**Summary**

Bond isn't a name. It's a rare breed of people that have designated soulmates, to whom a Bond will be eternally faithful to. Every child dreams of being a Bond's Chosen soulmate.

James uses his status as a Bond to seduce many a mark into thinking they're his Chosen, while deep down he resents his identity because he has been unable to find his Chosen.

Then he meets Q that fateful day in front of that painting.

**Notes**

Such a detailed prompt!

"Bond isn’t a name, but a designation. Every “Bond” is a person who is destined to have a soulmate, and are often romanticized heroes of novels, given the rarity of them. 007 actually is able to use his designation to seduce marks, because even if they’re his enemy, lots of people like the idea that beyond all reason, he would be theirs forever. James has gotten kind of jaded to the term due to not finding his bond, but then he meets his new quartermaster.” — ravenjade
Chapter 1

If there was one thing that James hated, it was the starstruck look people would get in their eyes whenever they learned that he was a Bond, an unbound Bond at that. The moment people heard what James was, they would look at him like he was their knight in shining armor, come to rescue them from their bleak everyday lives.

It worked just fine when he was on assignment, it made marks all too easy. Even enemies come to kill him became putty in his hands whenever James faked a small shudder or gasped slightly at first contact, murmuring stupid romantic notions of him finding his Chosen in them.

Every little boy and girl dreamed of being a Chosen, to have a Bond be completely and utterly devoted to them for life. Every Bond dreamed of finding their chosen, the one to complete and balance them.

James hated being a Bond almost as much as he hated the looks he received because of it.

When he was a child, he begged his father for the story of how he found his Chosen, how he knew. Andrew had simply smiled and told him that the connection between Bond and Chosen is a secret only a bound pair knows, that when James found his own Chosen, he would know. They both died before they could explain further.

As a young man, he spent hours daydreaming about how he would meet his Chosen, what they would be like, who they would be, what the connection would be like. He had even tried reading a few romance novels; the kind that had a tall, dark, and handsome Bond on the cover with his swooning Chosen in his arms.

“My love, my darling, my Chosen.” The hero would croon in the ear of a buxom woman (or a strapping lad, there really was no knowing with Bonds). This would normally be followed by a tawdry sex scene.

Garbage. And it didn’t help James in the slightest.

As James got older, he began to get more and more agitated. How long was he supposed to go without his other half?

Eventually James began to believe that his Chosen was dead. The thought was like a stone that sat low in his gut, uncomfortable and hard to handle. It began to make him feel bitter whenever he saw other Bonds (which wasn’t that often, but it still happened).

“Always makes me feel a little melancholy.” The kid next to him was waxing on about the painting they were looking at, “A grand old warship being ignominiously hauled away for scrap.”

James glanced sideways at the man, boy really, sitting next to him. His hair looked like he hadn’t even heard of a brush, and his eyes were framed by thick glasses. He was most likely some pretentious art student in university.

“The inevitability of time, don’t you think?” He continued, looking at James, who had turned his gaze back to the painting, “What do you see?”

He didn’t have time for this; he needed to prepare for his next assignment, “A bloody big ship.” He muttered, “Excuse me.” James made to stood up. He would come back to meet his contact after the student had left.
“007.”

James stopped. And here he thought nothing could surprise him anymore. He sat back down slowly.

“I’m your new Quartermaster.”

James scoffed, turning to face the boy, “You must me joki—” But James couldn’t finish his sentence, the moment he locked eyes with the boy his entire body seized. He couldn’t move a muscle, he couldn’t breathe, he even swore his heart had stopped for a moment.

When the moment passed and he could feel his heart beating again, he could feel the faint thud of a second heartbeat. There were also phantom emotions lingering in the back of his head: indignation and annoyance.

*Great, another asshole who thinks I have to be old and graying before I can be a genius.*

It was the kid’s voice, but he could clearly see that his lips weren’t moving, they were pressed into a thin line, “007?” He finally asked, eyebrow raised.

Not the emotions in the back of James’s mind shifted to mild confusion and worry. James pressed a hand over his heart, feeling both heartbeats. *No…It couldn’t be…*

*Damnit, is he having a heart attack? Are 00’s even allowed to have heart attacks?*

The kid was panicked now. Before the Quartermaster could call for help, James clamped his free hand over his mouth. “Don’t say anything.” James hissed, “I’m not having a heart attack.” At the Quartermaster’s surprised look, James continued, “Are you aware of my designation?”

“As a 00 agent?”

“As a Bond.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So yeah... I'm pretty sure there would have been a riot if I hadn't continued this fic...

[holds up hands in surrender] Here's another chapter, please don't hurt me!

“Are you aware of my designation?”

“As a 00Agent?”

“As a Bond.”

Of course Q knew about MI6’s little treasure: a Bond among the 00 agents. Who hadn’t heard the stories about the 00 who could seduce any mark with three simple words? I’m your Bond: a sentence that could disarm anyone, mark or enemy without breaking a sweat.

Then Q frowned. If 007’s behavior had to do with his designation as a Bond, why the hell was he being treated as a mark?

That arrogant bastard! Just because I’m young does not mean I will swoon at the word Chosen...

He clenched his fist, “007, I’m well aware of your designation as a Bond, as well as your habit of using that to your advantage with marks.” He hissed, “But as you can see, I am not a mark, I am your Quartermaster.”

007 didn’t seem fazed, “I assure you, Quartermaster, this has nothing to do with your age, though I will want to know that eventually.”

Q suddenly found himself pulled from the bench, 007 forcefully dragging him from the room. “007, what are you doing?”

“Quartermaster, please do me a favor and shut up. I’m having a hard enough time listening to your thoughts going at a mile a minute; don’t make me have to sort through your verbal questions as well.”

They were in an empty corridor now, a security access hall. How 007 managed to get them both in there without him noticing was beyond Q, which was probably a testament to how out of sorts he was.

“Relax Q, you aren’t going insane, I just managed to swipe a keycard from a security guard.” 007 murmured, “But now that we’re alone…”

Q felt a hand press around his throat. He hadn’t been the Quartermaster of MI6 long, but he knew well enough that 007 could kill him with a single hand without much effort at all.

“I’m not going to kill you.” 007 rolled his eyes, pressing two fingers against the side of Q’s throat.

It was when Q felt his pulse against 007’s touch that he realized the agent was measuring his pulse.
His other hand was pressed against his heart. M had never mentioned any of this kind of behavior to him before…

“Yeah, well this is a new experience for me, so M wouldn’t have been able to warn you.”

Q blinked. Had he said that out loud?

“No, you didn’t.”

“Then how did you…”

“Apparently, Bonds can hear the thoughts of their Chosen.”

Q shook his head, “I will not fall for that one, 007.” He grit his teeth.

The agent gave him an even look, “How about I tell you the one word that will make you believe me when I say you’re my Chosen?”

Skeptical, Q raised an eyebrow. Then he sighed, “Fine, try me.”

The 00 agent leaned in close, his lips touching his ear. Despite himself, Q shivered. How could he not? A Bond was telling him he was a Chosen.

But then the agent spoke. True to his word, it was a single word spoken. But it wasn’t just any word, it was a name.

A name Q had sworn to all but abandon once he had taken up the title Quartermaster.

He looked at the Bond in front of him, “H-how do you know that name? No one knows that name but M!”

007 gave him an even look, “I know your name because the longer I spend with you, the more I know about.” He said softly, “Already I know your emotions when you feel them strong enough, and your most coherent thoughts. Right now, I’m starting to become in tune with all your desires… everything you’ve ever wanted…so I can provide everything for you as your Bond.”

A blush raged across Q’s face, “Get out of my head!”

The Bond shook his head, “I’ve waited too damn long to find you.” He growled, pinning Q to the wall. “And now, you’re mine.”

Q wasn’t sure when he realized there were lips pressed against his own, because there seemed to be a stretch of time in which he was frozen in place. His body wouldn’t listen to any commands that he was giving it, he couldn’t even blink.

Then he felt the kiss, an electronic jolt through his lips. The jolt sent electricity crackling through every nerve in his body, and Q was suddenly aware of every touch the Bond in front of him was giving him: the hand on his hip, tangled in his hair, their chests pressed against each other.

And in the back of his mind, Q could feel a distant sense of relief and joy, excitement and sheer passion.

“What’s happening to me…” He murmured once his lips were free again, “These sensations…”

“It’s the Connection.” The 00 agent nodded, pressing soft kisses—burning kisses—to Q’s next, “It’s incomplete…damn, the timing for all this is off. We’re in the middle of an operation…”
“Not quite in the middle, but I get your point.” Q nodded, trying to get his blush under control. “Um…could you let me go?”

007 nodded, stepping back, “You’re going to go straight back to MI6 after this, and you will not leave until I return from my assignment.”

Q raised an eyebrow, “Giving me orders, 007? As your Quartermaster, I— ”

“As your Bond.” The agent grit his teeth, “I will not be able to rest until I know you are safe. When I get back…”

An image bubbled to the top of Q’s mind: him, spread out on a bed with 007 on top of him, utterly worshiping his body.

“Oh my god…” He gasped, trying to shake the image from his mind. By the time he came to his senses, Q realized he was alone in the hallway. 007 was long gone.

Then a familiar voice sounded in his head.

*When I get back…*
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Oh dear God! [hides behind couch] You guys to kid around when you want continuations of things! Sorry for the wait, but here is chapter 3!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was a part of James’s mind that was screaming in protest at the thought of leaving his Chosen unattended with their Connection incomplete. It was a baser, animalistic part of him that wanted to steal the young man away to some corner of the world and hide away with him now that James had finally found him.

But logically, he knew that he needed to complete his assignment, and that Q was in perhaps the safest place in all of the UK. If he had to leave his unattended Chosen somewhere, it would have to be there.

James hadn’t expected things with Silva to spin out of control, for him to escape, for him and M to go to Skyfall.

He hadn’t expected M to die in his arms.

He refused to cry, even as his breath came in shaky gasps. He would give M her dignity in death, reaching up and gently closing her eyes. But God help him, he so desperately wanted to. He wanted so much to mourn M’s death the way she deserved.

But James was an agent, and M was his boss, and casualties happened every day. So all he could do was press a small kiss to her brow.

Q didn’t know what was happening. This sadness, this bone-chilling grief that had overwhelmed him; he couldn’t even stand, his legs who no longer support him as he collapsed into his chair. Without warning, tears flowed from his eyes and down his cheeks in a steady stream; he couldn’t stop them no matter how hard he tried.

God, why was he feeling this?

“Q?” Mallory was standing beside his chair, watching him curiously, “Is something the matter?”

He couldn’t breathe; his chest was constricted in pain, in anguish. These weren’t his emotions; he had no reason to be this devastated.

Then…

James? He closed his eyes, trying to reach out to the 00 agent. This was madness; he had no idea if the Bond could even—

Yes Q?
So James could hear him. *James, something’s happening. I can’t stop crying, I can’t even breathe, I’m in so much agony.*

There was a pause before he could hear James’s voice again, *I’m sorry, that is my fault. M is dead.*

*You sure?*

*I’m carrying her body right now.*

Oh. Then... *I’m sorry for your loss, James...* Q paused, not knowing what to do, *Is there anything I can do to help you?*

Another lull in their mental conversation. For a moment, Q wasn’t sure if James was ignoring him, then the agent spoke (or thought) again.

*Could you...if you could, continue to cry for me?*

Part of Q was still hesitant about being a Chosen, about everything that went along with it. After all, being overcome by a Bond’s emotions? That certainly wasn’t in any of the romance novels (which Q would never admit to reading). Then again, it wasn’t like this was a job he could choose to resign from.

James was his responsibility now, just as much as he was 007’s.

*Just give me a moment...* Q stood slowly, ignoring Mallory’s comments to him as he made his way to the nearest secure location (his office, of course). Once he made sure the door was locked, he sighed, *Alright...do what you need to in order to bring M home...*

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There was something about experiencing another person’s grief. It said a lot about a person. Before, Q would have had to admit he believed that the 00 agents were emotionless guns-with-legs, that nothing could get through their stony exterior.

But feeling the depth of grief through his Connection to 007, Q had to amend that thought.

And it wasn’t all just grief for M. Q could feel the cold ache of mourning the destruction of his childhood home, and what few fond memories it held. He could feel the reopened wound of the death of James’s parents, the slow festering ache of growing up utterly alone.

When Q came out of his aguish-induced catatonic state, his only thought was to find James, to make sure he was alright.

There was something to be said about how quickly news spread. Sometime during Q’s time in his office, word had gotten to MI6 that M was dead. The resulting chaos made it all too easy for Q to slip away.

He didn’t know why he decided to drive to his MI6’s appointed flat, 007 had no idea where he lived, and he wouldn’t be back for several hours at least. But something told him he would need to be prepared for James’s return.

Q busied himself with tidying the flat: clearing away messes, making his bed, making sure there was plenty of food in the cupboards. Something told Q he would not be leaving the flat for a while.
Finally, Q could hear James’s voice in his head, *Q, where are you?*

*I’m at my flat. I can give you directions.*

*No need. I can see them already.*

At some point, Q would have to explore just how deep their telepathy went. For now, he would just have to accept the fact that 007 could access just about any secret in his mind.

*I wouldn’t do that to you.*

Q jumped, *I didn’t realize you were still in my head.*

*It’s a safer place to be than my own at the moment.*

Well *that* was a heartbreaking thought…*Just…try not to get lost in there, alright? I'll talk to you soon.*

He wasn’t sure what he was going to do when James finally knocked on his door. He had no idea what he was supposed to do as a Chosen. There was no *How to take care of you Bond* handbook somewhere. Just a few days ago, he thought the most unique thing about him was the fact he was the youngest Quartermaster in the history of MI6.

Now he was a Chosen. To perhaps the most deadly Bond in history.

Well, there wasn’t exactly any going back. Q sighed, opening the door for his Bond.

Chapter End Notes

I had totally intended for there to be some smut, but…well, this happened instead.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

How the hell Q managed to get himself into these situations, he would never know. Well, he understood how he became Quartermaster of MI6, he kinda had to work for that one. But becoming a Chosen, that one came out of the blue. Especially since his Bond was one of the most deadly men in the world, with a license to kill. And no doubt he would use that license against anyone who dared to threaten his Chosen.

Such as the radical eco-terrorists who had Q tied to a chair, trying to coerce national secrets from him.

Honestly, what was the point of eco-terrorism? So people didn’t like the oil industry, or industry in general, how the hell did blowing up a bomb help the environment? And who did they think made all of the gear they used?

Though in all honesty, Q was well aware that these eco-terrorists were just a smoke screen for something bigger. Because really, kidnapping the Quartermaster of MI6? That’s overkill even for a radical group.

Q, I know you’re having a fun time and all, but I really would like to find you before they hurt you.

It was funny almost, how used he was getting to hearing James’s voice in his head. Maybe he was getting used to being a Chosen after all. I’m sorry James, but these hippies are nothing but goons. The gun they have pointed at me right now isn’t even loaded and the safety is on.

I’ll keep that in mind when I tear them apart.

Q could feel the animalistic desire to hurt in the back of his head: James’s no doubt. They haven’t hurt me, James. Try to keep the body count to a minimum.

“Oi, you listening to us?”

It would seem his captors would not leave him be, “No, I’m not listening to you.” Q rolled his eyes, “You’ve done nothing but scream at me.”

I really wish you wouldn’t antagonize them, Q. Alec and I are almost there, just keep quiet, alright?

God, he hated being the damsel in distress. This was playing out almost exactly like one of his Bond/Chosen romance novels.

“Teach you to mouth off!” One of the thugs spat at him before pistol-whipping him with the unloaded gun.

Alright, so that hurt more than Q wanted to admit. And apparently, James could feel it too, because the desire to hurt bubbled into an uncontrolled rage.

James…please try to—
The sound of gunfire was Q’s only answer. Really, 00 agents and their desire to shot first and ask questions whenever they damn pleased.

*That’s why we’re the best, Q.*

He could see James and Alec making their appearance, James nearly running to Q’s side to untie him, “Did they hurt you?”

“Besides the split lip, I’m fi—IINE!” Q’s voice cracked as James picked him up bridal style, “Put me down, James! I can walk!”

But James wasn’t listening. He was already carrying Q from the building like he didn’t weigh a thing.

“Way to live up to the Bond stereotype, James.” Alec smirked, covering their exit from the building.

“You are *not* going to carry me through the streets of Madrid like this!” Q shrieked.

James chuckled, “Actually, that’s exactly what the plan is. We’ve got train tickets in the names of a newly married couple celebrating their honeymoon.”

“And what the hell does that make Alec?”

“The incredibly awkward best man.” Alec mumbled, leading the way to the train station.

It was surprisingly easy, getting to the train station. Whoever was funding the eco-terrorists must not have been expecting James to find Q as fast as he did. Another perk of the Bond/Chosen connection.

The moment they were all safe in their private compartment, James was frantically checking Q over for wounds.

“It’s alright James, I’m not seriously hurt.” Q murmured, blushing slightly as James pressed soft kisses against his split lip and his chaffed wrists, “It’s nothing to worry about…”

“Of course there’s reason to worry, they hurt you, and they could have hurt you worse.” James muttered, examining every inch of exposed skin, “I wasn’t there to protect you.”

“But you did protect me, James, you saved me.” Q placed a hand on James’s head, gently smoothing his hair.

Alec shook his head, “He’s just agitated because you haven’t completed your Connection yet.”

It was true, they hadn’t…finished the job, so to speak. After M’s death, it had seemed in poor taste to try and form their connection while James was still mourning. And by the time James and Q had felt prepared to take the final step, Q had been kidnapped.

Q raised a curious eyebrow at Alec. 006 just shook his head again, “I’ll be outside keeping the area secure.” He opened the door slowly, stepping into the hallway.

James nodded, “Thank you Alec.”

“Trust me, I understand.” Alec smirked, shutting the door behind him.

There was a part of Q’s curious mind that wanted to figure out what was going on in 006’s mind. Of course, that part was overpowered by the rest of his mind which was distracted by the electric sensation of James kissing his way down his neck, unbuttoning his shirt slowly.
It wasn’t like what he had read in the books. There was flurry of clothes being strewn about by the desperate need of a Bond and his Chosen needing to consummate their Connection. Nor was there any loud moaning of names as his Bond drove him crazy.

At least….not out loud.

Because Q never needed to ask out loud for James to go faster, harder, deeper. He never had to beg James to never let him go.

James already knew.

Of all the places Q imagined losing his virginity; he never imagined it would be on a train leaving Madrid. With a Bond.

At first, Q wasn’t sure if everything worked as it should have. He could still feel James’s emotion; hear his thoughts when they were coherent enough.

In fact, he could still feel James’s agitation at not being able to protect Q.

But this time…Q could feel his own mind reaching out, trying to soothe the 00 agent’s frayed nerves.

And he could see James slowly relaxing under his touch.

_Huh_…there was something new Q learned every day.

Chapter End Notes

So they finally get to complete their connection! Sorry, it's not exactly smutty... but I wrote this chapter while I was in my graduate class.
“We’ve lost contact with 007!”

“His comm is fried, we can’t reach him!”

“Damnit!”

To say Q branch was in a frenzy would have been an understatement. Chaotic panic might have been closer. But considering the fact that all they could do was watch 007 through his button camera, helpless, it might have been a reasonable reaction.

The Quartermaster, however, was not so worried.

Q? Why isn’t anyone talking to me?

Resisting the urge to smile at the familiar voice in his head, Q continued to work at his computer, watching the screen with one eye while the other focused on the feed of James. Your communication device is damaged, we can’t reach you.

Damn…

Q quickly typed at his keyboard, I’m working on unlocking the security doors. They should be safe to open…now!

As James on the screen opened the door, Q could feel a surge of adrenalin move through him. Taking a deep breath, Q forced the adrenalin back to James, Focus James…You still need to get over that fence, but it’s electrified.

I could always sneak out with the troops.

Q could see through the button camera that there was a truck carrying several armed men heading toward the gate.

Don’t you dare…

In short, James dared.

And, considering his luck, he managed to escape intact.

All of Q branch breathed a sigh of relief, though Q was slightly irked, Could you not scare me half to death on at least one of your missions?

I’m sorry Q, I’ll make it up to you.

Q’s mind was filled with several images: romantic dinners, him and James sprawled out on their bed in several creative and naked positions.

You aren’t getting off the hook that easily. Q chided, though he couldn’t help but smile at some alone time with James.

A hand clapped on Q’s shoulder, causing the Quartermaster to look up.
“Good job on the rescue.” Alec smirked, then lowered his voice, “Then again, it isn’t too hard for a Bond and his Chosen to work their way through the impossible.” He teased.

006 was still a bit of a mystery to Q, even after he became James’s Chosen. He knew that the agent was James’s best friend, and that Alec was familiar with Bonds and Chosen. The whole situation was curious.

And so when Alec left Q branch, Q followed him. Everyone was so relieved that no one noticed either of them leave.

Q caught up with Alec in the agents locker room, with the agent appearing like he was preparing to exercise.

“Hello there, Quartermaster. What can I do for you?” Alec looked over, chuckling.

“Well…to be honest, Alec, I was wondering…”

Alec smirked, “Why I know so much about Bonds and Chosen?”

Q could only nod dumbly.

There was a small chuckle from Alec, before the agent shut his locker, “Well, to put it simply…I have a Bond out in the world somewhere.”

“What?” Q blinked, stunned, “But how…”

“Met him when I was just 14.” Alec chuckled, “He damn near picked me up and carried me off the streets.”

Q’s mind was still spinning, “But if you’re a Chosen…where is your Bond?”

Alec shrugged, “No idea, really. He kissed me, then told me that he would return for me when he could better provide for me. Never saw him again.” He sighed, “The idiot never even told me his name.”

“He never…” Q blinked, “So you…”

“I can feel his emotions from time to time, but he doesn’t talk to me.” Alex shook his head, “I learned to live with it. I mean, on occasion I feel emotions that aren’t mine, but after a few years, even that didn’t seem too out of the ordinary.”

Q could only stare. To think that a Bond would leave his Chosen behind, for any reason…he couldn’t help but wonder if James knew about Alec. Though, considering how little James knew about Chosen, it was unlikely.

And in that moment, Q couldn’t help but realize how lucky he was. Not only was he a Chosen, James loved in dearly.

There was a bubble of concern in the back of Q’s head, James’s of course. **Q, are you alright?**

Q took a deep breath, **Yes, James, I’m doing just fine…**
Chapter 6

There were times when Q really hated seeing James out on assignment. Even if James wasn’t his Bond, he’d still hate seeing his lover in danger. Of course, this particular mission was even more stressful because Q found himself in the field as well.

Intel had told them that a former KGB operative had built a device that could cause cascade blackouts all throughout Europe, and who knew what chaos that could cause. Luckily for them, they were able to locate the exact power plant the cascade would begin, and luckily, Q was smart enough to disable whatever device they might find in the building.

Q just wished he wasn’t heading into a warzone, even if he had James by his side, not to mention Alec as backup. No one really ever got used to the being shot at. At least, no one sane.

Which James and Alec probably weren’t. They were 00s after all.

They had barely entered the building when something was thrown at them. “Is that a—?”

“Grenade.” James grunted, pulling them all down for cover as the grenade exploded. “Alec, a little help here?”

Alec nodded, taking a few well aimed shots at the bomb wielding assailants, “We need to move quickly, now that they know we’re here.”

“Don’t I know it.” James double checked his gun, “Clear a path, Alec, I’ll cover you and Q.”

Q knew better than to question James, well, he knew better than question anyone who was protecting him during a firefight. Honestly, he should have been given a weapon too…

But he didn’t have time to dwell on the situation, he was already chasing Alec through the building, listening to bullets being fired from both 00 agents. Each blast echoed through the building, ringing impossibly loud.

At least until they made their way to the second level, where it was eerily quiet. Q turned to look at James, only to find that his Bond was missing.

James?

I’m fine Q. James’s voice sounded in his head. I’m just taking care of some of the riff raff down here. You go on with Alec.

It was times like that which made Q grateful for the Connection between them. He liked to think he was getting the hang of being a Chosen, but then again, he didn’t have any other option. “James says to go on without him, he’s fine.”

Alec nodded, securing a new clip in his gun before moving to the next room, which was obviously their destination. If the massive contraption in the center of the room wasn’t enough indication, then the man setting up the wires was.

Alec pressed a finger to his lips, indicating for Q to keep quiet. Like Q was just going to shout at the suspect.

006 raised his gun, aiming carefully at the man. Q knew it was protocol to try and bring in suspects
alive (no matter how rarely it actually happened), so the shot was probably for his shoulder or leg.

As the shot fired, Q could see the man grab his shoulder and double over in pain. He just didn’t expect Alec to do the same thing, gripping his arm tightly and hissing in pain.

Q ducked down, trying to see who had shot Alec, but the room was empty save for the three of them. Then Q got a closer look at Alec’s arm, “Alec, you weren’t shot…”

Slowly releasing his grip on his arm, and seeing that there wasn’t a wound underneath, Alec slowly righted himself, gripping his gun all the tighter. Q could see that 006 was much paler than he had been before as they moved closer to the suspect.

The KGB operative was standing slowly, holding his bleeding shoulder. Once he was upright and facing them, Alec froze.

It was an older gentlemen, Q noticed, and he was beginning to grey at the temples, contrasting against his dark hair. But other than that and the glasses perched on his straight nose, he had aged well, with high cheekbones and a strong jaw. But most telling were his eyes, grey and sharp. And then he spoke.

“This is not how I imagined us meeting again, Alexei.”

Q blinked, confused. But Alec’s response only served to confuse him more, “…It’s Alec now…”

Something in the weak, hesitant response gave Q reason to pause. The seasoned 00 agent looked like he had seen a ghost, and despite the fact Alec was gripping his gun in a white knuckle grip, the weapon was still shaking.

“Alec?” Q whispered, hoping to shake the agent from his stupor.

The agent couldn’t take his eyes off the other man, though, “Get James, Q.” He replied softly, “I’m not going to be able to do anything…”

If Q hadn’t known better, he wouldn’t have known that the agent was practically pleading with him. Which only served to worry Q further.

**James, we need you up here now.**

There was a moment when Q heard nothing from James. But neither had he felt any of the phantom pains he felt whenever James was injured in the field, so that was a blessing.

Then, finally, **What’s wrong, Q? Is Alec down? Are you in danger?**

**Alec can’t take down the suspect.**

**What do you mean, he can’t?**

**You’re going to have to get up here and see for yourself. We’re at a standstill here.**

It wasn’t long before Q could hear James’s footsteps coming up the stairway. He couldn’t help but feel relieved when he finally saw his Bond, gun drawn and pointed at the suspect. “Are either of you hurt?” He asked, not taking his eyes off the suspect.

Q shook his head, “No…but I think Alec hurt himself earlier.”
“Phantom pains…” Alec muttered, gun shaking in his hands.

James moved closer to the suspect, “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t put a bullet between your eyes.”

The other man didn’t look at James though, his gaze was focused on Alec, “British now?”

Numbly, Alec nodded.

The stranger nodded in return, “Loyal, then?” He chuckled, “What am I saying? Of course you are. And you’ve grown into quite the specimen, haven’t you?”

“That’s enough from you.” James interrupted, “Step away from the machine.”

Finally, the man turned his attention to James, “Really? I thought my surrender was obvious, or do I need formally declare my intention to defect?”

James grabbed the man by his injured shoulder, ignoring his hisses of pain as he dragged him away from the device, “I’m just about ready to shoot you and be done with it,” He growled, allowing Q to do his job to dismantle the contraption, “But why don’t we start with who you are and what the hell you’re trying to do.”

The man adjusted his glasses with his good hand, “My name is Dr. Dmitri Ivanov, and as for what I’m doing, suddenly defecting in the middle of an assignment, well…” He chuckled, “I’m sure, one Bond to another, you know there is nothing we would not do for our Chosen.”

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