in the footsteps of giants

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20488697.

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/M
Fandom: The Dirt (2019), Bohemian Rhapsody (Movie 2018)
Relationship: Nikki Sixx/Original Female Character(s), Roger Taylor (Queen)/Original Female Character(s), Tommy Lee & Original Female Character(s), Past David Bowie/Original Female Character(s), Doc McGhee & Original Female Character(s)
Character: Nikki Sixx, Tommy Lee, Doc McGhee, Vince Neil, Mick Mars, Original Female Character(s)
Additional Tags: Crossover, First Impressions, Hero Worship, Ash has several braincells that she uses, but motley crue shares the one and mick mars actually doesn't share it
Series: Part 10 of Romance Is Boring 'verse, Part 7 of this must be just like living in paradise
Stats: Published: 2019-09-02 Words: 1750

in the footsteps of giants

by angrylizardjacket (ephemeralstar)

Summary

Ash & Lola meet, but Lola doesn't realise she's seen Ash's face (among other things) before.

ft. mentions of nude photoshoots, motley crue sharing one braincell (and mick's hoarding it for himself), and tommy maybe rediscovering his teenage crush.

Notes

RTP and AYDTD have always taken place in the same universe in my mind. So this is just a little thing i wrote today in rehearsals on my phone abt a potential way that Ash and Lola meet, plus a little bit of a hint at what ash does when she’s and roger split in the late 70s/early 80s ;) (also just so you know, once ash and queen reconnect after the release of A Night At The Opera, Ash asks freddie if she can take his last name because she doesn’t want to be associated with the family that ostracised her; Ash Mercury is what she goes by in her day to day/non-professional life, after 1975) (Established Nikki/Lola & Ash/Roger)

“Hey do you know if the photographer Vince likes is around in the next few weeks?” Lola barges into Doc’s office, disregarding his assistant’s squawk of protest. Doc looks surprised, looks mildly annoyed, holding his jacket and standing just beyond the door. Behind him is a woman with hair as red as a flame, standing a few inches shorter than Lola herself.

“I’m about to go to lunch,” Doc tells Lola, voice flat, “can we discuss this when I get back?” The woman behind him is pulling on a dark jacket with yellow floral detailing that’s a little too big for her, watching Lola with an intense, green eyed stare.

“Who’s this?” Lola asks instead, completely ignoring Doc, who sighed and pulled on his jacket.

“Lola, this is Rocket; Rocket, this is Lola Gone, she’s Motley’s,” he turned the thought over in his mind, frowning a little. The woman, Rocket, raised her eyebrows, and Lola’s expression already soured; “who was that little fella Reid had with Queen for the day to day?”

“Oh, she’s their Paul,” realisation dawned on Rocket’s face, speaking for the first time with an unexpectedly thick accent, and Lola frowned, not exactly sure who she was being compared to. After a beat, the ginger frowned at Lola, and Lola frowned right back, “Paul was a rotten little bastard.”

Doc laughs.

“Fuck you.” Lola spits, and Rocket smiles, all sharp teeth. “Fuck both of you.”

“Lola, don’t get your knickers in a twist; which is the photographer Vince likes?” Doc heads down the hallway with both Lola and Rocket a few steps behind him, Lola holding a sketchbook.

“The one that Nikki didn’t yell at last time,” Lola groaned, her face scrunching up, “Barry something? Vince is convinced he always catches his good side.”

“And why do you need him so soon?” Doc presses the elevator button and Lola sighs.

“Nikki wants to put together some draft cover designs for the single and he wants a photo of the band for it.”

“If I give you Barry’s number can you set it up?” Doc asks, his voice condescending, and Lola stands up straighter, expression darkening.

“Give me some fucking cred-”

“Just answer the question.”

Lola narrows her eyes, her gaze locked with Doc’s as he raises his eyebrows at her.

“Fucking obviously.”

Rocket watches her as the doors of the elevator close, wearing a strange little Mona Lisa smile, setting Lola on edge.

“What the fuck kind of name is Rocket?!” Lola groans, draping herself over Nikki in the studio, handing back his sketchbook. Nikki, who was spread across the sofa chatting about lyrics with Tommy and Vince.

“Did you get the good photographer?” Nikki asked, shifting to get more comfortable with her on top of him.
“Doc’s gonna give me his number after his date,” she sighs.

“Who’s Rocket?” Tommy asks, just as Vince snorts.

“Doc’s on a date? Yeah fucking right.”

Lola doesn’t know much about the woman apart from the fact that she’s got hair like fire and she seems like an asshole.

“She said I was a rotten little bastard!” Lola crowed, her whole face wrinkling with irritation, though Nikki laughed loudly, pulling her close.

“Lo, you are a rotten little bastard,” he told her fondly, smirking.

“You’re an asshole too;” though her voice was soft as she propped her chin on his chest, scowling at him, “you’re lucky I love you.”

“I only know about one Rocket even mildly attached to Doc - maybe -” Mick interjects, his arms crossed as he twists in a spinning chair, “and there’s no way she’s getting romantic with him.”

“Well you don’t even know if we’re talking about the same person,” Lola responds loftily.

“Red hair? Kind of an asshole? In town same time as Queen, and she knows Doc? Girlie, I’m pretty sure we’re talking about the same Rocket.” And he’s smug with good reason, because almost an hour later, Doc makes his way into the studio while Mick is redoing his solo for the third time. Rocket comes too, watching with bright eyes and hands clasped behind her back. Lola hadn’t gotten a good look at her before, but now, with the floral jacket folded in the woman’s arms, she sees Rocket’s impeccably tailored pastel blue silk shirt tucked into acid washed denim cutoffs, and the powder blue converse; the outfit looks so couture and summery, and Lola feels like a mismatched child in her vicinity.

Tommy is giving her the most starry-eyed look, whilst also turning bright red.

“Ash Mercury.”

That’s enough to get Rocket’s attention, and she turns with raised eyebrows away from where she was watching Mick.

“Motley Crue, this is Rocket; she’s a designer, she requested to meet you all.”

“No fucking way did Ash Mercury ask to meet us.” Tommy’s acting like a starstruck fool, like he did when he met Nikki, eyes bright, tapping excitedly against the sound desk with his drumsticks, much to the sound engineer’s chagrin.

“Who in the fuck is Ash Mercury?” Lola finally asks. Nikki’s not paying much attention to the situation, in his own little world with his bass, and Mick hadn’t realised they had company, but Tommy and Vince were watching the newcomers with interest.

“I am.” Rocket smiles toothily at Lola, “though, granted I hadn’t assumed that’s how you’d know me.”

“Tommy saw your tits at a very formative time in his life,” Vince snickered, “of course he remembers you.” Tommy threw a drumstick at Vince’s head, but the blonde can’t help but cackle. Ash at least has the decency to blush.
“I was seventeen, you make me sound like I was twelve!” But he turned to Ash with what he hopes is a winning smile, “I’m not- I mean, I wasn’t twelve then and I’m not seventeen now. I’m Tommy.” And he actually stands, walks over to her and holds out her hand. Ash’s handshake is surprisingly firm, and his enthusiasm seems to be endearing her rather than putting her off.

“Good to meet you, Tommy; you’re the drummer, right?” She smiled when he nodded, standing back and trying to be subtle where he’s all but preening under her gaze. She knows who he is! He looks like he’s about to cream himself. “You remind me of my favourite client,” she says, something gentle about her words.

“Who even are you?!” Lola half laughs, though she’s more confused than before.

“Hey dickhead, Ash Mercury’s here.” Vince throws the drumstick that was just lobbed at him at Nikki, which at the very least gets the bassists attention.

“Yeah right,” Nikki snorts, looking over at the ginger, who looked mildly bemused, “what would she be doing here? She’s in fuckin’ England isn’t she? Is Bowie in town?”

“Jesus Christ you lot are a bunch of perverts,” Doc sighed, but Ash smiled brightly.

“I’m Scottish actually, but close enough I suppose,” she paused, “and I haven’t seen Bowie in a few years; I do have a life outside of him ah,” she turns a little red, “those photoshoots I did for and with him,” she can’t be quite sure which they’re referring to, but both make her a little self conscious, “but if it’s enough to convince you;” she untucks her shirt, lifting it up to expose her ribs, and the worn tattoo that sat just below her breast.

An orange, about the size of a quarter, with a little green leaf. Lola recognised that tattoo, and could feel herself starting to heat up with embarrassment.

“It’s a clementine, I got it right after Queen released A Night At the Opera,” she clarified, and Tommy makes a noise of understanding.

“You must be a big fan of theirs, what with the tattoo and the name and the-” Tommy was cut off by Doc, who held his head in his hands.

“Do you really not know about Rocket apart from that Rolling Stones shoot she did with Bowie?” Doc asked. Ash was tucking her shirt back into her shorts, since the rest of them seemed satisfied that she was the real deal.

“She also did that shoot for him,” Tommy adds, very pointedly, and with maybe a little too much confidence. Ash’s smile is a little too bright as she refuses to acknowledge that particular career move of hers.

“I’m actually a costume designer, you see, and I just wanted to stop in and tell you I love your look; I appreciate your theatricality. The Bark at the Moon tour looks were,” she mused, gaze a little far away, “oh they were something else.”

“Is that a good thing?” Nikki asked, typing his head to the side as his tone betrayed his amusement.

“Absolutely.” Ash grinned in return. “Well I just wanted to stop in and say hi.” She shrugged, “I should be getting back, Rog is taking me out for dinner.” She told Doc, who nodded sagely, and though she left, he didn’t.

“You chucklefucks sure know how to embarrass yourselves in front of one of the most sought after designers and fabricators in the industry,” Doc sighed, but the rest of them were preoccupied by
Lola hurling everything within arms reach at Tommy.

“'You had that centrefold of her and Bowie on your bedroom fucking wall!'”

“I know!” Tommy snorted, easily deflecting the empty cans thrown his way, “how did you not recognise her?”

“Because it’s been years since I saw the poster and on it she had sparklers covering her nipples; I wasn’t exactly paying attention to her face!” Lola cried, before falling back into the sofa, covering her face at the sound of Vince and Nikki crowing with laughter.

“Don’t think you’re getting let off so easily, Tommy, you’re just as dense as Lola;” Doc snaps, which shuts everyone up, Tommy most of all, wearing a wide-eyed, confused state, “you must be a big fan of theirs” Doc parroted mockingly back to the drummer, before cuffing him over the back of the head, “she’s engaged to Roger Taylor.”

Tommy’s look of dawning horror was enough to set everyone off and laughing again. His despair was almost palpable.

“And I asked her if she was a fan of Queen.”

“She still seems like a bit of an asshole,” Lola finally announced, and Nikki snickered.

“Isn’t that a bit ‘pot-meet-kettle’?” He asked, and Lola gave an small smile, rolling her eyes. It’s Doc, however, who interjects.

“She’s allowed to be an asshole sometimes, she’s damn good at her job.”

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