Visions of the Past and Future

by mvltiverse

Summary

The year is 1984 and Queen's been regarded as one of the best rock bands and Freddie's living the best life as a solo artist, that should be perfect right? He should be happy and content in life yet he is not. All he wants is for someone to listen to his silent pleas and it seems that fate has given him a chance once more because not only he, but the rest of Queen as well, find themselves brought to a strange place by a mysterious being who sent them to a limbo-like place and left a disc that was titled Bohemian Rhapsody.

or

After years of being separated, Queen find themselves watching a movie based on their lives, or more specifically, the woeful life Freddie Mercury has hidden from them.

Notes
A retelling of Bohemian Rhapsody aka a watching the movie fanfic with extra angst content because I've barely seen fics where Freddie's hurt and the band realizes it and comforts him, aka this is a gratuitous Freddie hurt fic you guys never needed but I'm still doing it anyway.

Freddie is undeniably lonely.

That is the truth. Unlike all his other problems and secrets, this one was something he couldn’t seem to run away from. The burning longing in his chest that calls for Brian, Roger, John, Mary, even Miami or anybody that could fill the massive hole in his heart is only soothed by the cold and harsh burn of alcohol seeping through his veins and one night stands he doesn’t even remember the names of.

The sudden sound of glass breaking and the hollers of people he doesn’t recognize reminds him that Paul, once again, brought people to his home (could he still even call it that?) and started a party without his permission. It has been happening for days but Freddie couldn’t find it in himself to care anymore. Not when Prenter, no matter how much people told him Paul was just a snake, was the only companion he has now. There’s no use crying over spilt milk when it was all his own fault to begin with.

He thought that he would finally feel free and be happier if he could spend a few years as a solo singer, without the sassy comebacks of Roger, the disappointment etching Brian’s face whenever he sees him high or the sharp observant gaze of Deaky and having full control of his own work yet he was mistaken. Being in Munich, Freddie never became happy, in fact, he just felt worse and that made him rash and impulsive, drowning all of his sorrows with sex and wine, knowing fully well how not only the media, but himself and the people surrounding him could ruin everything that he’s done.

It was too late to try and change what he became, particularly when he knew deep inside that Roger, Brian, and Deaky would never speak to him again. Not after he told them that he didn’t need anyone. I was wrong, just like the fuck-up I am. I need you guys. You’re my family.

A frown mars Freddie’s beautiful face at the notion yet he remains silent, the feel of his heart racing faster than normal and the abrupt ringing of his ears making him nauseated. He stands up and walks towards the bar where Paul was drinking his ass off with the expensive liquor he had bought using Freddie’s money and says shortly, “I’m going out.”

“But this is your party, Freddie! You don’t want to leave them hanging, would you?” Paul replies, his arm stretching out to hold his hand but Freddie nudges him away. I never told you to start a party when I just wanted to be alone, but here we are, right? Freddie thinks, feeling a tang of bitterness spread across his throat when he speaks.

“I’m not in the mood to get drunk tonight, dear. You could either kick them out or I’m leaving. I need space. Your choice.”

The hesitant glint on Paul’s eyes gives Freddie a clear answer and he turns away, waving his hand carelessly, “I’ll be back when you’re done with your party, my dear. Be sure to close the door behind me, wouldn’t want some strays to come around.”
A begrudging smile is his mere farewell as he sneaks through the exit swiftly, exhaling a heavy breath he didn’t even realize he’s holding until it escapes his mouth, forlornly gazing at the empty and darkened path of the street. He isn’t okay, he knows that, he’s probably never going to be okay. Physically or mentally, he doesn’t know. All he wants is to spend the rest of his life trying to enjoy the contentment music brings him, until he still can.

Closing his eyes, he let his feet wander on its own, the cold gust of wind slamming itself against his warm body. He doesn’t even notice that he’s walked miles away until his eyes opens to a street he’s never been into. Panic rushes through his bones when he realizes that he doesn’t recognize the place he’s in and how to go back.

As he turns around and tries to search for someone who can help him, a striking light blinds his eyes and consumes his whole being until nothingness welcomes him.

No one notices that that street never exists in the first place and no one certainly notices the light that simultaneously took three other people as well.

A series of shouts weren’t something Freddie expected to hear the moment he felt himself plop down the floor with a soft bang. Especially, not from someone that sounded vaguely familiar that he stilled from his movements and froze, hearing him shout again, “Bloody hell!”

That was definitely Roger. The voice may have sounded huskier and older than Freddie remembered, but there was no denying it. “Shut up, Roger.” And that voice. Deaky’s voice sounded wary and tired, too exhausted, something Freddie never expected to hear from him, but years apart could change someone’s perception about their own bestfriend it seems.

“Oh fuck off, Deaky! Don’t tell me you aren’t pissed off and confused that out of nowhere, something or someone dragged us here. What is this anyway?”

“Roger, be quiet. I’m trying to figure out how the hell we ended up in this place.” Brian snapped, his tone cutting into Roger’s complaints easily. He sounded different, much distant and older than Freddie recalled. And the tantalizing amount of despondency that dripped through his voice caused a concern to well up in Freddie’s being.

If his heart could jump out of his throat, it would have left his body by now due to how fast it was pounding. Tears unintentionally formed around his eyes, hearing those familiar voices after a long time of having no contact made him expectedly emotional.

However, he suppressed it, swallowing deeply and rising, ready to face the music. He swivels around, wincing quickly when he noticed the shock pass through the three’s faces when they noticed him standing far away from them. He instantaneously felt vulnerable under their razor-sharp stares.

Roger shut his mouth, surprise visible in his features until a scowl replaced it and Freddie couldn’t resist the flinch that wracked his body when he noticed how baleful Roger’s expression was. Nonetheless, no one moved. And no one spoke. It was like time halted them all and Freddie couldn’t fault them for acting upset.

Quietude enveloped them before Deaky decided to open his mouth, seemingly done with the
awkward silence they’ve all put upon each other, “Freddie?”

“John.” Freddie tried to ignore the guilt that went through him when a closed-off look covered John’s face, seemingly stunned yet undaunted by the fact that Freddie, his own bestfriend, called him by his real name instead of the nickname he was used to hearing from the man’s mouth.

“It’s — it’s nice to see you again, I guess. I’m glad you’re well.” John said, taking a peek to see how far his latter sentence was from the truth and blinking steadfastly as if he was trying to stop tears from leaking out. Freddie doesn’t understand why.

Freddie, in simple words, looked like hell. His shirt and pants weren’t even grandeur or flashy, signifying that something is wrong. But that wasn’t what caused John to worry. It was how his cheeks seemed so sunken that it bit at his bones and the quite noticeable haunted glint replacing the warmth that his brown orbs usually conveyed. Regardless, Freddie ruefully smiled.

“Can somebody fucking explain how we ended up here?” Roger cut in, clearly ignoring the elephant in the room— aka Freddie until John not-so-obviously nudged him in his sides harshly.

“I would say nice to see you, Fred, but you haven’t apologized and I haven’t forgiven you. So, unless you can explain why we’re here, I’m going to ignore you.” The biting coldness in Roger’s words felt like the worst punch Freddie experienced. And he used to box as a hobby before.

“Roger!” Freddie heard Brian’s reprimanding tone yet he couldn’t blame Roger, he was right. “Roger—” Freddie started, noticing how their eyes immediately went to him once he uttered out his name.

“I don’t know why we’re here. But I’m sorry.” The sincerity in his voice caused Roger to stop from whatever retort he was supposed to spew out, gaping and looking like a fish out of water. But Freddie wasn’t done. “Brian, Deaky, I’m sorry too.”

“I’m sorry for fucking up. I’m sorry I told you guys I don’t need any of you. I was wrong. You three are my family and I know everything’s my fault, I’m so sorry. If you guys could give me a chance —” the words seemed to leave Freddie’s mouth out of nowhere, leaving him no space to think as he rambled.

“Hey, none of that.” Brian interrupted him, a soft and understanding smile on his face. Roger appeared to be stupefied while John covered his mouth with his hand, turning around and picking up something that caught his eye.

“You don’t need to apologize to us, ever. You must understand that yes, we felt hurt at what you did — when you left the group to become a solo singer and lost contact with us. We still feel upset until now, but we’re family, Freddie. And we could fix this. Right, Roger, Deaky?” Roger simply nodded in agreement, crossing his arms.

Freddie let out a hesitant grin, despite his nerves screaming at him that was it still possible to fix things when he couldn’t fix himself? However, he was broken out of his thoughts when John held up a disc in his hand, waving it.

“I hate to interrupt, and I know we all are confused as to why we’re here, but I think I’ve found the answer.” His sentence caused the three to become confused until Brian zoomed in on what he was holding, plus a small note that was taped in front.

John passed the disc wordlessly to Brian who held out his hand as he muttered, “Bohemian Rhapsody? This is weird.” And then proceeded to take out the note, reading it out loud.
“Want to know what happens in the future? It is quite tragic, if I must say. This is another chance for you four to fix whatever happens before it’s too late. Go watch it. P. S. Time is frozen from where you guys are, so you don’t have to worry about loved ones or the press freaking out about how Queen’s members are missing.”

“Is this some kind of sick joke? Is someone fucking taking a video of us right now just to see our reactions?” Roger was the first one to react hostilely, as usual. John snorted in reply but Brian raised his finger up.

Meanwhile, Freddie quietened, the word *tragic* circling around his head over. He had a feeling about what was going to happen, and he didn’t like it one bit.

“I think we’re supposed to watch this. As much as I don’t believe in magic, do *you* really think someone would bring us here just to joke around? I, for once, think this is real.”

“I don’t get why the person’s calling our future *tragic* though. *It’s not like any of us is going to die or something*. But fuck it, put that disc in the player then, for god’s sake.” Roger offhandedly mentioned, plopping himself down the wide couch that was in the center of the room, right in front of the massive television placed.

Brian’s eyes widened as if he couldn’t believe Roger would agree that easily, it usually took some time to convince him but it seemed that he wasn’t the only one who felt there was *something* weird in the place they were in, like they were being urged to watch it.

John merely took a seat besides Roger and Freddie followed suit whilst Brian finally opened the vhs player, putting the disc inside and walking back to sit next to Freddie, waiting for the video or whatsoever to start.

“Let’s get this shitshow started.”

End Notes

Hi! It's been years since I've written a fic so just a fair warning, updates for this fic will be extremely slow. Unless I gain the motivation to write countless of chapters, that is. Anyways, this will contain potentially triggering content so please read with caution AND since this a canon divergence, some scenes I'll add won't, in particular, be the same in real life. This is a fanfiction after all! Lastly, I'm not a native English speaker and I have no beta reader so I apologize for the grammatical errors or typos in advance. I know Freddie’s quite OOC so yeah and if you guys feel like the story is moving too fast, please let me know! I accept criticism but flames will be deleted. You guys may reach me through my tumblr if you have any questions or suggestions!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!