either of their bodies if you don’t give me something to work with here.”

With a soft whine and a dramatic head spin, Freddie gave up. “They slept together, darling. Brian is in love. Roger is pissed. That’s all I know. Pass the sugar behind you, will ya?”

“They what?”

Oh, Sweet Lord. That’s not good at all.

John thought as Freddie royally ignored him, clearly saying all he was going to about the matter at hand. Tiredly, he picked up the sugar and sat across the singer, resting his head on his closed fist and pulling a face to Freddie’s sugary nightmare as he sprinkled more sugar on the already tooth rotting dessert.

He knew something bad had happened. But it never occurred to him it could be this. He was aware that his friends were pinning for each other, but he figured that once they finally came out with their feelings there would be a celebration. Not this depressing atmosphere that had installed itself on their flat. What on Earth had those morons done to be in such a mess? Their mutual love was clear as two plus two made four. How in the bloody hell did they get to the sum of five?

“We are not meddling, right?” He asked with a small voice.

“Nope.” Freddie spoke matter-of-factly. “This is their mess and they are going to clean it up.”

John quickly nodded to agree.

“They are grownups. They can handle it.” Hopefully, he mentally added.

“As for you and I, darling…” Freddie started with a thoughtful look, “We will watch and try our bests to keep Queen together. Our band is tough, but if there are two thing I can always count on, is Queen Elizabeth’s Christmas speech and the stupidity of two man in love.”

He snorted at that. Deep down, he knew Queen would be fine. The precious hearts of their friends, though… Well, one could only pray for the best.

As if on cue, the sound of their front door opening and closing made both men sit straigt. John gulped and Freddie took a deep breath. Serious looks were exchanged as they braced themselves for the storm that was bound to follow.
This chapter was absolutely delightful to write!! Their perspectives are so sassy! I hope I got the tone right for them. It is really difficult, but refreshing, to change point of views (and personalities) every so often.

Coming on next chapter, Roger and Brian’s brilliant abilities at miscommunication.

Thank you so much for reading!! Your kudos and comments put me on cloud nine all day!

Lots of love! Xx
Chapter VII

Chapter Summary

For two people who can brilliantly come up with lyrical masterpieces, Roger and Brian are absolutely terrible when it comes to talking about their feelings. As the two finally face each other, erroneous assumptions and huge egos lead to a painful aftermath.

Chapter Notes

Here we are, guys! These two proud idiots are nowhere closer to figuring things out.

Thank you all so much for the lovely comments and all of your support!! I’m still amazed by the incredible reception this work got. You all are fantastic!!

Also, a big fat thank you to my baby sister, @marveltrwsh, for all her patience and beta work. You won’t regret letting me live, darling!

Again, no major warnings apply to this chapter. There IS a lot of angst, though. Tread lightly.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Perhaps coming back to their flat was not such a great idea, after all.

Roger didn’t feel prepared in the slightest to deal with his mess. In fact, if he had any choice at all, he would very much prefer to just take a scorching hot shower and sleep until the end of his days.

He actually prayed no one was around. It was a lovely Saturday night and his friends usually spent the evening having a good time in different pubs around the city. In fact, judging by the unusual silence coming from the other side of the door, there was a good chance that the place was blissfully empty.

Of course, he was very much wrong.

The second he closed the front door behind him he heard a muffled sound coming from the other side of the room followed by the screech of chairs dragging against what he assumed to be the floor of the kitchen.

Brian stood in front of the sofa with his heavy physics book, which he figured it was the source of the first noise, laying closed by his feet.

Memories from this morning assaulted his brain instantly. If he closed his eyes for long enough, he could still hear Brian’s words reaching his ears and the sound of his heart breaking as he tried to contain his sobs. No. He refused to think about that now. The last thing he wanted was to have another meltdown. Especially in front of him.
He let the car keys fall on the ornate bowl, the noise echoing louder than he thought it would in the otherwise quiet flat and turned around to face the coat rack. He could feel Brian’s eyes burning on his back as he cautiously peeled off his coat and removed his shoes. His movements were silent and small, as if he was afraid to startle the man just a few steps away with another sudden noise.

He could not run away from this, could he?

Roger straightened his back with a small roll of his shoulders and took a calming breath. This was it. If he wasn’t careful, this could be the moment he ruined Queen forever because of his stupid unwanted feelings.

Slowly, he turned around.

Brian was still on the same spot, book still forgotten on the floor. Through the corner of his eye, he spotted his other friends leaning against the threshold of the kitchen door, John pointedly not looking at him and Freddie munching nervously on the nails of his left hand.

“Did someone we know die?” He broke the silence. His voice raspier than what he would have liked.

He knew the answer to that. He was perfectly well aware that the heavy mood in the room was because of him.

“Freddie!” Deaky’s voice startled him a bit. “I need your help with that thing I told you about.”

The singer threw him a puzzled look and left his abused nails alone for a moment. “What thing, dear?”

John refrained himself from smacking his own face. Clearly the conversation that was about to happen did not need an audience. Poor Roger looked like he could run away at any given chance and Brian was doing a great impression of an abandoned poodle.

“The thing. In our room. That requires our immediate attention.” He tried again, pausing his words and thanking all deities he was familiar with when realization hit his oblivious friend.

“Yes, yes, the thingy-thing. Let’s go, darling!”

Roger observed as Freddie grabbed the bassist’s arm and led him towards their shared bedroom. For a second, he caught Deaky’s concerned look and offered him a small thankful nod. A deep feeling of appreciation for his friends bubbled in his chest. He had to make sure Queen would not suffer for his mistakes.

Bracing himself for the worst, he turned his undivided attention to Brian, who still had not spoken a word since he came home and was looking at him with an undecipherable burning gaze.

“Sorry about leaving this morning.” He offered with a small voice.

Brian let out a tired breath and rubbed his eyes impatiently.

“Where were you, Roger?” He said with a sharp edge on his voice.

Roger wanted to curl his shoulders and lower his head at the tone. He did spend the whole day out without letting anyone know his whereabouts. However, something stopped him. He was doing his best to hold back the hot anger that still boiled in his belly. Truly, he wanted to put this whole story behind them as soon as possible, no matter the pain that would take its toll on him for that. But he
couldn’t simply forget the horrible things Brian said about him earlier. Therefore, he held his back even straighter and raised his chin.

“Out.”

Brian scoffed at him and brought his hands to his hips.

“So you’ve said. You could have be drinking your way across London for all you let us know.”

His own bitter tone surprised Brian for a minute. He knew he was extremely mad at Roger for storming out like that, without a single explanation and the serious threat of damaging even more his already ill-treated liver pairing in the air. At some point in the afternoon, he even considered calling the hospitals to make sure his idiotic and overdramatic friend hadn’t drank himself to an alcoholic coma. But still, his voice sounded meaner than he intended to, even to his ears.

Roger took a step back and pressed his lips firmly, biting the insides of his cheeks until the metallic taste of blood made itself present. A slut and a drunk. Fantastic.

“If you must know,” He spat between clenched teeth, “I was at Angie’s place.”

He felt the need to defend himself and his alcohol-free body.

Brian furrowed his brows and held his breath as he attempted to recall from where he heard that name before and why that felt like something important until it finally came to him.

Angela with the blue car from college.

He gasped and clenched his fists. If he remembered correctly, the girl was a petite little thing with red hair and a warm smile that just loved to run her hands all over Roger, who in return always flirted shamelessly back. Narrowing his eyes, he took a closer look at the drummer’s appearance.

A few moments ago, he was so relieved that his friend was safely back home that he paid no mind to smaller details. However, as he let his gaze wander over his figure, something clicked in his brain. Roger looked positively disheveled.

His, previously neat, long sleeved shirt was full of wrinkles and some parts of his hair was obviously sweaty, as if he had spent a great portion of the afternoon involved in strenuous activities, a bright pink lipstick stain nested just above his jaw. That was not the first time Roger showed up looking like that after a long time out of their flat. Brian knew this look so well because he made a point of avoiding glancing at the man every time he came home looking like that. Especially because of the teasing the drummer would get from Freddie that never failed to follow his arrival and Brian just didn’t have to stomach to listen to it.

Brian saw red.

How could he have done this?

Suddenly, he felt like countless tiny needles were attacking his heart all at once. His throat felt painfully dry and some invisible force must have punched him right on his stomach. He had to fight hard in order to keep his eyes dry and his breath even, but he managed. His fists were clenched so tightly by now that he could feel the sharp sting of his nails breaking his skin.

He couldn’t cry now. He would not give Roger the satisfaction of witnessing his heart fracturing into a million pieces.
He took a centering breath and spoke in a stiff voice.

“Why am I not surprised you were already in someone else’s bed?”

Roger’s entire body shook and his knees nearly buckled under the weight of his pain. He could hear his teeth clicking against each other and his lips started to quiver. The sting behind his eyes letting him know he still had more crying to do that day.

He ran his hand over his face and bit his tongue, taking a deep breath to hold back his tears.

*He really thinks I’m that much of a slut.*

The feeling of betrayal burned in his bloodstream. He very much wanted to throw his right fist across Brian’s perfectly blank expression just to inflict a tiny ounce of the pain he was feeling. He ached to beat the hell out of the other man for saying this stuff. He wasn’t sure if it was worse hearing it behind his back or like this, right to his face. He felt dirty. How could the man who made love to him so tenderly not twenty-four hours ago be so cruel to him now? God. A sudden urge to wash every centimeter of his body crawled under his skin.

*Last night was such a mistake!* 

He took another deep breath. He would deal with how he felt about Brian’s opinions later. Preferably without the man standing right in front of him to watch him fall apart. It could wait. For now, he had to think about Queen and the rest of their friends. He refused to let his stupid feelings ruin everything they all worked so hard to accomplish so far and their plans for the future.

“Why do you care, Brian?” He asked with a defeated voice, clearly done with this whole conversation. “We had fun. It was great. Now we move on.”

He tried for a nonchalant tone as his last functioning brain cell tried to save whatever was left from their friendship after this. Brian had only wanted him for one night, right? Probably to let off some steam after their long day. Then fine. He would let him out of the hook for that part of the problem and give him the chance to put this whole thing behind them.

Of course, he was still bloody mad at Brian. In fact, he could just about murder the man right now. However, he knew that this was the best he could do at the moment.

The guitarist barely had moved a muscle. Roger acting like their passionate night meant nothing hurt so much he didn’t trust his body to perform a single proper action. His lungs were burning with suppressed breaths and he had a twisted knot in his stomach that made him want to throw up.

*Was I only one more of his conquests?*

The thought hit him like a knife to his heart.

He could not handle this. All he wanted was to find a place to hide. Roger still looked at him with his big blue eyes begging for something. To let this go, perhaps. To make things go back to normal.

He didn’t know if he could offer him that. He stared at the man he loved with all he had while his own heart bled from inside of his chest. Flashes from the night before only making him ache even harder. Could he live with never having the other man to himself like that again?

He would give Roger anything. *Anything.* Just so he could see his smile every day.

Mustering all his strength, he picked up the pieces of his heart and made his way past the drummer,
heading towards the door and barely bothering to pick up a coat as an afterthought.

If Roger did not want him to care for who the hell he chose to sleep with, well then…

“I don’t.”

He finally answered and moved to the door of the flat, heading out to face the cold night, painfully oblivious to the sobs of the devastated man he left behind.

Chapter End Notes

Please, don’t kill me! I know the boys are suffering and I’m evil. Sorry!! Things will take a while to get better (if they do).

Next chapter we will have them thinking about their course of action to fix everything. It will also be the last chapter before the passing of time. I’m not fond of rushing things, but we do have a baby to take care of. Also, I’m absolutely in love with Pregnant!Roger. *-*

Thank you all so much for reading! Your comments and kudos make my day!!

Lots of love!! Xx
Chapter VIII

Chapter Summary

Following their fight, Brian and Roger take some time to think about their feelings and to figure out what is the best course of action to make things go back to normal.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I’m so sorry for the delay! I had to solve many unexpected situations during the day and had no time to post the new chapter. Sorry!! But don’t worry, this one can still be considered as Friday’s chapter and Saturday’s one will be posted normally later today.

Thank you so much for all the love and support!! I still can’t believe so many people are interested in this work. It is mind-blowing! You guys are awesome!!

Big thanks to @marveltrwsh for her beta work and hilarious reactions to my artistic choices. Best sister ever! <3

I don’t believe any major warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Brian was about to walk out of their building when he realized he had no shoes on.

In his defense, he had other things haunting his mind when he hurried out of the apartment. Shoes and other frivolous stuff were the least of his concern. He had not even bothered to, actually, put on the coat he blindly grabbed earlier.

He felt dumb. A dumb, shaking, nearly crying, barefoot mess. There was no way he would go back to their flat at that instant. He needed time to think and pull himself together. To figure out what to do next.

Although, perhaps his lack of footwear was for the best. He did not quite know exactly where he wanted to go; only that he needed fresh air to clear his mind and let him calm down. However, being stuck on the hallways of the old building was not precisely soothing or helpful.

The discolored walls seemed to mock him and the cool breeze making its ways inside from the gap under the door taunted him for his stupidity. He was stuck, not being able to go out or to come back.

Suddenly, a passing thought hit him.

*Perhaps I could go up.*

If memory didn’t fail him, the gate blocking the final flight of stairs leading to the roof was never
He hummed to himself. No one said shoes were required to visit the stars.

…

Roger nearly melted when the hot water hit his back, having to press his forearm against the white tiles in order to keep his balance as his weak knees buckled to the sensation.

He was dying to shower since the beginning of this horrible day and a tiny bit of himself, one that still wasn’t fully consumed by the grief of not having his feelings returned, was filled with joy for this small blessing.

After scrubbing his body with furious passion until his skin was pink and he deemed himself fully clean from the grease of the car and the last traces of his nightly activities with Brian, he felt a bit better, but not much. He was kidding himself thinking that a simple shower would erase Brian’s touch from his skin.

The worst part, though, was that he was not even sure he if wanted to forget the whole thing.

He had lost count of how many sleepless nights he spent thinking about Brian and imagining his beautiful hands all over him. Hell, he would even daydream about those long calloused fingers touching his body with the same intensity and concentration with which they played the Red Special.

He loved Brian. That is not something that goes away with the blink of an eye. He had tried. Heavens know he did. After a couple years of being exhaustingly in love in his best friend, Roger tried his damn best to move on and find someone new. He was ridiculously unsuccessful, as with each passing day he only fell harder for the guitarist. Giving up, he started to fool around with different people to, at least, numb his aching heart.

How ironically it was that the very actions he used to distract himself from Brian ultimately made the man think so low of him to the point of considering him worthy of nothing more than a one-night-stand.

An agonizing sob escaped from his chest at the thought. His reflection on the slightly fogged mirror looked pitiful and somehow that made him angry for a teensy second until sadness hit him with full force.

Could he really blame Brian for not wanting him if he acted the way he did every other night? Maybe that was the answer.

He did not want to confuse things. He was still utterly livid for the things Brian said to his face and undisputedly murderous for the way he talked behind his back. If he had a problem with him, he should have mentioned it before, instead of whispering stuff when he wasn’t in the room to defend himself.

On the other hand, he never felt deserving of Brian’s affection to begin with. So, really, who was he to crucify the man for not returning his feelings? Truth was, now that he had a taste of what Brian’s love felt like, he wanted more. Beyond that, he wanted to be worthy of it.

He could do better. He was sure he could. What other option did he have? Burying away his feelings had not worked in the past and he was pretty certain it would lead nowhere if he attempted another time. Pretending nothing happened would surely drive him slowly mad for he was not a man who
dealt well with half-measures. It was all or nothing. The only path available for him, would be trying to prove to Brian that he was not a slut. Or a drunk, while we are at that.

When he finally got to his bedroom, he was not surprised to find Brian nowhere to be found and he was more grateful than he would like to admit for that. What did give him a good jump, though, was the sight of Freddie sprawled on his bed and John leaned against the window frame.

“What the fuck?” He said still with a hand on his chest. “Warn a guy, will ya?”

“Don’t be so dramatic, darling. This flat isn’t big enough for that.”

Freddie sat up with a lazy stretch and John rolled his eyes as he carefully approached Roger.

“I told you not to meddle.” He scolded the singer and turned his attention to him. “Have you eaten at all?”

The drummer tiredly nodded as he let himself fall on his bed, caring very little that Freddie was still occupying a significant part of it or his subsequent protests.

“It’s not meddling if we just listen, dear.” He answered after telling Roger his leg was digging on his ribs.

John scoffed and crossed his arms. He was there just to make sure that Freddie wouldn’t actually probe the drummer with a stick for information as he threatened to do earlier when they were pretending not to listen to the conversation. So, when Roger inevitably punched him for it and they ended up in the hospital, he could be truthful to the nurse and tell her he had done his part.

Eventually, these idiots would figure things out and it was not their place to clean up this mess. Freddie knew that too. His curiosity was well meant for he only wanted to make sure everybody was okay, even if his methods to ensure it were a bit… unconventional.

Roger was way too tired and sober (and he had recent plans of staying that way regarding the last one) to have this talk. He loved his friends dearly and knew they had good intentions. However, he was fairly sure that Brian wouldn’t want him to make a fuss out of their mistake. He wasn’t quite ready to talk about it either. Therefore, he decided to pull out the big guns.

Turning around to face his friend and giving him a quick nudge on the aforementioned assaulted ribs to drag his attention, Roger spoke in a low but firm voice.

“Summer of ’69. I’m invoking my ‘No-Questions-Asked’ rights.”

Freddie visibly paled at that and narrowed his eyes at Roger. The deadpanned expression that he found was enough to make it clear the drummer meant business.

“Fine, darling. Have it your way.” He conceded and ushered a very inquisitive John out of the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

From the distance, Roger could hear Freddie harshly changing the subject and he smirked to himself, knowing that all information related to the day in question would certainly die with him, Freddie and the very embarrassed old lady who entered their shop for advice.

…
The stars proved themselves an excellent company.

Brian’s lungs weren’t burning anymore as his breathing gradually settled in a normal pace. His heart, though, remained very much broken.

This was exactly what he had been trying to avoid during all those years he kept his feelings in secret, watching from a distance and sparing himself from this trouble. Of course, Roger didn’t love him back. Not like this at least. He was clever enough to recognize the value of their friendship, though. He knew how much it meant for them and that was one of the things he was afraid the most to ruin.

Then, there was Queen.

He, without a shadow of doubt, adored the band. They were finally going somewhere with it, having released an album and being on the process of recording another. He wouldn’t dare to mess with that.

Brian did not expect that Roger would be so inconsiderate, though. If he did not reciprocate his feeling, what could possibly had been his reason to sleep with him in the first place? He had the whole London to choose a bed partner from with barely any effort. It was reckless from Roger’s part to let Brian carry on making out with him just for the kicks of it.

Very bold of him to assume that there were no feelings involved. That it was just sex. As if Brian could automatically realize it was a one-night event and move on as if nothing out of the extraordinary had happened.

It was fine that Roger could have casual like sex like that. Brian had made his peace with it a long time ago. However, just because the drummer’s brain worked like that, it did not mean his had to as well.

Brian sighed and cranked his neck to the right. He had lost track of how long he had been up there for, looking at the stars. The air was chilly against him, but the coat he had firmly wrapped against his figure was doing a great job from keeping the worst of the cold at bay. The faint smell of Roger’s shampoo engulfing him with each passing breath.

That was one of the first things he noticed when he reached his destination.

After quickly sitting down on the cleanest spot he could find, which happened to be in front of a short cement square wall in the middle of the roof, he put the coat around him before he could freeze to death and the smell hit him as a punch to his face.

In his hurry to leave the flat, accidentally, he had grabbed Roger’s coat by mistake. Then he only had the options of submitting his body to the cold night, going back to the apartment, or letting himself drown in his most beloved smell on Earth.

Normally the last one would be his obvious choice. However, the usually soothing fragrance only made him start spilling the tears he had contained for the whole day. For all he knew, he could have spent his first hour up there crying his heart out until it gradually slowed down to quiet sobs.

When the sky unhurriedly started to lighten, Brian pulled the blasted coat closer to his body as he decided to go back home.

He had to be strong. In the end of the day, Roger was still his best friend. He would rather be there
for him in anyway the drummer wanted, muting the sound of his heart breaking, than to be anywhere else in the world. He was his everything. He had loved him in secret before and he would do it again.

Things wouldn’t be normal right away, he knew that much. Perhaps some distance was necessary in order for things not to be awkward. He wasn’t made of iron and his wounds were still opened and bleeding. Also, he was very cruel to him today.

*Can’t believe I said that.*

He thought bitterly once he reached their front door.

He was almost certain Roger wouldn’t want to see his face while his anger hadn’t cooled down. That was fine. He deserved it. He didn’t know how he would apologize yet, but he would figure something out.

After putting the borrowed coat in their laundry basket and taking a quick shower to wash away the grime from the dirty roof, Brian gingerly made his way to their shared bedroom.

Roger was peacefully asleep, his chest moving in a steady rhythm and his shirt riding up a bit up his torso. He couldn’t help but smile fondly at the sight. Roger had always been the cutest one sleeping of their group, and he had his friend’s verdicts to support that.

Quietly, he grabbed a spare blanket and gently put it on top of the drummer, knowing fully well how cold he felt before waking up. He had to force himself to avert his eyes from him and miserably tuck himself in his own bed, wanting nothing more than to have his friend in his arms again.

This would pass. Eventually, this heavy weight in his chest would subdue. He could get a hold of his feelings. All he needed was some self-imposed distance to pull himself back together before they were okay again.

He could do it. He could be strong and keep himself away. He would do anything for the man he loved with all the pieces of his broken heart.

Chapter End Notes

These two idiots… Their intentions are amazing, but the results are going to be catastrophic. A whole hell lot of angst can be expected. xD

On the next chapter (that will be posted later this Saturday), we will take a look at the following morning and then a small passage of time so we can finally have more pregnant!Roger.

Thank you all sooooooooooo much for reading, for the comments and the kudos! You guys are wonderful!!

Lots of love!!

Xx
Chapter IX

Chapter Summary

After an awkward morning following their fight, Queen finds itself caught in a taxing routine in order to get through some difficult times. However, Roger slowly starts to feel unwell. Surely a heartbreak can’t have troublesome effects, right?

Chapter Notes

Here it is, guys!! This chapter is a passage of time. It is a total of five weeks, as I needed to further develop Roger’s pregnancy. I hope I didn’t hush anything.

Once again, thank you all sooooooooooo very much for all the support and incentive!! Every comment, kudos and bookmark make me out of this world happy!! You guys are the BEST!! <3

@marveltrwsh, thank you for all the patience and theories. You are the light and soul of this work. Love you!

No major warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The following weeks were undoubtedly the oddest ones that flat had ever witnessed.

If someone outside of their daily lives had taken a look at it, everything seemed normal in the surface. John woke up in the next morning to find a focused Freddie playing around with different notes on his keyboard, trying to find the perfect melody and barely registering when he entered the room. Roger could be found lying on the sofa, lazily flipping through random TV channels and eating the last of their pop tarts. Brian was still sleeping, which was very unusual, but perfectly justified given the hour he arrived that morning, if the bassist heard correctly.

However, John knew better.

He could see the tension on the muscles of Freddie’s back, clearly still trying to accept the fact that things would be awkward for a while longer. You see, the singer did not appreciate when things weren’t running smoothly. Despite his flamboyant stage persona, he was a relatively shy man who cared a lot for his friends and absolutely ached to make things right between them again. Understandably, the scenario in question was most likely challenging his herculean will to stay out of their business.

As for Roger, John was not quite certain of what to expect, but surely it wasn’t that. If the conversation his friends had last night, that he would swear in front of any court in England he was not eavesdropping to, was anything to go by, this whole situation was way more complicated than
what he first believed it to be. The two idiots were clearly pining for each other and yet had chosen to have casual sex once, if he understood correctly. That made absolutely no sense at all.

The drummer was putting on a laid-back behavior; as if he was entirely cool and had already moved on. Of course, it only took a more attentive look to see something was wrong with him. The mischievous smile that usually could be spotted on the corner of his lips was nowhere to be seen, his electric blue eyes were devoid of its ever so present glim and his shoulders carried a weight that just wasn’t characteristic of their loud and restless drummer. John almost shook and begged him to destroy something, as an attempt to restore the natural order of the universe. However, he wasn’t that desperate. Yet.

When later on Brian finally emerged from his bedroom and, after a quick search around the kitchen, determined there was scantily anything edible in their household, kindly announcing his need for a volunteer to go grocery shopping while he started lunch, John felt some sort relief wash over him. He almost abandoned his book to go hug the other man.

He is talking and wants to cook. That’s good.

Before he could state that he didn’t mind going to the supermarket as it was probably his turn anyway, Roger jumped out of the couch and beat him to it.

“I’ll go. Any special request or the usual?”

His tone was flat and he tried to look indifferent, as if he choosing to run the errand for Brian was nothing out of the ordinary after their fight last night.

To be honest, Roger was somewhat glad to have an excuse to go out for a bit. He didn’t want things to be atypical between them as a group, so he tried his best to act as he normally would in a Sunday and just let himself hang on the sofa. Seeing Brian acting as his habitual self only motivated him further to put on an effort for the man.

He was still pissed at him, though. Therefore, heading out to buy food seemed like a perfect solution to avoid his friend and do something useful for him. God, it was such a difficult situation. How could he cope with loving the guitarist and trying his best to prove himself worthy of his love while at the same time he would greatly enjoy strangling him with his own guts?

Brian considered Roger’s sudden proposal to fulfill his request with a heavy weight on his chest. He was right to have assumed some distance would be the best way to handle the situation, as the drummer looked ready to bolt out of the door at any second. Brian had figured that he would still be angry with him for his vicious comments the night before.

However, Roger was giving him such an earnest look that Brian couldn’t help but let his heart flutter a little. He felt miserably torn between engulfing the other man into a tight hug and fleeing to the other side of the country.

“Sure. The usual is fine.” He answered shortly with a shrug and ventured back into the kitchen, hearing a few moments later the door signaling Roger’s exit.

He could do this. He could mend his heart while still being civil to his friend. He figured that it was not necessary to shut himself down entirely as he badly wanted to at first, but also he did not need to go back to his warm and indulgent self towards the drummer. He knew far too well that he spoiled him rotten, always too easily giving whatever the pouting blond boy wanted. He could afford to be a bit selfish for a while. His shattered heart deserved some peace to heal.
Back in the living room, a meaningful look was exchanged between its two occupants. John pointed a finger as a warning, Freddie huffed dramatically, and the flat was once again filled with an unfinished melody as the relatively comforting sound of Brian’s culinary miracles brought a deceiving sense of normalcy to their day.

That was pretty much how their lives carried on for a while.

They had an extremely busy time at the studio working tirelessly on their album. The quarrel between the two members of the band put aside in order to record new content. Things weren’t perfect. On the one hand, the strain in their friendship served as a fuel to motivate their hard work as Roger kept a steady tempo on his beats and Brian’s corrections on the overall result were more precise than ever. On the other hand, since their communication was reduced to a minimal that was only borderline polite, the pace of their productions was slower than usual.

Spare time was scarce and they stuck to a regular routine to get things done. The mornings were spent taking care of their chores around the flat or working in some piece of a song, followed by a quick lunch, then a strenuous afternoon in the studio and back to the flat, where the tired and sleepy band ate dinner quietly before going straight to bed. During the weekends, uncharacteristically, they decided to stay home as nobody was in a decent mood to go to a pub and the few times they did, Roger always found an excuse to stay behind. He absolutely refused to give Brian the satisfaction of being right about his behavior and quickly figured out ways of occupying himself.

He even took time to organize his closet and with little effort managed to convince John to do the same, which prompted the other two to follow the example. They also tackled the mess in the living room and the attic. John could not believe that it had taken a major fight between them to get their place finally clean. Freddie was itching to just do something and put them out of their misery, but he knew it would be better not to get himself involved. Queen couldn’t afford having another member caught in a unspar
gen war.

The taxing rhythm, however, was not agreeing very well with Roger. He was fine for the first two weeks and the beginning of the third one. Even as he gradually grew more tired with each passing day, he attributed his rising indisposition to their arduous work. However, after a whole month of exhaustingly creating, rehearsing, improving and recording songs he was about ready to give up and sleep for a solid ten days. But he pushed through his fatigue and kept giving his maximum to their band while doing everything in his power to seem more serious and mature. Brian already thought so low of him, he did not need to have incompetent added to the list.

Disregarding his emotional turmoil for a moment, he established that his body felt like utter shit as well. At first, he thought Brian’s cool indifference towards him, twisting the knife in his heart, was partly the reason for his affliction. On top of their tiring work, the man hardly spoke to him unless it was necessary.

He couldn’t figure out why Brian was so pissed at him. They surely had gone through bad fights in the past, but none reached this scale. After a feel days, Roger gave up and decided that just staying out of his way and behaving his best was the only thing he could do. It hurt him immensely to do so, for he yearned for his touch and the cuddles that were so often between them.

However, his discomfort continued to grow worse. When one more week came by, his whole body felt like a cargo ship was anchored on top of him. He had very little energy and it took him a tremendous effort to get out of bed in the morning, wanting nothing more than succumb to his weariness and just sink in between his warm blankets.

Then came the nausea. The unsettlingly feeling that he was about to throw up hit him at any random time of the day and it was pissing the hell out of him. Especially when he actually had to sneak away
to spill the contents of his stomach down the toilet.

He was a goddamn biologist and should know better than to let himself get weak enough to fall sick. He ate properly. Despite his habit of skipping breakfast and not eating much at dinner, he made sure to always get a decent portion of Brian’s homemade food for lunch, even if he avoided the vegetables. He was getting his fair share of sleep and, given their busy life at the moment and his newfound determination to prove himself, he had hardly consumed any alcohol save from the small sip of wine they had last Sunday after John deemed the attic fully clean.

He even had stopped smoking! Brian always complained about the smell and the damage he was doing to his lungs. As everything else seemed to fail to bring him to the guitarist’s good graces again, he decided to quit the stuff altogether. It wasn’t something he couldn’t live without, as he only did it to follow his drinking or as a stress relief during a particularly challenging recording session.

It made no sense for him to feel that awful when most of his organism-destructive behaviors were gone. His heartbreak also couldn’t be fully responsible for such torment. He was honestly starting to consider going to the hospital to get himself checked up. Perhaps he was going through a persistent case of moderated stomach flu or developing an ulcer. He didn’t want to seem like a whiner, though.

*If I don’t get better by the end of the weekend, I’ll go to the hospital to figure this out.*

He promised himself on an extremely taxing Thursday. What he didn’t know at the time was that he wouldn’t have to wait that long to receive some shocking news.

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**Chapter End Notes**

Alright, guys! We are getting there!! Since we already know what is buggering our poor Roger, let's take a look at the timeline so nobody is confused, because sure as hell I was!

It has been 5 weeks since he slept with Brian. This chapter finished mentioning the Thursday of week 5. Because we count pregnancy since the beginning of the menstrual cycle, the two weeks that a female needs in order to ovulate are part of the calculation. So, technically comparing, Roggie is seven weeks pregnant. Amen.

I had to do a bunch of research in order to get his progress right, but if you guys spot any mistakes, please let me know! Being good at Math is not my strongest suit. I will try my best, though, to follow his symptoms (the ones that fit in this AU) and the baby’s progress. Google probably thinks I’m pregnant by now, but it was worth it. ^^" 

Thank you all so much for reading!! Please let me know your thoughts or if you have any questions in the comments!! They really make my day!!

Lots of love!!

Xx
Chapter X

Chapter Summary

After weeks of feeling unwell, an innocent comment from a friend puts Roger in a distressed state. The strong sense of denial that engulfs him hardly helps to make him feel better, though. Luckily, he had a plan.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! We are almost there!! Only one more after this and we will reach the time of Chapter I. His crazy hormones are already affecting our poor Rog, even if he didn’t notice it as a symptom. Expect a great amount of tears from now on. He doesn’t mean to cry, he just can’t help it.

I will never tire of thanking you all for the amazing support and all the love I got from this fanfic. You guys really motivate me to continue writing every day. THANK YOU! <3

Thanks again to @marveltrwsh as well, for putting up with my drama, agreeing to beta this work and swearing colorfully at me less than a thousand times a day. You rock! <3

This chapter will have some descriptions of a near panic attack and some heavy denial.

Enjoy!!

There was a technical problem with their assigned recording booth.

Brian was in the middle of recording his piece for a particularly difficult part of the song when he saw through the glass window some smoke coming out of one of the electrical devices and his friends fretting all over it.

After a small commotion and a quick look from the maintenance guy, they all came to the conclusion that no more work could be done that Thursday. The broken machine was essential for their recording and there wasn’t a spare equipment that could be placed temporally in their booth. Since all the other rooms were already assigned to other artists, Queen had little choice but to forcedly pause their work and go home with the promise of their booth being fixed within a day or two.

Although frustrated by the annoyance of having their work stagnated for a while, deep down in his heart, Roger was secretly thankful for the break. His stomach was giving him a hard time since earlier on that day and the heavy air of the studio, thick with the smell of cigarettes, leather and dusty carpets was not helping at all with his problem.

After dropping off his friends at home, he gave a shallow excuse of needing to buy something at the supermarket and did not even bother to go up to the flat, preferring to take a short walk to the park a
few blocks away, in the hopes of the fresh air clearing his head a bit.

The place was, once again, filled with children laughing and running, some still wearing their school’s uniforms, as if their mothers decided to indulge their wishes of playing on the swings before they had to go home. The sun was comfortably warm and a light breeze shook the leaves of the trees as Roger walked by the mostly empty running path. Although pleasant, the mildly cool air proved itself to be quite unhelpful regarding his nausea.

The exhausted drummer still felt very much like he could throw up at any second. He stopped for a moment, braced his arm against the trunk of the nearer tree, and closed his eyes, trying his best to will away the uneasy sensation of his lunch trying to come back out of his throat. He had already thrown up twice that morning and he honestly did not think he could do it again.

_What the fuck is wrong with me?_

He was pretty convinced not even the worst breakup in the universe would put a person in the pathetic state he was. Brian did not want him. Fine. There was no need for his body to decide to act up like this.

Perhaps he ate something bad. No matter how fiercely Freddie claimed that blue cheese from last week was a delicacy, the thing had a nasty smell and Roger wholeheartedly wanted to send it flying out of their window. He ate the cursed thing though, after Brian gave him a disappointed look for refusing to try new things.

Whatever it was that he had ingested, his system was taking its sweet *fucking* time to get rid of it.

“Are you feeling alright, sweetheart?”

A soft sugary voice reached his ears and he opened his eyes to find a smiling familiar face giving him a concerned look.

The woman in front of him had light chocolate eyes that perfectly matched her hair and kind features. Her smile was gentle, as if she was afraid to spook him. A small girl in a yellow dress that looked like a tiny version of her was holding her right hand while her left one rested peacefully on her prominent baby bump.

He recalled seeing her before around the park and even talking with her a couple times. She was a sweet lady named Martha who loved dogs and buttery biscuits, the mother of tiny giggling Emily, the proud owner of the biggest collection of colorful dresses he had ever seen; and, apparently, the very soon to be born, baby Charles.

Only a few months had passed since the day he thanked her for the biscuit’s recipe and she told him all about the nursery her husband was preparing, her belly still barely showing. Now, she looked about to pop.

Why his brain chose to storage all of this information was a mystery to him.

He liked Martha, though. She was not like some of the other mothers from the park, who thought he was too handsome to be single and loved to meddle; or worse, like the ones who clearly still judged him for being there, despite of the fact that he was coming to this park for years to think about new song lyrics. She was a genuinely caring person who saw him awfully sad one day and offered him her famous biscuits. From that they on, they always greeted each other from across the park and chatted a handful of times.

“Roger?” She tried again. “You look like you’re going to pass out, sweetie.”
He took a deep breath and pushed himself back straight. His head felt dizzy and heavy, his stomach just would not give him a break and, honestly, all he craved for at that moment was a comfortable place to lie on.

“I’m okay.” He spoke with a small voice. “It’s good to see you, though. Is little Charles coming out anytime soon?”

Martha chuckled and started to pat her belly in lazy circles. “No, sweetie. Still one more month to go, right, Em?”

The cheerful girl nodded enthusiastically and planted a kiss on her mother’s bump.

“I’m going to be the bestest big sister!” She said with a twirl and Roger could feel his heart swelling with a warm feeling.

“The best, sweetie.” Martha corrected her with a smile and a small pinch on her cheek and the girl giggled.

“She is growing up too fast.” He commented and the woman gave him a tender look.

“She is. Are you sure you are feeling well, Roger?”

When her concerned gaze captured his eyes, he gulped and made a negative sign with his head. If she had not dropped the topic so far, it was better to let her fret over him a bit for a second, knowing she would continue worrying about him otherwise.

“I’m dead tired, actually.” He spoke with a soft whine and let his body lean against the tree again, loosely wrapping an arm around his middle, as if the action could make his stomach stop fussing.

“And I’ve been feeling nauseous for days. It never stops.”

Martha’s eyes popped ever so slightly and she considered him for a moment before shaking her head with a chuckle.

“I know what you mean. Charlie here made me become best friends with the loo for the first trimester. But it will get better.”

Roger’s brain took a few seconds to absorb what she had just said; not understanding right away what was the correlation between his mysterious illness and Martha’s morning sickness. Until it hit him and he let out a shocked gasp.

Does she think I’m…?

The look on his face must have told her something was wrong as she made quick work of telling Emily to go play in the swings for a wee minute while she talked a bit more with Mr. Taylor. Which was probably a wise decision, as he felt his throat constrict and his chest start heaving rapidly as he tried to catch his breath.

He wasn’t pregnant. He couldn’t. The idea was preposterous. He did not know what Martha had been putting in her biscuits lately, but surely it was something illegal for her to come up with an idea like that.

The biggest part of his brain, the scared one, wanted to laugh off the thought, as it was completely ridiculous. The odds of it happening were infinitesimal and there were plenty of alternatives highly more probable to explain his symptoms. However, a teensy part of him, the one that brilliantly graduated in Biology, trembled as he saw how the explanation seemed to fit.
“Roger, sweetie, breathe for me, please.”

Martha’s anxious voice pulled him out of his running thoughts and the burning feeling in his chest informed him that he was not, in fact, breathing as he was supposed to.

She ran gentle fingers through his hair as she instructed him to breathe in and out in a steady pace until she deemed him calm enough to breach the subject again.

“I did not mean to scare you, sweetheart.” She said in a guilty tone. “When you’re pregnant, babies are all you can think about. It wasn’t right of me to assume you were expecting.”

Roger looked at her and could tell she was really worried about him.

“T-That’s okay.” He managed to let out with a shaky voice.

But nothing was okay. Not the part regarding Martha, of course. He could hardly stay upset with the kind woman for a small comment for which she had already unnecessarily apologized. He was not feeling okay. Far from it, actually.

He felt desperate.

His whole body was shaking madly and he could already feel tears forming on the corner of his eyes. His brain was assessing all possibilities known by humankind that could explain the reason behind his sickness and he was becoming more and more frustrated as bloody pregnancy kept coming to the front of his mind. His stomach twisted and he could already predict he would be seeing the remains of his lunch later on that day, after all.

He could not be pregnant. He couldn’t.

Martha felt terribly for putting Roger in such a distressed state.

“I’ll tell you what, sweetie.” She started carefully in order not to worsen the situation. “Why don’t you stop by a clinic and take a blood test just to rule it out? The results come out on the same day.”

Roger took a pause from his breakdown for an instant. That did not seem like a bad idea at all. Apart from the whole humiliating process of actually going to the clinic and taking a blood test for pregnancy of all things, it sounded like a decent enough plan. That way, once he saw the negative result of the exam, he could finally come up with an explanation to why the hell his systems decided to turn against him.

He took a deep breath and once more straightened his back. He could feel himself still trembling slightly, but having a tangible course of action to exclude the ludicrous possibility of him having a baby made him feel somewhat better. Even with the threat of spilling out the contents of his sensible stomach hanging in the air, he determined he was in a decent enough state to go home.

After thanking Martha for the help and getting all the information necessary on which clinic he should go to dismiss this nonsensical concept he hugged her and waved goodbye to Emily, still blessedly distracted playing on the swings. The woman was a bit reluctant about letting him go home by himself, but he assured her it was only a couple blocks away and that seemed to pacify her a teensy bit.

…
The way to the flat turned out to be not troublesome at all compared to how he felt once he stared at the closed front door.

He was still a quivering mess and he absolutely could do without his friends wondering what the hell happened to him. He had to pull himself together or there would be questions. Frankly, he had questions himself about the whole thing, but he wasn’t anywhere close to having some answers.

From the outside, he could hear Brian practicing the song piece he was interrupted from recording earlier, with the occasional comment from their bandmates.

A baby right now would be life changing for all of them.

Roger knew in his core that his friends would welcome any baby from him with warm hearts and disputed claims of god-parenthood. Freddie would dress him up in countless outfits to accommodate his huge belly and John, bless his calm and intelligent brain, would figure out the best way to fit a newborn in their lives. Then there was Brian. His perfect, loving and caring Brian that would spoil the hell out of him, being ready to fulfill his every single whim despite of his protests of not being an invalid.

*Correction. Brian from five weeks ago would do that.*

He thought miserably. Now, Roger would be surprised if he spared a moment to merely *talk* to him.

A pang in his heart and the threat of more tears running down his face made him realize he had both his hands protectively holding his belly and he suddenly let go of it as if it had burned his fingertips.

He was being ridiculous. He was, most definitely, *not* pregnant.

At that moment, he decided that he would go to the blasted clinic first thing in the morning just so he could put the delirious episode in the past and move on. Right now, he needed to get inside of his own home instead of let himself stare at its door thinking of hypothetical babies.

He could handle it. He would get a grip of himself, dry his tears, and forget the whole thing for the night. Just a few more hours. That was all he had to last without bursting into a sobbing puddle in front of his friends.

Determined not to embarrass himself, he took a deep breath and ran a hand over his face and hair to make sure he looked presentable and marched his way inside of the flat, muttering a quick good evening to his friends and heading straight to the bathroom.

A good shower and a decent night of sleep was all he needed. Hell, he might even feel better in the morning. His nausea firmly disagreed with him about that last part, but he would do his damn best to make it through the night without giving in to his fussy stomach.

…

He didn’t make it, of course.

But he was rather proud of himself later that night for how long he had lasted. He managed to munch
on a few crackers and drank half a cup of tea before he had to run quickly to the bathroom, as if the devil was hot on his trail, to say goodbye to his dinner.

Freddie was by his side in a minute and he could feel the worried stares from his friends on the end of the hallway. He retched and coughed as his throat burned and his eyes watered from the effort. Freddie’s nimble fingers held his hair for the entire ordeal as the singer whispered kind words of concern.

Once he felt he had finished and his mess was properly flushed away, he thanked him for the help and offered the weak excuse that he had choked on the tea. He wasn’t sure if his friends bought it or not, but they didn’t bother him for further explanations and let him go to bed after he brushed his teeth.

His whole body felt heavy and his blankets were like a warm blessing around him. He must have looked like he was dying, though. It was the only reason he could think of to justify the fact of Brian, a few minutes later, coming by and placing wordlessly a glass of water for him on the nightstand before leaving the room again. The man that used to give him the whole world nowadays hardly gave him anything at all, other than what decent politeness would require.

That hurt him the most. He took for granted Brian’s kindness towards him and now he had lost most of it. The worst part was that he couldn’t figure out what he had done to the man. He wanted sex, so he gave him sex. He wanted distance, so he gave him distance. It was all too confusing.

What else does he want from me?

He tried to be good, his anger long forgotten. Sure, he was still upset with the man. However, all he wanted now was his approval. He didn’t goof around or teased him at any moment of the past few weeks. He tried to act more mature and serious, like the type of people Brian liked to date. He didn’t throw any tantrums and did not even break anything, which he was pretty sure that was his new record. However, Brian didn’t care.

Now he was not only undeserving of his love but also of his attention. How great.

He could do better, though. Tomorrow, once he had his negative result, he would figure out what has been buggering his stomach and a new strategy to win Brian’s forgiveness.

Turning to his left, Roger pulled the soft blankets tighter around him. He tossed around for a while. Haunting thoughts keeping him from getting a proper rest. Tomorrow he would get some answers. After struggling a bit against his nerves, sleep finally engulfed him.

If during the night he, unconsciously, brought his hand to safely rest on top of his belly, there was no one to witness it.

Chapter End Notes

So, I’m not entirely sure about how people did it back in the 70’ to check if they were pregnant. The first home kit to detect it was still relatively new and I’m pretty sure Roger wants to rule out the possibility with the biggest accuracy possible.

Here in my country, you just have to go to the clinic and request a blood test to check for pregnancy. I don’t know if that’s how it works in other places too. Let me know if it
is different, because now I’m curious! But, anyway, let’s assume this is how it works for this AU too. ^^’

Also, I would like to let you guys know that my work starts again tomorrow and it will take a huge portion of my time. However, I’ll do my best to keep writing a chapter a day. Currently, I’m working on Chapter 20 and I will continue to update this daily. I think it should be fine. If anything changes, though, I’ll let you know!

Next chapter, we will follow Roger as he goes through the fantastic experience of taking a pregnancy blood test and waiting for its result.

Thank you all so much for reading!! And a massive thank you for all the kudos, comments and bookmarks! You guys are amazing!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XI

Chapter Summary

As Brian reflects about the last five weeks, Roger has to deal with his denial and anxiety when he receives some life-changing news.

Chapter Notes

That’s it, guys!! The last chapter before we reach the normal timeline! Chapter I can be read as if it just happened at the end of this chapter. Let me know if I managed to connect the edges decently. ^^'

Once again, a major thank you for all my beautiful readers. You guys amaze me everyday with your support and your kind words. Thank you sooooooo much!! <3

@marveltrwsh, you already know I probably owe you an organ or two for all of your goodwill, hard work and especially your indulgence towards me. Love you. <3

THERE ARE WARNINGS FOR THIS CHAPTER.
You can expect a couple of meltdowns here. But mostly, I’d like to warn you about the brief mention of a miscarriage. IT IS NOT ROGER’S. It is just medical talk, but our drummer starts to overthink it. So, you might want to skip his blood drawing part if that could be unsettling for you. Read safely! Also, I’d like to reinforce that the baby is perfectly fine. Don’t worry!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Watching Roger feeling sick almost made Brian forget they weren’t really talking.

The drummer also did not seem ready for things to go back to normal either, if the last weeks were to be taken in consideration. He had been distant and closed off, hardly making any jokes or teasing his friends for fun as it was so typical of him. Brian couldn’t even remember when was the last time Roger threw a tantrum for something simple just for the pleasure of watching him give in.

So, he took the hint and kept himself away. He talked to him only when it was necessary and tried to stay out of his way. Also, he was still getting a handle around his feelings, building brick by brick a wall surrounding his heart. In spite of being conscious that he would never stop loving the bright man, he figured their lives would be better once he accepted they would only be friends. His brain thought it was a solid plan. The trouble was convincing his heart to go with it.

With each passing day, he ached to hold him and tell him how sorry he was for overthinking what could have been a simple situation. He longed to have Roger’s hands playing with his hair and to be on the receiving end of one of his brightest smiles. All Brian wanted was to go back to how things were. He caught himself all the time thinking about the small things he would be normally doing for
Roger and that now he was too afraid to try and have the man reject him once more.

Like two weeks ago, when, during a particularly cold night, he intentionally left outside his warmest blanket sitting on his bed, in the hopes that Roger would snatch it as he always did. It was something so silly, but he always loved stealing that specific item from him. At first Brian would get mad, but the sheer look of joy on Roger’s face was enough to make him melt and want to buy him all the blankets in the world.

When morning came and he found the said blanket, lying untouched on the same spot he left it, his heart clenched and he could swear he actually felt it deflating with the clear sign that Roger did not want anything from him. After that, he tried his best to refrain his urges to spoil him and decided to continue giving him some space.

For that reason, watching his best friend throwing up like that and not being allowed to do something about it was a bit of a struggle for him. He limited himself to offer him only a glass of water and made sure to leave quickly in order to avoid disturbing his rest. He even let himself fall asleep on the sofa, just so Roger wouldn’t have to deal with him for the night.

Freddie told him he was being ridiculous and John opted for saying nothing, giving him a crestfallen look and a sigh, instead.

They both had tried to talk to him about the unspoken tension between him and Roger, but he politely turned them down. It was not fair of him to drag them to this mess and he reckoned that Roger wouldn’t appreciate having the choices regarding his sex life being scrutinized by his friends. Thus, he kindly shut down all the attempts of further probing around the subject.

The next morning came with gloomy clouds promising a lot of rain and the loud ring of the phone bringing the news that their booth should be available only next week as the equipment had to be fully replaced and it would only be delivered later that afternoon. Since the room was assigned to Queen just for weekdays, they only would have access to it on Monday.

Brian wasn’t too happy with that. Since he slept practically next to the blasted phone, he was the one who picked it up to receive the troublesome news. As the man spoke, he could already picture Freddie throwing a fit about the absurd of the whole thing and how dared decrepit technology stay on the way of music and art and the absolute brilliancy of his work.

He was still planning on how he would break the news to the boys when he heard a violent pang coming from the bathroom and the loud sound of something being angrily flushed. He frowned and got up from the sofa, tiptoeing his way to the hallway and taking a peek to see which one of his friends felt the need to pick up a fight with the toilet.

From his spot, it was possible to see through the door left slightly ajar Roger harshly brushing his teeth as if the toothbrush had personally offended his mother. He felt his frown deepening and he wondered if the drummer was feeling sick again. Perhaps it was something he ate. Secretly, Brian prayed it wasn’t. The last thing he needed on top of it all was for the man to accuse him of attempted poisoning.

He returned to the sofa with the melancholic feeling of impotence, for not being in the right position to help his friend, as he so badly wanted to, washing over him and he had to grab a throw pillow to make his fingers stop itching with his need to just go and see if he could be of assistance.

He was, partially, put out of his misery when a flash of blonde hair crossed the room and hastily started to put on his shoes. He looked terrible. Technically, he looked gorgeous as always to Brian’s eyes, but practically speaking, Roger looked like he had seen a ghost. A very disgusting one, while
we are at that, if the queasy look on his face was anything to go by. The guitarist almost felt tempted to offer him a hand to deal with whatever was bugging him. However, something stopped him.

When blue eyes found his, from across the living room, the utter strength and determination he saw there made his feet stay glued to the floor and he caught himself unable to move.

Roger got up slowly and averted his gaze, moving swiftly to the coat hack, as he wasted no time to put on his coat and pick up his car keys before exiting the flat without even bothering to look back.

If he had, he would have seen a sad guitarist flinch as the front door slammed closed and embrace the throw pillow tighter, wishing desperately to be holding the blonde man instead.

However, Roger had other pressing matters to take care of during that grey morning.

He had woken up with the sound of the phone ringing and abruptly pulling him away from his dreams. Usually, he would just turn to the other side of the bed and go back to sleep as if he had not been disturbed at all. That was not the case for today.

Barely had he opened his eyes and his wishful hopes of feeling better were shattered in a heartbeat. His stomach ached and he felt like he hardly slept at all with how much tired his whole body seemed to be. Also, he desperately had to pee.

Begging to any god listening for that last one to be his only use of the toilet for the moment, he went to the bathroom and came back feeling somewhat hopeful as he started to put on clothes decent enough to go to the bloody clinic. As if less tight jeans and a simple white shirt were going to be enough to stop people from judging him.

He knew he was only deluding himself when the urge to spill the contents of his stomach hit him with full force. What the organ was trying to expel was a complete mystery to him, as he had not eaten a bloody thing exactly with the intent of avoiding this freak show from happening again.

He was angry and tired. Deep down he knew that not a single object of that bathroom was to be blamed for his discomfort, but that didn’t stop him from treating them as if each one was responsible for his condition.

Then, when he thought he could finally leave the flat without any further problems, he spotted Brian staring intently at him as he laced his shoes. Because, of course, having the father of his imaginary baby, probably still pissed at him for unknown reasons, looking at him as if he had spurted a second head was everything he needed to complete the morning. That day, he got himself out of the door and inside of the car faster than any other time in history.

Honestly, he wanted to run to Brian’s arms. He was dying to tell him how scared sh!tless he was. He needed the reassuring words of his sensible friend telling him he was delirious for thinking he was pregnant. God, all he wanted was to lean his head on Brian’s solid chest and cry his heart out.

He had to fix things. And he would. However, firstly he needed to disprove this ridiculous notion that there was a new person growing inside of him. Don’t get him wrong. He would love to have Brian’s baby. God, could he even imagine that? A perfect little girl with lovely brown curls or a strong tiny boy with his shinny hazel eyes?

He could. His heart nearly jumped out of his chest and he was quick to push the thought away. He was not pregnant and he refused to dream about something that could never happen.

Also, you’re probably the last person Brian would want to have a baby with.
His brain offered mercilessly as he parked the car once he reached his destination. He checked one more time the address Martha had given him to be sure it was the right place and walked to the front door.

The clinic was a two-store building, painted in a light brown color that complimented very well the narrow white windows, with small black letters forming its name right above the door. It looked discreet and clean. However, that wasn’t enough to calm Roger’s nerves.

He was positively shaking as he walked to the counter where a friendly looking woman was writing down on a thick folder. She had dark hair pulled up neatly in a bun and the softest looking sweater on. The sign behind her listed the services the clinic provided and he felt a knot forming in his stomach as he read them.

The lady looked up from her papers and offered him a polite smile.

“Hello, there. I’m Ms. Paulson.” She spoke softly. “How may I help you?”

Roger stared at her and gulped. The last place he imagined to be on Earth was this blasted clinic and he was having a hard time trying to formulate his next sentence. He knew he would be judged. How could he not? He was sure as hell it wasn’t every day that a bloke showed up and requested for a pregnancy blood test.

He quickly looked around the blessedly nearly empty reception room. There were only two other women waiting for their turn, both reading magazines and paying him no attention at all.

Ms. Paulson cleaned her throat to draw his attention and he realized that a few minutes had passed since she asked him a question.

“H-Hi.” He managed say and mentally cursed his voice for sounding so shaky. “I need a test.”

She patiently continued looking at him. Of course, he needed a test. Other than some services, which he very much did not want to think about, tests were the purpose of this establishment.

*Just get over with it.*

“Right.” He continued with a firmer voice. “I’d like to take a pregnancy test, please.”

The woman merely blinked twice instead of the fully shocked face he was expecting to receive. That did not help much, but at least it didn’t make him run out of the place like his heart was telling him to do since he stepped foot in the reception.

She promptly handed him a clipboard with a light blue paper so he could fill in his personal information and he took it with trembling fingers, writing down as fast as he could and paying the fee once he was done.

Ms. Paulson, then, asked him to wait a few minutes and soon someone would come for him.

It was a short wait, but for Roger it felt like *forever*. His stomach was still upset and if he had not been so nervous, he might have napped on the spot. If this is what growing a baby felt like, he really should send his mum a fruit basket or something. And to think she had done it twice! He suppressed a shiver at it.

The nurse who called him was a short man, dressed all in white, with a kind smile and big green eyes hidden behind flimsy looking glasses who introduced himself as Tom and explained each step of the procedure before asking him. “Do you know how far along you could be, sir? If it’s too soon, the
test might not be conclusive.”

Roger counted back to the night he had slept with Brian. It wasn’t hard since it had been almost the end of the month and they were only a week into a new one. When he muttered with a blush that it had been around five weeks since possible conception, the nurse wrote down the information on a small file and patiently waited for Roger to roll up his sleeve.

“I’m not insane, right?” The drummer asked with a small voice. Part of him wishing the man would say yes.

“No, you are not. Don’t worry.” He tried to assure him. Roger disbelieved look prompting him to continue. “Most women come after three weeks. It is very unusual for us to receive a male carrier earlier on the gestation, though. Normally they find out later on when they start showing other signs.”

Roger tried to absorb the information. There were more people going through his predicament. No. Not his, because he was damn sure not pregnant. But the point remained. Some distant part of his brain tried to remember what he knew about the subject, but the sharp pain of the needle piercing his skin distracted him for a moment.

“What happens to them?” He caught himself asking. “The blokes who come later?”

A sad shadow casted itself on Tom’s face and Roger instinctively held his breath. Whatever it was, it couldn’t possibly be good. The man finished drawing his blood and pressed a fluffy cotton ball on the tiny wound, giving him instructions to hold it there for a bit. He must have looked terrified, though, because Tom gently squeezed his shoulder and gave him a soft look.

“Male pregnancies are difficult, Mr. Taylor.” He started, his voice kind but firm. “It is an extremely rare occurrence and most lads don’t even consider the possibility. Because of that, it is not unusual for them to have miscarriages.”

Roger’s heart jumped at that. The room seemed to enclosure around him and before he knew, he had an arm firmly circling his middle, tears forming in his eyes and a strong feeling he could not find a name for making his whole body shake.

Get a grip, Taylor! For fuck’s sake, you’re not pregnant.

He thought angrily. He felt incredibly stupid for feeling that way about his imaginary baby. However, he couldn’t help himself. The mere thought of losing his baby, Brian’s baby, turned him into a quivering mess.

Tom kneeled in front of him with slow movements, as if he was afraid of scaring him further.

“Honey, let me finish. Please, calm down.” He said with his eyes filled with kindness.

Roger swallowed around the lump in his throat and sniffed, arm still protectively on top of his belly. Even if he thought the baby was not real, he had no energy at that moment to fight against his stubborn reflexes.

“As I said, they don’t consider pregnancy as a possibility until much later. But you did, honey. You did the right thing and came here still fairly early.”

Tom’s words started to make sense in his brain and he could feel himself calming down a bit. He did the right thing. He swallowed his pride and came here to discard the possibility.
Because if he was pregnant, part of his brain knew his lifestyle wasn’t anywhere near to the one required to have a baby. It was sheer luck that he had barely drank or smoked at all for the past weeks and he even felt thankful for a moment for the fact that Brian was giving him the cold shoulder and it made him try to impress the guitarist.

“You are going to be fine.” Tom’s voice pulled him out of his thoughts. “You came early enough to find out. If you are pregnant, though, I recommend going to a doctor as soon as possible to make sure everything is okay with your little one.”

Roger nodded at him and dried his tears. Good Lord, he was making such a fuss!

“Thank you so much.” He muttered, still not trusting his voice. “And sorry for the breakdown. I’m not like this.”

“That’s okay, Mr. Taylor. If the results are positive, your body should be going through a considerable change, especially due to your gender. It is normal to feel emotional because of the hormones in your system.”

Tom explained and proceeded to inform him that the results should be ready later, on the afternoon, and he even wrote down a few names of good doctors who also worked with male carriers for him to look into later if he needed.

The stubborn part of his brain was damn sure he would not need it, that the whole thing was nothing but a laughable mistake and after confirming it, he would go to a proper hospital if he still did not feel better. A little voice inside of his head, though, the one that made his heart flutter at the thought of a tiny baby with Brian’s smile and that had him so fiercely protective a few moments ago, put the paper carefully in his pocket and thanked profusely the man for his patience and kind explanations.

As he left the clinic, Roger felt half tempted to come back and sit down to wait for the result. However, his growling stomach made him forget the thought and instead he drove to a small coffee shop he remembered to be close enough to the clinic that he wouldn’t have to drive all the way back later. Because sure as hell he wouldn’t go home like this.

Anxiety made his whole body tremble and he could hardly concentrate in anything at all. It took a great amount of his energy to just sit down and order a cup of tea and a bagel instead of pacing around the shop, as he wanted to. Every second seemed to last for an eternity and he would check the big clock on the wall behind the counter with each passing minute. After a couple of hours, the barista seemed to notice his odd behavior and even asked him if he had been stood up on a date. The question made him remember that, technically, that afternoon he was supposed to be on the studio and with a forced smile he asked if he could use the phone for a moment.

The guy seemed to have no problem with it and let the drummer use it for a minute. He quickly called home and prayed with all his heart for anyone but Brian to pick up the phone. Miraculously, as lately none of his prayers seemed to be answered, John was the one on the other end of the line. He was filled with relief as the bassist told him about the delay until Monday and then with dread when he asked where the hell he was. Roger lied through his teeth and said he was taking care of some business with a friend and that he would be home later, quickly finishing the call before his flat mate could come up with more questions.

Deciding to take advantage of his somewhat appeased stomach, he got himself another bagel and genuinely thanked God when he didn’t feel like throwing up after it. Then he waited for time to pass torturously slowly once more, his mind too restless to come up with any new lyrics as he normally would in waiting situations like this. The stress of it was so much he even had to go pee twice.
When the clock marked three o’clock, he deemed it should be long enough for the bloody thing to be ready and he could not hold himself any longer. He bolted from the shop and made his way to the clinic, forcing himself to drive slowly, because if he was pregnant (which his was not) the last thing he wanted was a car accident.

He once more parked the car nearly in front of the building and walked with shaky legs towards the narrow white door. Ms. Paulson smiled politely at him as he wearily approached her. She had a neat line of brown envelopes on her desk and a list with patient names waiting for his signature. After making sure everything was in order, she handed him his result and he took it with trembling fingers.

Then he stared at it. His heart surely felt like it was beating faster than a hummingbird’s and the air suddenly felt too heavy to make its way inside of his lungs as it was supposed to. That was it. He held the paper that could possibly change his entire life and he was terrified.

Praise the Lord for experienced professionals, though, for Ms. Paulson, sensing him was about to have a nervous collapse in front of her, ushered him to a small room right next to her counter and made him sit down.

“Mr. Taylor, I need you to take a deep breath, please.” She said and somehow her words made sense as Roger sharply gulped in some air. “Good. Slowly now.”

He did as she instructed and gradually he felt his breathing regulate to an acceptable pace. His heart also desisted from its attempt to abandon his chest, although it still beat too fast for his liking.

“Sorry.” He said with a barely audible voice.

It was the second time that day he was making a scene on the place and that was so atypical of him that it scared him a little. Not the part of making a scene, for he was famous for his tantrums and once even tossed a chair out of window just to prove his point. However, the vulnerability of the whole situation had him taken aback for a minute. It did not seem of him to be cautious. In Freddie’s wise words, he was a reckless shithead.

“No problem, sir. Would you like to view your result now?” Ms. Paulson, bless her for her calm, hesitantly asked him.

He looked down at his lap where his fingers securely held the envelope with his name and stared at it. Out of the blue, he started to wish he wasn’t alone. No offense to Ms. Paulson. He longed to have his friends by his side. If he closed his eyes, he could picture John stiff as board next to him while Brian held his hand with a death grip and Freddie telling him to grow a pair and open the damn thing.

Taking a deep breath, he ripped the seal and pulled out the paper, letting his eyes scan the page one time, twice, thrice, again and once more just to be sure. He blinked several times as he stared at the letters and felt his cheeks getting wet alarmingly fast. His breathing, thankfully, remained in a steady pace and his heart filled with dread and fear.

Deep down, he already knew what the exam would say. At first, he was incredulous of the whole thing, he even cursed Martha silently at some point for putting such a ludicrous idea in his mind. However, he was an intelligent man and a biologist on top of it. The crippling angst that had been eating him from the inside out was because he knew. Even if it went against the odds, even with the thick layer of denial he had chosen to hold on for the entire time, he had an intense feeling deeply ingrained in his very bones that he was pregnant.

He desperately needed that paper to tell him he was insane and put him out of his misery. Instead, it
only confirmed what his body was trying to tell him for a while now.

He was carrying Brian’s baby. Jesus fuck.

A glass was pushed onto his hand and Roger was so distracted he had already started drinking the water when he noticed it. Ms. Paulson was waiting nearby the door and the nurse from earlier, Tom, was standing serenely behind her.

“Are you going to be alright, honey?” The man asked him and Roger weakly nodded.

He would be fine. He had to. Now he had one tiny person to worry about as well. He would make damn sure they both were alright. At that moment, though, all he wanted was to go home. He would figure out a way of dodging his friends to go hide in the bathroom if he had to.

Roger thanked them both for the support and apologized once more for his behavior, promising a worried Tom that he would go to one of the doctors he had suggested as soon as possible.

With still trembling legs and a heavy feeling settling in his chest, he wiped away his tears and started to make his way home. He had a lot to think about and the clinic was not the right place to do it. The oddest part was fighting down his urge to let his hand rest on his belly every time he stopped at a red light for he knew he was being utterly ridiculous.

But who could blame him? Although the largest portion of him was tremendously terrified and still fighting against his unshed tears, which he swore to himself he would not spill until he was safely at home, in the middle of it all, there was a warm feeling in his heart that he could feel growing with each passing second.

He spent the whole way home trying to put a name to it. Until it clicked. That little light getting brighter and brighter every time he thought of their baby was called love.

Chapter End Notes

That ending was so cheesy! But my hand slipped and I couldn’t help myself. ^^^

Once more, I’d like to remember everybody that the baby is absolutely perfect and there’s nothing to be worried about.

We did it, guys! We are officially back to the normal timeline. Yey!!!

Next chapter will be on the short side, since this one was a bit longer than usual. Roger will have trouble sleeping and poor Brian will be very lost about what he should do.

Thank you all so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos bring immense joy to my day. You guys are the best!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XII

Chapter Summary

A frightening dream comes to Roger in the middle of the night, leaving both him and Brian unsure of what to do.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here we are!! This chapter happens right after the end of Chapter I. From now on, we move only forward!

Many, many thanks to all of you amazing readers. You give me inspiration and courage to continue writing every day. You have my deepest appreciation. Thank you. <3

This chapter had @marveltrwsh in an emotional rollercoaster. Your reactions and guidance are absolutely precious, sis. Love you. <3

!!!!!!!!!!WARNINGS!!!!!!
The nurse’s comment really impressed Roger and he had a terrible nightmare about losing the baby. Paragraphs 4 and 5 describe the dream, but the possibly triggering part is in the fifth one. The description is very symbolic and dreamlike. I didn’t want to spend much time on it. Please let me remind you that the baby is totally fine. It was just a dream.
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Roger fell asleep faster than what he had expected. The strain from the past couple of days finally catching up to him.

Having said that, he wished that the rest of his night had been a peaceful one. He never dwelled too much on his dreams in the past. At that point, he was used to dream about Brian or a particularly challenging song he was working on. Nightmares were few and far in between, which usually allowed him to sleep like the dead, loud noises and commotions rarely bothering him and whoever attempted to wake him up had to put on a little extra effort to the task.

That night, however, he experienced a nightmare like nothing he had seen before. It was not the typical showing up naked at school or having his teeth falling off. He wished it were one of those. He would, in fact, gladly spit out every single one of his teeth just to have the images erased from his head for good.

He knew from the start he was dreaming because he was huge and not once before in his life he had pictured himself looking that big. Martha’s ready to pop belly instantly came to the front of his memory. That was the only good part of the dream. Seeing himself full with his child was a bit
frightening, but nothing he couldn’t handle. What came next, though, would surely haunt him for many months to come.

Excruciating pain made his dream-self bend nearly in half, his buckling knees smacking against the floor with a thump as a torturous lament came out of his throat. When he looked down, there was blood everywhere. Literally. His clothes were stained and his fingers where dripping with it. Circling him, the floor was a red ocean where countless empty liquor bottles and cigarettes’ butts floated around. Then it completely changed. He suddenly found himself in a poorly lit room; his middle was back to its normal size. Brian was there, sobbing miserably and cradling with utmost care the tiniest unmoving form completely wrapped in a blanket. Slowly, the guitarist raised his head to face him, accusation burning in his eyes.

The unbearable agony he felt at the sight was enough to shoot him straight awake, chest heaving rapidly as he struggled to breathe and keep his throbbing heart from bursting out of his ribcage. Despair sat heavily in his chest as flashes from his nightmare crossed his mind. Within a blink of the eye, he had both arms firmly wrapped around his middle, barely sparing a thought at how often he had done that small action on the past few days.

While Roger was a heavy sleeper, not much was necessary to wake up Brian. Therefore, it did not surprise the guitarist when a small noise pulled him awake in the wee hours of the morning. He was so tired that he nearly paid no attention to it at all. He had slept poorly the other night and his day was spent carefully analyzing a fascinating new study related to his favorite physics subject to the point his brain started to throb painfully with the effort. However, a teeny whimper forced his eyes open again and he sat up to investigate its source.

He had to look no further than the bed opposite to his to find it. After a moment, his eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room and he could better assimilate what was happening. Sitting with his back against the headboard, forehead pressed against bended knees and looking lost amidst his blankets, Roger let out another muffled sob as his whole body shook like a leaf.

Brian already had a foot touching the floor when he remembered that he was probably the last person in the universe Roger wanted comforting him. That awareness brought a pang to his heart. He could feel his fingertips itching with his need to go there and just do something. He could be feeling sick again. He could be in pain.

Screw it.

He thought at the logical side of his brain as he walked with cautious steps towards his distressed friend. He slowly approached the bed, but did not dare to touch it, as he feared it would spook him. However, he must have made some sort of noise, for, after a moment, panicked eyes shining with tears were gaping at him.

“S-Sorry.” Came the broken whisper. “Go back to sleep.”

The dismissal stung a bit. But he was prepared for that. Since he abruptly decided he would offer his help, he knew he would find resistance. What he did not see coming, though, was the small but perceptible flinch Roger had as a reaction to him warily bringing a hand to his knee. Upon seeing the drummer’s response, he swiftly withdrew his fingers and took a step back for good measure.

He hid his face between his legs once more and Brian felt his heart sinking both at the sight of his friend’s evident suffering and his own sentiment of incapacity. Doing his best to avoid alarming movements, he treaded back to his own bed and sat down on the edge of the mattress, unsure of what to do next.
Roger felt awful. He wished desperately to forget his cursed nightmare and just go back to sleep. To make matters worse, his pathetic crying even managed to wake up Brian, which was the last thing he needed on top of everything else. Actually, it was a close tie, for his stupid bladder was bugging him for some relief.

*Get a grip, Taylor. It was only a bad dream.*

He ran a hand over both his cheeks and gripped his thighs, willing his body to hold still for a moment. Watching were he stepped in the dark bedroom, he ignored Brian’s inquiring gaze as he faltered his way to the bathroom and prayed the man wouldn’t follow him.

“What are you going to make me want to pee every ten seconds?” He muttered under his breath, too distracted to realize it was the first time he talked to the baby.

Between the nausea and his increasingly need to use the loo every other hour, he would not be surprised if he had to include the toilet in his next Christmas’ cards as he seemed to have developed a close relationship with the damn thing.

Taking advantage of the fact that he was already there, once he finished, he decided to splash some cold tap water on his face in the hopes of clearing his mind from the visions he wholeheartedly wanted to forget. He cussed himself for being so damn impressionable by Tom’s comments. His baby was *fine* and he would soon get a doctor to confirm it.

Then, there was Brian. He was panicking so much a few minutes ago that he barely offered any explanation to his roommate. But what could he have said? He was scared shitless and having the man standing by the side of his bed only served to vividly remind him of his terrible nightmare. Somehow, he did not see that conversation going well.

What he truly wanted, though, was to have some sort of reassurance. He could just about kill to have Brian safely holding him and telling him they all would be okay. He had serious doubts that he would be a good parent, but a passionate feeling that Brian would be *amazing* at it.

*Looks like you’re stuck with the bad dad for a while, kiddo.*

He thought with a mix between a chuckle and a grimace as he went back to his bed, stopping apprehensively on the threshold once he realized Brian had not moved a muscle, and was intently looking at him. It took all of his willpower not to jump on his arms seeking for solace. Instead, he lowered his head and silently crossed the room.

A thought hit him as he passed in front of the closet and he stopped a few footsteps away from Brian. If he couldn’t have the real thing, perhaps a shallow replacement would be enough to soothe his worries just so he could make it through the night. Surely his friend would not deny him something so small, no matter how distant he had been towards him before.

Gathering his courage, he turned around and tried for a nonchalant tone, as if his chance of actually getting some decent sleep didn’t depend on the answer, as he asked. “May I borrow your green blanket? I’m really cold.”

He waited with trepidation as the seconds passed, too afraid to breathe and ruin everything.

He absolutely loved that green ocean of fluff and he had one of the hardest times of his life two weeks ago when he had to resist the urge to steal it for the night as Brian forgot to put it away. He did not have the courage to lay a single finger on it, though. He figured that teasing the guitarist was most definitely the wrong way to get things back to normal.
However, tonight was different. This time, he needed something to hold on to, not trusting himself to sleep alone and finding no other way to solve his predicament.

With an unreadable look, Brian got up wordlessly, fetched the object he requested and offered it to him. Roger muttered his thanks and, wasting no time, wrapped the blanket around himself before his friend could change his mind. The effect was immediate, as his favorite smell surrounded him and the familiarity of the cotton against his figure made him feel instantaneously safer.

He quickly tucked himself back into his bed before Brian could see the sheer look of contentment on his face and buried himself even deeper on the soft material. It was not even near as perfect as having the guitarist close to him, but it would have to do. Closing his eyes, Roger pulled the blanket tighter around his body and let sleep engulf him once more, imagining with all his strength that the man he loved was holding him instead.

Chapter End Notes

These two are unbelievable. But things will get better, fear not. Once more, the baby is perfectly fine. No worries.

Next chapter we will have more Deacury!! Also, Roger will have an interesting experience with breakfast.

Sorry about the length of this one! Its main purpose was to continue the story from where it started all the way back to Chapter I.

Thank you all so much for reading and for all the comments, kudos and bookmarks!! You guys are amazing!!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XIII

Chapter Summary

What started as a peaceful morning suddenly becomes the beginning of a tense day after a startling realization puts one of the boys in a terrible mood.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!

First, please let me thank you all for your extremely kind words, support, kudos and motivation. I, honestly, didn’t think this work would receive all of this attention and every day you prove me wrong. Thank you all so, so much! <3

In this chapter, we will see the boys’ reactions to Roger’s sudden interest for breakfast. Also, some news come to light and the repercussions are not pretty.

I’d like to thank @marveltrwsh for sparing all of my limbs after she read this one. She is, currently, not very happy with my last cliffhanger and my death could be imminent. Still love you, sis. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Freddie was having a wonderful morning. He had made considerable progress on the song he was currently working on and the results were quite satisfactory. The load of laundry that had him terribly uncertain if he had added detergent or not to it, and that he would swear until his dying day he had if Brian started asking questions, turned out just fine and blessedly good smelling, thank you very much. He was feeling rather pleased for the deal he scored last afternoon and on top of it all, his hair looked great.

Thinking of it, all those small things seemed very shallow. But he found that taking his time to appreciate them helped him immensely on the fight against the daily urge he felt of knocking some sense into his stubborn thick-headed flat mates. The whole thing had escalated to a ridiculous point. Brian mopped around acting as if Roger had stolen his favorite teddy bear, and was nowhere close to growing a pair and asking for the damn thing back. Roger, bless his heart, tiptoed around eggshells and behaved like a pale ghost of his normal self.

At least they did not let their efforts related to Queen falter for a single day. Good thing they managed to keep it together, though. Otherwise, Freddie was sure he would flip with those two idiots. Not matter how big was their fight, how preposterous was their drama or how terrible their fucking turned out to be, he would be damned if he’d let his daft friends mess up with their band. There were limits, after all.
He was just finishing his last alterations to the lyrics when he caught John stirring awake with the corner of his eye. The bassist was another one who was getting fed up with their flat mates childish behavior. Freddie was starting to become genuinely concerned with the amount of times John rolled his eyes in the past weeks. He was afraid that the next time he did it, they would refuse to come back to continue witnessing the pitiful melodrama.

Queen could not survive without their secret weapon behind the bass and Freddie did not believe he could remain a detached third party without the sensible man keeping him from meddling.

“Morning.” Said John as he got out of bed.

“Good morning, dear.” He answered, putting his notebook neatly aside. “Any good dreams?”

John shrugged unenthusiastically and stretched his body languidly and the sight reminded him of a cat. The boy looked adorable in his loose pants and the blue shirt he was pretty sure belonged to his own closet.

“Pancakes?” Said John with an amused voice and he realized that he was staring.

Freddie averted his eyes and leaped out of bed, agreeing quickly with the suggestion and announcing his intent to get a head start on the batter when he was already halfway out of their shared bedroom.

John shook his head and decided that following closely the singer was his best course of action. While roasts were his specialty, baking or anything involving flour never had the cleanest outcome for the kitchen when he was involved. He absolutely refused to be on the end of Brian’s rant for the eventful mess in his domain. For such a serene fella, Brian Harold May could become astoundingly scary when someone messed with his stuff. The exception to this rule being Roger, tiny animals with cute eyes and golden retrievers. When he stopped to think of it, all three were quite similar.

As he got there, Brian, however, was already sipping on a teacup and observing with a suspicious and watchful glare their lead singer gathering ingredients. Fearing for the structural integrity of both his strained nerves and the poor kitchen, John took over the preparation process and instructed Freddie to cut some fruit to go with it once the pancakes were ready.

When Roger joined them a few minutes later muttering his sleepy greetings and slumped himself in an unoccupied chair, all of his friends wished him a good morning with different degrees of enthusiasm. Freddie was cutting bananas in small circles with surgical precision while John effortlessly flipped a pancake that would soon join the growing pile next to him and Brian tapped his fingers against the wooden tabletop.

Everything seemed like a normal morning in their household. However, if anyone bothered to take a closer look, it would be immediately perceptible some new additions to their, otherwise, typical demeanor.

Brian’s shoulders were tense with apprehension, as he pretended not to watch Roger with side looks. The drummer’s request from earlier that morning left him curious and a bit hopeful. Did that mean Roger was opening up to him again? Perhaps, he was reading too much into a simple action. After all, it wasn’t unusual for the man to feel cold and he loved the blasted blanket. Therefore, he decided to wait and observe for a while.

John thumped his right foot against the floor to his own beat, but there was a nervous quality to it. It were mornings like these, when everything looked normal on the surface, that made him agitated the most. He would rather be in the middle of chaos than go through this unsettling wait. He knew that Freddie felt the same way as he did, if the cautious look in his eyes were any indication.
As for Roger, he looked like he could go back straight to bed and sleep for a thousand years more. He was damn tired and getting frustrated by the minute with how often he had to pee. The drummer had heard before that his ever so present nausea was a pregnancy factor. He was even getting used to the fucking crying. But no one ever mentioned that his bladder would start a revolution every other hour. To complete his misery, he also knew that he would have to force himself to eat something. Skipping meals was no longer an option if he wanted to ensure his baby was growing healthy.

He eyed warily the plate with a huge pile of pancakes that John placed on the middle of the table and bit his lower lip. The thing did not look half-bad. In fact, they appeared to be quite delicious, especially with the fruits around them.

As Freddie started to pick up the plates from the cupboard, Roger decided he should get on with it already. There was no escaping, no matter how much he hated to eat that time of the day.

“May I have one too?” He asked his friend and almost flinched at the look he received.

Freddie was rendered speechless.

During all their long years of friendship, he had never been able to convince Roger to eat in the morning. To have him voluntarily asking for a plate was, literally, jaw dropping. He looked around the kitchen and found the same shocked expression on his friends’ faces. Poor John seemed one loud noise away from dropping the syrup bottle in his hand while Brian held the forks as if he had forgotten their purpose at all.

Thanking whichever force of the universe that resolved to grant his lifetime wish of properly feeding his flat mate, and yet keeping a skeptical stance, he passed Roger a plate and watched with full disbelief as he took a small but very real portion of food and started eating it. No fuss, no prank, no secret devious master plan up his sleeve. He was, honest to God, only quietly chewing tiny bites at time.

They all started to eat as well while throwing incredulous glances in Roger’s direction. Brian’s eyebrows nearly getting tangled in his hair when the blonde man absently popped a strawberry in his mouth and quickly followed it by another one.

Roger knew they were all looking at him as if he had spurted tentacles from his butt. He was aware, though, that they did not mean to make him feel as uncomfortable as he was under their dumbfounded gaze. His behavior was extremely odd and he did not blame them a single bit. He wanted to deck them, however, for their inability to better conceal their surprise.

In spite of that, what truly disconcerted him in the end was the taste of strawberries. He had, obviously, eaten the thing before. But it felt different. It tasted better. It tasted like freedom. He honestly could start writing songs about it at any minute. As he happily chewed on the fruit, the sense of relief filled him with joy for he was certain that he would be able to keep his breakfast down.

I’ll give you strawberries everyday if it makes you happy, little one.

He thought as the discovery brought a warm feeling to his heart. He knew it was silly because it was too soon, but he couldn’t help but smile to himself with the notion that his baby liked when he ate fruit. Of course, it had to be Brian’s kid to make him emotional about healthy food.

Noticing his bandmates were giving him the oddest looks, he cleared he throat and tried to change the focus to something other than him.
“So, do we have anything to do today?”

Brian blinked a couple times and John shook his head, letting Freddie to be the one to answer him.

“We do, dear. As a matter of fact, we have a gig tonight.” He said cheerfully; the prospect of performing pulling him from his momentarily shock. “Steven begged us to play at his pub tonight. The other band canceled and he will pay us handsomely for the short notice.”

Roger took a minute to consider the news. Steven’s pub was a relatively large place with a nice crowd. Queen had played there before and the man seemed to like them well enough. Also, they could do with a little extra money. He knew the EMI wouldn’t mind if they only performed songs from the first album as they had done it in the past. He did not like the prospect of going to a pub, though, as he would have to figure out how to get away with not drinking alcohol without raising suspicions.

“Alright, then. Are we practicing today?” He asked with a frown. They were amazing, but they had to at least figure out a set list.

Freddie narrowed his eyes as he remembered that he was slightly pissed at the blond man for being absent yesterday nearly the entire afternoon and coming back in such a mood that he hadn’t had even a chance of telling him about their plans or rehearsing anything. How could a rock band play something without its fucking drummer?

“Thanks to your sudden disappearance, yes.” Freddie bit exasperatedly at him and ignored John’s warning looks as he continued. “Where were you?”

The bassist suppressed a sigh and let his fingers tap against his lips. He had chosen to stay quiet about Roger’s whereabouts for a reason. He did not know what sort of business he had to take care off with a friend, but knowing him, it wasn’t hard to figure. He did not need Brian to know about the poor decisions of the man he loved. What on Earth Roger was thinking for playing around like that was beyond him.

When the guilty man flushed pink under the scrutiny and turned his head to face another direction, their small kitchen seemed to shrink even further with tension. Mentally cursing all of his friends for their own stupidity, he decided to put Roger out of his misery.

“He was out with a friend. Period.” He said with a deadpanned tone and got up. “Go get your instruments ready. We will start in a minute. Freddie, the dishes are yours.”

They all stared at him for a second, absorbing his words and then each one jumped into action. Freddie clapped his hands and started to move around gathering dirty plates, the look in his face making it crystal clear how much he regretted the question. Roger opened his mouth to say something, but decided against it and jumped out of the kitchen, the loud noises of his drums being assembled following him shortly after. As for Brian… God, he looked like an angry kicked puppy with his eyes fixed on the spot Roger was occupying moments ago.

John let out the sigh he was holding as he started to leave to pick up his bass. These idiots would still give him a heart attack one day, if he didn’t kill them sooner. In fact, he was two breaths away from smacking some sense into Roger when he saw him miserably adjusting the cymbals and he changed his mind.

With all his heart, he hoped there would be no more problems that day. The situation couldn’t possibly become worse. Or so he thought.
Don’t kill me. I think there’s a waiting list now for that. ^~^

The misunderstandings continue and, let me tell you, Brian is NOT happy. Also, I’m afraid that a familiar face might upset him even further in the next chapter.

On the bright side, Roger will reveal some things to one of his friends too, so…

I love you all very much. Let me live. <3

Ah! Deacury should be hinted more often from now on! *-*

In all seriousness, thank you all so much for reading, commenting and supporting this story. You guys are AMAZING! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XIV

Chapter Summary

After a successful gig, a familiar face puts one of the boys in a furious state. Also, Roger tells pretty important news to an old friend.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!!! Since you probably already know my evil spirit, you can definitely expect more drama coming for the boys!

Thank you all soooooooooooooo much for all the motivation!! I couldn’t do this without you!! I’ll be answering your comments very soon. These past few days have been insane. Usually I give a final proofread before posting, but I'm literally required to be somewhere else in the next twenty minutes and I didn’t want to keep you guys waiting. If you spot any mistakes, let me know!!!

@marveltrwsh, thank you so much for all the tough love and death threats! <3

No warnings apply for this chapter and there will be no pregnant alcohol consumption.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Roger was feeling, to put in simple words, miserable.

They were in the backstage of the pub, in a tiny room with a couple of sofas and a big mirror in one of the walls next to a dressing table. A leather covered Freddie was fussing all over John’s hair as the man indulged him with a small smile. Brian was on the farthest corner of the sofa, making sure the Red Special was properly tuned and ready for the gig while being extremely successful in his goal of ignoring the drummer as if his life depended on it.

Roger thought he looked incredibly handsome with his form fitting black jeans and his sinfully tight black shirt perfectly matching his soft dark curls. The man had absolutely no right to look that good. As he gazed at his reflection in the mirror and contemplated about his own outfit, a dreadful sensation took over him. For he knew that in a few weeks’ time, he wouldn’t be able to wear his open shirts if he hoped to avoid drawing unwanted attention to his baby bump. It would be a miracle if he still fit in his tight trousers, as well.

That, however, was the smallest of his problems. The earlier episode in the kitchen provoked another layer of tension to install itself on the already strained atmosphere of the band. Their rehearsal had been short and straight to the point, which seemed like a good thing but sure as hell it wasn’t. He was feeling so guilty for his unexplained absence covered by a harmful lie, that he did not even dare to argue about the set list and just agreed with whatever the others had decided.
Brian, who normally would offer his clever input during their practices, was also awfully quiet and Roger knew it was his fault. He had let their band down and the guitarist was judging him for it. The worst part, however, was the reason why he figured Brian was upset with him for. He was convinced that all of his friends assumed he had passed the afternoon entertaining his sexual needs and the thought absolutely killed him.

He had been trying so hard to show Brian he could be in a serious relationship and that he was not a slut. He was aware that he was not his type and he felt pretty stupid trying to win his attention by being his unusual self. Yet, what could he do? Some days he still felt like punching Brian for badmouthing him behind his back, but most of the time he craved for his love as if it was a requirement for him to breathe.

His excuse was poorly thought and now he was paying the price for it. He knew the blame was entirely his, for he had used the same words in the past to let them know he would be spending his time getting in someone’s pants. In his defense, he was too preoccupied at that time to actually mind what he said over the phone, as he had far more concerning problems going on.

Also, what if he had slept with someone? He failed to see how this was anyone’s business. Brian made it quite fucking clear that he was not interested in a repeated performance. Therefore, until he was, he had no saying in what Roger decided to do with his time. It wasn’t as if he had engaged in an orgy everyday. His hypothetical day off having sex was the first one in a month. That wasn’t slutty at all!

It still hurt, though, to have his best friend thinking he would abandon them all without a word just to go get his dick wet. He almost said something to defend himself that morning, but he couldn’t find a better excuse to cover for where he really was. Things were already bad enough. He absolutely could do without bringing their baby to this mess. He still had some time to figure out things.

Freddie’s voice interrupted his straying thoughts.

“Doesn’t he look fabulous?” He said excitedly as he paraded a flushing John around the room. He did look good, though, in his colorful t-shirt and trousers that perfectly showed the outline of his bum.

“He does. People will be drooling all over him.” Roger teased and smirked at the annoyed look John gave him in return.

Brian complimented him as well and moments later, they headed to the stage, as it was time for the gig. A small crowd had already gathered in front of the slightly elevated platform where the microphones stood and the pub’s drum set had been previously assembled.

Roger felt a bit nervous as he assumed his position behind the instrument and held tighter his drumsticks in his hand. He told himself things would be fine while Freddie addressed their public, a bit of confidence returning to him. He was a hella good drummer, his bladder was empty and he did not feel like throwing up his dinner. He could do it.

Once they started playing, the thrill that always came with each performance lightened up his mood and made him forget his problems for a while. The gig turned out excellent, with their excited audience even asking for an encore, that they were happy to provide. After they put away their instruments safely in the car, Steven paid them with no delays and they found themselves free to enjoy the night, drinks on the house for the band. As far as he gathered, it was someone’s birthday and the pub owner was all the way up in cloud nine.

Had it been any other time, Roger would feel elated with the prospect of free booze for the whole
night. Now, as he followed his friends to a booth, he couldn’t be more worried. How on Earth was he supposed to avoid alcohol without raising suspicions? His newfound interest in breakfast had been enough to make his friends wonder what the hell was going on. He couldn’t afford any other odd behavior at the moment. His flat mates could be clueless, but they certainly weren’t dumb. For most things, at least.

The answer to his predicament, even though he did not know it yet, appeared in a flash of red hair by his side, with a bright smile and a proud look on her face.

“You guys were amazing!”

Roger turned around to find Angela Robbins beaming at them and it took his surprised filled brain an instant to register what she said. Once he caught up, he smiled at the praise and pulled her into a quick hug. He had meant to call her a few weeks ago to check if his repair on the car was holding strong, but he forgot to do so amidst his not so mysterious anymore illness and the whole situation with Brian.

“It’s so good to see you.” He spoke in her ear, as the loud music that had started a while ago made being heard a bit troublesome.

She giggled in his arms and took a step back to talk to the other guys as well. Freddie wasted no time in hugging her too and asking about how she had been lately. They had mercifully warmed up fast to each other many years ago, when Angie started visiting the flat the two shared for study sessions. She even had met Brian and attended several of Smile’s gigs.

Therefore, Roger got fairly confused when the guitarist said only a brief greeting and headed straight towards the bar. To cover for their friend sudden rudeness, he quickly introduced her to John who politely shook her hand as Freddie told to him how they had met and explained the miracles she had accomplished in Roger’s education.

After a few minutes of small talk, she convinced Roger to accompany her to the dancefloor for a couple songs. He did not feel in the mood to dance as he normally would, but he put on an effort for her, as he felt slightly guilty for forgetting to get in touch as he had promised. His movements were simple as he just tried to follow the beat, not trusting his sensitive stomach for anything more complicated.

Angie figured something was off, though. She was a clever girl and her old classmate was acting out of character. So, barely after a song had passed, she pulled him to the quietest corner she could find and asked him what was going on.

Roger was at a loss of words with the unexpected question. It was not as if he could say he was pregnant and the father of the baby currently wasn’t talking to him beyond the necessary. But he wanted to. God, he was itching to tell a living soul about his imminent parenthood. It was something too big for him to keep to himself. His face must have reflected his conflict, because Angie gave him a concerned look and pressured him further. She didn’t mean to pry, but she had to make sure her friend was alright.

Tears prickled the corner of his eyes and Roger cursed his fucking changing hormones for giving him away. He wiped them discreetly and averted his gaze to the floor. He was not embarrassed about his condition. He believed his body was going through a miracle and he was ready to fight down anyone who dared to say a mean thing about his baby. But everything was so new. The whole scenario was incredibly delicate and he did not want to drag her into it.

“Honey, talk to me, please.” Angie said with a soft voice while raising her left hand to put a lock of
hair behind his ear. “Do you want me to get you a drink?”

His eyes gaped at her question and he held her wrists in a firm grip, as if she was about to produce a bottle of liquor out of thin air. Roger knew he had to say something. His last excuse ended up becoming a complete disaster and he did not feel comfortable with lying to her.

Taking a deep breath to gather his courage, he eased his fingers around her wrists and lazily drew lines to soothe her skin. She looked at him expectantly and he gulped before looking up to meet her eyes. His tongue felt heavy as he looked for the right words to break the news.

“No, thank you.” He declined her offer before continuing with a serious tone. “I won’t be drinking any alcohol for the next eight months or so.”

Angie tilted her head and Roger could swear it was possible to see her brain working to find out what he had meant with that statement. He nervously grabbed her hands as he waited for realization to hit her.

Confusion and then pure shock crossed her face, her hands tightly squeezing his as she opened and closed her mouth a couple of times. Her gaze pointedly going to his belly and then back to his face. For second, he feared she would judge him and his heart started pounding against his ribs. When a delighted squeal came from her lips and she jumped in his arms, thought, he was quick to put the silly notion aside.

After a series of Oh-My-Gods in his ears and muffled laughter against his chest, she let go of him and brought her hands to cover her mouth. She looked ecstatic and ready to burst dancing moves. Roger felt a wave of gratitude for her reaction wash over him. He honestly hadn’t expected her to be this happy about him and it felt really good.

*If at least Brian were to respond like this…*

The sad thought came to the front of his mind and fresh tears threatened to fall down his face. He hated this part of the pregnancy already. Maybe even more than the peeing. It was tiresome and so unlike him, but he couldn’t help himself. At least he wasn’t feeling nauseous, by far the worst one. So, cheers to that.

Sensing his distress, she gave him some space and let her fingers gently pat his shoulder in the hopes of making him feel a bit better. She didn’t know what was wrong, but something clearly was bothering him. It was not the first time Roger silently cried in front of her and she remembered it was wiser to let him finish.

It took him a while, but with some effort he pulled himself back together and she was kind enough to wipe away his tears. Roger apologized with a small voice and rolled his shoulders while taking centering breaths.

“That’s okay, Rog.” She said quietly and flattened her hands against his chest to soothe him. “Wanna tell me what the matter is?”

Roger bit his lower lip and considered her for a moment. He was glad to have some of the weight lifted from his chest for now he had at least one trustworthy friend knowing about his little one. However, for the heart of him, he did not have the strength or energy to explain the problem and its full complexity. So, instead, he brought both her hands up and gently kissed her knuckles as an advanced apology.

“Don’t worry about it. It’s just my bloody hormones acting up.” He offered in the hopes of pacifying
her worries and tried to sound casual about the whole deal. “Who knew it would be this crazy, hun?”

She raised her left eyebrow at him and playfully slapped his shoulder.

“You knew it, you daft sod.” His puzzled look made her snort and hit him again. “Honestly, Roggie, it amazes me to this day how you managed to graduate. We studied about this!”

Roger paused at that as he scoured his brain trying to find the lost mentioned class but nothing came to him. He was a busy man and had an excellent study partner that loved to stay awake during boring classes, so excuse him if he didn’t remember all the facts about a rare condition that occurred once in a blue moon.

“Unbelievable. You have the fucking book on this, Taylor. Go read it.” She said rolling her eyes at him.

The prospect of finding out more about his condition lightened up his spirits a bit. He honestly didn’t recall which book she was talking about, but he was sure all of his college related possessions were safely packed in cardboard boxes in the, now, neatly organized attic of his flat. He would be definitely checking those out as soon as possible.

He could tell that beneath her banter, she was still worried, though. Normally he would come up with a drinking game to distract her, but he was severely limited at the moment. Which reminded him with a cringe that he still had to pretend to ingest some sort of alcohol in order not to raise suspicions.

Roger stopped a minute to consider the situation and nearly jumped with excitement as the answer stood right in front of him in a low cut black dress.

“Angie, I need a favor.” He started with his sweetest voice and she narrowed her eyes. “You see, my flat mates don’t know yet about the baby and I have to figure out some stuff before I tell them. So, I need you to drink for me.”

It was quite a decent plan and he mentally patted his back for it. Angie wasn’t so sure at first. Not because she couldn’t handle some liquor, because that girl was a secret weapon in a drinking competition. But she wasn’t sure if keeping the information from his closest friends was the best way to go about the whole thing. He had to bat his eyelashes and use his best pleading look to convince her but she agreed in the end.

Before going back to their booth, he made a quick detour to the bar and got them two beers. Between the dim lights of the club and the dark color of the beer bottle, it was nearly impossible to tell how much of the liquid had been consumed.

The boys were all there in different states of sobriety. Brian sat quietly against the wall and nursed a half-empty pint with a blank expression on his face. Freddie was adorably giggling at something John said. The bassist had a shy smile on his lips and a couple of empty bottles of soda on his side of the table. Once Roger and Angie joined them, the conversation quickly flowed between new recording plans and old embarrassing stories from college.

The whole night went pretty much like that. They all got a few more rounds of drinks and the drummer had no problem with sneakily changing his full bottles for Angie’s empty ones. She was brilliant and drank a good amount of double rounds before even looking remotely drunk. As for Roger, he tried his best to act as he would after consuming that amount of alcohol and dutifully pretended to sip on his beers throughout the night.

They seemed to have a good time, but Roger knew better. Besides his fake drinking, the other
members of Queen all seemed a bit odd. John had a lot of tension on his shoulders, as if he was waiting for something bad to happen. Brian was acting less rude towards Angela, but his contribution to the conversation was minimal and that was not like him at all. Which left Freddie, bless his heart, doing everything he could in order not to let a dreadful silence fall around them.

In the end, Angie hugged them all goodbye when her housemate came to pick her up and the boys decided to call it a night as well.

The way home was uneventful and soon they all were back in the flat, instruments neatly tucked away. While, usually, they would hang out in the living room for a bit longer, that wasn’t the case for the night. Nobody was in the right mood to chat or play board games. Therefore, it was a collective decision to head straight to bed as they all muttered their goodnights.

It took only a couple of minutes for Roger to feel sleepy. He had many things to worry about and soon he would have to face Brian. He could try to conceal his love for him while he tried to earn his admiration in the right way, but there was not a single possible scenario where he would be able to hide a whole baby. Also, his friends deserved to know. They were all family and he owed them that much. However, he was too tired to think about all of that and the exertion of their gig was catching up to him.

Being as quiet as possible, he turned his back to Brian’s side of the room and carefully let his fingers lovingly caress his belly. Tomorrow he would take a look at his biology books to see if he could find anything helpful.

Nothing was perfect. But for that moment, the simple knowledge that his baby was safely growing inside of him was enough to let Roger sleep peacefully for the entire night.

Chapter End Notes

I can guarantee you that Brian is fuming. You can for sure expect the heartbreaking fluff I promised earlier coming soon. It’s amazing what different perspectives can do to a story.

Next chapter, we get to see why Brian is so pissed. Also, Roger’s morning sickness hits him really hard. Too bad that the only person awake at the time to be of aid is in a very poor mood.

Thank you for reading, for your amazing comments and all the love! You guys are incredible! <3

Lots of love!
XX
Chapter XV

Chapter Summary

Brian has a lot of trouble sleeping, as he considers the events of the day and his feelings. As morning comes, a very sick Roger has to pay for the misunderstanding he caused.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! One more chapter coming up!! This one is definitely one of my favorites. As I mentioned in the comments, the bathroom “scene” was one of the very firsts I thought about for this work. It is not a happy one, though. Keep that in mind.

Thank you all so much for still following my updates and posting the most amazing comments. You guys have me giggling and blushing at work and I love hearing your thoughts on the story. To the new readers that survived all the angst, welcome to my evil garden! I feel very sorry for breaking your hearts, but I am LOVING all this angst.

To my dear @marveltrwsh, thank you immensely for your patience and waterworks for this chapter. You are the best. <3

There is a minor warning for this chapter. Tiny, really. There is a blink and you’ll miss passing thought about abortion, which Roger is very much against on his personal case. As I said, it is just a teeny weeny misguided thought.

Enjoy!!

Sleeping proved itself a nearly impossible task for Brian.

He tossed and turned for what felt like hours. Every position he tried was uncomfortable somehow and his thoughts were running a mile a minute. Every time he closed his eyes, images from earlier on that night came to the front of his mind, teasing mercilessly his will to stay cool.

He had tried so hard to go through the day with his feelings in check. That morning, when he learned about Roger’s activities on the previous day, he had done his very best in order to keep his raging emotions under control. His face might have seemed expressionless during the entire time, but his insides were boiling with jealousy.

He couldn’t believe that Roger was so desperate for a shag that on his first break from recording, even if unplanned, he was already running from the flat to get laid without even bothering to let them know he had plans for the day.

Brian had never cared about Roger’s bed partners in the past. Not much, at least. The drummer was handsome and flirtatious. Obviously then, he had people lining up to sleep with him. Brian could hardly blame him for spending his free time with other people if he hadn’t confessed his feelings.
However, things were different now.

After their passionate night together, he couldn’t, for the life of him, get out of his mind the sight of Roger wantonly moaning around his cock or the look of sheer desire on his face under Brian’s ministrations. The pale expanse of his chest, the softness of his skin, the redness of kiss-swollen lips and the taste of him were ingrained in his memory and haunted his dreams every other night. Hell, they even assaulted his thoughts when he was awake.

To have the knowledge that other people also got to watch Roger melt like that was like having daggers impaling his heart and vicious jealousy guiding his every action. He had to fight very hard to suppress his urge to just grab the drummer and drag him to the shower, clean every inch of his body and then reclaim the man for himself.

The thought scared him, though. He had no idea from where the hell this possessiveness was coming from. He respected Roger’s wishes and freedom above everything. Yet, there was something about him that he couldn’t explain that made a green-eyed monster awake in his chest.

But fine. He was doing everything in his power to deal with the situation as maturely as possible. His still considerably fresh rejection wounds were making things more difficult than what he had expected and their incredibly busy month had not prepared him at all to handle the notion that soon, Roger would go back to his habits once he had free time to do it. Nevertheless, he was handling it fairly well. It might take him a day or two to get used to it again, but he would eventually accept it.

Then, Angela Fucking Robbins showed up and he lost it.

Don’t get him wrong. When they first met all those years ago, excluding how she never seemed able to keep her hands off Roger, Brian had absolutely nothing against her. She was a clever and polite girl who had an iron will and always made sure Roger studied enough to get a passing grade. They all had good times together after a feel gigs back when they were still Smile.

Then Roger had the brilliant decision of crawling into her bed hours after sleeping with him.

Brian was a calm and sensible man, but he had limits. He was a decent judge of character and deep down he knew the girl had hardly any fault at all. However, the point remained. It was the principle of the thing that counted. An insensitive action from Roger’s part made her move from the normal category of “Girls Roger’s Flirted With” to the hatred one of “The Woman Who Fucked Him Right After Me”.

He was doing so bloody well. He had spent the whole time keeping to himself and not once pressed Roger against the wall to kiss him senseless as he desperately wanted to. That was, until the moment she appeared right next to them and the drummer had looked so happy to see her and touch her, that Brian didn’t have the stomach to watch it.

To make matters even more painful for him to stand, the duo went dancing and as he saw them pressed together, Brian very much wanted to claw his heart out just to make it stop aching. He didn’t even pay attention to how many pints he had. He was too focused counting for how long the couple had mysteriously disappeared from the dancefloor to care for anything else. He couldn’t decide if it was worse to withstand the agony of guessing what the two were doing or to witness the delighted look on their faces once they came back to the booth.

Dear John even tried to talk him out of his bad mood, but he had been rather unsuccessful. It was not as if Brian didn’t want to confide in his friends, because he very much did. But he also didn’t deem fair for them to have to pick a side. His strained relationship with Roger was already one problem too many for Queen to deal with. No need to cause any other fuss.
Brian would be fine. He would. Even if that meant doubling his efforts to avoid the drummer. He was already keeping his distance, since Roger didn’t seem inclined to let things fall back to normal. He might as well put some extra energy onto it before he said something mean to his friend. Because he was angry, but he knew better than to lash it out.

As the weak sunlight started to make its way inside their bedroom from the cracks of the curtains, he accepted that sleeping was a lost battle. The fact that he spent an entire night awake because of Roger did very little to improve his mood. If more, he was even more pissed at him than before, as irrational as it sounded.

You’re being pathetic.

He thought as he grunted into his pillow. Why couldn’t he fall for someone who had any chance of liking him back? It wasn’t a lot to ask. Hell, he should give it a try. Even if it killed him inside, maybe the fastest way to cure his heartbreak would be spending his time with someone who actually wished to be with him. If Roger didn’t want him, perhaps he could find someone who did.

A flash of golden hair pulled him out of his thoughts, though, as he followed with his eyes the reason of his insomnia run past his bed and bolt out of the bedroom, retching and coughing sounds following him not a minute after.

Brian rolled his eyes and disentangled himself from the bedsheets before he decided to go check on him. It wasn’t the first time, nor would be the last, that his roommate drank a bit over his limit and graced them all with his spectacular inability of keeping the excessive liquor down.

Also, if he had not been feeling well on the previous days, why did he have to drink so much last night? On top of all the anger and jealousy, Brian felt disappointed at him. Roger really shouldn’t be so reckless. It wasn’t healthy and he was getting tired of seeing the love of his life destroying himself like that.

When he reached the bathroom, the door was open and Roger was kneeling on the floor, holding for dear life at the edge of the toilet with one hand while the other messily held back his hair. His knuckles were getting white and his whole body was trembling with tension as he emptied his stomach.

Brian felt a pang of pity at the sight. Part of him wanted desperately to help his suffering friend. However, the rest of him was torn between his anger and disappointment. He had warned the drummer many times before that his drinking habits were a very poor choice. Also, if he hadn’t spent the evening drowning beers with an encouraging Angela, who was almost sitting on his lap while he probably did it to impress her, he wouldn’t be in this predicament to start with.

As Roger paused for a moment to intake some very much needed gulps of air, he raised his head enough to realize that Brian was standing a few feet away from the door he forgot to close in his haste to reach the bathroom. He had the most disenchanted look on his face and Roger felt like dying a little bit. He absolutely didn’t need Brian to watch him in this situation.

He quickly averted his eyes and focused back on aiming for the toilet as a new wave of his morning sickness hit him hard. He did not even have anything else in his stomach to expel and only bile came out. The retching didn’t seem like it would stop because of that, though. His knees ached from the uncomfortable position and his head was beginning to get dizzy from the effort. A small whine left his lips once he stopped to breathe again.

“It was really irresponsible for you to drink like that if you were already sick.”
Came the cutting comment from Brian and he slowly raised his head to look at him. He wished he hadn’t, though. The guitarist looked utterly disappointed at him as if Roger was nothing better than a pathetic drunk who couldn’t hold his liquor. He could feel his heart beating faster with indignation as tears came rushing to the corner of his eyes and down his cheeks. Curse his fucking crazy hormones for that.

*I’m not drunk. I’m carrying your child. Don’t be a prick.*

Crying didn’t help him a single bit as it seemed to make his throat work harder to put even more bile down the toilet. Never in his life had he thought he would be in that situation. Pregnant, not a single drop of alcohol in his system, morning sickness attacking him with all its power as he cried with anger, offended by the hurtful words of his baby’s father who firmly believed he was an *irresponsible* drunk. And a slut. Let’s not forget that lovely part.

The worst of it all, though, was that he was in no position of defending himself. Because if Brian thought so low of him, there was no way on Earth he would tell him about their baby. God, he could want to take their child away from him after she is born. Worse, he could decide he did not want her to be born *at all*.

Roger clutched his belly in a heartbeat once the thought passed through his head before he could tell himself he was being ridiculous. One, because it was *Brian*. No matter how much pissed he was at him, his best friend would never be so cruel. And two, because there was no way in hell he would let anything happen to his baby. He would gladly do anything it took for the tiny life growing inside of him to have a chance.

On the brighter side, he did not feel like puking anymore and he let his body go limp against the sink cabinet behind him. His muscles trembled with the effort it took to completely empty his stomach and then some more and he couldn’t put an end to his tears, which evolved to fully fledged sobs and were giving him a hard time breathing properly.

The sound of the flush made him look up in time to see Brian closing the toilet lid and sighing impatiently at him. He wanted to tell him to get lost from the bathroom and leave him alone for fuck’s sake. But he couldn’t muster the strength to get the words past his lips. His right hand was still firmly pressed against his soon to be swollen middle and tears streamed down his face. He was so tired of peeing and crying already! This nausea was dreadful and he just wanted to curl up to sleep and wake up with his baby in his arms.

Because if there was one thing he had no doubts about, was how much he loved this baby. It happened so fast and unpredictably, but how could he not? It was a part of him and of the man that he loved with all his heart. A tiny, miraculous life that was his responsibility now and that he would fiercely protect with all his strength.

Brian, on his side, was getting pretty fed up. He was tired, in a terrible mood, and watching Roger suffering, even if a tiny part of him thought he deserved it a bit, was not helping matters at all. As soon as he could get Roger back to bed, the better. With all this noise, he would be surprised if the occupants of the other room didn’t wake up in the next few minutes. It was John’s turn to clean the bathroom and he honestly wasn’t feeling like having a discussion about it.

With a swift and annoyed movement, he knelt by Roger’s side and grabbed the wrist that was laying on his lap. He tried pulling it for a second, but the drummer attempted to free it from his hold.

“Stop being so childish, Roger.” He snapped and tightened his grip. “And fucking stop crying before you wake everyone.”
Roger’s eyes were two deep blue oceans, glistening with tears and pain. This wasn’t the worst state Brian had seen him go through, though. He felt some pity, but he was too mad to care or to entertain his immature behavior. If he wasn’t feeling well, he should lie down now he was finished vomiting his guts out. For goodness sake, the man was still holding his middle as if his life depended on it. Was it too hard to just go to bed?

But Roger’s pain wasn’t physical. His heart throbbed with it. Brian barely had spoken with him lately and now his words were so harsh that Roger wanted to run and hide from his sight. To top it all, he couldn’t even defend himself from what Brian must be thinking of him. He just wanted to be left alone.

“G-Go away.” He manage to whisper between whimpers as he averted his eyes and tried to reclaim his wrist back.

Brian was really close to losing his temper. Normally, he would have dealt with the situation with much more patience and finesse as he usually was the designated responsible for putting him back to bed. Roger had chosen the worst day ever to be wasted since part of Brian’s grumpiness was already pretty much related to his drinking. Giving up on the wrist, he quickly grabbed both of Roger’s elbows and gave him a firm, but gentle, couple of shakes to gain his attention.

“Stop crying.” He hissed between clenched teeth. “God, how drunk are you?”

Roger stopped breathing for a second and automatically brought his hands to push against Brian’s shoulder. A teensy sparkle of fear twirled in his chest. He knew the taller man would never hurt him or raise a single finger in his direction with the intention of inflicting pain. He could be huge, but he was as inoffensive as a teddy bear. However, Brian had no problem with manhandling him whenever he was being unhelpful. Be it to hold him back from fights or to drag his sorry inebriated ass to a lying position. He wasn’t sure, though, if he was in a good condition to suffer a rougher treatment. To be quite honest, he was paying extra attention even going down the stairs if that meant his baby’s safety.

Therefore, had it been any other time, he would gladly let Brian maneuver him or he would literally kick his ass out of the bathroom, depending on his mood. But he couldn’t risk any of the two now, so, fighting against his natural instinct, he let go completely of Brian’s shirt and became pliant under his hands.

“P-Please, let go of me.” He asked with a broken voice. Despite having controlled his sobs, tears still pooled on the corner of his eyes.

Brian gasped and slowly loosened his grip, letting his thumbs move in small circles against the soft skin beneath them. The look of sheer vulnerability in Roger’s face nearly made him forget he was mad at him. The amount of crying was also something he really didn’t understand. Surely, the drummer sometimes had his sad-drunk moments, but never to this extent. He was a tough guy and a very proud one. Roger Meddows Taylor didn’t just cry for anything.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered, a shadow of his care coming through his voice. “I just want to put you to bed, Rog. Also, we don’t want to wake the boys, do we?”

Roger took a deep breath and shook his head. That was the closest Brian had been to him in a month and he wasn’t sure his poor heart could handle the ache. Brian’s fingers against his arms were bringing memories to the front of his mind and he looked down to conceal his blushing cheeks. He probably looked like a mess. God, there was puke in his shirt. How amazing.

Following his gaze, Brian also was quick to spot the problem. He sighed and carefully moved his
hands to the hem of the spoiled piece of clothing. Not the first time it happened and, definitely, nothing he hadn’t seen before. Roger, on the other hand, seemed quite reluctant about removing his shirt.

“It’s dirty, Roger. Come on.” He spoke firmly. He just wanted to get things done. The blond man considered him for a second and shrugged before grabbing the shirt and pulling it off by himself.

To be truthful, Roger didn’t mind having his chest out in the open. Ignoring the fact that Brian had seen all that before up close, he spent most of the shows and gigs of Queen with a vest or some other opened garment. His naked torso was nothing new between them. Then, there was his pregnancy to consider. He wasn’t showing yet. It was too soon. But a tiny part of him was afraid that Brian would take one look at his middle and figure things out. He knew he was being ridiculous of course.

That knowledge didn’t stop him, though, from almost having a heart attack when Brian brought his right hand to rest on top of his belly, palm against his navel and fingers nearly covering his stomach. He had a concerned look on his face.

“Does it hurt?” He asked softly and Roger could not hold back his tears, courtesy of his fucking hormones. As if on cue of seeing his eyes freshly wet again, the guitarist started once more with his familiar soothing movements.

Roger almost told him the truth on the spot. It was all too much. But something stopped him. He knew Brian. He must have looked pretty miserable if his friend thought a break from ignoring him was necessary. However, Roger could see in his eyes that he was extremely angry about something. He wasn’t an idiot. He knew it must have been his fault. Perhaps for abandoning them on Friday or because he thought he had been drinking to the point of throwing up. Irresponsible and childish.

That’s what he had called him. He didn’t want to tell Brian such important news while he had such a terrible opinion of him. He didn’t know what else he had to do to prove his value, but he would try his damn best.

“A bit.” He lied and rested his left hand on top of Brian’s, savoring the moment for an instant. That was the closest he would get to the baby for now.

“Do you think you can go back to bed?”

Brian asked in the hopes of getting out of the bathroom. First, because he didn’t like having Roger that undressed close to the freezing floor. They absolutely could do without their backing vocalist getting a cold. The second reason was related to more selfish motives. All this proximity was doing no favors to his heartbreak and Roger seemed close to punching him earlier, so his chances hadn’t improved at all. Finally, he was extremely tired and his mood wasn’t much better. As soon as he had this hangover sorted out, he could go back to his plan of being extra distant.

“Actually,” Roger started and let go of his hand, which cued him to withdraw it. “I need to pee.”

The drummer blushed and Brian helped him get up with little trouble this time.

“Right. You do that and go to bed. I’ll get you a glass of water.” He spoke tiredly and turned around to go to the kitchen.

As he nearly finished closing the door, he could hear a raspy voice thanking him for the help. He didn’t answer, though. As he made his way down the hallway, he felt a weight making a home inside of his chest. Tougher times were ahead of him. But he needed it to pull himself together. He thought the month that had passed would be enough for things to at least resemble normalcy, but he was wrong.
Moreover, he really should start to seriously consider finding someone to distract him from his feelings for Roger. Maybe dating somebody for a while could make things easier. It might even help the drummer behave like his old self again. He guessed it was worth a try. He would have to think more about that. After all, he had nothing else to lose.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone still alive? Because I’d would like to apologize in advance for the next misunderstandings. I’ll have you all know that Brian is seriously considering some interesting possibilities.

In the next chapter I’ll have a small bomb waiting for you at the end and a healthy dose of Deacury to compensate for all this angst. The boys are getting tired of waiting with their arms crossed.

Thank you all so much for reading! Your kudos, bookmarks and comments give me life! <3

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter XVI

Chapter Summary

Roger takes advantage of the lazy afternoon to refresh his knowledge about pregnancies in general. However, that brought some pressing concerns to the surface. Also, John and Freddie decide that enough is enough and it’s time to finally do something about the ridiculous situation.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I have a feeling you all will have a collective heart attack by the end of this one, so make sure to grab something to hold on.

First, let me thank all of these amazing readers that never fail to surprise me with the amount of love this work receives. You guys motivate me to write everyday. Thank you. <3

To @marveltrwsh, my loyal beta, my apologies for the last chapter I made you read. If it makes you satisfied, I agree with you that people will have my head for that one. Nevertheless, thank you. <3

I have a couple of things I’d like to clarify. First, please notice I have added the “slow burn” tag to the list. When I first started writing, I thought this would be 20.000 TOPS. Never, in my wildest dream, I imagined I’d have a draft of over 60.000 words ~and counting~. Sorry to everybody that got dragged accidentally to this mess. <3

Now, from this chapter on, I found it necessary to give the baby a pronoun. Please be aware that it is not a spoiler of gender. I just needed a pronoun and picked the one I used the least. I don’t really feel comfortable calling ~her~ an it.

Again, no gender spoilers. It’s all about grammar.

I don’t think any warnings apply to this chapter. Unless you have something against Biology, I guess.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Organizing their attic last month had been one of the best decision of the band, in Roger’s opinion.

All the stuff they did not use quite that often had been neatly stored in cardboard boxes and plastic containers. Freddie even went the extra mile and made them all label their own belongings, so everything was easy to locate when necessary. Bless him for that. Roger had no problem finding the huge brown box on the corner with ‘Biology Books’ scribbled on its side.

What he was really grateful for, though, was the positioning of the thing. It was, mercifully, tucked
away under a roll of shelves instead of on top of them. He remembered that the pack of his books had a considerably weight and he didn’t even want to imagine what he would have done if he had to pick it up from a higher place. Because he was pretty damn sure he shouldn’t even dream of carrying heavy things all around.

Carefully, he moved the box with the Christmas’ decorations out of the way and pulled, little by little, the one he wanted from under the lower shelf just enough so he could open it with ease. There was already a thin layer of dust forming on top of it, but nothing he couldn’t handle. As he had spent a good while trying to remember in which volume he could find the information he wanted, he only had to rummage through the box’s contents for a moment, before he picked the two most probable candidates.

He quickly took a look at the summary of the one about rare diseases, but he knew it wouldn’t be there. Then he moved on to the thick book that discussed about human evolution and sure as death there was a chapter dedicated to reproduction, with subtopics on male pregnancy.

How Angie had so much faith in him that she hoped he would remember a subtopic in the middle of over twenty chapters given the absurd amount of books he had to read in order to graduate, was a laughable mystery to him. Because, yes, he was damn intelligent and perfectly capable of getting good grades. But he hated studying with all his guts. Thank Goodness he had had her to keep him in line.

Roger set the book he needed aside and made quick work of putting the others back in their places. If John had caught his precious attic in any state of mess after their arduous work to get it organized not long ago, the drummer was sure there wasn’t a single soul on Earth who could protect him from his wrath.

As he made his way back to the bedroom, Roger made sure to check if everybody else was occupied with something. After the odd looks he got for eating breakfast again, he didn’t want to draw further attention to himself. If his flat mates noticed he was studying, he had no doubts he would be taken to the hospital for a psychological evaluation.

Brian was nowhere to be seen and taking in consideration their episode in the bathroom earlier that day, he was somewhat thankful for that. The guitarist had barely said another word to him after he came back to the bedroom or for the rest of the morning. Roger knew he was pissed and in a very poor mood.

Probably it was his fault, but he thought the best thing he could do was staying out of the way. Part of him craved to get a reaction of him. However, the mature side of his brain, which so rarely spoke up, concluded that being the target of Brian’s anger wasn’t the cleverest thing he could do given his current condition. He didn’t need his diploma to know that stressful situations could be harmful to the baby.

John and Freddie were having a lazy afternoon, as far as he could tell. A quick glance at the slightly ajar door from their bedroom confirmed that, as he saw them both happily chatting while the bassist carefully decided between nail polishes. Roger smiled at that and shook his head as he went to the room across the hallway. Only Freddie had the power to make John agree to such endeavors.

He grabbed a few pillows and arranged them in a comfortable position against his headboard before he let his body find a good sitting position with the heavy book nested between his legs while he skimmed through the old pages until he found the part that he wanted. Hopefully, he would be able to get some information out of it.

As time passed and daylight began to fade, Roger did his best to absorb everything he could find on
pregnancies. There were some great and some relatively bad news by the time he finished with the book. He wished he could have written a few notes, but he didn’t want to risk having things like that lying around in a piece of paper.

On the one hand, he learned that both pregnancies were quite similar after the conception. The fetuses developed at the same pace and most of the symptoms affected men and women alike. The tricky part, was the time before fertilization. While the female body prepared itself every month to the possibility of receiving a baby, the male one pretty much just remained in standby until the moment of fecundation, and then the lazy organism had to work incredibly fast to catch up. No wonder he was feeling so miserable, as his body had to undergo major changes to accommodate the baby.

One thing he was extremely thankful for was the lack of lactation on male carriers. He would have a hard time concealing his bump for a while. There wasn’t a single excuse in the universe he could think of to justify the swell of his chest if that was the case as well. However, he didn’t have to worry about that. Male breast tissue just hadn’t evolved enough to withstand the process of producing nutrition to the their offspring. In fact, that was a major evolutional reason as to why the condition was so rare. In the beginning of times, many babies died of starvation and the required genes didn’t pass to the next generation. Thank fuck for the existence of formula.

Another fact that got him extremely excited was that it was the perfect time to schedule a prenatal appointment. He was dying to make sure everything was okay. It was sheer luck that his lifestyle in the past month had not been that harmful and male pregnancies, in general, were fairly delicate. He wasn’t sure if the probability of Brian killing him was higher once he found out about the baby, or if he let anything bad happen to her.

On the other hand, some news got him considerably more worried than he was before. He vaguely remembered that it would take a decent amount of weeks for a pregnant person to start showing. What he didn’t know, was that things were a bit different for men.

There were many factors to consider before predicting when someone will start sporting a baby bump. The position of the uterus was a crucial one. Ladies were already used to having their wombs swelling monthly, while in guys, if they had one to begin with, it barely influenced their figure at all. To make matters worse, Roger always had a lean body with his ribs and hipbones standing out on his torso. Adding all that together, he would be showing very soon. Obviously, people wouldn’t jump on to the conclusion he was pregnant. But still, it was less time than what he had hoped for.

Also, to his great displeasure, his traits would become softer. The efficient hormones supporting his pregnancy would certainly give him a more feminine look. Minimal things, of course. But when one already looks like a bloody doll, the tiniest details became quite a bit more significant. Because on top of everything else, he needed more reasons for guys to think he was pretty. Fan-fucking-tastic.

He had some other concerns as well, but mostly related to pregnancies in general. So many things could go wrong. A thousand of ‘what ifs’ were running in all directions of his brain. What if he lost the baby? What if he fell down the stairs? What if there was something wrong? What if?

…..

John knew something was wrong with Roger.

At first, he had attributed the gloomy mood of the drummer to his altercation with Brian. He failed to
see how an one-night stand was the best decision to deal with their feelings for each other, but that was their business and he had no secret desires of becoming a couple’s counselor. However, as the weeks passed, Roger was nowhere closer to returning to his usual self and the past few days had been odd.

The other morning, when he asked for a plate, John half expected him to catapult the thing across the kitchen and he would have probably thanked him for doing something at least resembling normalcy. To his stupefaction, instead, he ate like it was something he did every day and repeated the action this morning with clear intent of making it a habit.

Now, regardless of whom had decided to meddle with the angle of the Earth’s axis to cause such a cataclysmic disturbance, he would like to have a word with that witless soul so they could change it back. Don’t get him wrong, though. The fact that Roger had decided to put some decent food on his scrawny body was a blessing and should be treated as such. But he was a scientifically inclined man, and miracles, as positive as they were, did deserve at least a bit of investigation.

Brian was another one acting like, to put in fancy words, a bloody sod.

Sure, he still went through his routine as if nothing had changed. Except for the tiny detail that he wasn’t orbiting around Roger as if the man had the Sun shoved up his ass, like he regularly did, that and the increasing probability that he would sooner become Prime Minister than he would grow a pair and actually talk to the infuriating menace he shared a room with.

The whole situation looked very dramatic, and like an excellent story to tell their kids in the future, for the entire duration of a week. After several had passed, though, he seriously started to consider enrolling both his friends in the nearest daycare, as they insisted to behave like pouting toddlers.

There were limits.

“You have a look on your face, dear.” Freddie’s voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

They both were in front of the wall mirror across from his bed. He sat comfortably by the edge of the mattress, feet tucked away under his thighs and head held very still while the singer, kneeling behind him, created an intricate braid pattern with his hair. The soft movement of his fingers against his scalp felt amazing and thinking about their friends’ problems was his chosen strategy to distract his brain as he pretended not to enjoy the pampering too much.

“Do I?”

“Yes. Like you are either coming up with a time machine device or planning someone’s murder step by step.” Came the assured reply as a bobby pin was pressed for a microsecond against his head. “If it is the later, I would like to add that I had nothing to do with the spoiled food from last week.”

John snorted and rolled his eyes at the mention of the green and moldy contents he found inhabiting his favorite pot the other day.

“That was hardly food anymore, Fred.” He spoke softly, careful not to let his voice give away how much he was loving their current activity. “Had one more day passed, I’d have to start charging rent to that condominium of fungi.”

“Irrelevant, darling. You still look awfully thoughtful.” His friend continued and let both his hands rest on his shoulder. “But I know you wouldn’t kill me. I’m your favorite.”

John lift his eyes to find Freddie’s looking intently at him through the mirror, daring him to deny his obvious favoritism. Slowly, he raised his hands to squeeze the ones gently touching him in
reassurance, gaze firmly locked with his as he did so.

“You do create the prettiest hairstyles.” He offered cheekily and the singer beamed at him.

His hair was pulled in a fancy updo, strands of hair beautifully waved in a delicate pattern all around his head and masterfully secured together with an army of pins. With hair like that and such military power at his disposal, he didn’t know how he had not been crowned queen yet. But then, of course, the band was only big enough to house one majesty at a time.

“How do you feel about some chocolate chip biscuits?” Freddie asked as he ran his hands to comb his bangs into a better position.

He frowned at that.

“You don’t know how to make them.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, dear.” He snorted and got up with a swift movement. “You’ll be the one doing the hard work.”

John blinked a couple of times. That made much more sense. Freddie looked at him expectantly and offered a hand to help him stand up. He could use something sweet at the moment. It had been a lazy Sunday and a treat felt like it belonged in between their activities. Maybe he could even convince the ghost from across the room to join them. Biscuit batter always worked wonders to lure brooding drummers and whimpering spirits. Considering the past weeks, John really couldn’t tell the difference anymore.

Grabbing the extended hand, he let himself be dragged out of bed and pulled out of the bedroom. However, once they stood in the middle of the hallway, he told Freddie to go search for the materials, as he would attempt to get Roger to come as well.

The sight of his friend reclined against his pillows and staring at the ceiling as if it had the nuclear codes of Russia hidden beneath the painting did not surprise him very much. The thick biology book lying next to him, on the other hand, looked so foreigner and shocking that it could as well had been a collection of purple gyrating dildos waiting to attack oblivious drummers.

His gasp made Roger look at him and then at the book. It was hard to tell which of the men had the eyes more agape at the time, but the blond one already had an unfair advantage to begin with, since he possessed the biggest and bluest eyes to ever blue on the universe.

“Angie asked to borrow it.” He said hastily and got up from the bed. “The attic also is in perfect state.”

John narrowed his eyes. Quite frankly, the last one seemed harder to believe. Angela appeared to be a very clever girl who had performed miracles on Roger’s studies sessions. Sounded slightly fair that she would ask for a book even years after graduation. The fact that Roger searched for said book and put everything else back in place, however, was pill a bit more suspicious to swallow. He would definitely be checking their poor attic later.

“We are making chocolate chips biscuits. Care to join us?” He asked gently, letting go of the matter for now. Upon seeing Roger’s hesitation, he continued. “Brian left earlier to visit that rescue center he helps. It’s just us.”

Roger shifted from one foot to the other as he played with a loose strand of hair before he nodded and started to follow him to the kitchen.
Freddie was waiting for them with baking trays and bowls, all set on the counter. When he saw Roger, he offered him a small smile. He was still feeling guilty from questioning his whereabouts so openly during breakfast yesterday. To be fair, he couldn’t have guessed his friend had been busy getting laid or he would never bring it up in front of poor pining Brian. There was no way he would be held responsible for their bandmates terrible decisions. Still, he should have minded his own business.

Sensing that Roger wasn’t mad at him, he carefully walked to where he stood and lovingly wrapped his arms around him. He waited for the normal pat on the back he usually received or the vigorous squeeze that happened once in a while if he was feeling cheeky. What he most certainly did not see coming was the melting and sniffing blond grabbing for dear life as if he hadn’t been touched in a month.

With a pang in his heart, he realized that the main provider of cuddles and hugs to their favorite drummer currently wasn’t in good terms with him and, therefore, that probably was the closest thing to solace he had been provided with in a really long time.

“Oh, Rog…” He whispered kindly against his head and pulled him closer.

Deaky was by his side in a second, gently running his fingers against golden tresses in an attempt to comfort him as well.

Carefully, in order not to disentangle their embrace, he guided Roger to the sofa and, with some help, pulled him to his lap. The man looked tiny, curled like ball on top of his thighs, hands still firmly holding the front of his shirt as he hid his face against the crook of his neck.

John caught the desperate look on Freddie’s eyes, but he also found himself completely clueless about how to proceed next. The deep heaving of his chest and the softest of the sobs were a clear indication that he had started to cry and John thought he would be more experienced dealing with a loose cat in a porcelain shop.

He knew Roger was sensitive and had strong feelings. However, the customary reaction of the man to something that upset him was a bit more aggressive, to put in mild terms. Roger had a burning fire inside of him and an enormous strength to fight for what he wanted. That was one of the things for what John admired him the most. He was a fierce force of nature. Brian’s bloody sunshine. It was disconcerting to see him in such a distressed state.

He placed himself next to Freddie and wrapped one arm around Roger as well, letting his fingers run up and down his arm and his other hand play with his hair. In his mind, he started to pray to any god on helping lost musicians duty to come to their aid.

After what seemed like forever, but couldn’t have been longer than a few minutes dilated by their hopelessness before the situation at their hands, Roger quieted down his sobs and slowly released the fabric between his finger. He had the most broken look on his face, cheeks pink with embarrassment and eyes still glistening with unshed tears. If this was Brian’s fault, the Scotland Yard would never be able to retrieve his remains after John finished with him.

“T-Thank you.” Roger muttered and slid out of Freddie’s lap to sit between them on the sofa.

“What’s the matter, dear?” The singer tried with his softest voice.

They both waited expectantly, but no answer came. Roger only blushed harder and started toying with them hem of his shirt as if it was the most fascinating thing of the cosmos.
John looked at Freddie in a silent conversation. Enough was enough. This didn’t fall in the category of meddling anymore. Considering how far things had gotten, this now was an intervention. With a pointed nod, John delicately held the fidgety hands as Freddie guided Roger’s head to rest against his neck again.

“We can’t ignore this anymore, Rog.” He started warily, but letting his concern pretty clear. “Whatever it’s going on, we are here for you. You are not alone. Let us help.”

Roger gulped and stared at their joined fingers. Both his friends felt like the only solid thing anchoring him to this plan of existence. He was so tired. Refreshing everything he knew about his condition and then learning some more really had him worried. His heart felt like it could jump right out of his chest and mortification seemed like a sticky substance covering his bones. He couldn’t believe he had let himself have a meltdown in front of them. He was doing so well!

But it was all too much. When Freddie embraced him back at the kitchen, for the first time in weeks he felt loved and cared for. His legs trembled under the weight of the realization that he had barely been touched at all in that sense. Surely, there were small gestures of friendship, even from Angie, and they obviously had had body contact. They lived together, for fuck’s sake. However, nobody stopped to hug him like that. To demonstrate their affection. Brian used to do that all the time. He hugged, cuddled and petted him just because. Then he had to go and ruin everything with his stupid unwanted feelings.

He hadn’t meant to turn into a puddle like that. He planned to allow himself only a few seconds of comfort before pulling away and perfectly avoiding an awkward situation. His cursed hormones, though, had much different ideas as they made him turn into a pathetic sobbing mess in Fred’s arms.

They deserved an explanation. He owed them one. Both were looking at him with such earnest expressions that he could feel his will to keep things under wraps melting away. He thought about coming up with an excuse. In fact, his mouth was halfway opened to do it when something stopped him. Between the myriad of things passing through his brain, all the excellent reasons he had to keep his pregnancy to himself for a while, the multitude of information he had read about earlier, in the middle of it all, a thought stuck to the front of his mind.

*It takes a village.*

The expression on the book had made him reconsider his next words. The offspring who had survived the evolution process accomplished it for the sole reason that their entire community helped with their nurturing. What nature hadn’t provided, the village had ensured. He could do it alone. He was a strong man with infinite love for his child. But he didn’t have to. John’s words echoed powerfully in his head.

*You aren’t alone.*

Roger mustered all his courage as he tried to control his wild heartbeats and tightened his grasp on John’s hands before he let out with barely a whisper.

“I’m pregnant.”

Chapter End Notes

BOOM!! Ta-då!! Everyone breathe!!
I had no intentions whatsoever of writing this chapter like this. It changed a good portion of the whole work. But @marveltrwsh loved it and I felt so sorry for the plans I had for Rog that I decided to keep it.

This chapter was split in two parts because I’m evil. Kidding! I thought it was too long and I’m all for the dramatic effect in the end.

Next chapter we get to see how Freddie and John will react and Brian has some pretty interesting news of his own to share.

If you haven’t read my note on pronouns up there, please take a quick look. I don’t want to spoil anyone. It is just grammar!

Thank you so much for reading and please come freak out with me on the comments!! I love to read every single one! Feel free to ask me any questions you like!

Lots of love!!
XX
Chapter XVII

Chapter Summary

Freddie and John try to absorb the news they had just been told as millions of questions assault their brains. That surely was a big mess and they were about to enter a complex situation.

Chapter Notes

Here it is, guys!! This one is a bit shorter, as the purpose of it was to cover their reactions. It was supposed to be only a couple of paragraphs, but I lost control.

A MASSIVE THANK YOU to all of you fantastic readers! I nearly had a heart attack when I realized the amount of kudos and comments this fanfic got. Like, WHAT?! I’m amazed and over the moon with all of this support. Thank you so so much! <3

@marveltrwsh, if you are still alive, thank you for everything, sis. Love you.

I don’t think any warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The silence that permeated the flat was so intense that, for a moment, John strongly believed the whole world was holding its breath.

Freddie’s eyes looked just about ready to pop out of his face and he was pretty certain that his own expression must have looked eerily the same. In fact, he was almost sure his heart must have skipped several beats as the new information sank into his brain. Because if Freddie also seemed like he had seen a ghost, he must have heard it correctly.

Did he really say pregnant?

The veracity of the statement, though, took a minute longer to make its case. You see, Roger was an infamous prankster. The little devil had invented the cleverest ways to take the piss at them in the past. However, this was a bit too much even for a troublemaker of his caliber.

What really convinced John of how serious he had been, though, was the look of sheer vulnerability on his eyes, as if he was waiting for them to berate at him or laugh at his face. Roger was a biologist and he would never sit on news like this unless he was sure of it. Jesus Fucking Christ.

John was the first one to pull him into the tightest hug with Freddie quickly following his example and embracing them both into a messy entanglement of limbs. When Roger’s returned sobs broke the silence both men had to withdraw their arms to give him some space to breathe.

Freddie barely knew how to react to such news. He was certain something had been bothering Roger
for the past couple of days. They knew each other too well for it to be missed. On top of his dramatic unspoken war of wills with their equally proud guitarist, some other thing had him acting weirder than usual. At least, the mystery behind his sudden appetite for breakfast was solved and that was one less subject to cross from the list of things that kept him awake at night. Although, he had a feeling that the aforementioned list would be growing rapidly in size as this conversation continued. 

_Fucking hell, Rog._

“Darling, please stop crying.” He said softly and rubbed his back. “We’ve got you. It’s okay.”

“He is right, honey. We are here for you. Talk to us.” Deaky added as he gently pushed Roger’s hair away from his face to dry his tears with kind fingertips.

For a few minutes, the sound of their breathing was the only thing that could be heard around the flat. Gradually, as their drummer calmed down once more, the other members of Queen allowed themselves to take larger gulps of air while keeping a watchful gaze on their friend. John was, honest to God, afraid that a sudden movement would get Roger bolting out of the door at the speed of light. He had so many questions that he didn’t think he had enough blood to pump to his brain in order to figure out some of them. Roger was pregnant. As in, there was a tiny life growing stronger by the minute inside of his friend right next to him. Jesus. Of course it had to be Roger to get himself involved in such a mess. Next time he acted as quiet as he had been for the past month, John would surely start storing provisions in order to deal with the incoming aftermath. However, to be fair, he was most definitely certain that in this case Roger hadn’t started anything alone.

Treading lightly, he held both of Roger’s cheeks as gently as possible as he asked a question they all knew the answer for.

“It is Brian’s, isn’t it?”

Roger nodded tiredly between his hands as a fresh wave of silent tears fell from his eyes. At least raging hormones explained the waterworks from a few minutes ago.

“Does he know?” Freddie spoke softly, but it was enough to make Roger extract himself from his fingers and desperately grab the singer’s forearms with all his might.

“He can’t know! Not yet!” His voice went high as it dripped with abandon and anguish and he turned to John. “Please! Don’t tell him!”

“We won’t. Calm down, Rog.” He intervened and shot warning glances at Freddie.

The drummer was shaking like a leaf on a windy day and John was no doctor, but he guessed that kind of stress couldn’t possibly be good for someone in his condition. However, this was pretty big. Once, he had helped Roger hide a stained shirt from Brian and another time he even covered him for a damaged record. A baby, on the other hand, was a whole other level.

“You know, though, that eventually you’ll have to let him know, right?” He tried again, gently, but making sure to get his point across.

“This is something really important, darling. It’s his kid too.” Freddie backed him up.

Roger took a deep breath and ran his fingers through his hair, teeth sinking mercilessly on his lower lip. On the bright side, it seemed like he had controlled his tears, which left behind puffy red eyes and a very sad look on his face.

“I know. I will tell him.” He offered with a defeated tone. “Let me sort things out with him first. It
may take a while, but it’s important to me.”

Freddie looked from Roger to John. Hiding something like this from Brian didn’t feel right in the slightest. But it wasn’t his place to break news of this magnitude to the guitarist. Also, Roger, as miserable as he sounded, had clear determination on his voice. Obviously, it mattered to his friend a whole hell lot to make things right between the both of them before he let Brian know. Even if he couldn’t quite comprehend why, Freddie knew it was something he had to respect. And judging by the acceptance in his face, so did John.

“How far along are you, dear? Pregnancy math never agreed with me.”

“True.” John seconded him and continued. “Do you think I have enough time to come up with a singing crib?”

Roger’s bubbling laugh was a welcome sight. Good. If he had been dying to intervene before, now Freddie would make damn sure to guarantee his friend and his future godchild were both properly cared for. Heaven’s knew Rog could use all the help possible to keep him on the right track. And, while he was a bit troubled with lying by omission to Brian, he was more than glad that Roger had decided to let them know. He would take good care of them, one weird breakfast at a time.

As for Roger, he felt like he could fly such was the relief of having his friends by his side. He knew, deep in his core, that it wasn’t fair of him to make them keep this major secret from Brian. He did. But he also had to think about their baby’s safety. Things would have to slow down a little bit for a while and having his friends support would make all the difference. He just needed a little longer to figure out how he would solve things with Brian and then he would tell him. Even if he had to write a damn manifesto, he would prove his worth to him.

Finally able to do it in front of other people, Roger brought both his hands to rest lovingly on top of his belly. “Just started the eighth week, if I calculated it right. According to my book, we count two weeks before conception and then we have five more and a couple of days since we… Hm… Did it.”

He felt his cheeks burning and he averted his eyes from Freddie’s smirking face. John, to his credit, kept a politely curious expression the whole time until a sudden thought hit him like a train.

“Roger Meddows Taylor, you did not drink all those beers, did you?” His spoke firmly and Roger wasted no time in telling them about his deal with Angela and quietly accepted when he was called a dumbass.

Coming to think of it, it was a shame his brilliant plan had been wasted since he let the cat out of the box not twenty-four hours later.

Way to go, Taylor.

“Since we are on the topic of lies, I’d also like to add that I spent the entire Friday taking the blood exam and waiting for its result.” He said it all in one breath, glad that he could come clean about that one too.

He didn’t miss to look exchanged between to other two. They probably were coming to terms with the fact that it was one more thing they couldn’t tell Brian as well. He truly hated to put his friends in this awful position. Thankfully, they didn’t press further on the topic.

“When will you be going the doctor, darling?” Freddie asked after a minute as he started to play with golden hair. “I want to know if I’m having a godson or a goddaughter.”
“Now, wait a second.” John chipped in with a very serious tone. “This baby already has a godfather and you’re looking right at him.”

“I think you can have more than one of those.” Roger immediately jumped in. “Also, I was planning to go whenever I can once the weekdays start. I want to make sure she is alright.”

He absently let his thumbs copy Brian’s soothing motions on his middle and then stilled his hands as the thought made his heart ache at the memory. Freddie, though, seemed to have caught something on the last thing he said.

“Oh! Are we having a girl, then, darling?”

Roger frowned and blinked at him until he realized what prompted that. He had taken a liking to calling the baby a ‘her’. Maybe it was the influence of Emily’s countless dresses, but he had a feeling they would be having a baby girl. He honestly didn’t care, though, if his child was a boy or girl, because she would be theirs. As long as she thought drums were cooler than guitars, he was A-Okay with whatever she wanted to be.

“I have no idea. It’s just a hunch.” He said with a shrug. To his surprise, Freddie quickly slid back a little on the sofa and bent his neck to be at eye level with Roger’s middle.

“Don’t worry, little one. We’ve got you covered now.” He whispered softly and Roger felt his heart swelling with warmth.

John’s arms were around him even before he could register the wetness on his cheeks and he was more than glad to let himself melt into the hug as Freddie also joined them for the cuddle.

He had no idea for how long they stayed like that. It felt good, safe and warm. It was the happiest he had felt in over a month and he was extremely grateful for being blessed with such amazing friends.

He wished with all his heart for Brian to be there as well. Where he could wrap his loving arms around him and their baby, the place where he belonged.

Chapter End Notes

Slowly, we are heading in the right direction. Bear with me a little longer. <3

I considered joining this chapter with the next one, since they are not very long. However, recent events are consuming a great amount of my time and I’m not writing as much as I’d like. I’m trying to catch up today, but I’m still unsure if I’ll be able to keep up the rhythm. Therefore, I opted for keeping both chapters as they were.

Things should go back to normal soon, tho. My cat had surgery and she is soft™. I spoil her way too much and she literally won’t rest unless if laying on my chest. I don’t have the heart to move her, even as she crushes my boobs and don’t let me write (like right now). But give it a couple more days and she will be running around the flat again so I can go back to typing at full speed.

That being said, next chapter we will see how Brian spent his afternoon and the most oblivious line of thought on this side of the universe.

Thank you so much for reading!! Please, come say ‘Hi’ in the comments if you’d like! I
absolutely love answering you guys! If I missed a comment, pretty please let me know!!

Lots of love!
XX
Chapter XVIII

Chapter Summary

Brian struggles to get a grip around his feelings as he thinks of a plan to get things back to normal.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!

Many of you probably already know what to expect from this chapter. Please keep in mind that everything that Brian does is to: A) Protect his own feelings or the integrity of the band; B) Try to make Roger happy or C) Make things go back to normal. He is a sweetheart and a good man. It is okay if you wanna strangle him for a minute, but please don’t hate him.

Once again, thank you all so much for sticking with this work and for all the amazing support!! My cat, Agatha, also says thanks for all the love you guys sent her! <3

@marveltwsh is currently on the process of recovering from the last chapter I sent her. She will live. Love you. <3

I believe no warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Brian arrived at home later that night, he was graced with the adorable sight of all of his flatmates cuddled together on the sofa.

John and Freddie talked in hushed tones in order not to awake the drummer peacefully resting between them. Brian couldn’t pick up on what they were saying as they ceased the conversation once he neared the sofa. He frowned and asked quietly if everything was okay. It wasn’t everyday he found all of them tangled together and not a sign of alcohol in the vicinities.

Freddie quickly motioned his head to point at a bowl with biscuits and John offered him a small smile, not daring to move much since Roger was using his lap as pillow. It had been a lazy afternoon for the boys, then. Made sense.

His day hadn’t been so bad either. Ignoring the fact that his feelings were all over the place and he was still very much mad at himself for not being able to control them properly, he actually had a good time at the rescue center.

Earlier, when he determined that his mood wouldn’t be improving anytime soon, he decided that helping with voluntary work in one of his favorite places could be useful to calm him down. Also, it
was always a pleasure to be surrounded by the tiniest and cutest creatures of the planet.

Brian had managed to be of assistance to several animals needing to be cleaned, fed or just cuddled. He even gave a quick tour to the new volunteer and showed her how things worked around the center. He was delighted when she also seemed interested in taking care of the hedgehogs and they spent a good part of the afternoon nourishing and petting the spiny cuties.

He felt somewhat more relaxed after dedicating his time to something he loved. He was nowhere even near perfect regarding his emotional turmoil, but at least he no longer felt like smashing his own head against a wall as a desperate measure to make his stupid brain just stop thinking about Roger for a second.

Watching him serenely sleeping like that brought mixed feelings to his heart. He adored looking at him while he was lost in the realm of dreams. His whole expression softened and, in spite of not being able to see his gorgeous eyes, the sight of his slightly opened pink lips and his delicate features never failed to make Brian melt. Lately, he had been depriving himself from doing it. It still hurt immensely to think he would never wake up to find a sleepy Roger in his arms again.

But he couldn’t help it this time.

When he kneeled between the sofa and their flimsy looking coffee table to grab a biscuit, his gaze was instantly glued to the drummer’s face and he was a goner. While normally he would be the one holding Roger or acting as a support for him to lean against, giving their current barely-speaking-to-each-other situation, he actually had to refrain himself from tucking a loose strand of golden hair behind his ear.

“He’s not going to bite you, darling.” Freddie’s voice nearly startled him and he realized his hand was still midair for his aborted mission.

Brian blinked a couple times and gulped. Surely the other occupants of the room could hear his heart thumping inside of his chest, so loud it sounded to his own ears. Holding his breath and begging any saint available to ensure Roger remained asleep, he carefully let his fingers brush against the soft skin of his pale cheek.

As Roger did not even stir, he allowed his lungs to work as they should and gently entwined his digits into golden tresses. The action was so familiar, and yet it had been so long since the last time he did it, that his chest ached at his own stupidity. How could he have ruined this? How did he managed to let the best thing of his life slip away like that?

“You both are idiots.” John said matter-of-factly, as if reading his thoughts. “I hope you know that.”

Brian retrieved his hand and sighed. He couldn’t argument against that. Because he very much felt like the dumbest form of life on this side of the cosmos and nothing he did seemed to work to fix things. He had given Roger space, he had tried apologizing in subtle ways, he had been respectful and distant in order not to suffocate him and yet, Roger didn’t appear to be inclined in the slightest to forgive him for his behavior.

Perhaps, showing the drummer that he had moved on and that there was no need for him to remain pissed at him was the best solution. Even if he didn’t mean it and all his instincts were screaming at him to just beg his friend for forgiveness so they could go back to their normal lives. Because, truth be told, he could date the entire universe and he was absolutely positive that he wouldn’t find anyone more perfect than Roger.

He loved every single thing about the man. From his bright personality to the tiniest detail of his face.
Each centimeter of his body was a work of art and deserved full appreciation. Even when he was being insufferable and stubborn, or when he was trying with all his mighty to make Brian lose his temper, it was impossible not to adore him. Because even when he hated the drummer, he loved him with all his heart.

Shaking his head and pushing against the cushions to give him some impulse, Brian got up and straightened his back. There was no need to let his bandmates know about his internal struggles to handle his feelings. As soon as things went back to normal, the better.

“Don’t worry. This will pass.” He started, still a bit unsure on how his friends would deal with the news. “Also, I have a date tomorrow night, so…”

The collective intake of breath gave him a pause. Freddie and John exchanged heavy looks before both stared at him again, surprise clear in their faces as the light of the day. Brian didn’t blame them in the slightest. He was quite shocked himself.

When Michelle, the new volunteer at the center, had asked him earlier if he would like to grab dinner together on the next day, he had a polite refusal ready on the tip of his tongue. But, then, he thought about it for a second. Like, it was just dinner. It didn’t mean he was going to marry her or anything. She seemed really nice and he would be a filthy liar if he said she wasn’t pretty. Plus, that could help him show everybody that he was fully ready to move on, even if he wasn’t.

Therefore, he said yes and his heart clenched a bit when she smiled happily at him. Michelle was a genuinely sweet girl and he did not intend to toy with her feelings or anything like that. He wasn’t an asshole. That didn’t stop him from feeling extremely guilty, though. But he had already accepted and who knew? It might turn out to be a good thing.

“Are you telling Roger?” John asked him with a tight voice a few seconds later and Freddie looked expectantly at him.

He looked again at the love of his life sleeping like an angel and wanting nothing to do with him. If he had to prove to him that things could go back to the way they were, then that was what he would do.

“Why wouldn’t I?” He forced a nonchalant tone and shrugged uncompromisingly.

Freddie opened his mouth as if to say something and gave up midway. The singer tiredly massaged his forehead for an instant until he finally sighed in frustration and finally spoke.

“Whatever you think it’s best, darling.”

John chose to make no comments. He had a worried look on his face and Brian could tell he wanted to give him a full speech on the topic but changed his mind. The guitarist appreciated the lack of scolding from him. It hadn’t been an easy decision and surely he would suffer with the heartache that came with it. But he needed to do something.

Stealing a biscuit, he made his way to the bathroom. His day had been really long and all he wanted was a good shower, some dinner and a decent eight hours of sleep after last night’s fiasco.

Everything would be fine.

Chapter End Notes
I really wouldn’t want to be in Deacury’s position. That’s a tough place. We will see more on how they feel about it on the future. Don’t worry!

For next chapter you can expect some shenanigans, a bit of fluff and a Roger that might surprise you. I think it’s time to give him back some of his ~spark~, wouldn’t you agree?

Thank you all sooooooooooo much for reading!! Your kudos and comments make my day!! Please feel free to ask any questions or just freak out with me on the comments. I absolutely LOVE reading them!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
The following morning nearly made John lose all his faith in the intelligence of mankind.

Scientific studies should be conducted in the future to determine how thick were his friend’s heads and how massive were their egos, because the scene he had to witness in their kitchen surely couldn’t be fit in the regular standards of obliviousness.

While dinner on the previous night had been an uneventful affair, that morning seemed determined to fix the situation with an unhealthy dose of awkwardness and generating as much havoc as possible for everybody involved.

To its credit, the day had started with everything apparently working according to the plan. Before they all retired for the night, John had figured out a course of action for how they would get Roger to the doctor without raising suspicions. He did not know much about pregnancies, but growing a whole new human being obviously didn’t sound like something one could do unassisted by health professionals. Especially if the one housing the baby for now was Roger.

They quickly agreed that Freddie would be the one responsible to distract Brian with something far away from the living room while the other two arranged making the phone call. He was the most likely to come up with some ludicrous excuse to entertain the guitarist and John wanted to make sure
that Roger would get all the information necessary.

He truly believed his friend could be responsible and that he would do everything in his power to take good care of his child. He knew that. However, he couldn’t help himself when it came to fretting all over the drummer. He and Freddie had even spent a good portion of the night discussing healthy diets and a new recording routine in order to avoid straining Roger too much. If he knew well his friend, that stubborn idiot would probably try to push himself to his limit when there was no need for such drama.

Therefore, when morning came and they all found themselves awake enough to function, Freddie wasted no time in dragging Brian to the bathroom, talking a mile a minute about this amazing dream about acoustics and his absolute need to test the theory before breakfast. What in the universe possessed Brian to grab a guitar and indulge their borderline insane lead singer would remain a mystery to John.

Taking the cue to quickly follow the rest of their plan, Roger searched on the phonebook the doctors from his list and picked the one closest to their flat. He talked in rushed tones with the person on the other side of the line and almost squealed in delight when he was told that there was one opening for that morning if he was interested. After he conspired with John for an instant to see if it was viable, he promptly accepted the opportunity and straightened up the details.

Looking like the embodiment of innocence, they went to the kitchen and started preparing breakfast. Roger suggested that it would be nice to let Freddie know it was okay to discontinue the theatrics that could be well heard even from across their flat. John dissuaded him from the thought with a bowl full of strawberries. After his crazy dating idea, Brian definitely deserved to suffer a bit more. Not that listening to Freddie sing was ever displeasing, but certainly the experience was much more overwhelming from inside of a tiny bathroom. Especially if the singer was determined to cover for every other sound in the vicinity.

After a couple more minutes, Freddie waltzed in the kitchen with an ill-concealed smirk and a regretful looking Brian in tow. Up to that point, everything seemed deceivingly fine. They ate and started to chat about the work they would get done on the studio during the afternoon and John even managed to pull Freddie away for a second to update him on the sudden appointment date. However, what appeared to be a safe topic, soon it proved itself to be a disaster just waiting to happen.

As they were already discussing the album, John subtly introduced the idea that they should slow down a bit the recording process to make sure everything was running smoothly so far. Freddie, being aware of his intentions, quickly backed him up with no problems, as the man was notorious for his meticulous methods on the studio while Roger took a while longer to realize why it was necessary and he reluctantly agreed.

Brian, on the other hand, was completely clueless to why on God’s Green Earth that was a good idea, since he was already very concerned with their deadline. At that, John was hit by a strong feeling that the guitarist had never delivered a single late paper in college and he prayed some of those genes were passed to his godchild.

“I don’t understand it.” Brian started as he dismantled a sad looking piece of toast. “I was supposed to record that guitar bit four days ago. Now you want to delay it more?”

John rolled his eyes for it was not what he had said. In fact, he was ready to correct his erroneous assumption and explain that he meant the album as a whole and not just the song they were currently working on. But, then, Roger decided it was a great time to let his guilty ass speak up and that’s when their misleadingly calm morning turned sour.
“We can practice it more tonight if you want.” He said with a small voice and frowned at the different reactions of his flat mates.

Freddie visibly flinched and started to munch on the nails of his left hand as he pointedly looked at Brian. John also seemed to be staring at the taller man, with a deadly gaze and fingers tapping rhythmically against the wooden tabletop. When Roger finally dragged his eyes to where Brian was sitting, he got a bit concerned.

The usually calm and relaxed man was taut as a bowstring and, in spite of the blank expression on his face, his fidgety hands gave away that he was rather nervous about something. Roger sat himself straighter as his heart thumped against his ribcage. Judging by the response of his friends, whatever it was that Brian had to say could not be any good.

“Thanks, Rog. But, ah…” Brian spoke looking everywhere but in his direction as he twiddled with his hair. “I can’t tonight. I have a date.”

Roger blinked a couple of times. Then several more. Brian’s words were taking their time to infiltrate his brain and place one by one what felt like a million stabbing daggers on his heart. Some deity must have been looking after him, though, for, instead of being graced by his now ever so present tears, his face went completely blank as an aftereffect of his shock.

Brian was going on a date.

After over a month of Roger being in his best behavior and doing everything he could in order to prove to him that he was worthy of his love, Brian was going out on a fucking date. The notion seemed so ironic that he nearly burst out in laughs on the spot. He felt like a complete idiot. There he was, aching for the other man, carrying his child, moving hell and earth to act mature and stay out of his way even if it pained him to do so during every single second of his day. All of that and Brian was dating.

If Roger didn’t win an award for being the dumbest man ever, clearly the competition was rigged because he couldn’t think of anything that was stupid enough to top that.

He was so flabbergasted that he barely knew how to react to such news. Part of him wanted to start smashing cups as an escape to the dangerous anger that was slowly wrapping itself around his bones. His thundering broken heart was begging him to start screaming at Brian, because he couldn’t just put him in that situation and walk away as if nothing had happened. But as his shock started to wear off and his treacherous tears threatened to make an appearance, he realized all three men were expectantly looking at him and all he wanted then was to get out of the kitchen as fast as possible.

“Well…” He forced himself to speak, trying his best to sound as indifferent as possible. “Have fun, then.”

Brian looked at him with unreadable eyes for a moment before he nodded his head and muttered shyly. “Thank you.”

Considering that he had already eaten enough for the sake of his baby, his heart had already been shattered and it was not his turn to wash the dishes, Roger failed to see what other business he still had to do in that godforsaken kitchen and quietly excused himself on his way out, Freddie hot on his trail.

Without giving him much of a choice, the singer dragged him to his own bedroom and promptly closed the door behind them. Which probably had been the wisest decision of the past few minutes, since Roger could already feel his detested tears running silently down his face and the last thing he
needed was Brian catching him crying in their bedroom after such astonishing revelations.

Freddie, God bless him, waited patiently for him to calm down. His mate gently pulled him in a warm embrace and guided them to a sitting position on the nearest bed. During the whole time he caressed his hair and softly spoke soothing words that made Roger appreciate even more how lucky he was for having friends so loving and caring.

But mostly, he thought about Brian.

Brian, with his stupid smile and his amazing hair and his poor opinion of Roger. Brian, who didn’t love him back and clearly had moved on. Brian, who didn’t want him for more than an one-night stand and never would think of him as worthy of anything else. Brian, who had no idea he was pregnant and if depended of Roger, he would remain that way. Brian, Brian, Brian.

He took a deep breath. Freddie’s arms were still securely wrapped around him and his solid heartbeats were a calming sound against Roger’s ears. His crying had stopped and he finally was breathing normally. His heart, however, was still very much broken. He wondered how many times it could happen in a month before the organ simply gave up.

After a couple more minutes, when he was sure he wouldn’t stutter, he spoke. “You won’t tell him about the baby.”

“Rog…” Freddie started but he was quick to interrupt him.

“You won’t. If he wants to date, let him date.” Roger firmly said.

If that’s what Brian wanted, he wouldn’t stop him. He refused to let him know he was pregnant under such circumstances. Because, in spite of him being an asshole every once in a while, Brian May was a good man. Roger was damn sure that he would instantly climb on his moral high horse and would want to marry him out of duty or some shit like that.

Over his dead body he would accept his pity.

Roger was a grown up man and perfectly capable of taking care of their child, thank you very much. Like, he wasn’t cruel and he wouldn’t hide his pregnancy forever. That baby was Brian’s too. But sure as death he wouldn’t use his condition to win back a man who clearly didn’t want him.

“You both are being ridiculous.” Freddie’s frustration was clear in his voice.

“I don’t care.” He muttered against his chest. “I officially don’t give a fuck anymore.”

He meant it. He was done acting like someone Brian might be interested in. He wasn’t quiet nor mature. He hated studying and he couldn’t tell apart this side of the cosmos from the other. He was loud and playful. He had a free spirit and a penchant for mischief. He was abso-fucking-lutely done with trying to avoid upsetting his roommate. It might not be much, but he had some self-respect.

He would raise his head up high and desist with his absurd plan of being worthy of Brian’s love. Screw him. He was more than free to think of Roger as an irresponsible childish drunk slut. Fucking watch him care. If Brian wanted him or this baby, then perhaps it was time for that bloody sod to prove his worth.

Their child was his only concern for now. Roger would do everything possible to guarantee that his little one was okay and well cared for. He would eat properly, exercise, sunbathe or whatever else he had to do in order to ensure the healthy development of their baby. As for Brian, he could very much go fuck himself.
Roger wasn’t stupid. Of course he still loved him with all his heart. It wasn’t something he could just stop doing because he was extremely mad at him. That was, in fact, the worst part of it all. He knew that his boiling anger and sudden exasperation had reached their peak due to the fact that he loved Brian so damn much. But there were, indeed, limits. Freddie was right and he was being quite ridiculous. His plan had miserably failed and Brian would never have romantic feelings for him. Fine.

All he could hope for at that point was that returning to his normal self could at least result in having something close to what their friendship used to be. He missed Brian desperately. Even now when he wanted to kill him and chop off his balls, not necessarily in that order, every cell of his body longed for the guitarist. He wished he could blame his hormones for that as well, but deep down he recognized that it was his own heart creating such a mess.

The sound of the bedroom door opening and closing again startled him a bit and he turned around to see John tiredly leaning against the wood. The youngest member of their band looked incredibly old in his mismatched pajamas. Not physically, of course. But the look in his face left no doubts to any outsiders that he was the most mature of them all.

“How are we doing in here?” John asked as he carefully approached the bed.

Freddie seemed highly frustrated with the situation at hand. As for Roger, he had a mixed look going on. As if he was still deciding whether he wanted to strangle Brian with his bare hands or if it was more productive to bury himself in seven layers of blankets and remain there until the end of times.

“Roger is being difficult, as usual. I very much want to smack Brian and I’m pretty sure you’re wearing my shirt, darling.” Freddie stated as he got up and started rummaging through his closet.

“Also, we will be late for the appointment if we don’t leave soon.”

The drummer perked up at that and gaped his unfairly blue eyes at them. “You guys are coming with me?”

John sighed and Freddie did not even bother to answer something so ridiculous.

“Of course we are going with you, Rog.” He said and moved his hand to lightly squeeze his shoulder. “Don’t be silly.”

Roger offered him a smile so grateful that one would think John had just agreed to give him one of his kidneys. The little blond was insane if he thought for a second that they would let him go there alone. He was tough, but he wasn’t invincible. If anything, he deserved at least someone there to hold his hand.

At first he and Freddie had agreed that it would look a tidbit suspicious if the three of them decided to go on a secret errand all together. They thought about leaving separately and meeting later but a better opportunity had arose. A couple minutes earlier, John had managed to convince Brian to go grocery shopping for the week, since none of them had done it on the weekend. The guitarist was a nervous train wreck, but he had agreed without much trouble. Therefore, they were all clear to go.

He still wasn’t exactly certain about how he felt about the whole thing. Clearly, the oblivious love birds had a lot of figuring out to do between them and yet both were too proud to actually make a decent attempt of using proper words to establish an open channel of communication. Brian surely would find out how to talk to Martians before he managed to express his feelings for Roger. And they had the baby to think about. Never in his life he had thought that he would be helping a close friend to hide a kid from his other close friend as they all lived under the same roof. He would have to sit on that one for a while longer.
As for Brian’s sudden plans for tonight, he still had plenty of things to consider regarding the matter. His friend was an imbecile sometimes, but he would never hurt Roger on purpose. Whatever motivated him to go dating, of all things, needed further analysis.

As they made their way to the car, after checking if Brian had already left, Roger felt his anger cooling down a bit and giving place to excitement. He was actually going to check if the baby was okay. He still couldn’t quite believe how lucky he was for scoring that appointment. After reading that damn book, his concerns regarding the fragility of his condition had been multiplied by a hundred. He was dying to have a professional in the area assuring him that his child was healthy and that they both would be fine.

Also, he wasn’t alone.

From the moment he realized it was necessary to visit a doctor, part of him had been dreading to go there by himself. He was scared shitless that something might be wrong and he honestly didn’t know how he would cope if that was the case. After telling Freddie and John, he was a bit uncertain if he should ask them to go with him. While he desperately needed some support, he wasn’t sure if they would like to be involved in such matters.

When both had volunteered to go, as if their presence for that moment was the most obvious thing in the universe, Roger almost leaped from the bed to hug his friends in gratitude. He was certain that they would be welcoming to the baby, but to have John and Freddie effectively acting so engaging and caring about his pregnancy made Roger’s heart flutter with love and appreciation for them.

However things turned out to be in the end, Roger was sure that they would be fine. Because more than ever, he was certain that they all would stay together. They were family.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of drama, a bit of fluff… And confident! Roger is slowly coming back. It is still a struggle to fight against his hormones, but he sure as hell is done behaving “properly” just to please Brian. Too bad that it will only cause more misunderstandings. Because I’m evil. ^^'

Next chapter we will see how the doctor’s appointment will go. I’m not sure if that’s how it worked back in 70’s London, but that’s how I ~guess~ it would work nowadays here in my country. Let’s hope it makes sense. Also, there is some really adorable fluff for you guys on the next one. Poor @marveltrwsh was totally soft ™ by the end of it.

Now, I’d like your opinion on something. As I have mentioned before, this story completely changed direction as I started to write more chapters. I have a slight idea of where I want it to go, but most of the time I just start writing and pray for the best. But, because the plot has changed so much as it is way more lighter than what I first intended, I’m not entirely sure of how far I should go.

Do you want the full pregnancy? Chapter by chapter or detailed time skips? I have been talking to @marveltrwsh and we concluded that this work is made of considerable time skips (there is one coming in the near future) and then detailed events happening in a few days. Do you think that this could work for the rest of the pregnancy?

Also, how much do you really want to know about the labor/anatomy matter? Because
I’ve been working on that and I have no idea on how I’ll pull off graphic details. I have some theories of how things work in this AU, but it would be nice to know how willing you are to read more “gory” details.

Please let me know in the comments! I really love reading your thoughts on the story and I’d be delighted to answer your question and hear suggestions.

Thank you so much for reading and for all the support!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XX

Chapter Summary

The boys, minus an oblivious Brian, head to the doctor’s appointment where they receive some good news and others not so great.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!! I can’t believe I wrote this amount of fluff!! Don’t get too used to it, though! This is me apologizing in advance for future chapters. ^^'

I want to thank you all so much for the continuous love and support!! Your opinions are very important to me and I am carefully considering all of them as I decide on how to continue this work, plot and structure wise. If you can, please let me know in the comments what else you would like to see here.

@marveltrwsh, you are my HERO and I hope you know it. Bless you! <3

I can promise you that we are done with major misunderstandings!! There’s still some heavy angst coming to hit you ~hard~, but soon it will all be out in the open.

So, we also have come to a decision regarding the baby’s gender. @marveltrwsh and I were just messing around with names and out of the blue the most perfect and adorable name just hit me and we both ~melted~. So, the name picked the gender. I hope you guys like it in the end!! It is tooth-rotting sweet!!

The rule for the pronoun remains until we have an official announcement, though. However, because I couldn’t resist it, I’ve decided to include some ~clues~ about the first name. Feel free to look at minor details for it. xD

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe. It’s all a big ball of fluff.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If Roger thought that waiting at the clinic to get a pregnancy blood test was the most awkward thing he had done, clearly he hadn’t considered what three blokes sitting together in the practice of an ob-gyn would look like.

To her credit, the lovely receptionist who had talked earlier on the phone with Roger looked completely professional when the trio approached her to confirm the appointment and fill in the forms with no woman in sight. In fact, she was really polite and congratulated Roger for the baby, which promptly made him blush at both her comment and Freddie’s giggles. John, bless him, was the one to shoot the singer a warning look while a pink cheeked Roger muttered his thanks.
Mercifully, their wait was a short one. After a few minutes of uncomfortably staring at charts and posters exhibiting different stages of pregnancy, the sound of a happily laughing couple leaving the doctor’s office signalized it would soon be their turn to go in.

Trepidation started to wave itself around Roger’s heart as he looked at the heavily pregnant lady. He felt torn between his fear of looking that big in a very near future and his desperate need to be told that everything was okay and he had good chances of actually getting to that point. Freddie and John seemed to guess what his was thinking for they both promptly grabbed one of his hands each.

“You’re going to be fine.” Said the bassist with a gentle squeeze and a small smile.

“You both will, darling.” Freddie added as he played with trembling fingers. “Also, I’d never allow you to wear such a hideous dress. Have some faith.”

Roger aborted a snort and hoped that the woman wearing said garment was distracted enough to miss the comment. To be fair, the bright lime fabric with angry orange flowers was a fashion nightmare that should have never been permitted out of the store. Luckily, the bubbling lady was too elated to pay them any attention and they didn’t get in trouble. John didn’t stop looking mortified until she left, though.

Soon enough, Roger was summoned to go meet the doctor and the other two followed closely behind him, looking like two overgrown mother hens. Roger didn’t feel suffocated like he normally would in the face of such behavior. In fact, the warmest feeling soothed his worrying heart and he felt extremely grateful for having people that cared so much about them by his side.

The office was very similar to the room outside, with pale blue walls and white furniture. It even had the charts with female anatomy and a smaller one to the corner with male parts. The drummer avoided very much looking at that one.

Doctor J. Benson, a tall man with broad shoulders, grey short hair and a friendly smile, welcomed them with a firm handshake each. In spite of his height, he didn’t seem very muscular, as if age had made him softer. He had warm brown eyes with a few wrinkles on the corners and a kind expression. Also, he looked like he was not judging Roger a single bit.

“I’m so happy to meet you, Mr. Taylor.” He said excitedly, his voice was rich and just seemed to inspire trust. “Thank you for coming here.”

Dr. Benson motioned for them to sit down in front of his delicate looking glass desk, a third chair had already been placed there as the receptionist probably let him know there would be more than two people coming in. The trio took their seats and suddenly Roger felt all nervous again.

“Thank you for having me so soon.” He said with a small voice as he fidgeted with his hands.

The doctor beamed at him and then frowned a bit as he caught up with Roger’s agitation. “I understand this is probably the last place you expected to find yourself at as a patient, Mr. Taylor.” He spoke softly. “But please know that we want to do everything in our power to make you comfortable. It is extremely important that you get proper care during your pregnancy.”

Roger nodded and bit his lower lip. He did feel a bit uneasy for being there. Yes, he already loved his baby to pieces, but the whole concept of being pregnant was still very new and so delicate! He had about a thousand questions and he knew the doctor probably would have to ask him a few embarrassing things to say in front of his friends. But, even with the prospect of discussing the specifics of his sex life in front of them, he couldn’t feel more grateful for the solid presence of Freddie and John by his side.
He felt like a blushing virgin sitting in that room. But he knew it was ridiculous. The tiny life growing inside of him was enough evidence that he had sex and pretending that he didn’t really was kind of pointless. Plus, it was the man’s profession to talk about that stuff with a bunch of strangers every day, so honestly there was no point in feeling shy. With that in mind, he did his best to get a grip on his nerves and just be done with it. They all were busy people and he had things more important than his self-consciousness to consider.

“Thank you.” He managed to say with a firm voice and ignored his heated cheeks. “I just want to make sure everything is okay with my baby.”

Dr. Benson smiled and started to take notes on a brand new file, Roger’s name neatly written on the top. “That is excellent! I want to go over a few things with you, if that’s okay.”

Roger took a deep breath and nodded, bracing himself to be fully mortified. However, the doctor was really thoughtful on the placement of his words and his friends did their best pretending they weren’t paying attention. So, instead of dying, the drummer just wanted the ground to open up and swallow him instead. The questions were thorough but not invasive. They pretty much served to determine how far along he was into the pregnancy and to see if there was anything worrisome about his symptoms.

He wasted no time in telling Dr. Benson that he was a biologist and had recently researched about his condition and, therefore, any explicit explanations about conception and delivery were avoided, to the relief of at least half of the room. The physician probably was fine talking about it, though, and Freddie, to their amazement was pretty curious about how everything worked and was considerably inquisitive about labor.

“It’s okay, Mr. Taylor. No need to be embarrassed.” He professionally assured him and continued. “However, I do believe it is valid for the father to know how delivery works.”

At that, he politely looked at each man sitting next to his patient as if waiting to see if one of them would volunteer the information. Normally, with a couple, it was obvious the man was the father. In this particular case, it was a bit harder to tell.

A sixth shade of red probably made its way to Roger’s face and he let himself hold his belly like he had been wanting to since they arrived at the practice. He didn’t feel comfortable explaining to the well-meant doctor that Brian wasn’t really talking to him and had a fucking date on top of it. He did not need his physician pitying him, thank you very much.

“The father is unavailable at the moment.” John spoke matter-of-factly. “But we are family. Otherwise, Roger wouldn’t let us come to watch his newest attempt of becoming a tomato.” Then he turned to the drummer. “You are being ridiculous. But we can wait outside if you want.”

“We can.” Freddie agreed and rolled his eyes. “But you are being rather foolish, darling. And you can bet your skinny little ass that we won’t let you deliver this baby alone, no matter how she will come out of you.”

Roger wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. His friends were adorable idiots and even if they
were dead set in embarrassing him, he couldn’t love them more than what he did at that moment. So, he carefully said that they could stay and promised to land the book to Freddie later if he wanted to learn that much about his anatomy.

A few questions later, they moved on to talk about the baby and what could be expected for the rest of the pregnancy. As Roger feared, Dr. Benson concluded that he would, indeed, start showing very soon. He also provided them with a list of ailments and activities that should be avoided. Freddie and John both jumped to it and started to carefully study the topics. They got a bit concerned about the “shouldn’t attend to rock concerts” part, but the doctor assured them that it would only be a problem much later, when the baby’s hearing could be affected. Roger also asked if it was okay for him to continue drumming and the physician saw no problem with it, as long as he took frequent breaks in order not to exhaust himself.

“You seem to be just fine, Mr. Taylor. I would like to run an ultrasound, though.” Dr. Benson stated with a serious tone. “With male carriers, it is always indicated to take a closer look at the baby even if there’s no indication of problems with your pregnancy.”

Roger quickly agreed with him. He knew how delicate the situation was and the doctor didn’t need to explain further. The odds already weren’t in his favor to begin with. Everything he could do to ensure his little one’s safety, he would. By the look on his friends’ faces, they were also eager to see if their godchild was doing okay in there.

A few minutes later, they all could be found in an adjacent smaller room in the same shade of blue from the other two. Roger had been asked to lie down on a paper sheet covered stretcher while Dr. Benson prepared the machine for the exam. Freddie and John were soothing presences standing on the opposite side of the equipment.

Roger could just about burst out with excitement and concern. His breathing refused to cooperate and his heart sounded like it was trying to win a marathon. That was the moment. He would get actual visual proof that his baby was healthy and safe in his belly. His friends were doing their best to remain collected, but Roger could tell they were just as anxious as he was.

When the doctor got everything settled he politely asked Roger to raise his shirt a bit and warned him about the temperature of the cool gel that would improve sound conduction before he squirted a good amount of it on his middle. Checking if he could start, Dr. Benson then proceeded to slide the transducer, which rather looked like a remote control, over his stomach to transmit sound waves.

As the ultrasound machine started to read the echoes, the screen shifted to show the baby and Roger held his breath. Right there, before his very eyes, was the tiniest looking bean that he already loved with all his heart. Roger melted. Small giggles left his mouth as fresh happy tears streamed down his face before he could notice them. He was going to be a dad. Jesus fuck. Then, the physician flicked a couple switches and, to their amazement, the most incredible sound filled the room. It was almost as if Roger had decided to drum as fast as he could and it took him a second to realize that it was a heartbeat.

“Oh my God!” He squealed and didn’t care for an instant that he sounded like a fucking mess. His baby’s heart was beating strongly and nothing else mattered.

Freddie’s warm hand grabbed his shoulder, beaming at him, while John took hold of his hand and held it firmly, a bright smile on his face and eyes shiny with tears.

“Look at that, Rog!” Deaky sounded ecstatic. “You’re growing an actual person. Bloody hell!”

“Oh, she is going to be a fierce one, darling! I can tell!” Freddie spoke nearly bouncing with
happiness next to him.

Roger did not even had words to describe how he was feeling. He actually thought he had never been happier in his whole life. It was unbelievable and scary how much love he had for someone so small. At that moment, looking at his child, even if through a screen, listening to her heartbeat, he adamantly knew that he would never let any harm come to her. That was it. That little drummer would forever be the most important thing of his life.

“You have a healthy little baby, Mr. Taylor.” Dr. Benson happily announced. “Great measurement for her age, solid heartbeat and there are no abnormalities as far as I can see.”

Both Freddie and Deaky celebrated and breathed better with relief. Upon hearing those words, Roger literally felt his muscles relaxing. He hadn’t realized how tense he was with worry and anticipation. His baby was fine. He hadn’t screwed her up. She actually had a chance of coming to this world. Good Lord, he was having a baby. Brian’s baby.

The hand on his shoulder tightened and instantly Freddie was enveloping him in a loving hug. Roger could feel his silent tears becoming loud sobs and he desperately grabbed the front of the singer’s shirt, which seemed to be turning into a habit. He had been so worried that he had damaged the baby with his poor behavior that to have medical proof assuring him otherwise felt like the weight of the world had been lifted from his aching shoulders.

“I-I’m s-sorry.” He brokenly whispered between whimpers. “I-I’m just so g-glad she is o-okay.”

“It’s alright, Rog.” Deaky hummed as he kindly patted Roger’s legs.

But it wasn’t everything alright, was it? Something was missing.

Your father should be here.

Roger thought as his heart clenched with pain. It wasn’t right that Brian missed that moment. It was his baby too and no matter how fucking pissed and murderous the drummer felt towards him, he knew that his best friend would be the most amazing dad. He would have wanted to be there for every step. God. Roger honestly hoped that the guitarist could forgive him one day for excluding him from that experience. But in his defense, while Roger was there watching their baby, Brian was getting ready for a fucking date. So, really, he couldn’t be blamed for that one.

“Would you like some pictures?” Dr. Benson asked politely, as if he was used to see parents having meltdowns in front of him. Which probably he was.

That made Roger disentangle himself from Freddie and quickly confirm that they would very much appreciate it. After that, he did his best to get a grip around his running hormones and sheepishly wiped away his tears. He was offered a couple of tissues to help with that and to clean up the gel. After that, they all returned to the previous room to wrap up the consult.

The doctor efficiently added the new information to his file and gave them copies of the pictures. Roger didn’t need a recording of the heartbeat. He had paid close attention to it and sure as death he would try to reproduce it on his drums later. Maybe he would even do it in front of Brian, if he were feeling guilty enough for it.

To his dismay, Dr. Benson warned him that his womb was located nearer to the front of his body instead of the back, which increased even more how soon he would be sporting a baby bump, and that he might want to consider start shopping for looser clothes. How amazing. Other than that, he prescribed a couple of prenatal vitamins, made Freddie and John swear they would take care of him
and scheduled the next appointment.

In the end, there were many thanks and promises to be in his best behavior, as the trio happily left the practice. Freddie wanted to go shopping right that instant, but it was almost noon and Brian surely would be back to the flat soon. Thankfully, their guitarist loved to spend a long time choosing which one was the best-looking vegetable or fruit to buy and he always took forever to finish everything, so they should have enough time to buy the vitamins and arrive just before him.

John offered to drive the car and he chatted with Freddie all the way home. They carefully reviewed their recording routine and came up with how they would fit more breaks in it. Roger thought there were too many of those, but he quickly shut up under the storm of arguments he got in return. He loved to talk back, but he knew which fights to pick. Let them fret over him if it made them happy. He was actually grateful for it. It meant more people looking after the baby and he couldn’t be upset by that.

As they drove, Roger slid a protective arm on top of his belly and sneaked glances to the picture in his pocket. Eventually, he would share it with Brian. Not anytime soon, of course, but he would. Brian deserved to see their little drummer too.

With a radiant smile on his face, Roger let his friend’s voice become background noise as he mentally started humming to the rhythm of his baby’s heartbeat. He had a feeling that it would quickly become his new favorite melody in the whole world. And he was more than okay with that.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooooooo much fluff!! My poor reputation is going down the drain with it. Don’t worry, though. My evil side will soon come out to play again. ~Promise~.

Next chapter we will follow the day through Brian’s perspective as he prepares for his date and a beautiful sight almost makes him give up on the whole thing. The chapter will be a bit on the short side, as I didn’t feel the need to write the full coverage of his date. In the near future, it will be clear why I made that call.

Thank you so much for reading and for the support!! Come chat with me in the comments!! I love talking to you guys!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Brian goes through the hours preceding his date with a heavy heart, but slightly confident about it, given the fact that Roger had started to act a bit more like his old self. If there were any different occurrences that day, he was too distracted to tell.

Hey, guys!! As I mentioned, this chapter will be on the shorter side as it brings some sort of “closure” to this part of the story.

If you analyze it, you will see that the structure of this fanfic is “detailed event -> time skip -> detailed event -> time skip…” and so on. Therefore, after this one we will have another time passage chapter, which I’ll talk more about on the end notes.

I’d like to thank you all so much for all the love, support and ideas. You guys are phenomenal!! To our hero, @marveltrwsh, a huuuuuuuuge thank you for the patience and conservation of my limbs.

Ahh!! Please read the end notes!!

I believe no warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!

Brian was feeling quite lost, when he stopped to consider it.

Earlier that morning he had been through a terrifying ride on an emotional rollercoaster. He was so worried about how on Earth he would pull off going on a date with someone else while he still was very much in love with Roger, that he hadn’t taken his time to consider how the drummer would react.

Of course, Roger’s behavior was one of the first things in his mind and the sole reason of why he would attempt this not so well thought plan of going out with Michelle. What he failed to picture, though, was the response he would get upon informing him of his dating intentions. Therefore, when Roger merely looked a bit shocked and wished him a good time, Brian felt extremely disorientated.

Was that it? No fighting, no arguments, no nothing?

Even if the main purpose for that date to be happening was singularly to make Roger think Brian moved on so he could start acting like himself again, the guitarist had expected something. Well, not expected, but hoped for at least a hint of jealousy or any tiny sign that his friend cared.

He didn’t understand why Roger had retread into a shell to begin with it. At first, he thought that his
roommate was just pissed because of their fight and the mean things that he had said. Brian himself needed some time to cool off and glue together the pieces of his heart. But as the weeks passed and Roger didn’t show the slightest inclination that he was ready to go back to how things were, he started to worry. He couldn’t help himself but wonder if his anger was still about the fight or if he had figured out Brian was in love with him and felt disgusted by it.

The more he dwelled on it, the more he was convinced that proving he had moved on, even if it was a big fat lie, was the best solution to fix whatever it was wrong between them. At that point, he just wanted his friend back. He would settle for the tiniest scraps. Anything.

With that in mind, when Roger did not demonstrate any disagreement with his half-assed plan, he took that as a good sign to carry on with it. He was still very nervous, though. He gladly jumped at the opportunity to go grocery shopping, as it always seemed to clean his mind. If he paid special attention and scooped an unusually big amount of strawberries, though, he chose to ignore the fact.

By the time he got home, things were nearly the same as before. Freddie and John still were throwing slightly reproaching glares in his direction and Roger continued not caring less about him. However, something was bothering Brian. It was almost as if he could feel a guilty excitement on the air, as if his friends had ganged up to eat a whole jar of cookies behind his back. He swiftly brushed the ridiculous notion aside, though. He was probably just projecting his own feelings.

The rest of the afternoon didn’t bring any surprises. After lunch, they all went to the studio to finally record his piece and work on some other parts of the song. Even though they were focused and the results were turning out great, breaks were more frequent than ever. Since they talked about it over breakfast, he did not think much of it. He had expected Roger to complain, though. But the drummer seemed awfully quiet regarding the matter. If he wasn’t picking up a fight about their slower pace, Brian sure as hell wouldn’t either. Especially when Roger seemed to be in such a good mood. Not towards him, mind that, but in general. He looked absolutely delighted at some point when he seemed satisfied with the beat he had been practicing during his breaks.

Even Freddie, who started scolding him for playing around during rest time, which Brian did not even know it was a thing now, stopped his rant once he noticed how happy the blond man looked. Brian was enamored with it. The beat itself was quite simple, despite of Roger’s minor struggle to find the rhythm he was searching for, but he had played with so much passion and with such a beautiful smile on his face, that Brian instantly liked it. How could he not if it made the love of his life that joyful? He was sure the melody would be stuck in his head for a while.

As evening came and it was time for him to get ready for his date, he could just about pass out from anxiety. He almost asked the biologist in the flat if that was a plausible cause for death, but changed his mind. It was better not to risk spoiling his light mood. Freddie and John, on the other hand, were dead set in occupying Roger with anything possible. As he came out of his shower, Brian could hear the trio on the room opposite to his as they made several plans on how they would entertain themselves during the night.

What really surprised him, though, was Roger’s outfit, which he spotted when he had stopped by the other bedroom to let them know he was leaving. For the first time in weeks, the drummer was wearing his shirt. Over a month ago, that would be a normal sight. Roger made the art of stealing his clothes almost an Olympic category. Recently, though, the man would not even touch his stuff as if they were toxic or something.

However, there he was, with tiny shorts and Brian’s oversized old Beatle’s t-shirt, eyes burning as if daring him to say something about it. Honestly, he almost gave up on the whole date just so he could stay and appreciate the view. But considering that it was the recent development’s credit that Roger
had taken a tiny step closer to behaving like his old self, Brian carried on with the plan.

In the end, he actually had a quite lovely evening. Michelle was sweet and funny. They talked more about the animals back in the center and he learned that she was nearly graduating as a veterinarian, only two semesters more to go. It was an easy conversation and she genuinely seemed interested in his studies about the cosmos and his band. He did feel incredibly guilty, though. Despite of how well things were going, he hadn’t been able to stop himself from thinking about Roger.

He knew it wasn’t fair to Michelle. She seemed to be a great girl, someone he would even love to be friends with under different circumstances. But what could he do, if his heart belonged to someone else? So, when she asked him later if there was something bothering him, he told her a half truth. He danced around the subject a bit and settled for letting her know he had just come from a bad breakup and that he still had some lingering feelings on the matter. She considered him for a while and, to his relief, said she was okay with it and that if he would allow her, she would like to be there for him.

Brian felt incredibly grateful for her reaction. It didn’t make things right, but it did make him feel less guilty about inviting her for a second date. Again, he had no intentions of playing with her feelings or even letting things escalate to a serious ‘come meet my parents’ point. He wasn’t a dick. But he needed to prove that he had moved on and Michelle appeared to be a great person so he could at least try to make it work.

He would never stop loving Roger. He knew that. It was as impossible as putting out the Sun with a bucket of water. However, if dating that lovely girl that blessedly respected his limitations was the key to at least have their friendship back, Brian would gladly do it.

As he had thought before, he had nothing to lose anymore.
disappoint anyone in the future.

As much as I would love to have twins here, that would not be viable for the plot for many reasons and, therefore, I was forced to choose a gender. I’d love to have a boy and girl so Greeks and Trojans could be happy, but we can only have one for now. Please keep that in mind. Considering that the name chose the gender, there’s very little I can do to change it now, since I have been entwining it on the plot.

Which brings us to another point: The Name Won’t Please Everybody.

Some people will love it, some people will dislike it and that could have happened to any name we picked. I could have chosen random names or opened a poll? ~Yes~. But I really wanted to have it be part of the plot as it is. I considered a family name, but I decided to save that one for another idea I have in my head that might not see the light of day, but I wanted to keep it for now.

Also, please notice that the name was chosen because it beautifully ~fit~ for a Maylor baby. As I mentioned in a comment, I’ve done a bit of research about their children’s ~actual~ names and concluded that Rog’s are alternative/exotic while Brian’s are very classical and sweet. A name that fit both of these categories obviously won’t please everybody, but I do think it is perfect and sweet for their baby. Plus, it sounds awesome matched with the surname. That’s all I’m saying here as well.

If you have already guessed, help me keep the secret, so we can surprise more people on the reveal. <3

Thank you all so much for reading!! And sorry about the long note!! Please feel free to come chat with me on the comments. I LOVE hearing your thoughts and your support means the world to me.

Lots of love!!
Xx
Roger couldn’t decide if it was worse dealing with his lovely pregnancy symptoms or watching Brian getting along with his new girlfriend. To be fair, both made him feel like throwing up.

For the first couple of days before Brian’s date, he was still a bit incredulous of the whole thing. The sheer irony of it kept some of his anger at bay, but it also made him a bit bolder when it came to his currently refrained old habit of attempting to get a raise out of the guitarist. Like the other night, when he had sneakily stolen his shirt just out of spite. He wanted to go out with some girl? Fine. But Roger would be taking his favorite shirt. It was petty and tiny, but it made him feel somewhat better.

Until they went on a second date. Then another one after that. Until suddenly, it had become something normal for Brian to be out with her every weekend or so.

Roger was livid.

Freddie had tried to convince him that he was being utterly ridiculous and that he should just go and tell the poor man he was going to be a father, instead of sitting at home angrily smacking his sticks at his drums. He even threatened to break the news himself if Roger didn’t, but the very serious possibility of having his godfather rights revoked made he think twice about that abrupt course of action.
John made him sit down and listen to over an hour long of a rant about how it wasn’t fair for anybody involved to have Brian left in the dark. Roger was suffering and hurt having to do it without his support; Freddie and Deaky were in an extremely compromising situation because either telling or withholding information were both a sort of betrayal to one of their friends; and Brian was completely missing his child’s development. This was nowhere near a win-win scenario. But the drummer also firmly shut him down.

He refused to let Brian know his was expecting under those terms. Roger was absolutely positive that as soon as he knew about the baby, Brian would drop whatever girl he had been dating in a heartbeat. But Roger didn’t want that. He needed his friend to stay with him out of love, not because of some moralist sense of duty. He was well aware that he was being a bit selfish keeping him from witnessing his pregnancy’s milestones. He couldn’t help it, though. One day he would be dying to tell Brian, and in the other, he wanted to punch the hell out of him.

At least, after a feel weeks, he had returned to his old habits almost entirely. He didn’t drink or smoke, of course. Freddie and John were invaluable allies when it came to covering up his tracks from Brian or anyone else they knew that could be paying attention. He didn’t feel like going on dates himself either. He considered it, for a while, but there was really no point to it. Not with his broken heart and his little drummer to consider.

However, he had stopped trying not to piss off Brian. In fact, some days he would go out of his way just so he could annoy him. He stole countless shirts, blankets and records. He laid on Brian’s bed for a nap instead of his own and cared very little if his spot on the sofa was occupied by the guitarist, he dropped his body on it too as well. Just because he could. And the idiot was probably having so much fun with his new girlfriend, that he didn’t even complain and just went along with Roger’s antics.

That fucking asshole was so distracted by her that he even forgot he wasn’t talking to him. Little by little, their communication started to at least resemble what it was before, even if it their teasing was a tidbit more on the passive aggressive side.

John could only watch with incredulity how infuriatingly thick his friends were. Regardless of the miracle that girl had accomplished to make them properly talk again, he still failed to see why on Earth Brian was dating her when he was so painfully in love with Roger. The blond drummer had never been more merciless towards him in the prank department and yet he looked as if he was about to offer him the Moon with a pink bow on top.

As for Roger, he refused to budge in his belief of keeping the information from Brian and he wouldn’t even have the common decency of letting them know why. As closest to normal as he was behaving, that area regarding what he had against Brian remained a mystery. John wondered what exactly had happened in that fateful morning weeks ago. What could possibly have occurred to make their friend so upset and closed up on the matter? Brian could be a rightful prude, but surely their love making couldn’t have sucked that bad. They were in a rock band. They had standards.

Since they weren’t allowed to meddle with that part of the equation, over the following couple of months they decided to focus their sole attention in making sure their godchild was growing properly, with all the nutrients, vitamins and dreadful suggestions of names that all babies were entitled too.

Roger, as predicted, had started showing barely a week after the doctor’s appointment. He went from having a flat stomach to displaying the tiniest baby bump. He wasn’t suffering much with bloating, even if his peeing and nausea only insisted to worsen. Thank fuck for the break schedules his friends had come up with, because it was outrageous the number of times he had to go to the bathroom.
But even considering his closer relationship with white porcelain, Roger felt in cloud nine. Every time he was alone he could be found caressing his bump and if it wasn’t too risky, he would talk to his little drummer or even sing her songs. He didn’t quite love going out shopping for more comfortable clothes, though. In fact, he had a full meltdown on the first time he couldn’t fit into his favorite jeans. He probably threw around the room every single one of Brian’s books on that day, so pissed he was. Brian had put that baby in him. He should be the one suffering the damn side effects.

Freddie, bless his heart, loved the opportunity and dragged Roger all around to buy him new clothes. He didn’t even complain about all the times they had to stop so the drummer could pee. They didn’t overdo it, though, as they closely followed John’s strict budget, and focused on getting him bottom pieces, and a few dark colored loose shirts which would better conceal his bump. They all agreed that his pregnancy should remain a secret affair even after Brian learned about it. Queen absolutely could do without that type of press.

Overall, Roger never had been healthier. He had three balanced meals every day and a bunch of healthy snacks he started to enjoy even more after his nausea started to give him a break. Of fucking course he could rely on Brian’s kid to make him crave for fruit. He had tried, to his friends’ delight, every single one that his list allowed. Brian even asked if he was feverish on a particular day when he was eating a pomegranate with a newfound enthusiasm. Needless to say, he almost told him to shove the thing up his ass.

This is your child’s doing, your insensitive sod!

If a couple of days later an entire fresh bow of pomegranates and strawberries could be found in the kitchen, nobody commented on it. The pleased smile on Brian’s face once he saw Roger happily diving on them, though, was undeniable.

Also, either Freddie or John started to walk with him very early in the morning, so he could exercise and bask into healthy sunrays. Brian even volunteered to go a few times. He had no clue on why the bloody hell their drummer had decided to exercise every day and yet he didn’t even bother to run, but he knew better than to question it. The other two would expectantly look at Roger on those days, as if the sun were going to make him change his mind.

Due to his new routine, even as his baby grew exponentially with every passing week, his bump still remained very practical to hide. His lean and small figure didn’t draw much attention to his sides and he only had to worry about the tiny curve of his belly. His new shirts, most of Brian’s, or Freddie’s largest ones solved the problem quickly. Roger only had to pay attention not to flatten it against his body after he hit the mark of fourteen weeks so he wouldn’t find out by accident. Roger knew he was running out of time and soon he would have to break the news. But he couldn’t bring himself to do it just yet.

Right on the week before, they all got to meet Michelle. Queen had a gig on a local pub and Brian had invited her to watch them play. Roger thought it was adorable that Freddie and John had asked him if they had permission to be nice to her. He was half-tempted to tell them to fucking destroy her, but he knew better. It was Brian’s choice of moving on that had put him in so much misery; whomever he decided to do it with really couldn’t be blamed. He was determined to hate her guts, though.

Of course, it had to be just his fucking luck that she was, to his frustration, pretty awesome. Michelle was intelligent and kind. She had a great sense of style and easily made Brian laugh. She was also very pretty, with her generous curves, silky chocolate hair and bright smile. Roger was forced to hate her just a little, instead. As for Brian, however, he very much wanted to strangle the life out of him
for knocking him up, calling him a slut and moving on. Then, he wanted to kiss some sense back into him for good measure.

Brian was living through some of the weirdest times of his life.

He had an amazing girlfriend, who failed to elicit any romantic feelings from him, as his heart was already taken. She was also incredibly patient with him every time he stalled to take their relationship to the next level. Sure, they made out a few times, but he just couldn’t find the will to sleep with her. It wasn’t right. Not when his feelings belonged to someone else.

His plan, however, seemed to have worked. Gradually, Roger started to interact with him again. Brian had become his sole target for annoying purposes, as if he was making him pay for all the time he had stayed quiet. He was bearing the full force of Roger’s havoc and, honestly, he was grateful for every second of it. The deep side of their relationship, their long midnight conversations and their cuddles still weren’t reestablished, but he appreciated every bit of attention and body contact he got.

He wasn’t sure for how long he could keep up with it, though. He could feel his relationship with Michelle wearing thin and he knew it was his fault. Even after she had met the boys and they all, even Roger, seemed to like her and even welcomed her to their game nights, he could sense things starting to fall apart.

Michelle was a clever woman and introducing her to Roger hadn’t been his brightest idea. She only needed a week to figure out how much he was in love with his friend and she certainly didn’t measure words to tell him he was a bloody idiot with every deserving adjective of the dictionary. She wasn’t entirely mad at him for being dishonest, because he had been telling her a great portion of the truth. But she firmly believed he was a rightful imbecile for not pursuing the blond man. He quite agreed with her and they broke up on the same night she put him against the wall. Perhaps it had been for the best.

It still made him feel awful for a couple of days, though. The whole thing was a bloody mess. He had no idea how his friends would react to the news nor how much it would affect his fragile ongoing reconciliation process with Roger. The fact that the drummer, probably sensing his turmoil, decided to pull back a little from him also didn’t help. In one day, Roger wouldn’t hesitate on sprawling himself on top of him on the couch, and out of the blur, they were again at least three feet away at all times.

Did Roger have a special device programed to tell him when it was okay or not to interact with Brian? Because if he had, the guitarist would very much like to turn the thing to dust. After thoroughly analyzing it, of course, because the existence of a machine like that sounded awesome.

Therefore, fearing that they would revert to those dreadful times of barely talking to each other, Brian chose not to mention his recent breakup. He wouldn’t deny it, if directly asked, but he also wouldn’t be hanging any posters to announce it either.

Life went on for a couple more weeks as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened in the past three and a half months. Sure, there were some oddities, but nothing major. Like for example, Roger’s recent determination to follow a healthier lifestyle, Freddie’s sudden indulgence to the drummer’s shenanigans or John’s resolute determination on keeping track of their recording breaks and meal planning. Brian had already given up questioning their eyebrow-raising behaviors. He did manage to get himself a girlfriend and nobody interrogated him, so…

However, the calm before the storm was nearly at its end. If they asked the boys, many years in the future, they wouldn’t remember all the details and surely they had different opinions when exactly everything started going to shit. If they asked John, he was pretty certain it was on the Friday in
which Roger reached the end of his sixteenth week. If he knew that it would have been his most tranquil dinner in a while, he definitely would have eaten the cannoli.

Chapter End Notes

Did I get anyone’s curiosity to perk up? ‘Cause let me tell you… Shit is about the hit the fan.

I hope this chapter covered a decent amount of things and clarified a few others. I really wanted to move the story forward and give Rog a baby bump. Please feel free to ask any questions related to the time that has passed and I’ll be glad to fill the blanks in the comments.

For the next chapter, you can expect a great amount of sassiness from our favorite godparents, SOFT™ Roger and a very confused Brian. Also, of course, we will see exactly when things started to get… ~interesting~.

Thank you so much for reading and for the love!! Come freak out with me in the comments!! In English or Portuguese, I’d love to talk more to you amazing readers!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXIII

Chapter Summary

John has a bad feeling deep in his bones and Roger goes through one of his mood swings, accidentally fueled by a frustrated Freddie and an oblivious Brian.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here is another chapter that was meant to be only a few paragraphs. I have no idea how this things happen. But I do hope it serves to slowly build the tension.

Once again, thank you so so so sooooooooooooo much for all the love!! Everyday I think I just dreamed the whole thing. You guys motivate me to always write more and more. Thank you!!

I’d also like to thank immensely @marveltrwsh, who had to withstand the full weight of the angst of this part of the story. You are a hero, sis, and I have huge balls for teasing your heart with all this pain when you could easily suffocate me in my sleep. But I love you. <3

~Some~ warnings apply to this chapter, I guess. There’s a small issue with body image, which is normal during pregnancies. Also… Well, if you ~squint~ and look for subtext you can already start suffering by anticipation. So, be aware.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

John could tell something bad was about to happen. He knew it in his bones, just like the other times he saw it coming from a mile away.

Their day had been relatively normal and quite productive. Despite the much slower rhythm, they were managing to get stuff done and had already a good portion of the album recorded. They started to argue a bit because of the new song they were working on, as Freddie seemed to forget they were only human and mind reading wasn’t included in those models’ package.

They even decided to wrap up earlier, given the tension that threatened to take over the rehearsal. Roger tried batting his eyelashes to score some pizza, but John politely reminded him that Brian had been really excited about a delicious vegetables pie he had planned and that, of course, the drummer would never dream of depriving Brian of something like that. Freddie took pity on him, though, and made them stop to buy some dessert.

“You will end up spoiling him rotten, one cannoli at time.” John muttered to the singer sitting next to him on the back seats.

“One of us has to be the good cop, dear.” Was his cheeky response.
He only rolled his eyes and said nothing else in the car. Roger looked very pleased with himself for getting the sugary treat and Brian hummed completely clueless next to him. John just would like to see if his friend would wait for his belly to be so big he wouldn’t fit behind the wheel anymore before he decided to let the man not two feet away from him aware that his baby was in the vehicle too. Considering how successful he had been at hiding the adorable little bump, he might as well do that.

This whole situation had been going on for far too long already. When Roger said he would eventually tell Brian, John hadn’t assumed it would take two months for him to do it. Their friend was missing so much of the experience. Every day it was a struggle for him and Freddie to hold their tongues. Honestly, he admired their capacity of still being able to look at Brian in the eyes. If they had been able to pull that off, maybe they should try robbing a bank next.

Freddie actually had bet that Roger would come clean as he hit the end of the first trimester a couple of weeks ago. Or even last Tuesday, when they all went back to Dr. Benson’s practice to their scheduled appointment. They had a collective meltdown as they cooed over the baby, now with a clearly distinct head, tiny fists and the cutest nose they had ever seen. Brian should have been there. He would be ecstatic to hear that his child was perfectly healthy. But nope. Roger kept his lying-by-omission lips shut tight and held his ground against their pleas to do something.

What he did do, though, was revise the melody he had created based on the baby’s heartbeat so it could better fit with the one he had recently heard. If he did it in front of Brian as a way of redeeming himself or to torture their guitarist, John wasn’t sure. However, it served him well to have the sound thrown back at him during breakfast on the other day as Brian tapped the rhythm on the wooden tabletop. Roger nearly choked on his tea when he realized it and John didn’t move a single muscle to help him. That was his karma for keeping the other father in the dark. He did keep an eye to see if he was okay, though. He wasn’t heartless, he just didn’t feel inclined to encourage such foolish behavior.

Back to today, by the time they were all eating dinner, an uneasy feeling slowly started to crawl its way up John’s body. It was probably nothing and he tried to push it aside, but a heavy weight had sat on his stomach and it refused to budge. He looked around their dinner table and nothing seemed out of the ordinary at first. But he could see that Brian was more fidgety than usual and he wondered what was behind that. Freddie still had some tension from earlier lodged on his shoulder and Roger seemed to be going through one of his mood swings. He always tried to hide them, but John could tell when he was particularly sad or insecure.

In spite of loving his baby bump to pieces and always caressing it or letting them have a go at talking to their godchild, Roger had been feeling really self-conscious of his body lately. No matter how many times they told or even showed him how healthy he was, he was still sometimes flooded by those feelings because of his hormones. He had gained very little weight, which had them all worried at first, but Dr. Benson had assured them that it was normal and all pregnancies were different. He should keep up his diet and exercise routine, as they had been doing a great job with it.

Well, at least that night he was being responsible and eating decently even though his insecurities were pretty certainly assaulting his brain. John would make sure to talk to him later just so he wouldn’t sleep with that nonsense on his mind. In fact, the bassist was quite surprised with the eagerness he was displaying while eating vegetables of all things. One would think there was an award at the end to whomever ate it faster.

“Slow down, Rog.” Brian’s playful tone seemed to voice his thoughts. “You’re not supposed to inhale it.”
“No, no! Let him eat, darling!” Freddie joined the banter. “If he continues like that, he won’t be able
to steal my shirts anymore.”

John held his breath. That was how they would go down, then. How great.

The drummer immediately stopped eating and silence fell on the kitchen as he slowly swallowed the
food in his mouth. He regretfully eyed his plate and quietly forced himself to take another bite.

If looks could kill, Freddie would be nothing but a chalk drawing on the floor so intently John had
stared at him. It had been a tiring day for the singer and he was distracted. It wasn’t until he saw
shinny tears appear on the corner of miserable looking blue eyes that it hit him how his words could
have been interpreted.

“Oh, dear! I’m so sorry!” He hushed to speak before Deaky could actually strangle him. “You know
I didn’t mean it like that.”

It was no use, though, as Roger hadn’t even raised his head to face them. He just continued eating
out of obligation as it was pretty clear he wanted nothing more to do with the food. Freddie almost
smacked himself in the face. He had failed to see that his friend was going through one of those
terrible mood swings. Desperately, he shot a pleading look across the table for someone to say
something.

Brian was quite lost and struggled to understand exactly what was happening. Freddie looked like he
was about to drown in guilt and he could swear John wanted to throw a spoon at him.

In the blink of an eye, Roger went from happily eating his pie to disconsolately weeping on top of it.
He had no idea his roommate was having confidence issues. It was true that it had been a long time
since he last saw his bare chest, now that he thought of it, and Roger had put on some minimal
weight. But, honestly, Brian only could tell because he had every inch of his face memorized and he
recently started to look softer.

“It’s okay, Rog.” He attempted to soothe him. “I mean, who cares if you put on a few pounds. You
still look beautiful.”

At that, John did hit his head with a silvery object and Roger stopped eating all together as he looked
straight at Brian with fresh tears running down his face.

“Y-You think I’m fat too?” The love of his life asked him with a trembling voice and Brian felt his
heart breaking.

“What? No!” He quickly answered. “You always have been too skinny.”

“Oh.” Roger let out briskly and harshly wiped away his tears. “So now I was only a bag of bones
them.”

Brian opened and closed his mouth several times.

What’s happening here?

He hopelessly thought and before he could even grasp what was going on or even come up with a
decent response, Roger angrily turned on his heels and stomped out of the kitchen. The loud sound
of their bedroom door hitting its frame was the clearest sign in the universe that he wanted to be left
alone.

“Can somebody please explain what just happened?” He pleaded to the other two sane people on the
kitchen while he still gaped in the direction of the hallway.

His friends exchanged heavy looks as if they were silently debating who would clarify things until John put an end to it as he narrowed his eyes and got Freddie to agree with him on whatever the topic was.

“If you want answers, darling, I recommend talking to Roger once he is calm enough not to bite you head off.” It was all the answer he got before they all started to clean up the table and take care of the dirty dishes.

Brian wasn’t sure if he was allowed in his bedroom, and there was no chance in hell that he would go there to check. He had a few ideas on how to deal with a fuming drummer. A crying and irrationally misunderstanding everything he said one, though, was beyond his current jurisdiction. Therefore, he grabbed a spare blanket from his flat mates’ closet and nestled himself on the sofa with an acoustic guitar.

Inside of his bedroom, Roger very much felt like throwing Brian out of the fucking window. Now he had fat as an addition to the lovely list of words his friend had called him so far. Terrific!

Deep down, he knew he was being silly and that he was actually on the small side of pregnant people. But he couldn’t help feeling so insecure. It was not the first time and he was aware of why it happened and that soon it would go away, but while it lasted, there was very little he could do but feel terrible about his body. Then he would feel very guilty for thinking such things about his bump. That was his tiny baby growing inside of him and he couldn’t wait for her to get big and out in the world. He dreamed about holding his little drummer in his arms every day.

In fact, as he let himself lie on his bed, back firmly turned to the door to hide his front from Brian if he stupidly decided to come in without a warning and a peace offering, he immediately started to run his hands around his swollen belly. Gradually, his breathing went back to its normal pace and his heart didn’t feel like it wanted to fly away from his chest.

He could faintly hear Brian’s guitar from the living room and he softly started to hum to the tune. He was trying to feel some movement from the baby, as Dr. Benson warned him that he would be experiencing it very soon, but he hadn’t been able to spot it yet. He did feel a small pain on his belly, though, but that was probably just some cramps. He had experienced those before and he had been told it would happen as his womb stretched with growth spurts from the baby. Nothing new there.

As the music faded away, Roger pulled the blanket around him and sighed. He had to tell Brian about his pregnancy and he had to do it soon. But it could wait one more day. He could get some sleep first. After all, it was not as if something would change in the next twenty-four hours.

Chapter End Notes

It’s beginning, guys. Some of you ~might~ have started to catch up what is coming. I won’t say anything in order not to give any spoilers. But this is the part where I ask for your trust. I know I’m evil and that I make you all suffer. However, this is important. I need you to trust me that everything will be fine. Remember, all I do is for the ~drama~. That’s all.

With that being said, on the next chapter we will go through a very challenging rehearsal with unusual complications. Also, Brian and Roger will have a moment alone
where important news come to light. Oh, and half of you might have a heart attack and that’s when I’ll need you to trust me the most.

Thank you all so much for reading and sticking with this story!! I had no idea I’d be nearing 80,000 words in my draft with this thing nor that it would have such an amazing public. You guys are phenomenal!! Please come chat and debate theories with me on the comments! I absolutely adore talking to you!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXIV

Chapter Summary

After a tiring and unproductive rehearsal, some news come to light in the worst possible moment.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!! I know you are DYING to skip to the chapter, BUT PLEASE READ MY NOTES.

Alright. So. Everybody remain calm please. This is important. It’s where the trust part comes. Please trust me that everything will be okay.

First, let me state right away that the baby is fine and I’d never do anything to our precious angel. Keep that in mind as you read this chapter.

Second, before jumping to wrong conclusions, look at the tags!! Nothing has changed. If something major were to happen, I’d have to add tags and I didn’t. So, one more reason to remain calm.

By the end of the chapter, my notes will be separated in SPOILER and SPOILER FREE. You can choose which one you would like to read.

This chapter can be triggering for some people or make many of you anxious. Please don’t read if miscarriage vibes could bother you. It is not what is happening, but the description surely can be misleading. I promise you all that our baby is fine. But please feel free to skip this one. I don’t want to put anyone in a difficult situation. If you are unsure, you can always read the endnotes to see if they will help you to make a good call. Stay safe, everybody. <3

That being said… This was the very first chapter that I wrote. Had to make a few changes to fit better to the new plot, but the first part hardly changed. Let’s all thank @marveltrwsh for the new direction this story took.

Also, I’d like to thank each and every single one of you, amazing readers, that motivate me to write every day and for all of your support. I’ll keep this short, for I know you all have been waiting for this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Freddie could feel his frustration burning in his bloodstream and coming through on his snarky comments.
They had spent a great part of that Saturday morning rehearsing a new song and the results were nowhere near to what he had in mind. For a couple of times, he even wondered if he was speaking English at all, because his bandmates just didn’t seem to get what he was trying to say or what they should do.

Bass and guitar were clashing instead of smoothly flowing as they were supposed to, the drumbeat was either too fast or agonizingly slow and Roger just couldn’t get it right, no matter how much Freddie tried to explain what he wanted. Even with all the breaks to collect their thoughts on the song, their work just wasn’t going anywhere.

Tension was thick in the air and all members of the band were gradually entering an extremely poor and snappy mood. John looked as the most collected of them all, merely resigning himself to sigh and roll his eyes whenever they had to start again. Freddie’s sharp tongue was gaining more power with all the failed attempts and he was just having a bad day in general. Roger was uncharacteristically quiet and apologetic with his drumming becoming more erratic as the morning elapsed. As for Brian, he was just plain tired and getting exponentially fed up by the minute.

He had a very uncomfortable night on the sofa as he tossed and turned, failing to fall asleep. He was worried about Roger and had no idea on how he would approach him to find out what was going on. Their tentative friendship was too precious to Brian and he was considerably apprehensive of messing up with it. He could tell something was wrong, but he wasn’t able to quite put his finger on it, though.

Roger, blessedly, had managed to come around his bad mood swing and was feeling relatively better about himself on that matter. Yet, his reaction from the night before still made him want to blush a little. He couldn’t believe he had allowed himself to cry like that in front of everybody. In front of Brian. He absolutely could have lived a while longer without his baby’s father wondering what provoked his waterworks and uncanny behavior.

Also, his cramps were killing him.

He honestly thought that the small discomfort from last night would have passed in the morning. But, to his disappointment, it only became worse. He had been harshly kicked out of bed by the return of his morning sickness, which he had thought that should be almost gone by now and barely ate at breakfast as he was feeling too queasy for it. Then there were the cramps to consider. They hurt to the point where chills were running on his back and his whole skin felt clammy.

He had experienced them in the past, but not to that extent. Was it because the baby was bigger now? He couldn’t remember exactly what Dr. Benson had said about it. However, with each passing hour, he only continued to feel worse. His head was dizzy and his arms felt heavier and heavier every time he had to raise his drumsticks. Which happened to be almost all morning, since he was a bloody drummer. He kept messing up the rhythm and barely had the energy to answer Freddie’s comments, as he normally would, limiting himself to mutter his apologies and try again.

Even with the breaks, he wasn’t getting any better. Every other minute he would get a sharp stab in his middle and he had to refrain himself from wrapping his arms around his torso like he so desperately wanted to. At first, he didn’t want to complain, in order not to sound like a whiner, especially considering his little scene in the kitchen from the day before. But the stinging sensation was growing to be too much.

He felt another sharp pain as he turned his body to hit the farthest drum and had to suppress a wince. Counting his breaths to match the beats, Roger tried to focus on just getting through the song, even though the task seemed to be nearly impossible as he felt another particular stab in his belly. They just had come from a break and Freddie would probably kill him if he screwed up again. As soon as
their rehearsal ended, though, he would speak up. Maybe John could drive him to a hospital, just so he could get checked up.

He would rather have the doctor telling him he was being weak than to have anything bad happening to his little drummer. Roger knew that he liked to complain and that the pain probably was normal, but he had to be sure. Be it to appease the biologist in him, which had some concerning suspicions or his desperate parent side that just needed to be sure his child was okay.

Roger was planning on how he would quietly approach their bassist to ask for assistance when he lost control of the situation.

It was a challenging part of the song and his middle was hurting badly. He felt like he could just spill out the content of his stomach, already not so full to begin with, all over the floor. As another painful jab took him by surprise, his left drumstick slipped from his grip and his attempt to catch it made an awful array of noises that seemed to echo all over the flat.

*S*o *much for being discrete.*

Roger quietly apologized and he could see from under his bangs John pressing the bridge of his nose but remaining silent otherwise as Brian nervously ran a hand through his dark curls. Freddie, on the other hand, wasn’t so quiet about his exasperation.

“Honestly, I give up on all of you for today!” He said while throwing his hands in the air and stomping his way to the sofa, letting his body fall against the cushions with a dramatic flair.

“I think we can stop now.” Brian said with defeat. “We are clearing making zero progress.”

Roger sighed in relief and he could feel his shoulders relaxing a bit with the promise of some rest. The aching discomfort in his middle, though, kept him from feeling completely at ease. It hurt and he wanted nothing more than to succumb to his desperate need of just lie down for a second. His head weighted a thousand pounds and his body just couldn’t decide if it was feeling hot or cold. His breathing was starting to hitch with every jab of pain under his ribs and soon his agony would become clear as the light of the day.

He was so focused in controlling his air intake, that he missed Brian and John packing their instruments and barely heard Freddie’s rant about the unproductiveness of their rehearsal. With trembling legs, he stood from behind his drums and carefully walked to the bathroom, hissing softly as the movements didn’t improve his condition in the slightest. He hopped to feel a bit better after splashing some water on his face. He needed to clear his dizziness at least a wee bit if he had any desire of thinking straight.

It didn’t help much, though. He barely managed to dry his skin before he stumbled straight to the nearest bed, letting himself fall carelessly on the soft pillows. Brian’s smell instantly engulfed him and any other time it would make him feel better just like magic. However, that wasn’t the case for that day. His whole body shivered and he firmly held his baby bump as his middle was stabbed from the inside again. From afar, he could hear Freddie’s loud voice shouting that he and John were going out for a minute to buy some sandwiches for lunch.

Before he could yell for them to come back, the sound of the front door closing shut down his cry for help, not even allowing it to leave his throat. Hot tears streamed down his face and the prospect of waiting any longer filled his heart with dread.

That wasn’t normal. It couldn’t be. He was pretty sure that *blinding pain* was most definitely not a symptom of pregnancy. He should have said something sooner. Hell, he should have spoken up the
second his sixth sense told him all that pain wasn’t a minor cramp. Roger felt like a proud idiot and fear made his blood turn to ice in his veins. If anything happened to the baby because of his bad decisions, he would never forgive himself.

It was nearly unbearable. He was probably close to passing out from the pain and the distress. His chest ached with every sob but he couldn’t, for the life of him, stop himself from crying his heart out. He could not lose this baby. He couldn’t. She already was the most important thing of his life and she was counting on him to keep her safe and sound. Of course he had to suck at that too. Jesus. Brian was going to kill him.

Roger was in pure agony. For not only the physical pain, but the notion that Brian would probably never speak to him again if he lost their child was nearly enough to make him scream. He had been irresponsible and selfish. So what he didn’t want Brian’s pity? She was his baby too and now there was a good chance she would be gone even before Brian knew about her. Oh, fuck. If the guitarist didn’t murder him for that one, he would probably do it himself.

God. He wanted Brian’s calming presence right that instant. He couldn’t do it alone. Even if the man hated his guts after that, he needed him. He was desperate, hurting and in so much pain that he could almost feel the ghost of Brian’s touch haunting his skin. His tears burned in the corner of his eyes and his heart threatened to give up under the amount of strain. There was no blood, but that didn’t soothe him at all. His belly throbbed in pain under his fingers as he held tightly to his bump. In the middle of it all, the only clear thought in his head was that his baby was in danger.

Roger couldn’t let that continue. He had to do something. Anything.

Was his pride really more important than his baby?

Never.

There wasn’t even what to think about. He would gladly bear the entire weight of Brian’s fury if that meant his little drummer’s safety. With that in mind, he took a deep breath and swallowed around the lump in his throat. This would change everything. Muster his courage, he tightly held his middle as sharp pain made his vision go white and cried out Brian’s name, begging to any God listening to protect his baby no matter what.

Brian was just finishing setting up the table for their quick lunch when the most harrowing lament reached his ears in the shape of his name. He froze for a second and questioningly looked around the kitchen, not entirely sure if what he heard was real. It should not be possible for someone to sound so broken. However, the silence the followed the tortured wail frightened him even more than any other noise ever could. In a second, he was desperately running down the hallway to reach his bedroom.

He knew something was wrong with Roger, but he could not quite imagine what, in the name of everything that was sacred in this world, could possibly be responsible for putting his friend in such agony. Brian’s heart ached with the mere possibility of something bad happening to Roger. He would rather die than let any harm befall upon him.

As he neared the room, it became easier to distinguish the muffled whimpers coming through the wooden door. He wasted no time, barging inside and immediately spotting Roger curled up in a trembling ball on top of his bed. His sobs were absolutely heartbreaking and before he knew it, Brian was kneeling next to him on the mattress and carefully cradling his head.

Blonde tresses were glued to his pale forehead and his cheeks were entirely wet. However, the look in his face made Brian’s breathing go completely still. The anguish and despair in his blue eyes,
shinning with an ocean of tears, touched his soul in such a way he, at that second, was ready to trade anything in the universe just so he could make his pain stop.

“B-Brian.” Roger brokenly whispered his name. “P-Ple-Please. It hurts.”

He, honestly, wasn’t even sure how he was breathing at all such was the fear that crawled its way inside of his heart. He had to do something.

“Hospital. Now.” His brain blessed him with the thought that instantly came out of his mouth.

Brian shifted his weight and planted his right foot on the floor as he moved to let go of Roger’s cheeks and attempt to lift him from the bed, but the drummer firmly grabbed one of his forearms and closed his eyes as he inhaled a deep breath. Once he opened them again, chilling panic was evident in his gaze and he gaped his mouth several times, small whimpers escaping his throat. Tightening his grip, Roger sunk his teeth on his lower lip and determination crossed his face.

“Brian.” He repeated his name and the guitarist held his breath once more. “I’m p-pregnant.”

You what?

The world had stopped. Brian could only stare dumbfounded at him as the room became blurry around them.

Nothing made sense. It was all too much. His pressing need to get Roger to the hospital as fast as possible suddenly crashed with pure and absolute shock. Half of his brain was urging him to take action and make sure the man he loved was well taken care of by professionals and the other half was struggling to make sense of the words he had just heard.

Did he say pregnant?

Roger was shaking like a leaf as despairing sobs tore their way out of his chest and he pleadingly stared at Brian as if he was just waiting for the ground to part beneath his feet. However, the taller man was stuck as the gravity of the situation began to wrap itself around his mind.

“You’re pregnant!” He managed to let out with a breathy voice. Surely, he had heard it wrong.

Suppressing another wave of whimpers, the still trembling man slowly lifted his shirt and guided Brian’s hand to rest flattened on top of his bare swollen belly. “W-We’re having a baby.”

Brian’s knees buckled and he painfully hit the floor with a thump. A myriad of thoughts raged inside of his head and he gasped at the sight of the perfectly pale stretched skin under his fingertips. Time contracted and dilated at the same time in a fraction of a second. Roger’s odd behaviors started to make sense alarmingly fast as memories flashed through his eyes. Many questions filled his brain with a variety of different emotions and he hardly managed to cope with the fact that there was a very solid baby bump against the palm of his hand.

Their baby.

“I… You… Roger.” He muttered, ultimately confused as a storm of feelings assaulted his heart. For how long had he known? Why did he hide it? Why in the fuck did he let him date? Holy fucking fuck. He was going to be a dad. A baby, their baby, was growing right beneath his very hand in the belly of the man he loved with all his heart.

A cry of pain dragged him out of his trance and made him spring into action. He quickly positioned his legs and gently scooped Roger onto his arms. The smaller man wrapped a hand around his neck
while the other one protectively held his middle.

“I’m so s-sorry. I-I should have t-told you sooner.” Roger begged against his shirt as tears streamed down his face and he gasped between miserable wails.

Brian could only press him firmer against his chest. He was at a complete loss of what to feel or say. All the happiness, the anger and everything in between would have to wait. They needed medical assistance immediately. He didn’t even know when he had the time to do the math in his head, but he was certain that taking the car would be faster than waiting for an ambulance, since they lived fairly close to one of the main hospitals.

Roger was pregnant. With his baby. And he was agonizing in pain in his arms. It was a miracle that Brian still had functioning brain cells after being hit with such a roll of news and events.

They were out of the flat and down the stairs faster than any other time in history. Until this day, Brian still had no idea how on Earth he avoided tumbling down the steps as Roger sobbed in his arms and poorly controlled despair blinded his vision.

He settled Roger in the backseat with the utmost care, barely realizing that his hands were quivering as well. He wanted to hold him tightly and never let go. However, he knew that the most important thing was to get him to the emergency room as fast as possible. Before he could move to the driver’s seat, though, Roger grabbed his shirt in a death grip and fiercely stared at him, eyes still red and drowning in tears but filled with intent.

“B-Brian, please. I don’t care what happens to me. You have to make sure our baby will be okay. Please.”

“P-Please don’t say that.” Brian begged and shook his head. He hadn’t realized how broken he sounded. He was barely holding himself together. “You b-both are going to be alright.”

“I can’t lose our baby, Bri. I can’t.” He sniveled, blue eyes pressed shut in despair.

Brian could literally feel his heart being stabbed such was the torture of being in that position. He just had learned that he was going to be a father one minute ago and now he had to face the very realistic possibility of their child not even making it to the hospital. Good Lord. He couldn’t think like that. Roger needed him. They were going to have a baby. He just had to keep himself together a bit longer. He took a deep breath and decided he could ignore his fear for a few more minutes.

“You won’t. Look at me.” Brian said with a firm tone as he gently placed one hand on his belly and the other on his jaw. “I’m here now and I won’t let anything happen to you or our baby. But I need you to be strong, Rog. I’ll drive us to the hospital and you just focus on keeping our little one safe in there, okay?”

Roger nodded against his hand, cheeks shinning with tears and quivering pink lips trying to hold back his sobs. Not being able to stop himself, Brian pressed a loving kiss to his forehead before disentangling themselves and running to start the car.

He drove with his throbbing heart nearly jumping out of his throat and stealing quick glances through the mirror to check on Roger. He had many things to think about and at least a million questions he needed answered. He would find a way to let the boys know where they were after he made sure Roger was admitted into the hospital. At that moment, his only mission was to ensure that the love of his life and their child would come out alive in the end of it all.
Everybody take a deep breath!!! I swear to God that all of this mess will be cleaned on the next chapter and everybody will be perfectly fine!!! I’ll even repeat it: THE BABY IS 100% OKAY. Strong heartbeat, great development and the cutest little nose that looks just like Roger’s. Dr. Benson will tell you all about it on the next few chapters. Stay calm.

For everybody who wants the thrill of the mystery: Roger’s condition is delicate and next chapter we will see how Brian deals with the news and with the diagnosis. Also, how he will handle things with Freddie and John.

If you don’t want any spoilers, stop right in this paragraph. Thank you so much for reading and please don’t give up on the story. If you have any questions but don’t want the spoiler, please come chat with me on the comments and I’ll be glad to explain anything you’d like to know. <3

<3
<3
<3

Still here? You might have some spoilers-ish, then.

OH MY GOD, YOU GUYS!! Everyone still alive? Because I’m freaking out. I can tell you will be coming for my blood at any second. BUT FEAR NOT: THE BABY IS FINE. ROGER IS FINE. EVERYBODY IS FINE.

It is all for the drama, really. I promise!! A lot of people have had what’s going on with Roger. My mom did! It will be okay. Also, will be the lightest version of the problem. I guarantee!!! No complications, great medical assistance and everybody alive and healthy in the end. It is just a scare. Please remain calm.

If you are absolutely DYING to know and the anxiety is too much to wait for tomorrow, come to the comments, give me the safe word (RHAPSODY) and I’ll give you a straight answer to what is going on. If you just want to discuss theories, that’s also great and I’ll be happy to do both.

I don’t want to cause harm to anyone. I have anxiety myself and I know what it’s like. If you have any questions at all about the boys, the baby or the plot, please don’t be shy. I’m right here.

Also, it has come to my attention that some of your comments got lost in my inbox and that’s killing me. I am so very sorry, guys, for missing your comments. I’ll do my best to pay more attention and if you notice that it happened again, please know it was an accident. I love every single one of your comments and answering them is the best part of my day. Again, to the ones I missed, I’m extremely sorry.

Thank you all so much for the continuous support and for sticking with this story. Please don’t give up just yet. I ~promise~ that everything is okay.

Love you all!!
Xx
Chapter XXV

Chapter Summary

Brian contemplates how he feels about the sudden news as he worries about Roger’s condition.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!! Here it is, the clean up part!! Sorry about the huge scare from last chapter. In this one, we will get to see more of Brian’s perspective and his initial reaction to the whole thing.

Please, let me take a second to thank you all incredible readers for all of your love and support. When I look at your amazing comments and the ridiculously high numbers of this fic, I can hardly believe that this work has reached so many wonderful people. Thank you! <3

@marveltrwsh, look!! They let me live!! Thank you for keeping my dark imagination in check.

Some warnings: This chapter still has some heavy angst and fear related to surgery risks. But nothing major.

Enjoy!!

A myriad of people had circled around Brian in different states of hurry as they went from one room to the other, but he had not paid attention to any of them.

In fact, he was barely aware of his surroundings at all. The pastel colored waiting room had completely faded from his thoughts on the second that a kind nurse had directed his shaking form to a sitting position. After they had successfully arrived at the emergency entrance and were quickly assisted, everything started to become a blur of rushing doctors and a multitude of questions he had tried to answer to the best of his knowledge. They wasted no time in taking Roger away for a thorough examination, especially upon hearing about his pregnancy.

The same nurse had appeared a bit later, finding Brian on the exact same spot she had left him, and informed him that Roger had been taken to surgery. Apparently, his appendix was inflamed and it had to be removed as soon as possible. There were serious concerns about it bursting or already being burst. She told him that the doctors were doing everything they could to make sure both Roger and the baby would come out alright. Of course, risks were unavoidable, but they had excellent chances.

Brian could only nod his head from between his hands and mutter his thanks with a broken voice. He was feeling desperate and completely wrecked. The news did bring him some sort of relief, as he
had been imagining the worst possible scenarios before she came. He was nowhere near relaxed, but knowing that the problem wasn’t specifically with the baby had helped a bit. Jesus. The look on Roger’s face would probably haunt him for the rest of his life. If anything happened to their child, he was painfully certain that his friend would never be the same.

Good Lord. Their baby.

He was going to be someone’s dad. How insane was that? So many emotions were running through Brian that he barely could distinguish his thoughts apart. He was incredibly happy. How could he not? The love of his life was pregnant with his baby. He could totally picture the tiniest toddler with Roger’s perfect blond hair and mesmerizing blue eyes. The image had made his heart flutter and the silliest smile adorn his face. He always had wanted kids. He wasn’t sure if he would be any good of a father, but he was determined to try his best.

Surprise still ran in his veins, though. The news had surfaced from out of the blue and right in the middle of a health crisis. He had no idea on how on Earth he had failed to spot that happening right under his nose. However, it explained so many things. Roger’s odd behaviors started to make sense awfully quick. The sickness, the healthy food, all their breaks, the mood swings and so many other tiny details that his brain had noticed but it was quick to dismiss. In his defense, it wasn’t every day that a man got pregnant. So excuse him for not immediately jumping to that conclusion.

Brian also felt incredibly guilty. He could have done so many things differently. If he had any idea about Roger’s condition, he would have swallowed his pride and heartache a long time ago. No matter how messy their relationship had become, that should never interfere with their child. They were better than that. He felt betrayed as well. Because he might had not been aware himself, but Roger sure as death has been sitting on the information for a considerable amount of time. They had had sex over three months ago! The drummer had deliberately chosen not to tell him about the baby.

That hurt more than Brian ever thought it should be possible. Perhaps Roger had not believed that he could be a good father and decided it would be better to have the kid on his own. He sure as hell hoped that wasn’t the case, because the mere possibility of it made his heart weight so much that he could barely breathe. He didn’t even realize when angry tears prickled the corner of his eyes. How could Roger have done that to him? She was his child too. Did Roger hate him that much to the point of letting him stay in the dark about something so important?

But he kept the baby.

Came the thought as he cleaned up his face in the hopes of the gesture reaching his restless mind as well. Brian would have respected any of his choice on that matter. It was his body. It most certainly would break his heart, but he would never impose something like that on him. But even if Roger didn’t want anything to do with him, he had decided to keep the baby. His baby. For that, Brian would forever be grateful. Roger loved their child already. Anyone could see that, clear as the day, in his eyes. It comforted him a bit to know that their kid would be cared for so fiercely, even if his friend decided that he shouldn’t be involved. He was ready to beg Roger on his knees to let him be part of their life, though, if that was the case.

He could feel his body still shaking and his blood running ice cold with the fear of losing them. Even if he had been told that their chances were great, he couldn’t help it. That agonizing wait was like being on the verge of the world’s end, staring straight into the dark abyss and longing for a light to save him from that torture. Brian did not even dare to consider any other outcome than both of his two most precious people in the whole universe coming out alive and kicking. He couldn’t. He wasn’t strong enough to survive that.

Therefore, he prayed. All his faith and beliefs, all he was, would mean nothing without Roger by his
side with their baby.

_Take me instead, if You must. He pleaded. Anything. Everything. Whatever it takes to keep them safe._

When John and Freddie finally arrived, they found him just like that. A broken mess, eyes wet with unnoticed tears, shaking on his every limb and bargaining with superior forces to give him one more chance of doing things right. They rushed to his side and enveloped him in a tight embrace. Freddie also had tear stained cheeks as he had failed to control his worried sobs on the way there. John was stiff as a board. He had been the one who picked up the phone when a desperate Brian had called from the hospital to let them know where to go.

He and Freddie had barely arrived home when the news came. For a minute, John thought it was incredibly odd that Roger and Brian had decided to go out _together_ when lunch was already on its way. However, the ring of the phone quickly pulled him out of any theories and dragged them to the unforgiving reality.

All they knew was that a distressed Brian, who, if their drummer still had left a functioning brain cell to spare, already knew about his impending parenthood, had taken Roger to the hospital with critical abdominal pain. The duo was out of the door and into the subway at record time. Freddie could hardly manage to keep himself together. He continued repeating how it was his fault and that he shouldn’t have been so snappy that morning. John had a hard time trying to convince him otherwise. To be honest, he very much needed to have a meltdown of his own, but _someone_ had to remain calm. He would have a full-fledged award winning crying session once it was all over, but not a second sooner.

It took a bit of coaxing from their part to get Brian to stop freaking out for enough time to tell them what was going on. Thankfully, nothing was wrong with the baby. However, it didn’t stop them for a moment from being worried sick about their friend. Appendicitis, of all things! Of course, one could always rely on Roger Taylor for a bit of a spark in their lives. Jesus. John should start worrying on the days that _nothing_ happened instead, since every day seemed to try its best to surpass the previous one on the drama department.

They had to wait only for a couple more hours before someone came by with updates. Roger had been moved to a private room, as their insurance covered for it, and was currently recovering from the surgery. Luckily, his appendix hadn't burst since they had arrived just in time and it was an easy removal. The baby was also fine, with a good-looking strong heartbeat, and out of immediate danger. Because it was still visiting hours, if they promised to be very quiet, they could go wait in the room with Roger. It would take a while for him to wake up, and only one person was allowed to be his companion for the night, but that could be decided later.

The boys quickly agreed to be on their best behaviors and followed the nurse through clean halls until they reached their destination a few floors above where they first were.

Carefully, John opened the door and entered the light green space and his eyes were instantly attracted to the bed in the center of the room, where a fragile-looking Roger breathed evenly from under his blankets. Two different heart monitors surrounded him and a few tubes were connected to his body. He could feel his flat mates closely behind him and as quiet as possible, they all approached the bed.

The collective breath of relief echoed through the walls and the only sound breaking the silence was the one from the machines. Roger looked _tiny_ and never in his life John had felt so grateful for seeing his friend alive and well. If he could, he would crush him on a hug and smack the hell out of him for not saying anything sooner. But that could wait a little longer.
Freddie also looked incredibly happy next to his left side. John was sure that he would apologize profusely to their drummer, even if it wasn’t necessary. If Freddie had been spoiling him before, after this, he would be unbearable. John would have to double his efforts to keep both children in line. Thankfully, now he had Brian to help him with keeping those two away from trouble. At least, he hoped so.

Brian had a hard to read look on his face. He seemed completely captivated by the sight of their peacefully asleep friend, but John could tell he was hurting inside. Who could blame him? He had been shamelessly lied to by the people he trusted the most and about something of extreme importance. It was as if they had discovered life on Mars and refused to share the knowledge about the green men.

“They are going to be okay, darling.” Freddie offered as he patted Brian’s back. “It was just a scare.”

The taller man faintly nodded, the emotional exhaustion from the day finally catching up to him. Tiredly, he pulled a close by chair and let his body fall on it with a sigh. He couldn’t take his eyes away from Roger’s sleeping form and it was visible on his face how much he just wanted to hold him and rest. However, he still had to talk about something.

Without bothering to look in their direction, Brian spoke softly, but with clear accusation in his tone. “You knew about the baby. Both of you. Was it too much to spare a minute to tell me too?”

Freddie flinched and started to nibble on his nails while John took a deep breath and tapped his fingers against the elevated mattress. If Roger weren’t in such a delicate state, he could just about murder him for putting them in that position. He had warned him. He had tried begging, explaining and bargaining, but the stubborn drummer just wouldn’t change his mind. Now he had to deal with the result of his poor choices. Thank Goodness that Brian May was a calm man. Had their positions be inverted, he was pretty sure that Roger would have decked him right on his face.

“Roger wanted to do it himself.” He offered with a tentative voice. “We did insist on telling you sooner rather than later, but he wouldn’t budge.”

Brian frowned and looked at them. John knew he was a rational man. Certainly, he didn’t believe that they had kept their mouths shut on purpose in order to hurt or exclude him. As for the drummer’s motivations, that would have to be a conversation just between the two of them. If those oblivious idiots managed to put two sentences together without starting another unspoken war. Honestly, John wasn’t in the slightest mood to entertain such nonsensical endeavors again.

“Your dating hasn’t helped much either, dear.” Freddie jabbed at him and moved to sit on the small grey sofa against the opposite wall. “Poor Roger was livid. I’m surprised you still have your balls at all.”

At that, Brian’s eyebrows went so high that John feared they would get tangled in his dark curls. He opened his mouth a couple times and alternated his gaze between the sleeping blond man and Freddie’s expressionless face.

“What do you mean?” The guitarist asked as he moved to the edge of his seat. “He said he was okay with it. He even started to prank me again.”

John rolled his eyes at the evidence of sheer stupidity and couldn’t hold back his tongue. “Because he would have done everything to annoy the hell out of you if he was overjoyed. Sounds pretty reasonable to me.”

“Darling, we, literally, had to stop him from throwing your guitar out of the window when you came
back that time with the hickeys.” Freddie said nonchalantly as he inspected the damage to his cuticles. “The blasted thing was two breaths away from becoming the Red Junk. You’re welcome.”

Setting aside the death threats to his other baby for a minute, Brian was feeling rather confused with that new piece of information. If Roger had wanted him to move on, then what reason on the universe could he possibly have to be so furious to the point of bringing his beloved guitar to the story? Also, if he was so mad, then why had he decided to act more like himself after Brian had started going out with Michelle? It made zero sense.

Many things did not seem right in that whole mess. Roger didn’t reciprocate his feelings and Brian was making his peace with it, but that shouldn’t be a good reason to exclude him entirely from his pregnancy. They were friends, first of all. Also, even if he sucked as a father, didn’t him deserve at least a chance to be one to the best of his abilities? That stung. Had it been any other matter, he would probably suck it up and move on. But this was about his child. Whatever Roger demanded of him, he would do if that meant he could be involved as he so desperately wanted to.

God, he had missed so much already! Surely, there had been appointments with a doctor and many other different things in their routine. Roger must have gone through hell at first, dealing with such major changes in his life. It killed Brian that he hadn’t actually been there for him. The two most important people of his life needed him and he wasn’t there.

“You two took care of him, right?” He asked with a small voice.

He wasn’t really that pissed at his friends as it had not been mainly their fault. If anything, he was grateful. “I should have noticed something. I should have been there for them and I couldn’t…” He took a deep breath. His feeling were all over the place. “Thank you.”

Brian buried his head in his hand in the hopes of collecting himself. If he could go back in time to fix his mistakes, he would do it in a heartbeat. He would have faced Roger that morning, even if he ended up punched in the process, and would make sure he listened and used actual words. They shouldn’t have fought. He shouldn’t have acted as such a bloody idiot. A stupid, proud and thick sod.

Watching their friend in such a distressed state made Freddie feel even guiltier. He had already spent a good portion of the time blaming himself for being moody that morning. If he hadn’t been so perfectionist and irritable, Roger surely would had mentioned he was feeling ill and things wouldn’t had escalated to that proportion. At that moment, seeing how terrible Brian was feeling, he felt a pang in his heart. It was wrong of them to have trusted that those two blind imbeciles would solve their own problems. If that was the result of not meddling, he would definitely sign up to professionally stick his nose in people’s business.

As he observed the slow breaths of their guitarist and the completely look of defeat on his face, an enlightened thought caught him by surprise. Carefully, he crossed the room to where Brian was sitting as he pulled a small squared paper from his wallet. He liked to keep the item there so it wouldn’t be lying around the flat. Also, it was a great reminder to save money so he could spoil his godchild rotten in the future.

Freddie gently shook his shoulder to gain his attention and placed the picture on his slightly shaky hand. It took Brian a second to realize what he was staring at. When he did, the look on his face was of complete awe and delight. The singer literally had been able to watch his worries melt and the silliest smile appear on his face. It was obvious that he was already very much in love with his child, just as Roger had been from the start.

“That’s the ultrasound from last week, darling.” Freddie pointed to the date on the corner as he spoke
cheerfully. “Rog is adamant that she is a girl. But we weren’t able to confirm anything yet.”

“She already looks so beautiful!” Brian beamed at the picture and even from afar, John could see the happy tears making his eyes sparkle.

“Well…” The bassist playfully started. “She does seem to have Roger’s nose. I already consider that a progress.”

The air filled with laughter and soon more friendly banter lightened up the mood in the room. As time passed, all the boys sat together after they moved the chair closer to the sofa. They chatted in quiet voices as John and Freddie recounted the tales and everything they could remember about the pregnancy and the baby so far. Brian listened eagerly to everything and breathed with relief when he learned about their shenanigans to cover up for all the drinking and smoking. Both had sang praises to how well Roger was behaving and how dedicated he was to keep their baby safe. It hurt him, of course, that he had been excluded of it all and he couldn’t deny that he was relatively angry at his friends. But they had been there for Roger when he couldn’t and, for that, Brian would forever owe them.

Part of Brian also wanted to strangle the drummer for keeping him in the dark, but as he watched the soft movements of his chest, the edge of his anger started to melt. He wanted nothing more than to have permission to touch Roger and hold him in his arms. It was time for that tension to come to an end. He would gladly wrap up the moon in glittery paper and present it to Roger if that meant they could at least be friends again. As they waited, he could feel his heart swelling with something he hadn’t felt in a long time. Later, he found out it was hope.

Chapter End Notes

So much fluff in the end… My poor reputation won’t stand a chance with the next chapters.

I tried to think really hard about how Brian would react and, for the life of me, I couldn’t see his aggressive side overcoming his gentle one. As I’ve mentioned before to some of you, I like to believe that he would be more thankful for the time he still has with the baby than angry about all the time he lost.

Brian is a sweetheart who loves Roger and is completely enamored with the perspective of being a father. He is still under the assumption that Roger doesn’t want him back. Brian is really afraid that our beloved drummer doesn’t think he will be a good father and, because of that, chose to exclude him of the whole thing.

He is angry, hurt and delighted at the same time. It’s a tough situation. But still, I like to think that after being in the dark for so long, a man like him would prefer to rely on logic and empathy instead of giving in to blind rage.

That being explained…

I have been saying in some replies and a couple of notes that this work had a much darker plot. As time passed and what was supposed to be a ten or fifteen chapters fanfic became a thirty-one and counting little monster, I just couldn’t bring myself to go in that direction and decided to lighten up the mood.
Now that we have reached the anticipated moment of Brian finding out and we will get to see his reaction and Roger’s recovery in the next few chapters, I’m glad to say that I’ve come up with some ideas of fluff and drama to enrich the plot until we reach the end of his pregnancy. No more major misunderstandings, though. I promise!!

Time skips might become more frequent. But the structure of “time skip -> detailed events -> time skip…” should remain the same.

Next chapter we will follow the most expected conversation ever as some misunderstandings get clarified and Roger’s heart monitor exhibits acrobatic performances.

Thank you all so much for reading, the comments and the kudos!! Your support means the world to me!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXVI

Chapter Summary

After Roger wakes up, time comes for the dreaded conversation he very much tried to avoid for so long.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here we are!! I think this was the second most expected moment of the whole story. Let’s see if these two idiots can finally talk properly!

Thank you so much for all your support!! You guys are amazing readers and I couldn’t be more grateful for each and every single one of you. Much love!!

@marveltwsh, once more, thank you for your phenomenal work!! <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter. Roger freaks out a bit once he wakes up, but nothing huge.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Roger felt like he had been lying down on the bottom of a deep pool as he could vaguely sense the sunlight shining through the water.

His muscles felt like jelly and he honestly did not think he had the strength to swim all the way up to the top. It was relatively comfortable in his blue universe, the pressure on his chest hardly bothering him at all. It surely would be nice to stay there a bit longer. There was no pain and the water felt quite warm around him, luring him to stay put. But the light in the surface was gradually becoming brighter as the minutes passed by. If he focused, he could hear the voice of his friends in between laughter and he desperately wanted to join them. With less effort than he had expected, he moved his arms and let his body float to the top.

Freddie was in the middle of telling Brian all about their shopping expedition when they noticed small movements coming from the not so asleep anymore figure on the bed. The guitarist was by Roger’s side in a heartbeat and the two occupants of the sofa quickly joined him, walking around the bed to stand on the other side.

John observed as a hawk the moment that fluttering lids finally opened to reveal drowsy blue eyes and he let out a sigh of relief for seeing his flat mate conscious again. For all the times John wanted to knock him out for being so annoying, he never had been more pleased to watch him regaining his senses. Having Roger, technically, absent for the day was like removing the batteries of their well-oiled machine. He most certainly would never again complain about his loud behavior. By ‘never’ he meant a month at maximum, but what counted was the spirit of it.
Expectant gazes fell on Roger as he looked around the room trying to figure out where he was. It looked very much like a hospital, given the noisy machines next to his head and the thin air tube attached to his nose. All of his three bandmates looked at him as if he had come back from the dead and suddenly he remembered why he was there. Memories from that morning and flashes of the pain waltzed in the front of his mind. The drummer immediately moved his hand to cup his belly, not even caring that Brian was right next to him, and all he found was a massive amount of blankets.

In spite of the cannula, Roger was having trouble getting some air and the beeping sound in the room accelerated to follow his racing heartbeats. He shook his head and intently blinked his eyes to will his sleepiness away so he could take a better look at his bump, but fresh tears blurred his vision even more. God, if anything had happened to his baby, he would very much prefer not to have woken up at all. He had been so stupid! If he had just said something sooner, then the whole thing wouldn’t have escalated to that point.

“Rog, calm down.” Warm hands touched his arm as John soft voice reached his ears. “You both are okay.”

He couldn’t see much, though, between his ragged breaths and the ocean forming on his eyes. He had to make sure his baby was alive. He had to. Blessedly, someone had the idea of pulling the cursed army of blankets out of the way and gently guiding his searching hand to rest on his middle. A thin gown separated his fingers from his skin, but the feeling of the round shape of his belly against his hand helped to take away the edge of his distress.

“She is still here.

“W-What h-happen-ed?” He mustered the strength to whisper and his throat felt like sandpaper. Within moments, a plastic straw was carefully pushed between his lips. His brain took a second to understand he was being offered water and then he went for it as a dying man on the desert.

“Small sips, darling.” Freddie said by his head and he realized that the singer was the one holding the glass for him. Roger forced himself to slow down and took deep breaths in the hopes of stabilizing his heartbeat.

“Your appendix decided it was a lovely time to get inflamed.” John informed him once he was finished with the water and he took back the glass to put on the table by the end of the bed. “Nearly gave us all a heart attack.”

Roger stopped to consider that and nodded. He could still feel his head a bit fuzzy, probably due to the anesthesia, but gradually his thoughts were becoming more coherent. Thank Goodness nothing bad had happened to his little drummer. He would gladly have other organs removed if that meant keeping her safe. An appendix was nothing. Screw the damn thing. Good fucking riddance in his opinion.

Feeling calmer, he wiped away his tears and let his gaze trail around the space. John was directly in front of him, resting his elbows next to the empty glass, with a tired smile on his lips. Looking at his left, right next to the most annoying machine he ever heard, was a restless Freddie who seemed ready to burst either in tears or in nervous laughter. Maybe both. Then, at the opposite side, stood Brian.

Roger couldn’t help himself but stare at him. He looked completely wrecked. His hair was all messy, most likely because he had spent the afternoon running his hands through it. His red and puffy eyes were giving it straight away that he had been crying and he held his shoulders closer to his body. As if by making himself look smaller, he would make Roger feel more comfortable.

Honestly, Roger was desperate to just pull him to the bed and beg for cuddles, but even in his
slightly dizzy state, he knew that it probably wouldn’t be a welcomed gesture. In fact, he was very surprised that Brian was still letting him live after the abrupt way he received the big news that morning.

“I’m so sorry, Bri.” Was out of his mouth before he realized.

The guitarist blinked at him and then sighed. Behind his back, Roger could see his other two friends discreetly heading to the door. Warily, Brian stepped closer to the bed and took hold of his right hand with utmost care, allowing his thumb to draw the already familiar circles against the soft skin.

“You gave me quite a fright.” He whispered, hazel eyes firmly locked on their enlaced hands.

“That’s not what I meant.” The drummer shyly spoke. “Well, yes. For that too. But I meant…”

Roger bit his lower lip and he could already feel the corner of his eyes becoming wet again. Brian raised his head and looked directly at him. His face was filled with kindness and pain. Somehow, he did not think anyone else in the entire world could have managed to look so broken and yet so open at the same time.

He had hurt him and it pained him to have made those poor choices. He knew that now. Roger still had many doubts and unanswered questions viciously attacking his brain, though. He wondered if he had done enough to show the man he loved his worth and if that was sufficient to earn his respect. If not to be his lover, at least to deserve fathering their child. Because on top of it all, if Brian decided to add terrible parent to his opinion of him, Roger really did not think he could live with it.

“Why didn’t you tell me, Rog?” Came the tentative question and he could see how afraid Brian was of his answer.

He blushed under his gaze and only chewed harder on his already abused lip. Now that he had to voice his line of thought from the past months, he actually felt quite silly. How proud did someone have to be to start a silent war instead of actually talking about their feelings?

Before he could open his mouth, though, Brian’s soft, but firm, voice reached his ears again and demanded his attention.

“How much of this.” He started and his eyes were so earnest that Roger felt his heart fluttering as he continued. “I know I haven’t been my best later. But I’m begging you, Rog. Let me be there for you. I know you don’t love me back, and I’m sorry if my feelings for you got in the way of our friendship. Please, don’t push me out again.”

However, he was done now. No more sitting and waiting or guessing what was going on inside of that beautiful head. They were two grown man and if they were mature enough to have had sex, then they should pull their shits together and talk, as adults would. If Roger didn’t return his feelings, fine. But, it was already way passed the time he fought to have his best friend back. Also, he was going to be a dad. There was no way in the universe that he would miss being there for his kid.

Roger, however, was in absolute shock. Perhaps it was karma coming back to bite his ass for what he put Brian through earlier that day. He couldn’t possible have heard that right. His heart thumped
furiously inside of his chest and the machine attached to it was beeping so hard that it could probably start flying at any minute.

“Y-You love me?” He brokenly asked and prepared himself for rejection, as it probably had been only his brain playing tricks on him.

Brian frowned and held tighter to his hand as his cheeks flushed red with the confession. “Of course I love you, Rog. Isn’t it why you were pissed at me for so long? For ruining our friendship?”

At that, Roger laughed.

Not a simple lip twitch or even a quick bark out of his chest. No. He laughed. Belly aching, gasping for air, tears pooling on his eyes, nearly bending over from the effort and trying his best not to pee. Maybe he was even crying in between, but he really couldn’t tell.

At first, Brian even considered taking back his hand and leaving the room. He had expected many things from Roger, but he surely didn’t think the man would laugh so hard at his expense. However, he had seen that before. They knew each other to well and now that he had allowed himself to open his heart and see beyond his own ego, he understood what was happening. Roger wasn’t finding it humorous. He was laughing his way into an anxiety attack.

“Shit. Rog, look at me.” Brian said softly as he sat on the edge of the mattress and cupped his face. “I need you to breathe. In and out. Follow me.” Slowly, he exaggeratedly moved his shoulders to accompany his deep breaths and observed as the distressed man in front of him tried to do the same. “You are doing so well. Breathe for me, love.”

Roger could still feel his whole body shaking, but his lungs at least were getting the right amount of air. As his heart gradually returned to an acceptable pace, he found himself coherent enough to say something.

“You don’t love me.” He spoke bitterly, a snort or two still making their way passed his throat. “You called me a slut, said I was just an one night stand, stopped talking to me and then you got a girlfriend. Which part of that was love?”

“I did what?” Brian’s voice went at least one octave higher with indignation and he let go of his face. “I never called you such thing. You stormed out of the flat. We stopped talking to each other. And I only got a girlfriend to show you that you didn’t have to worry about my feelings so we could go back to normal. What the hell, Roger?!”

Brian looked utterly livid and confused at him. His words also made absolutely zero sense to Roger, who pushed against the mattress to sit straighter. None of that was right. He was there when Brian said that. He had tried his best to get him to notice his good behavior and had been terribly unsuccessful. Also, what the flying fuck was that about dating because of him? Who does that?

“I heard you in the kitchen talking to Freddie that morning.” Roger spoke between clenched teeth as he motioned his hands to help him explain. “I was in the hallway when you said that us wouldn’t happen again and agreed with the guy at the bar who called me a slut.”

The guitarist blinked several times. Then a couple more, as his brain cells ran all around trying to figure out just what the fuck was the blond man talking about, because he sure as hell would never think those things not even in a gazillion years. From the back of his memory, a very different conversation crossed his mind.

…
“Another thing, darling.” Freddie started and chuckled. “Do I have to worry about you going all Muhammad Ali again? I’m sure Roger loved it and it was very hot. But definitely not your style.”

“Don’t worry.” Brian answered with a serious voice. He had no intentions of picking up more fights. “It was a one-time thing. Won’t happen again.”

He let his chin rest on his hand and muttered against it. “Rog can be in charge of that.”

As Freddie mimed throwing punches in the air, he laughed and spoke clearer. “That guy at the bar actually had a point.”

Even a stranger could see that Roger was pretty badass.

…

“Oh my God. Roger.” Brian whined as he couldn’t decide between strangling him or kissing him senseless. “I told Freddie that fighting at the bar wouldn’t happen again and that the guy who held me back was right. He said you were tough and didn’t need my help.”

He couldn’t possibly believe they were having that conversation. It sounded so preposterous to his own ears that Brian honestly didn’t think two people could have been so stupid. All of that time and the root of their problems had been that?

“Why on Earth would I call you something like that, Rog?” He continued as tearful blue eyes gaped at him. “I love you. That was the best night of my life. If it depended on me, I’d spend the rest of my days waking up with you in my arms.”

Roger struggled to get a hold of his feelings. He was completely bewildered in face of that new information. Like, what? Half of his brain was trying to control his heart from giving another beeping show after hearing the words he had dreamed about for years and the other half was trying to get a grasp on what it all meant.

“Y-You don’t think I’m a slut?” He whispered and looked straight at the hazel eyes burning with something he couldn’t quite put his finger on.

“Of course I don’t, Rog. I nearly punched the git who dared to call you that.” Brian spoke patiently and sighed. “What I don’t understand is why you went after Angela Robbins.”

“I didn’t.” He answered automatically and averted his eyes to where his fingers were playing with his hair. At that time, it seemed that letting Brian stay under the assumption he had slept with her was the best choice. As the pieces started to click together in his mind, that idea rapidly started to prove itself to have been very stupid. “I met her at the park and spent the afternoon fixing her car. I thought you didn’t want me so I just went with it.”

He doesn’t think I’m a slut. He thought as his heart fluttered with joy and he felt the need to ratify another information. “I had no business with any friend either, on that Friday the booth was broken. I was waiting for the result of the blood test.”

As the guitarist gasped, he took advantage of the subject they were in to shyly add. “I haven’t slept with anyone else after you, Bri.”

It was Brian’s turn to laugh. As Roger looked up, he saw him smiling brightly, eyes shining with happiness. It was as if the weight of the world had been lifted from his shoulders. He could almost literally feel that vicious jealousy that had been building up inside of him melting away. It was silly and quite possessive of him, but the notion that nobody else got to touch his Roger made his heart
dance inside his chest and he knees go weak. Thank Goodness he was already sitting down.

“Let me get this straight.” Brian moved closed to him and gently held his fidgety hands. “You thought I only wanted you for one night, because of that you let me believe that you were only interested in casual sex and then you spent over three months barely talking to me while carrying my child.”

Roger paused as he reviewed the events of the past months. He felt the blood rushing to his face with the realization that he had started that whole mess for the sole reason he had preferred to run away then confront Brian about what he thought he heard. Oh shit.

All that time had Brian loved him? He wanted to think it was a cruel joke to make him pay for hiding the pregnancy, but he honest to God couldn’t do it even if he tried. First, because it was Brian. He would never do something so heartless just to punish him. As for the second reason, he had to look no further to the man adoringly gazing at him. Roger felt as if he had all the stars of the sky adorning his face judging by the way that Brian was looking at him.

“Well, I guess.” He hummed and averted his eyes to their entwined fingers. “But you weren’t talking to me either. I tried to act all mature for you and you didn’t give a shit. Then you got a girlfriend.”

Roger tried to pull his hands away after he remembered about Michelle as bitterness and anger bubbled in his stomach. But Brian was having none of it and held tighter to him.

“First, I’d like to inform you that we broke up a couple of weeks ago and that I haven’t slept with her either, if that makes you feel any better.” He said matter-of-factly and the drummer stopped trying to wriggle his fingers out of his grasp. “Second, you were so distant that I thought I should give you space. Look at me, Rog.”

Brian needed his full attention for that next bit. Roger hadn’t said anything about loving him back, even though the calmer man was feeling very hopeful that he did, but this was too important to keep hidden in his chest. As far as he could tell, there were already a massive number of misunderstandings between them and he did not think he could survive one more.

“I love you, Roger Taylor.” He spoke as clearly and honestly as he could. “I’ve loved you for years. And, quite frankly, I will continue doing so until my least breath. You are the reason why I get up in the morning, and the last thing I think about before going to bed. You are the sparkle behind all of my love songs. And nothing about you needs to change. I love every single one of your flaws. Everything I do, everything I am, has the purpose of making you smile and I’d rather tear my own heart out than to make you suffer. You are my whole world, Rog. And I’m a fucking idiot for not telling you sooner.”

Roger was soaring. His heartbeat echoed like the craziest symphony in the small room and the happiest tears were steadily sliding down his cheeks. He loved him. Brian loved him. Before he could hold himself back, his body instinctively bent forward and pressed their lips together, his trembling fingers easily finding their way to soft dark curls. Gentle hands cupped his jaw and Brian kissed him back so tenderly that he could have melted on the spot.

When they finally pulled apart for air, Brian hummed against his forehead as he placed loving pecks on his hair. All that time, they could have had this. Roger never felt more loved and more stupid in his entire life. But he decided to ignore his stupidity for a moment. He had more pressing things to do.

“I don’t know if you could tell by this infernal and embarrassing machine, but I love you too.” He quietly spoke against his neck. “I love you fiercely and with all my heart. I see you and I can’t help
myself but love everything about you. You are there in my dreams and I hope you will be there for the rest of my life as well. Because I don’t want to be without you ever again, Bri.”

Brian beamed at him and carefully pulled him for another kiss, both men trying to convey how much they missed each other. Brian had no idea how he still hadn’t started to float around the room, so happy he felt. He had the love of his life right in his arms and his heart felt light like a feather. He was more than glad to let Roger guide their kiss, as the drummer seemed determined to explore every corner of his mouth and was being rather successful in dragging a great amount of moans from his throat. However, as perfectly content as he was with their activity, someone had to be responsible.

“Love, you just had surgery.” He whispered against hungry lips and had to will himself a good few inches back.

Roger was blushing as the sound of his labored breaths competed with the beeping machine. The tempting sight of his wide blue eyes filled with love and want, his red delicious lips and the coy look on his face almost made Brian lose control and kiss him again. However, before he could give in, the door opened abruptly to reveal an annoyed looking John with his arms crossed on his chest.

“As glad as I am that you two finally pulled your head out of your asses and talked, can I please let the doctor come in to check on you?” He asked sharply and made Roger blush harder. To his credit, Brian at least had the decency of looking guilty before stepping away from the bed.

Roger very much wanted to protest as he currently longed to be in Brian’s arms more than anything else in the universe. But the guitarist offered a cheeky wink that made him smile and bite his bottom lip. Let the doctor come. They still had plenty to talk about. However, Roger was sure that now it would be a much more pleasant conversation.

Chapter End Notes

I can’t believe I wrote this much dialogue! Jesus!

By now, you all must have realized that I keep dialogue to a minimum. It’s really not my strength and I don’t think I can do it again. Naturally, they still have a lot to talk about, as this chapter covered only part of it. But I really can’t produce that much dialogue. Next chapter has a decent amount of it, but I had to rely on different methods to tell part of it too. Hope it works out.

Also, I’m loving to watch you guys scan the chapters for hints related to the baby name. There is a big one on the next chapter, but I’m afraid it’s a bit hidden. Good luck!

Next chapter we will get to see more about Roger’s health, who got to stay in the hospital with him overnight and some more clarifications on their misunderstanding.

Thank you all so much for reading!! Your kudos and comments mean the world to me!!

<3

Lots of love!!

Xx
Chapter XXVII

Chapter Summary

John and Freddie pace outside of the room entertaining an amused doctor and later that night some important conversations take place.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I’m glad to tell you that his chapter is full of Maylor with a healthy dose of Deacury for you!!

Please let me thank you all for your amazing comments and reactions!! I love reading everything you have to say and your support motivates me to write even when I barely have the energy to stay awake. Thank you. <3

To our hero, responsible for this fluffier direction, @marveltrwsh, my many thanks!! I love you to pieces, baby girl!

I’m not sure if it was the other chapter, this one or the next, but since Roger is pretty adamant his is having a girl, I continue freely using she/her to address the baby. There’s only two possibilities here for birth, guys. I could be fooling you all or parading the gender for all to see. In the end of the day, there’s nothing more I can do. But boy or girl, can we all agree that this baby will be the most adorable and loved angel on the universe?

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe. A bit of guilt, maybe? But it's mostly a big ball of fluff.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Freddie and John entered the room with smirks on their faces and a rather amused doctor in tow.

The duo hadn’t gone very far when they left to give Brian and Roger some privacy. After so many months of the two proving repeatedly their obliviousness and stupidity, John wasn’t particularly inclined to abandon them completely. Also, there was no way in hell or heaven that Freddie would lose the opportunity of pretending not to listen from outside of the door. Of course, they had taken in consideration, as well, the fact that their drummer just had an organ removed and might need their assistance.

When John heard Roger’s heartbeat accelerate, he almost went back inside, but Freddie held a finger to warn him and cracked the door ever so lightly in order to check what was happening. Since he didn’t look like he was about to pass out and the moment seemed pretty important, they opted for letting them talk for a little longer and gently shut the door again.
John was immensely relieved that they were finally communicating. It had been an unsuccessful struggle convincing Roger to inform Brian about their baby and he was nearly giving into temptation of breaking the news himself, even if it wasn’t his place to do so. To have the parents of his godchild figuring things out after so long was so comforting that he felt like he could at least get a decent night of sleep from now on.

He had many things in his mind that had been put in a hold in order to wait for that storm to pass. John had a lot of considering and thinking to do related to the matters of his own heart. Perhaps, once things settled down, he could finally dedicate some time to come to terms with it. He had a feeling that his roommate was going through the same affliction as well and the thought made his heart flutter and a faint blush spread on his cheeks.

As the machine beeped with the intent of winning a race, a frowning doctor appeared around the corner and it took the mischievous pair a few minutes to explain the ongoing situation and the heartbeat acrobatics going on inside of the room. The man, who introduce himself as Dr. Alexander Kingston, listened carefully to their ridiculous story and raised his eyebrow a couple of times to the most preposterous bits. He had been the one who performed the surgery and now he was responsible to accompany the recovery process. He seemed quite entertained by their predicament and agreed to wait a little longer, since the rhythm, although fast, didn’t sound exactly concerning.

If anyone had told Freddie nearly four months ago that their apparently innocuous conversation in the kitchen would become such a massive snowball, he would have sent Brian back to his room faster than the light speed. He felt entirely ridiculous standing in that hall, getting bits and pieces of what seemed to be the misunderstanding of the century and shamelessly acting as if he couldn’t hear a word of it. How the mighty had fallen.

In his defense, he had spent the past months living pretty much of angst and fingernails as he worried incessantly about their friends and the incredibly stupid genes his godchild would end up inheriting. When they got to the love confessions part and Roger’s heart felt the need to announce to the entire hall how ecstatic he was about it, Freddie politely stepped away from the door to give them some actual privacy. If he did a small victory dance to celebrate it, though, there were only two people to judge him for it.

As conversation ceased and only the sound of that gossiping machine could be heard, John had a strong suspicion that their friends had engaged in less verbal activities that were most definitely not suited for the hospital. In the hopes of keeping the small shred of credibility he still had, the bassist decided that interrupting them would be for the best. He was entirely sure that Roger could not be trusted to behave and Brian, being the enamored imbecile he was, would probably give in to anything the blond menace asked of him.

The consult had been actually quite concise and straight to the point. Dr. Kingston was polite enough to ignore their swollen lips and was quite happy to finally meet an awake, blushing and appendix-free Roger.

Brian felt much calmer after hearing the surgeon explain what could be expected for the next few weeks. It had been a fairly simple operation and the recovery was quite uncomplicated, with the focus being on resting. He even said that, if he promised to take it easy, he could go to the studio and continue working on the album after a week or so. As long as he remained laying down on a couch and kept his drumming to a minimum, it shouldn’t be a problem.

Roger’s first question, though, was about their baby and Brian found himself seconding that. Dr. Kingston was very kind and assured them that everything was fine and the baby was out of danger. However, he would like to run another ultrasound on the next day just to be completely covered. If
possible, he would get in touch with Dr. Benson, who had a partnership with the hospital, to see if he could come do it himself. Despite his own capacity of performing the exam, it was always best to have the doctor already familiar with the case to take a closer look.

“You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Taylor.” He said confidently as he studied the medical chart. “Your postop looks great and your baby is just perfect.”

Roger nodded as he deeply exhaled. The whole thing had been extremely scary and his main concern was ensuring the safety of his little drummer.

The surgeon left the room soon after that with the promise of coming back on the next day and letting them know that visiting hours was nearly ending. John wasn’t fully convinced that he could leave Brian in charge of the situation for the night, since Roger had him wrapped around his pinky finger. However, he found himself quickly outnumbered as Freddie thought the whole thing was incredibly romantic and gave his full support to the idiots in love.

After some serious threats to sensible body parts and strict instructions on how to behave properly, though, their tired bassist agreed with the setup. He and Freddie would go home to assemble a pack with the essentials for their overnight stay, as earlier there was no time to bring anything, and they would drop it in the reception for Brian to pick up.

Roger felt exhausted and elated at the same time. He had many things to think about and he knew that some apologies from both parts were in order if they wanted to make things work properly this time. The awareness of his own stupidity was a crushing weight in his mind, but it was nothing compared to the joy responsible for making his heart flutter and its skipped beats.

Brian seemed to be in the same state, though. Once their friends had left, they both agreed that an important conversation was in order so all the misunderstandings could be thoroughly clarified and nothing remained unsaid. Brian wanted him to get some rest first, but Roger insisted on staying awake and talking. He was too agitated to sleep as his anxiety was still running high. How could he close his eyes if the love of his life was right there, saying he loved him back? Impossible.

John really had called it on Brian’s lack of resistance, because not two seconds and pair of batting eyelashes later, he was carefully nested under the blankets, cuddling an almost purring Roger and nuzzling softly against his hair and neck.

“We are very dumb.” The drummer stated as he melted on his chest.

“We are the Dumbest.” Brian agreed and hummed contently as he pecked blushing cheeks. “We should file for certificates, so Freddie and Deaky can rub them on our faces.”

Roger giggled and turned to get a small taste of his soft lips, knowing very well that as much Brian loved indulging him, he was also terrified of John and he wouldn’t get much more than that for the night. It was amazing while it lasted, though. Brian’s mouth was tender and loving against his, making butterflies dance in his stomach and causing the infuriating machine to give away how much he was enjoying it. The annoying sound was enough to make the guitarist pull them apart with a giggle, which only intensified once he saw Roger’s adorable pout.

“Can we take this monitor home? I’m loving this.” He teased and got a small pinch in return as Roger settled back against his chest with a hidden smile in the corner of his mouth.

“We can attach it to your heart, then.” He answered playfully. “Let’s see how you like it.”

“You are my heart, Rog. I don’t think there will be much of a change.” Came the reply that made
Roger blush so hard and the machine sound so loud that, to this day, he doesn’t know how nobody had went to check if he was having a heart attack.

Biting his lip and looking up to meet adoring hazel eyes, he coyly said. “If you keep saying stuff like this, you’ll get me pregnant again in no time.”

At that, Brian beamed at him as the brightest smile adorned his face. Roger couldn’t help himself but feel even guiltier for hiding the baby from him for so long. His best friend clearly already was smitten by the idea of being a father, as he knew he would be. The loving look in his eyes was all the confirmation he needed to be certain that he would be an amazing dad. When Brian tentatively asked in the following seconds if could perhaps feel his belly, the love-struck drummer nearly mewed in return.

“Anytime you want, silly.” Was he answer and gently he guided Brian’s free hand to rest on his baby bump. “Her kicks aren’t strong enough to be felt, though. Not yet.”

Roger could feel the familiar soothing circular movements dancing around his middle and he let himself melt even more against the loving man next to him. If stupidity were a natural cause of death, he sure would be a goner many months ago. He had denied Brian that small pleasure for so long that it would take a while before he could forgive himself for it, if he ever managed to do it. As he felt warm tears against his neck, Roger very much wanted to punch himself in the face.

“I’m so sorry, Bri.” He whispered as he felt his own waterworks start to make an appearance.

The guitarist said nothing for a moment and then he took a deep breath before speaking with a small voice. “I’m just so glad you both are okay, love. I don’t think I could have lived if anything had happened to you.”

The pair allowed their emotions to run its course. The situation had been quite frightening and they needed time to process everything. The worst had passed and the relief was still settling in. Some things took a while to stop hurting and that was okay. Roger didn’t know for how long they stayed like that, but at some point a friendly nurse knocked on the door and delivered their bags and a cheeky note from their flat mates that they all swore never to mention again.

With some help from Brian and careful attempts, they both managed to get ready for the night and felt a bit better after it. The thoughtful one of the duo insisted on staying on the couch, but, of course, he ended up cuddled right against the other again. No surprises there.

They spent a good portion of the night talking, even though they were extremely tired. Somehow, Roger felt it was important to get everything out of his chest and Brian, who didn’t have the strength to deny him not even a bobby pin, let him get away with it. It wasn’t as if they were kissing (much), so John wouldn’t have reasonable motives to detach any of his limbs.

The events of the past months were retold from both of their perspectives. Some moments got them giggling at their own idiotic behavior while a few others provoked an ocean of tears and an array of heartfelt apologies. Naturally, that was just the beginning of a long rebuilding process. Their relationship was a delicate thing and they had a considerable road ahead of them before things were completely okay. However, it had been a good restart.

“Does… Does it mean we are boyfriend now?” Roger asked him hesitantly once they recalled everything, already far into the small hours of the night.

Brian chuckled and pecked his lips. In spite of the ache in his body and the weight on his eyelids, he had never felt more comfortable. The man he loved was safely tucked into his arms, one of his huge
hands was steadily caressing his baby bump and his heart felt lighter than it had been in years.

“You are the love of my life, Rog.” He whispered softly against his lips. “I’ll be anything you want me to.”

Roger smiled as he kissed him before speaking with a loving mellow voice. “I want you to be mine.”

“I’m all yours, love.” Brian hummed and deepened their kiss, carefully nibbling at soft lips and moaning quietly when he easily got permission to taste.

The, by now, familiar insufferable noise of the obnoxious machine echoed around the room and the couple separated for air with smiles playing in their mouths. Roger had a lovely shade of pink on his cheeks and Brian sported a proud look on his face.

“We are definitely getting one of these.” He smugly commented and received an eye-roll in return.

That night, cramped in a hospital bed, post appendix removal and extreme tiredness deep in his muscles, was one of the best of Roger’s entire life. He felt warm, loved and protected. On the following day, they would get to see their baby and Brian finally would be part of the experience. He cared very little about his surroundings. Because being there, in Brian’s arms, finally felt like he home.

Chapter End Notes

Here lies my evil reputation. May it rest in peace, ~For now~. =]

I can’t help but feel like I have been spoiling you all with unusual long chapters to this works parameters… I’m glad I could do it for the most important parts. However, for the near future, I’m afraid some of them will be falling on the short side again. Work has been crazy and I hardly have time to write down two thoughts. Sorry!!

I have been working on a “Male Carrier Anatomy 101” that I’ll post on the end notes before a ~relevant~ chapter and if you are not into the more biological details of the AU, you can definitely skip it. That way, people can read what they are comfortable with and not miss anything from any chapters. Sounds good?

Next chapter we will have a bit more of Deacury. Also, Brian and Roger have some interesting news to break to their flat mates.

Thank you all so much for reading!! Please come chat with me on the comment so we can all freak out at their cuteness!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter Summary

Freddie ponders about his relationship with John and both men expectantly wait for visiting hours to start.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! There’s a fair amount of Deacury in this chapter for you! Unfortunately, I found it necessary to split it in two if I wanted to continue updating daily for a while longer. Sorry!

Thank you all so much for the patience and support!! I’m incredibly grateful for having such amazing readers. You guys are the best!

My dear @marvelthrws, thank you once more for your invaluable help. You rock, sis! <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When visiting hours started on the following day, Freddie and John were already at the hospital. While his friend had very little hope that the room would still be in one piece, Freddie was finding the whole experience quite amusing.

Not the scary part of the misbehaving organ removal, but that fact that he finally had managed to get the oblivious love birds together in a place with nowhere to run. It was ironically tragic that it had been necessary for things to reach such an outrageous point before two grown men decided to pull their heads out of their asses long enough to communicate.

If he had any say in the matter, that would be the first thing he would be teaching his godchild: don’t be a blind idiot.

Freddie knew he really wasn’t one to talk, though, as he still had a pending situation to address. After the whole mess that the couple from the room across of his decided to pull off, he really did not want something similar happening to him. Naturally, he was damn certain he wasn’t an imbecile of that caliber, but it wasn’t as if he was going to tempt fate.

On the one hand, his feelings for John were clear as the light of day, even if he did not parade them in public. He knew that the man he loved was aware of it and possibly felt just the same. However, they were yet to have an official discussion about taking the first step towards a romantic relationship. John was too precious to him for matters to be handled carelessly. He saw himself spending the rest of his days with that funky bassist and he refused to screw things up. But, good
things come to those who wait. When time were right, they would venture into that subject.

Of course, the lack of a formal understanding did not stop them in the slightest from cuddling close together on the sofa for a great part of the night, just listening to old records and enjoying each other’s company. John’s soft skin smelled like heaven and the sight of him so comfortable in his stolen pajamas was possibly one of the best things of the world.

When morning came and they felt much more decently rested, the unofficial couple wasted no time in organizing the place the best they could to receive their recently operated flat mate and even went grocery shopping to fill the cabinets with suitable food. As they were leaving the hospital on the previous night, they had bumped into Dr. Kingston and used the opportunity to ask more questions regarding the recovery process. The surgeon reassured them that the operation had been extremely successful, as the inflammation had been caught in time and there were no complications. If everything still looked good with Roger and the baby, and Dr. Benson were on board, they all could go home by the end of the day.

He even had been exceedingly nice and had given the fretting duo a list of healthy meals that would best fit for the time being and detailed instructions on how to care properly for the bandages. That last task would surely be further analyzed in the future once they had the chance to watch a nurse performing it.

All things considered, they felt rather prepared by the time they were allowed to enter the recovery ward. The matter regarding their album work, though, was yet to be studied. However, now that all members of the band were in the same page, there should be a group discussion to decide on how to proceed for the next few weeks.

After entering their friend’s room, a delighted Freddie and a suspecting John were greeted with an adorable sight. Looking like a content sun-kissed angel, Roger napped peacefully against the chest of a completely enamored Brian, who had the most love-struck gaze on his eyes and a silly smile adorning his lips. There was even a huge vase on the bedside table with blooming roses next to them, as it was probably another way that Brian had found to spoil the recovering man.

Well, as much as John wasn’t quite fond of admitting he was wrong, it seemed like leaving their guitarist in charge of the blond menace hadn’t been the worst plan, after all. He was already pretty sure that his godchild would never give him so many headaches as her half-brained fathers did. Although, if he were being honest, disregarding their temporary lapse of good judgement, between their amazing genes, any child of them would be nothing short of extraordinary.

“If everything alright around here?” John asked with poorly faked nonchalance and studied intently the furniture, as if they would start spilling the juice on last night events if he looked hard enough.

“Just perfect. He has been eating and behaving quite well.” Brian answered in a soft voice, as he was still busy admiring the beauty in his arms, and chuckled. “Hardly had to bribe him at all.”

At that, Freddie smirked while leaning deliberately against the tabletop at the end of the bed. “Is that so, darling? I believe I heard some nurses gossiping about a heart monitor going crazy on this floor.” He teased and playfully wiggled his eyebrows. “But you wouldn’t know anything about that, would you, dear?”

If the scarlet color spreading on Brian’s cheeks weren’t a dead giveaway of how productive their morning had been, the faint pink marks splattered all over his neck sure as hell were an indicative of it for everybody to see.

“Well… Have you tried saying ‘no’ to him?” Their guitarist sheepishly whined. “It’s nearly
impossible.”

“Yes. Nearly.” John supplied and let his body fall on the couch as he glared in Brian’s direction. “Try harder, honey. I can manage just fine. We know Freddie is secretly a softie. What’s your excuse?”

The blushing man bit his bottom lip before smiling widely and gently pecking the tip of Roger’s nose before simply whispering. “I didn’t want to.”

John rolled his eyes, but deep down he was rather elated for his friends. Heavens knew that they deserved a break after so many misunderstandings. Hell, they were probably entitled to an insane amount of happiness, or at least a considerable karma refund for all of that drama.

He didn’t say anything else on the subject, though. Instead, he shared the possibility of Roger being discharged later that day and went over the preparations they had made at home. As the drummer began to stir and eventually he woke up to join the conversation, Freddie and John fussled over him for a while and then they all moved on to talk about their recording plans.

The topic could have waited, but John sensed the anxiety pairing in the air due to the visit of Dr. Benson scheduled to the middle of that afternoon. Upon noticing it, he quickly signaled to Freddie that keeping the minds of the worried and excited parents was their best course of action. Therefore, they spent a great part of the time discussing and coming up with a routine for the next couple of weeks until the familiar doctor arrived.

Roger nearly jumped out of the bed to meet the older man with a hug, so happy he was to see his kind and welcoming face. Notwithstanding the surgeon’s opinion and competence, it was quite comforting to have the doctor who had accompanied the pregnancy since the beginning in the room. The recently operated man didn’t quite think he would be able to fully stop worrying, but surely hearing Dr. Benson’s opinion would help to take the edge of his concerns away.

He had knocked on the door barely a minute after four o’clock, being excitedly ushered in by a bubbling Freddie and a fairly composed John. Both man were obviously relieved at seeing him as well, if considering their warm greetings. The zealous godparents were especially fond of the experienced physician and his thorough approach of the case. The poor man had answered more worried phone calls than John could count, since they reached out for him every time Roger had as much as an odd hiccup.

“Mr. Taylor, it is so good to see you well after such a scare!” The smiling doctor said with genuine happiness in his voice as he approached the bed, carefully making a point of not staring at the curly haired man wrapped around his patient. “I practically fell of my chair when Alexander told me you had to undergo an appendectomy! If you don’t mind, I personally want to make sure you are alright.”

Roger blushed and shyly shook his hand. “Sorry about that.” He spoke anxiously and, before things could get awkward, he decide some clarifications were in order. “Dr. Benson, please let me introduce you to my boyfriend, Brian May. We are dying to see if our baby is really okay.”

Then he bit his lips and nervously played with his hair as he watched the full effects of his words resonate through the room and fondly remembered the lovely proposal he had gotten that morning.

Chapter End Notes
Well, then. Now it’s official. Maylor is DATING. I know we had an unofficial proposal last chapter. But do you really think Brian wouldn’t want to do things properly? I can guarantee you that John and Freddie did not see it coming that soon.

In fact, I find myself often wondering why things are moving on at such speed. Then I remember that we are talking about people who had been in love with each other and were best friends for ~years~. I don’t want to rush anything, but I did feel it was fitting for them to be official in such a short time.

Also, I think you people broke me with your demand for fluff. I want to be evil again!! Any deliciously mischievous ideas you guys would like to share? All this sweetness is killing my inspiration to hurt these boys. Send help or they will be married with three kids in no time.

Since next chapter is technically the part two of this one, the proposal itself will be a minor part. I just happened to decide that these were the best paragraphs to make the cut. You’ll understand when you see it. But what you can fully expect is Brian’s reaction to finally watching his baby on the ultrasound. Who’s excited for that?

Once more, thank you all so much for reading!! Please come chat with me on the comments and, if you can, leave a kudo. *_*

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXIX

Chapter Summary

Brian finally experiences a magical moment and Dr. Benson has some comforting news to everybody.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter is so sweet you might want to grab a toothbrush afterwards. I have no idea from where the hell all this fluff is coming.

Thank you all so much for the wonderful ideas and support!! You guys are amazing and I thank the universe every day for giving this story such wonderful readers. <3

@marveltrwsh, thank you for the patience!! You’re my hero. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I think.

Enjoy!!

The room was silent for a moment, Freddie and John frozen by shock and wondering if they had hear it right. Did Roger say boyfriend?

Brian seemed like he could just about swell with pride for the new title as he greeted and gently shook hands with a curiously polite-looking obstetrician. Their friends were much less discreet once their brains started to work again, as John gaped at them and Freddie loudly gasped. The drummer believed it was pretty obvious that they relationship had finally developed a bit, especially considering how close the two had been the whole afternoon. Therefore, he had thought it wouldn’t be really necessary to break the official news with all the words. By now, he should know better than that, though.

Waking up that morning with Brian by his side and the sight of his handsome face looking so lovingly at him had been enough to make his entire body melt as his heart fluttered and he decided that he wanted all of his mornings to be like that. The father of his baby seemed to have been thinking around the same lines for, a bit before noon, he had left the room for a couple of minutes only to return with the biggest rose bouquet Roger had ever seen in his life.

Brian would have preferred to wait for a more romantic occasion, but he couldn’t help himself. He had been deprived from spoiling Roger for months and once the idea occurred to him, he was a goner.

It had been fairly easy to sneak out for a minute to the reception to order the flowers and then once more to pick them up when they arrived. His pockets protested a bit, but it turned out to be ultimately worth it as Roger beamed at him and let escape adorable squeals of joy. The best part, though, was
the completely delighted look on his face when Brian officially asked him to be his boyfriend and promised to make a much more elaborated proposal in the future.

Honestly, the blond man could have just jumped on top of the insanely beeping monitor and flown straight to the moon, so ecstatic he was feeling. After all that time, finally being Brian’s made his head go light with happiness and his poor heart perform some serious acrobatics. He had been positive that the man would come up with something like that in the near future, for he was the type of person who liked to do things properly, but hadn’t see it coming so soon.

In the past Roger would have vehemently protested such acts, since he thought Brian wanted nothing to do with him and would be acting only out of obligation. But he knew better. Now, he was aware that his friend was in love him and he would gladly say yes to any of his proposals with all of his heart.

He knew that, later, their friends would have many questions and some explanations would be demanded. For that moment, though, Roger was grateful that they offered no cheeky comments in front of the polite obstetrician or the friendly nurse that entered the room a couple of minutes after, with the ultrasound machine.

Brian started to wiggle his way out of their entanglement, but Roger’s pleading look gave him a pause. Logically speaking, the drummer knew that it was hardly appropriate to have an exam with an over six-foot man wrapped around him. However, he barely managed to suppress a sad whine from leaving his mouth. After so many months being deprived of cuddles from him, it was a bit difficult to willingly let him go.

Dr. Benson, bless his heart, sensing his hesitation, chuckled a bit and assured them that the exam could still be performed with the guitarist on the bed as well. Roger nearly purred when Brian settled back by his side and sweetly nuzzled his neck for a second. Thanking all heavens that he had been allowed to change from his hospital gown to a decent pajama earlier that day, he delicately raised his shirt and braced himself for the coolness of the gel.

He was already familiar with the steps and so were Freddie and John, both nearly jumping on the mattress as well, so close they were from the bed. However, everything was brand new for the astrophysicist, who watched everything with amazed eyes.

The experience was surreal. The mere thought that he would actually be able to see his baby had Brian excited and anxious for the whole time. When the monitor flickered to display the perfect silhouette of his child, he felt his heart melt instantly. Be it for the shape of the tiniest and cutest nose or the most fragile movements of a closed fist, Brian knew he was very much in love.

He felt invincible and powerless at the same time. The most adamant certainty hit him and made him feel it in his very bones that he would do all he could to protect that little angel. If he had to make every star in the universe promise to watch over his child, he would do just that. Anything. Everything. However, he also could feel his heart skipping beats and chills running down his spine as vicious fear crawled under his skin. The world was a beautiful yet dangerous place. Many things could happen outside of his control and he had no idea on how he would cope with that. If something happened to his baby… Good Lord. Was that what parenthood felt like?

Feeling frightened and bold at the same time, Brian barely realized he had tears prickling the corner of his eyes and it wasn’t until he lovingly looked at a wet-cheeked Roger, who had been observing him, that he felt them threatening to spill at any second. He didn’t mind them, though. Especially when the most beautiful sound filled the room. Once he heard their child’s heartbeats strong, loud and clear, he knew it was a lost cause to fight against his tears as they silently ran down his face.
There was something else, though. Something special. Because he knew that rhythm. He had listened to it before and that sweet melody had been deeply ingrained in his mind, as Roger had kept playing it repeatedly with some modifications as time passed. That mysterious sound had become so familiar and so very present that he even had started to compose something in secret in his guitar to follow the beats.

Then it hit him.

“Oh, God. Rog.” He spoke with a small surprised voice and tightened his hold around him. “You were playing her heartbeats on the drums!”

Roger smiled sheepishly and bit his lip as he looked up at him from under his eyelashes. He wasn’t quite sure of what to expect, since on the previous night he had apologized with all his heart for all the milestones Brian had lost because of him. His friend, boyfriend now, hadn’t been mad per say. Forgiveness would come with time, but they surely were on the right track.

When soft warm lips touched his, though, his worries were gently kissed away with delicate pecks. John politely cleaned his throat, though, to anchor them to the real world and Freddie naughtily smirked next to him.

“Behave, darlings.” He warned and softly patted Roger’s tight. “We don’t want to scare the good doctor.”

The obstetrician, however, heartily laughed and shook his head as he added a couple of notes do the medical chart in his hands. “Don’t worry, lad. These two are not even near the worst couple I’ve had. I’m glad to see these boys so happy, at last.”

Brian blushed and entwined his fingers with an equally pink Roger. He had no idea about how much Dr. Benson knew about their romantic struggles, but the older man did not seem to be judging him in the slightest for his previous absences.

“Your baby is perfectly healthy, gentlemen.” Dr. Benson spoke happily after updating the chart. “Excellent development since our last appointment and the appendectomy did not affect your womb in the slightest. Everything seems to be in order.”

“Oh, thank God!” John voiced their thoughts and nearly collapsed next to Freddie. In spite of his composed appearance on the outside, worry had been eating his insides more and more as the minutes passed.

Roger felt like he could, literally, float around the room. Their baby was fine. He hadn’t damaged her with his misbehaving appendix and, had he been a more religious man, he would probably kneel and start chanting grateful prayers. Glancing at his side, he was able to see the brightest smile on Brian’s face and Roger thought that he looked like the Sun. A shiny star, which he would gladly orbit around in any existing universe.

He barely registered the white tissues that were offered him to clean up the gel and Brian grabbed them with a chuckle and timidly asked if he could help. It was such a small action, but having his baby’s father gently wiping away the slick substance from his bump, ever so careful with his bandaged incision, made a silly smile appear on his face. Of course, one could always count on Brian Harold May to be a sweetheart.

“You have my official permission, regarding the baby, to go home, Mr. Taylor.” The doctor kindly informed them. “I know you are in very good hands and I’m sure Dr. Kingston will agree with me.”
“Thank you so much, Dr. Benson! I swear I’ll behave!” Roger grinned with the perspective of leaving that damn hospital. The smell of such institutions never had agreed much with him.

“Oh, I’m certain you will.” The older man agreed with a knowing smile. “Between these three, I hardly think you will lift a finger. Do call me if anything out of the ordinary happens, though. But I’m rather confident your recovery will be very smooth.”

All his bandmates were fast to assure the obstetrician on his way out that Roger would be extremely well cared. It was unsurprising how quick Brian had joined the other two in their mission to completely guarantee his healthy pregnancy. While John did everything in his power to keep his strict but necessary routine and Freddie struggled against his instincts to coddle him to pieces, the guitarist, even in such a short time, had easily fell into the middle ground of trying to be firm and fulfilling his every whim.

When Dr. Kingston had dropped by a couple of hours later for a final consult and with the papers for his discharge, Roger had to refrain himself from performing a small victory dance. He barely could wait to kiss that room goodbye. Or flick his middle finger at it, as it was more likely.

He was dying to go home and cuddle on the couch with his friends in the safety of their living room. He knew that telling Brian had been just the beginning and he still had many more problems to solve. Their parents still had no idea that the next generation of their lineage was on the way and Roger was dreading that moment with all his heart. Also, they still had to think about what they would tell the rest of the world, since Queen was gradually becoming more famous.

However, that could wait. He was in a happy bubble for the moment, with Brian by his side, their baby healthily growing in his womb and his best friends watching over him. He definitely could do a little longer without reality to coming to pop it. It was unavoidable, of course. But for that night, he felt like the luckiest man on Earth.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooooooooo much fluff!! You guys officially broke me. I don’t even know.

Next chapter we’ll see Roger’s first night at home and he has some things he would like to get out of his chest. Also, more fluff. Because I’m losing control of it. Help.

Thank you all so much for reading and for the love!! Your comments and kudos put me in cloud nine all day!! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Roger felt utterly and completely pampered. At some point in the evening, he started to get annoyed at his friend’s overprotectiveness of him, as they barely let him go to the bathroom alone. But it quickly melted away, for he knew it all came from a place of love.

That night, as he sat all warm and comfortable on the sofa with Brian’s thick green blanket around him and an army of pillows to support his back, Roger felt truly blessed. Not everything was okay yet, for many hurtful actions had occurred in the past months to shake their friendship. Even if they were misguided and accidental, that didn’t erase the fact that they had happened. However, things were going towards a good place.

Earlier, Roger had taken the opportunity of them all being in the same room to express how sorry and regretful he was for his poor choices. Freddie had said that it could wait, but he insisted. He owed them a massive and long apology after everything he had put them through. It was true that it was all a huge misunderstanding and, in the end, nobody could be severely blamed for anything, since they were equally guilty and innocent at the same time.

However, he had to get it out of his chest and they deserved to hear it. So, he let his words and his tears run freely as his heart accelerated with each passing second. He had taken so many selfish and wrong decisions, even if at the time he thought he was doing the right thing, that he knew it would take a while for his mates to forgive him completely.

“I’m so sorry. I know I keep repeating it, but I am. I’m really sorry.” Roger concluded and lowered
his head. His lips had been already bruised, so much he had bitten down on them, and his eyes were all puffy and red.

There was a moment of silence as the boys waited to see if he was going to say something else. John was quite surprised that the fragile looking drummer had so much room to storage oxygen, because he had spent a solid quarter of an hour talking nonstop. They considered interrupting him just so he could breathe, but their friend was too distressed for that and they silently agreed that the best course of action would be to let him say everything.

John wouldn’t deny that he had appreciated the apology, even though he fully agreed with Freddie that it definitely could have waited until another time. But it had been nice to have their awful situation recognized for the stubborn blond man and he suspected that his roommate felt the same way. If anyone in that room had the right to be blindly pissed, though, was Brian. Yet, the guitarist did not look even remotely livid. John knew he was a least a bit angry, but, mostly, he just looked tired.

Running a hand through his silky curls, Brian sighed and tried to come up with something to tell Roger after his truly heartfelt speech. They had talked about that on the previous night and he had a feeling that he would continue to hear those words for many years to come. He was somewhat angry, yes. Roger hadn’t omitted a broken record. He had, purposefully, hidden his pregnancy. But Brian kind of understood why he did it, after some tearful explanations that oddly made sense from Roger’s perspective.

It wasn’t something simple that he could just flick a switch to fix. He wanted to forgive him and he was certain that eventually he would. It was all a matter of time. Brian had so many other emotions running through him that his anger hardly stood a chance against its competition. The strongest one was happiness. He was going to be a father! He would have to be even a bigger of an idiot to let his resentment get in the way of it. Too many days had already been missed and he refused to be absent for the rest of them.

“Well, darling…” Freddie’s voice broke the silence as he cautiously nursed his mug of tea from his place on the thick rug. “We did say you were being very stupid. Do keep that in mind for future reference, yes?”

John rolled his eyes next to him and reached his arm to fluff the pillow threatening to fall from sofa back to its place. “What he means is that we accept your apology. But if you ever act so daft again, I’ll personally smack the shit out of you. Got it?”

Roger timidly nodded and pitifully sniffed his nose, not daring to meet their eyes. Warm lips on his forehead, though, made him look up after the soft touch was gone and he found Brian’s pensive face close to his.

“We all did some pretty shitty choices, love.” He started with a gentle, yet firm, tone. “I’m not happy for being kept in the dark for so long, but you know I am more than willing to forgive you. Give it time and stop beating yourself for it. We will be okay.”

The remorseful drummer sunk his teeth on his lower lip to suppress the sobs attempting to escape his mouth, but Brian was having none of that type of biting anymore, unless his own teeth were involved. Carefully, he raised his right hand and delicately persuaded the abused lip to be released, taking the opportunity to press the softest kiss against it.

“It is a pity you gave up being a dentist, Rog.” John playfully snickered at them. “I think my teeth are rotting with so much sweetness.”
Brian smiled amusingly and kissed the blushing man again for good measure.

“Please, remember he had an organ removed, darling.” Freddie joined the banter. “I don’t want to hear any funny business tonight.”

The comment elicited a small giggle from Roger and the singer considered their goal accomplished. As lovely as his apologies had been, he hated to see his friend crying like that. Furthermore, all of those waterworks surely weren’t the best for the baby and he was nothing if not a caring godfather.

“Thanks, mates.” Roger shyly whispered and snuggled closer against Brian’s side. “I don’t know what I would’ve done without you lot.”

John shuddered at the thought of leaving their blond menace unsupervised. Honestly, the first batch of grey hair to grown on him would solely be Roger’s fault. “Don’t mention it. Just focus on growing my godchild and trying to keep the rest of your organs in place.”

“Our godchild, darling.” Freddie mended with an annoyed voice. “Half of that princess is mine.”

Roger smiled fondly at them and he could feel Brian silently chuckling by his side. John, on the other hand, rolled his eyes and gently placed a possessive hand on the drummer’s swollen belly.

“We all know I’m her favorite.” He stated matter-of-factly. “Also, Roger could be wrong and she could very well be a boy.”

Freddie gasped and brought his hand to cup the baby bump as well. He quite agreed with the father to be that he was expecting a girl. John, however, still doubted it. His argument of it being a fifty-fifty chance meant nothing to the singer, though. Roger was positively glowing and he stood firm on his guess.

Deep down, he really didn’t care if his beloved godchild was a boy or a girl. Regardless of gender, his friends were all insane if they didn’t think he would take every opportunity available to dress the little one as the proper fashion icon he or she would be born to become. For Roger could be the one doing the heavy work, but there were no doubts that the baby belonged to all of them.

In the end, there were only two possibilities. John would forever rub in their faces that he had been the only wise one all along or Roger and Freddie would never let him forget that he had doubted their expertise on the matter. As for Brian, he didn’t really take a stand on the matter. He was so enamored with Roger that the drummer could have told him that they were having a green Martian and the silly man would have piously believed him.

“You take that right back, dear. She adores me and you know it.” Freddie friskily bit back and then softened his tone to murmur directly to Roger’s belly. “Don’t listen to him, my princess. Your uncle is just jealous that you like me better.”

John choked at such preposterous words and quickly scrambled to his knees to defend his case, gently directing his words to the baby bump, at that point slightly shaking with poorly concealed laughter from its owner. “Calumnies! Uncle Fred will never accept you already picked me. Isn’t it right, honey?”

“You two are the silliest.” Roger managed to say between giggles. “My little drummer loves both of you.”

The bickering duo smugly looked at each other and Freddie even stuck his tongue out to John’s utmost fondness and annoyance. However, it was Brian who spoke first, as the amused man absorbed the full meaning of Roger’s words and immediately jumped into the discussion.
“What do you mean by little drummer?” He provoked with a lighthearted voice. “Our child will be a badass guitarist. I’ll teach her myself!”

It was Roger’s turn to gasp in mocked horror as he dramatically held his chest. “Over my dead body! Obviously, she will learn how to play the drums first! I’ll throw your guitar out of the window, if I have to.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Try me.”

Freddie chuckled at the desperate look Brian sent in his direction and raised his hands. Next to him, John was also shaking his head with clear mirth. The poor gentle giant was about to finally start to experience the full joys of a pregnant, hormonal and stubborn Roger Taylor. And that, my friends, would be just delightful to witness.

“You know…” John nonchalantly started to draw their attention. “You could always have more children. That way, we’d have a whole orchestra.”

“That works for me.” Brian beamed at Roger, his eyes so shiny that one would think he was offered an early Christmas’ present.

Roger, however, wasn’t finding it remotely funny.

“Then, you can damn well carry them!” He screeched and Brian burst out in laughter. “I’m serious, May! I’m getting huge! Your dick put me in this condition. You should be the one getting fat and peeing all the fucking time. Stop laughing, Brian.”

The guitarist hardly could help the bubbling feeling in his chest given the hilarity of his boyfriend’s exasperated face, but he tried to take some deep breaths to regain his composure. In his defense, Freddie and John were also badly hiding their amusement.

“Sorry, love.” He said still amidst soft laughter. “I don’t remember you complaining back then, though.”

At that, Roger gaped his incredibly blue eyes at him and purposely elbowed his ribs as a response, his face rapidly flushing as the seconds passed.

“Oh! Finally some sordid details!” Freddie celebrated and dreamily rested his head on his hand. “Carry on, darlings. Is our giant boy really big everywhere?”

“Freddie!” Came the aghast warning from John to shut him up and a well-aimed throw pillow was rightfully propelled on the grinning’s man face by a furiously blushing Brian.

Roger snorted at them, taking some personal gratification for seeing his boyfriend become embarrassed as well. He would later find a way to thank the cheeky singer for turning the table around. Because if there was something he deeply enjoyed, was watching Brian Harold May flustering.

“Why, yes, mate. I hardly could sit myself straight for a while.” He proudly stated and smirked as a groaning Brian hid his face between his hands. Mission accomplished.

Freddie howled on the floor, his whole body shaking with laughter at their shy guitarist reaction and John’s clear vexation, as the pink-cheeked younger man pinched the bridge of his nose and pressed his lips in a thin line.
“You two are incorrigible.” He tiredly spoke in defeat and then turned his attention to Brian, his protective instincts tuning in. “As for you, mister, do refrain from sticking your dick in this convalescent idiot for a while, please.”

Brian’s heart raced at the implications of his words and he sank deeper in the fort of pillows they had assembled on the sofa earlier. For a moment, he even considered praying for the ground to open up and swallow him whole. He very much did not want to think about inserting any of his parts into the gorgeous man next to him.

The past few months had been incredibly frustrating and his skin was crawling with need to just pin Roger down and have his wicked ways with him, if the teasing blond drummer were okay with it, which he suspected was exactly the case. Naturally, he didn’t want to rush anything. They had all the time in the universe to become familiar again with each other’s bodies. However, there was just something about seeing Roger full with his child that he couldn’t quite put his finger on. It was as if a hungry beast had woken up in his chest and he absolutely needed to claim him again. He felt ridiculous and oddly possessive, but he couldn’t help himself.

What he could do, though, was trying to stay as far as possible from the tempting thoughts while Roger was still recovering from surgery or even until he had a better control over his ravenous needs, for he was also afraid of hurting their beloved little angel. With that in mind, their current conversation wasn’t helping him in the slightest in his new endeavor.

“Bloody hell, Deaky. We are not teenagers.” Roger muttered sheepishly.

Truth be told, between the months of abstinence, raging hormones and the sheer fact that he now was allowed to touch every inch of Brian’s delicious pale skin, he was going insane with want. Nobody had told him that being pregnant meant being that horny. The last few weeks had been his personal nightmare. A stiffy would pop up at any time of the day and a mere gush of the wind had him ready to go. It did feel like being a teenager all over again, now that he thought of it.

The whole thing had been infuriating. He had been lonely and having to take care of himself was incredibly frustrating, as his thoughts would immediately jump to Brian and the memories of their night, regardless of that fact that he might have wanted to strangle him earlier on the day. Never in his life had he imagined that he would be coming alone, leaning against the shower tiles, pregnant, three fingers deep in his sensitive ass, untouched cock and the name of the man who, at that time, he was sure didn’t want him back, escaping his lips in a sinful moan.

So, excuse him if he was ready to jump on Brian at any minute, upon finding out that he actually loved him and very much wanted him just the way he was. Unfortunately, he knew he would have to be on his best behavior to give time for his body to heal properly. Fucking appendix.

“I think we can all call it a night.” Brian finally spoke up and lazily got up. “Roger needs to rest and we all could use a good night of sleep.”

“Sleep being the key word, darling.” Freddie sing-sang as he helped John up to his feet.

“I could tell you just the same, mate.” He started as a mean to put an end to their teasing. “But we don’t wanna go there, do we?”

Their flamboyant singer gaped at him and a faintly pink looking John was all it took to shut him up as he sent a glare in Brian’s direction.

Following that, they all moved swiftly to comfortably accommodate Roger in his bedroom. Earlier, Brian had the brilliant idea of moving the nightstand out of the way and pushing their beds together,
since Roger was giving clear indications that he had every intention of sleeping right next to him again and immediately loved the change of the furniture placement.

After a quick stop in the bathroom to relieve his abused bladder and brush his teeth, Roger found himself warmly tucked away in his boyfriend’s arms. The calming movement of his chest with each soft breath was gently lulling him to sleep as Brian’s sweet voice distractedly hummed an old Beatles’ song. Between the loving kisses delicately pressed against his temple, cheeks and lips, or the soothing circles being drawn on his bare belly, Roger had never been so happy to let his dreams come and his worries to stay behind.

Chapter End Notes

My, my… For how long do you think they will keep their hands to themselves?

In the future, we will be seeing more of how Maylor will break the news to their families, then to the world. I think I know how I’ll spice up the drama factor. You all gave me amazing ideas! Thank you! <3

Also, I’m working hard on Deacury right now! Wish me luck!!

Next chapter will be a detailed passage of time covering the two weeks of Roger’s recovery. I did some research about appendectomies, pregnancy and recovery time. Hopefully, it all matches. I also have a feeling that some of you will ~love~ the chapter that comes after (32). Let’s see. Hihiihi

Thank you all so much for reading!! If you are comfortable, come freak out with me in the comments! I absolutely love reading and answering them!! *_*

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXI

Chapter Summary

Two weeks pass in the lives of our boys as Roger complains about his recovery, Brian does his best to care for him and their friends watch it all with great amusement.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here we have another time passage chapter. By the end of it, Roger will be 19 and a half weeks pregnant (four months [(122 days/7 days = 17.4 weeks) since Ch. 2 + two weeks we count for the cycle]).

I have no words to explain how ecstatic I’m feeling!! This story was received with so much love and support!! When I look at the numbers, I honestly think I could faint. I’m overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. You guys are amazing and I couldn’t be more thankful for having such incredible readers. So much love! <3

My dear @marveltrwsh, I couldn’t be doing this without your help, patience, laughter and tears. You are fundamental for this work to keep going and I love you very much, sis. <3

Thank you all from the bottom of my heart!!

I’m posting this on the regular time, but I have some business to attend tonight before I can properly sit down to answer your comments without hurrying. I love to give attention to every single one!! I’ll get to it as soon as I come back, tho! <3

In the end note, tho, there is something I have prepared in advance that some of you asked me about. Keep in mind that I blushed the entire way writing it, tho. ^~'

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe.

Enjoy!!

The following two weeks had been relatively calm for everybody involved and, before the boys realized it, the month was about to end.

To no one’s surprise, Roger turned out to be a whiny recovering patient. His restless nature had him wanting to jump out of bed and just do something other than walking as the doctor had recommended. Even if his surgery had been performed with an innovative and less invasive approach, he still needed to go easy for a while.

He was trying to behave as best as he could, though. He wasn’t stupid and he knew that the more he followed the rules, the faster he would be allowed to go back to his normal activities. Therefore, he
ate everything that Brian had placed in front of him, boringly walked around the flat as John had instructed and dutifully followed Freddie’s command to stay away from his drums. So, excuse him if he had felt the need to whine and complain about it while he did it, though. Because he sure as hell wasn’t pleased with his tedious routine.

On the bright side, more time resting had meant more time with Brian happily snuggled around him, no matter where they were. From that perspective, he was in heaven. The guitarist was the sweetest man he knew and everything he did was so loving and considerate that Roger couldn’t help himself but fall harder for him every day.

Brian was protective without being overbearing and always made sure that he was content and comfortable with whatever they were doing. He spoiled him rotten, even if he had to follow the strict rules of his recovery. If Roger had to eat fruit, the affectionate man would make sure his favorites were in the kitchen. If he had to walk aimlessly just for the sake of exercise, Brian would run to every corner of the flat to wait for him with a kiss. It was all about the tiny details.

The first time the astrophysicist he had kneeled and pressed the softest kiss against his baby bump just because he could, Roger’s heart went completely wild as it swelled with love and warmth. He felt safe. To have Brian so openly showing how much he already loved their child too meant the world to him. After that moment, it was as if the gates of fatherly moments had been opened, for Brian was the silliest man in love with them and interacting with the baby had become his favorite thing in the universe.

So many days lazily kissing on the sofa or boldly daring to make out in the privacy of their room, though, were taking its toll on Brian. He wondered if one could die from blue balls or excessive cold showers. The first week had been especially challenging when it came to refraining himself from succumbing to the temptation of performing more strenuous activities. In his defense, though, Freddie and John had left them unsupervised for a great part of the day.

Since Roger wasn’t allowed to play for that first week and someone had to take care of him, the remaining members of Queen had to go to the studio to at least attempt to get some work done. They practiced a lot a home, though, with a grumpy drummer stuck on the sofa and limiting himself to only comment and write down his ideas for the near future. But it still was important that they continued with the formal recording so they wouldn’t fall behind. Even if it was just Freddie and John mostly working on the booth to refine their sound.

Roger didn’t help much the case either, since he paraded around the flat with the most delicious outfits. His bottoms were, pretty much, glorified underwear, consisting of the biggest collection of tiny tight fabric that Brian had ever seen. Honestly, calling the damn things “shorts” were probably an offense to the other items on that category. While the chosen tops were mostly from Brian’s wardrobe, which meant it could be large shirts that exposed his delectable collarbones or fitting tank tops that hugged his swollen belly and often rid up, leaving his tempting bare skin to torture Brian all day long.

The worst part, though, was that the blond devil knew exactly what he was doing to him every time he sashayed his pert and scantily clad ass around or teasingly plastered himself all over Brian’s lap to kiss him senseless with his sinful mouth. Sure as death Roger could feel how hard he was through his jeans and he did not even have the decency to cover his knowing smirk all the times the aching guitarist had to excuse himself to the bathroom.

Naturally, all of Roger’s actions had been on purpose, on the hopes that his boyfriend would finally surrender and fucking do something to relieve their frustration. His self-control was commendable, though, for the man had not budged not even an inch and it was driving the hormonal man insane.
As the second week came, however, things got a bit more manageable since he was allowed back at the studio and they all returned with full dedication to the recording process. Even if Roger had to spend most of the time on the sofa and only had permission to drum for a short amount of time, it was still much better than staying at home doing nothing. But, he was still incredibly hot and bothered when it came to their barely-existing sex life.

Waking up every morning with Brian deliciously wrapped around him had been a blessing and a torture at the same time. He absolutely loved their lazy morning kisses and the slow caresses the caring man would place all over his warm body, especially on his gradually swelling baby bump. However, the unmistakable hardiness pressing firmly against his bum was turning him into a whiny mess. He was nearly close to begging for some attention, but he knew that he wouldn’t get any before his recovery time was officially finished.

Freddie and John were finding the whole thing rather amusing.

The funky bassist thought it had served them quite well the small delay in their gratification. After everything those blind idiots had put each other through, the wait to finally give in to their primal urges seemed like a fitting punishment. John wasn’t cruel, of course, and he wanted desperately for his friends to fully enjoy the perks of being in a loving relationship. But a significant part of him, reasonably the one which had to watch all that drama unfold from an unimaginably tough position, was secretly content for karma’s good work.

Freddie was also having his fair amount of fun with their frustration. Either be it for the sight of a pouting Roger during breakfast or the awkward encounters with their embarrassed guitarist every time he came out of the shower, hair still dripping in cold water. He pitted his ears once the blond menace and his loyal puppy in love decided to catch up with the lost time. He had a feeling that nobody would be getting much of a sleep if it depended on the ability of his flat mates to stay quiet.

On the other hand, he still had his own frustration to worry about, since he was yet to gather the courage to finally discuss with John the matter of their own relationship. The adorable younger man kept looking at him with shinny expectant eyes, but Freddie just didn’t seem able to find the right opportunity to talk about their feelings. He could have done it in the quiet of the night while they were in their room now that things were alright on the other side of their flat. However, a chilling fear stopped his words every time he looked at John perfectly still reading on his bed or charmingly snuggled against his side.

What if things went wrong and he lost the most perfect man in the world? He couldn’t make it without his Deaky. It would be like living without his heart in his chest. That was just unimaginably unbearable. Therefore, he was afraid. But that wouldn’t last long. He was a brave man and John deserved everything he could give him and more. Also, he swore not to be an idiot like his friends, so, there was that too.

By the time they reached the last weekend of June, Roger was ready to crawl out of his skin, so ready he was to go back to his regular activities and so eager he felt to engage in far more pleasing ones. To his delight, his morning consult on that Friday with Dr. Kingston for his scheduled checkup turned out to be great, since he was officially cleared to resume his daily routine as long as he didn’t overextend his body too much.

He had never been so happy for drumming his heart out as he tried to make up for the time away from his precious instrument. He literally could feel butterflies in his stomach, so happy he was. Brian had spent the entire rehearsal fondly staring at him, as if the sight of Roger playing with such joy was the cutest thing in this side of the cosmos.

That night, he had been considerably tired. Even though his friends didn’t let him drum for as much
as he would have liked, the significant effort had been a bit too much to him after not practicing for a while. His arms were positively sore and his back hurt a bit. But, that was fine. He just had to ease up into it and he would be back to his normal shape very soon.

Brian had been as sweetheart and massaged his aching muscles for a long time until sleep finally started to claim his aching body. If only he could convince his handsome boyfriend to touch him in lower places in the morning, he would feel truly relaxed. With those plans in mind, he finally allowed sleep to take over him. If he had a mischievous smile on his lips, the darkness of the night kept his naughty intentions in secret.

Chapter End Notes

I don’t think our naughty Roger will keep quiet for much longer. Do you?

You can absolutely expect some smut for the next chapter. And a tiny bomb in the end. Because why not. ^^’

Now, I know we have talked in the past about how much you all would like to know about the biological details of this AU and most of you were really interested.

I believe that some of this knowledge will be fairly relevant for the next chapter, so I came up with a small “Male Carrier Anatomy 101” to give you all a better understanding.

Don’t worry, tho! It is totally optional and can be skipped without much problems if you don’t feel comfortable reading.

There will be some minor references to it next chapter, but nothing vital. Relax!

That being said, here we go.

____________________________

“Male Carrier Anatomy 101”

As you know, I had to do some research about pregnancy in general to get the baby’s development and Roger’s symptoms as correct as possible.

I struggled for a while with coming up with how exactly was conception possible for males in this AU and I think a managed it. Please keep in mind that I’m a law student and biology is not my field of expertise.

For women, we already know how it works. There are three separate “channels” for the renal, digestive and reproductive systems. While for male, we have one for the digestive system and then only one exit for the renal and reproductive ones.

Keep in mind, as well, the major differences in the reproductive functions of male and female. While one “gives” the other “receives” and “host”.

With that line of thought, I created what I hope it is a simple concept for male carriers. They have a dualistic reproductive system. Everything works normally with the other three a carrier shares with a regular man. So, let’s not worry about that.
For the additional reproductive feature, things get a bit tricky. Majorly, the male secondary reproductive system is quite similar to the female single one. We have already covered that, while a woman’s womb prepares every month to receive a baby, a man’s one works very quickly to catch up ~after~ fecundation has occurred. The rest, is pretty similar. Then, there’s the location, of course.

Since man already “share” one opening for two features, I figured that should be the same case for the other opening, that would serve as the final part, the exit, of the digestive system and the initial part, the entrance, of the secondary reproductive one.

We are talking about a small opening about three inches “up” the rectum that gives access to the womb.

My main concern was the risk of infection. But, as I researched, the problem kind of got solved. The female body efficiently discharges a sufficient amount of a slick substance that has the function of preventing these infections. Therefore, I applied the same concept for the male carrier anatomy.

I don’t think Roger would have noticed anything. Since this entrance wouldn’t be as exposed as a female’s, I believe it would be fairly easy to remain imperceptible.

Moving on to his pregnant state and the main aspect of my research. It’s expected that the amount of discharge will be much bigger as pregnancy develops and, therefore, Roger will start to take notice of that. Is it the same like the slick produced by omegas in A/B/O? No. Does it still can be used as natural lube? I think yes.

Keep in mind that there is a considerable increase on the blood flow of the vulva during pregnancy and the same could be applied to the outer and inner entrances of the male secondary reproductive system. With proper stimulation, said discharge will naturally be produced in order to avoid anything “probing around” from causing infections. Does it make sense?

So, pretty much, he is very sensitive in the region now that he is further along in the pregnancy. The normal function of the channel hardly interferes with things, though. He is hormonal and horny. He is in need of a gratification that only sex or manual stimulation can provide.

Birth will also work just like a regular female’s would internally. For males, both openings will be hormonally triggered to expand, bowels will constrict the passage of feces to prevent contamination and after some pushes, the baby will come out.

For now, I think that covers it. Never in my life have I thought so much about what happens inside someone’s butt. If anybody with greater anatomy knowledge would like to give me an insight, I’d really appreciate it. In the end, tho, this is an AU and we can get away with A LOT of stuff. I’m incredibly thankful for that. ^^’

Well, class dismissed!

Thank you so much for reading!!! You guys are amazing!! Come share your thoughts with me on the comments!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXII

Chapter Summary

Brian and Roger have a lovely time together as they make the best out of their morning.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I’m so sorry for the delay!! I know that, due to the different time zones, some of you already went to bed without the chapter and I failed to leave any warnings. My deepest apologies!!

I had a change in my working schedule and, from now on, I’ll be late for at least one hour or two most weekdays. Also, my college classes will start again next week and I watch them in the morning and at night. I’m afraid that my posting schedule will be a bit messy for a while. Sorry again!! But I’ll do my very best to continue posting at least a chapter a day for as long as possible.

We have some sexy times in this chapter!! The explicit rating fully applies to this one!! But I believe we're good regarding other warnings.

Thank you all so much for the love, support and patience!! You guys are AMAZING!!!

@marveltrwsh, you are a life saver!! Love you!!

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If Roger had known that the best part of his day would be in their bedroom, he would have refused to leave the house entirely.

When morning came, he was feeling much better than he had thought he would, probably because of how Brian had taken his time to carefully knead his arms and back all the way to relaxation. Also, during the night he had been warmly pulled flush against the taller man’s bare chest and the feeling of waking up pressed against him had the drummer’s heart fluttering and a familiar pink spreading on his cheeks as he sleepily snuggled closer to him.

After a couple of minutes, the telling signs of a small groan and gentle arms tightening around his middle made him aware that Brian had woken up as well and, soon, soft kisses were pressed on the exposed side of his neck. “Morning, love.”

Roger shivered at the raspy drowsy voice right next to his ear and half moaned his answer. “Good morning, babe.”

Brian felt like he was in a cloud of happiness. The morning sun was casting a mellow light through their slightly opened curtains and the exquisite angel in his arms positively glowed. His warm skin
felt like silk against his fingertips and the sensation of having his hand full with the curve of his belly, beautifully swollen with their child, made Brian’s heart flutter and he couldn’t help but feel like home.

“How’s our princess?” He gently asked with his voice full of affection and pure adoration for the most two important people of his life.

Roger smiled and carefully turned around to curl up against his chest, pressing light pecks against his throat and chin. “She’s still quiet. But thankfully away from my bladder, so I’ll take what I can get.”

The drummer felt more than heard the chuckle that followed his answer and had to resist the urge to bite down on the tempting exposed neck. He settled for gently kissing the warm skin against his lips, though. Feeling bold, he teasingly nibbled on a perfect spot right under Brian’s jaw, expertly sucking in and gently grazing his teeth on the sensitive skin, deeply enjoying the wrecked sounds he was eliciting from the aroused guitarist.

“Rog…” Brian whined as he tried to pull back his hips before the naughty blond could notice his half-hard erection and get some ideas.

Don’t get him wrong. He was dying to flip him over and explore every inch of the pliant body in his arms. But he absolutely refused to strain his stubborn boyfriend and he was, also, entirely terrified of hurting their baby. With that in mind, he carefully tried to disentangle themselves, but the determined blond was having none of it.

In a swift moment, Roger slid his thigh between Brian’s and pushed some weight to his elbows, giving him the perfect leverage to kiss some sense into him as he slowly rocked against his hips and rapidly engorging cock. Firm hands grabbed his bums and Roger couldn’t help himself but groan into their passionate kiss.

He felt electrified. His skin tingled all over and the most delicious ache was settling in his navel. Roger was pretty sure that he was already leaking inside of his boxers, so good his throbbing dick felt rubbing against Brian’s. All the build up from the past weeks had him desperate for some release and his boyfriend’s mouth felt like heaven, tortuously trailing kisses on his neck and eliciting the most sinful noises from his throat.

Brian’s thoughts were running all over the place. The still somewhat logical part of his brain was sternly telling him to remove his greedy hands from Roger and go take a freezing shower. However, that annoying voice was quickly being silenced with each time the moaning little minx dragged their hardiness against each other and Brian was finding extremely difficult to resist him.

“Babe, please.” Roger whimpered wantonly next to his ear, teasingly tugging at his earlobe with a hint of teeth. “I need you so bad!”

Shivers ran down Brian’s spine as his whole body tingled with how desperate he was to give in to their pleasure. His heart was racing against his ribcage and his breath had been reduced to short gasps for air. However, who needed oxygen when the taste of Roger’s skin was so luscious against his tongue?

The drummer sped up their languid motion and arched his back after finding a much better angle that pushed the tip of his rock hard cock right against Brian’s, a wet spot clearly staining their boxers where they met. He had to bite down hard on his bottom lip as the guitarist deliciously sucked on his exposed collarbones and licked his way up to seal their mouths in a searing kiss, as his skillful hands knead Roger’s butt cheeks with feverous intent.
“Brian!” He cried out, foreheads pressed together as both men gulped for air. “I’m begging you, babe. *Pretty please, will you fuck me?*”

The tortured guitarist gasped and a low growl escaped his throat. God, Brian had to take a minute to *think*. His hips were already moving by their own accord and he was a few seconds away from pining the blond cock tease down. “C’mon, love. You know I can’t. I’ll hurt you.”

He pleaded and Roger whined miserably against his lips, still rocking their bodies against each other with reckless need for release. However, that wasn’t enough. The biologist knew that the problem would be coming to haunt him once he was further into the pregnancy. Not only his hormones were making his body sing under Brian’s touch, but he could feel his hole *aching* with the need to be filled up. It was a bloody male carrier anatomy thing. Now that his *extra parts* were fully functioning because of the baby, it was normal to feel his opening become more sensitive when he was engaged in sexual intercourse.

Roger couldn’t stand it any longer. His body had been itching for some relief for *weeks* now and the doctor finally had given him the green light. If *Brian* wasn’t going to help him, he sure as hell wouldn’t just sit and accept his refusal. If he didn’t want to fuck him, *fine*. Then he could just fucking *watch*.

With a determined sigh, Roger rolled to his back and wasted no time in kicking his underwear out of the way and *finally* wrapping his hand around his leaking cock, practically mewling at the contact of his palm with his heated velvety skin.

“Roger!” Brian gasped next to him, too perplexed to stop him. “What are you *doing*?”

The drummer groaned when a particularly delicious drag of his thumb against his glistening tip made his hips jolt up and he stared sharply into Brian’s eyes. “*Your job.*”

Brian could hardly believe his eyes, as Roger moaned with abandon and thrust his painfully hard cock into his tightly enclosed fist, back arching from the mattress, while his free hand carefully circled around his clenched hole.

Before he realized, he was kneeling between the drummer’s legs and palming his own neglected throbbing erection as he attempted to suppress the groans trying to rip their way out of his throat. His head was dizzy with want and desire pooled on the pit of his belly as he witnessed the man he loved pleasing himself with such desperation.

Roger felt like he could burst at any moment as shockwaves of pleasure assaulted his nerve buds every time his fingertips threatened to breach his sensitive opening. As he felt a small sign of slickness coming out of his hole, he couldn’t stop the wrecked moan that was ripped from his mouth as he dipped one finger in to the first knuckle and pushed it all the way in once he found no resistance.

Brian choked at the sight and his urge to pull out his thick enlarged cock won against his best judgement. Heart racing, he tried his best to move his wrist in the same pace that Roger, now up to two fingers, fucked himself. For a minute, he tried to figure out where the natural lube was coming from. His brain kindly supplied him with a small paragraph from the borrowed biology book and he gaped in awe as a fresh wave of slick discharge allowed the drummer to insert one more finger inside of his tempting hole.

The burning sensation of being stretched made Roger’s entire body tremble with anticipation. It felt *so good* to be finally filled up with something. But the sight of Brian’s gorgeously engorged cock, pulsating with need for release, was driving him *insane*. He kept clenching *hard* against his own
digits, longing for something bigger and cursing Brian for his unreasonable fear of hurting him.

“A-Are you s-sure you won’t change your mind?” He half teased between moans and gasps for air and the guitarist’s brain almost short-circuited.

He wanted nothing more than to slide his dick home and make Roger see stars. He longed to make love to him and, at that moment, he especially desired to punish him for presenting him with such a view. For there he was, lying pliantly and blushing on his bed, legs spread wide, three fingers curling up into his tight little ass, frantically tugging at his mouthwatering hard-on that rested so beautifully against his baby bump and begging for Brian’s cock.

“Roggie, please.” He whined and sunk his teeth on his bottom lip. “I’ll hurt you, love.”

Roger groaned at the denial and pouted. His whole body was pulled taut with tension as he could feel his orgasm so close and yet unachievable, as he ached for something else to push him over the edge. It was adorable that Brian cared so much, albeit unnecessarily, about harming their baby. He would sure as hell be a wonderful father. But, now, Roger was the one in need of his attention and care. He had to do something. Anything. Desperately, he blurted out the first thing that came to his mind. “Just the tip, then! Please, daddy.”

That was Brian’s undoing. His hips stuttered and he fiercely blushed at the wrecked growl that resonated from his mouth. He knew that he had a thing for Roger’s gorgeously swollen belly, full with their child. However, never had he considered that he would get a kick out of being called something so naughty.

Cursing at himself for his kinky weakness, he gently bated the drummer’s fingers away as he tentatively pressed the head of his cock against the pulsating slicked opening. Roger’s drawled moan of his name making his throat dry and his heart race at the sinful sound. The sensation of his over sensitive tip dragging so slowly against his boyfriend’s heated entrance was making his entire body tremble and tingle as he had to hold back his need to just sink his cock all the way in and fuck.

“God! You feel so good, Rog.” Brian muttered under his ragged breath, strained with the effort of keeping his control as he shallowly thrust against the wet hole. “Fuck. You look so damn pretty like this.”

Roger whimpered and jutted his hips to meet him halfway, one hand firmly applying more pressure on his own cock as the other clawed at Brian’s small back as a failed attempt to bring him closer. He was nearly there. Tears blurred his vision and his lips were probably bruised, so hard he was biting down on them. The corners of his mind were threatening to darken and he could feel the telltale signs of his balls tightening and his toes curling as he approached his released. If Brian could just…

“M-Make me come, Bri.” He pleaded and looked straight into burning hazel eyes. "I'm so close! Give me more, daddy, please!”

“Fucking hell, Rog.” Brian cursed and pushed in his cock ever so slightly; speeding up the rhythm and bringing his own hand to wrap around Roger’s rock hard erection, thumb expertly pressing on the underside of the head in teasing movements. “This is all you are going to get, love.” He warned and bent over to capture the abused red lips in a languid kiss. “Now be a good boy and come for daddy.”

Roger gasped against the command, as he felt his hole clenching hard around the thick cockhead and the added touch to his own dick sent shivers down his spine. Brian’s hot mouth on his was eagerly swallowing his moans as he gripped tightly the bedsheets and, before he knew, he was spilling thick ropes of come all over their chests and the guitarist’s hand. Not two seconds after, the
amazing sensation of being filled with Brian’s spent made his legs turn to jelly and his mind go pleasantly numb.

Brian was heavily breathing and precariously balancing himself on his heels, thighs trembling with the effort of not falling right on top of the pregnant smaller man. Shockwaves of pleasure still crawling under his skin as his cock twitched and spurted the final of his release.

Carefully, he removed his slowly softening dick of the blissed-out drummer and, hadn’t he been so tired from holding back, the sight of his come dripping out of the wet hole would surely get him hard again in a heartbeat.

“You are going to be the death of me.” Brian playfully stated as he let his body fall next to him.

Roger chuckled and coyly glanced up to him. He probably looked like a mess, with his hair plastered against his face and a thin layer of sweat covering his whole skin. Not to mention, the sheer amount of cum decorating his body.

“Well, daddy, I can’t say that I regret it.” He teased and bit his abused lip at Brian’s flushed face. “But seriously, Bri, you are not going to hurt us. I promise.”

The guitarist sighed and fished for Roger’s discarded boxer, gently cleaning their bodies as he considered Roger’s words.

“I know you are right, love. I also did some reading.” He sheepishly offered and turned himself to properly spoon the drummer from behind, right hand immediately finding its familiar way to his baby bump. “But when the time comes, I feel terrified of causing any harm to you two. Please be patient with me.”

Roger quietly hummed and entwined his fingers with Brian’s on top of his belly, both of their thumbs running soothing circles on the stretched skin. He understood what the father of his baby was saying, even if it made no sense to him. Hopefully, with time, he would be able to persuade the sweet man that he had nothing to worry about.

“We aren’t going anywhere, babe.” He softly spoke and angled his head to give him a small peck, smiling mischievously against his lips. “But if you ever put me through two weeks of complete abstinence again, I’ll personally chop off your dick.”

Brian smirked at the empty threat and gently nipped at the side of his neck. “You’d never. You love it too much.”

The drummer giggled and batted his eyes at him. “Doesn’t mean it has to be attached to you. Just try me.”

Faking horror, Brian captured his mouth in a playful messy kiss as they broke out in laughter every other second. It was perfect. Until, suddenly, some impatient knocking made the giggling couple sit up. Intrigued, Brian pulled up his underwear and made his way to the door, taking a second to check if Roger was fully covered by a blanket before cracking it open.

On the other side, stood an agitated Freddie with his right hand still raised in the air and a worried look on his face. He took a quick peek inside of the room to find a grinning Roger and glanced back to a semi-naked Brian. He sighed and pressed the bridge of his nose before speaking with a heavy tone. “If you two are quite finished with debauching each other, darling, Roger’s mom is on the phone.”

Brian’s breath got caught in his throat and he sharply turned around to observe Roger’s reaction. His
smile was long gone and a dark shadow crossed his face. His baby blue eyes seemed frightened and he never had looked so small. Warily, the guitarist climbed back onto the bed and scooped the blond angel to his embrace.

“We can’t delay it anymore, can we?” Came the defeated whisper and Brian swore he could feel his heart breaking a little.

“I’m afraid not, love.” He tentatively answered and Roger nodded against his chest. Resignedly, he turned to his concerned friend on the doorway. “We’ll talk to her in a minute.”

Brian focused on holding the shaking man in his arms and placing gentle kisses against his hair. They would be fine. Roger’s mom wasn’t a problem. Winifred had always been supportive of her son and he was sure that she would be thrilled with the news of becoming a grandma, even if in such an unusual way. However, both men were terribly afraid of how his father would react. That was the main reason for why they waited so long to break the news to their parents and Clare. They all agreed that it was advisable to wait at least until the end of his recovery time. Roger’s pregnancy was so delicate that Brian hated to think about the effects that Michael’s reaction would have on him.

But they couldn’t avoid it for much longer. He knew what it felt like to be in the dark regarding something so important and he was sure that it wasn’t fair to make their relatives go through the same situation. Even if one of them was a complete asshole.

With a heavy heart, he held tighter to the smaller man. Roger would need his support more than ever and he would be strong for him. He was a father and his partner was counting on him to be his rock. There was no way in any plausible universe that he would let any harm come to his family. And that was that on that.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, boy… I can promise you some drama is coming!!

Roger isn’t on the best terms with his father, who can be a very difficult man. I don’t think that things will run smoothly for them. But let’s see.

For next chapter, you can expect ~some~ angst with a healthy dose of fluff to compensate for it. And that’s all I’m saying. Don’t want to spoil it much.

Also, did you like this kinkier smut? I had a feeling that, as much as their sweet lovemaking had been adorable, now that they were fueled by hormones and a considerable time of abstinence, things would be a bit more ~spicy~.

Thank you so much for reading!! Once more, I’m really sorry about the delay!!

Please come chat with me in the comments and leave a kudo if you can! <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXIII

Chapter Summary

Roger prepares to face his parents and the boys help him prepare for it.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I tried to keep this chapter on the angst side, but the fluff just sneaked its way into it. I was writing this part of the story when I asked for help. You’ll see what I meant after you read the next chapters. You all broke me. xD

Thank you so much for the motivation, ideas, feedback and general love!! I’m extremely lucky to have you guys supporting this work so much. Really, thank you!! <3

My dear @marveltrwsh, thank you so much for the patience and hard work!

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I think.

Enjoy!!

As they had predicted, talking over the phone with Roger’s mother wasn’t the biggest part of the problem.

Although a bit suspicious as to why she had spent a good ten minutes with a vague and uncharacteristically unhelpful Deaky, Winifred had sounded delighted when she finally heard her son’s voice. She showered him with questions about his well-being, how things were going with the band, if he was eating properly and why on God’s green Earth he hadn’t called her much those past few months.

Roger had been pale as a ghost for the entire duration of the call as he tried to answer her inquiries without giving too much away. He was so nervous that he mercilessly chewed on his bottom lip until a metallic taste assaulted his tongue. Brian, who had been holding his hand for the entire time, frowned at it and gently placed his thumb against the tender skin, successfully persuading the anxious blond to let go of it before he could hurt himself any further.

They had agreed sometime during the last week that they shouldn’t break the news over the phone. Knowing his parents, Roger was sure that they might as well show up at their flat to demand clarifications. Also, as much as the drummer was afraid to talk to his dad, it wasn’t fair with his mum and little sister not do tell them in person. Therefore, the couple decided it would be best to go to Truro for a quick visit instead of having the Taylors banging on their front door.

Winifred sounded excited over the phone when a shaky Roger announced that he would be visiting them for the weekend and asked if it would be okay to show up later that Saturday for dinner. He also shyly informed her that he would be bringing Brian over with him. The guitarist sighed in relief
as she received the information with a warm voice and continued talking a mile a minute about preparing the house for their stay. He wanted badly to have a camera nearby, though, when his boyfriend told her, with at least three shades of pink adorning his face, not to bother with a spare room, since they were used to sharing.

Roger wasn’t too worried about sleeping arrangements, however. If things went badly, and he was almost entirely sure they would, there was no way in hell that he would be staying in that house. Not with his father’s imposing figure ruling over the whole place. Roger really wanted to see his mother, though. It had been ages since he last visited her and he was just about dying to hug the hell out of his sister. He was sure that she would jump around in happiness for becoming an aunt.

The fretting drummer was, in fact, making a mental note of greeting them first and preferably still wearing his coat. Even if his baby bump was still quite small if compared with how he would probably look like by the end of the term, it was still a fairly noticeable difference. Especially if considering how skinny he had always been. Freddie had suggested wearing a large hoodie to better conceal his swollen middle, at least to prevent the initial shock. It wasn’t a permanent solution, but it would buy them at least a couple of minutes.

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The singer had been a bit upset that he had to stay behind. He wanted to go as well to be supportive of his friend in such a difficult time. John also wasn’t very pleased with the idea of sending the other two alone to face the big bad wolf, but they all had agreed that Roger’s charming father would create a much bigger scene if he had a larger audience. It appeased them, though, the fact that Brian would be there. For he could be a soft giant, but he never had measured efforts to take care of Roger. Add to it that the love of his life was pregnant with their child and you had a fiercely protective astrophysicist to deal with.

“You’re going to be alright, darling. If your father starts to act like a dick, you can deck him right away.” Freddie gently spoke as he passed the last jeans of the small pile of clothes on the bed to a slightly shaking Roger. “Or, even if he is quiet, you can always tell him to go to hell and send my regards.”

The blond offered him a tiny smile and added the shirt to his small travel bag. They were almost done with packing and every passing minute only served to make him more nervous. They were set to leave right after an early lunch, which Brian was efficiently preparing, so they could drive with enough time to accommodate Roger’s screaming bladder and pause for snacks. The whole trip would take between four to five hours and there was no way that John would allow him to break his eating schedule.

“Don’t encourage his temper, honey.” John hummed and zipped up a bag with extra blankets for the ride and a couple choices of healthy treats for his picky friend. “We don’t want our godchild in the middle of a fistfight. Let Brian be useful for once in that matter.”

At that, Roger chuckled and layered a few shirts on top of it all, estimating that it should be enough to spend not even two full days out of his flat. Why people always packed as if they were going to spill half of the universe in their clothes was a silly mystery to him. Just to be safe, though, he added one more and moved to close his bag before his nerves made him pack another half-dozen.

“Bri couldn’t hurt a fly and you know it.” The drummer commented as he struggled with the zipper.

“True, darling. Here, let me.” Freddie pressed the sides of the brown leather to give him a better angle and softly added. “But he would turn this planet to dust if it meant keeping you and our little princess safe.”

A lovely shade of pink appeared on Roger’s face and both of his friends pretended it had all to do
with the teensy effort of closing the bag instead of with his adorable feelings for their guitarist. After John deemed everything properly packed and Freddie was satisfied enough with his friend’s concealing outfit, the caring duo left the room to check on lunch and give Roger some space to change.

He didn’t see how a larger hoodie would protect them from his father’s ire, but he agreed that it would at least give him enough time to make it until the living room, so he could properly hug his mother and sister. Sighing with defeat, he slipped out of Brian’s stolen pajama and started to tug up dark jeans. Before he could put on the simple shirt that would go under the black hoodie, though, a glimpse at the mirror caught his attention.

It had become some sort of a habit for him to stare at his reflection for at least a little bit every day. It never failed to amaze and frighten him a little how his body could look like that. Not for a second in the past Roger had imagined that he would be in that situation. But, now that he was, he couldn’t help himself but feel grateful for his small miracle. Surely, it had been unbelievably scary at the beginning. However, as the weeks became months and his belly swelled with their child, his heart had nothing but the purest love for his little drummer.

Silently stepping closer to the wall mirror, Roger let his hands reverently run against his gradually growing baby bump. His stretched skin had some tiny faint pink marks, but didn’t look too bad, since Brian had made his personal mission to tenderly rub lotion on it every night. He absolutely loved doing it. The drummer could see, clear as the day, in his shining hazel eyes and dorky smile how proud and happy he was as he carefully massaged the flowery smelling substance on his belly and excitedly chatted with their baby.

During those moments, Roger always struggled to keep his tears at bay. He, almost literally, could feel his heart melting with love and adoration for the sweet man. Some guilt lingered behind as well, though. He had deprived Brian of so much. Watching him intently explaining the solar system or telling her all about their next album made the drummer feel like the luckiest man in the world. He had no idea of what he had done to deserve someone as perfect as Brian by his side. But, he surely would spend the rest of their lives thanking the heavens for the gift.

His belly felt warm against his palms, the tiny scar from the appendectomy hardly drawing attention to itself. Shifting to the side, he cupped the round curve of his middle and let his mind wonder about just how big it would become in the near future. He could swear that he had felt some fluttering the other night, while Brian was softly humming “Hey Jude” between kisses on the bump, but he decided against mentioning it before he was sure.

“Don’t worry, my little drummer.” Roger whispered as he lovingly caressed his belly. “Your dad will take care of us. We’re safe.”

Turning around to finally finish getting dressed, he let out a startled yelp as he spotted Brian casually leaning against the doorframe with the brightest smile on his lips and the softest look on his face. With cheeks heating up, the blond straightened his shoulders and kept his hand right where it was against his middle. It wasn’t the first time that his boyfriend had seen him like that, but he still felt as if he had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Which was very silly of him, but he was a hormonal mess most of the days, so excuse him for that.

With a small chuckle, Brian walked towards him and placed a small kiss on his forehead. Lingering there for a moment as he wrapped his arms around the smaller man. He could feel how anxious Roger had been all morning and he wished there was something more he could do for him. It did bring him some comfort, though, to see that the fierce drummer trusted him keep them safe and sound.
“I won’t let anything bad happen to you two, Rog. I promise.” He sweetly spoke and pressed their lips together for a moment. “We’ll be alright. If I have to knock the daylights out of your father, I will.”

Roger smiled against him and buried his blushing face on his neck, mindlessly playing with his dark curls and nearly purring as gentle fingers traced small circles on his small back. “You shouldn’t have too, though. I’m sorry you’re in this mess.” He said with a small voice.

The guitarist sighed softly and delicately brought his hands to cup the lovely pink cheeks and plant a light tiny peck on the tip of his adorable nose, eliciting small giggles from Rogers and causing his flush to spread beautifully to his neck.

“You are the love of my life and you are carrying my child.” Brian stated with a serious, but tender, tone. “I’ll fight whomever I have to protect you. Even if we both know that you are the best wrestler by far.”

The drummer beamed at him and charmingly tip toed to join their mouths in a languid kiss. He tried to put all his love and admiration behind it as he willingly allowed Brian to determine their pace and the taller man took his time, thoroughly enjoying the taste of their lips together.

A loud noise that suspiciously seemed to come from the kitchen jolted the couple apart and Brian mumbled something about tearing limps over his poor abused pans. Roger chuckled under his breath and discreetly hid his smile behind his fist, coyly looking at the annoyed man.

“I came just to check on you. Shouldn’t have left those two in charge of the stove.” He muttered and ran a nervous hand through his soft hair before swiftly kneeling down and placing a loving kiss on Roger’s exposed baby bump. “You take care of your papa for now, my princess. I’ll try to save your lunch.”

The drummer felt his heart skip a beat and his lips twitch into a silly smile at the gesture. He gently let his fingers caress the perfect cheekbones of his sweet boyfriend all the way down to his jaw and up to his lips, which earned him a soft peck in his wrist and the beautiful sight of Brian’s shimmering eyes and proud grin.

Another loud noise followed by a stream of crude words reached their ears and Brian sighed in defeat.

“You should go make sure our kitchen is still standing. Be thankful I’m not in there as well.” The blond joked and offered a hand to help him up, in spite of knowing that his boyfriend would put minimal weight on it in order not to strain him. That silly, overprotective, handsome, sweet man.

“Good Lord, I am. The place wouldn’t stand a chance.” Brian said with a teasing tone as he was leaving the room, deciding to drop the comment with a decent amount of distance between them in order to spare his physical integrity. The pillow that came flying a few seconds later in the direction of where his body was only proved his point.

‘Your father,” Roger started with a playful voice as he directly looked at his belly and wrapped a caring hand around it. “Is massive wanker. And you better know how to cook just like him, my angel.”

Once more, he thought he could feel a small fluttering inside of him. Delicate as a butterfly batting its wings and fast as corn popping under heat. He fought down the urge to yell for Brian to come back, since it didn’t happen again and he hardly thought his boyfriend would be able to feel it just yet if it did. Hopefully, soon they would be able to share that milestone together.
With happier thoughts in his head, the drummer went back to the task of getting ready so they could leave as scheduled. He dreaded the moment he would have to break the news to his parents, but he felt much warmer knowing that Brian would be there right by his side.

Chapter End Notes

Was that… the baby moving? YES!!!

I was dying to reach this point!! According to my research and taking in consideration Roger’s womb position, this stage of 19,5 weeks into the pregnancy should be a great for a first time parent to feel the movements. I’m afraid it will take a little longer before Brian can as well. ^^’

Also, I made a slight correction on the number of weeks. I had failed to consider that a month is not exactly four weeks and found myself with an additional of 10 days. In my defense, I have warned everybody in the past that I suck at math. ^^’

Next chapter we will see the boys arriving at the house of Roger’s parents and the beginning of the breaking the news process. Wish them luck. <3

Thank you all so much for reading!! I’d love to hear your thoughts and reactions on the comments! You guys are amazing and I love talking to you! Best part of my day! *-*

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXIV

Chapter Summary

Roger and Brian finally arrive at the Taylor’s residence. Roger is extremely nervous, but he knows he can count on Brian for emotional support. He’s got this.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter is the beginning of the drama. Please keep in mind that it’s not even near as angsty as I would have liked. But I just couldn’t do more.

I’d like to thank you all immensely for the constant support and feedback. I’m incredibly grateful for having such amazing readers sticking to this story. Thank you all sooooooooooooooooooo very much!!! <333333

@marveltrwsh, once again my official thanks to all the work and patience you put in being my beta reader. You are phenomenal, darling!!

No major warnings apply to this chapter. However, if other people being anxious and family issues can upset you, I recommend skipping this one. Stay safe. <3

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The car trip, even if a bit tense, turned out to be quite fun.

Brian had tried his best to entertain the anxious blond during all the way to his parents’ house. Be it by playing silly car games, ridiculously performing some cheesy tracks that had come up on the radio or even starting a nice duet when a song they liked had popped up. He had offered to drive for the entire trip, but Roger insisted on doing it himself. First, because it was his ‘own bloody car’, to which the guitarist pointed out it wasn’t a valid enough argument since he was pregnant, just had an organ removed ant shouldn’t be behind the wheel at all.

Then, unsurprisingly, the naughty little thing batted his impossibly long eyelashes at him and muttered something about how being in charge of the driving would make him focus in something else other than facing his dad. At that, Brian had no counterpoint to stop him nor had the willpower to resist the adorable look on his boyfriend’s face. He did insist, though, in changing places for a few miles, every other time they had to stop at some gas station so Roger could pee.

For most of the time, the drummer was able to distract his mind with Brian’s antics to keep him busy or just the plain sight of the road ahead of them. Once in a while, though, he couldn’t help but let his nerves get the best of him for a couple of minutes. He was sure that his mum had a warm reception waiting for them and even his dad would be fairly pleased he was home. At least, he would be for the entirety of the five minutes that it would take to someone spot his baby bump.
Every time those awful thoughts crossed his mind, he had to fight down the urge to just wrap his hands around his belly and crawl over to Brian’s lap for some comfort. Instead of surrendering to his desperate wish of turning the car around, though, he gripped tighter the steering wheel and focused on getting them there safely. The sooner they arrived, the sooner hell could break lose so they could finally go home.

As the hours passed and the beginning of the evening descended upon them, Roger could feel his anxiety building higher and it was with much dread that he finally parked the car in his parent’s waiting driveway. Brian was a solid comforting presence by his side as the last rays of sun kissed the old walls of the familiar house.

Gently enlacing their fingers together, the guitarist asked him in a small, but steady, voice. “Are you ready, love?”

The slightly trembling blond held tight to his hand and turned his frightened blue eyes at him. They were huge and shimmering, beautifully reflecting the sunset and full with worry. It broke Brian’s heart to watch him in such an anxious state. In fact, he was half-tempted to bend over a window, shout the news and run. But, not only childish, that was hardly the proper way to announce someone’s impending grandparenthood.

Gulping, Roger faintly nodded his head and squeezed his boyfriend’s hand for support. He could go through with their plan. He didn’t particularly want to, but it was necessary and, at that point, there really wasn’t a good enough reason for them to give up. If his father decided to be an ass, fine. It would be his own loss not to be part of his grandchild’s life. Screw him. His mother had raised him better than that. He was not a quitter.

Also, he knew that Brian had him covered. It was a comforting feeling knowing he could rely on someone for keeping him and his little drummer safe. He was more than capable of taking care of them by himself, mind you. But he felt much better knowing that his sweet boyfriend wouldn’t let anything bad happen to them.

Watching the drummer’s eyes fill with determination, Brian felt a bit more confident when they finally left the car to approach the entrance of the lovely looking house with its yellow walls and a well cared for garden. He had briefly mentioned that they should get their bags out of the trunk, but Roger suggested waiting a while longer. If they had to leave in the middle of an argument, it would be much easier if their belongings were still in the car.

Making sure that his coat was properly closed and his bump wasn’t too obvious, the still considerably trembling man grabbed Brian’s arm for emotional support and with his free hand he tentatively knocked on the wooden door, praying to any god listening for one of the girls to come open it.

He should probably light up some candles later or something, for only a few seconds had passed and the loud thumping of excited footsteps reached their ears before a brightly smiling Clare swung the door open. It was crystal clear how happy she was to finally see him and she wasted no time in warmly enveloping him in a tight hug.

Roger tried to make the most out of it as he playfully smooched her cheeks and tried to absorb how amazing was the sight of her beautiful face. He had no idea of when he would be seeing her again and he did not want to take any chances. He had missed her terribly and the soothing scent of her fruity shampoo made him feel somewhat more at peace.

“It’s so good to see you, Rog!” She exclaimed between small gleeful giggles. “You really ought to call us more often.”
“I know, sweetheart. Sorry.” He sheepishly spoke as both disentangled their arms and she took a step back to properly greet Brian.

Roger watched with fondness the two interacting. Clare had always loved to chat with Brian and she had found in him an ally to help with the mission of keeping their silly drummer in the right track and out of danger’s way.

“Mother has been fussing all over the damn house because of you, Bri.” She playfully teased him. “You better compliment the throw pillows, because she had me insanely going back to fluff them to perfection.”

As he watched Brian turn red and gape his mouth several times, Roger took pity on him and chuckled lightly. “Don’t do this to the poor man, you little devil. You know he will end up doing just that.” He warned and turned to softly nudge against his sweet boyfriend’s side. “She is joking. I mean, I don’t doubt my mother did just that. But you definitely can ignore the bloody pillows.”

Clare grinned and both siblings watched with different levels of amusement as the taller man let out the breath of relief he was holding in his chest. While the younger Taylor had an easy mood going on, Roger was still extremely concerned. The small banter with his sister had helped to soften the edge of his nervousness, but he honestly felt like his stomach would spill out of his mouth and his racing heart had him ready to bolt at any second.

“Well, come on, then.” His sister ushered them inside. “Before she kills me for keeping you in the cold.”

Reluctantly, he passed her his coat when she promptly asked for it not a second after they entered the living room and he uneasily pulled at the hem of his dark hoodie, in the hopes of, indeed, buying them a few more minutes as Freddie had predicted.

Much quieter steps were all the warning they got before Winifred appeared on the threshold and beamed at then, quickly pulling both men for hugs and kisses in a blur of light hair and excited laughter.

“Look at you both!” She joyfully spoke as she smoothed down the invisible wrinkles at Roger’s shoulders and gently patted against Brian’s uncovered arms. “You always look so tall, Brian! I could swear you grew a couple inches more. And you look gorgeous, my son! Have you finally convinced him to eat properly, dear?”

She talked a mile a minute and Roger blushed under her observant eyes, adding to his pile of prayers for her not to immediately jump at the right conclusions. Next to him, Brian also sported lovely shades of pink on his cheeks as he stuttered to answer her questions.

“Well, I’m glad to see he has put on some decent weight.” Winifred stated and Roger was so nervous that he barely took the comment personally. He wasn’t, by any stretch of the imagination, fat. He was healthily growing a human being, as his friends had hammered in his head every time he went near that sensitive subject. “Rog, dear, are you quite alright? Was the trip okay? You look like you are about to pass out, son.”

Brian, who had also noticed how pale his boyfriend was looking, took her observation as the perfect opportunity to carefully step closer to him and gently slide his arm around his back for support. If any of the girls noticed their proximity, none of them decided to comment on it.

Roger looked up to the caring man by his side and instantly leaned against his chest for comfort, watching as his exquisite hazel eyes sparkled with the purest and strongest love for him and their
baby. He blinked to will away the distressed tears, which threatened to spill from his eyes while his restless fingers toyed with the frontal zipper of his last layer of protection against the curious gazes of his mother and sister.

“The trip was a bit tiring, but fine, mum. Thanks.” He spoke with a small voice and glanced again at Brian for support. The guitarist had an encouraging look on his face and the hand on his back tighten its hold. “Actually, we have some news for you. You see, I-We…”

He bit down hard on his bottom lip and took a deep breath.

Well… To hell with it.

“I’m pregnant.” He spoke with more confidence than he thought possible and carefully opened his hoodie to reveal the clear outline of his baby bump, so there would be no doubts about what he had just said.

For a second, silence fell in the room, only the faint noise of a distant TV filling the air. Brian’s presence felt like the only thing anchoring him to Earth and he protectively rested a hand on top of his swollen belly, emphasizing even more the prominent change in his body to accommodate their child. He could feel his heart thumping loudly against his ribcage and he pressed himself harder against the guitarist’s side, who promptly embraced him in his hold.

Then, suddenly, Clare loudly squealed and started to excitedly clap her hands as she danced around on the same spot. “I’m going to be an aunt!” She song-sang and turned her bright smile in their direction. “You can have babies! That’s so cool! Like, super weird, but awesome!”

“Clare! You do not call your brother weird, young lady!” Winifred sternly scolded her younger child before turning her attention to a trembling Roger and a concerned Brian. “I can’t say that I’m not surprised, dear. Male carriers are so rare, after wall. We hear about them, but we never think we have one in the family. These are much unexpected, but good, news.”

The guitarist was thankful for their somewhat contained reactions as his boyfriend shook like a leaf in his arms. He was so proud of him, though! Brian had always known that Roger Meddows Taylor was an incredibly brave man. However, it took a different type of courage to come forward to his family with that kind of announcement and he could feel his heart inflating with even more respect for the tiny blond drummer.

As for Roger, he felt considerably relieved, but not even close to being at ease. Now that the information was out in the open, it very much felt like a grenade without its safety pin, just waiting for the moment to explode. Clare’s reaction hadn’t surprised him much. He even felt quite amused at being called weird. It was a fairly odd occurrence and some days he still had to wrap his mind around the peculiarity of his condition. It was for his mother’s words, though, that he was expecting the most.

“Y-You’re not mad?” He found himself tentatively asking and casting down his eyes, in order not to see the disappointment he expected to find on his mother’s face.

“Oh, my boy…” Winifred spoke with a mellow voice and, before he could look up, she was standing right in front of him. “Of course I’m not! But I am very worried. Are you eating properly? Have you been to a doctor? You have such a busy life, dear.”

Roger finally let out the sob he was holding for so long in his throat as he felt his heart unclench a little bit. Even if he had figured weeks ago that his mother wouldn’t be upset with him, he actually thought she would be somewhat angry once he broke the news. He knew it was only his nerves
playing tricks with his mind. But, nevertheless, he felt much better after her sensible reaction.

Brian kindly rubbed his small back and pressed soft kisses against his head, whispering loving praises for his ears only before he turned to answer some of her questions. “Please don’t worry, Ms. Taylor. He has been eating all his vegetables on the right time, taking vitamins and not drumming as much as he used too. He’s extremely responsible and already is an amazing dad.”

At that, Roger blushed harder under the compliments and he could swear his heart melted a great deal more for the sweet man next to him. Brian had never measured words to tell him how great he had been doing in taking care of their child, but hearing it again in front of his mother made him swell with pride.

*He trusts me to be a good dad.*

Gathering his thoughts and trying to control better his feelings that were all over the place, he sniffed and gulped before addressing his mother again. “We also have seen an obstetrician a few times. The baby and I are perfectly fine. We can’t tell yet, but I think she is a girl.”

Winifred had her eyes shimmering with tears as Roger went on and told her more details about his pregnancy. Clare was a ball of happy energy right behind her, both eagerly listening and absorbing even the tiniest piece of information about the newest member of the family.

“Well, May, I don’t know if I should smack you a bit for getting my brother pregnant.” The younger Taylor stated with a serious tone before grinning at them and patting his back. “But I’ll surely send you a fruit basket for making me the coolest aunt of the planet.”

Brian flushed red under her implications and found himself even more dismayed when the older blond suddenly enveloped both him and her son in a loving hug. It took him a second for his brain to register what was going on before he managed to wrap an arm around her as well.

“Oh, my dear boys!” She exclaimed with a shaky voice and gleefully pecked their cheeks. “I’m sure you are going to be wonderful parents. And don’t you hesitate to call me if you have any questions! This is such a heartwarming surprise from you, Roggie. I’m going to be a grandma!”

Roger giggled at her fussing and sweetly rested his head on Brian’s shoulder, absentmindedly caressing his baby bump. For a small moment, everything seemed to be right in the world. Brian looked like a proud blushing father by his side and both women of his family seemed to be over the moon with the news. His heart was light and he felt a familiar fluttering in his middle when his mother gently ran her hand on his bulging belly.

In fact, the drummer was so happy that he completely missed when a heavy figure entered the room and stopped dead on his tracks upon realizing what was going on under his roof.

“What is the *meaning* of this?” Came the loud overbearing voice and Roger’s breath got caught in his throat as he saw his furious looking father walking towards them.

Chapter End Notes

~Now~ things will get interesting.

Roger has mentioned in an interview that he was a victim of domestic violence and that
had me thinking a lot about the subject.

I don’t know who was the person responsible. However, for plot’s sake, I’ll assume it was his dad, since it seems to be a thing the majority of the fandom agrees on.

With that in mind, I want to make it crystal clear that I believe a hundred percent in Roger’s capacity of standing up for himself. He is a fierce, determined and capable man. I have no doubts that he would gladly punch any asshole who dared to be offensive towards his baby, his dad included.

However, and this has been a great challenge for him, he must keep in mind that throwing himself in the middle of an argument or fight is definitely not the healthiest thing for our little drummer. Therefore, he must rely on Brian for support this time. It’s about love, trust and knowing that staying out of a dangerous situation is the best for their child. In my opinion, it shows a great deal of maturity from his part if he manages to pull it off.

That being said, next chapter we will see how the boys deal with the awful reaction of Roger’s father.

Thank you so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos are extremely welcome!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXV

Chapter Summary

Michael Taylor poorly reacts to the ongoing situation in his living room and the boys have a tough time dealing with him.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!!! This chapter didn’t quite come out as I would have liked. I’m all for the drama and I’d have loved to drag it a bit more. Yet, I found myself unable to tackle this specific relationship with as much depth as I had initially thought while writing the previous chapter. Sorry. ^^’

Please let me thank all of you, amazing readers, for sticking up with this story and for all of your support. You guys are fantastic!!

@marveltrwsh, you know you rock!! Love you!!

Some tiny warnings apply to this chapter. There is a bit of a somewhat violent interaction and a clear insinuation of abortion. Please be careful if that might bother you.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Michael Taylor did not fail for a second in delivering the awful reaction that was expected of him.

With large steps, he brashly crossed the living room in no time, face red with anger and a fuming glare in his eyes. Brian, upon seeing the hostile figure nearing his pregnant boyfriend, immediately jumped into action and swiftly moved Roger to stay behind him, using his own body as a shield. He didn’t think the older man would actually dare to lay a finger on the drummer, but there was no way on Earth that he would be taking any chances.

“Michael, there’s no need for such a fuss!” Winifred exclaimed and tried to reach for his arm to calm him down, be he shrugged her hand away and focused his attention on Roger.

“Stop hiding, boy! Let me take a good look at your lying ass.” He commanded and the trembling blond buried his nails on Brian’s arms as a distressed response. “Like hell you are carrying my first grandchild!”

Roger had expected his father’s abrasive behavior and harsh words, but, turns out, that hadn’t prepared him in the slightest to be in the receiving end of his fury again. He very much wanted to speak up and tell that asshole exactly where he could stick it, but he was aware that it would only cause a bigger problem. The safest place for his little drummer was right there behind Brian and his fierce protection.
“Sir, do not speak to him like that, please.” The guitarist diplomatically interfered and held his ground in front of Roger, sensing his boyfriend’s anger rising up. “I can assure you that he is very much pregnant and your yelling is doing nobody any favors.”

In spite of carefully choosing his words, his comment seemed to inflame even further Mr. Taylor. The fuming man jabbed an accusing finger at his chest as he spoke in a low dangerous tone. “And what’s your part in all of this mess, May? Were you the irresponsible sod who knocked up my son?”

Brian gritted his teeth and batted the offending finger away. He was struggling to keep his cool, but he knew that he had to. If he lost his temper, Roger would surely follow and he most certainly did not want his pregnant boyfriend in the middle of a fight. It was hard to keep his breathing under control and not to close his hand in a fist, but he somewhat managed.

“That would be my child, yes.” He offered as politely as possible. “Please stop berating on us. We already understood you are not pleased.”

“Not pleased?!” Michael spit out and ignored his wife’s pleads to calm down. “You come into my house to tell me that you impregnated that little slut with your bastard and expect me to be happy? Of course I’m livid, you stupid boy.”

Brian saw red.

Before he realized, he had the front of Michael’s shirt tightly secured in his grasp and he was harshly pushing the man a few steps back. His heart sounded like a rapidly beating drum against his ears and Roger’s voice was a faint noise on the background. How dared that infuriating man say such crass things about them?

“You better wash your mouth before talking about my family.” The guitarist warned as he tried to catch his breath.

Roger was frantic with the scene unraveling before of his eyes. His mother and sister were close together, one seeking support on the other, and the two man looked like they were about to start throwing punches. He could feel his own pulse racing with anger at his father’s cruel remarks, but he was also worried silly about Brian getting hurt.

As a choleric lion, Michael gained back his balance and launched himself at the taller man with murderous eyes. But, Brian had seen it coming as well and quickly dodged the punch coming towards his jaw, taking the surprised look on the older man’s face as an opportunity to get a grip around his wrist and twist it behind his back. With a push, he sent the man tumbling to the floor and firmly pressed his knew against his back to secure the position for a moment, thanking all heavens for his youth and his sudden burst of strength fueled by adrenaline.

“You listen to me very carefully, sir.” He started with a commanding and confident voice. “First of all, if you call my Roger such filthy things again, I will personally punch your teeth out of your mouth with great pleasure. He is a wonderful man and does not deserve such a pathetic excuse for a father. Secondly, if you think for a second that I’ll let you speak ill of my child as well, you have another thing coming.”

Roger’s heart fluttered as his boyfriend defended them with so much passion in his eyes and words that the drummer nearly jumped in his arms to shower him with kisses. He hated to see him caught up in that situation, but part of him couldn’t feel prouder and safer for how he was handling things. He shouldn’t have doubted for a second that the gentle giant had it covered.

They had talked about it in the car and Roger had made pretty clear that he wouldn’t hesitate to fight
with Michael if he had to. He hated the man and he honestly didn’t think he could bear to have him saying nasty things about their baby without wanting to deck him with all his strength. Brian, bless his soul, had tentatively asked for a chance of trying to calm his father first or being responsible for the physical part if that failed. Just to be safe. The drummer had just come out of a surgery, after all.

Roger was fine with that. If he could help it, he would very much like to interact with Michael as little as possible. He was deeply convinced that if he spared more than a dozen words at the man, he would probably end up telling him to go fuck himself.

“I’ll let you go, sir.” The guitarist said with a firm tone. “I think we are capable of a civil conversation. But I won’t hesitate to tackle you again if I have to. Understood?”

He got a low growl as a response and warily stepped away from him. With a much softer stance, he lightly wrapped his arms around a shaky and tearful Roger. He was regretful of how much distress the situation had caused to his convalescent drummer and wanted nothing more than to take him to a calmer place. As the smaller man softly melted against him, Brian wallowed himself for a moment on the familiar soothing scent of his skin and took centering breaths.

Still visibly angry, Michal stared at them, eyes full with spite, as he massaged the one arm that had been held in the unforgiving position. Clare and Winifred weren’t sure if they should come near him just yet and stayed put, so they wouldn’t be caught in his anger as well. Roger sent them an apologetic look and wiped away his angry tears before glancing back at his father.

“We aren’t here to ask anything of you.” He said and thanked the heavens for not letting his voice sound as shaky with fury as he thought it would be. “We just came to share the news, as decent people do, and will be leaving shortly.”

The older Taylor glared at him and let his gaze travel up and down his figure, scornful eyes lingering on his prominent baby bump so intently that Roger couldn’t help himself and he protectively slid his hand to rest on the curve of his swollen belly. Sensing his discomfort, Brian quickly followed him and copied the gesture. The message couldn’t be clearer to anyone in the room. No harm would come to their baby.

“I suppose it is too late now to fix your stupid mistake, innit?” He pondered with a heavy scowl.

“Michael, please!” Winifred tentatively touched his arm again. “You wouldn’t be saying such things if it was Clare in his position. Stop that nonsense, dear.”

Roger watched unsurprised as the large man scoffed and batted her hand away again. One of the main reasons he had not announced his pregnancy at an earlier stage to his parents was because he knew that the sick suggestion would surface. He had a lot of respect for the people who managed to go through with it, but the mere thought of aborting his miraculous little drummer made him want to spill out all the contents of his stomach on the spot.

“Of course I wouldn’t! She knows better than to get up the duff out of wedlock.” He indignantly exclaimed and turned his inquisitive expression towards Brian. “In fact, when are you planning to marry my son, May? Because he sure as hell isn’t capable of having this child alone, boy.”

At that, the young blond gasped and fully turned his body to face his father. He couldn’t believe his ears. He knew that a harsh response could be expected, but he had failed to anticipate that his old man would have such retrograde ideas concerning his future. They were in the damn seventies already, for fucks sake! If Roger had wanted to raise ten children by himself, he would do just that! He most certainly did not need that falsely moralistic behavior demanding anything of Brian. Before he could give the old buffoon a piece of his mind on the subject, though, his wonderful boyfriend
stepped up.

“If you knew your son at all, sir, you would already be aware that he is an incredibly gifted man, who can do whatever he damn well pleases.” He spoke with a voice clear as the day and lovingly looked at Roger’s beautiful face before he turned his attention to the challenging man. “I'll marry him in a heartbeat whenever he’ll honor me to, but not because of our baby. I love him with all my heart, sir, and I have every intention of spending the rest of my life with him, whether you approve it or not.”

As Brian finished his speech, Roger couldn’t control the joyful giggles that escaped his lips. He felt like a balloon about to burst with happiness. A few seconds ago, he was ready to fight down anyone who intended to put a leash on him or control his life. But, of course, that his caring, sweet and generous boyfriend would never do that. He loved Roger even with all his flaws and made sure to tell him that every day. Brian cherished their time together and never failed to make him feel empowered and protected at the same time.

The small blond felt capable of conquering the world when he was next to him. It was an indescribable feeling of having freedom to be exactly who he was: a bold, fierce and unstoppable force. While knowing with certainty that Brian would forever support and catch him if he failed. He could always count on his best friend to be there for him, either to back him up in his fight against the world or to hold him during his soft and vulnerable moments. They had trust, love, loyalty and such a deep bond between them that Roger barely had enough words to express it properly.

The drummer, at that moment, just knew it with all his heart that his answer to Brian would always be yes. They still had a lot of time to discuss such formalities and he was sure that Freddie would throw them a party that would put any other celebrations to shame. But that could wait. His connection with Brian was much more profound than a paper or a ring. They had been by each other’s side for years. The difference now was that they finally were allowed to openly show their affections.

Surely, they would fight and disagree with many different things in their daily lives. They were only human, after all, and both packed strong personalities. However, that didn’t matter. Because he could see in Brian’s eyes the reflection of what he was feeling in his own heart as well. The sheer resolution to stick together through thick and thin. Partnership.

“I don’t know about you, Rog,” Clare tentatively spoke in a light tone. “But I’d definitely marry him after that.”

Winifred beamed at them and Brian was so focused on his beautiful boyfriend’s face that he completely missed the scoff that came from the older Taylor. Who cared about what that rude asshole thought? All that mattered to him was the bright smile on Roger’s lips and the look of pure love and adoration in his impossibly blue eyes.

He had meant every single word he had said and he knew that the drummer wasn’t opposite to the idea. They had briefly discussed last week the possibility of getting married in the future, to which John brilliantly pointed out that they already acted like a bickering old couple going through a disgustingly sweet honeymoon. The fact that they had been making out against the dinner table not five minutes later after loudly arguing about the proper way to storage apples probably had something to do with it.

They both had agreed that there was no rush to it, though. They still had a lifetime ahead of them, or at least a few decent months if they decided to do it before the baby came, and a myriad of other important things to worry about at the time. Marriage definitely could wait.
“I’ll marry the hell out of him, one day. Don’t worry.” Roger cheekily commented and refrained himself from placing a peck on his boyfriend’s lips. His father might have ceased with his yelling, but Roger didn’t believe for a minute that he was appeased. Although he would love to give the man one more reason to be pissed off, he didn’t feel like reigniting the fight. Not if Brian was doing all the heavy work.

“Well! That’s settled, then!” His mother clapped decisively before Michael could add anything else or demand for a specific date. “Shall we eat?”

At that, the drummer realized how hungry he was after so much chaos and wasted no time in agreeing with her. Once his farther turned his back, though, he quickly stole a kiss from an unsuspecting Brian and grinned at his blushing cheeks.

They had done it. His side of the family had been dutifully informed of his pregnancy and everybody had all their limbs still attached to their own bodies. It hadn’t been easy, but things could have turned out much worse. Between his mother’s excellent food and the pleasant silence coming from his father, Roger considered the whole thing as a victory.

Roger still had not decided if he was comfortable enough to spend the night there or if he would rather go home right after dinner. All he knew was that Brian’s hand felt like heaven where it was lovingly clasped around his and Clare’s laughter was a delightful sound next to his other side. The peas tasted delicious and the perspective of chocolate pudding made his stomach highly interested.

There were still plenty of challenges ahead of them. But for that moment, Roger allowed himself to relax a bit and enjoy the simple things of life.

Chapter End Notes

See? Not even a full chapter of angst! I’m definitely losing my hand. Hopefully, I’ll mend that soon.

I’m really proud of Roger for how he has reacted to the situation and decided to let Brian deal with it. It showed a big amount of maturity from his part. Accepting help, even when he could have done things by himself, is a great lesson for our big drummer.

This chapter wasn’t split, per say, but it does have an aftermath. However, I have a special treat for Deacury fans on the next chapter before we are back with Maylor. It’s time for those two to get some attention. Don’t you agree?

Let me know your thoughts on the comments!!

Thank you all so much for reading!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
John was fretting. Really, there couldn’t be a better word to describe his frantic pacing around the flat as he spotted things out of place in every corner and immediately ran to fix it.

Hell, he was even considering starting chewing his nails as well. He hated that Freddie did it constantly, but he was nervous to that point. The bassist was bravely fighting against the odd urge, though. For that moment, tilting frames to their correct position was enough to curb his anxiety.

A considerable part of his brain was worried sick about Roger. John had been graced with the displeasure of meeting Mr. Taylor in the past and he knew how abrasive and inclined to anger outbursts the man could be. He was concerned not only about their drummer’s emotional distress, but he also severely doubted Brian’s ability to contain him if the blond menace decided to throw his body into a fistfight.

He didn’t think Roger was that stupid and hoped that, by now, he should know better. But if there
was one thing that Queen could always rely on, was for the reckless man to act without a second thought. Thankfully, his blessed godchild already seemed more efficient than Brian in controlling his not so brilliant impulses. A clear demonstration of John’s phenomenal influence. Obviously.

Something else was keeping him tingling with anticipation, though. He believed that he was going crazy, but he could almost feel how the air was thick with a peculiar excitement. Freddie also was not helping him very much with the calm department. The restless man kept switching activities during the day faster than a heartbeat. In one instant, John would catch him playing around on the keyboard and if he blinked for an extra second, the singer would be gone and already engaged in something else.

For the past two weeks, John had spent long moments thinking about their relationship and when would it be the right time to take the next step. He had no doubts about his feelings and it was obvious as the sun in the sky how much Freddie loved him. He had struggled, when he first had realized how deep his emotions ran for that shy boy who hid behind a flamboyant persona. For a good while, he even entertained the thought that such a bright soul would never want him back. Plain old John Deacon. But, every day Freddie would chase that silly notion out of his head. Be it with small or big gestures, his roommate never failed to make him feel like the most special man to ever walk on Earth.

He had not felt comfortable with disrupting the dynamics they had going on with the band, though. He would never forgive himself if his daring feelings ruined their group or friendship. But as his other friends kept sending conspicuous signs that they were very much in love with each other, John allowed himself to hope for the possibility of being together with Freddie as couple too.

Then, of course, the two idiots had to get their heads so far up their own asses that the whole thing became ridiculous. As a sensible person, John knew that the best he could do was wait for those daft wankers to get their shit together first. Because if something dramatic were to happen, as it did, he and Freddie would be freer to help them sort it out without having to worry about their own relationship. He just hadn’t expected that it would take forever! Years of pining and it had been necessary a series of misunderstandings, a baby and a minor surgery to get things on the right track.

There was no way on God’s green Earth that he would go through those steps as well. He had enough brain cells not to be that stupid, one baby was more than enough for that moment in their lives and all his organs were perfectly fine inside of his body, thank you very much.

John could tell that Freddie was overthinking the situation, though. If he knew him well, and at that point, he liked to believe he did, the perfectionist man was probably running in his brain everything that could go wrong instead of focusing of what he already had right in front of him.

To his credit, the levelheaded bassist had been patiently waiting for him to finish his mental breakdown before Freddie was ready to come officially forwards with his feelings and hit him with all the big gestures he knew would be part of it. When nerves attacked, it was certain as death that the affectionate man would pull a myriad of stunts to cover for his insecurity. John thought it would be adorable, but unnecessary in that case.

They already shared a life together. Their longing looks could set fire to a whole room given the sheer amount of heat in them. They decided things as a pair and always relied on each other when making plans or envisioning their future. He knew it was the same for Roger and Brian. Somehow, during the years, they all fell into their own relationships without realizing. They were pretty much couples without the romantic perks.

However, he was getting tired of waiting. While his heart was heavy with worry for Roger’s endeavor, his brain kindly supplied that they had the house for themselves until, at least, tomorrow
morning. Because even if things went terribly wrong and they decided to come back, he was confident that Brian had enough balls to stop Roger from driving all the way back and a sufficient amount of good sense to find a hotel for them to spend the night.

Perhaps he should do something before his beloved singer could dwell too much in terrible scenarios and forget that John was right there waiting for him. Well, if he wanted things done, he should go and do it himself. Surely, he would be nervous as heck in his attempt to start the conversation, but it was much more worth it than sitting around doing nothing.

As for Freddie, his thoughts related to John were pretty much devouring every inch of his brain that wasn’t busy fretting over their friends’ road trip to hell. Well, not quite hell, because Winifred and Clare were delightful people that always made him feel welcomed and at ease. But Roger’s father sure was a piece of something else. Never in his life, had he wanted to punch someone more for the things that he had to hear the old man say right to the drummer’s face.

Uncharacteristically, Roger had taken it all with a clenched jaw and limited himself to snarky comments instead of the full-fledged storm he had expected of him. After that day so many years ago, Freddie learned that there were many different layers to his lively friend and he swore to protect his vulnerable side whenever he could. Clearly, there were demons in his past and Roger would talk about them when he was comfortable. He, indeed, opened up, a couple months later, and the singer couldn’t be prouder of him.

Therefore, he was a bit tense with the whole thing. He was sure that Michael wouldn’t measure words to express his disappointment and fury at the poor man. However, it comforted him to know that his friend wouldn’t let any harm come to Roger. All jokes apart, Brian Harold May was a determined and fiercely protective man. Surely, he was a gentle giant for most of the time. But, one could always rely on him to rise to the occasion if there were any trouble. Especially involving his sunshine and their little princess.

However, the main reason behind his turmoil and agitation was his pending situation with John. He just couldn’t decide on what to do. Should he buy him flowers? A ring? Perhaps he could compose him a song. Or maybe take him to an amusement park. He couldn’t remember if the bassist liked balloon rides. He might phone a company to have a message written in the sky. There were so many options!

He knew that he was worrying unnecessarily. Perhaps, he should just march to the love of his life and spill his heart out on the spot. But what if things went wrong? What if he tripped and made a fool of himself? It was so silly! But he couldn’t help it. His mind was running a mile a minute with everything that could mess it up, not only for their Very Important Talk, but for the rest of their lives. What if John decided that he didn’t want him at all? Oh, Lord!

Anxiety was eating his insides. Freddie let his body tiredly fall on the sofa with a defeated sigh. He had already tried occupying his thoughts with many different things in the hopes of finding some peace to come up properly with a plan. John also had been fidgety that afternoon and probably had already went through a marathon’s worth of footsteps after walking around their flat and obsessively organizing things.

Why did it have to be so complex? Maybe he was the one complicating it. For a moment, he felt some sympathy for his blind flat mates. Not a lot, because he really didn’t think that amount of obliviousness was in the normal range of human intelligence, but enough to put himself in their shoes. Who would have figured that talking about feelings demanded so much confidence?

He was so caught up in his own mind, though, that he barely had a moment to register the fact that, in a second, his lap was full with a blushing and smirking John Deacon. He looked beautiful with his
silky hair cascading down his shoulders and shimmering grey eyes gazing intently into his. When he shyly bit his lip and wrapped his arms around Freddie’s neck, the singer’s heart skipped a beat and his lungs refused to intake air in anticipation.

“You know…” The cheeky bassist started with a tentative voice. “You could always kiss me and put an end to our misery. Or, we can continue acting as idiots like Brian and Roger. But I like to think we are smarter than that.”

Chapter End Notes

Yep. I cut the chapter right at that moment. Sorry! The little devil on my shoulder told me I should. <3

Don’t worry, though!! Next chapter we will see how Freddie reacts to that proposition.

Thank you so much for reading!! Please let me know your thoughts on it!! Reading and answering your comments is the best part of my day!! *-*

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXVII

Chapter Summary

Freddie reacts to John’s bold proposition and both men enjoy the rest of their afternoon.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here it is, the second part of the most awaited Deacury moment!!

Before you jump to it, please let me thank you all again for your incredible support!! I’ll never tire of expressing my gratitude. You guys are the best readers one could wish for. Thank you so very much!! <3

@marvltrwsh, you are a delight to share ideas with, even when you’re threatening my limbs!! <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say that John’s heart was nearly coming out of his mouth in anxiety would be the understatement of the millennia.

He had done it.

John had not meant to be so blunt in his proposition and, not two seconds after the words were out of his mouth, he could feel every single organ of his body threatening to shut down in a manifesto against his stupidly eager brain.

The last of his intentions was to startle or scare his already quite worked up roommate. However, as he saw Freddie miserably sitting there on the sofa, looking as restless as a fox during Boxing Day, he just couldn’t force himself to wait not even a minute more. Roger was, currently, far away from his jurisdiction, every single object and furniture of that living room had been touched, tilted and probed at least twice, and he was two heartbeats away from tackling the kitchen.

That just wasn’t productive. His brain was already tired of occupying itself with inane things as it attempted to ignore the elephant, or, in that case, the overthinking singer, in the room. Also, had he dared to lay a single finger in Brian’s domain without his express permission, there wouldn’t be a detective in the whole world able to find his remains. Since he refused to die before at least trying to sort out his romantic life, sneaking up on an unsuspecting Freddie sounded much more logical than risking his limbs for reorganizing the cupboards.

As his friend blinked at him for what seemed to be enough time for the human race evolve to the next step, John nearly got up from his bold position in defeat, trying his damn best to keep his
trembling body from embarrassing himself too much. However, he decided against it. He had already started the topic, subtle as a bazooka, and if backing out meant that they would spend another week dancing around the subject, he absolutely would rather face the consequences of his sudden approach. As they said, *in for a penny…*

Freddie was astonished and speechless. His brain had been so caught up in itself that it took a good while before John’s words finally registered. *Then* it had a major freak out. If his neurons could sing, they would probably be screaming in an unorganized operatic choir of incomprehensible sentences that were a mix of kissing commands, anxiety rants and surprised nonstop babbling. In his defense, he was still in awe for Deaky’s ability to venture into such a delicate topic with that amount of sass and class, to actually *do* something.

There he was, overworking his nerves with countless nearly impossible or just plainly preposterous scenarios, while the other man easily came up with the simplest solution possible to solve their situation. For a second, he could do nothing but appreciate the fact that the universe had blessed him with such an amazing person as he fell a bit harder for his roommate.

“Did I break you?” The blushing man on his lap asked with a small voice and it was like an elastic snapping inside of the singer’s head.

In a second, he finally moved his arms to pull him closer by the hips and the soft little squeal that came out of John’s lips made his racing heart skip a beat in delight at the adorableness of the sound. His, until a moment ago, rather uncooperative brain sprinted into action, as if trying to win the Organ of The Month contest, and decided to pay attention to every single detail around him.

The cushions on the sofa were warm against his body, some spots sinking under the weight of two grown man. He could faintly smell the scent of his own soap coming from John’s skin and he found himself desperately wanting to know how his lips tasted like. His face looked like a piece of art, beautifully illuminated by the mellow sunset light and perfectly framed by his silky luscious brown hair. Sparking grey eyes were demanding his attention as the sheer strength of John’s gaze held him hypnotized. However, the temptation of his pink wet lips were too much for the older man to resist.

Freddie had imagined that finally kissing the love of his life would feel like there were fireworks behind his eyelids and that his heart would come to a sudden stop, while magical glittery confetti rained over the heads to celebrate the special moment. Surprisingly, it hadn’t been like that at all. The thrill of their first kiss was definitely there, burning like molten lava in his veins and warmth in his chest. But most of all, he felt like *home*. It was as if the missing piece of a puzzle finally clicked to the bigger picture and Freddie finally felt *whole*.

John could have melted the second that their lips touched, feeling his entire body relax in the purest feeling of trust and *belonging*. It wasn’t loud or dramatic. It was *intimate*. After so many years of light touches and longing looks, taking that step further felt like the most natural thing in the world. It wasn’t life changing. Because hardly anything would. It was more like life *completing*.

He had no idea for how long their kiss lasted. Or even if it had been just one. They had barely pulled apart for a considerable amount of time. Mouths joined in a calm and controlled pace, both man just enjoying the moment and appreciating each other’s company, fully savoring how they felt pressed together. There was no rush. Not even when the sunlight started to fade completely, giving room to the faint moonlight enter through the opened curtains.

“What would I do without you, my dear?” Freddie asked him, heavens know how long later, both still embraced on the sofa.

John chuckled and nuzzled against his neck, placing delicate kisses on his sharp jaw and barely
hiding his smirk. “You’d probably overthink yourself until you exploded.” He whispered and couldn’t resist the playful nibble that followed the soft touches. “Lucky for you, I’m not going anywhere,”

“Good.” The singer lazily agreed as he enjoyed the delicious sensations that John’s lips were eliciting from his body. “Because I don’t want to imagine what my life would look like without you by my side, darling.”

“You don’t have to.” He hummed and experimentally licked a tempting spot on the perfectly exposed neck, just as he had been dying to do for ages. “We’re going to be old and grey together. Bickering about lyrics and keeping Roger out of trouble.”

Freddie gasped under his teasing ministrations and took a deep breath to center his mind. John felt like an angel, perched on his lap as he was, but with every intention of a little devil behind his naughty smile. His fingers were itching to explore the unknown parts of the pale body as he worshiped every inch of it to its full extent. However, if life had taught him anything, it was to learn from his friends’ mistakes. Not that he thought it would be a problem in their case, but it was better to play safe.

“Before we move on, darling…” He started and gently cupped John’s blushing cheeks to guarantee his complete attention. “I love you. I’m aware you know it as I’ve said it before while you pretended to sleep and many more times when you gave me those beautiful smiles. But let me make it official by saying that I am in love with you, my beautiful angel.”

He spoke carefully, letting his heart fully make an appearance behind every word. John looked at him with shining eyes, sparkling even in the softly illuminated room, and a loving smile on his face.

“I love you fervently and with all my heart.” He continued. “I want to cherish and adore you for every single day of our lives. Until we are two old queens, as you’ve said, and beyond. Whatever comes next, I’m in peace with it. Because I know my soul belongs with yours and there isn’t a single realm or dimension where we could be apart. I’m yours, and yours only, forever, my love.’

John could feel his heart fluttering and his whole body trembling at such a profound confession. He would deny with all his strength that he had tears in his eyes when their friends teased him in the future, but for that moment, he was more than okay to let them freely run down his cheeks. His chest was filled with love and he thought that he had never felt happier in his whole life. For he knew that Freddie loved him, but hearing it in such exquisite words were a heavenly experience.

“I love you fiercely, Freddie.” He whispered, not really trusting his voice. “Loving you feels like the most natural thing I could ever do and I don’t think I could ever stop. I don’t know how you do it, but every day you make me fall in love with you even more. If I end up bursting up of so much love, it will be totally your fault, you know? But it will be worth it. Because loving you is my favorite thing in the universe and I’d very much like to do it endlessly.”

Freddie beamed at him and captured his lips in a searing kiss, their smiles making them break apart in giggles not a few second after, both man too happy to contain themselves.

“You are the light of my life, John Deacon.” The singer lovingly spoke and grinned at him, cheekily lowering his hands from the hold in his waist to firmly grab his bum. “Do you think we could make a baby of our own?”

If John was blushing before, with that comment, he could feel his cheeks burning. A shiver went down his spine and he wasn’t quite sure about how he felt when considering that thought. However, if the stirring in his pants and the way his skin was singing for Freddie’s touch were any indications,
he had a good guess.

“I don’t know, honey.” He coyly answered and bit his lip. “But I’m sure we can have a lot of fun trying.”

“Now that's sound like an excellent plan.”

Chapter End Notes

Is anyone else melting at how adorable these two are?

I swear that it was not another cliffhanger!! I attempted to write some smut for Deacury and I just COULDN’T. They are parenting so hard in this fanfic that I just couldn’t picture them doing the do. So sorry!!! We will have some naughty mentions about how they night went in future chapters, tho. Fear not!!

Next chapter, we will see the aftermath of Roger and Brian’s visit and there’s a special moment happening in the end that made @marveltrwsh and I go soft™.

Thank you all so much for reading!! Your kudos and comments make my day!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XXXVIII

Chapter Summary

Brian and Roger make plans for the night.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter covers a bit of Roger’s thoughts and feelings after the encounter with his family and also brings some mentions to moments of the last time passage.

Unfortunately, I had to split it in two if I wanted to keep posting every day for at least a few more days. My classes start tomorrow and my day is looking like “morning classes -> work -> night classes -> dying -> repeat”. Which means that the soft moment I promised will come with a short delay. But I’ll do my best to post the chapter in my lunch time since I’ll only be home after 10pm.

That being said… Thank you all so much for sticking with this story and for all your incredible support!! I couldn’t do this without you guys.

My dear @marveltrwsh, thank you so much for your hard work!! You’re the best. <3

I think no major warnings apply to this chapter. Just Roger’s dad being an asshole.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In the end, Roger had decided that he didn’t really want to spend the night under the same roof as his father.

Although the idea of having more time with his mother and sister was incredibly appealing, the perspective of staying more time than necessary with the hateful man made him feel quite uncomfortable. Especially considering the nasty looks his father was throwing in the direction of his bump.

Roger knew that his boyfriend had noticed it at well, but thankfully he remained quiet about it, instead of provoking another fight. If Brian had acted a tidbit more protective towards them, though, the drummer really couldn’t blame him. In fact, he couldn’t help feeling even more grateful for having such an attentive and caring person as the father of his child. Therefore, given the tense atmosphere, Roger waited until a few minutes passed after dessert before softly whispering on Brian’s ear that he very much wanted to go home.

The guitarist had been more than understanding and promptly backed him up when he decided to announce his plans to the rest of the table. As Roger had expected, Winifred and Clare vehemently protested against it, while his father seemed quite content in having them out of the house. But the
couple stood their ground and thanked the girls for their hospitality and the delicious meal. If it depended on the hormonal man, they would have left without a single word to Michael, but Brian ensured the polite farewell reached the grumpy old man as well.

It had been a challenge for Roger not to say to that hateful asshole exactly what he thought of him. For many years, he had to endure his poor and abrasive behavior, since he had no other choice. Sometimes he bit back against the cruel remarks that were always thrown on his way, but he quickly learned that it only made things worse.

If anything, he was extremely glad when he finally had been able to leave that house and move to London, even if it was to study dentistry. Roger always worried about the well-being of his mother and sister, but it somehow comforted him to know that he always got the harsher end of Michael’s anger. He had never been a good enough son for the demanding man.

Thankfully, after he had met Freddie, Brian, and, a few years later, John, he had finally been able to understand that Michael had failed to be a good enough father. Not the other way around. He would forever be grateful at his friends for having showed him the true meaning of family.

Now, he would do everything in his power to guarantee that his little drummer would be raised in a loving and supporting environment. Roger had some serious doubts if he would be a good parent and that fear haunted him every day. But he was determined to be much better than his own dad. That much he could ensure. Also, he had Brian. The sweet man already acted like the best dad their child could ever had. Then, of course, there were Freddie and John, who had taken full control of taking care of him as if he was their child. His little angel couldn’t be in better hands.

After being painfully reminded of just how delightful his father could be, he only wanted to go home. Deep in his heart, though, Roger had known that his chances of being allowed to drive all the way back to London, given that it was already a solid half an hour passed 9pm, were slim to none. Still, when Brian firmly directed him to the passenger’s seat, he felt his heart deflating a bit.

“Do you know a hotel we could crash for the night, love?” The guitarist asked as he carefully maneuvered the car out of the narrow driveway.

Brian was aware that his boyfriend wanted to be in the safety and comfort of their home as soon as possible. Preferably, with his favorite blanket around him and a steaming mug of tea or a bow of freshly cut fruit as a snack before he went to bed. However, there was no way in this or any other planet that he would hit the road already so late. Safety first.

“I guess. Turn left here on the main street. I’ll guide you.” The blond sighed and batted his eyelashes at him. “Unless you would rather sleep in our own room?”

“I do. But a hotel will do just fine, Rog.” He answered firmly and smiled at his whining boyfriend. “Nice try.”

“You’re no fun. Left again.”

Chuckling at his pouting face, Brian did his best to follow his directions and soon enough they were parking in front of a small hotel that looked decent enough for them to spend the night without making a great dent in their wallets.

Roger tried to get all their bags from the trunk, but the guitarist was having none of it. He knew, though, that Roger hated to be treated as an invalid. He had learned his lesson in the course of the past two weeks. Never in his life would he have thought that pregnant people could be so scary. Especially over something as simple as washing the dishes.
It had been somewhere around the end of the first week of his recovery and Brian, innocently, had offered to take care of the dirty dishes so the convalescent drummer could sit down and rest. Such a mistake. It was as if the pits of hell had opened in the middle of their kitchen as the fuming blond ranted loudly about being perfectly able to deal with “fucking soap and water, Brian”.

Upon seeing firsthand what a hormone fueled outburst looked like, the soft giant very much wanted to crawl and hide under the table. Dam his dignity. Normally, he would yell right back at his best friend that he was being ridiculous. However, under those new circumstances, he would never dream of daring to do it. Not when Roger looked two breaths away from cracking every single plate on the sink against his well-meant head.

Freddie and John had been two bloody useless sods for the whole spectacle. Both men too busy laughing behind his back as they had left him to deal with the livid stress bomb pacing around the kitchen and at the mercy of dishrags attack. The traitors.

Well, not really. Because thee three of them had sat down to go over all the details that the mischievous duo had kept under wraps during the past months and they somewhat warned him that some outbursts could be expected. It didn’t prepare him in the slightest to deal with the first one he had experienced, but still, it had been mentioned.

However, the experience had been invaluable for Brian.

He was a clever man and soon enough he figured out that there were two methods to keep Roger out of danger and overexertion while also getting away with pampering him as much as he wanted. Brian could either ask to be helpful as if Roger was doing him a great favor by allowing him to do the heavy work, being ever so careful never to indicate that the proud drummer was incapable of doing it himself. Or, if there was no way to convince his boyfriend to abandon a task he had already committed to, the secret was to let him think he was doing the worst part when, actually, he was putting minimum effort to it.

Brian was sure as death that if he had tried to pick up the bags himself, Roger would certainly have another hormonal tantrum about his capacity of carrying damn bags. Instead of making that mistake, the guitarist quickly offered him the lightest one and a huge pack with a fluffy blanket, which was enormous, but surprisingly not heavy at all.

Appeased and too tired to realize that most of the weight had stayed behind, Roger thankfully smiled at him for letting him be helpful and whined only a bit about sleeping in the hotel instead of going back to London right away. Knowing how to pick his fights and appreciate his small victories, Brian calmly indulged his complaint time and with the serenity of the universe on his shoulders, he finished their check in and led the way to their bedroom for the night.

After such a stressful day, they both were very much in need of some rest.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Brian. I’d like to very much confirm that he has been hit with a dish rag. Twice.

I’m glad to announce that DRAMA IS COMING. My evil side woke up for some work and there’s a small storm coming for you. You’re welcome!

Also, I FINALLY have some ending perspective for this huge work. We’re getting
there. I can already hear the bells. If I ever end up writing again, I PROMISE you it won’t be like this over 100,000 words little monster. I still have no idea how we got here. But I’d like to thank everyone who has been following it. You rock!! Thank you for the trust. <3

Next chapter, we will see some of Roger’s odd cravings showing up and FINALLY the moment I promised.

Thank you all so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos are always extremely welcome. <3

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter XXXIX

Chapter Summary

Roger and Brian enjoy a quiet night and a special moment.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here it is, the soft moment I had promised!! Sorry for the wait!!

Thank you so much for sticking with this story!! I can’t believe you are all interested in it even after so many chapters. You guys amaze me every day!! <3

@marveltrwsh, thanks again for your amazing work!! Love you!! <3

I believe no warnings apply to this chapter!!

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Later, already tucked in bed, snuggly resting his back against his boyfriend’s chest and nicely chatting about their day, Roger felt rather content that they had decided to stay in Truro for the night instead of rushing back to their flat.

Of course, he would never say that out loud or he would have to kill Brian over the smug smile that would certainly appear on his face. He was extremely tired and too big to go hiding bodies at that moment. He still would have preferred to be home, yes, but the warm blankets and the guitarist’s soothing presence made any place seem instantly better.

The fact that he had manage to convince an unsuspecting Brian to join him in the shower just because he needed help with his back, no ulterior motives in sight, also seemed to have been a good factor to improve his mood. If said shower that was supposed to last only ten minutes turned out to be a steamy make out session with a very happy ending for both of them, Roger hardly could be at fault. It still had not been quite what he had been wanting so desperately, but it had sufficed to appease his raging hormones. With time, he surely would make Brian come around.

“What do you think Freddie and John are up to, all alone back home?” The guitarist asked at some point during their conversation as he amusedly watched his pregnant boyfriend munching on a soggy biscuit that had been eagerly dipped in orange juice.

He still couldn’t believe that Roger had tricked him to get him in the shower with such naughty purposes in mind. To be honest, though, he would have entered the stall voluntarily if he had been asked. Each second being allowed to touch the beautiful man was a blessing and he was always up to it. Even if refraining himself from going further was pure torture. Someone should have warned him that alongside with scary, people also became horny as hell when expecting. Also, of course, the whole experience turned out to be a front roll seat to witness the most ridiculous food combinations
he had ever seen.

At that point, Brian knew better than to question his odd choices, though. As long as it was healthy for their baby, he was more than happy to indulge Roger’s weird cravings, which had started to gain full force on the past days. If the poor man wanted to eat carrot sticks covered in chocolate syrup instead of the regular cake, who was he to deny him? His amazing boyfriend already was dealing with the challenging task of bringing their child to the world. If Brian could do anything to be of assistance during such a delicate process, he surely would do it in a heartbeat.

“I have a few suspicions…” Roger hummed and licked his lips to prevent any drop of juice from escaping. “Are they official or something? I can’t tell sometimes.”

“I don’t think so.” Brian said pensively and continued drawing imaginary planets on the drummer’s baby bump. “I don’t know what they are waiting for, though. Those two already act more married than my parents.”

Roger chuckled in agreement and finished his snack, carefully placing the empty glass and plastic wrapper on the nightstand. He had noticed for a while that his friends had been closer than usual, as if they were on the verge of some new developments. Once, before all his messy start with Brian, he had asked Freddie if there was anything going on between him and John, but the blushing singer quickly changed the subject. Since Roger had his own romantic troubles to solve, he decided not to push further for details, knowing that retaliation surely would come his way.

He really hoped that one of his flat mates would finally decide to take the initiative and put an end to those sad longing looks that the duo exchanged on a daily bases. Both men deserved all the happiness in the world. Roger was, actually, quite surprised that they were taking so long to finally begin with the romantic part of their relationship. Only a blind fool would miss how perfect they were for each other. Trust him. He had some experience on the department.

Feeling his heart clench at the memories from the past months, he turned his body a bit in order to press his right cheek comfortably on the warm skin of Brian’s neck. Fighting against his guilt was a daily challenge. He felt terrible for all the things Brian had missed because of his stubbornness and he couldn’t regret it more. His boyfriend was the sweetest person he had ever known and he had already fit himself so perfectly as a father figure that Roger wanted to punch his own face sometimes for keeping him in the dark for so long.

“I love you, Bri.” He said in a small voice. It might have sounded out of the blue to the other man, but he really needed to say it aloud.

Brian blinked and smiled fondly at him, softly whispering that he loved him too with a sweet voice as he placed a loving kiss on the blond locks. He had been considerably worried about how his boyfriend would deal with the aftermath of their visit. One could always rely on Michael Taylor to make his son feel upset and unworthy.

The guitarist had been incredibly proud during the whole night for how Roger was taking things with resilience and maturity. It certainly hadn’t been easy for him to face his father and yet, he did it with all his courage. Furthermore, he willingly relied on Brian to defend him while he kept their baby out of harm’s way. Heavens knew how hotheaded the drummer could be and it had been a blessing the fact that he had stayed out of the fight.

However, Brian could tell that there was something else bothering the smaller man, who could be found tightly curled against his chest. Not that the scene wasn’t common, but there was a significant amount of tension on his shoulders and that raised a concerning flag on the guitarist’s brain.
“What’s the matter, love?” He asked tentatively.

Roger sighed and mumbled something that familiarly sounded like an apology as he toyed with the blue fabric of Brian’s shirt.

For a moment, the astrophysicist waited for further explanations, but nothing came. He had a fair guess, though, of what his overthinking boyfriend had meant. It wasn’t the first time that they had a quiet moment like that and Roger had once more expressed how sorry his was for his part on their misunderstandings. It broke Brian’s heart every time he did it.

The whole situation had been extremely hurtful and both men were at fault for things having escalated to that point. With each passing day, Brian could feel that he was forgiving the drummer a bit more. It wouldn’t be instantaneous, but they were steadily heading to a place of complete forgiveness. He knew what it was like to blame himself, though, and it pained him to see Roger going through the same process.

He also had apologized many times in the past weeks for his blind and idiotic behavior. He had been stupid enough to get a girlfriend, of all things. Albeit his intentions being the best, that surely had hurt Roger to a great extent. Freddie and John obviously gave him an earful about it when they got the chance and he gladly recognized his mistake. His friends could have said something sooner, though, to stop his ridiculous dating idea. But he understood that they also were in a tough position.

In the end, it was really hard to point fingers and place blame. It had been a complex situation and all four men were dealing with it as best as they could. Let time be the one responsible for healing them.

“I’m here, love.” Brian whispered and gently brought his fingers to play with his soft golden hair. “Let’s focus on the future, alright? We will be fine.”

Roger could sense some of his tension leaving his body under the soft caresses and the sweet tone of his voice. He felt warm and safe. Even if his heart was still heavy with lingering guilt, he was gladly melting under his boyfriend’s loving touches. When Brian started to absentmindedly hum a soothing melody, it became nearly a lost cause to fight against his sleepiness.

However, a fluttering movement, which was slowly becoming incredibly familiar to him, made his eyes snap open as he pressed a hand to his swollen belly, only to feel it happening stronger that time. It wasn’t quite powerful enough to reach his palm, but it left no uncertainty of what it was.

“She is moving.” He announced with a silly smile on his face. If he hadn’t be sure before, now he knew.

Brian stopped humming and held his breath as his brain tried to catch up with what Roger had just said.

“She’s…? Oh my God!”

In a second, he had both hands firmly wrapped around their beloved baby bump and his boyfriend giggled excitedly as he kindly guided his hands to a higher spot, closer to his cute bellybutton.

“I don’t think we can feel from the outside yet.” He mused and asked Brian to start singing something, which he did with a rapidly beating heart and a slightly shaking voice. Sure enough, though, a few instants later, Roger was giggling again and pressing his right hand a bit higher. “Right here. She likes your voice.”

Brian melted. That was it. Even if he couldn’t quite feel her movement, just knowing that she was reacting to him was enough to make his whole body become light as a feather. His heart was
completely taken by that precious tiny life. Be her a little girl as Roger was predicting or a perfect baby boy as John wisely reminded them it was also possible, he was sure that his angel would have him wrapped around their pinky finger.

His boyfriend would have a hard time being the bad cop. Because certain as death he wouldn’t have the good sense of denying their child anything. God help him. He was a total goner.

“I love you both so much, Rog.” He managed to speak amidst his near emotional meltdown. “I can never thank you enough for giving me such a precious gift. I love you. I love our child. I just… So much love!”

Roger’s lips trembled as he smiled, eyes already wet with happy tears, and he tilted his head just a little to place a soft kiss on Brian’s mouth. Then another and many more after that.

They still had a lot of problems to solve. Talking to the label, for example, would be a pain in their asses. Brian’s parents still had to be informed about their grandchild and, of course, they had to think about what they would tell to the rest of the world. However, at that moment, he felt perfectly content.

His little drummer had given him more courage than he had thought it was possible for a human being to possess. He would do anything for her and he felt even braver knowing that Brian was right next to him, and on the same page. He had the most amazing friends giving him support and he knew that Freddie and John would fight tooth and nail to ensure their safety and privacy.

Let the world throw at them whatever it had prepared. They would face it together, as a family.

Chapter End Notes

And the baby is moving!!! I think my heart melted while writing it and I promise you that more moments like this are going to appear! <3

For everybody excited about the drama, it’s on its way!! It might take a couple more chapters, but I hope it makes you all hang on the edge of your seats. *_*

On the next one, we will see Brian and Roger coming home and their reaction to Deacury.

Also, there’s something I have been discussing with some people and I’d like your opinion.

Last chapter, we saw that Freddie naughtily wondered if they could have a baby of their own and John was more than willing to try. Surely, they had a lot of fun in the process.

When I wrote that, though, I meant it only as a cheeky joke. Because what are the odds of two male carriers, which is a bit of a rare occurrence in this AU, living in the same flat? That would be a stretch.

On the one hand, I’d love to have a Deacury baby as well. Not NOW, but I’d love if it could be a possibility for them. On the other hand, I’m afraid that it would make the plot incredibly cheesy and even more unrealistic. I really am on the fence about this one.

What do you guys think? Please, let me know in the comments!! I’m in desperate need
Thank you so much for reading!!

Lots of love!
Xx

ADENDUM:

First, please let me thank you all for the amazing response to my cry for help. You guys are incredible and I love you so very much!! Thank you!!

However, I’ve noticed that some people assumed that a hypothetical baby Deacury, if it really happened, would be coming in a very near future. Please, forgive me if I gave that impression.

When I said that Freddie suggested trying for a baby, I really only meant that they would be having a whole hell lot of steamy sex. That’s all!!

What I meant to ask was, if by any chance, in a really distant future like a “ten years later” epilogue, Deacury were to find out that one of them was a male carrier, would you guys be okay with that? Or would it be too farfetched?

Of course they all are going to have a huge family! With lots of cats!! Don’t worry!!

I was just wondering about the probability of things, that’s all! For, as much as I’d love to write about a whole pregnancy for Deacury, I’d probably end up with another 50.000 words and dead in the process. ^^'

Sorry for the misunderstanding!!

Xx
Chapter XL

Chapter Summary

Brian and Roger come back to their flat and the four men have a very important conversation.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Our boys are finally home!! Everybody is safe and sound. For now. <3

Thank you all so much for all the support, feedback and for sharing your opinion!! I couldn’t ask for better readers. You guys are amazing!!

My dear @marveltrwsh, thank you so much for the patience and for your time. <3

I believe no warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

John was certain that he had been floating around the kitchen instead of walking. Gravity was nothing if compared to his happiness.

Last night had been otherworldly. Every second of longing had been carefully accounted for as the lovers made an excellent use of their time alone in the flat. Between entangled sweaty bodies and searing kisses, John could feel his muscles deliciously aching from their passionate lovemaking and his heart beating faster every time Freddie glanced at him with a knowing smirk and pure adoration in his eyes.

The usually sensible and measured bassist did not even care that he probably looked like an idiot in love. Being allowed to finally let his emotions freely appear on the surface had been a liberating experience and he had decided that he would enjoy that first afterglow for as much as possible. He just had experienced a lot of overdue mind-blowing sex. He was entitled.

If they weren’t careful, they would surely start giving Brian and Roger a good run for their money in the noise complaint department. It would be a miracle if their neighbors didn’t come knocking on their door demanding for some silence.

Freddie had acted like a perfect gentleman for the total amount of the three minutes that John took to inform him with very colorful words that he wasn’t going to break. After that, although still being incredibly thoughtful and caring, it was as if he had given the singer permission to completely ruin him for any other person. Not that he would ever want anybody else, but it had been amazing to see how they had clicked flawlessly together in that aspect of life as well.

As John happily sipped his tea and did a wonderful job of reading the same line of the cookbook for
the hundredth time, Freddie amusedly watched him from the corner of his eye. They both had decided that lunchtime would be a nightmare without Brian to spoil them with his mouthwatering food and had mutually agreed that checking some instructions might be the differential that would save their lives.

Even if they could manage just fine in the kitchen, as in, they had never burnt water or set fire to the ceiling, like a certain blond that lived with them, they weren’t experts. Freddie had memorized some decent roast recipes from his mama and John knew enough not to starve. However, no matter what they ended up doing, there was no way Brian wouldn’t notice.

It was almost as if the soft giant could read on the shining bottom of his pans exactly what had transpired in his domain, or like the silverware traitorously whispered in his ears all their secrets. Be it by the means of logic or magic, Brian Harold May always could tell when something was wrong with his precious kitchen. Much like Roger could smell someone’s bullshit from miles of distance.

Between those two, their children would hardly be able to get away with anything. Freddie had vowed to himself that he would dutifully take on the part of the cool uncle that would cover for their little asses when they get in trouble. That is, if John didn’t get his hands on them first. If that were to be the case, there wasn’t a single creature on Earth that would spare those poor souls from the rant of a lifetime.

The thought made him smile fondly at his hypothetical family and his heart fluttered with the idea of one day raising his own kids with John. No matter how the little angels arrived in their lives. He wanted everything with the younger man. A big house, golden records, a happy life, a bunch of children and an army of cats, to mention a few. For that moment, though, he was more than happy to just watch as his Deaky finished their late breakfast, which could already be called a brunch, so close they were to noon. That is, if one considered toast and tea as part of that extravagant category.

John was just about considering giving up on his non-existent culinary pride and moving to an easier section of the cookbook when the noise of their front door pulled him out of his mental plans and the muffled sound of travel bags hitting the carpet efficiently announced the arrival of their flat mates. That or some conspicuous aliens decided they would be moving in. Considering Brian’s height and Roger’s delightful mood sometimes, there wouldn’t be much of a difference.

“Everyone alive, darlings?” Freddie shouted teasingly from his spot in the kitchen, visibly anxious for some news.

Soon enough, Roger’s blond head appeared on the threshold, peeping for a second before yelling amusedly past his shoulder. “They are dressed! It’s safe!”

Freddie gasped and dramatically raised his hand to flatten his fingertips against his chest, eyebrows going sky high in indignation. Still calmingly sipping his tea, John pretended he wasn’t sporting four different shades of pink in his cheeks and casually set to cookbook aside.

“So says the one who has been parading half naked all over the flat.” He spoke with a deadpanned tone and limited himself to raise one eyebrow, as if his reddened face wasn’t a dead giveaway of how naked he had been not a couple hours earlier.

“True, dear.” The singer agreed and playfully scoffed at him. “Do let us know when you find the rest of the fabric of those shorts.”

Roger smirked and allowed his body to fall on the nearest unoccupied chair, fully extending his legs and wiggling his knees. Even after switching with Brian a few times, it hadn’t been his cleverest idea to have driven most of the way to Truro and back to London in such a short time. The cramped
space of the car had been hell on his legs and his swollen ankles were a whole nightmare aside.

Upon entering the kitchen a few instants later, Brian took a hard and long look around. Eyes passing carefully over the cupboards and the sink before pointedly staring at their dinner table for a solid minute. With a defeated sigh, he tiredly pulled a chair to sit closer to the drummer and gently reached for one of his legs to inspect the damage. He had told him that he would be sore all over. But, of course, his warning had felt in deaf ears. Good cop, it is, then.

“You know,” He said with a low voice. “I hope you two had the decency of cleaning the tabletop after you were done.”

Roger wondered for a second what the hell he was talking about but as Freddie pointedly looked anywhere but them and John seemed as if he was about to start begging for the ground to swallow him whole, the gears finally clicked in his brain. It was his turn to gasp as he stared at his friends guilty faces and he couldn’t help the loud cackling laughter that escaped his throat.

*It’s always the quiet ones.*

“My, my… Look at them, Bri.” He tutted teasingly and exaggeratedly reclined his body against the chair. “What was it that our Deaky here had been saying about doing funny business in the place we eat?”

Brian clicked his tongue and pointedly looked at the table then back at his friends. “Don’t.”

“How could you possibly know?” Came John’s exasperated questioning, cheeks burning under the gaze of his friends.

He and Freddie had carefully discussed how they would break the news to the other two in order not to make a fuss out of simple things. Having Brian immediately aware of their late night make out session in the kitchen not two minutes after getting home was definitely not part of the plan. They had expected some playful banter from Roger, that was unavoidable, but John surely had not intended to provide weaponry to his arsenal.

Also, of course he had wiped clean the damn piece of furniture earlier that morning. In fact, he had the healthy habit of cleaning the blasted thing before every meal. Even after his completely sensible speech about hygiene and proper kitchen behavior, he did not believe for a second that the lovebirds would follow his logical request. Brian seemed to share that common sense with him, but one could always rely on Roger Taylor to get their soft giant to break the rules.

“The table is almost two feet away from its normal place.” The guitarist stated casually and shrugged. “It has happened to us before.”

John looked in disbelief to the space between the sink and the root of their current problem and rolled his eyes when he realized that Brian was right. Freddie, who had been rhythmically tapping his foot against the wooden floor, sagged under the sheer strength of the tiny evidence they had left behind and sighed at them.

“Well, darlings, now that this cat is out of the box…” He said nonchalantly, and motioned his hands between him and John. “Tell us how things went at your folks place.”

Roger toyed with the hem of his shirt for a bit as he started to narrate the events of the night before. He gladly told them about his mother and sister’s reaction and dutifully passed on the kisses that both girls had sent to his friends. When it came to his father, however, he edited a few bits in order not to anger the other two.
“So, to sum it up, he was a massive asshole and Brian put him back in his place.”

The guitarist shifted in his seat at the mention of his name and a lovely shade of pink appeared on his cheeks. “Then we went to a hotel and came back this morning. That’s pretty much it.” He wrapped up the events.

The kitchen was silent for a minute as the boys absorbed everything. Freddie had known that Michael would be a dick about the whole thing. It was a nice surprise, though, how receptive and joyful Winifred and Clare had been. Poor Roger would be heartbroken if the girls had turned on him as well.

“Should we invite your parents for dinner, Bri?” John asked pensively after a few minutes and Roger supportively entangled their fingers together.

“I guess…” Brian mused and shrugged again, gently playing with his boyfriend’s hand. “I don’t think we can expect trouble from them, though. They love Rog to pieces and frequently pester me for grandchildren in the future. It will be fine.” He concluded and turned to Roger. “Would that be okay, love?”

“Sounds good to me.” The blond agreed with a small smile and brought his free hand to rest protectively on top of his baby bump, happy that his little drummer would have at least one full set of loving grandparents.

“We also have to contact the label.” Freddie spoke carefully and elicited a groan from his bandmates. They all knew that would be a terrible headache. “That can’t wait much longer. But I’d like to fully analyze our contract. I don’t think they have anything on us, though. I just want to be sure.”

“I’m not the size of a fucking house, yet.” Roger pondered, a bit angry that he owed that type of satisfaction to the EMI or worse, their bastard of a manager, Norman Sheffield. “I knew my parents would see the difference right away. But those suit clad sods couldn’t tell my arse from my head if they tried.”

“I think we have a couple weeks more. But that’s it.” John agreed and looked around the table to find everybody on the same page.

Despite of the considerably early hour of the day, Roger already looked ready to hit the mattress and the bassist felt his heart clenching a bit for him. Out of the four of them, he was the one going through the toughest part of it, with growing a human being and all its downsides. Between misbehaving organs, an annoying encounter with his father and of course, those awful months of misery caused by the most preposterous misunderstandings he had ever heard of, the blond surely deserved a break. Or, at the very least, a foot massage.

He wouldn’t lie. The future conversation they needed to have with the label was worrying him a great deal. John already had some strong evidence that they were being screwed over financially and he didn’t believe for a second that their manager had their best interest in mind. That greedy buffoon couldn’t care less about their wellbeing, as long as they were making money for his pockets. He hated that Roger had to inform him of his delicate condition out of duty. Talking a few weeks ago with Freddie, they had shared the same opinion that Norman wouldn’t be very welcoming of the news.

They would have to be very careful when handling that situation. Technically, the label couldn’t do anything to harm the band because of a pregnancy. The clause had not even be included in their contract, given the fact that they were all male. If anything, their case would surely teach a well-deserved lesson to those pricks. Unsurprisingly, John was immensely cool with that bit. Yet, he still
had a bad feeling about the whole thing.

Thinking about the past days, though, made him feel more confident. Brian hadn’t disappointed him for a second and had beautifully stepped up to the position of loving father and caring boyfriend, while firmly recovering his place as Roger’s best friend. The two were thick as thieves. The drummer also had pleasantly surprised him with his level of maturity and with how well he was dealing with everything. Then, of course, there was Freddie. Perfect, gentle, loud, bright and his Freddie.

John glanced at him for a moment and fondly smiled at his fiery speech about cheese, of all things. He had been passionately defending his lunch idea for a solid two minutes as he tried his best to get Brian onboard. Because, obviously, he wouldn’t be the one doing the cooking. From across the table, Roger met his eyes with an amused look on his face and both men shook their heads at the endearing discussion going on between their boyfriends.

Things finally seemed like they were in the right place in the universe. He had no certainties about tomorrow or the days after that. But he knew deep in his heart that their relationships would be forever a constant. They were family. Whatever came in their direction, they would deal with it together.

With that thought in mind and the perspective of a much nicer lunch than he had expected earlier that morning, he felt some of the anxious tension leaving his shoulders. They all would be just fine.

Chapter End Notes

John really should listen more to his sixth sense…

Next chapter we will have a short time passage of a few weeks!! I did my best to cover the events and, as usual, you guys can expect references to those skipped days in future chapters. Also, the drama I’ve promised shall make an appearance by then end of it.

Now, as for the Deacury baby… I think I have decided something, but you guys won’t find out until the epilogue or something like that.

I really would like to thank you all for all the help and new perspectives!! You guys are incredible and I don’t know what I would do without you. Thank you so, so much!!

I added one addendum, though, on my end note from last chapter. It came to my attention that I wasn’t very clear and led a lot of people to believe that this hypothetical baby was already on the process of being made. Sorry about that!!

Thank you so much for reading!! I’d love to hear your theories for the drama on the comments!

Lots of love!!

XX
As it was to be expected, dinner with the Mays had been a delightful experience to everybody involved.

Brian had decided that the casual family meeting could take place in a lovely Wednesday, since his parents’ house was only about an hour drive away from their small flat. Also, he thought it would be nice to get that out of the way as soon as possible, since Roger was on the verge of an anxiety driven heart attack. He knew better than to point out how silly the drummer was being, though.

On the one hand, he could clearly see why the idea of breaking the news to close relatives again was making him so restless. Their last experience, although the end result was better than what they had expected, was still fresh in their minds.

Winifred, bless her heart, had even called later that Sunday to make sure they had arrived okay and Clare had sent her regards as well. Thankfully, Roger’s father had been completely radio silent. That was preferable than his brash words and Brian could tell that his boyfriend was relieved for the inexistence of repercussions from the older man. The guitarist was also glad that they were safely at home. That eventful night had been filled with a rollercoaster of emotions and he was more than happy to let go of his irritation at the older Taylor to finally be at ease at their own place.

On the other hand, he had known all along that his parents would be thrilled with the news and there was nothing to be worried about. He was a bit nervous, of course, but not desperate. It wasn’t every day that one announced a baby, yes, but he knew in his heart that Ruth and Harold would be...
delighted to be grandparents. Surely, just like Roger’s mother, they would be justifiably concerned about the rapid pace of their routines, but he was rightfully sure that his folks believed in their capacity and determination to raise their grandchild properly.

Freddie and John had instantly agreed with him on that matter and even volunteered to make the flat spotless as he took care of the food. Granted, it wouldn’t be very hard, since the restless bassist had already jumped into a cleaning frenzy during the previous weekend. Even Roger had been certain that things would go smoothly. However, as the days passed, he grew extremely fidgety with the perspective of announcing his pregnancy all over again.

Also, the drummer was feeling like absolute shit. Hitting that halfway mark in his pregnancy, at twenty weeks, had him completely frightened. Soon enough, they would have a baby. A tiny little life that depended solely on them to survive. And they had nothing ready. While his friends had been thoroughly studying their contract to ensure that their asses were covered and Brian was using his calming personality to keep everybody sane, Roger should be worrying about getting everything prepared to welcome their little drummer home.

With so many problems running through his head and the last events that happened in his life to consider, though, he hardly had had the time to think about that. Therefore, on top of the worst heartburn that he had ever felt keeping him from sleep at night, he also had that to add to the list.

They all had discussed for a bit about their living arrangements and it had been clear that they didn’t have a good enough condition to afford a bigger place or two separate ones. It would be much wiser to stay in their tiny flat for a while and use the money to cover for the baby’s immediate expenses first. Queen was finally starting to become famous and they would be able to review that plan in the future.

However, apart from major changes, the small details of furniture, clothes, diapers, bottles and heavens know what else their little one would need, still very much had to be attended to. They weren’t completely broke and their savings would be enough to cover for a lot of things. But Roger still had to take action and actually start buying stuff.

He was terribly afraid of doing it, though. Because having physical things that actually belonged to their baby made it all feel too real. What if something bad happen? What if he screw up somehow and, God forbid, he lose his miraculous little angel? Roger hated to think about that. He, honestly didn’t even want to consider that possibility. Therefore, he avoided thinking about layettes at all cost and fretting about the incoming visit of the Mays seemed like a great distraction for his brain. Because that was something that was a bit under his control.

The boys had spent the afternoon before the much-anticipated dinner frantically debating how they would break the news to the older couple. Freddie had suggested many theatrical plans, with one even involving a stolen cat and cake, which was sensibly shut down by a sternly looking John. Brian offered easing them into it, perhaps with some tea first, but ultimately he reckoned that the decision should be Roger’s, since he was the one who was starting to look huge.

Well, not that much, because of his fast metabolism and all the care that John and Brian had invested in his healthy diet and exercise routine. His baby bump was the cutest, roundest thing, a bit larger than the size of a honeydew melon and probably the most spoiled part of his body. Never in his life had he thought that his middle would be getting so much attention from the boys, who never missed a chance of patting, softly tickling, kissing or interacting in the most creative ways possible with it.

The difference in his features, though, was considerably noticeable. If people had thought that he looked like a girl before pregnancy, that was quickly becoming a certainty. He was looking positively soft. His jaw was a delicate thing that Brian never tired of covering with kisses and his
flushed cheekbones were always glowing. Matched with his baby blue eyes and silky golden locks, he had the appearance of a fucking princess, in his opinion.

In the end, he had decided to go straight for it instead of beating around the bush. They were announcing a baby, not a fatal disease, for fucks sake. Therefore, it was with a decent amount of trepidation and excitement that he had sent Brian to receive his parents at the front door of their building and let them know that they had some important news to share.

That turned out to be a great plan, since Ruth and Harold were already somewhat prepared when they entered the flat and were faced with the sight of a blushing Roger in a fitting shirt with both hands lovingly resting on his swollen belly. As Brian moved to embrace the nervous blond and gently placed his hands on top of his, he very much wished he had his camera with him to capture the shocked face of their parents before they erupted in joyful exclamations and cheerful hugs.

Roger felt all his worries melting away on the second Ruth wrapped her arms around him. He had always been extremely fond of her, who had taken him in with a warm heart and worried about him probably just as much as his own mother did. She looked incredibly excited for finally becoming a grandmother and scolded the hell out of Brian for not telling them sooner. The guitarist, ever a gentleman, took all of it with sealed lips and warning looks to Freddie and John to stick to their story of waiting for the baby to be stronger before announcing the pregnancy.

Harold seemed to be on the verge of tears as he proudly congratulated his son for starting a family of his own with someone they already held in such high esteem like Roger. At that, Brian felt his chest swelling with gratitude and love for his parents. Knowing how people would react and experiencing it were two very different things. Later, in the privacy of their room, he would make sure that his boyfriend was okay. He knew that the encounter would bring the memories of his own family to the surface and Brian wanted to be there to comfort him if he became upset.

The older couple had about a thousand questions for them and quickly realized that Freddie and John, who were feeling rather moved and excited for being present at such a special moment, held all the secrets and juicy details from the past months. From that point on, it was nearly impossible to keep their mouths shut about all the milestones, diets and changes in their lives. Thankfully, though, they had remembered to keep all their misunderstandings under wraps.

Overall, it had been a great night for everybody. Telling the label, though, had not been so pleasant.

After scrutinizing every inch of their contract, the boys had reached the conclusion that they were safe enough to come forward with the news without causing any damage to Queen or the recording of their current album. There wasn’t a specific clause that mentioned pregnancy or what would happen to the band in that circumstance, but Roger’s case could perfectly fall into the category of medical situations, from which they were very much protected by their shitty contract.

The meeting with their manager had been scheduled to the following Monday and it was with the same hoodie he had used to visit his parents and pretending to pack much more confidence than he actually had, that Roger had followed his bandmates to Norman Sheffield’s large office on the last floor of the studio’s dark building. Freddie had led the way with what seemed to be a casual pace, but the drummer knew his poor nails had been fiercely attacked earlier that day. John was a loyal shadow right behind his heels, letting his presence serve as a calming factor to the singer. Then, there was Brian, who, although his appearance seemed cool enough, Roger could tell just how nervous he was with the whole thing by how tightly he was holding his hand.

Norman received the news with shock and a grimace. For a second, he had thought that Roger was taking the piss at him when he informed the older man that he was expecting a baby. However, the serious silence that followed his statement quickly made him realized that the boys were not joking at
John had watched with a certain amount of delight how Mr. Sheffield had sunk into his chair and remained quiet for a minute, absorbing the information. He was certain that a clever snake like their manager surely was thinking very hard about their contract and its entitlements. At that point, the tired bassist already knew every word of the damn thing cover to back. There wasn’t much that asshole could do.

When Norman tentatively suggested that they could perhaps use a new drummer for a while, so Roger could rest, though, the boys immediately shut down that preposterous idea and Freddie informed him with all the words in the dictionary that there was no Queen without Roger, or without any of them, while he was at it. They were a closed package. Period.

Roger had been waiting for that and yet, he couldn’t help but let his anger rise and boil on his stomach. Brian was just as pissed next to him and if weren’t for John’s careful speech before leaving the house, they surely would have answered back something just as offensive to their manager. But they knew how important it was to keep their conversation civil and not push Mr. Sheffield into a heated argument. Because there was no doubt about which one was the weaker side in that equation. The label had nothing on them, but that prick surely could make their lives very unpleasant. Which, in fact, he tried his best to do.

Freddie was aware that their sneaky manager could attempt to make them extremely uncomfortable or bully them to the point where they would cave and agree with a new drummer for a while. However, the boys had agreed that such thing was unthinkable. Whatever Norman Sheffield threw their way, they had been dead set in enduring it with raised heads and closed fists.

The man had tried a multitude of things to upset them. Their recording sessions suddenly had changed from full afternoons to the very first hours of the morning, which annoyed them to no end, especially considering that Roger needed to sleep longer, since he was growing a whole new person, for goodness’ sake. But they went with it and adapted their routine as best as possible to fit the new hours.

When that had failed, their manager had come up with the brilliant idea of having the boys participate in a nude photographic session, of all things. At that, Roger nearly marched to his office to tell him exactly where he could shove that camera, with a fuming Brian in tow, who was ready to actually deck him for such an offensive suggestion. However, John, thankfully, had been able to hold them back with the reminder that he label had already approved the idea and that had become a much bigger fight to pick.

Freddie did manage to talk his way into the photographer’s good graces, though. The understanding professional had been kind enough to conduct a tasteful photoshoot that limited their exposure to above the waist only and they even managed to hide Roger’s baby bump with clever positioning and careful angles. Their manager didn’t like it much, but there was nothing he could do. The photos had been taken, they looked great and the label was pleased.

Their breaking point, however, was a few days after Brian’s birthday.

They had enjoyed a small intimate dinner and agreed that they would go out celebrating on the twenty-sixth, Roger’s birthday, as they normally used to do on the previous years, since the dates were so close. Also, the drummer had just reached twenty two weeks and didn’t really feel like going out a lot. He still wasn’t huge, but his swollen belly surely wasn’t as easy to conceal anymore. If possible, he would like to continue avoiding unwanted attention.

His little drummer also was moving around a lot recently. None of the boys could keep their hands
out of his bump, in the hopes of finally feeling one of those tiny kicks, but it was still a tidbit soon. At first, he had thought that it would be annoying to have so much attention on his middle, but he found out that he didn’t mind it at all when it was his family.

The other day, Mr. Sheffield had laid his hand on him in the middle of a conversation and he had to grit his teeth in order not to bat the limb away and maybe detach it from its greasy owner. John had happened to be right next to him when the inconvenient situation had occurred and was quick to distract their manager so Roger could make his exit and create a mental note of standing at least two feet apart from Norman at all times.

That asshole had managed to get a reaction from the band, though, when he decided that the amount of breaks they were taking just wasn’t productive to the studio and had firmly forbidden more than one break over the interval of three hours. That had done it.

Roger had a crying fit when he had received the news that there would be no rest from recording for such a relatively long amount of time. He wasn’t lazy by any means, but he really had to think about the wellbeing of their baby. Drumming for such a long time or being exposed to so much noise and such a tense atmosphere just wasn’t healthy at that stage of his already delicate pregnancy.

The boys had been furious. It was one thing to mess with them as a band, but to do something so blatant against Roger’s condition was a whole other deal. John had been so pissed that he went by himself to Norman’s office to tell him very coolly that the prohibition was unreasonable and abusive. He had wanted to launch himself at the older man and knock his teeth out, which felt rather odd of him. But that old sod had dared to meddle with something that could harm their baby and John most certainly would have none of it.

Instead of lashing out, though, he had calmingly and politely informed him that if the unwelcoming work conditions for a pregnant person were to remain in place, the band wouldn’t hesitate to sue him for discrimination and exploitation of their contract. They might not win the case, but the studio would surely suffer a damaging backlash from the media and he had said just that to Mr. Sheffield.

That old prick had not seemed happy about it, but, in the end, he reluctantly agreed to suspend the infuriating rule about the breaks and even rearranged their recording schedule back to the usual time. In hindsight, he reckoned that pressing the man would surely come back to bite their asses in the future, but at that time, he accepted his small victory and went home with the good news to an upset Roger and murderous Freddie and Brian.

The boys had agreed that it would be only a temporary solution to their problems and, surely, something harsher would hit them in the future. As long as it didn’t affect the baby, though, they were okay with it. The album was almost done. It was only a matter of a month or two more of hard work before the waiting period to release it. A few promotional gigs here or there could be expected, but they were carefully planning on how they would deal with that. For that moment, they were glad to wait for that bridge to come before they had to cross it.

Thankfully, Roger wouldn’t be due until the end of November and the EMI had already established in their contract that the album wouldn’t be released until March of the next year and its promotional shows also only would take place after that. That should be enough time for him to have the baby and get used to a new routine.

If he had seen coming the storm that had hit them in the morning of his birthday, though, he surely would have killed their manager while he had the chance.
Alright, guys!! Are you ready for shit to hit the fan? Because I think I’ve written the heaviest chapter yet yesterday. Just a warning.

Next chapter, we will see how Rog will start the morning of his birthday and, as always, you can expect a few mentions to the time we just skipped. Oh, and DRAMA, of course. <3

Please, feel free to ask any questions about the time passage!! It will be my pleasure to answer them!!

I know some of you wanted to see more of Brian’s parents reaction or the talk with the label, however, that would drag this story for at least another 10,000 words. I know myself. I always exaggerate. But, I really have to finish this while I have the energy. Remember, this was supposed to be 15 chapters TOPS. But, yeah… sorry for cutting those scenes short! ^^^

Thank you so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos really motivate me to keep going. <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XLII

Chapter Summary

Roger enjoys the perks of being the birthday boy and Brian discovers some troublesome news.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Sorry about the late update!! This is a normal timeline wise chapter. It starts on the morning of Roger’s birthday, July 26th.

Thank you so much for your amazing feedback and support!! You guys are everything. <3

@marveltwsh, thank you for sparing my limbs last night. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter. There are a few mentions of possible complications with hypothetical pregnancies, though. Stay safe. <3

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Roger’s morning had started with blue skies and a deliciously looking chocolate cake waiting for him in the kitchen.

His favorite part of his birthday, though, was that Brian always gave him whatever he wanted. Back when he lived at his old shared flat with only Freddie, he once had joked that he would have liked a star as a gift. To his surprise and delight, the guitarist had taken his time to carefully decorate the ceiling above his bed with a few dozen stickers of phosphorescent stars. Roger was already very much in love with him at the time and nearly melted at the sight of his fulfilled impossible wish.

From that year on, he always had the personal pleasure of provoking Brian’s creativity to the best of its ability and without a fail, his best friend always delivered a thoughtful and loving gift. For that year, though, Roger had come up with something extremely specific that would certainly challenge his boyfriend in a certain way.

During the past weeks, the drummer had been able to naughtily persuade the apprehensive father of his baby to engage more often in pleasant activities that would definitely not bring any harm to their child. However, there was still a final step missing from their lovemaking and it had been driving Roger insane. He had pleaded, begged, bargained and even resorted to drawing a chart that one time, so desperate that he was to make his boyfriend finally cave.

He had been nearly successful the other night, but Brian’s resolve had proved itself stronger than his own capacity of holding back his orgasm for much longer. He hadn’t been disappointed, because, truth be told, he had just experienced mind-blowing sex. There really wasn’t a reason to complain
about. If anything, his near victory only had made him even more motivated to get Brian to finally fuck him properly.

Therefore, it was with a smug smile on his face that a coyly looking Roger had placed himself firmly on the guitarist’s lap and informed him with all seriousness in the world that, for that year, all he wanted for his birthday was Brian’s throbbing cock buried inside of his ass. Even if he hadn’t gotten his wish granted, the look of sheer shock mixed with lust on his boyfriend’s face would have been enough to make up for it.

As he had expected, though, on the very hours before the twenty-sixth of July, Brian had stepped up to the challenge and made love to him so tenderly, thoroughly and attentively that if he weren’t pregnant before, that night they surely would have made another perfect little baby. Roger loved all types of sex they had shared in the past, but that slow, passionate and intimate connection certainly was his favorite.

To be honest, Brian had been dying to take that step again with his amazing and surprisingly patient boyfriend. Roger had taken his time to properly coax him out of his believes that he would hurt their baby. He still hadn’t felt entirely sure by the time he had decided to fulfil the drummer’s birthday wish, but he was glad for the daring request. Turned out he actually had needed that extra push to finally allow himself to share that experience with the love of his life again.

Boy, was he glad that he had listened to him.

He couldn’t believe for how long he had been holding back from that otherworldly pleasure. Also, being as close as possible to Roger in such a special moment made his heart beat insanely fast against his ribcage and practically burst with love and adoration for him. It might not happen within a week or a month, but he would marry that man, as certain as the Earth revolved around the Sun. God help him. If he had Roger by his side for the rest of their lives, he would die an incredibly happy man.

That morning, the birthday boy had the pleasure of waking up to the sound of Brian’s soft voice lovingly humming an old Beatle’s song and the feeling of his gentle fingertips dancing around the warm skin of his baby bump from under the blankets. What truly had lured him out of sleep, though, were the off rhythm kicks and eventual scratches that his little drummer was drawing from inside his womb.

“Morning, my love.” Brian whispered with a tender voice, lips carefully placing small kisses on the top of his golden locks. “Happy birthday.”

Roger smirked at that last bit, memories from last night dancing in front of his eyes and a lovely shade of pink decorating his cheeks. With a proper smile, he looked up to find gorgeous hazel eyes adoringly staring at him and the silliest look on his sweet boyfriend’s face.

“Morning, babe.” He said sleepily, snuggling closer to the warmer man and fondly nuzzling his neck.

Content humming filled the room again and Roger let himself bask in that soft moment, right between the land of dreams and being fully awake. He loved those mornings, when reality was muffled just a bit with a tint of sleepiness and the guitarist’s comforting smell made the blond want to stay in bed with him all day long. As the melody carried on, though, the project of ballerina he was growing in his belly started to move around again.

“You know…” He started with a playful tone. “Sometimes I think Deaky is having too big of an influence on our baby, given how much she dances when there’s music.”
At that, Brian stopped for a moment and craned his neck to beam brightly at him, hands carefully caressing his bump all over. “She’s moving again?”

Roger giggled amusedly at his enthusiasm and guided his searching hands to the spot where she was moving harder, a bit lower to the left of his bellybutton. The guitarist frowned in concentration and gently pressed his hand against the soft skin under his palm. “I’m not sure if I can really feel her or if it’s the power of suggestion.” He mused and lovingly moved his thumb in soothing circles as he started to sweetly sing one of their own songs from the previous album.

He thought he had felt something an instant ago and his heart nearly stopped as he paid as much attention as possible to see if it would happen again. Like he had said, he couldn’t know if he had actually felt her tiny kick or if it had been just his imagination playing tricks on him. She was so small and her movements were still so delicate that it was hard to know for sure.

Brian wanted so badly to experience such a magical moment. He had even been dreaming constantly of holding their little angel in his arms with a delighted Roger right by his side. However, he knew in his heart that their baby was safe and sound tucked away in her papa’s belly, growing healthier and stronger with each passing day. That was enough to put a smile in his face, even if he couldn’t feel her moves just yet.

After a few minutes of just lazily enjoying their morning still in bed, Roger’s stomach kindly announced his need for food and the drummer begrudgingly got up from the comfortable nest he had created with Brian’s limbs and a pile of blankets. If he could, he would very much rather stay right where he was, since his crushed bladder had him visiting the bathroom twice during the night.

“It’s my birthday.” He whined and grabbed the large shirt that was surely not his from the near chair. “Tell me again why I can’t eat here.”

Brian chuckled at him, already being efficiently dressed, and took a minute just to admire the gorgeous view of his pregnant boyfriend wearing his shirt before he answered with an amused smile. “Because you leave crumbs all over and I think there’s something for you in the kitchen.”

At the mention of a possible surprise waiting for him, Roger perked up in excitement and ran out of the room, like an overgrown child during Boxing Day. With a much more controlled pace, Brian followed him into the kitchen with a small prayer playing in the back of his mind.

During the previous night, Freddie and John had given him the mission of distracting the drummer, which he had done wonderfully well, for a long enough time in order for them to bake a chocolate cake for him, with strawberry cream filling, frosting and heavens know what else. At first, the astrophysicist had feared for the structural integrity of his kitchen, but the perspective of Roger’s smile once he saw the dessert convinced him pretty quickly of allowing such a daring endeavor.

Before he reached his destination, he could already hear the cheerful noise coming from down the hall. It was a mix of Freddie’s dramatic rendition of “Happy Birthday to You”, which he had the pleasure of witnessing on the day of his own birthday, and Roger’s delighted laughter at the whole thing. Upon entering the kitchen, Brian was graced with the sight of and amused John staring fondly at their drummer, that already had at least two fingers covered in stolen frosting and a hyped Freddie dancing all around while getting the plates.

“Babe, look!” Roger happily exclaimed and dived his hand again to gather a large portion of frosting on his fingertip. “Deaky is letting me eat cake!”

Brian couldn’t help the half aborted snort that came out of his nose or the wide smile that formed on his lips. His boyfriend was exaggerating a teensy bit, but it was undeniable that their bassist had been
keeping him in a strict healthy diet with only a few treats allowed. Which was pretty justifiable, since they all knew that Freddie sneaked freshly baked sweets every time he had the chance of spoiling his
godchild.

“Not the whole cake, darling.” Freddie reminded him as he placed the plates on the table and sweetly
tucked the cheek of his slightly annoyed boyfriend. “I managed a bargain, not a miracle.”

“After our little one is out of you, you can eat as much junk food and sweets as you want. But not a second sooner.” John warned him with a roll of his eyes and a tiny smile on the corner of his lips. Secretly, he was rather happy to see Roger enjoying his cake so much. The drummer had been behaving wonderfully well.

John knew he was being a bit paranoid and overprotective with what sort of food their pregnant friend put inside of his stomach. But he couldn’t help himself. He just wanted to ensure that his godchild was getting all the nutrients possible for a healthy growth. After reading some studies about male pregnancies, he had been alarmed by the rate of complications such as miscarriages, early labor, placental abruption and the great amount of underweight babies that were born in most cases.

Roger had never been too prone to putting on weight with ease and that always worried John to no end. His friend had always been lean and scrawny, as if he survived only of toast, tea and light. Even with his healthy diet, full of balanced nutrients, vitamins and the sneaked sweets that John was very much aware of, their friend still looked very small apart from his round baby bump. He hadn’t even gained a full stone and he was already a bit past twenty three weeks.

However, Dr. Benson had affirmed that it was a normal thing. Every pregnancy was different and both Roger and the baby were healthy. Naturally, he would be happier if his patient had managed to put on a few extra pounds, but, overall, he was as fit as a fiddle.

He was thankful enough that his friend had been acting uncharacteristically cooperative and swallowing up every type of fruits or vegetables concoctions that he was presented with. If he whined and complained while he did it, though, it was a small price to pay. As long as the hyperactive blond weren’t throwing cups on his head, John was happy with it.

“You have a long week of spinach smoothies waiting for you, darling.” Freddie song-sang and served him a sizeable slice of the deliciously looking cake.

Brian watched fondly as his boyfriend grimaced at the idea and smiled again once he was passed the plate, eyes sparkling with joy and the most delighted look on his face.

“That’s alright, I guess.” He pondered and took a bite of the dessert, moaning sinfully around the fork and melting on his seat. “Yep. Fucking worth it. I love you guys.”

Roger was in heaven as the taste of chocolate exploded in his mouth and he had to fight down the urge to wolf down the slice in a second. In his belly, his little drummer moved excitedly and he lovingly ran his hand over his bump. Their baby could love vegetables like her dad, but she surely had a proclivity to move around when her papa indulged in sweet treats. Good girl.

“The phone has been ringing all morning, darling.” Freddie said as he passed around slices of cake. “We assumed it was for you, so we haven’t picked up.”

The blond hummed his acknowledgement and dreamingly enjoyed his portion while it lasted. Behind him, John was busying himself on the counter as he prepared a fresh pot of coffee to follow the cake, having already set aside the tiniest cup possible for Roger to have a bit as well. It had been a while since he last had had a sip of that beverage and given how little he was managing to sleep, coffee
was always welcome when he was allowed to have it.

Brian let himself sit down on one of the chairs and lazily rubbed the lingering sleepy feeling out of his eyes. He was glad that he wasn’t the one who would have to be answering the phone all day that time. The guitarist had already dutifully accepted every single call he had received wishing him a happy birthday only a week ago. Not his favorite pastime, but he appreciated the feeling of being remembered. Let Roger have his turn with it now.

He was happy to see how much fun the lively blond was already having on his special day and he hardly could wait to pull him aside to show him his other two gifts. As amazing as last night had been, he definitely wouldn’t be giving only sex as a birthday present. Also, technically, one of the gifts weren’t for Roger, per say, but he had a feeling that his boyfriend would love it none the same.

With a lazy stretch to get his muscles going, he grabbed the still folded newspaper by the end of the table and decided to take a look at it before he properly started his breakfast. It was an old habit he had picked from his dad. Sometimes he would read it first and other times Deaky would beat him to it, but that morning seemed like he would do the honors. The main news at the center were mostly talking about politics, however, as he lowered his eyes to the rest of the cover, his heart nearly stopped.

He gasped and abruptly stood up, his fork loudly clinking against the tabletop and drawing the attention of his flat mates right to his shocked face. He must have looked like a ghost, so white and terrified he felt. In fact, he could literally feel a tight knot forming on his stomach. Because right there, on the front page, was a picture of Queen and a smaller one of Roger, right next to an article announcing the latest case of male pregnancy, “in a rock band, of all things!”, for the whole world to see.

Chapter End Notes

Some people totally called it! The press has been informed. Roger is going to be SO MAD. I can promise you that.

Next chapter, we’ll see how the rest of the boys will find out the news. Also, if you thought THAT was the drama, let me tell you that it’s all a big chain of events. We’re just starting. <3

Thank you so much for reading!! I absolutely love your comments and kudos!! You guys are the best!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XLIII

Chapter Summary

Freddie and John receive the news and the boys ponder about how they will tell Roger.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Here is a slightly dramatic chapter. As I’ve mentioned, these chapters will be like a chain reaction. Let’s see how it goes.

Please let me thank you all for the support and all the love this work has received. Thank you for sticking to it through fluff and drama. <3

My dear @marveltrwsh, are you ready to start running the funerals? Because people will either kill me or have a heart attack with the next chapters.

This one can make some people a bit anxious, so, be careful with that. <3

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Brian felt paralyzed as the bold printed letters stared back at him with the sheer force of their meaning.

He didn’t know how on God’s green Earth The Sun had become aware of such private information, but, he had a good guess. May the Heavens allow him to be wrong, though. Or he would probably find himself with a charge for murder on his hands. The guitarist could feel his fingers trembling, making the paper shake slightly and annoyingly preventing him from reading properly.

“What’s the matter, darling?” Freddie asked with a certain amount of tension in his voice, figuring that something terrible must have happened to put their friend in such state.

The guitarist looked up, body pulled taut with anger and a fair amount of lingering shock. His bandmates were all staring at him with clear expectation for some answers. John had a curious and worried expression on his face, one hand still holding the coffee pot in the air as if he had forgotten it was there. Freddie seemed like an anxious cat, ready to jump at any second if there was a startling sound. However, it was Roger’s wary expression and the way he automatically had wrapped his arms protectively around his middle, as if it were an involuntary reaction to the tiniest possibility of danger, that made his heart clench.

Brian bit his tongue as his brain frantically tried to build the possible scenarios that would take place once his boyfriend got ahold of the news and each one was worse than the other. They had been so careful to keep things under wraps. The last thing Roger had wanted was to become an interesting medical case for the media, which seemed to latch on any opportunity they had to sell more papers. Because even if it was something that had been occurring for thousands of years, people still found it
fascinating to talk about male carriers as if a unicorn had been spotted.

Carefully, he folded the newspaper without taking his eyes out of Roger and, with his hands still shaking, passed it to John, who had the good sense of placing down the coffee pot on the table before opening the source of Brian’s tense behavior.

Freddie observed curiously, as their guitarist made a beeline straight for Roger and firmly ignored his inquisitive questions as he gently asked the uncooperative blond to follow him to the living room. It was visible how whatever he had read on the newspaper had him absolutely livid, yet, he was doing his best to keep a calm temper in order not to upset his pregnant boyfriend.

Not wasting a second, he immediately jumped to John’s side and noticed instantly how his fingers were tightly gripping the paper. Freddie could hear more than see the bassist gritting his teeth in irritation and he let his own eyes rest on the page. It took him a second, but in the instant that he saw the article about them, about Roger, to be specific, his heart stopped along with his lungs and he felt the sudden urge of tearing the offensive news into a million pieces.

“He will have a heart attack.” John stated with a heavy voice. His grey eyes looked sharp as daggers, given the sheer strength of the anger and the fierce protectiveness that could be seen on them.

The singer more than agreed that their friend’s reaction wouldn’t be bland or healthy for the baby if they weren’t careful on how they would break the news. For a moment, he let himself be thankful for Brian’s thoughtfulness of taking him to another room for a while. But it was unavoidable the fact that at some point that shit storm would reach the drummer and it would be much better if they were able to ease him into it.

“We need to tell him, darling.” He said in defeat, with a breathy voice, once his lungs remembered what they were supposed to be doing.

John looked at him with resignation and nodded his head. He was fuming. There was no need to pretend he didn’t know exactly who had leaked the information. There was only one person with the type of influence to get a newspaper of such a large circulation like The Sun to publish that on their front page. He didn’t think that their manager would sink that low to bully them, though. He also had failed to predict the fact that he was, pretty much, becoming a grandparent, given how much he cared about Roger’s wellbeing, at the tender age of twenty-three. Excuse him for not being perfect.

He was aware that the nasty man was a firm believer that any kind of press was better than anonymity. Surely, by the end of the day, the entirety of the United Kingdom would have at least heard of the name Queen. It had been a risky stunt to pull, though. John was completely certain that a huge amount of controversy would follow that article. Everybody’s eyes would be on them, but for the wrong reasons.

That killed him, and he was sure that his bandmates shared that opinion. Their personal lives shouldn’t be the main reason for people to be interested in their work. They were four bloody brilliant musicians, not the new cast of Coronation Street. If people were talking about them, they should be talking about their music.

When he and Freddie finally dared to step into the living room, they found a grumpy looking Roger sitting on the sofa, surrounded by fluffy throw pillows and a fidgety guitarist, who was doing a very poor job of concealing how concerned he was.

“Will anyone tell me what’s going on, for fuck’s sake?” The blond demanded and crossed his arms against his chest. He had annoyance written all over his face, clearly showing how unsuccessful he was at extracting information from his boyfriend.
Roger was starting to get pissed. It was obvious that something had happened and that his flat mates were trying to hide it from him. He might be carrying a child, but he certainly wasn’t one. Whatever shitty event that had occurred to put them in such a tense state, he could handle it too. Was Queen Elizabeth dead? Were Russia and the United States finally starting that nuclear war? What in hell could have happened to get their panties in a twist like that?

He didn’t miss the heavy look that his friends exchanged or the way that Brian’s arms tightened around him, as if he could shield him from whatever the news were if he held him close enough. A chilling fear crawled up his spine and, before he realized it, he had both hands resting protectively on his baby bump.

“What happened?” He pressed, not leaving any room for argument. “Whatever it was, you’re making me fucking nervous. Spit it out.”

John sighed and carefully walked his way to the sofa, warily pushing a pillow aside to sit next to him, newspaper tightly shut in his grasp. Freddie came right behind and placed himself on the thick mat, right between them and the flimsy coffee table. He gently patted his hands on Roger’s knees, as if to keep him grounded and the drummer held his breath in anticipation.

“We are going to tell you, Rog.” John started with a steady voice and glanced at the other boys for support. “But first, you need to keep in mind that you must remain calm.”

“We know you are nervous, darling.” Freddie amended and began rubbing circles on his skin. “But we mean it. You can’t freak out. Dr. Benson said you should avoid stress at all costs, remember?”

Roger gulped and nodded. The warnings were, if anything, making him even more anxious. Because they meant that there was something he should be worried about. Yet, their friends thought it was necessary to remind him to stay calm, so they knew it was something that would upset him to no end.

He forced himself to take a calming breath. He didn’t want to. In fact, he wished nothing more than to jump out of the sofa and shake one of the boys until they actually told him anything. However, he knew that they wouldn’t have went through all of that trouble of softening the blow if it wasn’t important for the wellbeing of his little drummer. The obstetrician had warned him that, due to the delicate condition of his pregnancy, a traumatic or over stressful situation might trigger a premature labor. He didn’t have to be in bed rest yet. But it surely wouldn’t hurt to be careful.

“I’ll try to stay calm.” He offered and breathed in and out again. “But stop beating around the bush, because it’s really making me fucking nervous.”

“Look at me, love.” Brian gently cupped his jaw and looked at him with fierce determination. “We know you’ll freak out at least a little bit, so let me tell you in advance that we are going to be just fine. We will deal with it as we do with everything else. Together.”

Roger closed his eyes for a moment, the warmth of Brian’s palm helping him center himself to receive the blasted news and the certainty of his words making his heart calm down a teensy bit. Positive that probably that was going to be the most relaxed state he would reach, he opened his eyes and placed a soft kiss on his boyfriend’s wrist. “Tell me.”

“Apparently,” John tentatively started and was able to see when the rest of his words were registered by the drummer’s brain. “Someone, and I think we all know who, has leaked to the press that you are expecting a baby. There’s an article about it on the cover of The Sun.”

Roger stared at his friend for a second, fully absorbing the meaning of what he had just said. His little one, probably sensing his distress, was moving around like crazy and that distracted him from a bit.
He wanted to scream at the top of his lungs. His hands ached to start throwing things around and bringing the whole world to dust if possible, with the pure strength of the anger that was starting to boil inside of him. His stomach was a tight knot in his belly as he tried his damn fucking best to keep his breathing under control, his bandmates’ voices echoing in his mind and telling him to stay calm for the sake of the baby.

Only after a minute, he noticed the steady stream of tears running down his face, probably triggered by his stupid hormones and the weight of the news. There was a glass of sugary water being guided to his right hand and he almost absentmindedly forced himself to drink at least half of it. The cold liquid helping only a bit on the fight to control his nerves.

“Love, you are scaring us.” Brian’s voice reached his ears, full of worry. “Say something, please.”

But he couldn’t. He was certain that if he opened his mouth he would start cursing and yelling. How dared that motherfucker, son of a bitch, fucking asshole that they had the misfortune of having as a manager, expose them like that?

He was furious. No. Not that. He was murderous.

It was one thing to mess with him or his friends. They could take it and handle whatever bullshit was thrown on their way. They were adults and had chosen to be on the eye of the public. They had signed up for it. But it was a whole other thing to involve his baby into it. There had been a reason why he wasn’t telling the whole fucking world that he was expecting. He wasn’t ashamed of anything, and would certainly punch any sod who tried to make him feel like that. But he did not want his child to be associated with that kind of exposure forever.

It pained him to think that some people would accuse the band of using his pregnancy as a publicity stunt. He was absolutely sure that would happen and that couldn’t be farther away from the truth. Roger felt possessive and protective. If he could, he wouldn’t share his miraculous little angel with anyone outside of his close circle or with anybody who wished her harm. It had been torture letting his dad know about his pregnancy, being perfectly aware of how much the old man would immediately hate his grandchild and anything related to her. Knowing that now, everybody would be judging, prying and expressing some sort of opinion about him and his little drummer was extremely hurtful and distressing.

“Darling, we are going to be okay.” Freddie spoke in an assuring tone. “Let them talk. This will die out within a couple of weeks.”

A broken sob made its escape out of Roger’s throat and, before he knew, a few more quickly followed. It was as if a dam had burst inside of his chest and his body just couldn’t stop itself from crying out all of the anger and fear running on his veins. His furious fit barely contained as he tried his best to just calm the fuck down for the sake of the tiny life growing in his belly.

“H–He didn’t have the right!” He rasped out between his angry tears and clenched teeth.

“He didn’t.” John immediately agreed with him and sighed. “But he’s done it and now we will deal with it with raised chins. You didn’t do anything wrong, Rog. People have babies every day. If that’s the most interesting thing society can talk about, England surely needs a new hobby.”

“Deaky’s right, love. We will be alright.” Said Brian while gently caressing his back. “I know you worry. We all do. But our little girl is strong and brave, just like her papa. People can talk as much as they want, Rog. We know she is perfect and we’ll tell her that every day. Hush, now…”

Freddie watched with a pang in his heart as his friend slowly started to calm down at Brian’s words.
and shakily nodded his head, letting his body melt against the guitarist’s broader one.

“You know,” John’s tentative voice reached his ears and turned to see a small smile on the corner of his mouth. “When this baby finally come out proudly showing his little dick, I want written statements from you all, saying how wrong you were to doubt me.”

Brian barked out a small laughter, half muffled by the drummer’s hair and Roger playfully scoffed at him, his own lips gradually forming a smile, as tears stopped flowing from his shining blue eyes. Freddie tutted teasingly and joined the banter, in the hopes of continuing the process of lighting up his friend’s mood.

“First of all, darling, if genetics are to be considered here, we can already establish that nothing from their baby boy will be little.” He dramatically states and takes some personal pleasure watching Brian flush and hearing the cheeky giggle coming from Roger. “Secondly, when Dr. Benson tells us in the next ultrasound that we’re having a tiny princess, you better have pen and paper ready to write a whole essay about how right we were.”

John rolled his eyes at him and encouraged the slightly happier drummer to finish his glass of water. God knows he needed it to compensate for all the tears he had cried a few minutes earlier and the small amount of sugar in it was working like a charm on his nerves. Thank goodness he had eaten that cake before such harsh news. The bassist might not like it, but he couldn’t deny the calming effects that sweets had on Roger. Before he got all hyped, that is.

Things weren’t going to be easy for the next couple of days. However, they would get through that wave of problems just like they had done it in the past. Had John known that things would get much worse before they got better, though, he might have drank a glass of sugary water himself.

Chapter End Notes

I know how much you guys love these cliffhangers. <3

Also, the boys are being extremely careful. Rog’s condition is delicate, yes, but they are exaggerating a bit. Our little drummer has those guys wrapped around her/his little finger.

Next chapter we’ll see Brian giving Roger one of his gifts. A bit of fluff and a moment for air before the drama hits us again.

Thank you so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos are extremely appreciated. <3

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter XLIV

Chapter Summary

The boys get ready for a night out and Brian has a surprise for Roger.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I love to see you excitedly commenting about the drama!! Let’s see where this chain reactions takes us.

In this chapter, we have a closer look at the historical background of this AU as well. Society views changed a bit given the existence of male carriers. I don’t know why, but I felt the need for it to be mentioned.

You guys are amazing and I barely have words to thank you all for your incredible support!! Thank you so so much!!

Also, my little sister, @marveltrwsh, thank you for your patience and all the help. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe. Only fretting parents, I guess.

Enjoy!!

In hindsight, going to a crowded pub after such an eventful morning hadn’t been a great idea to begin with.

Their house phone had kept ringing all day. Most people only had wanted to wish Roger a happy birthday and a good portion of them also added their congratulations for the baby, which the drummer had accepted with more grace than what John had expected from him. If a reporter or two managed to get ahold of their number, though, Brian had been quick to politely shut them down.

The gig they had scheduled for that night had been Freddie’s surprise to the drummer, who had been whining frequently on the past weeks about how much he missed performing live instead of just being stuck in the studio all day. The singer had pulled a few strings and scored them the job at one of their favorite pubs. It would be just a one-hour performance, in order not to tire the pregnant blond. No matter how in shape he was, drumming still required a lot of stamina and there was no way in hell or heaven that the boys would allow him to push his body over the limits.

Brian had offered to call the owner of the place and cancel the whole thing, given the fact that their faces had been all over the front page of such a popular newspaper. He knew how uncomfortable his boyfriend would be if people were to stare at him and his baby bump. Instead of a present, the gig would become pure torture. However, to his surprise, Roger had insisted on carrying on with it.

The drummer wasn’t sure of many things, but he had known deep down in his damn guts that he
surely wouldn’t give Norman Sheffield the satisfaction of bullying him into submission. He wasn’t entirely happy with the idea of going to a place that would probably be packed with people and having most of them aware that he was pregnant, though. He most certainly didn’t want to think for a second about the dirty looks he might get or the judgement directed to his innocent baby.

Most people were okay with or indifferent to homosexual relationships. It was something normal that had been happening since the beginning of times. The existence of male carriers were more than proof of it, even if their anatomy had nothing to do with their sexuality. The fact was that it didn’t really make a difference to the great majority of society. It was something that existed but wasn’t really talked about, like periods, for example. However, some extremely narrow-minded people still held an immense amount of hate for other people’s business.

It pained Roger that his little angel had been exposed to the entirety of England like that. Because he knew perfectly well that he would be getting a fair amount of hate for having slept with another man and even more for parading his swollen belly, clear evidence of it, all over town. He hardly could believe that some fellas could harbor so much hate for people they didn’t even know.

However, as it had been said earlier that day, he had done absolutely nothing wrong. He was living his life with dignity, paying his own bills, surrounded by people who loved him to pieces and currently performing the indescribable miracle of creating another human being. He was a fucking badass. Roger wasn’t ashamed of anything. He was proud.

The drummer refused to bow his head to the antics of their manager and he surely wouldn’t hide from people. There was a difference between preserving their privacy to protect his baby and cowering in a corner with fear of judgement. The cat was out of the box. There was little else he could do but face the public with a raised chin and a determined stance. He had the love of his life by his side and the most amazingly supportive friends one could ask for. They would be fine.

“Are you really sure you want to do this, love?” Brian asked him once more with a tender voice.

They were just finishing getting ready to leave the flat and Roger had spent the last five minutes nervously combing his blond locks to perfection. His silky hair was softly framing his face and the warm light of the bed lamp made it look like a golden angelic halo.

The guitarist was still impressed with the fact that his boyfriend had managed to look amazing even with his dark maternity jeans. He had masterfully concealed the elastic bit with one of Brian’s long shirts that were slim enough to hug his body without looking like an oversized pajama. Wrapping up the outfit with black leather booths and a carefully drawn eyeliner to enhance the blueness of his eyes, Roger looked like a heavenly sent rock star.

Brian was half-tempted to cancel the gig for entirely different reasons and spend the night blissfully locked inside of their bedroom, thoroughly worshipping every centimeter of his boyfriend’s perfect skin.

“Yeah…” Roger answered and deemed his hair good enough, absentmindedly placing the comb on the nightstand. “I miss playing live.”

The drummer mused and chewed on his bottom lip as he analyzed his reflection on the mirror. Even if he was somewhat okay with performing that night, he still didn’t want everyone paying attention to his bump instead of his music. He was seriously considering throwing a jacket on top of the shirt, even knowing he would probably melt while playing if he did it. He missed his vests.

“I know, love.” Brian hummed and walked towards him, lovingly wrapping his arms around his middle and resting his chin on his shoulder. “I just don’t want you to be uncomfortable.”
Roger sighed and tiredly leaned his head against his boyfriend’s larger chest. He was looking *delectable* with his half-unbuttoned white shirt, sleeves carefully rolled up past his elbows, and his tight blue jeans that made his legs look like they went on for *days*. The drummer resisted the temptation of burying his fingers on those silky dark curls and turned around to plant a chaste kiss on Brian’s pink lips.

“I promise that I’m fine now.” The blond whispered as he softly pecked his neck.

He had spent a great part of the afternoon working on how he felt about the whole thing. He still was incredibly angry at their manager for exposing his personal life like that, but now that the news were out in the open, he could only try his best to deal with the situation at hand. If he end up having a lapse of judgement and throwing Norman out of a window, though, no one could really blame him. Also, the short rehearsal they had earlier had been a great valve of escape for his fury and he hardly could wait for the time of the gig so he could let off some more steam.

“Plus, it’s the celebration of our birthday.” He continued and tried to suppress his giggle when one of Brian’s hand unsurprisingly found its way to his ass. “We should have some fun.”

Brian looked into the deep blue eyes of his extraordinary boyfriend and couldn’t help himself but feel extremely proud of him, for his resilience and courage. If their kid turned up to have just a tiny fraction of her papa’s strength, she would surely be an unstoppable force.

“I have a gift for you.” He said and gently disentangled their bodies.

“Really?” Roger exclaimed excitedly and perked up in interest. “I’m totally up for round two, but shouldn’t we wait until after the gig? We do have to leave in a few minutes.”

Brian chuckled in amusement at the drummer’s eagerness and walked to his wardrobe, pointedly ignoring the curious look that was being thrown in his direction. When he turned back, he had a considerable sized white box, with a beautiful blue bow on top, in his grip.

He watched with fondness as his boyfriend carefully lifted the lid and curiously removed the piece of clothing from the box, brows meeting in confusion at the strange look of the thing.

He left his deft fingers further examine the gift and was able to determine that it was a mix between a black cotton vest and the fluffiest duvet he had ever seen. While the top was pretty normal, the bottom part of it was thick, but not heavy, as if there were two layers of fabric and something stuffed in between. It looked discrete enough that he could match it with a lot of outfits and large enough to accommodate his growing baby bump.

“It’s a soundproof vest.” Brian offered with a tentative smile as he played nervously with his own fingers. Not sure anymore if it had been a good idea.

He had come up with the modified clothing once Dr. Benson had warned them that attending, or in their case, performing, a rock concert could be damaging for their baby’s sensitive developing ears. Roger had been heartbroken that he was reaching the end of the period that he was allowed to perform before birth, which had been a reason for his recent whines about not playing live for a while.

It had made Brian incredibly sad to see his boyfriend in such a dejected mood. He knew that he would go insane himself if he had been forbidden of playing his guitar because of the noise. It also had been a major problem, since they had a few shows coming up that had already been scheduled by the label. John had been a nerve wreck trying to think of a way of solving the situation, but it had been Freddie’s innocent comment of soundproofing Roger that had given him the idea.
After a lengthy phone call to Dr. Benson to thoroughly cover all the details, he got the green light from the obstetrician. Then it had only been a matter of begging his mother for help, which he didn’t have to do for long, and getting all the materials she asked to sew such piece. He even had dutifully wrapped the thing over his head and had John and Freddie testing it in all the ways possible when Roger was in the shower. The vest worked like a charm and he wasn’t able to hear a damn thing.

The drummer could feel his heart beating rapidly as his trembling fingers held with the utmost care the incredibly well thought piece of clothing. He couldn’t believe the lengths that his out of this world boyfriend had went to ensure that he could continue playing while keeping their baby safe.

“Brian, I…” He started, voice shaky with emotion as he tried to stop his tears from ruining his eyeliner. “I love you. You are unbelievable. Honestly. I can’t even…”

Realizing that he wasn’t making much sense and that Brian was looking at him like a silly man in love, he thought it was best to give up his words entirely as he gently put aside his newly favorite vest in the world in order to kiss the most perfect man he could have ever asked for.

“Oh! He liked the vest, then, darling?” Freddie’s cheerful voice reached their ears and Brian reluctantly pulled their lips apart.

“I loved it!” Roger excitedly spoke and ran his fingers reverently over the soft material. “This is the most perfect gift I have ever got!! Well, I mean…”

He seemed like he would add something and as the drummer coyly looked in Brian’s direction, the blushing man suddenly was glad that he had stopped himself from continuing. Yet, the insinuation at their passionate night made his heart swell inside of his chest. If he was lucky, his wonderful boyfriend would still be up for that second round once they were back home.

“We get it, Rog.” John smirked from behind the singer. “You love his dick more than anything else. We’ve heard it. Loudly and repeatedly. Can we go before we are late?”

“Do you really want to start that fight, Deaky?” Roger mused as he happily put on his new vest and lovingly caressed his belly, which was fully protected now. “Because I’m sure I’ve heard some pretty interesting things from your side of the hall as well.”

“Now, now, children…” Freddie jumped in the discussion. “I’m sure all of our dicks are amazing. But we really have to go, darlings.”

“Yes, please!” Came Brian’s frantic attempt to put an end to the conversation and a flushed pink John quickly agreed with him.

Laughing heartily, Roger followed his bandmates to his car and gladly passed the keys to the responsible bassist, since his baby bump was getting a little bit too close to the steering wheel for his comfort.

With Brian by his side, Hendrix playing in the radio and the perspective of finally performing live after a while, he was certain that his night would be amazing from start to finish. Except, of course, that he couldn’t have been more wrong.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for another cliffhanger!! This is another excellent example of something that was supposed to be a few paragraphs and became a whole chapter. I have no control.

Next chapter, we’ll see how their evening went and I have a bomb for you in the end. Like, a big one. Things are about to get a more serious tone. You’ll see what I mean.

Also, I’m glad to announce that a gender reveal has been written. It’s coming!! <3

Thank you so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos make my day.

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XLV

Chapter Summary

The boys carry on with their night and performance. A familiar face might bring some problems to them, though.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter will finally kick-start the next part of our drama chain.

However, I have a few warnings by the ~end~ of the chapter. I can see how the small bomb in the last paragraphs can be very upsetting for some people and I’d never want to put anyone in an uncomfortable position.

No major warnings apply to this chapter alone, per say. However, the final part of it is the hook that will start the next chapter where A LOT of warnings will be applied. Like, a whole hell lot. If dangerous situations involving strangers triggers you somehow, I urge you to stop reading when the boys finish the gig and skipping the next chapter altogether. Stay safe. <3

That being said…

Thank you all so much for every comment, kudo, bookmark and all the support you have given to this work. You guys are extraordinary and I’m extremely grateful for each one of you. <3

@marveltrwsh, be prepared to receive my dead body within 48h. I don’t think they will let me live after these last few chapters.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Playing live, after such a long time stuck in the studio, had been a delightful experience for all members of Queen.

Their night had started a bit tense once the boys finally reached the pub and walked through the front door, since they wouldn’t be playing for at least one more hour. The owner of the place, Mark, just had the habit of requesting the performing artists to arrive with some time to spare in order to avoid unforeseen events from getting in the way of their plans.

Since their ride had been completely uneventful and they actually managed to leave the flat in time, the boys still had a while just to enjoy the ambience and the other band that had been already playing on the packed place. There was an ocean of people around them, all in different states of sobriety, chatting, dancing or just quietly enjoying the ongoing performance.
Some of them seemed to recognize the boys from their picture that had been circulating on The Sun, their reactions being the most varied, but the majority sticking to politely nodding their heads in a small greeting or just ignoring them all together. A few odd ones went a bit further, like the girl who had brightly smiled at Roger’s barely visible baby bump, since it had been hidden behind his new vest. Or the pair of young college boys who had offered him some thumbs up and a pat on his back.

Although a bit awkward, that seemed to put the drummer a bit at ease. Even if a few people did stare him at some point, it had felt nice to find some welcoming reactions in a crowd of strangers. The only blatant look of judgement he received was from the waiter that came to get their orders. She had a frown on her face and warily looked at Roger as if she had been fearing that he would ask for something alcoholic to drink. When he picked a ginger ale, though, she openly smiled at him and, on her way back with their orders, she even brought him a portion chips.

“On the house!” She announced cheerfully and moved on to tend to another table.

Roger blushed and timidly took a sip of his drink, as Freddie whistled and John rolled his eyes at the scene. Brian sweetly smiled at him and cleverly started a minor topic of discussion in order to distract their watchdog of a friend so he could have some of the chips.

To be honest, the blond had been half determined to give the waiter a piece of his mind not a minute ago for being so judgmental towards him because of the article. However, when it turned out that she had just been worried about a pregnant person being close to a bar, he had felt rather silly instead.

If he stopped to think about it, people had always reacted excitedly to pregnancies since forever. He had clear memories of that time their classmate, Cindy, if he recalls correctly, had gotten pregnant and fiercely attended class until the very last minute. Everybody had cooed around her and asked the most, in his opinion, invasive questions from her due date to the color of the nursery. Not a single day would go by without a different set of hands rubbing her belly and Roger remembered wondering how on Earth she hadn’t snapped with anyone.

Don’t get him wrong. He loved being social and had had no problems in the past with dancing his away around clubs with a different stranger most of nights. He was a fairly touchy person with the ones close to him, like his friends and part of his family. Yet, the idea of so many people touching his pregnant belly made him uncomfortable. It wasn’t about him. I was about his baby. He just couldn’t bear the thought of having unknown hands grabbing his bump.

He had been so afraid that people would stare at him because he was a male carrier that he had failed to register that society loved to pay attention to pregnancies in general. Naturally, he would still be at the mercy of the assholes that would judge the hell out of him, but that certainly did not apply to most people. He had to stop thinking of himself as a pregnant male. He was just pregnant. Period. Unwanted attention came with the package either way.

With that in mind, his drink seemed to have gained a renewed fresh flavor in his mouth and he even dared to steal some chips before John’s eyes caught him doing it. Around him, conversation was flowing easily between his bandmates. Freddie and John were sitting sweetly close to each other and the singer seemed to hang on every word coming out of the younger man’s mouth.

On his side of the booth, Roger had his own fingers entwined with Brian’s on top of their seat and he could tell that, even if his boyfriend looked engaged on their chitchat, he had part of his attention tenderly turned to him. As if it was impossible to tune out from his presence even if he had tried. The thought put a smile on his lips and, feeling genuinely more relaxed than he had been at the beginning of the day, he happily joined their talk, which turned out to be about their last scrabble game.

Next to him, Brian watched with fondness as the love of his life argued with Freddie that “chutzpah”
had been a perfectly valid word and that the singer was being just a sore loser. He loved witnessing those moments when blue eyes just burned with passion as the drummer fiercely defended his point. It made him fall in love with the lively blond all over again. How such a bright soul had fallen for him would be a mystery and a blessing that he would carry with him for the rest of their lives.

The guitarist had been incredibly worried about his boyfriend for the whole day. He knew that it had been a hard blow to have their personal lives exposed like that, without their consent. Brian sort of understood why Roger had wanted to protect the privacy of their baby so much, since he also felt the urge the keep her safe no matter the cost. The idea that one day his little angel would be at the mercy of the world had him losing many nights of sleep already. She was theirs and she was precious. How could he rest knowing that he wouldn’t be able to be there forever?

As he was finding out, parenthood meant being in a constant state of fear and worry.

Roger seemed to be gradually relaxing, though, as the day had passed and he even looked like he was having a good time, instead of being entirely uncomfortable as the astrophysics had thought the blond would be. For small mercies, he thanked the heavens. He hated to see the man he loved with all his heart in such a distressed state, like he had been that morning. Perhaps, coming to the pub hadn’t been such a bad idea at all.

When they were a quarter of an hour away from the time they were supposed to hit the stage, half of the band members professionally marched their way to the small room in the back, as the other two who had brought their own instruments made a quick trip to the car to fetch them from the trunk. For a moment earlier, Roger had considered bringing his own drums, but he knew that Mark kept the ones at the pub fairly tuned and as the other band played earlier, he had been satisfied enough with the sound. He might meddle a bit with the tension rods, just to get a clearer pitch, but that was it.

With a last check on the mirror and a quick run to the bathroom, he deemed himself ready enough to start the gig and let his body fall on the cushions of the tiny blue sofa on the corner. From his seat, he watched with amusement as Freddie warmed his vocal chords again, both of them having done it a couple minutes ago. His voiced sounded amazing as always. He definitely looked the part of a rock star, with his black leather pants, and crimson opened shirt. Next to him, Deaky stared lovingly at his boyfriend, not looking bad himself with his white jeans and green t-shirt.

Overall, the four of them looked fucking handsome, if Roger dared say. He was feeling pretty confident about that night and immensely calmer regarding the safety of his baby, who was carefully protected under his soundproof new vest. The drummer still couldn’t believe how thoughtful his wonderful boyfriend had been and wisely used the last minute they had before going on stage to kiss him senseless. If the crowd had noticed how deliciously disheveled the guitarist had looked, or how red his lips were from searing kisses, Roger could only feel proud.

As Freddie had predicted, the short gig had been a great opportunity for the drummer to have fun and he could tell that his other bandmates also had a good time. Music had flown easily and the crowd had been amazingly receptive to them. Before they knew it, they were playing the last song and an unplanned encore.

If he could, he would have stayed for more, his spirit fully basking in the excitement of performing. However, a closer look in Roger’s direction left to doubt that the effort of fiercely playing his drums had taken its toll on him. His cheeks were flushed red and he was positively drenched in sweat, golden hair partially stuck on his forehead. Freddie thought he looked adorable. But he surely needed some rest. With a final bow, the boys left the stage and went back to the small room in the back in order to properly pack their instruments and catch their breaths.

Roger honestly had thought that he would have the stamina to stay longer at the pub after the show
and party a bit more. It was a double birthday celebration, after all. However, he felt so tired that all he wanted was to lay down for a bit and then spend some well-deserved time with his amazing boyfriend, who had looked incredibly hot back at the stage.

Thankfully, all the boys had agreed that spending the rest of the night in the comfort of their home was an excellent idea and Freddie even convinced them to play a rematch of scrabble. The flamboyant performer just couldn’t accept how badly he had lost on the last time they had played. He had a reputation to keep, after all.

Once all their instruments were carefully tucked away in their cases, and the drummer had delicately packed his soundproof vest and drumsticks in the bag Brian thoughtfully had brought to him, the two couples determined that they were all set. They only had to pick their payment and Roger needed to make quick visit to the toilet in order to appease his crushed bladder before they could go home.

They considered going together for all the stops, however, as they were leaving the backstage, they decided to split their ways for a moment with the intent of saving time. John and Brian, who was sweetly carrying the drummer’s belongings, were dying to put the heavy cases in the car and they went ahead to do just that, while Freddie moved to find the pub owner to get their money and Roger rushed his way to the loo.

He had never been much fond of using public restrooms like that, but his poor bladder really wouldn’t make it until home. At least, everything looked clean enough on the surface, minus a feel empty bottles that someone had abandoned on the counter, and he wasn’t required to sit anywhere. Even if he couldn’t quite see the full length of his dick, he still managed to do his business standing up, thank you very much.

He was just on the process of washing his hands and splashing some cold water on his face to clean the sweat from his cheeks when he heard the door opening next to his left side. At first, he paid no mind to it and carried on with his freshening up. However, a vicious laugher reached his ears and sent chilling shivers down his spine.

“My, my…” Came the mocking voice, clearly heavy under the influence of alcohol. “I’ve heard you were a slut, but I had no idea you were a bitch too.”

Turning around with clenched teeth and heart beating rapidly with adrenaline, Roger was ready to give the stranger a piece of his mind for calling him such nasty things when he realized that the man was no stranger at all. In fact, he had seen that smirking face almost five months ago in a different pub. He was sure of it, because he had punched him right in the mouth.

Well, fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Everybody, please, take a deep breath. I very much understand how this took an unexpected turn.

I had to think very hard about the next few chapters and if I really wanted to go in that direction. As in, letting a bit more of the Darker Original Plot™ come through. However, I think Roger deserved a chance to stand his own ground by himself. It was amazing that he allowed Brian to protect him and knew that stepping out of a fight was the sensible and mature thing to do. But I did miss our badass Roger, who
would defend his baby and himself with all his resolve. Next chapter, I believe, it will be his chance.

This is the moment when that trust we talked about so many chapters ago comes back into action. I’d never do anything horrible to Roger and I wouldn’t dare to hurt our little drummer.

There will be drama. Yes. My sister, @marveltrwsh, nearly killed me because of the stress and tension I put her through with the next chapter. But, in the end, and this is slightly spoilerish, it will all be alright. Trust me.

Please, do read my warnings carefully on the initial and end notes of the next chapter. If you see that it will upset you, SKIP IT. I’ll put spoilers and a tiny summary in the end as well, so you can decide if you want to read the chapter. But I wrote it in such a way that it can be skipped. Pretty please, stay safe. <3

In fact, let’s do the safe word thing in the comments again. If you already have an idea of what will happen and your anxiety is too high, safe word (RHAPSODY) and I’ll give you the spoilers to the extent you ask them of me. Okay? I really don’t want to upset anyone.

Thank you all for reading!!

Lots and lots of love!!

Xx
A layer of apprehension that was borderlining fear crawled its way through Roger’s skin and seemed to install itself deep into his very bones.

The man, that he hadn’t caught the name last time around, looked at him with a scornful smile and a evil glint burning in his dark eyes. For a moment, the drummer had the impression that the familiar stranger seemed like a panther, especially considering his leather pants and thin black shirt that hug his body like a second skin, ready to attack its pray and he didn’t like that feeling at all.

All of sudden, the air in the room seemed to get hotter and cling to his sweaty skin in an extremely uncomfortable way. The walls appeared to shrink around them and the bright light next to the mirror made his eyes hurt a bit. He desperately wanted to get out of that restroom right that damn second.
The problem was, though, that the disgusting man was standing right in front of the exit, efficiently trapping him inside of the room, with a narrow perspective of getting out.

With his heart frantically beating against his ribcage, Roger took a deep breath, the scent of cleaning chemicals and different colognes immediately assaulting his oversensitive nose. He was so bloody angry at that asshole for saying those things at him. His fists were aching to meet that grinning face again and he could almost taste in his tongue the indignation that the man had provoked on him.

However, he had something much more important to worry about. Whatever that douche might have wanted from him, it surely wasn’t a hug or a pat on the back. The mere passing thought of having his nasty hands anywhere near his skin, or worse, his baby bump, had Roger nearly throwing up his earlier snack. He knew he had to avoid a fight at all costs, and yet, the idea of doing nothing was unthinkable.

“Look at you. All bred up.” The asshole spoke again, stepping closer to where the blond was standing as he went on. “Do you even know who the father is? The papers didn’t say. They’d have to search half of London to find out.”

Roger clenched his teeth as his whole body shook with blinding white fury and he had to force himself to take a step back. When his small back was pressed against the edge of the cold counter, he had to fight down the urge of panicking like his brain was screaming for him to do. He had nowhere to go and the hateful man didn’t seem inclined to stop walking in his direction.

In a last desperate attempt to get out of that situation, the drummer bit down on his tongue to make his mind focus and tried to casually make his way past the larger figure in order to reach the door. “I think you are drunk, fella.” He made himself go for a nonchalant tone, instead of the murderous one he had wanted. “You should go home.”

With a chilling laugh, the man harshly grabbed Roger’s wrist, nails scrapping his skin, and pushed his body back on the marble counter, right hip painfully hitting the edge due to the careless angle and the unnecessary strength used on the move.

The drummer couldn’t help the small whimper that left his lips when his bone hit the hard surface and he hated himself for letting that happen. A bit more to the left and the impact would have been on his swollen belly. He just couldn’t give that asshole the chance to hurt him again. It was too risky.

He tried to dislodge his wrist from the tight grasp and used his right hand to push at the guy’s shoulder, in the hopes of keeping him at least in an arm’s length distance.

“Kindly let go of me.” He asked with what he hoped was a polite voice. If the awful man was already a bit violent without being provoked, Roger must certainly wouldn’t want to see what he was like when angry. The blond wasn’t a coward, but he surely wasn’t stupid as well.

“No.” He dangerously whispered and easily used his much larger shape as an advantage to grab the drummer’s other wrist in a death grip, pressing his own body closer to the smaller man. “I rather like the noises you make, slut. Let’s see if I can make you scream.”

Roger’s breath froze in his lungs when he noticed with terrified blue eyes when the disgusting man started to lower his head to assault his neck. He could already taste the bitterness of the bile on the back of his mouth as he felt the length of his heavy body press him down against the marble and something hard repulsively digging against his navel.

He had to do something.
In a reckless decision, he brought up his knee with all his strength and aimed for the man’s sensitive parts in a move he would hardly have used in a fair fight. However, nothing about that situation was fair. It was with a small amount of satisfaction that the drummer heard the wrecked growl that came from his attacker as the asshole bent over in pain to cup his injured dick. Not wasting time, Roger quickly grabbed a handful of the greasy dark hair and lift the head of the momentarily disorientated man for a second before smashing it down with a loud thump against the hard surface of the counter.

Not looking back to see the damage and only hearing the furious wail that the hit elicited from the man, the blond rapidly turned around to leave that Godforsaken restroom while his assailant was still howling on the floor. However, he seemed to have overestimated for how long the large man would have stayed down and, before he could reach the door, strong arms were wrapped around him.

Startled, the drummer yelped and contorted himself to try to get away, angry tears forming on the corner of his eyes as his veins cooled with fear of what might happen if he didn’t manage to get out of there. When a heavy hand harshly closed around his throat, he hardly could breathe at all. However, it was the other hand, the one that was painfully grabbing his middle, that had him worrying himself to death.

Not my baby. God, please. Not my baby.

“You fucking bitch.” Came the livid voice, revoltingly close to his ear, as the man pushed him back against the counter. “You better start screaming for that tall friend of yours to save you now. Because I’m going to fucking wreck you.”

Roger gulped and closed his eyes shut. His chest was tightly pressed against the cold surface, bruises surely forming on his skin, and he had to breathe in short gasps, struggling against the digits around his neck. The edge of the hard counter was digging painfully on the top of his belly and the heavy man laughed behind him. His dick might be useless for a while, but he surely seemed hell bent on hurting the drummer in other ways.

Taking a deep breath and fighting down his tears, Roger felt determination settling in his stomach. He would most certainly not let that asshole do anything to him or his baby. He would kill him first it he had too. Looking around in the hopes of finding something, anything, to give him some advantage, the drummer spotted shimmering glass with the corner of his eyes and prayed to any god listening to make that work.

“You made a mistake, though.” He rasped out, voice strained because of the tight grip on his throat. But he had to distract his attacker for at least a few seconds.

“Yeah, bitch?” The man bent over to stare at Roger’s sharp blue eyes and the drummer took the opportunity to let his fingers wrap around cool glass.

“Yeah.” He half chocked and gasped for air again as he grabbed firmly the improvised weapon in his hold. “You assumed that I needed saving.”

Using the fraction of a second that it took for the man to register his words, Roger slammed the empty bottle against the counter, the shattering noise sounding like a flick of hope to his ears as he blindly aimed for the attacker’s exposed flank. It should have been harder, but with the close proximity that the heavy body was pressed to his, the sharp edge of the broken glass sunk right under his ribs, eliciting a miserable shout from the revolting man, who shoved the blond to the ground and brought his hands to tend to his fresh wound.

To his luck, Roger had managed to turn his body just in time in order to avoid the impact of the fall to harm even further his swollen belly. His ragged breaths were making his lungs burn and a minor
part of his brain realized that he had somehow cut his hand while pulling that stunt. However, the pain was nothing if compared to his fear of retaliation and, pushing through the ache of his abused muscles, he brought himself to a standing position and ran to the door again.

Once the loud music of the pub reached his ears and the mass of dancing bodies filled his sight, he couldn’t stop the relieved tears that came rushing out of his eyes and he quickly wiped them away, paying no mind if he was smearing blood on his cheeks or not. He just wanted to get out of there and he forced his body to run once more through the crowd, not even noticing the few stares he got, and he didn’t stop until he reached the parking lot, his car only a few feet away.

Only John was there though, Brian and Freddie nowhere to be seen. When the bassist locked eyes with Roger’s frightened blue ones and registered his disheveled and bloody appearance, wrists in an angry red color and scratches all over his arms, the bassist nearly had a heart attack.

The cold air felt like a balsam to the drummer’s burning lungs. His heart was beating uncontrollably and his head felt heavier than any other time in his life. When the corner of his eyes started to darken and John’s desperate voice sounded faint in the distance, he knew he would be passing out from shock within seconds.

The blurred picture of the cloudy sky was the last thing he remembered seeing before his eyes closed and his mind went quiet.

Chapter End Notes

IF YOU ARE UNSURE ABOUT READING THIS CHAPTER:

To summarize it: The guy that hassled him all the way back in chapter two will try to assault him, but Roger will kick his ass. He might get some bruises in the process and there are graphic descriptions of his fear regarding the baby getting hurt.

The guy won’t kiss him or touch him anywhere intimate. There will be some harsh grips and pushing around, though. It is a fight for power. Also, there will be a stabbing, but not on Roger.
If any of these bother you, please skip the chapter. It’s fine!! Stay safe. <3

Let me start by assuring everybody that the baby is perfectly fine and Roger will be as well. A couple bruises, a sore throat and a stitch. I promise! Also, the boys will take care of him.

I understand that there are several physiologic effects that could be applied here and I thought really hard about which ones Roger would probably go through. In the end, I’ve come to the conclusion that he knew that he wasn’t in any danger of suffering that type of abuse. Because it’s definitely not the first time an asshole tries to make an unwelcome move on him and Roger knows that he is perfectly capable of defending himself. What truly scared him was the very likely chance of his baby getting hurt on the
process or any physical trauma inducing a premature labor.

He mostly felt like he might not be able to protect her/him and turned out that yes, he could. Therefore, On that aspect, I believe he will be fine. Naturally, a lot of comfort from the boys will be essential for him to feel safe and sound. Again, not because he can’t protect himself, but because he is in a vulnerable state and, badass or not, he shouldn’t be throwing fists with anyone.

Believe me when I say that this is not a theme I take lightly and I even considered not writing it at all. But since the damage from this encounter will be almost entirely physical only, I decided to go through with it, because I felt that Roger needed a personal closure regarding people calling him a slut. Moreover, he also deserved a moment to show that he is perfectly able to fend for himself and, most of all, his baby. Roger Meddows Taylor IS a fucking badass. Pregnant or not.

Next chapter we will see the boys perspective on this and carry on from the moment Roger passed out.

Thank you so much for reading!! Please come chat with me on the comments and I’ll be more than happy to answer any questions. <3

Lots of love!!
Xx

P.S: MASSIVE SHOUT OUT FOR THE BORHAP CAST AND THEIR AMAZING WINS LAST NIGHT!! SO PROUD!!!
Chapter XLVII

Chapter Summary

The boys deal with the aftermath of the night’s events.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! In this chapter, we will see the initial reactions of the four boys and also how people will deal with the incident. Please forgive my butchering of both medical and legal systems. ^^’

I barely have words to thank you all for the incredible reception last chapter got. I was very apprehensive about posting it and it completely amazed me how much you liked that small glimpse from my Darker Original Plot. You guys are the best!!

I’m dying to answer all your comments, but I’ll post this chapter first, because my internet is totally unreliable right now, then I’ll start doing it. If I suddenly stop, please know it was due to my lack of internet.

@marveltrwsh, look!! I’m alive!! Thank you so much, honey, for all the support and patience!! <3

I believe no major warnings apply to this chapter. We do have some mentions of injuries, but nothing graphic related to last chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Brian spotted the small commotion in front of the restrooms, he knew for sure that something bad had happened.

A few minutes ago, he only had an unsettling feeling on his chest that something might be wrong, but he couldn’t quite explain it. After carefully packing their belongings on the trunk of the car, Brian and John chatted for a minute as they waited for the boys to return.

It could have been expected that Freddie would take a while to show up, since he would have to get their money and exchange some niceties with the pub owner, to guarantee his good relationship with the band and score them gigs in the future. It wasn’t their main source of income, but the extra cash surely came in handy. Especially with a baby on the way.

What had been bothering Brian, though, was Roger’s delay. He was the one that wanted to go home the most. Certainly, he wouldn’t be lingering around the place for longer than he had to. The guitarist couldn’t avoid thinking that if he was taking so long, it was probably because something wasn’t right. Perhaps he was feeling nauseated again. Heavens knew how much the poor blond had suffered with his morning sickness. Lately, though, that particular downside of pregnancy had given him a
good break, only surfacing once in a while.

He didn’t feel comfortable at all with waiting outside when his boyfriend could be in need of assistance back there. Roger had scolded him in the past, though, for pampering him too much and had warned him with very colorful words that he was perfectly capable of going to the damn bathroom, Brian.

When a few more minutes passed and there was no signs of the drummer showing up, the worrying astrophysicist decided that another rant was a fair price to pay if that meant he could ensure that the stubborn blond was okay. John had readily agreed with him, being a bit concerned himself about what could possibly be holding their friend back, and Brian quickly decided to go back inside the pub to check on him. The bassist pointed out that he should probably stay behind, so if Freddie or even Roger showed up, they wouldn’t be at loss of what had happened.

With broad steps, the guitarist quickly ventured in again and tried to make a beeline for the restrooms. However, it was almost as if most people in the place had decided to go in that direction as well and the tall man could hardly move. Quickly thinking, he chose to walk closer to the walls to make the way around the mass instead of through it.

When he finally reached his destination, though, his heart nearly stopped as he worried himself to an early grave. There was a soft murmur of gossip around him, too many people mumbling at the same time and making it impossible for him to catch more than a few words. Someone, apparently, had called the police and an ambulance while he also overheard something about blood and an assault.

Brian could feel ice-cold fear running through his veins and he just had to find Roger no matter what. Something clearly awful had happened and he found himself mentally praying with all his hope for his boyfriend not to been involved with any of it. If something had happened to the love of his life because he had left him alone, Brian would never forgive himself.

Frantically, he looked around through the crowd of people around him, desperate to find a glimpse of his boyfriend. Instead, he quickly spotted Freddie’s raven hair next to the baldhead of the club owner and he swiftly ran in that direction. If he bumped in a few bodies on the process, he rapidly muttered his apologies and moved forward.

“Freddie!” He yelled to draw his attention and the singer thankfully looked up to find him, rapidly waving his hand to usher him there.

When he reached them, Mark had a frown on his face as he listened to a couple of people who seemed to be finishing reporting what they knew about the accident and his friend had a pale look on his face.

“You’re sure they called the police?” The pub owner asked someone to his left and upon hearing confirmation, he nodded his head in acknowledgement before sprinting to the bathroom’s door and placing his large body on the entrance. “I’ll make sure he stays put until the cops arrive. Go make sure they send two separate ambulances.” He ordered to the guy that, apparently, worked for him and turned to Freddie with a sad look on his face. “I’m so sorry for this mess, mate.”

The singer grunted something and harshly grabbed the hand of a very confused Brian, dragging him hurriedly to the exit. The guitarist wasn’t understanding shit, but his heart was heavy with a dreadful feeling and he couldn’t stand not even a second more without knowing what was going on.

“What happened?” He shouted and tugged at his friend’s hand to demand for an explanation.

“No time to explain, darling.” He yelled back and kept running, clearly intending to make through
the doors as fast as possible. He sounded desperate. Brian was about to make him stop and give him some damn answers when they reached the parking lot and both men froze on the spot.

On the middle of the place, looking on the verge of tears and with a panic-stricken look on his face, sat John, holding the unconscious and bloody form of their drummer. A few people were gathered around them and more were coming passed the doors to see what was going on.

Brian thought his legs would give up under the weight of his distress. His breath got caught in his throat and he couldn’t breathe. The world was spinning and he felt like his stomach was trying to make its way passed his throat. Before he knew, he had crossed the short distance and was launching himself at the scene. His knees hit painfully the ground and his hands were shaking when he dared to lift them to touch his lover’s bloodied face.

“W-What hap-pened?” He begged, not really sure to whom he was asking.

“I-I d-don’t…” John whispered, voice broken with shock and fear. “H-He walke-d h-here and p-passed out.”

The sight of Roger’s limp body was like a knife twisting inside of Brian’s heart. Never in his life he had been so terrified. His wrists were visibly wounded, angry red lines starting to bruise laid there. The same type of marks marred the pale skin of his neck and Brian thought he could just die at the idea of someone hurting the smaller man like that.

“R-Rog…” The guitarist spoke, heart aching in his chest and wet tears running freely down his cheeks.

He tentatively shook the drummer’s shoulders, but didn’t dare to do more before the ambulance arrived. He had no idea if something was, god forbid, broken and he still had one or two working brain cells to know that moving him around would cause more damage. However, he couldn’t stop himself from protectively resting his hands on his swollen belly, praying to every god he knew to please, please, let their baby be okay.

“Oh God! The ambulance is almost here, dear.” Freddie exclaimed next to him and, had Brian still possessed any energy left, he would have been startled by it. He had failed to notice that the singer had been right by his side and had also missed the faint noise of sirens getting nearer.

John didn’t know what to do. In one second he was waiting for the boys to come back and on the other he had his arms going numb under the weight of his very much pregnant and unconscious friend. When he had seem that Roger would hit the ground on the fall, his body had moved before his brain could fully register the thought and used his whole strength to deaden the impact.

Some people came out only a couple instants after him, but hadn’t been very helpful with explaining what had occurred inside the pub. Then, Brian and Freddie appeared and were immediately by their side. The guitarist looked like he had just seen death itself staring back at him, his whole body shaking with the force of his distress. His boyfriend, however, seemed a teensy bit more controlled, but waves of anger and worry were coming out of him like a storm on the beach.

Taking a deep breath to keep his erratic heartbeat under control, the bassist fought back against his own tears and wiggled his fingers to press Roger’s figure closer to his chest, in fear of the drummer slipping away. He had noticed that the blood on his face didn’t seem to come from a cut, like the one on his hand. That did very little to soothe him, though.

“What the hell happened, Freddie?” Brian pleaded again, hands not moving an inch from their place on the blond’s bump.
“That asshole he punched months ago tried to assault Roger. But our boy kicked his ass.” Freddie stated furiously, not even stopping to breathe. “Some people saw Roger leaving the restroom and the guy trying to go after him. He was bleeding all over and his friend dragged him back in.”

John clenched his teeth and felt blinding fury overcome his body. Someone had tried to do what? Brian was positively growling next to him and the singer brought a hand to press down on his shoulder as he continued. “That’s when someone came for Mark and I followed. The people you saw talking to us were saying how they overheard the things that the asshole were brawling about Rog and what he wanted to do to him.”

“Tell me Roger beat him dead.” Brian hissed, eyes burning with murderous intent.

“That prick was in a pretty bad shape. Had a broken bottle stabbed on his side and all. Roger did a number on him for sure.” He affirmed and John could sense a hint of pride amidst his rage. “Because of the witnesses and the circumstance, Roger is covered by the law. It was self-defense. The police is coming for that scumbag and Mark has people ready to testify.”

“Good.” John growled and shut his eyes close for an instant, hoping it would help with calming his nerves.

His heart was heavy with angst and he didn’t even want to imagine what could have happened if Roger hadn’t fought back against the attacker. The bassist knew he couldn’t let his mind go there or he would lose it. Nobody deserved such a horrible thing to happen to them. Heavens knew that their friend would need all of their support after such a terrible experience. John was determined to be there for him all the way through, and he knew with all his certainty that Freddie and Brian felt just the same.

A small stirring in his arms and the loud gasp of his friends made John quickly realize that the drummer was recovering his conscience and he immediately looked down to find fluttering lids opening to reveal deep blue eyes. Brian was the first to react, as he coaxed the blond to look at him with pleading encouragements and soft whispers of his name.

The guitarist did not even have words to describe the relief that he had felt on the second Roger locked eyes with him. He still could feel anger boiling in his stomach and paralyzing fear lingering in his veins, but all he cared about, at that moment, was being there for the man he loved with all his heart.

The first thing that Roger’s brain registered upon regaining his senses, was the acute pain coming from his left hand and the heavy ache all over his body that seemed to pale a bit in comparison to it. He was used to having his fingers and palm cut open frequently, because of the drums. That type of injury always hurt like a bitch and the familiar pain centered him for a bit.

He knew what had happened. The memories were fresh in his mind, even in his slightly dizzy state. The drummer could still taste the hot anger he had felt for the man and he honestly hoped he was in pain. That fucking asshole had deserved much more. However, at that moment, he should be worried about things that were more important. In fact, if he could avoid it, he wouldn’t think of that bloody sod for a second longer. He wasn’t worth it.

Brian’s voice had been like a firehouse, guiding him back to full conscience and when Roger saw his beautiful hazel eyes intently looking at him, he knew that he was safe. Deaky’s chest was a solid presence behind his head and Freddie’s hand was carefully running nonstop on his right tight. What truly soothed his heart a bit though, were the soft kicks he was feeling against his ribs and stomach. In a second, he had his hands cupping his belly, finding Brian’s already resting there as well.
“Thank God she’s okay.

“B-Brian…” He spoke, voice still raspy from the earlier strain on his throat.

“I’m here, my love. We’ve got you.” Brian spoke tentatively. He wanted nothing more than to hug the blond senseless, but he wasn’t sure if that would be a welcome gesture.

“T-There was a g-guy. Smashed his fuckin’ h-head.” Roger whispered coarsely and the guitarist mentally cursed at the crimson marks around Roger’s throat. Never in his life had he hated so much someone like he did at that moment. If he were able to kill a person with a mere thought, that bastard wouldn’t be breathing anymore. Yet, he couldn’t help but feel a sparkle of pride for how fierce his boyfriend had been.

“You did so well in there, darling.” Freddie commended and the boys quickly offered their agreements. “That asshole looked like he had his ass magnificently handed to him. Well done.”

“The ambulance is nearly here, honey.” John spoke softly and placed a tender kiss on Roger’s hair. “I’ll call Dr. Benson as soon as possible too.”

“I-I’m not in pain. Not from her.” The drummer forced his voice out. Even if it hurt his throat a bit, he needed to get that information out. “She’s kicking. Feels normal.”

Brian sighed in relief and did not even feel ashamed about the broken sob that escaped his chest. Hearing that their child was still moving felt like a blessing in the middle of such a chaotic situation. Roger was responsive and talking, their baby was kicking and he could already spot a pair of ambulances turning around the corner. With that all in mind, breathing seemed a teensy bit easier.

“He tried to hurt her, but I didn’t let him.” The drummer whimpered and turned to Brian, head shaking as he tried to get rid of the fresh wave of tears coming from his eyes. “I swear I didn’t, Bri!”

The guitarist sobbed again upon seeing Roger’s heartbreaking distress and suddenly he found his lap full with his boyfriend’s trembling body. Brian instantly wrapped his arms around him with utmost care and placed gentle kisses on his hair and forehead. “Of course you didn’t, my love. Our baby couldn’t be safer than with you. I’m so proud of you, Rog.”

The drummer let himself cry openly as he hid his face on Brian’s neck. It felt cathartic after such a disturbing experience. Hearing that his lover trusted him with the life of their child also soothed his heart a bit. Between the two of them, he always saw Brian as the responsible parent. He knew that the guitarist disagreed with him on that, yet, he couldn’t stop doubting himself.

When the ambulances finally parked, police cars shortly followed. Freddie breathed in relief and enveloped John in a tight hug. The bassist looked like a complete wreck. This time, he could be strong for both of them. Heavens knew that his boyfriend’s presence was the only thing stopping him from a meltdown last time something major like this had happened. It was his turn to hold his shit together until the storm passed.

They still had to talk to the police and Roger needed to be thoroughly checked by the medical staff. A call to Dr. Benson was definitely in order and his friends looked like they desperately needed to sit down before their legs gave up. The night was far from over, but the worse from it had passed. Whatever the morning had in storage for them could wait.

Chapter End Notes
I promise Roger and our little drummer will be well taken care of. He is definitely getting an ultrasound, which might bring some new information. Who’s up for a gender reveal?

Next chapter, though, we will see the first medical response and also how the police will deal with our nameless asshole. Oh! And I might have a itsy bitsy beginning of a tiny (and expected) bomb by the end.

Again, please forgive the ongoing and future medical discrepancies as well as my band-aid type of legal solution. I’m not sure how the legal system worked and I did some research. This story, however, is my escape from college life and I’d rather stab myself than to linger any longer in law subjects. God no.

Also, I have been talking about this with some people, and we came to the conclusion that John kind of adopted Roger without realizing. I know he normally would be much more controlled in situations like this, but given the unexpected position of Roger in his life, I sort of thought it would be fitting if he freaked out a bit like the concerned parent he accidentally became. We will see a bit more into that in the next chapter. I hope it makes sense.

Thank you so much for reading and for all the love!! Your comments and kudos put me in cloud nine all day long!!

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter XLVIII

Chapter Summary

The ambulances and the police arrive at the pub as the boys try their best to cope with everything going on.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter brings the follow up reaction of the boys and the destiny of the nameless asshole. Again, forgive my legal butchering. <3

Thank you so much for sticking with this story and for all of your wonderful support!! You guys are AMAZING!!

My dear @marveltrwsh, thank you once more for your endless patience. I love you!!

No major warnings apply to this one, I believe.

PLEASE, READ THE END NOTES, for I have a few announcements and a request to make.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Between talking to the police and being fully checked by the paramedics, Roger had never felt so tired.

The officers had been fairly comprehensive of his distressed state and were quick to collect his statement and pass clear information of what would happen next. To be honest, Roger had been a bit distracted for that part, but he was sure that Brian and John had listened carefully to it. He had a massive headache and he was dying to hear from Freddie, who quickly had went back inside of the pub to phone Dr. Benson. All he cared about at that moment was to ensure his baby was fine. The legal aspect of that whole mess was the least of his concerns.

His body was hurting all over, muscles tense with the stress of the situation and his throat still was sore. The paramedic mainly in charge of his care, who had introduced himself as Carl, had immediately checked his airways while another one carefully examined his baby bump. Both had asked him to describe the attack as best as possible and they moved on from there, tending to his injuries with efficiency and gentle hands.

Mostly, he had a few scratches on his forearms and bruises around his wrist, on his chest, on his hips from the fall and the ugliest ones decorating his neck. The cut on his hand only required one stitch, which Carl had taken care of rapidly and without a fuss. He was wondering if he would have to go to the hospital or if Brian and John would allow him to get away with going straight home. When Freddie came rushing back and informed the paramedics that Dr. Benson would be meeting them
shortly in the hospital, that pretty much answered his question.

Brian knew that Roger hated going to places like that. He always complained about the smell and, if he had been in a condition bad enough that professional medical care was required, he certainly could already be found in a very poor mood to begin with. However, the notion that a consult with the obstetrician was more than recommend, given the recent events, had been enough to appease the whines that the guitarist was sure would surface in a minute.

If he was exhausted, he couldn’t even imagine how his boyfriend must had been feeling. They all looked like they needed to sit down for a while. Poor John, who had first received the blunt impact of seeing Roger coming out of that cursed restroom, still seemed like he could start crying at any minute. Brian himself only had managed to control his own waterworks a couple minutes ago. Thank goodness that Freddie was holding the fort.

The singer had been moving back and forth between their ambulance and the pub to make sure Roger was alright and guarantee that the asshole was being taken in custody. Apparently, Roger had given him a minor concussion but avoided any vital organs when he had stabbed him. The fucker only needed a few stitches. When the same officer came by a few moments later, he carefully pulled the paramedic aside to ask him if it was okay to give Roger a few updates.

The drummer was a bit uncertain about if he wanted to hear them. If the police was there to inform him that the bastard would be able to get away, he would probably get up right that instant to find him and ensure that at least one organ would be hit that time. The boys seemed to share the same feeling with him and he was certain that any of them would gladly help him hide a body if necessary.

Turned out, though, that the brainless sod was easily making the case against himself as he vividly told the police what exactly was his opinion of the drummer and the crass things he thought that the blond deserved. The fact that he already had been accused of sexual assault in the past also didn’t help him much. He had managed to dodge it on the first time, but now the police was certainly going to sort things straight with him. With so many irrefutable evidences, eyewitnesses and a confession, a trial wouldn’t even be necessary.

“That bastard can rot in jail, where he belongs.” Brian snarled and John tiredly agreed next to him.

“I don’t want to see his bloody face ever again. Or I’ll punch a whole into it.” Roger coarsely added and shifted his hand around the ice pack that he was pressing gently against his throat.

Brian was cradling his other hand, the bandaged one, with utmost care, fingers lovingly drawing random patterns on the exposed skin and swiftly avoiding his scratches. Mark, the pub owner, had just called Freddie aside and John was firmly planted by the drummer’s side, slowly combing his hair with slightly shaking fingers. Roger wasn’t sure if the motion was meant to soothe him or it was because the bassist needed to do something to help with his recovery. One way or another, the blond was glad for having such a caring friend in his life. He knew he had scared Deaky shitless by the way he had appeared. Later, he would sit with him to talk about it and make sure he was okay.

To be honest, Roger had assumed that he would be much more shaken due to emotional strain of the whole incident. More than anything, though, he felt tired. Body aches apart, the rollercoaster of feelings he had experienced back there had him completely drained. He hadn’t feared much about what might had happen to his own body, per say. It wasn’t the first time an asshole tried to touch him without his consent and the drummer knew that he was fully capable of defending himself. However, he hated the fact that many people who had been through that godawful experience weren’t.

What had he shitless scared in that restroom, though, was the possibility of his baby getting hurt somehow. Be it by the stress provoking an early labor, which was unthinkable at that stage of his
gestation, or the blunt physical trauma that he could suffer whilst fighting against his aggressor. He had been incredibly lucky in that aspect. Things could have been so much worse.

Also, being surrounded by his family made him feel much better. Roger knew that he was safe. Freddie and John would always have his back and Brian would die before letting any harm come to him or their child. That was a certainty that he had ingrained in his very bones. The drummer was aware that his boyfriend was probably beating himself for not being there to defend him when the situation arose. Whenever they were alone, he would have to get his silly notion out of his head.

“We are all set to go to the hospital, Mr. Taylor.” Carl informed him and motioned for the other paramedic to assist him with securing the gurney to the ambulance before he turned to the boys. “But I’m afraid we only have room for one of you, gentleman.”

“That’s alright, darling.” Freddie popped his head in and tiredly rubbed his forehead. “We can take the car and meet you there.”

“I’ll go with you.” John offered in a small voice and gently placed a kiss on Roger’s golden locks. “Behave, honey. Brian, don’t you leave his side for a second.”

The drummer blushed under his actions, that could only be described as mothering and Brian dutifully nodded his intention of not going anywhere. The corners of Freddie’s lips twitched in a tiny smile and he tenderly offered a hand to his pale looking boyfriend, who took it in a heartbeat.

“He is going to be fine, my heart.” He softly uttered and pulled the quivering bassist to his embrace. “Our boy is tough. So is our godchild. You’ll see.”

John allowed himself to nuzzle his neck for comfort and he felt Freddie’s arms tightening around him. He had no idea how much he had been in need for a hug and he couldn’t feel more grateful for having his boyfriend next to him.

Seeing Roger unconscious and hurting like that really had made a number on him. Especially because he had been completely in the dark about what had happened and if besides the terrible state his friend was in, their little angel was also at risk.

Never in his short life had he imagined that he would become that concerned about someone else’s wellbeing. Not to that extent. He couldn’t quite explain it. It might be the fault of Roger’s reckless behavior or jovial personality, but the way that John worried about him was completely different from the way he did for Freddie or even Brian. He had no idea of when his heart had decided to adopt the drummer like that, but there was no more denying that he very much felt like a fretting father when it came to the lively blond.

“We sort of became his parents, haven’t we?” He wondered and sensed the singer’s chest vibrating with his amused chuckle.

“We did.” Freddie agreed and lovingly pecked his boyfriend’s soft lips. “And you are the best dad he could ever have asked for.”

“Does it mean we have to give Brian the talk?” He teased and smiled at him, heart feeling a bit lighter in his chest.

“I think it’s a bit late for that.” The singer hummed and fished the car keys from John’s back pocket. As they walked to the car, he once more enlaced their fingers together. “Forget godparents. We are going to be grandpas.”

“That baby will be spoiled rotten either way.” Came the sensible reply and he couldn’t agree more.
Driving to the hospital, Freddie allowed himself to finally take a deep breath. He had been running around in the past minutes putting out all the fires and ensuring things were solved properly. The asshole wouldn’t be a problem anymore, the matter of their payment had been taken care of, and the obstetrician had been dutifully contacted.

Dr. Benson sounded extremely worried on the phone, but was a bit appeased when he heard that Roger’s wasn’t in pain and that the baby was kicking normally. However, an ultrasound was extremely necessary to be certain that everything was alright and to eliminate the possibility of internal bleeding. He had said they would meet them in the hospital shortly and had high hopes of convincing Roger to stay there a few hours for observation.

Freddie didn’t think he would have much problems with that last bit. Had it been for himself, no soul in the world would be able to hold the drummer in the hospital if it hadn’t been strictly necessary. But since it was about keeping his baby okay, the blond would whine about only a little.

There was something, however, making the singer a bit worried. He didn’t want to preoccupy his friends with it yet, because he could be wrong. However, he couldn’t shake off the memory of seeing a guy lurking around with a camera and a couple of flashes catching his attention. If that had been a reporter, he didn’t even want to think about what the consequences of those photos would be.

Chapter End Notes

See? The bomb was tiny! But it was important to set the stage for a confrontation that has been due for a while now.

I know some of you assumed the gender reveal was going to be this chapter and I’d like to apologize for the disappointment. Sorry!! But it will be next chapter FOR SURE!!

Just, pretty please, remember that I had to pick one gender. It’s unavoidable that half of you will be let down and it breaks my heart. Therefore, let me give you the spoiler that, in the future, Maylor and Deacury will have maaaaaaaaany children, boys and girls!! I know our little drummer is special, but he/she will only be the first of a huge family.

Don’t worry. <3

Now, I have two bad-ish news.

The first one is that we are reaching the end of the story. I know. It makes incredibly sad. But I’m nearing 130,000 words and I passed chapter 50, guys. My goal is to finish this before reaching 60. I’d love to cover every single detail possible, but I really need to wrap this up. I love you guys so much and I don’t even have words to thank you enough for your support. You all made this experience absolutely amazing for me and I promise this will not be my last work.

For now, I’m doing my best to tie up loose ends, finish the events of these last chapters, create a detailed time passage and then we will probably have a few chapters more covering birth. Because if I finish this without this baby being born first, I think you all would join forces to murder me. After that, I’ll post the epilogue I have been promising you and that will be it. Those are my general plans. What will happen in between, heavens know.

The second one is that we might have some changes in the updates.
Here in Brazil, we have a few days of holiday for Carnival and I’ll take this opportunity to visit my family. Due to that, I’m not entirely sure of how much time I’ll have to write on these following days but I’m guessing not much. So far, I have three and a half chapters ready and it makes me really uncomfortable to be zero chapters ahead.

In order to preserve my sanity and ensure that you will still get regular updates, I might have to start posting, for the duration of this holiday, every two days instead of every day. I’ll try to power write tonight in order to avoid that, but if I don’t post anything tomorrow, I don’t want to leave you guys wondering what happened. I promise to do my best to post under 48h, even if time is scarce, though. Fear not!

Ah!! Regardless of gender, because we are going to have many kids to name in the future, I’d love to hear your suggestions of names for boys and girls!! The first name of our little drummer has been chosen, yes, but I really would like to have your opinion on a middle name. If you already figured the first one, help me keep the secret, though, so other people can be surprised. <3

Thank you so much for reading!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter XLIX

Chapter Summary

The boys expectantly await for the doctor’s arrival and the results of his exam.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! The gender reveal is finally happening!!

I know many of you have clear preferences and I feel really bad for disappointing half of you in that matter. But I do promise that there are boys and girls in the future of our Maylor&Deacury family. I know that our little drummer is special, though, and I hope that you all continue to love them just the same. <3

Thank you so much for your support, love and understanding! I, honestly, couldn’t have asked for better readers. You guys are amazing!! Please know that I deeply appreciate every comment, kudo, bookmark and subscription. <3

My dear @marveltrwsh, our hero, thank you so much for holding the fort and keeping me sane. We are almost there now.

No major warnings apply to this chapter. However, there will be some minor, but explicit, mentions of a couple of injuries.

Enjoy!!

Expectation was thick in the air as the boys awaited in a standard hospital room, much similar to the one Roger had stayed last time, for the arrival of the obstetrician.

A few minutes before, a resigned looking nurse had directed them there. She had tried to explain that not that many people were allowed on that floor on such late hours, but they had refused to leave the drummer’s side. They begged and bargained with the stern looking health professional, but in the end, it was the on-call doctor who had decided that they would probably make less noise together in the room than if they were forced apart. The fact that he was a fan of their previous album probably had nothing to do with it.

Brian once again found himself sharing the stretcher with the drummer, not able to resist his pleading blue eyes. At least, by being there, he was managing to keep Roger’s fingers distracted enough so they wouldn’t tug at the IV line. The fidgety blond had always been a menace to medical equipment. Although, the guitarist must confess that he quite missed the heart monitor that time around, even if he was extremely thankful for the machine not being necessary.

On the tiny green couch, Freddie and John were also snuggled together, the singer doing his best to keep everyone entertained as the minutes passed. They were all exhausted and, had it not been for
their concern with their friend and the baby, they all would have fallen asleep a while ago. Roger, who was probably the most tired of them all, kept closing his eyes only to snap them open again and glance at the door.

Brian had tried to encourage him to take a nap or rest his eyes for a few instants. But the blond had been adamant in waiting awake for Dr. Benson. After they were a hundred per cent certain that his little drummer was alright, then he would allow himself to fall asleep. Not a second sooner.

When a few minutes later a soft knocking sound reached their ears, Brian quickly walked to the door to answer it. Dr. Benson was right on the other side, with a young looking nurse and the ultrasound machine in tow. The guitarist wasted no time and welcomed him with a small smile, some of his alertness coming back. They were already far into the small hours of the night and he probably had some bags forming under his eyes, but he wasn’t sleepy, per say. Just very tired.

“Good morning, everybody.” The obstetrician greeted them all and placed a firm hand on Brian’s shoulder before he carefully approached the stretcher. “I’m so sorry about this horrible situation, Mr. Taylor. But I’m glad to see you in one piece.”

“Thank you, Dr. Benson.” Roger replied slowly. He didn’t want the coarseness of his voice to scare the good doctor, but he could feel his sad eyes taking in his bruises and stopping concernedly at the delicate white bandage on his throat. “I’m okay. You should see the other guy.”

“Our boy kicked his ass six ways from Sunday.” Freddie commended with a hint of pride as he and John got up from the sofa to come nearer the bed.

Roger moved to sit up properly against the army of pillows he had behind his back and winced a bit at the weight he put on his wounded hand. He had forgotten that the damn thing was still sore. Freddie and John were by his side in an instant, the bassist softly scolding him to be more careful and the blond felt his heart warming with the care. He didn’t even had the energy to feel annoyed.

“Sorry, mom.” He playfully replied to John, which earned him an eye roll and a wave of chuckles from the room occupants.

“I’m happy to see you are in the hands of loving friends, Mr. Taylor.” The obstetrician commented as he got the ultrasound machine ready for the exam. “Mr. Mercury told me you were not in pain and the little one was kicking normally. That’s good. How are you feeling?”

Roger carefully listed every single one of his aches, giving priority to the ones that could be related to his little drummer, but not wanting the leave anything out, in the improbable case that some of them might interfere with his pregnancy. Overall, his muscles were mostly sore and his bruises were hurting a bit, especially the ones around his hips from where he had landed on the floor and where his bone had hit the marble counter. His throat was the worst one by far, though. Even more considering that, with that sort of injury, he would have to be drinking many smoothies for a while. He prayed that John would have mercy on him.

When he lift his shirt in order for the nurse to spread the cool gel that would facilitate the process, he felt a bit relieved for noticing that the red marks that were decorating his bump earlier were fading to a soft pink. His chest was a bit bruised from being pressed against the hard surface, but, thankfully, his belly had been spared from the rough treatment.

Brian was a solid presence by his side, one hand gently playing with his hair and the other tenderly wrapped around his. Earlier, back at the ambulance, when the guitarist had spotted the finger shaped welts on his middle, he had been so worried that Roger thought he would have a heart attack. Dr. Benson also didn’t seem very pleased with the sight, even if they were already vanishing, and
thoroughly passed the transducer on each one.

“I’m looking for signs of bleeding and trauma, but, so far, it all looks good.” The obstetrician spoke softly and Roger could see from the corner of his eyes Freddie and John tightly holding hands. The drummer wouldn’t be surprised if they were holding their breaths as well.

He was very nervous himself, heart beating fast against his ribs, eyes glued on the screen, even if he couldn’t read the picture as well as he would have liked as the doctor examined every single possible angle with meticulous care. Brian’s fingers would probably be black and blue by the end of it, so strong was his death grip on them. But his boyfriend was taking it as champ and his other hand never faltered from its calming caresses on his golden locks.

To be honest, Brian had felt like a nervous train wreck for the majority of the night. Yet, he was doing his best to force himself to stay calm. He wanted to be there for anything that Roger needed from him. Be it a hug, a glass of water or a new galaxy. Brian would ensure that he received it.

He couldn’t believe how careless he had been. Of course that letting his boyfriend alone in a crowd of half-drunk strangers, especially right after his delicate condition had been plastered all over the news, had been a terrible mistake. He knew that the blond hardly needed him to come to his defense, but still. He should have been there. He should have stopped it. God. If anything worse had happened to Roger or their baby because of his own stupidity, Brian would probably jump off the nearest bridge.

Watching their little angel come to focus every few minutes as the obstetrician performed an extensive examination and listening to her heartbeat was like a soothing balm for his throbbing heart. She was okay. They both were. And she was already looking so big! He couldn’t stop himself from feeling proud at how strong their princess was. Even against the odds, she was growing beautifully.

“Well, I believe everything is fine, Mr. Taylor.” Dr. Benson affirmed with a certain voice and moved the transducer a bit to the right so they all could see the perfect outline of a tiny body. “Your womb looks great and this little one is very healthy. Good length for their age and strong heartbeat.”

Roger felt his lungs finally breathing properly as happy tears ran down his cheeks. Brian had his arms around him in a second and he melted in his hold, burring his face on his neck and letting the good news settle peacefully in his own heart. He had done it. He had protected their baby.

“She’s alright, my love.” Brian whispered lovingly against his ear, his own voice blurred with his own tears.

“I k-kept her s-safe.” He spoke brokenly between his relieved sobs, not sure if more to reaffirm it to himself or as an answer to his boyfriend.

“Of course you did, love.” The guitarist gently agreed and placed a tender kiss on his forehead. “I’m so proud of you, Rog. I really am. Our little girl couldn’t be safer. I love you so much.”

Roger allowed himself to cry until the even movements of Brian’s breathing calmed him down a bit. Dr. Benson had been polite enough to give them a moment as he filled the chart with the new information and printed some pictures. As for John, he was trying, and failing, to keep his own tears from spilling from his eyes. Freddie’s protective hold around him was probably the only thing keeping his body still standing, as the emotions from the night started to catch up with him.

The singer was doing his best to remain collected, but his drained energy wasn’t being much helpful. It was incredibly relieving to hear that their little angel was okay as well as their friend. She truly had them wrapped around her little finger if she could get four grown man to shed tears at the same time.
Freddie tried to focus on the monitor and on John’s warm body next to his to keep himself centered.

“Is she sucking on her fist?” He asked, marveled at the sight he had just spotted.

“Oh, yes! They do that a lot.” The obstetrician chuckled and continued. “Actually, I can already confirm their gender, if you would like to know.” At that, the four boys perked up and all started to answer that yes, please, they very much would like to know.

“Being pregnant was already enough of a surprise.” Roger stated, the final word, naturally, being his. “Are you ready to lose, Deaky?”

The bassist rolled his eyes as he wiped away his tears and crossed his arms. It wasn’t a matter of being right, since he honestly didn’t have a preference regarding gender. But they at least had to concede that it was a fifty/fifty probability. He knew that Roger also didn’t care about a specific gender. He was so in love with that baby, the he could come out purple with yellow dots and the drummer would love him all the same. It was just playful banter. Nevertheless, he firmly held his ground and turned to the amused doctor.

“They are dead certain that the baby is a girl, doc.” He explained and sighed. “I want those statements in my desk in twenty-four hours, boys, after Dr. Benson here tells you how wrong you are.”

“And I want a heartfelt dissertation about how we were right.” Roger demanded and Freddie quickly backed him up. “We will put it in a frame and all, darling. It will look great in the future nursery.”

Brian shook his head in amusement and pinched the bridge of his nose. Boy or girl, it didn’t matter. He only had two certainties about their child. First, that they would be loved with all their hearts. Second, that even it Roger killed him in the process, he would absolutely teach their little one how to play the guitar.

“Dr. Benson?” He prompted and entangled his fingers with his boyfriend’s.

Roger held his breath and bit his lip as he prepared his heart. Whatever his baby was, he had a certainty in his very soul that it really didn’t matter. In fact, many years in the future, of course, he would love to have a house full with their boys and girls. There was no point in having a preference, in his case. He had a hunch and that was all. However, if the baby was a girl, that would earn him teasing rights against John forever. That was just too good to miss.

The doctor heartily laughed at their antics and moved around the transducer again. “Well, gentlemen, you better start choosing the color for that frame, because we have here a perfectly formed little girl.”

Someone yelped. Roger wasn’t sure if it had been him. But the room was soon filled with laughter and cheerful celebrations. Brian had the silliest smile on his face at the thought of a tiny girl in a colorful dress in his arms while Freddie and Roger looked so smug that he had no idea how they hadn’t burst yet. Even John had a small resigned smirk on his face, having bent over not a second ago to whisper a loving “traitor” to the drummer’s belly.

“You are so buying that frame yourself, darling.” Freddie teased and pecked his cheeks.

John rolled his eyes again and ran his hand through his hair. If, in the future, he indeed showed up with a gorgeous blue frame with delicate guitars painted all over it, to Roger’s utmost annoyance, he really couldn’t be blamed. Nor for the fact that a fierce little blue-eyed girl would love it with all her heart. Life worked just like that.

“I’d like you to stay a few more hours here, Mr. Taylor. Just to be cautious.” Dr. Benson tentatively
spoke and smiled fondly at Roger’s grimacing face. “If by morning you still show no signs of a preterm labor, you are all good to go home. I know these three will watch you like a hawk.”

“Damn right we will, darling.” Freddie promised and gently patted Roger’s legs. “We are also not going anywhere until the sun is bright on the sky. Feel free to pout as much as you want.”

It was the drummer’s turn to roll his eyes and, if the doctor still had not been in the room, he probably would have flipped the finger to his friend. He wasn’t happy for having to stay at that dreadful place, but if it was necessary to ensure the wellbeing of their little girl, than he would do just that. Also, if he wanted to whine, hell yes he would freely do it. He was tired, pregnant and had just beaten someone to a puddle. He was fucking entitled.

“Also, I am officially recommending bedrest for at least a week, Mr. Taylor. I would like you to stay off your feet for as long as possible.” The obstetrician added as he scribbled on a paper. “These food are great options for smoothies and soup. An injury like yours can be a bit damaging for your diet, even if only for a few days. But I’m sure Mr. Deacon will guarantee you are receiving proper nutrients.”

Roger observed as John beamed at the doctor and gladly accepted the list. From the corner of his eye, he could see Freddie winking at him and whispering something that sounded a lot like smuggled milkshakes and that put a bright smile on his face.

When the obstetrician finally exited the room, leaving a bunch of recommendations and politely smiling at the boys’ many thanks, the drummer allowed himself to start to fall asleep. Brian was back by his side on the mattress and his friends were lovingly tucked together on the small sofa. They were quietly discussing something about rounds and watch overs, but Roger was already half gone to pay any attention to it. The last thing he remembered before sleep engulfed him was whispering to Brian how much he loved him.

Hopefully, he would be able to catch a break for a while. Knowing his luck, though, that probably wouldn’t be the case.

Chapter End Notes

I guess Roger was right all along. ^^

When I first wrote about his hunch, it was more of a mean to justify, in a plot related manner, my choice of using the least used pronoun all the way back to when the chapters still started with the number 1. Then, we got the sweetest name for a Maylor baby falling on our laps and that pretty much settled it.

However, I’m kind of glad to see that his hunch was right. After so many difficult situations happening to him, it makes me happy that he got gloating rights for that one. He deserved a break.

Also, just imagine this tiny little girl, with her papa’s fierce eyes and her dad’s gentle smile, drumming her heart out in an oversized leather jacket (stolen from Uncle Freddie) and the pinkest tutu ever (courtesy of Uncle Deaky). Because every time I picture that, my heart MELTS. Especially when I add the chubbiest cheeked little boy happily dancing around to her beat. *_*
God help me, or they will end up with ten children each. ^^"

Next chapter, we will have a soft moment between two of our boys and the next reaction of our chain in the end.

Thank you so much for reading!! I really would love to continue hearing your opinion on names, please! We’ll have a lot of little ones to name on the Epilogue and our little drummer still needs a middle name. <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter L

Chapter Summary

The boys stand watch as Roger sleeps through the night and morning.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter is your fluff bribery before our next tense moment.

I’m so very grateful for every single one of you, your support and all the love this work has received. You guys are amazing!!

Also, sorry again for the alteration on the updates. It’s really difficult to sit down and I swear I have never been more acquainted with my mother’s kitchen. Your comments had me smiling all day long, though! I’m dying to answer them with all of my attention and I’ll do it as soon as possible!! I just wanted to post this chapter so you weren’t kept waiting. <3

@marveltrwsh, thank you once more, baby sis, for being the incredible person that you are. Love you!!

I believe no major warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As they had hoped, Roger had shown no signs of preterm labor or any other complications related to his pregnancy.

John had been awake for the past three hours, as they had decided to take shifts watching over the drummer and his friends insisted on him taking the last one. Brian ended up staying awake first, since he was still too nervous to actually catch some sleep, and Freddie had no problem with being the second if that meant his boyfriend could nap a little longer.

It was already close to noon and Roger had been peacefully sleeping for most of the morning, having woken up only somewhere in the middle of Freddie’s watch to relieve his poor crushed bladder. A couple of nurses came to check on him a few times, but they were appeased to find their patient dutifully resting and all the boys quietly behaving.

John was sitting a bit slouched on the sofa, Freddie’s head carefully placed on his lap as he gently ran his fingers through raven tresses in soothing movements. The singer’s legs looked awkwardly bent on the knees and his hips were precariously balanced on the edge of the cushions, as the man had folded his body to fit himself as best as possible on the tiny space. In spite of the odd angles, he slept as heavy as a rock. John was positive that even if Jimmy Hendrix himself were to come and play a concert in the room, his tired boyfriend would remain asleep.
From the corner of his eye, he could see Roger’s chest moving steadily with the rhythm of his breaths and John found himself quite amused when he realized that it matched perfectly with the breathing of the tall guitarist spooning his back. Brian had tried to move out of the stretcher during the night, to give the blond more space, but the restless reaction that it provoked made him stay put right where he belonged.

The couple looked like a funny and adorable painting, in the bassist’s opinion. Roger’s hair was sticking in different directions and a few locks were ridiculously plastered on his face. He had Brian’s hand tightly cuddled against his chest, which surely would result in some aching, since the limb was coming from under his side. Curiously, though, both men had their left hands lovingly resting on Roger’s baby bump, which had its own pillow for support.

The whole thing was very cute and John wished he had a camera with him at that moment. They all had been taking a lot of pictures to document the pregnancy as best as possible. Brian had taken very seriously the mission of creating the most charming baby photography album to ever exist. That is, until they had another child and the whole process started again. Because John was certain as death that those two would have an army of troublemaking angels in the future.

He could perfectly picture how huge their family would be, if considering their friend’s kids and the ones that he surely would have with Freddie, no matter by what means. They would become four old queens, living relatively close to each other and with enough children and grandchildren between them to make two different football teams. Liverpool F.C would have nothing on them. If they managed to win a few golden record as well, it wouldn’t be too bad either.

Now that he had finally allowed himself to take a deep breath, John was incredibly glad to see Roger in one piece. Even if that meant creepily watching him sleep. The sight of his bandaged bruises and iodine stained scratches made his own heart clench inside of his chest. The blond looked positively small enveloped by Brian’s caring arms and safely tucked under the fort of blankets they had tangled around their legs. John desperately wished he could do more for him than just stand watch.

It was ridiculous how much he had taken to protecting his friend. Surely, they still fought and bickered just like old times. Not even Brian had been spared of it. Especially with the pregnancy’s hormones added to the mix. Between their loud arguments and over enthusiastic passionate nights, it was a miracle that their neighbors hadn’t started a mutiny against them.

However, even with their dramatically silly disagreements, they always ensured that peace was restored by the end of the day. Or at very least, the beginning of the next morning, like that one time Roger threatened to bring the flat down shortly after midnight just because he had to eat cold watermelon or he would die. Later, he had sheepishly apologized for the books he had thrown in the guitarist’s direction. If he had a fresh slice of the fruit on his hand while he did it, and his poor boyfriend looked drenched from going out in the heavy rain to get it, John could do nothing but photograph the moment for eternity.

A few more minutes passed before Roger opened his unfairly blue eyes again. But he made no move to get up. In fact, he was so quiet that, if John were not awkwardly staring at him, he would have completely missed it. For that moment, though, his friend didn’t seem bothered at all by it as he snuggled closer to his boyfriend and lovingly ran his hands over his belly.

“Are you feeling better, Deaky?” Came the question, spoken in such a soft voice that, for a second, John thought that he had imagined it.

“I should be the one asking you that, honey. Are you okay?” He replied once he found his own words, gently twirling a dark strand of silky hair to keep his hands busy.
“I’m fine now. But I gave you quite a scare.” The drummer mused and couldn’t stop his yawn, which made John think of him as an adorable oversized puppy.

The bassist couldn’t deny that he had been quite frightened by the whole situation and sudden appearance of his disheveled friend. But that should be the least of Roger’s worries. With everything that had happened to him over the past few months, the two thoughts in his mind should be a well-deserved vacation of so much drama and baby shoes. Because those things were just too cute to be ignored.

“Well, yeah. I nearly had a heart attack. In fact, if you ever scare me like that again, you will eat nothing but greens for a month.” John conceded, though, and took the opportunity to scold him just a bit. With a sigh, he continued. “But I want you to know that you can always come to me when you have a problem. We’re family, Rog. I’m sorry I wasn’t there to prevent, well, this.”

Roger blinked at him and let his words weight in the air for a moment. Not the part about the vegetables, of course. He knew it was a very serious threat, but Freddie would never let him live only out of grass. But he deeply appreciated how much love and care he could feel coming from his friend. He didn’t want, though, any of them to be blaming themselves for what happened. It wasn’t at all their fault and the drummer had done a good job defending himself. He was not a damsel in distress.

“Don’t feel guilty, John. There was really nothing to be done.” He whispered and looked intently into grey eyes, hoping to pass how much he had meant it. “And of course I’ll behave. Heavens know what you put inside of that green concoction I have to drink for breakfast.”

John felt his heart a tiny bit lighter in his chest under the strength of unbelievable blue eyes. Trying to resist it was like attempting to fight against the ocean itself. Maybe Brian did have a point about not being able to deny the blond anything. With the corner of his lips twitching into a smile, he replied. “Nothing you would like to know. Just drink it and thank me.”

Roger rolled his secret weapons and stuck out his pink tongue in his direction. For that, the bassist would make sure to drop one portion or more of spinach in the next smoothie he prepared. Served him well.

Glancing at the clock, he noticed that they were already a quarter of an hour past from noon. Biting his lip, he considered allowing the boys to sleep a bit longer, but they all had agreed that they should go home around that time. They would be much more comfortable and Brian had been dying to get the drummer safely in their own bed.

“Do you feel well enough to go back to the flat?” John inquired and straightened his back, hands carefully resting on Freddie’s shoulder.

At that, the blond perked up and the bassist could swear that his eyes were positively shining. “Can I?”

“You tell me. How are you feeling?” He insisted and arched one eyebrow for good measure.

“If I get to go home? Fan-fucking-tastic!” Roger celebrated and turned around to gently shake the sleeping guitarist behind him. With a smirk, John busied himself with waking his own boyfriend.

Both men were a bit drowsy for the few subsequent minutes after being awoken. Poor Freddie looked like sleepy cat, eyes barely staying open for too long, probably because he got the worst sleeping deal, having taken the second turn watching over the convalescing drummer. As for Brian, after a small moment ensuring that Roger was alright, he quickly started to move around, slipping
back into his shoes, collecting their jackets and making sure they didn’t leave any trash behind.

His muscles protested a bit, still with a great amount of tension from yesterday’s events and some added soreness due to his awkward position on the bed as he tried to give as much space as possible to his stubborn boyfriend. If on top of it all, Brian ended up hurting him even further because of abrupt movements while he slept, he would, quite frankly, smack himself for not being careful enough.

When the guitarist deemed everything ready for them to leave, he walked back to the bed and gently helped the drummer with his shoes. Roger must still had felt incredibly tired, because he didn’t even resist to the obvious pampering he was receiving. In fact, he gladly slid from the bed straight to Brian’s waiting arms with a soft smile as he carefully placed a kiss on the astrophysicist’s neck.

With a glance to the right, Roger determined that they were all good to go and felt his heart warming with the sight of a nearly asleep Freddie with his head adorably nested on the crook of John’s neck. A wave of gratitude went over him and he wondered what on Earth had he done right to deserve such a loving and loyal family.

As they were about to exit the room, a small looking nurse, who John recognized as one of the two from earlier that morning, tentatively knocked on the door and let herself in with a hesitant smile and apologetic eyes. Her hands kept nervously playing with each other and she had to take a deep breath before speaking.

“I’m very sorry to bother, Mr. Taylor. But there is a man insisting to see you.” She started and cleaned her throat, as if not sure on how to deliver the rest of the news. As she opened her mouth again, it became clear why. “Also, there are a few reporters outside waiting for you and the band to come out.”

Chapter End Notes

I think you have a good guess of who is this mysterious visitor. It was time for this situation to be handled.

Next chapter, our BAMF!Roger will take care of a long overdue matter and, by the end, a moment you all have been waiting for will happen. Sit tight. <3

Thank you so much for reading!! I really don’t have words to tell you how much I appreciate your comments and kudos!!
Thank you!!

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter LI

Chapter Summary

Roger receives a very irritating visitor and has to deal with the situation.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! This chapter brings a very much needed conclusion to part of a problem.

I really don’t have words to thank you enough for sticking with this story for so many chapters. I can’t believe we have reached the fifty mark with the last one. You guys are amazing and your support means the world to me. For that, I’ll be eternally grateful. <3

My, hero, @marveltrwsh, thank you for all of your precious help!! <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I think. Perhaps a tidbit of violence?

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It felt as if the ground had opened beneath Roger’s feet and the only thing stopping him from falling was Brian’s firm grip around him.

Brian grit his teeth and one look at John’s outraged face confirmed that he had heard it right. There were reporters waiting to hassle them, to distress Roger the second they stepped foot out of the hospital. Did this people have no sense of respect for anyone? His boyfriend was pregnant, he had just been attacked, had barely started his recovery and there were already vultures all over him.

The guitarist was livid. In fact, he was one breath away from going out there to inform those assholes exactly where they could shove their cameras and recorders. He forced himself to take a deep breath in the hopes of calming his fervently beating heart and focused on supporting the drummer, who had gone almost limp in his arms. Tightening his hold, he carefully guided him back to the mattress and gently wrapped his arms around him, giving the blond enough room to pull back if he needed space.

“What was that?” John’s voice reached his ears and it took him a second for his brain to register that he wasn’t talking to the nurse, but coaxing Freddie to repeat what he probably had just mumbled.

“I thought I had seen someone taking some pictures yesterday, but I wasn’t sure.” He spoke tiredly, voice heavy with concern and he harshly rubbed his eyes to will the sleepiness away. “Who did you say was the visitor, darling?”

“He says he is your manager, sir.” She promptly answered, hands still fidgeting.

A collective groan could be heard in the room. John nearly gasped at the audacity of that obnoxious man and, to his surprise, Brian was the one to snarl the most colorful expletives. Freddie seemed incredibly frustrated and about to throw a fit at any second. It was by looking at Roger, though, that
the bassist wanted to murder their manager with his bare hands.

The blond had his head leaned against Brian’s chest, shoulders trembling slightly and his own arms were protectively wrapped around his middle. He was tiny. When he glanced up, shimmering tears were threatening to spill from his sad blue eyes and he looked almost defeated.

“Why can’t I just have my baby in peace?” He whispered and shook his head, one hand swiftly coming up to wipe at his face as he took a deep breath.

“I’m so sorry, my love.” Brian said with a tone so tender that John, for a second, almost expected honey to start pouring out of him. “We’ll get you home. You don’t have to talk to anyone.”

Roger looked up at his caring boyfriend, seeing nothing but the purest love on his sweet hazel eyes. He could tell from the slight quivering of his fingers how much the guitarist was stopping himself from finding Mr. Sheffield and strangling him until his dying breath. The drummer had no doubts that, if that’s what he had wished, Brian would figure out a way to keep him safe and away from the public eye. But that wouldn’t last forever, right?

Furthermore, he wasn’t a coward. He had felt his privacy being extremely violated and he wanted to gut their manager himself for it if that didn’t meant charges being pressed against him. No. Hiding just would not do. Because he had nothing to be ashamed of. The situation sucked and it made him fucking pissed. Had he not felt so tired, he would probably be turning the room upside down just to vent it out. But he would be damned if he bowed his head to those people.

With his resolve renewed, he placed a small peck on Brian’s lips and stood up from the bed with determination. He hated that his voice still sounded a bit coarse and that his hips ached with every turn of his body, making even standing still a bit painful. But that didn’t matter. Because he was Roger Meddows Taylor, and that wouldn’t stop him from putting that little piece of shit back to his place.

“Let him in.” He told the nurse and clenched his jaw.

Brian watched wordlessly as searing fire burnt into those deep blue eyes and he nodded at his boyfriend as a small encouragement. Whatever Roger decided, he would back him up. Be it addressing the reporters, sneaking from the hospital or beating their manager into a puddle. If that last one were to happen, though, he only hoped he could convince the resolute blond to sit that one out and allow him to do the physical bit again. The drummer had done enough fighting for a very good while.

The apprehensive astrophysicist observed as the blushing nurse exited the room with a quiet sigh, as if relieved for not having to politely turn down the persuasive man. Heavens knew that Mr. Sheffield would probably pester the young woman until security had to escort him out. Which, of course, would be another shit show by itself.

From the corner of his eye, he also spotted John standing stiffly with his crossed arms and clenched jaw right next to a tired looking Freddie, who was doing his best to finish chewing on his nail before their manager entered the room.

John had expected the overbearing man to come in without even knocking and the soft sound of knuckles against the wood of the door made him click his tongue against the roof of his mouth. At least in that aspect their old buffoon of a manager showed some decency. The bassist had no idea of what Roger was going to do, though. From him, anything could be expected.

Discreetly, he glanced around for things that could be easily thrown and he started to make plans on
how he would stop his friend from actually catapulting the heaviest ones of them on Mr. Sheffield. Not because he didn’t want to harm that asshole, but the perspective of Roger doing some heavy lifting just wasn’t agreeing with him.

When the knocking came again, Freddie sighed and marched to the door. He wasn’t the closest one to it, but it was obvious that Brian wasn’t leaving Roger’s side and John was looking scarily angry. The possibility of the shy bassist coming out of his shell to give their nasty manager another piece of his mind was sky high. However, it was only fair that the drummer got his chance of doing it this time around.

Putting on a blank expression, he opened the door and reluctantly allowed Norman Sheffield to enter the room. It was easy to see that something looked odd about him, though. His perked shoulders were unusually downcast and he approached the bed with smaller steps than what he was used to. Normally, that annoying peacock walked around as if he was trying to own every single place he passed by.

His gloomy eyes scanned Roger’s body, lingering for a while on his major injuries and sadly staring at his round belly, which made the drummer feel incredibly uncomfortable. He knew that the white bandages would be eye catching and their manager already knew he was pregnant. It was true, though, that the blond made a point of using extremely loose shirts every time they were supposed to be around the man. He guessed that it was the first time Norman was actually taking a good look at him. Justifiably or not, though, it still made him feel quite uneasy.

“I… Hmm… Heard about what happened.” Norman spoke hesitantly and Roger narrowed his eyes at his uncharacteristic tone.

The older man seemed unable to stay still under the drummer’s gaze and kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other, hands tightly gripping what looked like a slightly crumpled newspaper. He looked around the room and found nothing but equally unwelcoming expressions. With a nervous smile, he turned back to Roger. “How are you feeling, lad?”

Roger resisted the urge of scoffing and glared at the man he very much wanted to kill with his bare hands. “Take a wild guess, Mr. Sheffield.”

“Err, right. Of course, it all was terrible. I never…” He started to mumble and discontinued it until he stopped with a heavy sigh.

Personally, Brian was finding quite satisfying observing their manager squirm a bit. But he was also feeling tired, protective and rather murderous at the moment. If their manager had bothered to go there only to waste their time with his irritating presence, though, he would very much like to put an end to it go home.

“Look…” Norman started again, a bit of his regular resolve coming back to his fumbling words. “Any sort of exposure it good, but it’s… regrettable that something like that has happened to you, Taylor. I still don’t think you should be playing for a while, but putting your child at risk was never my intention.”

Roger could feel his veins burning with how much he wanted to go there and knock some of his teeth off. He still had a perfectly working punching hand, after all. The audacity of that son of a bitch, going there with his half-assed non-apology, as if by saying it he would be able to sleep better at night. Fuck him.

His fists were positively trembling from his effort of holding back and he almost could smell the indignation of his friends in the air. Hot anger was boiling on the pit of his stomach and he was
almost sure some of it was being reflected in his eyes. With clenched teeth, he took a step closer to that pathetic excuse of a man and, had he not been so irate, he would have laughed scornfully at his pathetic step back. That fucking coward.

Brian’s shoulders were pulled taut with tension as he carefully watched his boyfriend’s movements. Roger looked like a lion about to rip Norman’s jugular out in the blink of an eye. Honestly, if that didn’t meant that the drummer could further his wounds in the process, he felt rather inclined to stay put and let the blond have his fun with their manager, who, at that point, was positively shaking.

Behind him, the guitarist could spot with the corner of his eye both of his friends ready to jump into action. Be it to stop Roger or to aid him with his murder attempt, Brian wasn’t entirely sure. What he did know, though, was that Freddie and John were probably just outraged as him. The nerve of their manager of trying to sweep it all under the carpet was almost offensive.

“N-Naturally is your decision to stay and I won’t meddle with that anymore.” Norman stuttered a bit and took another step towards the door. “I’ll even talk to the press so they can back out. Come on, Taylor. It’s not that bad.”

At that, Roger snapped and, before Brian could even react, he had their manager pushed against the wooden door, one hand firmly gripping his jacket and the other tightly fisted into a punch. His heart was beating frenetically inside his chest and the hand holding Norman in place was stinging a bit, as his stitch protested his harsh actions. The sheer panicked look on their manager’s face, though, made it entirely worthy.

Part of his brain still held some concern for his daughter, but he was aware that he had the full control of the situation and there were three other people in the room with her wellbeing as a priority. His swollen belly wasn’t even touching the scared man and he knew that, even if Norman was an asshole towards him, he would never purposefully harm his baby like that.

“You shut up and listen to me, Sheffield.” Roger snarled and slowly raised one finger from his fisted hand, pushing it purposefully on the older man’s chest. “You better start praying, for your dick move haven’t harmed my child. Because if it had, there wasn’t a single soul that would stop me from coming after you. If anything happens to my baby because of you, I will hunt you down and I am going to kill you. Nod if you understand.”

Freddie observed with gaped eyes as Norman rapidly nodded his head. The drummer’s back was trembling with tension and he could only imagine how difficult it must have been for him to refrain from beating that asshole into a puddle, as he deserved. John and Brian also looked impressed next to him. For a second, the worrying trio had thought that they would have to physically intervene to keep their friend from doing something stupid. However, if last night wasn’t enough to prove that Roger Taylor had everything under control, that morning surely was a nice reminder.

Brian almost smiled proudly when he saw his boyfriend letting go entirely of their somewhat frightened manager and actually snorted at the small jump the man gave when Roger lowered his hands again to smooth out his jacket.

He had rapidly figured that the drummer wouldn’t be needing his assistance at all. Although many people liked to view the blond as a reckless dynamite, ready to throw punches for nothing and with no sparing thought to consequences, Brian knew better than that. True enough, Roger had an epic temper and tantrums were often. But he had never started a fight without a good reason and certainly never threw himself into it unless he knew that he had it under control. His boyfriend was a clever and caring man, with a noble heart and a fierce sense of justice. If his right hook happened to be amazing, that was just added bonus.
“Now, you are going to set a press conference and we are going to do the talking.” Roger confidently stated as he stared down at Norman with his piercing blue eyes. “You are done talking to the media about us. If they want official answers, they can schedule a bloody interview. We will talk about the album and maybe address my pregnancy, which is still none of their damn business. Got it?”

“I-Yes. I’ll get everything ready.” Norman quickly agreed and breathed in relief when Roger took a step back. Pretending that he wasn’t about to pee his pants, he straightened his jacket and opened the door. “I’ll see you lads soon. Have a nice recovery, Taylor.”

John raised an eyebrow at him when he left the room as if the devil himself was hot on his trail and turned his attention back to Roger, playfully musing. “If we knew he was scared shitless of you, Rog, we would have set you loose on him a long time ago.”

Roger scoffed and walked back to the bed. His hips were aching with the abrupt movements and he had the begging of a headache forming on his brain. Yet, he felt somewhat satisfied. Certainly, if he had kicked his ass, he would have felt much better. However, that would have to do for now.

“He is not a dog, Deaky.” Brian said softly, a hint of teasing in his voice, as he approached the bed and gently inspected the drummer’s bandaged hand to see if he had pulled open his stitch.

“Of course not, darling! He is a tiger!” Freddie exclaimed with an excited roar and bounced his body on the edge of the mattress, successfully eliciting giggles from his friends. He still looked incredibly tired, but he was definitely much more awake than he had been a few minutes ago.

As he deemed his boyfriend’s hand to be in a decent condition, he placed a soft kiss on the bandage and moved to sit behind him. In an instant, Roger was melting against his chest and Brian just couldn’t resist pressing more kisses to his hair and lovingly bringing his hands to rest on their beloved baby bump.

“I’m so proud of you, love.” He whispered tenderly and was graced with the adorable sight of his blushing cheeks.

“You are not mad I was in another fight?” Roger tentatively asked and averted his eyes to stare at the fascinating hospital bedsheets.

“That was hardly a fight, Rog.” Brian pondered and chuckled at the memory of Norman’s scared stance. “And that dick had it come. You were brilliant, my love.”

The drummer beamed under the praise and happily tilted his head to bring their lips together, paying no mind to the whistles and coos of their friends not two feet away. If allowed, he would have spent forever kissing Brian. There couldn’t be a better feeling in the world than his boyfriends soft lips against his. Except, perhaps, the amazing sensation of his baby girl excitedly moving around inside his belly. That was just magical.

When the guitarist went completely stiff against him, though, Roger pulled back and worriedly looked at him. The shocked look on Brian’s face did nothing to soothe his heart and the drummer quickly brought a hand to gently rest on his jaw. The small action got his boyfriend’s attention and shining hazel eyes stared at him.

“I can feel her moving.”

Chapter End Notes
Yep. I stopped the chapter right there. Love you too. <3

But, yes, Brian could really feel her move and I am so excited about it!! I’ve been DYING to write it and never in my life I had thought I would need to pass fifty chapters for it to happen.

As for Norman, somehow, I had a feeling that, even with all of his bravado, he has always been afraid of our feisty drummer. Roger –does– have a reputation, after all. I’m glad he got to give small scare on that asshole. He deserved much more.

Next chapter, we will see how the boys will react to being able to feel our little drummer before they have to deal with the reporters.

Thank you so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos make my day. <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter LII

Chapter Summary

Brian and the boys finally experience a magical moment.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Sorry about the delay!! Hopefully, we will be back to normal posting schedule before the weekend!

This chapter is just a big ball of fluff. As we near the end and there is a considerable time skip in the future, I felt like this moment in particular deserved its special chapter.

Thank you so much for being so understanding and supportive!! Your love never fails to amaze me and I couldn’t be more thankful for each one of you. <3

My dear @marveltrwsh, thank you once more for your unconditional support and all of your help. You rock, sis! <3

I believe no warnings apply to this chapter.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Brian was so overwhelmed that he found himself with a near lack of words to describe the otherworldly sensation against his fingertips.

In a moment, he had been almost melting under Roger’s sweet kisses and in the other, his brain had stopped to register the small fluttering movements he could feel on his palms. The whole thing had him so surprised that he almost had expected his jaw to hit the floor. His wonderful boyfriend even had to draw his attention in order for his thoughts to start working again, which allowed him to use his words properly.

Then, it happened again and Brian was gone. He was feeling their baby, that precious angel he already loved with all his heart, moving against his very hands. His heart was pirouetting inside of his chest and the oxygen he had breathed in probably got lost somewhere in his lungs. He wasn’t sure if hell had broken lose or if it was just John and Freddie cheerfully celebrating that milestone in the background. He couldn’t have paid attention to it for the life of him. Because all that mattered were the tiny kicks he was feeling against his hand.

“Y-You can feel her?” Roger gasped in astonishment, a dorky smile decorating his lips and his glimmering blue eyes gaping with excitement.

Brian could only nod, too awed by the experience to do much else. When another strong kick hit his belly from inside, the drummer couldn’t help but giggle with the notion that his boyfriend could feel
that too. He had no idea that he had been crying until he saw shimmering tears running down the
guitarist’s face and it made him realize that his own cheeks were wet.

Carefully, he moved Brian’s hand a bit to the left and used his fingers to nudge gently at a familiar
spot she particularly liked to hit. Sure enough, she eagerly replied with her own poke from inside to
greet her father and Roger actually felt the guitarist melting behind him.

“S- She answers.” Brian whispered, his voice blurred with emotion and hazel eyes shining with pure
love and adoration.

“She usually does.” The drummer spoke softly as he smiled and let his head lean a bit against his
boyfriend’s shoulder. “Even when you couldn’t feel it yet, she always moved around when you had
your hands on the bump. She is totally her dad’s girl and you know it.”

Brian positively beamed at him with that comment and Roger chuckled at the sight of his silly smile
and enamored face. He had already admitted that he was at least a bit jealous of how much their baby
reacted to the guitarist’s voice and touches. Surely, she did it just as often for Roger and the boys, but
the reactions her dad got from her were almost instantaneous. Every time, though, Brian would look
at him with so much love, that the drummer hardly had a chance to feed that green-eyed little
monster.

He felt adored. The guitarist never tired of telling him how precious he was and how he loved him
with all his heart, to the moon and back, to the infinity of times, beyond, and so much more. Every
time, Roger became butter on his fingers, heart fluttering as he whispered back his own love. Now
that they finally could, putting the feeling into words was cathartic.

Knowing that their baby would be welcomed in such a loving and caring family had Roger
considerably more at ease. They still had a bunch of problems to figure out, but that certainty surely
helped him sleep better at night. With each passing day, he was more convinced that they could do it.
That he could do it. He would be a hell of a father. Also, he was already preparing his spirit to be the
voice of reason. He had thought that Brian would fill those shoes, but dear God, how he had been
wrong. Their little drummer had that soft giant wrapped around her little finger.

The hilarity of him being the parent in charge of saying no most certainly didn’t escape him. But who
was he trying to fool? It had been already accepted between them that surely the rule-reinforcement
role belonged to none other than John Deacon. If that man could keep his proud bandmates in their
best behaviors most of the time, he could do pretty much anything else.

With that thought, Roger raised his head to find both his friends perched on the end of the mattress.
Freddie was eagerly looking at him, his lips tightly pressed together, as if it was his last desperate
attempt to keep quiet. Whereas John was doing a terrible job of pretending to study his own hair.

“Are you two okay?” He tentatively asked and frowned a bit at their odd silence.

“Yes. Just trying to give you guys a moment.” John sheepishly answered and let go of the silky lock
of hair between his fingers. “We would have left for a bit, but we didn’t want to risk ruining it.”

At that, Brian chuckled lightly and turned his head to look at Roger. Given the amusement in his
eyes, he could tell that his boyfriend shared the same opinion about the silliness of their friends.

“Thank you.” The guitarist spoke with a soft laughter and shook his head. “Now come here before
you both explode.”

Roger couldn’t help but join Brian in his laughter or even stop the short cackle that escaped his throat
as his friends appeared by his side in a second, both looking like hopeful children waiting for treats. Playfully rolling his eyes, the drummer grabbed their hands and pressed them strategically on his swollen belly. Brian, bless his heart, moved his own to lovingly rest on the bottom curve of it as he pressed a sweet kiss to Roger’s cheek. Nudging softly again against his skin, the boys expectantly awaited for an answer and, shortly, a couple of kicks followed. Their reactions were just adorable.

Freddie let out a surprised yelp and smiled so brightly at him that one would have thought he had just won a golden record. John’s response was much quieter, but he looked positively soft. His grey eyes were staring with fascination at the place where he had his hand against Roger’s belly and the sweetest smile was adorning his lips.

“I’m afraid you will have little peace now, darling.” Freddie informed Roger with a teasing but gentle voice. “I don’t think any of us will manage to keep our hands away from your bump.”

“As long as you are this willing to hold her after she is out and crying, be my guest.” The drummer playfully grinned at them and Brian chuckled softly behind him.

“Love, I don’t think our daughter will even get the chance of meeting her crib, with so many eager arms to hold her the entire time.” Said the astrophysicist and the boys just knew that it was going to happen exactly that.

“We are going to spoil her rotten, aren’t we?” Roger sighed happily, feeling actually quite comfortable with the hands on his belly. If anything, he was absolutely loving the attention and tender caresses. It was no secret how much of a sucker he was for cuddles. “Deaky, we are counting on you to keep us under control.”

At that, John arched one eyebrow at him and glanced around to see his friends with agreeing expressions. Brian looked like he was already a goner, totally charmed by the little girl and Freddie had already claimed to himself the title of Cool Uncle. As for Roger, the bassist seriously believed that he would be an excellent parent, even in the scolding department. He should give himself more credit. He surely would raise that baby wonderfully. Who would take care of him, though, was another matter entirely. Brian usually did a commendable job, but one look at Roger’s pleading blue eyes was enough to make the guitarist succumb to his whims. Good Lord.

“Care to explain how, in spite of being the youngest of us, I’m in charge of taking care of you lot?” He wondered and, had he not been expecting to feel another magical movement, he would have crossed his arms.

“Easily, darling. I’m mischievous, Bri is a softie and Rog doesn’t like rules.” He stated matter-of-factly. “You are the one keeping us alive.”

John rolled his eyes at him so hard that, for a second, Brian thought that they wouldn’t come back. The secret smile hiding on the corner of his lips, though, betrayed how amused he truly felt with the comment.

“Actually, that’s pretty accurate.” The guitarist found himself agreeing.

He indeed was becoming a softie. Especially considering how much he indulged on Roger’s insane wishes and he already had no doubts that their little princess would have him ready to fulfil her every will in a heartbeat. If she turned out to have her papa’s eyes, then, the cause would be entirely lost. As for Freddie, he truly was the one responsible for making their lives daring and interesting. One could always rely on him to come up with a new bold endeavor.

In Roger’s case, it was plain to see as daylight that the easiest way to get the drummer in trouble was
forbidding him from doing something. He would spare no means to accomplish his goal of
obeying any rules unfairly imposed on him and Lord have mercy of the soul who tried to stop
him. He had a noble heart and a penchant for naughtiness. Roger Meddows Taylor surely was a
force to be reckoned.

Naturally, only someone with John’s patience and resilience would be capable of putting up with the
three of them at the same time. That funky bassist easily had Freddie behaving with a mere look, and
probably a feel indecent promises for later. His relationship with Brian was amazing and they were
often in tune about what was the sensible thing to be done. If the guitarist lacked the resolve, John
would set him straight, whereas if he needed confidence, Brian would gently encourage him in the
right direction.

Then, of course, there was his infinite serenity to deal with Roger’s shenanigans or intrepid attempts
to disturb the peace. It was rare to see the situation where a good scolding from Deaky wouldn’t be
enough to make the drummer feel bad for his misbehavior. John was never loud and he had the gift
of making his favorite blond menace learn with most of his errors. A role that Michael Taylor had
failed to the extreme and that the bassist had beautifully stepped up to fill.

One way or another, they were family. Their qualities and flaws gracefully complimented each other
and all four of them were more than willing to learn from each other. They were supportive, loyal,
loving and caring. Whatever came their way, they dealt with it together. They fought, like any family
would, but in their hearts, there was never the intent of being hurtful towards one another. If
anything, they brought out the best in each other. That’s why they were friends, and nothing would
change that.

“You know,” Freddie’s voice pulled Brian’s out of his thoughts. “we really have to start buying stuff
for this princess, darling.”

“Indeed. I’m sure she would look phenomenal in one of your shirts, but I do think some onesies are
in order.” John pondered and when a soft kick followed his words, his smile was so bright it could
have competed with the sun. “See? She agrees with me. Uncle Deaky has you covered, honey.”

Roger playfully narrowed his eyes at the comment and exaggeratedly pouted to further show his
annoyance. Looking at Brian for solace, he found his boyfriend shyly biting his lip, clearly in
agreement with the bassist but knowing better than to say that out loud.

“How come I suggest it and you get the credit, dear?” Freddie teasingly nudged his hips and got a
knowing smirk in return.

“Because it’s no secret you will find the most adorable outfits, but I’ll be the one responsible for the
comfortable cotton clothes here.” He stated matter-of-factly.

“Do I get any saying in this?” Roger interjected softly, dreading the shopping trips he would be
surely dragged to.

“You still ask, love?” Brian entered the conversation, half of his attention still solely focused on the
gentle fluttering movements against his palm. “I wouldn’t be surprised if they already had her
wardrobe planned until college.”

“Damn right, darling.” Freddie stated and fondly smiled at their adored baby bump, cheekily bending
over a bit to place a quick peck on it. “And she will love every second of it.”

The action provoked a wave of laughter from the boys and Brian nearly fell from the bed with it, but
he managed to scoot back. As he kissed softly his boyfriend’s golden locks, though, he felt his sore
muscles protesting a bit the awkward new angle and he could only imagine how tired the drummer must have been feeling.

“We probably should go home.” He spoke softly and wondered if he would be able to convince his legs to decently move. “A hot shower, a nice meal and the comfort of our own beds.”

“God, yes, please.” Came Roger’s ready reply, which spurted them all into action.

In a minute, they were all good to leave again, since there really wasn’t much to worry about. They had all their belonging with them and Dr. Benson had already cleared Roger hours earlier, given that his stay overnight at the hospital was only a recommendation. The only thing left they still have to figure out, though, was how on Earth they would pass through the reporters.

Chapter End Notes

I still can’t believe we are getting close to the end. God, I’ll miss this so much!!

Next chapter, we’ll have some major realizations from Roger’s part and we’ll see how he and Brian will deal with that particular problem.

Thank you so much for reading!! Come chat with me on the comments and, if you’d like, I’d be more than happy to hear more suggestions on baby names. <3

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter LIII

Chapter Summary

The boys arrive home and have to fight against exhaustion to take care of some things.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! A bit more of fluff on this chapter because I couldn’t resist and then a very serious matter we have to take care of.

Thank you so much for all of your support!! I’m now one chapter and one epilogue away from finishing this work and I still can’t believe how much love and inspiration you guys haven given to it. Truly, thank you. <3

My little warrior, @marveltrwsh, thank you so much for all of your work and patience. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter. But we do have a more serious tone in the end.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Turned out, fighting their way through an army of bloodthirsty reporters had not been necessary at all.

As they stepped out of the room, the boys were concerned about how exactly they would deal with the storm waiting for them outside and Brian’s brain was working every single one if its cells to come up with a solution for them to pass unnoticed. From the corner of his eye, he could see John going through the same predicament as Freddie did his best to give Roger an encouraging pep talk to face those vultures.

The drummer was aware that he would have to do it at some point. Especially considering how he had actually asked their asshole of a manager to schedule a small conference. However, he surely hoped that said meeting with the press would happen under his terms. Not that savagely, curious approach that had been waiting for him outside. Honestly, did they have no shame? He was inside of a bloody hospital. He had just been nearly assaulted. What the fuck was wrong with those people?

To their luck and Roger’s otherworldly relief, the same nurse from before came to meet them halfway into the lobby with a polite smile on her face and visibly less nervous. She blessed them with the news that their previous visitor had successfully gotten rid of the reporters, but that, if they didn’t want to risk it, she could order a cab to pick them up by the smaller back entrance.

Mentally offering a prayer to whomever saint made their manager be useful for once, Brian wasted no time in thanking her profusely and gladly accepting the kind offer. His boyfriend looked like the weight of the world had been lifted from his shoulders and he absentmindedly caressed his belly in a
familiar comforting gesture. Right next to him, their friends seemed ready to throw themselves onto the nearest horizontal surface so they could sleep for at least a week in face of so much stress. He probably looked just as exhausted. However, his priority was to get Roger properly fed, bathed and tucked away into his favorite blankets as soon as possible.

Later, when he had managed to do just that, he finally allowed himself to literally collapse on the bed with him, the mattress softly wiggling under his sudden movement. Every single one of his limbs were taut with tension from the last hours and the odd angles he had napped at on the hospital bed. The second they had made it through their front door, it had been a struggle against his own body to resist the urge of just dropping himself on the sofa, preferably with his boyfriend safely in his arms. However, he bravely won that internal fight and quickly exchanged silent looks with John as they both agreed on how to proceed next.

To be honest, John had felt like he could fall asleep standing up right under the threshold and he couldn’t find a single damn in him to give. Freddie had his arm around his middle and he knew that Brian would make sure their convalescing drummer would be well taken care of. Even if it meant that the soft astrophysicist would probably let Roger get away with eating pop tarts for lunch.

As he had looked in the direction of his blond friend, though, John forced himself to stand straighter and push through his sleepiness for a little longer. The sight of the drummer all bandaged up and the memories of the myriad of bruises hiding behind the white gauze and dark shirt had his heart painfully aching inside of his chest. If he was feeling like shit, he couldn’t even imagine how Roger still was managing to stay up.

“Let’s get your ass into the shower and then straight to bed, darling.” Freddie voiced his thoughts and gently squeezed his side before spurting forward and gathering their coats to put them away.

“I’ll help you shower, love.” Brian spoke softly and chuckled at the naughty smirk he received from the blond. “Don’t even think about it, Rog. It will be an in and out thing.”

“These days they call it a quickie, darling.” The singer hummed and gladly watched a lovely shade of pink adorn Brian’s cheeks.

“I didn’t mean it like that!” He defended himself.

“I surely wouldn’t mind it, love.” Roger shamelessly flirted with him, just for the pleasure of watching his boyfriend squirm a little bit.

Brian gaped at him and desperately looked at John, silently begging for some sensible support. However, the bassist merely arched one eyebrow in his direction and the mischievous duo just couldn’t hold their laughter any longer. Between Brian’s flushed face and Deaky’s annoyed expression, the two simply couldn’t resist.

“You both are incorrigible.” John stated with a small sigh, but a gentle smile played on his lips. Naughty or not, it was good to see the blond in a good mood after such stressful events. “Come on, then. I’ll prepare some sandwiches as you two shower. Freddie, would you be a dear and get our instruments? I don’t like the idea of them laying in the trunk.”

With an agreeing hum, the singer tenderly pecked his lips and promptly retrieved the car keys from their designed bow. As he exited the flat, John ushered the other two straight to the bathroom while he looked around for some plastic and tape to protect Roger’s bandages. He had a decent amount of faith that no funny business would happen in there. His blond menace of a friend could be quite convincing when he wanted to, but the poor thing looked so tired that John was certain that, if he were planning to tease the guitarist, he would at least await until they had reached the bed. Faith
being the key word. Because *certainty*, at that point, was merely a distant friend.

The astrophysicist, however, had been wonderfully efficient and careful as he washed around his boyfriend’s injuries and tenderly massaged shampoo onto his scalp. Roger’s weak protests of being perfectly capable of cleaning himself were easily conquered by Brian’s simple suggestion that the drummer was welcome to soap his chest for him instead. The sight of his purpling hips sent the guitarist into silent tears again and he felt immensely grateful for the water cascading on his head.

Once they stepped out, blissfully clean and ready to climb onto their joined beds, Brian took a spare moment to thoroughly check each one of the bandages and gently rub some soothing ointment on every bruise he could find. Roger was practically melting against him and his arms were holding most of their weight, but he had to make sure everything was properly tended to.

John, bless his heart, already had their plates waiting for them and it took the very last bit of his will to convince himself and the drummer to eat their sandwiches at the table instead of on top of their blankets, which otherwise would be doomed to be covered in crumbs. When they finally made it to their mattresses, though, bellies full, bodies clean and teeth brushed, it felt nearly *orgasmic*.

The muffled sound of the shower was a bit comforting in the background, as it almost perfectly merged with the familiar noise of the rain hitting the window’s glass. If Freddie and John were in there together to *save water*, he had no idea and there was no way in hell or heaven that he would be getting up to check. Not even if that meant catching his friends red-handed as payback for their earlier teasing.

He had Roger safely resting in his arms, one hand lovingly placed on the baby bump and sleep was right on the corner of his eyes. His muscles were finally starting to relax and he could already tell that he would be down for at least a few hours. However, the drummer’s voice lured him awake and, as he craned his neck to look at him, he found determined blue eyes staring at his face.

“I think we should get married.” Roger spoke matter-of-factly, as if he was announcing his preference for dinner later.

Brian blinked at him a couple times and his tired brain cells started to wonder from where on Earth that was coming from. Because they had already had that conversation a few times and it was clear as the light of the day that the guitarist was completely on board with the idea. He just didn’t have the faintest notion of why the subject had surfaced at that moment.

“Well, yes. Now?” He readily suggested with a playful tone, his foggy voice making Roger chuckle and kiss his neck. Depending on his boyfriend’s answer, he honestly might even consider getting up.

“Not *now*, silly. But soon.” The blond pondered, that last bit coming out with a more serious tone. Maybe it was how he had said, or perhaps the dark shadow that had crossed his pensive eyes, but something made Brian aware that the drummer had truly meant it.

“I’ll marry you in a heartbeat, love. You know that.” He tentatively started and carefully raised his fingers to caress his cheek. “Something is bothering you, though. Would you like to talk about it?”

Roger shyly bit his lower lip and felt his face heating up a bit when the guitarist tenderly eased it out of his teeth before he could break the skin. There was, indeed, a worrying thought circling around his mind and preventing him from sleep. For a moment, he had wished that the concern hadn’t surfaced at all, but, in the end, he was glad that it did, so he had the chance of taking care of it while he still was able to.

He knew that Brian would marry him in an instant. At that point, he liked to think of himself already
half engaged, if considering all the non-official proposals that he had gotten. Every once in a while, they both would talk about their plans for the future and marriage was always in the picture. They didn’t feel like they needed to rush anything, because a paper wouldn’t affect their lives that much if compared to their baby, who surely would change their routines substantially. They had been living together for years already. Their relationship already had been pretty much the one of an old married couple, aside from the amazing sex and open love declarations.

Roger really had thought that it was something that could wait. However, as he had stopped to consider the past events of his life, he realized that it most certainly could not. Obviously, if viewed from a romantic perspective, marriage really wasn’t one of their priorities, taking in consideration the nature of their bond. But the cold reality from the recent incident added with the memory of his father’s horrible reaction had the drummer looking at it from a completely different angle.

“I know we have agreed that it wasn’t important, but I have been thinking and…” He spoke softly, a bit of his worry coming through his tone, and stopped for a moment to collect his thoughts. “What if something had happened to me, Bri? What if some life changing decision had to be made, but you didn’t have the legal power to make it? Because if I’m unable to decide for myself, my parents get to call the shots, not you.”

Brian stared at him, shock and fear passing through his expression as realization downed upon him. Hazel eyes stared intently at blue concerned ones and the guitarist could feel his heart starting to beat insanely against his ribs. The mere possibility of something bad like that happening to Roger was enough to unsettle him a great deal. The certainty that the life of the man he loved and their baby were, in that scenario, at the mercy of Michael Taylor, on the other hand, had him nearly choking with despair. Because he just knew that, as good as Winifred intentions could be, the abrasive men usually got his way around.

“I want you to be my husband, Bri.” Roger stated with a firm voice as he brought up his hand, gently grabbing Brian’s and enlacing their fingers together. “Not only because I love you with all my heart. You already know that part. But also because I trust you with my life and I don’t want anybody challenging your right to decide about that. Will you marry me?”

Chapter End Notes

Does anyone have doubts about Brian’s answer? ^^’

Sorry about cutting the chapter where I did. But, the whole thing was becoming HUGE and I wanted to cover a special moment before we reached the future time passage. Remember, Brian still has one gift to give.

I’m dying to sit down and answer your comments with all the attention they deserve!! I’m afraid I have to hush to work now, but I’ll do it as soon as I’m home. I just wanted to give you this early update as an apology for the past days.

Thank you so much for reading and for being so understanding! If you can, please leave a comment, for I love to read them with all my heart. Right now, I just finished working on the beginnings of labor and I would love to know your opinion on it.

I tried to come up with a way to please everybody, since I’ve asked this question before and I hope to be on the right track. Some reassurance would be really nice, though. <3
Lots and lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter LIV

Chapter Summary

Roger waits for Brian’s answer and receives an unexpected gift.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! Sorry about splitting this chapter! Please accept this fluff as an apology.

I never tire of thanking you all for the support and constructive feedback. You guys are the life and soul of this work and I’ll always be eternally thankful to all of you.

My dear sister, @marveltrwsh, thank you for bearing with me for so long. We’re almost there. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I believe.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The drummer couldn’t help himself as he bit his lower lip again and awaited for his boyfriend to say something.

He was perfectly aware that his proposal hadn’t been exactly romantic. But he wasn’t too preoccupied about that. They already had about a hundred of those under their belts. From tooth-rotting sweet to plain right dorky ones. Be it by beautiful song lyrics, softly whispered words late at night or even crooked letters written on lettuce with salad dressing, between the two of them, loving marriage proposals were plenty and each one more adorable than the other.

Brian had started it as a joke, to compensate for his blunt speech back at the Taylor’s house. Soon, though, both men were determined to propose to the other as sweetly as possible. Freddie always sparkled with joy every time he got to witness one and John just couldn’t see why they just didn’t marry at once instead of carrying on with that flirty game of sorts, but he always smiled endearingly at it nevertheless.

They always had meant it, of course. But there was never any hush behind it because they had figured that they would have ages to actually get that silly piece of paper. It didn’t matter to them. However, it sure as hell meant a whole deal to the eyes of the law and Roger would be dammed if he even considered giving birth under the current circumstances.

Brian’s mind raced through all the possible scenarios that Roger’s enlightened comment had just planted in his head. Not for a second he had stopped to consider that perspective and never in his life had he felt that dumb. Well, he could perhaps think of a couple occasions, which curiously involved the blond as well. But the point remained. God bless his wonderful, clever, amazing, extraordinary boyfriend for thinking of that. The fact that the drummer had experienced terrible situations to reach
such conclusion, though, still pained him to no end.

Roger’s words were still echoing inside his brain and his heart probably had skipped at least a dozen beats with the meaning behind his statement. They were really going to do it. They would get married. That wonderful man was actually agreeing to be his husband. With a startle, he realized that he still hadn’t actually answered.

“Yes! God, yes!” He yelped and boldly pressed their lips together, teeth clashing a bit as their smiles met each other. Brain still a bit dizzy, he lowered his voice to a softer tone. “I-Sorry. Yes. I’ll marry you tomorrow, if you’d like, love. Anything you want.”

The drummer beamed and happily joined their mouths again, kissing his boyfriend with all his intent and pouring all his love into it, both men taking their time just to enjoy the feeling of being close like that. When they finally pulled apart for air, Brian was looking at him with the silliest smile on his face as his hazel eyes sparkled with pure adoration. How on Earth he had let himself think for only a second that the man’s answer would be anything different from yes was a bloody mystery to him.

“We’re getting married.” The guitarist whispered softly against his lips, the tips of their noses sweetly bumping at each other.

“Damn right we are.” The blond giggled and playfully pecked his cheeks.

“I suppose Freddie is going to flip. Do you want a party?” Brian pondered and placed soft kisses on his jaw as Roger allowed himself to think about it for a minute.

“I don’t think so. Not yet, at least.” He spoke with a pensive tone as his fingers toyed with Brian’s dark curls, still damp from their shower. “The press has its eyes on us already and I hardly believe Freddie knows the meaning of small party.”

“It makes sense.” Came the sensible agreement as clever hazel eyes considered the subject. “Also, we’re having a baby. Let’s focus on our little girl first. A party can wait. But I’ll get the formal papers ready as soon as possible. How does that sound?”

“Perfect.” Roger nearly purred his answer and practically melted against him. When small fluttering kicks drew his attention, though, he lovingly guided their hands to rest on his belly and couldn’t stop the tiny giggle that escaped his lips at the guitarist’s gaping astonished eyes.

With a swift movement, Brian gently slid his warm fingers under the blond’s loose shirt, amazement clear in his face as their daughter once more moved against his palm. As two soft kicks reached his hand, a nearly forgotten thought came to the front of his mind and in two second’s he was out of bed. He couldn’t believe he had had missed earlier the smaller box hidden on his wardrobe. He had planned to present it to Roger last night once they were home, but, given the circumstances, the tiny white box had made its way to the back of his brain.

“Bri?” The drummer asked from the bed, a bit confused about what could possibly have prompted him to move so fast. He didn’t answer straight away, but after a few seconds passed, the astrophysicist was climbing back under their blankets as he sheepishly held a delicate looking box, not bigger than his own hand, on which an intricate red bow rested neatly on top.

“I kind of got you another present.” He explained with an uncertain tone, cheeks assuming the same shade of the bow. “Well, not for you. But it’s something I thought you would like. My mother told me about this place that customized stuff and I just… Here.”

Roger had an amused smile on his face, but he couldn’t hide his curiosity regarding the content of
such a mysterious box. Because, certainly, anything that made the guitarist fumble like that surely had to be amazing. Also, he was almost certain that his heart was dancing around his chest with the sweetness of Brian’s care. He had already been graced with two phenomenal presents. His boyfriend just had to be adorable and get him one more.

With a loving peck on his lips, Roger gently received the box and carefully lifted the lid. Soft looking fabric was resting neatly folded inside, it had an icy tone of white to it and it was absolutely tiny. Placing the lid aside for a moment, the blond gently brought both his hands to unfold the piece and he could feel his heart accelerating as gorgeously light grey letters came into view.

As the words registered in his brain, all oxygen he had in his lungs came out in a soft gasp as he glanced from Brian to the gift. His fingers were trembling slightly and he was almost sure that the familiar wetness in his face were from his tears. He was so overwhelmed by happiness that he couldn’t even bring himself to be mad at his hormones for that one.

There in his hold, was the smallest t-shirt of the universe. The tiny clothing by itself would have been enough to make Roger swoon, since it was the very first one their baby received. What truly made the blond feel like he was floating, though, were the beautifully embroidered words on the front, proudly saying ‘Papa’s Little Drummer’.

“I-Bri…” He whispered, trying to find his voice amidst the warm feelings swirling inside his heart. “This is so perfect!”

Brian felt his own heart melting inside of his chest, as he fondly watched Roger’s reaction to the gift. His boyfriend had shared with him a few weeks ago his natural fear of starting buying things for their baby and they had talked about it for a while. It was normal to feel scared. Heavens knew that Brian himself was probably the most frightened of them all. But he was also sure that they would do everything in their power to keep their little one safe and that had to count for something.

Slowly, they both had worked through that particular fear and Roger started to get excited about preparing everything to welcome their baby. However, he was hell-bent that the first thing they were going to buy had to be special. With their changing recording hours and all the shit that their manager had been throwing on their way, though, they hardly had been granted free time to actually go out in search for that special piece. When his mother had mentioned the small shop that customized clothes and other things, though, he just couldn’t shake the thought out of his head.

“I love it! She will look so adorable in it, Bri.” Roger spoke excitedly, voice still blurred with his ranging emotions.

He just couldn’t believe how his boyfriend had found something so perfect, fitting and thoughtful. For all their bickering on the subject, the blond knew that Brian would let him get away with teaching their daughter how to play the drums before she learned how to play the guitar. Having his loving nickname to their little one embroidered so artfully into the tiny shirt had been so sweet that Roger couldn’t help but wonder what he could possibly had done to deserve such a caring man in his life.

“You are her papa, love. She will look gorgeous regardless of the outfit.” Brian affirmed softly and the drummer felt his cheeks burning with the compliment. For, no matter how confident he could be with his looks sometimes, hearing things like that from his boyfriend always made him giggle like a schoolgirl.

“I hope she has your curls, you know,” Roger confessed and bit his bottom lip, fingers swiftly playing with Brian’s hair. “She would look like a little angel with them.”
“I guess she would. Especially if she has your eyes.” He kindly agreed and softly placed a small peck on the pink lips before they could bruise. Motioning tenderly to the white box between them and the tiniest item of clothing he had ever laid his eyes upon, he obtained a silent permission to move them to the nightstand, after Roger had taken a moment longer to carefully fold the delicate shirt and neatly arrange it on the box.

Within a few more minutes, they were back again to a position pretty similar to their first one. Another pillow had been placed right under the curve of Roger’s belly, for added support, and Brian lovingly sneaked his hand once more to rest on his bump. Their little girl had quieted down bit, which the drummer assured him was normal, but he still loved the sensation of just having his hand there. Knowing that the love of his life and their daughter were safe in his arms always made him rest much better.

Their press conference was bothering him a bit, but nothing that would make him lose his sleep. Between Roger’s fierce passion to defend their privacy and stay true to facts, Freddie’s easy charm that had people immediately drawn to him, John’s cool analysis of problematic situations and Brian’s own diplomatic abilities, he wasn’t too worried about it. His boyfriend had been brilliant in bringing the ball back to their court and he was sure that with an official statement, the media would leave them in peace.

He had much more important things on the front of his brain. The matter of their marriage really had some urgency to it and he would see that they got that legal headache out of the way as soon as possible. Even if a great part of his heart still fluttered with the notion that he would be Roger’s husband, he was aware that the huge party thrown in celebration of their love would have to wait a while longer. There was, indeed, no rush from that point of view. He already had promised himself that he would show how much he loved that precious man every single day.

As sleep slowly started to come back to him and his boyfriend’s even breaths lured him to the land of dreams, he allowed his body to fully relax. His chest was filled with a warm feeling and his fingers almost absentmindedly lightly danced around their adored baby bump, forming guitar notes of a familiar melody he still had to finish. Surely, things still weren’t perfect. But, finally, they had started to look as they would.

Chapter End Notes

I promise nothing bad will happen to these two anymore!! We are finally making it to our happy ending. I’m pleased to announce that I have FINALLY finished my first draft of the final chapter (59) and I’m more than excited to start the Epilogue (60).

I have been thinking a lot and I have mentioned to some people, but I’d like to share with you all that I might decide to post another story. Please don’t get your hopes too high, because I’m still not sure about it and it would definitely not be another little monster in length like this one. I’m really on the fence. I just know that the thought of stop writing made my heart ache. I don’t want to stop. Let’s see what happens.

Next chapter, we will have a considerable passage of time. I’ll try to tie loose ends and what I don’t manage to cover in it, I’ll see if I can address on the Epilogue. Please keep an eye for those, because I don’t trust my brain at all.

We’re getting there, guys. We really are.
Thank you so much for reading!! Your kudos and comments put me in cloud nine all day!! Again, I have to rush to work, but I’m dying to answer you all. <3

Lots of love!!
Xx
With so many challenging situations in their recent past, the blissfully uneventful months that followed Roger’s birthday seemed to have passed faster than a heartbeat.

Things had been a bit tense for a while, on the few days between his release from the hospital and their dreaded encounter with the press. Roger had felt incredibly restless with the perspective of facing those vultures and it had been necessary a great amount of effort from his flat mates to keep his mind distracted and his body dutifully on bedrest. That time around, the boys decided to take turns between making company to the convalescing drummer and heading to the studio to continue recording their album. Their work was nearly finished and it was a matter of only a few weeks more.

Despite of his concerns, their press conference turned out to be better than what they had expected. For a moment, Roger had thought that their manager would send them unprepared to a room packed with reporters, just for the pleasure of watching them squirm. However, to his surprise and relief, there were only a few people, not more than a dozen, waiting for them at the neutral venue the meeting had been scheduled to take place.

Some of them were photographers, who had been more than eager to flash their cameras at Roger’s purposefully hidden baby bump. Naturally, the drummer had chosen not to make things easy for them. Just because the world already knew he was pregnant, it did not mean that he had to go around parading his belly for all to see.
At first, one of the reporters, a sharp looking woman with thin glasses who worked for a tabloid magazine, had tried to open the conversation with questions about his pregnancy. Even knowing that something like that probably was going to happen, her boldness had annoyed Roger to no end. Good thing, though, that Brian promptly asked them to reserve all questions related to the baby until the end of the interview. They were there to talk about music.

From that moment on, with the rest of the press seeming appeased with the subtended promise of more information about what they truly were looking for, the four members of Queen were able to steer the interview through safer waters. Freddie, bless his heart, did most of the talking and answered charismatically to their album related inquires. Brian and Roger, albeit nervous, also spoke a great deal about their work while John carefully studied everybody in the room, chipping in for a comment or two.

When it finally came to the moment of addressing his pregnancy, Roger had tried his best to control his temper and produce a definitive and non-invasive statement about his impending parenthood. Following Deaky’s advice, he had been as true to the facts as possible, without giving too much away about their private life. He and Brian were going to have a baby, they all were incredibly happy about it and, if possible, he would like the media to respect their privacy.

A wave of follow up questions hit them after that, but, while the drummer fought his own instincts of protecting those personal details of their lives with biting remarks, his friends took over the mission of derailing those type of asks. Be it through Brian’s polite short answers, Freddie’s charming inputs or John’s sarcastic intromissions, the reporters were somewhat pleased for getting some news, even if not all of it.

When the same nosy lady who had tried to start the interview, that earlier had introduced herself as Charlotte Carter, tried to imply that being a parent and a professional musician wasn’t a very good combination, though, the boys saw red. Their staged smiles faltered for a bit and that time there was no diplomacy in the world that could have stopped Roger’s rant from escaping his lips.

How dared she?

Saying something like that was bloody offensive not only towards them, but it also reached a huge numbers of other families, of parents who had challenging jobs and, yet, always tried to do right by their children. The drummer, at that moment, had felt surer than ever that he would be a brilliant father. Not because he would be perfect, but because he would do his very best. He also happened to be an extremely competent professional, and so were his bandmates. They would make mistakes, obviously, and learn along with them. However, it was unquestionable that their child would be raised with all their love and responsibility.

Every person in the universe struggled with managing parenthood and personal careers to some extent. He certainly would be no exception. The only difference, though, was that while other parents had the privilege of doing that in peace, he and Brian had to answer to types of questions like those and the blond spared no words to tell Charlotte Carter just that. And yes, she could fucking quote him on that. Which she very much did.

Maybe she had expected to make him look bad for saying it, which absolutely backfired for her. Or, perhaps, she just had wanted to sell magazines and, in that case, her cunning move had resulted in just that. Because, by the end of the week, everybody had seem to have read their interview. As it could have been expected, a considerable amount of people had actually agreed with her collocation and they had opinions on how the boys should raise their child. However, to their surprise, Roger’s sudden outburst on the topic inspired the majority of society to stand with him on the defense for their privacy.
While people still were curious about their lives, it seemed to have had become a major agreement among society that the focus of the media should be on their music, and not on their baby. When, a few days after Roger’s passionate defense of their privacy and call out for judgmental opinions on their parenthood skills, Ms. Taylor called to excitedly announce that some host on daytime TV had been praising him for his standpoint, the drummer nearly cried in relief.

He knew that they would never have an entirely peaceful relationship with the media, if their plans of becoming worldly famous were to come true. However, the support of some people truly had moved him. It was nice to receive confirmation that, between so many assholes, there were still nice folks living in Great Britain. The fact that they were graced with a considerable peak on the sales of Queen I also helped matters a great deal. At least, their headache of a manager had been incredibly pleased. Aiding with bringing them back to Norman Sheffield’s good graces, the band had manage to finish recording and refining their next album a bit after two weeks into August, finally deeming it ready after months of meticulous work.

To celebrate such an important achievement in their careers, the boys had decided to wait a couple more days so they could also commemorate John’s birthday as well. Brian had firmly refused to set foot in another pub for a while and Roger, even if confident he could handle just about anything, also didn’t want to risk getting caught in trouble once more. That hadn’t been a problem, though, since pubs and clubs really weren’t much of John’s scene and Freddie had been more than happy to go anywhere his boyfriend had wanted to.

In the end, Brian’s mom had been the one to come up with the brilliant suggestion of a small trip to the beach just for a few days. Her longtime friend had offered her house on a lovely beach at East Sussex for short stays anytime she needed it and the boys were instantly in love with the idea. After so many stressful days, some rest near the beach sounded just like heaven. Traveling turned out to be an excellent idea and they all seemed to have had come back with renewed energy and at least a dozen of new very interesting hickeys all over their bodies.

By the time they had returned, the notice Brian had sent to the Register Office to solve their marriage situation had been given the green light. Only then, he and Roger had decided to share the news with their friend. As it had been predicted, Freddie felt largely disappointed that things would be done without a fuss, be he agreed that it was, indeed, for the best at that moment. As for John, he was elated with the fact that they would solve that bureaucratic problem without having a stressful party in the middle of Roger’s pregnancy. He really felt rather moved, though, when he and Freddie were asked to be their witnesses and the drummer nearly pinched him for assuming they would have had it any other way.

The ceremony turned out to be simple and straight to the point. It had been a common decision that they should save the big vows, flowers, suits and all that jazz for when they actually resolved to marry properly. The piece of paper they were signing that day was just a way to have them both protected in case the worst happened. If they, curiously, happened to spend the whole day in the bedroom after coming back officially married to the eyes of the state, their friends really couldn’t blame them for celebrating it only a bit.

With their studio work done, their marriage out of the way and their bodies deservedly rested, the time came for their live performances, in order to keep up the hype for their next album. Roger had been slightly apprehensive about live shows for bigger crowds than the ones at the pubs and so were his friends. There was a huge difference between those two types of performances and John was nearly worrying himself to an early grave with the perspective of having to play for almost two hours without a break.
Playing the drums, for Roger, was still possible, even if slightly uncomfortable. Aside for his frequent bathroom visits, courtesy of his poor crushed bladder, the trickiest part was the size of his belly. As the end of August came and he reached the third trimester of his pregnancy, his baby bump looked like a well-sized round watermelon and fitting it behind a drum kit wasn’t necessarily a piece of cake. Somehow, though, they had succeeded to come up with a shorter performance routine and slide some acoustic breaks in the middle so Roger could run to the bathroom and catch his breath. It still wasn’t easy, but it was manageable. However, those annoyances apart, he was loving to watch his belly grow.

Naturally, he had started to feel even more body conscious, but the boys, especially Brian, went over the extra mile to assure him that he looked gorgeous. Even if he had, to John’s eternal gratitude, gained a few more pounds, he still looked fairly skinny to a nearly thirty weeks pregnant person. Dr. Benson, though, had promised that it was a very normal thing. As his body had to work overtime to accommodate his, otherwise dormant, functioning uterus, he was burning calories at a rapid speed. His drumming and assisted walks around the flat also were a healthy factor that had helped to keep his narrow shape, aside from the prominent swelling of his middle.

When it became possible to actually see their daughter moving inside of his belly, though, the four worrying men seemed to relax a bit about his little weight gain. That small visual proof that their little girl was healthy and growing had been a true blessing for their lives. Also, if Roger had thought that his bump had been allowed no rest from his friend’s loving hands before, which he didn’t mind at all, after she had started to move more visibly, it became incredibly rare for one of the boys to be in the same room as him and not interact with his little drummer.

Towards the end of October, they had done everything possible to prepare the flat for the arrival of the baby. It was a good thing that Roger had finished with his shopping, because he, honestly, at thirty-seven weeks, felt like he was ready to pop. Thankfully, their manager had agreed a few weeks earlier that it was time to rest and they only would have to worry about promoting their music after the release of Queen II in the following year.

Brian was completely enamored with the little corner they had created for their daughter in their room. After they had started to buy things for the baby, it became apparent that they had very little space to storage things. Thankfully, the four boys worked together to come up with solutions for every problem that surfaced. John, for example, had the thoughtful idea of selling their single beds and, with the money, acquiring modest queen sized ones in order to create more room, as well as moving one of their wardrobes to his and Freddie’s bedroom. By doing that, Roger and Brian could keep the things they used the most in their own in a shared space while less used objects and clothes could stay across the hall.

That proved to be a fantastic idea, as it had given them space to purchase a small dresser that could also serve as a changing table for their little princess. Freddie had even gone the extra mile and painted lovely musical instruments on the sides of the white wood. They had chosen that color to compliment the gorgeous white crib that Brian’s parents had gifted to their granddaughter in a simple and intimate baby shower and the kind gesture had Roger tearing up at least for a week every time he looked at it, heart melting with love.

They had bought everything they could have thought of. Although keeping expenses to a minimum, John was proud to say that they had everything covered. He even had found a cute mug with bold letters stating “Best Grandpa Ever” and he jokingly had presented Freddie with it for his birthday. To his surprise and delight, the singer had loved it and made a point of only using that mug for absolutely everything. It was adorable.

From the diapers to the box of bottles and pacifiers on the kitchen, tiny clothes and soft blankets that
neatly rested on the dresser, the bassist could say that they were almost ready to receive their little
girl. His favorite piece, though, by far, had to be the cutest baby mobile that had little planets and
stars hanging from it. Roger had found it in a small store and he had looked like a bouncing ball of
excitement at the thought of Brian’s face upon seeing it. The thing was just too cute and he had even
managed to hack into its music box, changing it to play parts of the solo the guitarist had been
working on for his little princess.

However, from their list of stuff that they had to prepare before the baby came around, there was still
something which needed their attention. Even with the furniture, clothes, objects and even the birth
classes Roger had attended with a blushing Brian in tow and an amused Freddie and John observing
from afar, they were nowhere close to picking up a name.

Unfortunately, though, they were running out of time.

Chapter End Notes

Only four chapters more (and the epilogue), guys. We’re really gonna make it!!

As you know, after a time skip, we have some detailed couple of days. Who’s excited to welcome our little drummer?

We’ve talked a lot about birth and how further I should dive into it. I hope I got the tone and the level of details right. In the end, I aimed for something realistic, even if many medical inaccuracies can be expected. Please, keep in mind that I never had a baby and that is definitely not my field of work. Nothing is too graphic or gross, don’t worry. I really hope the tone and pace are okay. Let’s see.

As for my possible new work that some of you have been asking about, I’d like to clarify that it is going to be in the Queen fandom and all our boys are going to be there. Fear not. <3

I’m still working on the Epilogue, so if you spot any loose end or if there is something you really would like to see about their future, please let me know in the comments and I’ll be more than happy to include it if possible. <3

Also, if you already have figured our little drummer’s name, let’s keep the comments free of spoilers, so other readers can still enjoy the surprise. <3

Thank you so much for reading!! Your comments and kudos are truly inspiring!! Thank you!!

Lots of love!!

Xx
Picking a baby’s name proved itself to be harder than agreeing on what songs they should put on the album.

“We cannot put ‘Little Drummer’ on her birth certificate, darling.” Freddie pointed out during the heated argument going on during the breakfast of that lazy Saturday. “You two will have to agree on a name and soon.”

“Well, we are not giving her a star name.” Roger pouted as he fervently attacked the smoothie’s straw. John had felt merciful towards him that morning and the concoction looked pink instead of green for once. “If I can’t pick this time around, neither can Brian.”

“For the hundredth time, Rog, we are not naming our first child after a car.” The guitarist calmly stated while he spread jam on toast, as if that same eternal discussion weren’t starting to wear him off. “I suggested a star name because you wanted something exotic. I’m perfectly fine with a classical name.”

“No way! That’s boring.” The blond whined and John observed with amusement as his husband rolled his hazel eyes and the drummer narrowed his own blue ones at him. “Why don’t you let me pick? I’m the one carrying her!”

They all had been going through that topic for ages. Ever since they had found out that Roger was expecting a little girl, opinions of names popped every other hour, but they just didn’t seem able to reach an agreement. At first, he and Freddie had excitedly joined the choosing process, but as the
discussion gained power and neither side seemed ready to give in, the two decided that it would be
for the best if they kept themselves as neutral parties. The only thing he had volunteered to do, just to
keep things organized, was a name timetable with different categories.

It had the ‘classic’ as well as the ‘exotic’ one. Mostly, though, Freddie had been responsible for
picking the titles and they ended up also with ‘Roger’s Insane Car’s Suggestions’, ‘Brian’s Nerdy
Star Inputs’, ‘Over My Dead Body We’ll Name Our Daughter That’ and, the bassist’s personal
favorite, ‘Roger Meddows Taylor-May, Don’t You Fucking Dare’. That one always amused him the
most, for it was delightful to watch Brian trying to prevent their daughter’s from being mocked at
school and it also had become his personal guilty pleasure to call the drummer for his new full name.

“Love, you can pick. But you have to be reasonable.” Brian tried to appease his husband before
things could get too inflamed. Again.

Sensing his failure as Roger suspiciously looked like he was about to throw another spoon at him,
John jumped into the discussion and pushed a bite of his pop tart on the drummer’s direction. “I
know you both want to choose her name because she is the first one. I’m sure you will get your car
and star named children in the future. For now, why don’t you try to find something that you both
like, though?”

Brian lanced him a thankful look as he actually started to ponder about that suggestion, whereas
Roger, now busy with munching on his sugary treat, stared at the tabletop, probably thinking along
the same lines. That, or he was planning his husband’s murder with the silverware. With such a
focused expression, John really couldn’t tell.

After the small fight was avoided, breakfast carried on without a fuss. The drummer had miserably
crawled to the sofa to catch a nap while Brian, wisely, had chosen to remain in the kitchen and clean
up their fridge. Sensing the still tense atmosphere, Freddie and John had determined that retreating to
their own room was the best for a moment. If their door had been casually left ajar in order to catch
any signal of probable distress, none chose to comment on it.

Roger wasn’t truly mad at Brian. They had agreed that, since she was their first child, they should
both have an influence on her name. The two of them just seemed incapable of staying on the same
page regarding that particular subject. If the drummer wanted to be fair, though, he had to admit that
he was being moodier than necessary. However, he couldn’t help it.

Those last few weeks were heavily taking its tow on him to the point where not even napping for
long seemed possible. Finding a comfortable position to sleep was a nightly nightmare and poor
Brian was paying that prince right next to him. His heartburn had been worse than ever and his
whole body ached. Also, Braxton-Higgs contractions were annoying him to no end. He talked nearly
daily with Dr. Benson over the phone and they had visited his practice at least once a week for the
past month. Expectations were high given the fact that male carriers usually gave birth before
completing forty-one weeks.

That small fact had them all worrying extremely over the past months, as a preterm labor any time
before last week would be less than recommended. As he reached nearly thirty-eight weeks, though,
and his baby had even slid further down on his womb, now laying closer to his navel, Roger had felt
himself relax a bit on that matter. Even if all indicated his little girl was healthy, he wouldn’t be able
to breathe properly until she was safely in his arms.

With that moment so close and nervousness thick in the air, it wasn’t really surprising that his mood
hadn’t been the best one to date. Part of him was ecstatic with the notion that, in less than a month,
he would have his little drummer out in the world and he would be finally able to hold her. However,
the other half of his brain, the one that still had many doubts about a hundred things, that part was
scared shitless. He did make an effort, though, to push those thoughts away anytime they threatened to dwell on his mind. Not being able to pick a name was one of the things bothering him and, after their eventful breakfast, John’s words kept playing on a loop in his mind. He really didn’t want a boring first name for his child. He also didn’t really mind a space related one, but since they had agreed on a mutual choice that time around, stars and his beloved cars were also benched for a while. The blond wanted something non traditional, yes, but he also wanted something pretty and that, if possible, somewhat pleased his husband’s preference for classical names.

He really was trying to come up with a nice option, but only one topic came to the front of his mind when he tried to imagine things both him and Brian liked. He was actually considering something around that possibility, but his false contractions were extremely bitchy that morning and he just couldn’t concentrate. Glancing at the clock, he decided to wait a few more minutes before calling Dr. Benson at their usual time. So far, they weren’t painful, only annoying.

“How are you feeling, love?” Came Brian’s voice from behind him on the sofa and Roger turned his head around in time to watch his husband nearing him.

“A bit like shit. Sorry for keeping you awake too.” He mumbled and rubbed at his eyes. His lack of sleep was another factor also driving him slightly mad.

“That’s alright, Rog. You are already doing the hard part. Staying awake with you is the least I could do.” The guitarist sweetly spoke and the blond felt a tidbit of guilt for contemplating smacking his head with the spoon earlier. When Brian carefully looked around for signs of John before swiftly snatching a chocolate bar from his back pocket, though, that feeling escalated a lot. “Here, love. I hope it makes you feel a bit better.”

After such a lovely gesture, Roger could only feel his heart warm with love for his sweetheart of a husband as he promptly stood up from the couch to properly snog him before accepting his sneaked treat. That move, however, had his back and navel aching in pain and his knees practically gave up from it, Brian’s strong arms readily keeping him from hitting the floor.

“Rog?” Brian spoke with an urgent voice.

A small groan left the drummer’s mouth as it felt like an invisible hand was gripping tightly between his legs from inside and the sensation knocked the breath out of his lungs. “I-I d-don’t think this was false contraction, Bri.” He whispered against his husband’s chest, brain still a bit shocked at the sudden pain.

“I don’t think so either, Rog.” The guitarist stated, eyes fixed on Roger’s legs. “Your water just broke.”

Chapter End Notes

I know. I’m a little devil for stopping there. Sorry! I couldn’t resist it. <3

Next chapter, we will have the boys reactions and the next step on handling the situation. From now on, you can fully expect to behold the fruits of my struggles with Google and a dozen maternity sites. Being in labor is bloody complicated. Jesus. I hope to have gotten things at least mostly correct.
Also, it’s with a heavy heart and a few tears that I’d like to assure you all that the Epilogue has been finished and it is over 6000 words long. To anyone curious, it is set about a decade into the future and we get to see more about their wedding and meet their children. @marveltrwsh and I put a lot of work on those little angels and if you suggested a name or a theory, we’ve done our bests to fit them as smoothly as possible. That’s all I’m saying for now. I just wrapped it up and I am Soft™.

Thank you so much for reading, for your comments and kudos!! You guys are amazing!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter LVII

Chapter Summary

The boys try to keep calm as they head to the hospital for a much-expected moment.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! It's happening!! Our little drummer is ready to come to the world!! I hope I got the boys’ reactions somewhat right. ^^'

When I look all the way back to the initial chapters and all the alterations and surprises I’ve had with this plot, I can hardly believe we’re here. Truly, thank you all so much for all the love and support!! You guys were my biggest motivation to continue. <3

My dear @marveltrwsh, we’re doing it, honey! Thank you forever for putting up with my insane ideas, the tears and all the heart attacks I gave you. Love you!!

No major warnings apply to this chapter. However, from here on, things will get a bit more ~biological~. Nothing gross, though! I hope. ^^”

Enjoy!!

Roger saw before he felt the clear, slightly pink-ish small amount of liquid running down his bare thighs. The contraction that came after his water broke had completely taken his attention for a minute.

“We’re having a baby.” Brian whispered, hazel eyes agape in astonishment. “Oh, God. Roger.”

The drummer could only blink at him, his own shock running wild inside his veins as the familiar, yet different, sensation stopped for a while to give him a break until the next contraction. He could feel some amniotic fluid slowly dripping into his underwear and, somehow, that thought made his cheeks blush for a second, which was completely ridiculous. A baby would come out of him. Good Lord. Some drops of liquid were nothing.

“I-I guess we are.” He whispered, one arm automatically wrapping itself around his middle. The blond wasn’t sure if he was frightened or excited. Maybe a bit of both.

“Right. We’ve prepared for this. You’re going to do great and I won’t leave your side for a second. I’ve got you, my love.” Brian promised with a steady voice. A hint of his nervousness coming through. Roger knew that he was probably going through the same mixture of fear and elation than him, but he was grateful for his husband trying to remain calm. Because he sure as death was one heartbeat away from freaking out.

Slightly adjusting his arm around the blond for better mobility, the guitarist gently guided him to the
bathroom so they could clean up that minor mess and fetch Roger an absorbing pad as the doctor had recommended. Not wanting to startle him, Brian tried to control his breaths and, with a voice much less panicked than what he truly was feeling, he called for Freddie and John to come help them.

“Oh, God! Is it go time?” Freddie asked in alarm, one hand with nails fully painted and the other only with his pinky flashing a dark purple nail polish. “Does it hurt darling? What do you need?”

“Alright. We are not freaking out. We have a birthing plan and we will stick to it as best as possible.” John firmly spoke and took a deep breath. “First things first, what happened?”

Not removing his eyes from Roger’s shaking hands as he carefully wiped clean his thighs, Brian explained what had occurred on the living room and promptly offered an estimative of how many minutes had passed. Somewhere between his running brain cells, laid the information that it was important to know how far apart were the contractions.

“Okay, good. Let’s keep those on track. Finish helping Rog with getting ready to leave, please.” He instructed and Brian nodded his understanding as the bassist turned to the still slightly bit shocked blond. “Honey, we are going to take care of you. Just focus on keeping calm, okay? Feel free to squeeze your husband’s hand as much as you want.”

With that, he turned on his heels and directed his attention to his own boyfriend. “You are in charge of starting to get the bags by the door, dear, while I phone Dr. Benson. Then I’ll help you.” He spoke carefully and grabbed both of Freddie’s hands to center him, reading clearly on his shining eyes how nervous he was. “Remember, if you’re not the one pushing, you’re not allowed to freak out. Breathe.”

The singer gulped and nodded at him as well. John knew that, if it weren’t going to send Roger into a nerves train wreck, the fretting man would be running all over the flat, announcing to the four winds that he was going to become an uncle. Thankfully, though, he had refrained from that urge since the drummer already looked like he was about to land on the moon instead of having a baby. However, he decided to steer away from those comparisons. Heavens knew what fate had reserved for them. If he or Freddie turned out to be, against the odds, a male carrier as well, he would not like karma rubbing that moment on his face.

Roger couldn’t be more thankful for having his friends taking care of the small things for him at that moment, for his brain was threatening to go on a major shutdown in any minute. From afar, he could hear John’s voice explaining the situation to the obstetrician and confirming the next steps they should take. The drummer knew, somewhere in his mind, that they had already settled things with the hospital and Dr. Benson in order to secure a tranquil and private delivery, but, for the heart of him, he couldn’t focus on such practical details.

He was going to have a baby. A tiny, living and breathing human being would come out of him. Bloody hell. Of course, he had been aware of what the process enticed all along, however, being faced with the expected moment was an entirely different thing. Part of him was dying to finally have his little girl in his arms, but he just couldn’t help but feel his heart clenched and cool fear install itself on the small of his back.

As Brian assisted him with changing his underwear and slipping into loose trousers, he moved mechanically, eyes still round with lingering shock as his heart beat furiously against his ribcage. When it came the time to actually leave their flat, though, his brain snapped. Tightly gripping his husband’s arm, he stared in horror at the stairs he was supposed to walk down and his body completely froze on the spot.

“What’s wrong, love?” Brian asked worriedly, one hand promptly finding its way to rest on his
cheek. A few steps down, Freddie also looked up and nearly dropped the bag in his grasp, shooting a nervous glance to where John was locking the door.

“Rog?” The bassist spoke tentatively as he came to stop right on Roger other side.

“I can’t do this.” He spoke in a half whisper, chills running down his back as his breaths escaped in short gasps. “Something will go wrong. It always does. I’ll fall down the stars. We will crash the car. The hospital will catch fire. Fucking something. I can’t.”

Words came pouring out of his mouth, followed close by wet tears running down his face. After so many hardships during his whole pregnancy, he wouldn’t be surprised at all if something happened while he gave birth. Hell, he was expecting it. The world was fucking dangerous. She was safe while inside of him. Once she were out, he wouldn’t be able to protect her just the same. What if something happen to her? What if she get hurt? He couldn’t do it.

“Rog, look at me.” Brian pleaded and gently brought his other hand to sweetly hold his face as well before he carefully started speaking again. “I know you are afraid. I know. Because I’m also terrified. But we are in this together. The worst is over, my love. And even if the hospital burn to the ground, I’ll get you out. If a meteor crashes on Earth, I’ll be there for you just the same. You are the strongest person I know, Rog. You can do it. We’ve got you.”

“You promise?” He found himself asking, fingers wrapping tightly around Brian’s wrists.

“I promise.” The guitarist spoke firmly, hazel eyes shining with intent. “You’re Roger Meddows Taylor-May. You can do anything, love, and I’ll be right by your side. Our little girl will be safe in our arms in no time. You can do this.”

Roger gulped as Brian’s words waved their way inside of his brain and started to soothe his heart. He had been thinking about it from the wrong perspective. For, having their little drummer out in the world, didn’t mean she would be less safe. Because she would also have her incredible dad and her amazing uncles taking care of her every step of the way.

Naturally, the blond was still worrying himself to an early grave just thinking about all the birth related complications that could still happen, but at least he managed to make his body move. If he took his time to reach the car, carefully watching his step down the stairs, though, he really couldn’t be blamed. Considering his past luck, he wasn’t taking any chances.

Freddie had tried his best to make things as smooth as possible once they had reached the hospital. During the car ride, the drummer had suffered another contraction and poor Brian held him gently until it passed. The water break really wasn’t supposed to happen that soon, according to their birthing plan. They were aiming for a natural birth, if possible, but now he wasn’t so sure about it anymore. Therefore, he wasted no time in arranging things with the staff so they could be ready to proceed in whichever way Dr. Benson deemed fit.

Technically, they weren’t supposed to go the hospital that quickly if Roger had been experiencing only initial contractions, but that wasn’t the case anymore. The obstetrician had urged them to go there as soon as possible, as he would be heading to their encounter as well. Of course, John had carefully sugar coated that instruction in order not to scare their friend even more. Given his natural fear that something might happen and his near panic attack back at home, that probably had been the smartest decision.

It wasn’t until Roger had been properly set into a large room, with pastel yellow walls and with a larger sofa than the ones he had stayed before, that he felt some of his nervousness lose its sharp edge. At least, his apprehensive thoughts involving his bad luck and the path to the hospital had been
blissfully erased from his head. Now, he only had other hundredth more dreadful ideas of complications that were possible to happen during his stay in there to occupy his mind.

The lovely midwife who had first seen him once he was admitted had been kind and professional when giving him the initial exam to confirm his water was, indeed, broken. She calmly informed him that what he had thought to be annoying Braxton-Higgs were, in fact, the first signs of the early stage of labor. It was quite common for first time parents to confuse them both and they had done a great job of coming straight to the hospital once amniotic fluid had started to leak.

Because he was already almost four centimeters dilated, which really surprised Roger, since he hadn’t felt a thing, it wouldn’t be too long before active labor would start. However, waiting for his physician was the most recommended before they could do much more than to start his IV line and monitor the baby, due to the delicate nature of his pregnancy.

“Let me apologize in advance for any names I call you lot for the rest of the day.” The drummer stated a minute after very colorful expletives left his mouth during his last contraction, mostly aimed at Brian’s dick. They weren’t unbearable, yet. But that was his moment and if he wanted to whine, he was fucking entitled.

“That’s alright, darling. We know you won’t really mean it.” Freddie replied from spot on the sofa, glancing cheekily at the guitarist. “Otherwise, Little Brian wouldn’t stand a chance.”

“We have established that there’s nothing little about him, mate.” Roger smugly spoke and turned to look at his blushing husband, a teasing smirk adorning his lips.

“Oh, God. Not here.” The scarlet guitarist sighed and shifted his position slightly on the edge of the mattress, hands still gently cradling the blond’s belly and thigh.

“You two are unbelievable.” John scolded with no real bite behind his words. He did lightly smack his boyfriend, though. “You are having a baby, for Christ’s sake.”

“And how do you think she got here, mate?” Roger joked and watched with delight as his husband groaned and adorably hid his face against his chest while John rolled his eyes and refrained from smacking his face with a throw pillow.

“Let’s talk about something else.” Brian begged and softly squeezed his husband’s thigh to back up his plea.

“You are such a prude, love.” Roger giggled and lovingly ran his fingers through his dark curls. “I don’t remember hearing complaints about praising your dick the other night.”

“Dear God. Please.” The guitarist said, face still buried right above his belly.

“That I recall hearing.” Came the naughty reply.

“So do we.” John deadpanned, shivering at the uncomfortable memory of the array of noises that often came from across the hall.

At that, Brian sighed and raised his head in defeat, cheeks burning from the direction of their late comments. Talking about his own dick never had been his favorite sport. However, if by doing it his husband could distract his mind from his current situation, then, he would gladly submit himself to it. Before his friends could further dive into discussing their sexual life, though, a soft knocking sound came through their door and moments later, Dr. Benson walked into their room, looking very collected and like a God sent blessing from above.
“Good morning, lads.” He politely greeted them and smiled fondly at his patient. “Are you ready to welcome your little girl?”

Chapter End Notes

We’re getting there, guys!! I’m afraid labor is, indeed, a very long process and our Roger has a few challenges ahead of him. But I do promise a healthy baby and papa at the end.

On the next one, we will see Dr. Benson’s recommendations and the boys joining forces to accomplish a very important goal. Please, turn a blind eye if you spot any medical inaccuracy. ^^‘

Two more chapters!! We can do it!! <33333333333

Thank you sooooooooooooooooooooooo much for reading and all the support!!

Lots of love!
Xx
Chapter LVII

Chapter Summary

Dr. Benson discusses some options with the boys and Roger is painfully reminded that giving birth is not an easy process.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! I know you are all excited for the arrival of our little drummer, but please bear with me for a bit longer. We are nearly there. <3

To all the readers who commented, gave kudos, supported, motivated or even silently followed this work all the way, my huge thank you!! You guys are the best and I’m incredibly grateful for every single one of you. <3

@marveltrwsh, we did it, baby sis. We are so close now! Thank you from the bottom of my heart for always encouraging my bold plans. <3

No major warnings apply to this chapter, I think. Just biology talk. ^^

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Whoever thought that delivering a baby would be quick and easy, were most definitely completely out of their minds. As soon as they were out of the hospital, every single one of the boys would probably give their mothers a call just to express their gratitude, because giving birth surely didn’t look like a piece of cake.

“Please tell me it won’t be much longer.” Roger pleaded to the friendly looking doctor and tightly grabbed his husband’s hand for support. “I think I might die from anxiety.”

Dr. Benson, bless his heart, smiled kindly at him, even after years of calming fretting first time parents, he probably found their eagerness a bit amusing. Dancing around the question, he carefully inspected the close monitoring of the baby and of Roger’s contractions and attentively listened with a stethoscope for the baby’s heartbeat before fully studying the drummer’s brand new medical chart that the midwife from earlier had started for him.

“Let’s see about that, lad. I know it is a very exciting moment of your lives, but you need to stay calm.” He spoke tentatively and offered a comforting look to the boys in the room before he brightly smiled at Roger and Brian. “Also, congratulations on the wedding! I must say your name looks very good on paper, Mr. Taylor-May.”

The blond chuckled at that, his heart fluttering a bit every time someone spoke his wedded name, even it was a mouthful. Next to him, his husband beamed with pride, as he also quite enjoyed hearing Roger’s or his name with their new additions.
“Thank you, sir. We didn’t have a party yet, but you are fully invited when we finally have one.” The drummer said with a happy tone and his bandmates quickly added their cheerful agreements.

“It would be my honor, lads.” The obstetrician gently spoke, eyes shining with fondness for his patient and the boys who he had had grown to have so much contact with. “I’m very happy to see such a beautiful family, especially with your little one on the way.”

“She is coming soon, right? My contractions are really starting to hurt a bit.” Roger asked for affirmation, huge blue eyes begging for some solace.

“I hope so, Mr. Taylor-May, but we never know.” Dr. Benson carefully put as he went to one of the drawers for an instant before coming back with a pack of gloves. “Is it okay if I check your birth canal for dilatation?”

“Sure.” Roger blushingingly replied and bit his lip. It wasn’t the first time that day that someone had taken a look at his private parts and he had been painfully aware that the awkward verification would happen many more times. “Please feel free to call me Roger, Mr. Taylor or Mr. May. I love my new surname, but heavens know it’s a tidbit big.”

“Will do, Mr. Taylor.” He said politely as he attentively started the examination. “Please let me know if you feel any discomfort.”

The obstetrician was quick and efficient with his hands and Brian had dutifully remained right next to the drummer’s head. Roger didn’t particularly mind that his husband peeked at the familiar view, but he very much preferred that he did it when their baby weren’t trying to pass through it. As for Freddie and John, they politely stayed put on the sofa and made a whole act of intently staring at a magazine for the duration of the procedure. For that, the drummer was incredibly thankful.

“Well… There are a few options I would like to discuss with you.” Dr. Benson gently spoke as he disposed of the latex gloves in the nearest bin. “You are still only four centimeters dilated, Mr. Taylor. In the next few hours, our goal is for it to progress to ten centimeters.”

Roger nodded to that information, passages of their birthing plan flashing through his mind. Next to him, Brian supportively held his hand while his friends neared the bed with attentive and sympathetic eyes. The perspective of a few more hours suffering contractions until delivery felt like the beginning of a headache to him.

“However, I have some concerns.” The obstetrician carefully put before he continued to explain. “Because your water already broke, you are at a higher risk of infection. With male pregnancies, that is one of our main problems. Also, there is always the factor of putting the baby in distress. Therefore, if your dilation process leans towards the longer side, I fully recommend that you start considering a C-section.”

The drummer felt his heart deflating and getting heavy with that dreadful prospect. He did not want to have surgery, especially considering he had passed through and appendectomy not that long ago. Yet, he knew that the doctor wouldn’t have suggested it unless the risks were really something to be worried about. Damn his stupid membrane for not holding on for longer. Bloody hell.

“So, if his birth canal fully dilates for the next hours, we’re still good to push. If not, Rog needs a C-section. Is that it?” John summarized and gently grabbed the drummer’s free hand for moral support.

“That would be the most recommended, yes. In his case, it’s always best to be on the safer side.” Dr. Benson affirmed and carefully updated the chart as he tried to reassure his patient. “But that is only an option to be considered in the future, if your birth canal takes over eight hours or so to fully dilate.
The ruptured membrane brings the risk of infection, but it also speeds up the process.”

“Eight hours?” Roger whined and let himself sink on the bed. A particularly strong contraction, though, started on his navel to punctuate how the rest of his afternoon would look like and the sharp feeling made him sit up not a second after.

A small whimper escaped his lips while the bearable pain lasted and Brian was quick to support his back as both Freddie and John coxed him through it. Dr. Benson smiled fondly at him, not enjoying watching his patient already suffering when the contractions were sure to become much worse.

“Is there anything we can do to speed up or to manage his pain, darling?” Freddie thoughtfully asked the doctor as the boys gently caressed Roger’s golden locks to calm him down.

“Walking might help and a good cuddling is always great to release oxytocin.” The doctor pondered with a pensive voice. “It’s hard to tell for how long this stage will last. Is different for everybody. But I’m afraid we will have to wait a bit before we can give you the epidural we have talked about, since it can slow down the dilatation process a bit.”

John carefully absorbed that information as he tried to connect it with their birthing plan. Roger had been adamant that he very much would want all the drugs possible to numb the labor pain, as long as it didn’t present a risk to the baby. If he had to push a tiny human out of him, he absolutely would like all pain relief available to help with the process. When he stopped to think about it, the bassist couldn’t find a single cell in him to disagree with that line of thought had he been on the same position.

“And if Rog doesn’t dilate in eight hours, we should consider the C-Section?” Brian asked again, just to be sure. His nerves were probably eating his brain and he wanted to be certain of which were their options.

“That would be safer, yes. We can wait until ten or twelve hours, if his progress is good. But if he is still under six centimeters, I would really start considering it. Infections during male birth is much higher than with females, I’m afraid. But let’s cross that bridge when we get to it.” The doctor patiently supplied.

Roger clenched his teeth at that. The perspective of contracting for nearly half a day was absolutely terrifying, especially if topped with the possibility of going through another surgery by the end of it. That just wouldn’t do. His birth canal better start opening very soon or he might have a heart attack. Walking, cuddling, pirouetting, rock climbing, or whichever means were necessary to get him to fucking dilate, he would jump to it.

“I’ll dilate.” The drummer confidently affirmed and took a deep breath. “I really want to avoid that bloody C-Section if possible. Don’t get me wrong, but I hate hospitals and another surgery would be a nightmare.”

“That’s okay, love.” Brian lovingly ran his hand across his back as he softly planted a kiss on his head. “We’ve got you. Let’s just focus on moving you around and cuddling the hell out of you, okay?”

John observed with a warm heart as his friend almost instantly leaned against the taller man’s chest and tenderly caressed his round belly. Behind the bassist, Freddie gently wrapped his arm around his middle as he rested his head on his shoulder. “You can do it, darling. Our princess will be out in no time.” The singer attempted to cheer him up.

“I have seen you receive seven stitches with no anesthesia that time you fell from that tree I told you
not to climb. You’ve got this.” John assured him with a determined pat on his thigh and Roger rolled his eyes at him.

“I’m not sure if we can compare, Deaky. Let’s get a baby out of your ass and then we come back on the subject.” The blond teased as a small smile appeared on his lips. “But I appreciate the confidence.”

“You are in good hands, Mr. Taylor.” Dr. Benson amusedly commented as he analyzed the steady flux of paper coming out of one of his monitoring machines. After that, he asked Roger to lay still for a minute so he could hear once more for the baby’s heartbeat before he continued. “Your contractions are well timed and her heart sounds strong. No signs of distress. For now, we can only wait. Also, try not to eat much and stay with an empty bladder. That will help.”

“Will do, sir.” Roger promised with a small nod and sighed. His mother was a bloody saint for doing it twice.

“I’ll be in the hospital for the whole time, lad. Don’t worry.” The obstetrician informed him and the drummer felt his heart swelling with gratitude as the doctor gently patted his legs. “I’ll be back in a few hours to check your progress, yes? Try to relax. Let’s see if we can have your baby girl out and about before midnight.”

“Thank you so much, Dr. Benson.” Roger spoke with an emotional tone and the boys immediately joined him on thanking the good doctor.

As John walked the physician out with a new wave of profuse thanks, he tried to come up with games to get his friend walking around without getting bored. Heavens knew that a moody Roger would be less than ideal for the next long hours of waiting. The poor thing was already suffering as it were; he did not need any added stress.

From the bed, a small moan made its way passed the drummer’s lips as he probably went through another contraction and Brian carefully climbed on the bed to sit behind him. That seemed to appease the blond for a minute, but John knew that the situation would only become more painful as time passed. Freddie had already started trying to distract him for a while and the bassist couldn’t love him more for it.

Even if Roger was the one going through the hardest part, they were all nervous and excited. She was their little girl and the four of them loved her so much already that sometimes it even scared John. They could it. The experience surely would be memorable and he had Brian’s camera ready to capture every moment of it. Well, perhaps not the grossest parts, because, as much as he loved Roger, there was no way he would go near that bottom part of the table during birth. He could live without that picture in his mind, thank you very much.

With renewed confidence that everything would be alright, the bassist approached the bed and joined the boys in the mission of keeping their friend as calm and comfortable as possible. If any of them was badass enough to give birth to a baby, that would be the infamous Roger Meddows Taylor-May.

Chapter End Notes

This is it, guys! Delays apart, no matter how, our little drummer is coming FOR SURE next chapter. Trust me, I wanted her out as soon as possible, but that wouldn’t be very realistic. We’re nearly there!
I gave a lot of thought to which type of birth Roger would have chosen and there was some research involved. In the end, what made me decide that he would first prefer a natural birth was the fact that it has become a solid point in the AU that he doesn’t like hospitals and having a C-section means a longer recovery process. That’s pretty much it. Let’s see if his body cooperates and he can follow the birth plan.

Next chapter we’ll see what are the boys solutions to get him moving and if it has any positive results. By the end of it, I promise a very healthy baby and four men completely in love. <3

Please let me know if you have any questions regarding the delivery or anything else, really. As I’ve mentioned in one of my replies, there are so many things that didn’t make the final cut and so many little moments that happened only in my head that it is my absolute pleasure answering your questions and giving more details. Feel free to ask as many as you’d like. <3

In a different note… I’d like to announce that I have officially started to write another work with Maylor and Deacury and I might be posting it soon. I had two huge ideas when I started this little monster and now I’m finally being able to give some light to the other one. Let’s see how it goes.

Thank you so much for reading and for all your support!!

Lots of love!!
Xx
LIX

Chapter Summary

Expectations are high in the air as the boys spend the day focusing on getting their little drummer into the world.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! So sorry about the delay! My day was hectic! I’m dying to answer all of your comments and I’ll do it as soon as possible! <3

The final chapter, even if it’s not the end for we still have the epilogue, is finally here!! I’m so excited to share it with you!! I put all my love into it. These boys are truly precious to me, and so is their little drummer.

We are almost at the end of this journey, that has been so rewarding to me in different aspects. I’ll forever be in your debt for all the support and love you guys have given to this work. Thank you so, so, sooooooooo much!!

My amazing sister, @marveltrwsh, you were a true warrior to stand by my side all along and I couldn’t love you more, sis. We’re nearly there.

No major warnings apply to this chapter. Only the biology talk and non-graphic birth scene.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The afternoon of October 29th of 1973 was, without a shadow of doubt, one of the most exciting and nerve wrecking experiences in the life of the boys until this day. And that comes from people who later had performed in front of the Queen.

As sunset came and passed, Brian already knew they were in for nothing short of a restless night. The hours before had proved to be a true challenge for the drummer’s endurance, the creativity of their friends and the physical integrity of his limbs. Half-moon shapes, courtesy of Roger’s nails, were indented all over the skin of his hands and forearms. As time passed and the contractions got more frequent and stronger, Brian could do very little other than dutifully offer himself for his husband to squeeze during the painful process.

They all had tried a couple of activities to get things going. First, they had attempted walking around the room, with the silliest goals possible to get the blond to just move. Initially, the mere idea of having to go through another surgery if his dilation wasn’t fast enough was enough to motivate him. However, as the contractions started to really bother him, the boys had to get more inventive.

Every five circles around the room made Roger earn a different type of prize, from plausible to
completely ludicrous ones. Freddie had to bargain clothing exchanges, John was forced to trade healthy meals for sweet treats and Brian had submitted himself to promising the most colorful sexual rewards right in front of their friends just to get his husband to continue walking. At that point, he was willing to start bartering organs if that meant getting to the ten centimeters goal. Not because of himself, of course, but for he knew how terrified the blond was of going under the knife again.

When not even the perspective of finally getting official ownership of Freddie’s crimson red jacket worked, or John’s offer of a whole week of cake didn’t do the trick, Brian actually had thought that he could bribe him with naughty propositions, but nothing seemed able to convince the pouting drummer to get out of bed. The boys understood, though, that he must have been suffering a lot if, even with the threat of having to go through with a C-section in the air, he just didn’t have the strength to keep moving.

From that point on, they had decided to focus on cuddling the blond as much as possible without suffocating him or making him even more uncomfortable. Brian carefully wrapped himself behind his husband and placed loving kisses all over his neck, cheeks and lips. If his hands weren’t occupied with being grasped to numbness under Roger’s nails, they could surely be found entwined between his soft golden locks. That seemed to have helped a bit, since the drummer became butter on his fingers under the lovingly caresses. At least, he did it every other time the contractions gave him a break.

Freddie and John were certainly competing for the “Best Godfather Ever” award as both of them switched between massaging the blond’s restless legs and feet every few minutes. If they had decided to keep their distance from Roger’s sharp grip, though, Brian really couldn’t blame them. After all, as his husband had so eloquently put after a particularly challenging contraction, his dick was the one to be blamed for all that. And that was that on that. Because there was no way on hell or heaven he would disagree with the suffering man at that moment. He liked to live, thank you very much.

A few hours later, as he had promised, Dr. Benson showed up once more for a quick examination and a closer monitoring of the baby and Roger’s contractions. They were already in the middle of the afternoon and yet, the drummer only had dilated one and a half centimeters more. However, even if that sounded like bad news, the obstetrician actually had been quite pleased with that progress.

“You are doing great, Mr. Taylor.” He commended with a reassuring voice as he efficiently updated the chart. “The first ones are always the hardest and you are already almost passed the 6 centimeters mark. Towards the end, dilatation usually is much faster.”

“Do you think I’ll be able to push?” Roger hopefully asked, blue eyes pleading with all their power to the experienced doctor.

“I’d say the odds to that happening are very good.” The older man carefully stated, not wanting to raise false expectations. “We really can’t tell with certainty, Mr. Taylor. But I believe you are dilating at a very good rate. Let’s see if you can manage one more in the next couple hours, yes?”

“Then I can get the epidural?” The drummer asked with determination on his face. He could just about kill for some pain relief, and, judging by the state of Brian’s arms and hands, his loyal husband also could do with a bit of it.

“If that’s what you still want, yes.” Dr. Benson assured him and gently patted his leg. “I’d recommend a lower dose of it, in order for you to still retain some feeling of the lower part of your body. That will help with delivery. We really want to get this little one out as soon as possible.”

Roger nodded his understanding and took a deep breath as another contraction made his navel and
lower back painfully ache. No one more than him wished their baby girl were already out. He loved her with all his heart, but bloody hell, that hurt. Women were fierce warriors if they decided to become mothers. Any silly male who thought otherwise could come straight to him to sort that out. Many years in the future, he couldn’t help but wonder how on Earth he had decided to do that more than once.

Behind him, Brian gently held his body and supported his back as he had been doing for the past hours. He was aware that he had been cursing him and his limbs every other minute, but he was also trying his best to apologize whenever the pain gave him a break. His husband’s only answer was to smile fondly at him and whisper kind encouragements in his ears, his soft voice having the desired calming effect on the drummer.

“They are alright, though, yes? Rog and the baby?” John inquired from his place on the corner of the bed. He had been sitting there for a solid two hours before he had to take a walk to analyze the interesting wallpaper of the room, while the doctor examined his friend a few minutes ago.

“They are. The baby doesn’t seem to be in distress and Mr. Taylor here is being very strong.” Dr. Benson commended his patient and tranquilized the bassist. “I’ll come back in a couple more hours and, with some luck, we will be ready for that epidural. Let’s just try to get one more centimeter before that. Does that sound okay?”

“Yeah.” Roger tiredly replied as his body went limp against Brian’s larger chest. “Sounds good. Thank you, Dr. Benson.”

“Just keep breathing, lad. You really are doing a great job.” The doctor softly spoke and nodded at the boys before he made his way to the door. “Hang in there. Please, don’t hesitate to ask for me if anything changes, yes? I’m right down the hall.”

“Will do, sir. Thank you!” Brian politely answered and the boys soon joined him in thanking once more the physician.

“You can do this, darling.” Freddie cheerfully spoke as he offered the drummer a small sip of water, not wanting to abuse of his poor crushed bladder. “And we’ve got you. You both are going to be fine.”

Roger eagerly welcomed the refreshing sensation into his mouth and gave his most pleading pout when the singer pulled back the straw. However, his puppy eyes miserably failed and Freddie apologized as took the glass away. In the drummer’s opinion, Deaky was clearly already having too much of an influence on him.

“Come on, my love. Only a few more hours.” Brian spoke with a gentle tone as he placed sweet kisses on the blond’s neck. “You’ve got this.”

“I’ll do my best, Bri.” The drummer tentatively mumbled. He was already exhausted, but determined to bring their little girl to the world.

To the guitarist’s utmost pride, his husband fiercely withstood the rest of the afternoon with clenched teeth and his strong will to get his body to cooperate. He whined, groaned and cursed, but he went through it like a champion and even managed to threaten his dick only a couple more times. Freddie and John were of invaluable help during the whole waiting process, as they tried their maximum to distract the drummer and make him as relaxed as possible given the circumstances. That day, Brian vowed to himself that if any of them ever were to be in that situation, he would make sure to be right by their side as well. That’s what family did.
When the doctor finally returned a few minutes after the sky darkened, he attentively listened for the baby’s heartbeat and professionally checked Roger’s progress. With a huge smile, he politely announced that the drummer had managed almost two centimeters more, instead of only the one they were hoping for and that he very much could get an epidural. Those news brought tears of relief to the blond’s eyes and Brian could swear that he actually felt his heart unclenching with the prospect of something alleviating his husband’s pain.

A few minutes after that, an anesthesiologist was called to the room to minister a small dosage of the painkillers and he had been kind enough to answer all of John’s extensive questions about it and its side effects. Freddie also observed it with curious eyes and Brian gave all his effort to pay attention to his words while he kept an eye on Roger’s blissed face at the idea of finally getting some numbness on his lower body.

Then, it had been all a matter of more waiting. A nurse had stayed with them for almost forty minutes, closely monitoring the drummer and the baby until the epidural finally kicked in. When that happened, Roger all but melted on top of the bedsheets. If he had harbored any hopes of falling asleep, though, that didn’t quite happen.

The blond was ready to throw the towel at any minute given how stressful and straining the whole situation was proving itself to be. Yet, he had never been more eager in his life to accomplish something. He was going to have a baby. In the end of that challenging experience, he would finally be able to hold his little girl in his arms and he was dying to meet her. Even if he felt like he could pass out from tiredness, considering his anxiety, sleep just wasn’t coming to him.

The drugs had helped him relax immensely as his lower limbs became more dormant, even if he could still feel things going and his body contracting. At least, the sharp edge of it was gone and he was finally able to rest a bit, even if his eyes refused to close. Next to him, Brian casually played with his fingers and softly caressed the drummer’s exposed skin to help even more with his relaxation. From the couch, Freddie and John promptly started an interesting conversation on different topics when it had become clear that their friend wouldn’t be sleeping at all. It wasn’t until way passed dinner time, though, that things got agitated again.

It started as a small shiver on Roger’s lower back until it gradually evolved to a full body shake that got his hands trembling and the boys worrying themselves to an early grave. When Dr. Benson arrived a few minutes after it had began, though, he reassured them that it was something that could happen and it was very much still on the normal parameters. In fact, it was a good sign, for it usually meant that the first stage of labor was transitioning the second one, when Roger finally would be able to push.

Even if he was shaking on his every limb, those words put a smile on the drummer’s face. His contractions weren’t that painful anymore, but he could still feel them getting more intense with each passing minute. The thought that very soon he would finally be able to hold his daughter seemed to renew his energy and the fact that, so far, he wouldn’t need to go under surgery again also had lifted his spirits.

Brian was incredibly thankful for having Freddie and John with them, being supportive and registering those moments for posterity. He had planned to be the one behind the camera, but, honestly, there wasn’t any other place he would rather be other than by the side of his husband. They were having a baby. In a matter of hours they were going to be parents!

During that whole afternoon, the guitarist had experienced a rollercoaster of emotions between happiness and fear. His expectation was so high that he still wasn’t sure how he hadn’t suffered a heart attack. Yet, he knew how important it was for him to at least seem calm. Because he was sure
that if he had freaked out, Roger would soon spiral after him and that whole process would have been much more complicated.

His heart was fluttering with the expectation of finally meeting their daughter and every second he had to refrain himself from snogging the drummer with all his intent, for giving him such a blessed gift. Brian barely had words to express how proud he was of him. His husband, truly, was the strongest man he knew and he would never tire of praising him for his resilience and his general badassery.

To be honest, he wished he could say that he remembered every single detail of that night. But his nerves were so high that, until this day, he can only remember flashes of it. Old polaroid pictures were his physical proof, though, that he had looked like a silly man in love, admired by his husband’s strength and overwhelmed by the excitement of welcoming their daughter to the world.

It had been only a couple hours more after Roger started to shake for the actual labor part to start. Dr. Benson had been professional and reassuring during the whole time as he coached the drummer through it, telling him when to push and instructing him when to stop to catch his breath. If Brian found himself mimic his husband’s breathing, it wasn’t until a few years later that he realized that it had become a habit of him for those occasions.

The blond was soaking in sweat, his lungs burned from the effort and his heart was hell-bent on winning a racing competition inside of his chest. Overall, giving birth was an exhausting, nerve-wrecking and extremely taxing experience. Yet, it was also incredible rewarding. For, the second a strong set of lungs cried for the first time onto this world, Roger felt the axis of the very planet changing to welcome that precious little girl into their lives.

When, a few minutes later, the tiniest little form of his daughter was placed in his arms, Roger hardly had words to describe what he was feeling. It was too much. The amount of love running through his veins was infinite. He felt powerful and frightened at the same time as the most delicate hand he had ever seen grabbed the tip of his finger. Next to him, Brian was sobbing mess of happiness and excitement.

“S- She is so b-beautiful, Rog! Oh, God! L-Look at her!” The guitarist spoke, voice slightly shaky under the weight of his emotions.

“She’s here, Bri! She is really here.” Said Roger, tears running down his cheeks and arms cradling with utmost care the tiny little girl, who had curious greyish blue eyes observing everything around her, even if she couldn’t focus very well.

John and Freddie were right by the other side of the bed, astonished smiles on their faces as the duo cooed at the sight of their friends experiencing such a beautiful moment. Even if they were dying to hold that little princess, they knew that there would be enough time for it in the future. A whole lifetime, actually. Because there was no way they would be going anywhere distant from that precious angel.

“She needs to go through a few more tests, lads.” Dr. Benson tentatively informed the enamored pair. “And we still must finish delivering the afterbirth, I’m afraid.”

“Right.” Roger half agreed, not taking his eyes for a second from his daughter until the words fully registered in his brain. He had known that, once he held her, he would never want to let her go. It had taken all of his will to actually pass his baby for the waiting nurse and he couldn’t, for the life of him, bear the thought of leaving her alone. “Go with her, Bri. Don’t you leave her side for a second.”

“You sure, love?” The guitarist hesitated, not wanting to leave his husband in his fragile state, yet,
not comfortable either with the idea of his baby getting out of their sight.

“We’ll take care of him, Bri.” Came John’s sensible reply as he took hold of one of Roger’s hands. “Stay with our little girl. She needs you.”

“I’ll be fine, love.” The drummer agreed and sighed, the prospect of delivering the afterbirth sounding incredibly boring to him.

With a soft peck to his lips and a meaningful nod to his friends, Brian followed the nurse out of the room and observed with a proud heart as their little girl aced every test. Baby May was born at 9:43 PM, weighting five pounds and nine ounces, with the length of forty-seven centimeters and a full head of light thin hair. The guitarist was so in love that he thought to be floating instead of walking.

When she was finally allowed to stay in the new room with them, Brian observed with the warmest feeling in his heart as his husband held her close to his chest and, with trembling hands, fed her the special formula from the tiniest bottle he had ever seen. He looked completely blissed and their baby was an adorable little thing that hardly cried at all.

Many years in the future, Roger would thank the heavens for allowing their first child to inherit Brian’s calm nature. For, if she had been anything like their second one, who possessed a miniature of the drummer’s temper, they had no idea of how they would have coped, being first time parents and all.

As they had predicted, that little girl hardly had the chance to rest in any surface other than the loving arms of her parents and uncles. Whereas John had held himself stiff as a board until he finally got used to properly cradling their goddaughter, Freddie was a fumbling mess, absolutely terrified of dropping her, but, in the end, he also managed just fine.

“Please tell me you have a name for this princess, darlings.” The singer pleaded a few hours later, once Roger had properly napped, as he gently rocked the sleeping baby with a smiling John right next to his arm.

“Well… I’ve been thinking about what you said yesterday, Deaky.” Roger started as he tentatively looked at Brian. “I know we have been disagreeing a lot, but I really want to name her after something we both are passionate about. Music.”

“I’ve been thinking around the same lines, love.” Brian quickly agreed and smiled fondly at the sound of relief coming from his friends.

“Finally!” John sighed as he discreetly whispered to the asleep girl. “Your parents are the silliest fellas I know, honey. We have to look after them.”

“She is our love, Bri. Ever since the beginning, her heartbeat alone had us already silly in love.” Roger pondered with a thoughtful tone as his heart fluttered inside of his chest. “She is our music. Our Melody.”

At that, Brian felt his mind finally at ease, with the final piece of the picture beautifully clicking into place. It felt right. After all, music was the greatest passion of their lives, aside from each other. It was what had brought them together and what they saw themselves doing until the end of their days. She was theirs. Music had made her possible and it was more than fitting that she should be named after it.

“I love it, Rog.” He whispered as he fought down his tears. That whole day had been extremely emotional for him. “Perhaps we could consider Rose for her middle name? It was Freddie and John’s
favorite, right?”

“That’s perfect, Bri.” He beamed brightly at his husband as the name settled peacefully in his heart. *Melody Rose Taylor-May.*

“You two are really something else.” John commented, a few tears escaping his eyes as he helped an equally wet-cheeked Freddie give the tiny baby to her papa.

“That’s a wonderful name for an extraordinary little girl, darlings.” The singer agreed, voice blurred from his warm feelings. “It suits her like a glove.”

Roger carefully cradled his daughter as she barely made a sound and snuggled closer against his chest. His heart was filled with love for his baby and hope for the future full of possibilities ahead of them. Brian had his arms protectively around them both and his best friends in the world were right next to them. He felt *whole.*

“I can’t thank you enough, my love.” Brian whispered sweetly in Roger’s ears after placing loving kisses on golden locks. “She is gorgeous and you were incredible back there.”

“Oh my goodness, Bri. For giving her to me. She already is the most precious thing of my life and she is *ours.* I love you so much.” The drummer spoke, voice dripping with adoration and sweetness.

With a bright smile, the guitarist leaned in and tenderly captured his husband’s lips for a slow kiss, carefully adding his arm to hold little Melody as well. They had done it. Their baby was healthy and the rest of their lives seemed as if it had many more joys reserved for them. He had no idea of what might happen, but he was completely sure that, with such a strong and loving family as the one they had built for themselves, they would be just fine.

Their future looked bright, but, for that moment, the members of Queen were more than happy to just enjoy the present and the many wonders it had to offer. They were *together* and, in the end, that was all that mattered.

Chapter End Notes

She is here!!! After so many struggles, our little drummer, Melody Rose Taylor-May is FINALLY here!!

I’d like to give a massive thanks to @rellet for coming up with a beautiful and intricate theory regarding the color red and the baby’s name, based how it has been used so often in different moments of this work. In your honor, @marveltrwsh and I gave our little drummer the middle name of Rose. It was one of your suggestions and that beautiful flower was used on Brian’s first ever proposal. Thank you so much, honey!!

Also, a huge thanks for everyone who has offered name suggestions and theories!! You can definitely expect to see some of them on the next chapter and I can already tell you that Melody’s siblings and cousins are adorable!!

One chapter more, guys!! We’re nearly there. I already feel my heart heavy with this one, but I’ll hold my tears until tomorrow.

Thank you soooooooooooooo very much for reading and for all your support!!
everything goes right, I might have a new story for your tomorrow or the day after it. Let’s see if @marveltrwsh gives me the green light. ^^

Correction: I couldn't resist it. The new story is up. You can all thank @marveltrwsh for getting me extra hyped. Here it is:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/18093986/chapters/42771101

Lots of love!!
Xx
Chapter LX - Epilogue

Chapter Summary

The boys and their children are gathered in a lovely summer afternoon for some family time.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!! We’re finally here. In this chapter, we will take a quick peek on how their lives look like a few weeks before the Live Aid.

All of their children’s names are explained and credited in the end note. Fear not. But I’ll let the boys introduce you to them as the chapter goes by.

Please, allow me to thank you all once more for sticking with this story all the way until here. This has been one of the most rewarding experiences of my life and I owe it all to you. Your support, incentive, love and constructive feedback kept me going when things got hard and never failed to put a smile on my face. To each and every single one of you, my eternal thanks.

My dear @marveltrwsh, I couldn’t have done this without you. Behold, honey, the fruits of your hard work, patience and refrainment from tearing me apart limb by limb. We did it.

I know you are probably dying to read this one, so I’ll keep myself short. But, please know, my gratitude for you all is infinite. <3

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

June 24th, 1985

The familiar sound of laughter reached Brian’s ears and he stopped for a second to look around and make sure the children were playing nicely. With his teacup still hanging in the air, he spotted the little ones running not far away and focused back on the ongoing conversation in front of him.

“Tell me again why the photographer thought it was a good idea to deliver our anniversary pictures to your house, mate?” Roger asked with a frown. The drummer was sharing the comfortably padded wooden bench with him, his own cup already nearly empty and the ginger biscuits on his plate mysteriously vanished.

“Between the pets and your little rascals, darling, he hardly would have passed through the front yard.” Freddie deadpanned and lifted his eyebrows, as if challenging the drummer to disagree before
he continued. “Also, you were out enjoying your thousandth honeymoon and we were curious. The poor thing might have received a phone call about the change of address.”

“He means that he shamelessly meddled with your photographer and forgot that our children aren’t saints either.” John rejoined the conversation as he walked in with a heavy looking white box on his hold.

He had left for an instant the open balcony where they had settled for a nice midafternoon snack to go inside and fetch the anniversary album that had been delivered only a couple days earlier to the, technically, wrong place. To be honest, Brian wasn’t surprised at all by that sneaky little move. After all the effort the singer had put on throwing them the most perfect anniversary party, it was more than natural that his curiosity to see the pictures was at its highest peak.

“Don’t forget your bloody army of cats, either. You must have about twenty running around this place.” Roger grumbled as he munched on yet another biscuit.

“Twenty-seven, darling. We adopted Lion last week as an early birthday present for the twins.” Freddie hummed behind his porcelain cup and the guitarist recalled seeing the yellow kitten earlier on the lap of one of his godchildren.

Brian chuckled at that and absentmindedly turned his glance to the garden again. The fresh breeze of the end of June was pleasantly moving a few strands of his hair and he was glad that the sun was strong enough to allow their kids to play outside on the grass. From his spot, he had a great view of their game that seemed fun enough to keep them entertained and appropriately friendly in order for the youngest ones to play as well. He still worried a bit that the little ones might accidentally fall or something, but he knew that Melody was watching them like a hawk and they had at least two competent nannies close by. Still, it never hurt to keep an eye on those troublemakers.

Personally, he had always been quite fond of that cozy veranda, hidden almost at the back of the enormous house their friends had bought a few years ago, around the same time he and Roger had acquired their equally large one just a few hundred meters down the road. After living so close together for so many years, none of them wanted to move very far. First it had been their shared flat all those years back, then came the twin matching ones right across the hall from each other a bit later, and a few other places in between until they finally found the perfect houses.

As the children and the pets came along, the size of their homes seemed only to increase with time. The guitarist couldn’t complain much about that, though, since he absolutely loved their large families and every single one of their animals had a special place in his heart as well. When, nearly a decade ago, he had helped close friends start their own rescue center for animals in need, it had become a normal occurrence for one or two little ones to find a foster home with him and Roger at least every month. If his heart melted in the process and he managed to convince his husband to fully adopt a few of them through the years, he really couldn’t see how that was a bad thing.

What really had surprised him, though, was the duo running said sanctuary. To their major astonishment, a familiar red haired biologist and a kindhearted veterinarian had met in an animal welfare campaign and it was love at first sight. It was with the biggest smiles on their faces that Queen attended to the lovely wedding of Michelle and Angela Robins in 1976 and the couple was more than happy to be present at their anniversary a week ago. They both looked gorgeous and Brian had promised them to send copies of their pictures once the album arrived.

He was in the middle of making a mental note of looking for their photos when a loud joyful squeal drew his attention and his husband’s sharp raspy voice was soon to follow. “Melody! You be careful with your brother, young lady!”
Roger had his bright blue eyes set straight on the playful children, narrowing them slightly as his oldest daughter cheerfully started to push her mischievous brother a bit too fast on the swings. To be honest, the taller girl shouldn’t be the one being scolded, since she probably was the most sensible of them. To this day, he entirely blamed John for his strong influence on the blond and her penchant to follow on her dad’s footsteps when it came to her calm nature.

Melody Rose Taylor-May had been the most spoiled baby to ever exist on this side of the universe. Since they all lived together or really close by for a considerably long time, she had spent most of her life safely tucked in one of their arms. As he had sworn he would do, Roger had taught her how to play the drums before anything else and the little thing, indeed, had magic hands when it came to musical instruments. Having growing up watching her family rehearse, perform for huge crowds, record albums or play just for fun, she had always been closely in tune with music.

With her dark golden hair and fierce blue eyes behind the drums, Roger felt like his mission of carbon copying himself had been somewhat accomplished. Yet, he just couldn’t deny how much she looked like her dad when her long fingers danced across her own guitar and she bent her knees just like the taller man, both letting their wild curls shake to the rhythm of the song. The first time Brian actually had allowed her to play the Red Special, the little girl cried in happy tears as she treated the guitar with utmost care. However, he knew that the drums had a special place in her heart.

It was the dark haired little six years old boy nearly flying out of the swing, though, that had the blond almost getting up to properly scold him. Romeo Felix Taylor-May was a troublemaker whose caliber rivaled his papa’s when it rarely didn’t surpass it. He was a tireless ball of energy who absolutely drove his parents insane with his shenanigans. Leaving poor Melody in charge of him was always a challenge that the calm girl fully embraced and feared at the same time, for, even if well meant, her brother always seemed to get them both in trouble.

Romeo wasn’t, by any means, a bad kid. He was incredibly polite and a hardworking student, but his curious nature and need to understand how the world worked matched with the lively spirit for mischief he had inherited from his papa often left a whole mess behind. Between all their kids combined, the little scamp was the one who had received the biggest number of stitches. Starting at the tender age of two, when he had attempted to outrun one of their dogs just to see if he could and smashed his head against the sharp edge of the park bench. Roger and Brian were terrified by the episode and the drummer never lost the habit of passing his hand on every corner of unknown furniture ever since.

However, the duo could never stay mad at him for long. A single look at his sorrowful blue eyes, so alluring because of the gorgeous sunflower right in the middle of his irises, had Brian nearly caving and Roger softening his tone. The fact that the Romeo actually made an effort of cleaning up the mess, apologizing and never letting his big sister take the blame also helped to ease his way out of harsh punishments. He was, though, the one most often in time out or banned from watching the TV. The couple wasn’t completely useless, after all.

“She is getting quite tall, isn’t she?” John mused as he watched his goddaughter from afar. “Think she will catch you, Bri?”

“God knows. If she keeps eating her vegetables, she might.” The guitarist pondered as he watched with fondness his oldest daughter slowing down the rapid swing. “She is reaching the middle of Roger’s chest, I think.”

“Already did it. And I don’t like the way that boy from school has been eying her. She is tall but she is eleven.” The blond rasped out as he watched one of the twins carefully kicked a colorful ball to his youngest son.
“Already breaking hearts, darling?” Freddie teased and earned a small kick from the drummer. “Come on, now. Our girl knows best. She is a strong young lady with her head in the right place. I wouldn’t worry too much about her. Romeo on the other hand… A little bird told me that he has all girls from his class pining over him.”

At that, John chuckled and teasingly clicked his tongue as he poured some milk into his tea before playfully commenting. “Don’t say that too loud or Quinn might have a heart attack.”

The bassist had always been amused by the little crush his four-year-old daughter had on her cousin. The mere mention of Romeo’s name was enough to get their bold little force of nature melting. Not in front of him, of course. Never in her life Quinn Helen Mercury-Deacon would be caught drooling for a boy. The raven haired, green-eyed girl was a determined tiny thing and, by far, the bossiest of their group. With her pink tutus, wide smile and sparkling tiara, there was very little that she couldn’t accomplish.

At first, Freddie had suggest her name as a pun for the band, but the couple got so enamored by it as time passed that they just couldn’t resist it. As it turned out, the name fit her like a glove. From her bold personality to the frequency in which she busted out singing, John wouldn’t be surprised at all if his husband found in her a tough competition when it came to stage presence. Quinn was truly gifted when it came to managing people. She had her papa’s good sense and her daddy’s strong will. There was no point in resisting her if she usually was right.

“She keeps my son right on his toes alright.” The drummer agreed as he stole another biscuit. At that point, Brian had lost count of how many he had actually eaten already. Which was fairly odd, since he blond wasn’t he biggest fan of ginger, to begin with.

“It’s a pity he only has eyes to Evelyn Robbins, though.” John added with a sigh while he stirred his tea. The young boy had the biggest crush in the universe on the daughter of Michelle and Angela and it was clear as the light of the day.

“Who doesn’t, darling?” Freddie giggled as two of his cats passed running between their feet and he pulled the box his husband had brought earlier to his lap. “The twins are crazy about her too. I think it’s the red hair.”

As if summoned by her father, a pink-cheeked seven-year-old girl with the sweetest voice came running right after the cats. Her chocolate silky hair was beautifully braided with small yellow flowers, which made a perfect match to her flowy summer dress. Her light brown eyes were sparkling with joy and she was slightly out of breath.

“Sorry, daddy! Delilah jumped right out of my arm.” She explained between short gasps and a few seconds later, her twin brother appeared right by her side with the fugitive feline safely in his hold.

The singer observed with a huge smile as his children carefully petted one of his favorite cats and he started to play his quick mental game of spotting the small differences on their faces. He couldn’t help it. Every time they stood close together like that, he tried to see the details that helped to tell them apart. When they were babies, it had been nearly impossible, but as they had started to grow older, their differences were becoming more noticeable.

Leo Thomas and Leona Christine Mercury-Deacon were extremely similar, in his opinion. From their straight jaw to their kind eyes, it was almost as if one was a Xerox of the other. The fact that both loved to share the same haircut, which endearingly remembered John’s own style back in the early seventies, didn’t help much with the task of identifying his children. However, Freddie had his means to spot who was who, matter of gender aside. Not like John, though. That man had a magical eye for detail and had never mistook one for the other since their birth.
While Leona had a more delicate chin, wider eyes and was particularly inclined to let her hair tied, Leo usually had a pensive frown on his face and observantly narrowed his eyes at the world. Where the friendly little girl was charming and talkative, her brother was shy and a bit suspicious of everything, just like his papa. The duo was never apart, though, and Freddie loved to watch their bond grow tighter as the years passed. When it had become clear that their sister would be a handful, the twins had made their own vow to keep her out of trouble. Between Quinn and Romeo’s mischiefs, they were more than glad to help Melody keeping them in line.

“Goliath was picking a fight with her again, but we stopped them.” The boy dutifully reported and John couldn’t help but smile proudly at his son.

“Well done, kittens. Is everyone behaving out there?” The bassist tenderly inquired as he ran a hand to smooth the sweet boy’s slightly disheveled bangs and gently pulled his little princess onto his lap as he passed her a glass of juice.

“I guess so.” Leona answered after a few gulps while her brother nodded and excitedly turned her little body to the drummer. “Uncle Rog, you didn’t say Nash was already running so fast!”

“Yes! He is kicking the ball super quick too!” Leo added with enthusiasm and the blond smiled brightly at the duo.

“He really is becoming quite hard to catch.” Roger wholeheartedly agreed as he observed with the corner of his eye the toddler playing with his sister under Melody’s watchful gaze.

Somehow, he and Brian had managed to get their own set of unofficial twins a few years ago. First, they had welcome little Vega Clara Taylor-May a couple days after New Year’s Eve in 1982 and, to Roger’s near heart attack and Brian’s actual fainting, a few months later they got the surprising news of his unexpected fourth pregnancy. When Nash Saiph Taylor-May had decided to greet the world a month before his due date and only a few hours following his sister’s birthday, fate had resolved by itself to grace them with that amusing coincidence.

The fact that their youngest children looked the most like each other also helped with making people very confused to if they were actual twins or not. Both had inherited Roger’s light blonde hair and Brian’s shinny hazel eyes. While Vega’s golden locks cascaded in soft waves almost reaching her elbows, Nash’s curled adorably right behind his ears and stuck out in every possible direction. However, that was just about where the similarities stopped.

Nash was still too little and his strongest personality traits were still forming, but it was already clear that he had a wonderful nature. He reminded the drummer a lot of Melody’s first years and the tiny boy always looked up to her whenever he needed anything and his parents weren’t close by. The older girl more often than not could be found with her baby brother on her hips and her calming presence was a fantastic influence on him.

As for Vega, even if she also loved spending time hanging out with her sister and baby brother, her true interest was in Romeo’s adventures. Wherever the curious boy would go, she could easily be spotted right behind. The two were partners in crime and the inquisitive young man always looked proud when showing her the answers to stuff he had already figured out. But the duo also loved joining forces to explore new things.

She wasn’t as energetic as him nor as naughty, though. Roger could tell that her interest was more towards the scientific side of it all. That little nerd absolutely enjoyed to spend countless hours on her dad’s lap listening to explanations on every possible subject, especially the ones related to the cosmos. The drummer had already lost count of how many times he heard why and how from her every day. She was incredibly fond of her planets picture books and he could tell that his husband
was just about dying for the arrival of the time when she could actually read. Between those two, his house would become a massive library.

“Thank you, papa.” Leona sweetly spoke as she climbed out of his lap. “May we go back?”

“Of course, kitten.” John fondly replied and Freddie blew them kisses as the twins brightly smiled and rushed back to where their cousins and sister were playing.

“When did they grow this fast?” Brian mused as the four men observed little Quinn giving instructions on how to play the new game.

“Let me know when you find out, darling.” Freddie teasingly replied as he carefully removed a thick red leather covered album from the white box and made room for it on the tabletop before continuing with a pensive voice. “We are getting old and, after Vega, we are certainly outnumbered. Just you watch as those little scamps take over the house.”

“I told you we would end up with half a dozen children. Each.” Brian joked with a sigh and experimentally offered another biscuit to his husband. A second later, the treat was gone and the drummer was innocently trading secret looks with a smirking Deaky.

“Shall we see those pictures?” The bassist spoke as he helped Freddie settling the heavy album in a good position.

“Yes, please!” Brian cheerfully agreed and sat himself straighter on the chair.

From his seat, while he placed his reading glasses on the bridge of his nose, Roger observed with a fond smile his husband’s adorable interest for photography come to the surface. Thanks to that particular hobby, they all had beautiful memories of the past years of their lives masterfully registered in countless albums back home. Naturally, the guitarist had been more than excited to see how the photos of their anniversary had turned out.

It had been, obviously, Freddie’s idea to throw them a party like that. He had been adamant that they deserved a proper anniversary celebration since they were together for over a decade and their first ceremonies had been either a legal formality or an intimate event with not even a hundred guests. Roger understood his fair point, but he wasn’t too inclined on having a massive event either. As much as he loved to attend parties himself, he never was really a fan of putting his relationship with Brian on the spotlight. He liked their private life to remain private.

However, the children had been thrilled by the idea. Ever since the little group of rascals had figured that only Melody had been present for their official wedding all the way back in 1975, they were hell-bent on attending one of those themselves. Surprisingly, John, that little traitor, found the whole thing rather amusing and fully encouraged his husband and the children to pester the unsuspecting couple until they had resignedly agreed to throw a gigantic party.

To be honest, the drummer had always been quite fond of their small ceremony all those years ago. Everything had been just perfect. From their classy, but simple, venue that had been decorated with countless flowers and fairy lights to the bright smiles of their friends and family who got to be present. Even his dad had been in his best behavior and Roger could swear his friends had something to do it. Yet, he barely remembered the man being there at all. He had much more lovely memories from that occasion.

Little Melody had looked adorable with her delicate white dress as she walked to her parents with shining golden bands. They were the same that the couple had picked a few days before their formal marriage, as both of them always had been incredibly attached to the simple, yet gorgeous, rings.
Their daughter had been perfect executing her job and charmingly smiled at all the cameras pointed at her. Brian, who had spent the whole day nervous about the event, almost had melted at the sight of their little girl on the arms of the love of his life, the color of her dress beautifully matching her papa’s suit.

Freddie and John had acted like cheerful parents for the duration of the whole thing, both beaming with pride for filling the position of best man. They were the ones to oversee every detail of the party and, later, they were more than willing to watch their favorite and, at that moment, only goddaughter as her parents traveled for a few days to enjoy their honeymoon. It was no surprise when, only a couple years later, they had their own ceremony to attend and that had been another exquisite celebration.

“Look at their smug little faces.” Freddie happily chipped as he pointed to a picture with them and the children all brightly smiling. “Romeo looks just like you after a naughty endeavor, darling.”

The drummer looked closer to his little scamp and felt his heart fluttering with pride. Out of all his children, his first boy was the one who looked the most like him, in spite of the dark hair. In the photo, he was flashing the camera his brightest grin as his eyes sparkled with mischief. The little boy had been the one to insist the most on the anniversary party and he seemed entirely pleased with himself for accomplishing his goal.

“You are one to talk.” Roger chuckled as he spotted the tiny girl proudly striking a pose and staring at the lenses next to the boy. “Quinn looks ready to get a whole crowd to do her biding. Familiar much?”

“Bless her, she does.” John quickly agreed with a soft smile. “Whenever you feel like retiring, honey, you can count on her.”

“Of course I can, dear. That little kitten can do anything.” The singer wholeheartedly agreed with a fond smile at his youngest daughter.

He hated when people insinuated he had favorites, though. Even if Quinn was more inclined to follow on his footsteps and, most of the time, acted like a little diva on the making, he absolutely couldn’t pick a favorite even if he had tried. They were all so special. The twins had him wrapped around their pinkies and they reminded him so much of John that it was scary sometimes. Be it by Leona’s gentle demeanor or Leo’s observant personality, those two were the light of his life. And Quinn, of course, was his little sparkle of joy. He loved them with all his heart.

“How did we let seven children convince us to invite over four hundred people to a very expensive party where we didn’t manage to sit down for a second?” Brian mused with a chuckle as he carefully ran his eyes through the pages.

“Both set of twins looked adorable, Romeo didn’t shut up about it, Quinn drew a compelling paper and Melody said please. None of us can deny her a thing.” Roger summarized as he eyed yet another biscuit and wondered if he should go for it.

“She makes very sensible requests, though.” The guitarist pondered with a thoughtful voice as he pushed the plate of desserts closer to his husband in a small encouragement.

“Don’t forget my husband masterfully coaching them from behind the curtains.” John offered with a deadpanned tone and a small smile on the corner of his lips.

“As if you weren’t the one pulling the strings all along, mate.” Brian replied with a knowing look before he glanced back at the album.
John merely reserved himself to shrug nonchalantly at that as he observed the couple fondly looking at the pictures of the event. He and Freddie had already cheated and enjoyed the album to its full extent the other night. To be honest, he didn’t quite know what had possessed him to back up such a bold endeavor from the singer and the group of children.

The mere idea of entertaining nearly five hundred people, among them close friends, family, celebrities and fellas he had never seen before in his life, just didn’t agree with him very much. Since it would be Roger and Brian’s house and attention at their mercy, though, he really couldn’t find in himself the energy to dissuade that little plan. He definitely couldn’t beat them and joining that small gang for the occasion seemed much less painful to his sanity’s integrity.

The thing turned out to be massive. Music and laughter filled the yards of the Taylor-May property until the small hours of the next day. The children seemed to have had a blast, deeply enjoying each moment of playing around, stuffing their tummies with cake and proudly informing everybody that their parents, or uncles, have been together since forever. In hindsight, it had been a great idea to start the celebration at an earlier hour, so their friends with children could come first and then the party could carry through the night when more guest arrived and things became a bit wilder.

However, considering all the mayhem happening on the place, the four of them had agreed that it would be best to have their kids having a small sleepover at John and Freddie’s house in order to keep them safe and entertained with things appropriate to their own age. If the bassist had sneaked out to join them way sooner than midnight, no one was really surprised. When Roger had appeared a few minutes after him, though, that almost had John spiraling into a heart attack.

Roger Meddows Taylor-May leaving a party early and abandoning his husband to the wolves just wasn’t like him at all. One look at his happy, but undeniably exhausted face had been enough to keep the bassist from asking questions, though. He had a good guess of what was making his friend so tired, but he had been glad to wait until the blond was ready to share it with them. Heavens knew he had his own exciting news to announce as well, but that could definitely wait for the anniversary hype to cool down.

The drummer slept for only a few hours, though, before he sheepishly smiled and decided to go back to his own party and save Brian from entertaining their guests by himself. If John knew those two, though, he had felt more than sure that some real good entertaining, indeed, had happened during that party. At least twice.

Overall, it had been positively a wonderful day and he was incredibly glad that he had supported that idea, if the bright smiles on his friends’ faces were any indication of how much they had enjoyed their anniversary. Also, the children had been blessedly pacified and he thought that they had at least another couple of weeks before they could join forces again to accomplish another plan of that caliber. With his twins birthday approaching rapidly, he wouldn’t be surprised at all if they decided to call upon their cousins and sister to back up their celebration idea.

The only thing the bassist knew is that he would be caught dead before throwing again another pajama’s party for their friends from school, playground and extracurricular courses. Freddie had been the one insane enough to suggest it and John would sooner kill him than let him get away with it once more. Fifty children running through his house had been too much. He loved their little group and had already accepted that they probably would be nearing the infamous dozen mark very soon. But that was it. There were limits.

The rest of the afternoon was spent pretty much like that. The adults commented and appreciated the pictures and each other’s companies as the children happily laughed and played cheerfully on the backyard, stopping once in a while for a snack. They even had managed to finish their games with
only two scrapped knees, Quinn and Romeo’s naturally, and one tiny argument for a toy between the smaller twins that their big sister was quick to solve with a small distraction. Everything, obviously, dutifully reported to the grownups by Leo and Leona under Melody’s instructions.

“Why don’t you stay for dinner, darlings?” Freddie invited them fondly a few minutes after they had finished looking through the album. “Hell, sleep here too if you don’t feel like going home. The children would have a blast.”

Brian chuckled and looked at his adorably sleepy looking husband resting his head on his shoulder and his heart melted a bit when drowsy blue eyes looked up at him and blinked a couple of times. “Tell me again why we bothered with two houses when we all mostly spend our time in one place, here or there?”

Once more, John shrugged as he amusedly looked at their friends. It was true that they were often together, especially during weekends like that one, where they could just enjoy time passing without rushing to the studio or running to get the kids ready to school. If they were touring, then, there really wasn’t much to do about it. The bassist’s best guess was that they had grown used to having each other around and, honestly, he quite missed Roger’s shenanigans or Brian’s quiet talks whenever they spent too long apart.

Naturally, they weren’t attached by the hip and they all had their own lives to take care of. It was good to have their own space to cool down after one of their frequent minor fights regarding the album or daily life occurrences. Even he and Freddie squabbled every once in a while and it was nice to have another safe heaven to run to until they were ready to make peace again.

Like that time he had been adamant on getting rid of that Prenter fella and Freddie just couldn’t understand what the poor man had done to upset the bassist so much. Technically, the guy hadn’t done anything yet, but John just couldn’t shake off the feeling that nothing good would come of him and he wanted the man gone. The singer, bless his heart, had thought that his husband was being very unreasonable and that was a fight that escalated to ridiculous proportions. In the end, though, Freddie knew better and decided to trust his instincts. Heavens knew how different their lives could have turned out because of such a small thing.

“Your rooms are ready anytime you need, honey.” He spoke sweetly as he carefully put the album back on its box. “The kids would love a movie session.”

“I guess we could stay.” The guitarist tentatively offered as he searched for confirmation on his husband’s face, who let out a cute yawn before nodding his head.

“That’s settled then, darling.” Freddie excitedly clapped his hands and sipped on some juice. “We also have to discuss more about our Live Aid tracks. We need a final decision soon. It’s in a few weeks’ time, right?”

“July 13th, mate.” Brian supplied and nodded his agreement. The prospect of playing in such an important event had nervousness tingling on his fingers, but he had a good feeling about it.

“That’s it, dear. But we can talk more about it after dinner.” The singer mused and lovingly enlaced his fingers with his husband’s. “Shall we tell the kids they get to have a sleepover?”

“You are just afraid they will all jump on you, aren’t you?” John smirked at him and let himself be tugged up.

“I’m getting old, darling. My back doesn’t stand a chance against them.” He charmingly replied and placed a soft peck on his lips as an advanced apology from dragging him to deliver the exciting
Brian observed with a chuckle as both men walked peacefully to where the children played, fingers loosely entwined and adoring looks on their faces as they teased each other on the way. Turning his head a bit, he sweetly planted a kiss on the golden locks of the nearly asleep drummer.

“Can I bribe you to stay awake with another biscuit?” He teased the blond and receive a small groan in return.

“I think I’ve eaten about two dozens of these.” Roger commented with a small sigh and nuzzled his face against the guitarist’s neck, enjoying the first hints of stubble beginning there that surely would be gone on the next morning.

“Care to explain that? I don’t recall you enjoying ginger that much. Not when there are lovely cupcakes right next to it.” Brian asked with a tentative voice. That small occurrence had been buggering his curiosity since earlier.

The drummer shifted in his seat and nervously started to play with his own fingers as his teeth quickly sunk onto his bottom lip. He had started having suspicions of what was going on a few days before their anniversary and it wasn’t until yesterday he finally had grown a pair and taken the familiar test. Between his constant tiredness, small nausea and the first telltale signs he already knew by heart at that point, he really didn’t know why he had waited that long.

He had been meaning to break the news to his husband with an elaborated plan like he had done in the past. Preferably with a camera nearby to capture his reaction. Yet, as the pleasantly warm air of June brought the fresh smell of flowers, the sound of their children happily chatting with their uncles danced around them and Brian felt so good next to him, offering him the most earnest look in the universe, he couldn’t stop himself from wanting to share the news with him without a fuss.

Avoiding moving too much, he slid a few inches closer over the bench and snuggled himself a bit more comfortably against his husband’s side before he carefully took hold of one the guitarist’s hand and gently brought it to rest on his still flat belly. Biting his bottom lip slightly harder than before, as a tiny hint of anxiety crawled up his back, the blond let his own hand lay on top of the larger one and lovingly started to run his thumb up and down on the soft skin.

When a loud gasp escaped Brian’s lips and his fingertips immediately pressed down ever so lightly against his middle, Roger held his breath and tentatively glanced up at him, blue eyes dripping with expectation and nervousness for his reaction.

“Rog.” Came the soft whisper and the drummer’s heart started to race inside of his chest. “Are you..?”

Feeling his cheeks heating up, he nodded shyly at the taller man. Even after so many years, the idea that they had made a baby, or five, never failed to tint his cheeks in lovely pink tones. The color barely had time to fully spread on his complexion, though, as a loud squeal reached his years and next thing he knew, Brian had him enveloped in a tight, cheerful hug. Soon, a myriad of sweet pecks were placed on his flushed cheeks until his husband’s mouth landed on his, and he found himself melting into the tender kiss. When small giggles escaped from their lips, the couple pulled apart and the blond found pure love and adoration on the hazel eyes shinning with tears staring at him.

“These are such wonderful news!” Brian spoke excitedly and lovingly caressed his belly. “I love you so much, Rog! I could never thank you enough for our beautiful family.”

“Oh, my love.” The drummer tenderly started. “You have given me our perfect children, our loving
marriage and so much joy, Bri. Thank you, silly.”

“You are my whole life, Rog.” The guitarist professed, heart fluttering in his chest and head light with happiness. “This little one already has a piece of my heart.”

“I love you, Bri.” Roger adoringly replied and a new wave of giggles left his throat. “We are going to have five children.”

“Good Lord.” Brian chuckled in amusement. He felt like he was floating amidst clouds. They had been talking about maybe having another one and had decided to start trying a few months ago. The number of kids, honestly, scared him a little, but he loved their big family and wouldn’t trade it for nothing in the universe. “Freddie and John better start catching up with us if we’re truly aiming for that full dozen.”

The drummer smirked at that and glanced for an instant at their friends, who were playfully engaged in what seemed to be seeking game. John had Nash secured against his left hip and Freddie encouraged a laughing Vega to catch her little cousin. Roger felt his heart growing even warmer in his chest with the sight and the notion that, very soon, there would be at least two pairs more of tiny feet joining the group. The bassist hadn’t said anything yet, but the blond just knew.

With a content grin on his face, Brian followed his gaze and enjoyed for a moment that perfect family they had built for themselves before he turned once more to his beautiful husband in his arms. Roger’s eyes sparkled under the fading sunlight and Brian felt like he could get lost in that exquisite deep ocean.

When soft lips met his once more, whispers of love and devotion making their way past them as they kissed, the guitarist felt like the world was a colorful blur of joy around them and he gladly melted right into it. Life was good.

_The End._

Chapter End Notes

This is it, guys. I must confess that those two final little words had me crying. It is with a great sense of accomplishment and a heavy heart that I officially declare this work finished. I might come up with an one-shot or two in the future, though. Let’s see.

For once, I have nothing to say about a next chapter and this is hitting me harder than what I had thought it would. These boys will always carry a piece of my heart and you all will forever have my gratitude. Answering your comments and seeing how much love you have given to this work was, without a doubt, the best part of my day. Truly, thank you. Muito obrigada. <3

As for the children, who already have me wrapped around their little fingers, here are the meanings and explanations behind their names.

Maylor:
- Melody Rose Taylor-May – I was the one to pick her first name and, as I’ve mentioned, her beautiful middle name if fully credited to @rellet and her amazing Red Color Theory.

- Romeo Felix Taylor-May – I just had to give Roger his car named baby and which one could be better than his Alfa Romeo, the inspiration behind “I’m In Love With My Car”. His middle name came from the beautiful list that @Emily kindly offered and we know Rog loves that name.

- Vega Clara Taylor-May – In spite of being their third, she is actually the fifth child to be born in their combined families. Brian really wanted a star named baby and Vega is the fifth brightest star in the night sky. Her middle was the beautiful suggestion of @Ciupi67.

- Nash Saiph Taylor-May – The youngest of the non-official twins was fully named by @marveltrwsh, following his sister’s star themed name. She absolutely loved Nash for his first name and his middle name was kind of a wild ride. Saiph is one of the stars from Orion, which is part of western mansion of the White Tiger, one of the four symbols of the Chinese constellations. Somehow, we think that Brian found a way to continue with the star names and appease his husband’s wishes of having “Tiger” in the middle.

Deacury:

- Leo Thomas and Leona Christine Mercury-Deacon – The twins were named after the lovely @ faboulouschesypoodle mentioned how signs were so present in the band and how Freddie had chosen Mercury because of it. I just couldn’t resist having those two being born in late July to name them like that. Their middle names are personal favorites of @marveltrwsh and mine.

- Quinn Helen Mercury-Deacon – Again, dear @Emily gave a beautiful list of girl’s names as well and we couldn’t resist making that pun. Her middle name came from @Cicci783’s wonderful suggestion.

And the name of the adorable Evelyn Robbins came from the sweet suggestion of @Aline.

Thank you so much for reading, guys. If you would like to know more about small details or blank gaps in the plot, please don’t hesitate to ask. I would be more than happy to expand those moments in the comments and give you all sneak peeks of their lives. <3

Since I just don’t seem to be able to let these boys go, I’ve started another story in this fandom, as I’ve mentioned on the other chapter. If you’d be interested in another crazy work of mine, here is “One Golden Glance (of What Should Be)”: https://archiveofourown.org/works/18093986/chapters/42771101

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