Need You (needing me)

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by ElizabethDurham

Summary

“Care to tell me why you’re really here, Q?”

Q frowned, thin lips turning down into a pretty little curve Bond wanted to trace with the ball of his thumb.

“I’m here because you need me, Bond.”

“Anything else?”

A twitch.

“No.”

--------When it all falls apart, sometimes all we need is to be needed. ---------

(This fic is about 15% angst, 50% crack, 20% porn, and 15% fluff. I'm also rubbish at summaries so good luck.)

Notes
HUGE GINORMOUS MASSIVE THANKS to grigorisgadreel on tumblr for the amazing beta and encouragement even though I'm hopeless at these things.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

The quartermaster of MI6 was not a timid man. Despite his overall frankly fluffy appearance and large, owlish eyes, he had seen his fair share of trauma.

“My parents are both presumed dead, and I have no desire to confirm that particular statement one way or another. I had a sister. The rest of my extended family is actively hostile, out of my reach, or not worth my time,” he had told M when he’d been pushed. M hadn’t asked again.

Instead, he had handed over a security pass with his new name, Q, and sent him off into the bowels of MI6 to make a start on the mess that Q-branch had become. He allowed them a generous budget, making it absolutely clear that if improvements weren’t made in the next quarter, M would consider looking a bit deeper into Q’s files to assure that he was entirely… qualified for the job. It was a thinly veiled threat, but unnecessary. With M safely upstairs, Q set to work reorganizing the quartermaster department for the modern age, hiring the best hackers he could get his hands on to supplement the ranks of techies and gadget-fiends.

Two months after Skyfall and the agent mortality rate was holding steady, due in no part to any lack of improvement on Q’s part, but because the ‘old guard,’ of agents was being predictably difficult. Q was left gnashing his teeth in his labs, wondering why every bloody agent in the bloody building still refused to take him seriously. As illustrated by the current board meeting:

“….and lastly, the new head of Q-branch will also be taking over 0 and 00 agent communications personally. All agents are encouraged to take full advantage of the technological prowess of the quartermaster’s branch and are required to respect their authority in the field. Is that clear?” M stared around at the gathering of agents. There were a few chuckles and one outright laugh, no doubt in response to the idea of any boffin claiming ‘authority,’ over a 00, or perhaps simply over the looks of Q himself, hunched in a rumpled blue cardigan and hugging a ceramic scrabble mug to his chest like some sort of children’s plush toy.

“Oi, I’m not taking orders from a bloody teenager in tartan trousers who thinks his damn computers know better than me,” someone—002, Q noted—shouted out, sparking a few roars of agreement among the crowd. Q held back the urge to inform the irritating man that his computers, at least, knew how to follow a simple directive and weren’t prey to such blatant biases as apparent age. He didn’t doubt that he was less than ten years younger than the offending agent.

M, at the microphone, rubbed his temple with two fingers as he attempted to think up something resembling damage control, but he needn’t have worried. At the far end of the room, a single voice cut above the din, suavely confident to the edge of arrogant.
“Jack, that’s hardly fair,” Bond drawled, and something about him just drew every eye in the room to where he was lounged against the outer wall, impeccably dressed as always. “Your last girlfriend was the same age as our boffin. I checked. And besides, were it not for him, the entire Skyfall incident would have gone even more shite than it did. I have no doubt I would be in possession of far fewer limbs at the moment if not for his ‘damn computers,’ as you say. You’re welcome to think fuck-all you like, but my advice is to keep your earpiece in for once. Who knows, you might even learn something.”

Q stared. Well. That was unexpected.

Across the room, Bond’s ice-blue eyes flicked briefly up to meet his and he smirked. Q nodded his head briefly. A well-deserved thanks. Bond was enough of a legend in the place that after his little speech any last notes of dissent vanished into the woodwork and the meeting closed smoothly. M said a few last words and the crowd began to disperse, a few grumbles and laughs echoing around the hall as the agents filed out.

Q took another fortifying sip of tea, bending to grab his computer bag, only for a pair of scarred, tanned hands to beat him to it.

“Q.”

Bond’s smile was two parts mischief, two parts curiosity, one part respect.

“Bond. I suppose I should be thanking you for your little speech. Your clout in this place is as certain as it is inexplicable.”

Bond laughed, and Q was drawn again to his unnaturally blue eyes.

“Come now, Q.”

He grinned, holding out his hand in a ridiculous gesture to help Q down from the stage. “Surely you’ve read enough of my file to answer that question yourself.”

Q ignored the offered hand in favor of hopping lithely onto the floor and smirking up at Bond.
“Hm. I suppose it says something, then, that the hero of MI6 is a serial womanizer and alcoholic with an unnatural obsession with Savile Row.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“I do.”

“And what could you possibly have against a good tailor?”

“Do I dare ask why the emphasis on ‘you?’”

Bond’s smirk was just confident enough to make Q’s stomach do a little flip despite himself.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Bond murmured, leaning close enough for his breath to ghost over the shell of Q’s ear, “Perhaps the way you watch the arses of all the well fit agents as they leave your office?”

Q glared. He had thought he had been subtle, and really, he was only human. Besides, 003 had the most glorious arse in a good pair of Tom Fords.

“Do shut up, would you, 007?” he muttered, shouldering his bag and stalking to the door, “This meeting was supposed to be about competence, not arses.”

“Not even yours?” Bond asked innocently, trailing along behind him like some twisted sort of bored, lethal dog.

Q rolled his eyes, doing his very best not to show the way his breath hitched at that.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, Bond.”

“Ah, but a moment ago I was 007. Now, I’m Bond. If that isn’t progress….”
“You know, I started this conversation thanking you. I’m beginning to regret it,” Q added breezily, turning out of the conference room and down the strip-lit hallway. Bond laughed, walking backwards so he was still facing Q, not even bothering to look behind him as he went.

“And I started this conversation with the intention of asking you for a drink,” Bond countered easily. Q just stared at him, a vacant sort of frown on his face. Bond raised one eyebrow.

“Drinks, Q.” he elaborated, “You know, fermented plant matter distilled into an alcoholic substance? Usually consumed at some sort of pub?”

“I know what a drink is, Bond,” Q snapped. Bond smirked.

“Could have fooled me. You boffins don’t exactly seem to get out much.”

And, to add insult to injury, Bond reached out to pluck at his cardigan as though it personally offended him.

“If I say yes, will you stop bothering me?” he asked tiredly. Bond’s smile was edged with a vexing hint of smugness.

“Most certainly,” the agent purred, stopping in his tracks and grabbing Q’s wrist to stop him as well. “Is eight good? Should be late enough for the sun to have disappeared completely; wouldn’t want to introduce this skin to real light. I doubt it could comprehend the concept.”

“Ha ha, Bond. Very funny. Pick me up at eight outside Q-branch. You’re paying.”

“Of course, my dear quartermaster, of course.”

Bond smiled and, eyes fixed intently on Q’s, raised the admittedly pale hand he held captive in his own to his lips and brushed a light kiss to the back.

It should have been ridiculous. Part of Q did think it ridiculous, but the larger part of him was too concerned with keeping his breath working in a reliable rhythm to listen.
“Eight, then,” he said, before jerking his hand away from Bond’s and walking as quickly as could be considered casual down the hall and away from the frighteningly attractive man behind him.
It was with palpable relief that he returned back to his little land of computers and coding and safe, understandable binary. Bond was a loaded gun. A brilliant, beautiful gun, but a loaded gun nonetheless. Q could think of very few things as idiotic as fancying James Bond. One of said things featured a ferret, an aardvark, parkour, and two rolls of newspaper.

It was just drinks though, wasn’t it? Just drinks. Surely he wasn’t too infatuated with the idiot for it to be a problem yet.

“Hey, boss?”

Q turned vaguely in the direction of the voice to see R staring at him with concern.

“Yes?”

“You’ve been coding what looks like the detonation sequence you were planning to use for that new exploding pen into the firewalls. Thought I might mention it.”

Damn.

“Ah.”

“Yeah. I’ll have one of the minions correct it—”

“No, R, I’ll do it. And they’re not minions, they’re subordinates.”

R giggled.

“Ok, firstly, we’re totally cool with being called minions. It gives us all a semi-legitimate excuse to wear coverall’s to work and mess about with helium for one thing,” she began, ticking items off on her fingers. “Secondly you’ve been too busy telling our firewalls to detonate a bit of semtex to come up with a suitable punishment for minion #7, and debugging this code is about the worst thing I can
think of. And, most importantly, thirdly, agent 007 is hovering menacingly about Q-branch and
glancing at the clock every five seconds to see if we’ve magically skipped the last 15 minutes until
eight, and it’s making the minions nervous. So go. #7 will fix this up. You get rid of 007.”

Q sighed, letting his fingers fall from his keyboard resignedly.

“Fine.”

He put his laptop to sleep and checked his hair in the darkened screen, before realizing he was being
an idiot—it was just drinks, just drinks—and slamming it shut. He thought he heard R giggle again,
but let it go on the basis that he didn’t currently have anyone else competent enough to promote in
her place.

“You look adorable, boss,” she called as he stalked out of his office, and he nearly growled. They
treated him like a fluffy sort of kitten that hissed occasionally. He supposed his riot of curly hair
didn’t help the image, but still.

Bond looked predictably, horribly out of place in Q-branch, dressed in his usual Savile Row
brilliance that made his arse stand out to perfection. Q would deny to his dying breath how the sight
of Bond dressed to the nines affected him, but it didn’t change the fact.

“Q.” Bond’s smile when he caught sight of him was incandescent.

“Bond. Am I to assume that you plan on whisking me away at twice the speed limit in a car worth
more than your life?” Q asked with a sideways smile of his own. Bond chuckled, leading them out of
Q-branch and down to the garage.

“You assume correctly.” he assured, clicking the keys to unlock a gorgeous Jaguar coupe, navy blue.
Q let out a long-suffering sigh.

“Which of my subordinates did you bribe for this?” he asked.

“I’m charmed you think so little of me,” Bond replied, sliding into the driver’s seat as Q settled
himself in the passenger side, “but no. This particular car is actually my own.”
Q’s brow raised in actual surprise.

“I thought you were an Aston man,” he confessed, “the all-British sports car and such. Though it’s actually not made anywhere near England.”

Bond chuckled, pulling them out — at yes, just about twice the speed limit – onto the city streets.

“I won’t pretend I’m not fond of them,” he said, “but Jaguar’s got a history in England as well. And this beauty was too charming to pass up. Bit less ostentatious than the Aston and despite what the psych department seems determined to believe, I do actually enjoy a bit of subtlety on occasion.”

Q snorted, “Because a Jaguar F-type is entirely inconspicuous, is it?”

Bond smirked, pulling them up behind an upscale pub with a gold-lettered sign out front. “As I said, on occasion.”

Q wasn’t even surprised anymore.

Outside, it was a typically chilly London evening, and he shivered outside the warmth of the car. Bond glanced at him, then popped the trunk on the car and pulled out a long, double-breasted pea coat of warm wool.

“Here. M would kill me if the Quartermaster died of hypothermia on my watch.” He smiled. Q opened his mouth to protest, but before he could get a word out, Bond had the coat around his shoulders, a stern look on his face. He sighed and allowed his arms to be manipulated into the sleeves, doing his best not to marvel at Bond’s quick fingers on the buttons.

“Thank you, Bond,” Q said quietly, warmth spreading through his bones at the added layer. Bond inclined his head, leading the way into his chosen pub.

Inside, it was about as swanky as a place could be and still be called a pub. The walls were black wood set with white, studded leather booths in front of warped glass tables. The bar itself was made from clear glass filled with enormous air bubbles like frozen crystal.
There was a quiet hum about the place, just loud enough to make it feel intimate without needing to raise your voices.

“Isn’t this a bit young and trendy for you?” Q teased as they made their way across the black stone floor. “Why, it’s almost a club. And look at that, there’s someone over there that may even be under forty.”

“Oi, careful pup. You’re in quite a glass house when it comes to age cracks. Besides, I think you’re outnumbered by us old folk tonight.”

He gestured towards a table near them. Q squinted, then shook his head, grinning.

“Eve! Alec! Fancy seeing you here,” he greeted, shaking Alec’s hand over the table and hugging Eve briefly. Alec was easily one of the most destructive of the 00’s, but he was also one of those that respected Q and his abilities on mission, and something about the agent’s rugged sort of charm meant Q had a fondness for him.

Eve, as M’s secretary, was the one who delivered all of M’s dire ultimatums about productivity rates and budget crises, and they had shared one or two bitching sessions over cups of tea.

“Q.” Alec smiled, pushing a glass of something violently orange at him over the table. “So James did manage to lure you from your lair. Now all that remains is to see you actually eat something and I’ll allow Eve to convince me you’re not actually the world’s only cyborg.”

“Who says I’m the only one?” Q asked over a sip of whatever it was Alec had ordered him. It tasted like pure orange syrup, really. “And what is this? A slushie?”

“Pretty much,” Alec said, eyes glinting. “I wasn’t entirely sure you were old enough to drink.”

In lieu of answering, Q snatched Alec’s own drink and downed half in one go. The burn in his throat made him regret it a bit, but only a bit. The expression on Alec’s face—amused, with a bit of respect and annoyance mixed in there as well—more than made up for it.

Bond’s deep laugh from just beside him seemed to resonate in his head.
“Serves you right, Alec. Boulevardier? You’re getting soft.”

“It was Eve’s,” Alec grumbled, and Eve giggled. “I got Q a drink and then was a bit too busy flirting with the waitress to order my own.”

Bond smirked, flagging down the admittedly attractive waitress with a simple raised finger and his commanding presence. Q pretended not to be the least bit jealous as Bond exchanged rumbled comments with the bubbly-blond girl over his head. Eve shot him a sympathetic look.

Alec took the chance to steal back what was left of his—Eve’s—drink.

“So, I saw Mr. Aston Martin drive up in a Jaguar. Having budget problems, are we?” Eve teased when the waitress had left.

“Says she who takes the tube every morning,” Bond countered, “sitting next to the man who’s too lazy to get a proper car and instead terrorizes the company chauffer into driving him in every morning he feels inclined to attend.”

The conversation devolved from there, cutting off briefly when the drinks arrived—straight vodka for Alec, martini for Bond, daiquiri for Eve, and a scotch on the rocks for Q. The look Bond had given him when Q put down his order was almost as priceless as Alec’s.

Drinks acquired, conversation resumed right where it had let off, a simple easy banter between four secret-keepers in the company of those that knew their secrets. About an hour in, Q felt himself relax despite himself, and by the second glass of scotch he was feeling pleasantly fuzzy around the edges, though he did suspect he was leaning a bit more heavily onto Bond’s shoulder than he had been at the beginning of the night. Ah well. He was comfortable.

“Now there’s a compliment I haven’t heard in a while.”

Ah. He had said that out loud. Self-control slipping a bit, then.

“Yes, I imagine it is, seeing as you are in my lap. Something tells me the stiff quartermaster of MI6 isn’t usually this tactile.”
Bond laughed, but his hands were gentle as they reached to stroke through Q’s riot of hair. Above him, Q could hear Eve giggle, but he was too comfortable in Bond’s lap, with his hand weaving truly spectacular patterns into his skull.

“‘m comfortable,” he muttered, turning to nuzzle at Bond. “Don’t stop. You feel good.”

A minute tensing of muscles from the man mountain. Bond’s hands resumed their stroking, and there was a tender note to his voice when he spoke again.

“Q, not that I object, but I feel you might not be entirely aware of where your nose is at the moment.”

Alec cackled somewhere to his left, and Q opened his eyes muzzily to see the swath of dark cloth he had been nuzzling against and then a zipper and—Oh.

He jerked back hastily, slamming his head against the table.

“Ow!” he cried, trying to sit up only to find Bond’s arm around his waist, supporting him as he careened sideways. Alec was laughing again, and Eve was saying something—

“…get him home. Sorry, should have told you he was a lightweight.”

“That’s alright. It was a pleasant evening all around. I’ll get him home, yeah? You two can take care of yourselves.”

Another laugh. Q frowned, wondering if he should be pulling away from Bond or leaning closer. He actually smelled quite nice, he realized suddenly. Whatever ridiculously overpriced cologne he no doubt wore was worth the money.

“…a good night. I can trust you with Q, can’t I Bond?”

“What do you take me for? My intentions are purely honorable, as well you know.”

“Right.” Q smirked, joining in the conversation for the first time. “James Bond, man of honorable
intentions towards all creatures. That’s not what your blond companions get, is it? ‘Honorable intentions?’"

That was Alec laughing again, and that was the bite of the cold wind and a jacket—Bond’s jacket—around his shoulders.

“You’re a ridiculous drunk, you know that,” he heard Bond say fondly. “I admit it is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain said honorable intentions.”

“Then don’t,” Q purred, pawing insistently at the tantalizing hint of musculature shadowed into Bond’s crisp white shirt and idly wondering if what was underneath kept the promise.

Bond laughed, making Q frown in what he had been repeatedly told was an absolutely adorable sort of annoyance. Eve confirmed this a moment later by giggling into the palm of her hand before kissing him delicately on the forehead and wishing them both a rather sloppy goodnight.

“Mhm,” Q mumbled, leaning heavily on Bond as he was led back to the ridiculous Jaguar. “Y’know, they’re off to have a bit of fun. We should do that too. Have fun. Your place is,” he hiccupped, eyes going wide for a moment before slipping back to half-mast, “just around the corner… right? I… did the security….”

Strong hands buckled the seatbelt across his chest, and then Bond was driving. The movement was disorientating, so Q just closed his eyes.

“That makes a disturbing amount of sense,” he heard Bond comment, “considering my security system greeted me the first night with a disembodied voice telling me I had a face like a smashed bulldog and smelled of sex and was therefore not to be allowed into my own apartment on the basis I looked like a vagabond.”

“Hm… Sorry about that,” Q giggled, head rolling back and forth across the luxurious leather headrest, “The Red Queen has a bit of a personality. She was just supposed to set up and then turn herself off, though. She’s mine, y’know. I don’t usually lend her out, but you’re special.”

Q could see Bond’s raised eyebrow without even opening his eyes.

“Glad to hear it. Now, where am I taking you?”
Q shook his head decisively.

“Shan’t tell you. I’m coming to your flat. We’re having fun, remember?”

“Q, you’re drunk, and despite what you may think of me, I will not do anything with you until I know I have your full consent.”

“You have my consent even when I’m sober,” Q pointed out, wondering how Bond had missed the way he blushed whenever the man mountain entered a room. It was embarrassing, really, how easily his cheeks colored. Curse his capillaries.


“Alright, you’re coming to my flat,” Bond decided beside him. Q perked up.

“Really?”

“Only because I have no desire to wring your flat’s address out of you in this state, and because you’re giggling to yourself, which makes me doubt your ability to care for yourself through the night.”

“I am a perfectly functioning adult—”

“Who is currently sitting lopsided in my car and pouting like a five-year-old, yes,” Bond finished smoothly. Q opened his mouth, only to find that he really was pouting.

“Fine. But I still think we should fuck,” he sulked.

“Language, quartermaster,” Bond chuckled, pulling up beneath his building and opening Q’s side door, one arm out for the lithe young man’s predictable flop onto the concrete.
“Stop treating me like a child. I am perfectly capable of walking on my own,” Q sniffed, pushing away Bond’s arm and righting himself with some difficulty. Once upright, he set his mouth and began the gargantuan task of stumbling towards the elevator at the far end of the garage. This was made much more difficult both because the door seemed determined to move in little circles in front of him, and because his feet seemed to be staging a small rebellion.

Bond followed suspiciously close behind, but allowed him to keep his pride as he stumbled into the elevator and slammed at the wall of buttons.

“Not a word,” he warned, slumping against the mirrored walls and thinking whoever had designed this elevator must have been thinking of precisely his situation. He could examine Bond’s body from every angle without the bother of moving.

“You really are a lightweight, aren’t you?” Bond laughed, and Q shot him the evil eye. Bond raised his hands in surrender, eyes still sparkling with innocent laughter Q rarely saw from him.

The elevator dinged before they could banter further, and Q found himself swept up into strong arms before he had a chance to protest, held bridal style with embarrassingly little effort on Bond’s part.

“Oh my god, you—” he gasped, unable to form a proper sentence as the floor spun. “You… Bond! James!”

“Hm, James now, am I?” Bond purred, “I think I quite like you drunk.”

“Oh, do shut up.” Q grumbled, kicking his way back to ground level as Bond inserted his key and let them into a large, modern floor-plan flat with a single wall of windows overlooking the London skyline.

Not that Q was in any state to enjoy it.

He barely managed consciousness through the short journey to Bond’s couch, where he collapsed in a little heap, snoring before his head hit the pillow.

He could feel sorry for himself in the morning. For now, he was safe and drunk and in pleasant company, even if they couldn’t fuck.
Sleep… sleep was an acceptable alternative.

Bond watched his quartermaster slip off into dreams with no little amusement. There was a vulnerability to Q in his sleep that he didn’t dare show in MI6. If Bond was honest with himself, the protective bit of his nature reached out to the young man in that moment, and when he stepped over to cover his slight form in blankets, it was a surprisingly chaste kiss he left on his alabaster forehead.

The few moments spent running his fingers through those silken curls had perhaps more implications.
Chapter 3

Q woke in increments, first noting that he wasn’t in his own apartment—the light was all wrong. He then noticed that wherever he was, he was obscenely comfortable. After that, it was the smell of coffee, making him wrinkle his nose.

“Awake yet?”

Bond?

Why would he…

Ah. Shite.

Q sat up quickly—too quickly, his aching head informed him—and glanced around, confirming that he was, in fact, in Bond’s flat and Bond was, in fact, shirtless and making coffee in his kitchen.

“Q?”

Bond sounded halfway between amused and concerned, and Q could only imagine how he looked, hung-over with his hair mussed to hell, rumpled cloths and wide-eyed.

“Mhahveahmmhbb…” Q heard himself mumble, before promptly falling off the couch in a heap.

Bond’s laughter approached gradually, accompanied by a hand which propped him back up on the cushions and pushed a blessedly warm cup of tea into his hands. Q obediently took a few ambrosial sips of tea before attempting words again.

“So. I suppose it’s too much to hope that you were drunk enough to forget last night, isn’t it?” he asked quietly, wincing as he remembered falling drunkenly into 007’s lap and nuzzling at his crotch like a bloody dog.

Bond chuckled, padding off into the kitchen to return a moment later, a delicious-looking omelet in
“I’m afraid it is,” he replied. “Though if it makes you feel any better, you are quite an amusing drunk.”

“I’m a regrettably uninhibited drunk,” Q corrected, “as well as a fucking lightweight. There’s a reason I don’t drink. It only leads to… well, to things like this.”

He waved a hand expansively at Bond’s flat, and at the man himself, who was shirtless for some incomprehensible reason—and good god, his muscled Adonis-like chest certainly did live up to expectations.

Bond shrugged.

“I certainly don’t mind. I don’t imagine many get to see the great Q at rest. It’s an honor.”

Q wanted to bury his head in the beige throw pillow and never re-emerge.

“Yes, well,” He coughed, scooting off the couch and into a standing position, ignoring the throbbing pain behind his eyes, “I’d best be going. Thank you for the drinks, and for your couch. It’s quite comfortable.”

Bond stood with him, hands hanging loosely at his sides—and really, was the shirtlessness at all necessary?—eyes twinkling.

“As I said,” he answered, “my pleasure. I can’t imagine you get out much, but you are perfect company. I’d like to do it again sometime.”

What?

Q frowned.

“You saw me fall over my own feet, nuzzle your crotch, proposition you, then pass out on your
couch in a heap, and you want to do it again?”

Bond smirked.

“Well. Perhaps with a bit less alcohol involved. I do wonder if you would have asked the same had you been sober enough to give proper consent. I wouldn’t have objected.”

Q just knew his face was glowing like a neon sign.

“Yes, well,” he stuttered, backing up towards where he assumed the door was with his eyes on the floor, “I’ll… see you at work then, yes 007?”

“007? I was James last night,” Bond joked. Q’s hand found the door handle.

“I do have some iota of decorum to maintain, Bond. I shall see you at work,” he snapped, hoping the shiver in his voice went unnoticed.

And before Bond could get another word in, he made his escape.

On the other side of the door, Bond’s mouth quirked up into a trademark smirk before he shook his head, wondering at the strange, beautiful man who he couldn’t seem to ignore.

It had started with Skyfall, of course. What he had said in the board room was true; he doubted he would have made it out of Silva’s affair in anything more than pieces if not for the young hacker and his radio and trail of breadcrumbs. Old school and new working in tandem. It was a powerful combination, and for all Bond hated the impersonality that technology brought to his business, Q was different. When he had told Q he was disappearing with M, he hadn’t questioned. He hadn’t thrown the rulebook at Bond and demanded he follow the ‘If – A – then – B’ simplicity the higher-ups and young things loved to quote but was absolute crap in the field. Instead, he had respected Bond’s experience and skill enough to trust him. And trust, in their business, meant everything.

His coffee cup was cooling on the table when he picked it up, taking a pensive sip as he stared out his window at London. It had started with Skyfall, but in the months since then, Q had gone from a useful techie back home to the voice in his ear—intimate. Trusted. The boy was intriguing, with his biting tongue and whip-sharp intellect, not to mention the svelte sort of beauty he tried so concernedly to disguise beneath a horrendous wardrobe.
Another swig of coffee, the bitterness waking his palate with a shock. He shook his head, dispelling the heavy thoughts for another time. Q was an enigma. An interest. Bond had no intention of giving up their intrigue just yet.
Chapter 4

Q lounged back in his chair, three fingers of his right hand working furiously at a Tetris game on the bottom corner of his screen. The rest of him was almost eerily still as an explicit moan followed by an equally explicit—and perhaps even more arousing—grunt echoed through his earpiece. He’d minimized the camera feed from Bond’s tie pin as much as he dared for safety, but he forced himself to listen in, no matter how much it galled.

“Oh, James,” the vapid woman moaned, and Q sighed, frustrated beyond belief. Bond’s sexual appetites weren’t in any way new to him. It was part of the job. Always had been.

But then, Bond had always maintained a habit of conveniently losing his earpiece and camera just before each of his little rendezvous, up until about three months ago.

A particularly vicious stab at the down arrow and a red square zoomed to the bottom of his screen.

He was an utter fool. An utter, utter fool, for ever allowing his guard down around Bond. One slip and he was in Bond’s lap, asking to be fucked. Like a bloody whore. And really, after that, there was no use pretending he wasn’t attracted to the arsehole, albeit on a purely aesthetic level. (This last bit Q repeated a few times in his head, just to make sure it stuck.)

And then Bond started leaving his earpiece in and Q should have been happy 007 had decided to grow up a bit, except that listening to his newest crush fucking into some gorgeous, dangerous woman did very little for his self-esteem.

Nor did the agent’s habit of hanging about Q-branch on his rare days at home, picking up anything not nailed down and pressing every conceivable button he could find with a deplorable disregard for personal safety. Perhaps most infuriatingly, Q’s constant variations on, “don’t touch that, you blithering idiot,” were each met by that trademark Bond smirk and a sudden invasion of personal space, followed by a purr of a remark to the effect of, “are you sure you don’t want me… touching, Quartermaster?”

It is difficult to maintain one’s decorum when one’s face is nudging 700 nanometers on the light scale.

And then there were the little things, the things that made Q blush for another reason entirely—

“—Q?”

“Run out of drink where you were, Bond?”

“Not where I was, no. You, however, seem to be another matter."

Q glanced again at his empty Q-mug which he had been staring mournfully at for the past five minutes, attempting to think up a viable system by which he could install a low-level AI in a clay housing alongside a small retractable helicopter attachment so the damn thing could refill itself.

It was therefore with some surprise he noted that it was full and steaming.
“I’m quite picky about my tea, you know,” he informed Bond suspiciously, only earning himself another slightly patronizing smirk.

“I’m quite good with tea,” was Bond’s only reply.

And now Q just had to drink it, didn’t he? If only to spit it out dramatically and hopefully cost Bond another trip to Savile Row.

He gave the tea another dubious look before raising it to his lips and taking a quick gulp, holding it on his tongue in preparation to ruin Bond’s suit.

Except… well, it was good tea. And wasn’t that just the height of unfairness?

“You’re welcome.” Bond’s grin was incandescent. Possibly visible from space due to smugness alone.

“I would say ‘don’t let it go to your head,’ but it’s a bit late for that.”

Oh, and there went all concepts of personal space once again. What a surprise.

“For my head, yes,” Bond purred, “Though the sight of you so adorably ruffled could go a ways to enlarge something a bit more…”


“I’d be happy to let you judge between the two.”

“You’re due on a plane to Havana in ten minutes, Bond.”

“Another time, then?”

“Out.”

“That wasn’t a no.”

“No. It wasn’t—”

—Q was staggering, exhausted. The key was waving back and forth in front of his face, and somehow, the lock was moving in the direction opposite of the key’s, and it really wasn’t helping his attempts to reach his bed.

“You know, working yourself to death rather defeats your goal of remaining around to help us agents.”

Q scrabbled uselessly at his computer bag, going for his gun before the tonal quality of the voice registered and really, he was far too familiar with that particular cadence.

“Bond. What is it now?” he asked tiredly, letting his arm fall dejectedly to his side and abandoning the lock altogether.

Bond smirked, moving into Q’s field of vision and gently disentangling his key from his fingers, slotting it into the lock and letting them in.
At which point Q found that his legs no longer moved, and fell with a surprised little squeak into Bond’s bracing arms.

“Come on,” Bond sounded surprisingly concerned, and his hands as they lifted Q up were unexpectedly soft. “You need to sleep for a year and a day. Come on.”

Another mumbled expletive from Q, but it was indistinct enough to be unintelligible. Bond chuckled, and then Q felt his shoes being carefully removed, followed by his belt.

“Are you taking advantage of me, Bond?” he asked drowsily. The hands paused on his belt, which was a shame because Q certainly couldn’t be bothered to remove it himself.

“Never, my dear quartermaster. Never.”

Q woke up the next morning still in his trousers, with his belt neatly curled on the dresser and a still-steaming cup of earl grey waiting for him on the table. He smiled, utterly unsurprised to find the tea was made precisely as he liked it. Bloody spies—

“—I’m sorry, Jessica. You’re a lovely woman and a wonderful coder, but I’m afraid I have a policy about inter-office liaisons, at least in respect to myself.”

The blond-haired, sharp-eyed woman glared, and Q resisted the urge to cower. He had hired her three months ago on the basis of her admittedly spectacular coding work, only to find that Jessica had a particular stubborn streak and a rather inconvenient interest in Q. Apparently, three months was enough for her to progress to cornering him outside lavatories with a determined expression and a quite insistent offer of dinner.

He had already turned her down five times. It was getting a bit ridiculous.

“What?” Jessica flipped her delicate hair over one shoulder, the very picture of enraged female. “Is it that I’m not good enough for you?”

Oh hell.

“Gods no,” Q sighed. “Like I said, I just don’t do office relationships. Thank you for the offer, though.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“You’re gay, aren’t you? You’re fucking gay! Absolute faggot…” she hissed, turning on her heels and striding off. Q just stared after her, feeling as though he’d been kicked in the chest.

He set two fingers to the sides of his nose, taking a few deep breaths to corral his pulse back to something resembling normal, pushing the conversation far into the corner of his mind where he shoved anything he didn’t want to deal with. It was one woman’s misguided opinion. That was all. Nothing more, nothing less.

“007. Can I help you?”

Q perked up, hearing voices from the end of the hallway.

“Yes, actually, I think you can. Your name is Jessica, yes?”
Q found himself inching forward, darting sneakily from room to room until he was close enough to see where Bond had Jessica cornered against the wall, looming over her in that way he seemed to have, casually supporting himself one-handed against the wall so it seemed almost accidental that he was effectively caging her in.

Q didn’t blame her for the pallor that spread across her cheeks. He also didn’t blame himself for the delicious smirk he felt on his own.

“Do you need any of your tech fixed? Because you should really have talked to Q for that—”

“No, actually,” Bond cut her off, “I’ll talk to Q later. Now, I want to talk to you. Particularly about our quartermaster. I’ve been informed that you have made some… unwelcome advances in the past months?”

Jessica snorted derisively.

“Yeah, sure, so says agent 007.”

A slam of fist against drywall and Q started. Jessica jumped as Bond’s free hand suddenly impacted the wall a few inches from her face, the agent’s eyes still maintaining a cool distance from the affair.

“Whatever they may say of me,” he continued, just loud enough for Q to hear, “I know when someone’s telling me to back off. Five rejections is usually enough to deliver a simple message.”

“Sure, whatever,” Jessica said, trying to sound as blasé as Bond, but visibly shaking. “I didn’t want him anyways. He’s a bloody faggot, you kn—”

A sharp, desperate squeak as Bond moved with almost inhuman speed, pinning a hand beneath Jessica’s chin and raising her by her neck until her toes dangled just above the ground. His face didn’t change, however. He just stared at her placidly.

“Not a smart move,” he said amicably. “If I ever hear you using such terms to describe our quartermaster again, I’ll think about squeezing a bit harder next time.”

He contracted his fist, cutting off Jessica’s air for emphasis as she scratched uselessly at his fingers. When he finally did let her down, she was gasping for breath, collapsing to her knees. Bond allowed himself a small smirk, scanning the alcoves until he found Q. The smirk became a full smile, and the agent inclined his head before straightening his cufflinks and leaving the gasping hacker in a puddle on the floor—
—Well, nothing for it.

Rubbing viciously at his eyes, he buzzed R, watching her weave her way through servers and techies to where he sat in front of his bank of monitors.

“Yes, Q?” she asked, her smile maternal in the way so many of the ‘old guard,’ of Q-branch were around him. A bit annoying, but better than outright dislike.

“I’ve gotten a call from WSC. I’ll be out the rest of tonight. Do you think you can manage the rest of 007’s… mission?”

R nodded, sliding into Q’s vacated seat and taking his headset, her nose wrinkling a bit in distaste as the audio registered for what it was. Q would feel sorry for her, but he’d been listening to Bond making a particularly vocal form of love to a young man with dark hair and green eyes and was subsequently vibrating out of his skin, in no condition to feel anything but his own tangible discomfort.

He slung his computer bag up over his shoulders, making his way out of the office and ignoring the part of him that was brutally chastising himself for knocking off early—it was only 8:00 for pity’s sake. But his fingers were shaking like a hyperactive metronome, ticking off his heartbeats which were wearing a hole in his ribcage. He would not admit Bond had gotten to him. He refused. It was simple sexual tension, that was all. And Bond was an aesthetically pleasing man.

Simple lust, that was all. Base lust.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, calling a taxi to take him back to his little flat and desperately hoping R wouldn’t think to check up on the WSC department, lest she find it didn’t exist. There were enough acronyms in MI-6 that Q hadn’t had any problem creating new ones for his purposes.

His velvet suit jacket was discarded as soon as he was in the door, soon followed by his starched work shirt. In its place, he pulled out a form-fitting, blood red button-down, and a corset-stiff vest which nipped in his waist and accentuated his arse. For trousers, he went for a pair of painted-on black skinny jeans and black boots with four-inch heels.
This wasn’t about Bond, he told himself again and again. This was sexual tension and a night out. It had nothing to do with hearing Bond’s slow, sensual groan as he pushed into his target, or the images his harsh, direct words conjured.

Appeal, nothing more.

It was a damn good job the club was barely a five minute’s cab ride away. Q was shaking so badly by then he could hardly think.

Inside, he went straight for the bar, taking a shot of whisky to loosen his mouth and muscles before lounging back and settling in to wait.

The club was crowded, the thumping bass of the music echoing off his bones as the roving red and blue lights threw faces in and out of shadows. Around the edges, a continuous black leather booth provided seating areas, while a black and white checkerboard dance floor dominated.

“You’re not here alone, are you?”

Q let his gaze drop, the growl of an interested male dom doing wonders for him already.

“I’m afraid so,” he murmured, just loud enough to be heard over the music.

Firm hands—thank god—grasped his chin, raising his eyes to meet deep, warm brown—and that was wrong, wasn’t it? They were supposed to be blue, like ice.

Brown-eyes smiled a bit cruelly, jerking Q closer by his chin until they were barely two inches apart. His breath ghosted over Q’s lips, a barely-there touch that smelled of sour cocktails instead of aged scotch.

“Aren’t I lucky?” he said, accompanying the words with a sweep of one calloused thumb over his cheek. “Boy as pretty as you. I wonder if you suck cock as prettily as that mouth looks. I bet you do. Whad’you say?”

“Yes, sir,” Q whispered, closing his eyes and letting himself sink away.
“Good. Your place or mine?”

“Yours.”

“Well then, boy, follow me.”

Q allowed himself to be led out of the club, let himself be pushed with unnecessary force into the backseat of a cab where he proceeded to make the requisite noises when Brown-eyes gripped his cock through his jeans with brutal force.

Let him take him inside a small, IKEA-furnished apartment and bend him over a couch that creaked under his slight weight. Let him slap him hard on the arse as his clothes were torn to shreds with little finesse. Let him growl harsh, meaningless words in his ear before beginning a perfunctory prep.

“Do you have any ropes, sir?” he whispered when he felt he was sufficiently stretched. Brown-eyes blinked, freezing in his ministrations—sloppy—before recovering himself and leaving—bad form—to grab a few lengths of rough, if impressive-looking—thoughtless—ropes.

There was a chair in the corner which looked at least marginally sturdier than the couch, so Q slithered from beneath the unnamed man’s hands and laid himself length-wise on the hard wood, arching his spine and sticking his arse out suggestively. One coy look over his shoulder was all Brown-eyes needed to follow him, pinning his wrists on a slight diagonal to the top right corner of the chair, and tying his knees to the bottom of the chair legs.

“Such a good boy,” Brown-eyes purred, but his voice broke like a teenager on the last syllable. Q clenched his fists briefly, ignoring the man’s obvious deficiencies and failing to avoid the thoughts of another voice. Blue eyes. A strong, suave, impenetrable confidence. An unwavering strength and loyalty that had caught his attention from that very first meeting and—if he was honest with himself as he only was when he let himself sink into subspace—had held it ever since.

“Yes,” he hissed instead, wriggling his hips enticingly. “Yes, I’m your good boy. Arse out. Begging for your hand hard on my skin, begging for—”

A hard, misplaced slap cut off the rest of his words. Q closed his eyes and let the words tumble out of his mouth as Brown-eyes wanted, allowing this meager token submission calm him.
He didn’t even try to suppress another voice echoing beneath Brown-eyes’s uncertain syllables. When the man pressed in hard and dry, he shamelessly imagined it was Bond taking him, owning him. Damn it all, it felt too good to give in. Blue eyes. Ice-eyes.

He was so fucked.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

So, that's all for the rest of this week; I'm off on vacation without my computer, so have some porn and an extra-long chapter, and I'll post the rest the week after next. Thanks, all!

Bond’s mission went tits-up after Q’s sudden departure, beginning and ending with his ‘contact’ pulling a knife on him. Apparently, she was the sister of someone he had killed in his many years as a borderline assassin. Even as he dodged her furious thrusts, he had to respect her just a bit. She had flirted shamelessly with him, had even engaged in some truly fantastic sex, all while hating his guts. For someone outside the Great Game, as he still referred to it as, it was an impressive bit of detachment.

Shame it had ended with a bullet between her eyes and a cool, detached call to the evac team that they would also have a body to deal with.

“You did the right thing, 007,” R said quietly on the other line in that horrible interim between the single shot and the evac team’s arrival, when he was just sitting in her room, mixing himself a martini and glancing dully over at her lifeless form every now and then.

“With all due respect, R,” he muttered back, “the best thing you can do for me right now is shut up.”

He downed his martini in one gulp, grimacing at the taste of low-quality spirits. He could understand the point of vodka as a vile bit of fire meant to get one as drunk as possible as quickly as possible, but for a martini, only the best.

“You always tell Q that,” he heard R continue stubbornly in his earpiece, “but he always chats with you anyways. And you don’t take your earpiece out, so—”

Bond promptly dropped his earpiece in his martini, watching it crackling with no little satisfaction. He had been tempted to answer R with a simple, “you’re not Q,” but on reflection decided silence was best. It was hard enough to deny his attraction to the slim, entrancing man on a regular basis, discounting the contrast between R—a perfectly competent handler, one of the best—and Q. Q was…
Bond growled to himself, and his hand around the martini glass was squeezing just shy of breaking.

Q was Q. Q was the memory of his lithe, clever fingers drifting over a keyboard, quietly saving the lives of agents halfway around the world. Q was a concealed strength in wiry muscle and impersonal detachment that echoed something in Bond himself. Q was a razor wit that matched Bond thrust for thrust. Q was a gorgeous body dancing on the line between drunk and sober, clinging to Bond in that scarily addictive way that left a warmth behind him far longer than simple temperature could explain.

Q was a quiet, inconsequential stream of conversation after a kill, monologueing about anything and everything with no expectations of Bond to answer. No questions, no judgment, no lies about an intrinsic right or wrong that Bond was far too experienced to believe in. He simply talked until Bond joined in or until the evac team arrived, and then he would pull up the cameras and deliver his signature scathing commentary on the medical staff as they tried to make Bond listen, make Bond sit still and do what they said, a pointless endeavor when Bond could just as easily listen to Q’s quiet voice and tune out their posturing.

It’s funny, how easily the mind can fool itself. How easily Bond had dismissed any sort of significance to Q’s rambling until now, when R was making utterly pointless judgments and reassurances and trying to idealize a job Bond had long ago determined was far from idyllic.

When the evac team arrived, he brushed off the medics with a harsh word and a threat of violence. He looked murderous enough that they’d probably been too scared to argue. A small mercy.

He bypassed R’s helpful voice to book himself his own flight back to England, estimating he’d be back to headquarters in five hours maximum.

But he was too strung-out to manage M and Moneypenny and Tanner. He’d respected that woman —Evalyn, that had been her name. He did know their names, despite what some people seemed to believe of him—and she had had good reason to wish him dead.

He wouldn’t go to MI-6 tonight. After something like this, the entire affair of spy work was simply a herald of all those memories. All the deaths and dubious ‘rights.’ He hated himself, sometimes. Hated himself for what he was, for what he did. Hated himself for hating himself, because however disillusioned he might be, he still believed in England. Besides his strength and his skill and his wits, his bulldog loyalty was what kept him going. It was the rest of it, the memories he could now associate with a simple chair or a gun or a bit of rope that he just couldn’t deal with tonight.

Instead, he hailed a cab back to his flat, wondering what the hell he was going to do all night, because no matter how routine field work got, adrenaline was still a bitch post-mission. Sleep was an
impermanent luxury. Besides, he wasn’t even sure if his new flat had a bed; he’d had little enough occasion to visit.

It was nice, he finally decided, paying the cabbie and jogging up the steps to number 221. The far wall was all windows looking out on the skyline, but far enough from any other building of a comparable height that he didn’t have to obsessively check for snipers. The furniture was blandly modern, a bachelor pad with far too much chrome and white leather for his taste. He went in for the walnut and stained leather, usually. And he could just imagine Q’s snort at that. “Old fashioned,” he’d call him. And he’d be right.

Flash. Snick. Breath in.

Breath out.

Pop.

Hush.

Bond blinked the phantom image of the woman’s final, furious glare as his bullet tore through her forehead. God, maybe he was getting old. When he was younger, it was all so exciting, the guns and the suits and the women.

Definitely time for some alcohol, if he was getting this maudlin early.

On a desperate hope, he made his way to the little kitchen area to his left, opening cupboard after drawer in the hopes that whoever had been idiot enough to purchase a rack of spices for his use was also thoughtful enough to have supplied him with some good alcohol.

Pots, cups, dried pasta and canned foods. Damn.

He slumped against the counter top, lips twisting as he contemplated finding the nearest liquor store.

“Looking for this?” a soft voice asked. Bond didn’t jump. Instead, his fingers wrapped with practiced smoothness around the butt of his Walther, drawing it from its shoulder holster to point at—
“Q?”

Q grinned, waggling the neck of what looked like a Glenfiddich 18-year from the shadows of that damn white couch.

Q shrugged, tossing eighty pounds worth of alcohol at his head. Bond caught it deftly, opening the bottle as quickly as dignity allowed and taking a long, deep pull.

“You have surprisingly good taste in whisky for someone with spots.” Bond grinned, muscles relaxing under the soothing effect of the drink and the heavenly aroma of good Scottish whisky.

“And you have surprisingly little stealth for someone who is apparently attempting to hide from the British secret service.” Green eyes blinked lazily up at him through black-rimmed spectacles, the dancing humor set deep beneath a layer of sarcasm and polished ice just teasing at Bond’s alcohol-buzzed mind. “A child could have followed you here, Bond. Not much cop at hiding, are you?”

Another sip of whisky, burning as it went down. Another glance between green eyes and blue.

Bond sighed, striding over to collapse on the horrible couch beside his quartermaster.

“Maybe I wanted to be found?” he suggested, eyes closed and mouth full of rich, old drink.

“Give me that.”

Q tugged the neck of the bottle out of Bond’s hands, taking a long sip himself, either unaware or uncaring of Bond’s eyes raking over him as he drank.

“Why are you here?” Bond finally asked. Q smirked.

“I’m your quartermaster, Bond. It is my painful duty to see you are fit for duty.”
“Boothroyd didn’t make house calls.”

“Boothroyd was in charge of a grand old war ship.” Q sighed. “I have the fortune of being assigned to a struggling relic.”

“Are you ringing the other 00’s doorbells in casual clothes—” Bond glanced down, confirming that Q was, in fact, dressed not in his usual deplorable parka, but a simple red button-down and black slacks “—to ply them with alcohol? Or am I just special?”

He refused to examine the flare that tasted of jealousy at the thought.

Q just snorted, handing back the whisky.

“You’re not nearly drunk enough to be thinking clearly,” he declared. “In case you haven’t noticed, I’m somewhat fond of you. Relic or no.”

Bond’s eyes sharpened and he let his gaze drift again over Q’s appearance. Shirt untucked. Bag—sitting in the hall—bulging with soft-looking lumps that most certainly were not Q’s usual array of circuits. Coat—hanging by the door – thick and warm. A slight pulling of skin at the corners of Q’s eyes belaying tension of some kind. His position, legs folded under him like a child on a classroom floor.

“You’re uncomfortable here,” he concluded quietly, watching Q’s face for any tell. There—a twitch of his eyebrows upward before settling.

“No.”

Bond’s grin turned predatory. Curious, he let his hand drift upward, until it brushed against Q’s shoulder on an apparently innocuous course to rest on the head of the couch. Q’s pupils blew wide.

It would have felt like a victory if not for the fact that Bond knew his eyes had reacted the same.

“Care to tell me why you’re really here, Q?”
Q frowned, thin lips turning down into a pretty little curve Bond wanted to trace with the ball of his thumb.

“I’m here because you need me, Bond.”

“Anything else?”

A twitch.

“No.”

The whisky burned his throat going down, and in a wild moment, Bond had both hands on Q’s shoulders, pushing him down almost violently and grasping his hands at the wrists until he had the smaller body beneath him, legs moving in a practiced sweep to secure Q’s slimmer limbs beneath his own. The moment froze, and they stared at each other, Q’s pulse beating like a hummingbird beneath Bond’s hands.

“Bond?”

Bond grinned, the alcohol giving him a little push to lean down and lick a stripe from Q’s protruding collarbone to the base of his ear. Q moaned.

“Say stop and I stop,” the agent whispered, legs moving to either side of Q’s so he could grind himself down, forcing another whimper from his quartermaster’s bitten-red lips. “Say no and I’m gone. Otherwise…”

“Please.”

The word was whispered on a quiet exhale, and Bond chuckled, capturing his next sounds with a bruising kiss, forcing his tongue between Q’s lips and working his free hand at the buttons of Q’s shirt until he could touch bare skin.
Q was positively writhing by this point, gasping as Bond slowly took him apart. Sitting up on his haunches, the agent tore the younger man’s shirt free the rest of the way with a quick tug, licking his way down the hollow of his throat, around both nipples—stopping to nip and bite and tease more moaning cries out of that sinful mouth—until he reached the thin trail of hair leading down beneath the waistband of his trousers.

“Bond…”

“James,” Bond corrected, staring up at where Q’s chest rose and fell like the billows of a sail, gasping for air as though starved.

Q swallowed slightly, Adam’s apple bobbing, then repeated,

“James.”

Bond grinned, working open the button and fly on his slacks and pulling them down Q’s thighs. There was an impressive wet spot on the pants below, and Bond quickly gave into the temptation to mouth at the fabric over Q’s clothed cock, pleased to see the hacker’s fingers skitter across the couch before settling over his head.

“Oh god, oh god Bond—James—hell, just—just…”

Bond chuckled, releasing Q’s prick so he could claim his mouth again, his hand replacing his mouth, stroking over smooth, hard flesh and relishing the unconscious bucks of Q’s hips.

“Patience, Q,” Bond whispered, nipping at the shell of Q’s ear. “We have all night.”

“Oh, fuck—fuck you, bond,” Q snarled, the effect lost in his breathless demeanor.

And then Bond gripped Q’s prick hard, thumbing over the head as he stroked his quartermaster in quick, long thrusts, his free hand migrating downward to pinch and rub at rosy nipples until Q arched his long, lean back, mouth opening beneath Bond’s own in a final crackling moan before he came.

Bond pulled back, watching Q’s face contort in pleasure as he deftly caught Q’s come in his hand,
waiting until Q had recovered enough to open his eyes before raising his fingers to his mouth and deliberately licking them clean.

Q’s lips fell open and he whimpered, his cock twitching against his stomach even as it lay spent and flaccid.

“Fuck. You’ll kill me, Bond. I always knew you would.”

Bond smiled, reaching down to pull Q’s trousers and pants off the rest of the way before sitting back to simply stare at his Quartermaster, gloriously bare and flushed a delicious pink.

“Oh, we’re not done yet.”
Chapter 7

Q woke the next morning in a haze of post-sex bliss. Nuzzling into ridiculously soft sheets, he rolled over—

—to be met by a mountain of gold-bronzed muscle he was fairly sure he recognized.

Shit.

“There’s no chance last night could be pushed aside in favor of continued workplace professionalism, is there?”

The mountain chuckled drily.

“What do you think?”

Q moaned, burying his face again into the covers.
“Quartermaster.”

“Bond,” he sighed, not bothering to lift his soldering mask as he glanced briefly at the dark, Bond-shaped silhouette amid a tinted amber world.

A light chuckle.

“What happened to James?”

Q frowned.

“007,” he said, clipped and precise, lifting the mask so he could see Bond’s damnably smug face, “need I remind you what constitutes workplace professionalism?”

Bond shrugged, leaning in further over Q’s desk until his face was an inch from brushing Q’s own. Q glanced around briefly, confirming the rest of his minions were looking elsewhere before grabbing Bond’s tie in one hand, holding him in place.

“Last night happened solely due to your rather unstable condition at the time, Bond. I assure you it won’t happen again. I may be required to care for you idiots, but if you insist on acting like a child, I will most certainly re-consider the lengths to which I am willing to go. I am aware you are practically allergic to sleeping with the same warm body twice, but I will not be treated with the same blasé disrespect you give the rest of your one-night stands, and I most certainly will not be forgotten. Now,” he huffed out an annoyed breath, snapping his soldering mask down over his face and picking up the soldering iron rather ominously as he released Bond’s tie, “I believe you have paperwork to be doing?”

A moment of stunned silence on Bond’s end, before said agent let out another little chuckle and walked away. Q firmly denied the stutter of his heart as the agent left, and most certainly denied the twitch of his cock at the sight of that delicious arse.

“So…”
Q’s head snapped around to see R, one hand stuffed into her mouth to avoid giggling, emerging from around the corner. He raised the soldering iron threateningly.

“Not a word.”

R mimed zipping her lips, and if Q’s world were not a narrow amber slit, he had no doubt he would be able to see her eyes laughing at him.

*

And that should have been the end of it. Q should have gone back to creating masterpieces of technology in his usual understated way. He should have submerged himself once again in coding and binary and forgotten all about a certain secret agent and certain muscled thighs and certain sky-blue eyes that turned black with lust—

He let his head fall against his desk, not even bothering to look at the clock. If he was this far gone, it was most certainly too late for him to be awake. Tomorrow was going to be hell, but until then…

His computer beeped, and he was instantly awake, grinning in a way that R had informed him as vaguely reminiscent of a large cat baring its teeth.

*Q, darling. That’s 5:23:11:54 to me. Your turn,* flashed up on the screen. The quartermaster equivalent of the CIA. About five and a half hours for Charlie to get past firewall #1. Q’s turn.

*might I remind you that while you have only just cracked my first firewall, I am about to eviscerate your fourth?*

No reply. Q did his best not to giggle, but with only security cameras to judge him he ended up laughing in a vaguely villain-esque fashion anyways. Time to play.

He reached for his cup of tea, raising it to his lips only to find the last, bitter dregs left, stone cold.
“Well, fuck,” he nearly growled. The clock was ticking, and he had so hoped to beat the 1-hour mark, and the water heater was all the way in the break room…

“Fuck it.”

He pulled his keyboard onto his lap, folding his legs up pretzel-style and positioning his glasses high up on his nose. He would just have to do without.

An hour later and he was only halfway through Charlie’s code. The sneaky bastard had probably been consulting with someone new, because the entire thing was a fucking work of genius. He was tempted to ask Bond or one of the other meatheads to take a look into the CIA’s basements to see who had joined their ranks, but that was just petty.

To be fair, it was now five o’clock in the morning, he had a board meeting in three hours, and his caffeine levels were dangerously low.

He may also have been coming up on 45 hours without sleep, but that was par for the course, really.

5:30, and the numbers were beginning to blur a bit disastrously, his own fatigue becoming a bigger problem than Charlie’s firewalls. It didn’t escape him that his fingers shook as he pinched the bridge of his nose, but he was so close—

“Q.”

“Bond, I’m busy.”

“You’re half-dead is what you are,” Bond sighed, having somehow entered the room on silent feet and walked right up behind Q without a sound. Then again, that could be more a testament to sleep deprivation than Bond’s own, not inconsiderable skill. Either way.

“Busy, Bond. Go do whatever it is suicidal womanizer alcoholics with stupidly attractive arses do at ungodly hours of the morning.”

And oh, had he said that all out loud?
Bond smirked, leaning into Q’s field of vision too quickly for his tired eyes to process. His face swam dangerously, only his blue eyes staying still as the world spun.

“Bond!” he growled, trying to push the infuriating man away with weak arms.

“Q, you’re going home. I don’t know what you’re working on, but it’s nothing worth killing yourself over.”

“Yes it is!”

“Mhm. Definitely a responsible, self-aware adult I’m talking to.”

“Yes I bloody well… bloody…”

With a disgruntled huff, Q stood up, intending to shove a finger in Bond’s face in a very adult, not at all petulant manner. What actually happened was his body realizing that, without either caffeine or sleep, there was no point staying awake any longer and proceeding to fall into Bond’s arms with a rather indelicate sqalk.

“I hate you, y’know,” he mumbled as he was half-dragged to the door by strong, strong arms. Bond laughed.

“Touché. And yet here we are.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Yayyyy! More chapters! Hopefully I'll have this all edited and posted by the end of the week. Thanks for sticking with me! : )

He woke in increments, noticing first off that this was not, in fact, his bed. He would never have placed his mattress anywhere the sun could disturb him, and he could feel the heat and light beating cruelly on his eyes. Then the absurd softness of the sheets registered and with it, where he was.

“James Bloody Bond!” he shouted, or tried to. What actually emerged was something resembling a strangled frog’s distress call.

“I wasn’t aware I had a middle name.”

Bond was standing in the doorway, the sleeves of his crisp white button-down rolled up his forearms, hard thighs encased in silky black trousers. He was holding a mug in each hand, both steaming enticingly. Q most certainly did not make grabby-hands at either cup like his tired brain was demanding, but he may have whined a bit.

“I’m changing it the moment the office opens and I can get back to my computer,” Q mumbled into his earl grey—made precisely as he liked it – a dash of milk and two sugars. “What time is it anyways?”

Bond checked his Omega.

“Two o’clock.”

Q nearly spilled his tea in his haste to get up out of the bed, then really did spill it when Bond’s arm held him back, knocking scalding tea onto his exposed chest, and how had he ended up shirtless and trouser-less?

With a little yelp, he leapt back, burying himself further into the covers as Bond laughed at him.

“I can kill you with a cup of tea and a keystroke, Bond,” he felt inclined to remind the man as he sat in a mussed heap, nursing a scalded arm and completely naked save his grey pants. And really, he should be mildly self-conscious about that except, well….

He felt a blush rising to his cheeks as he remembered precisely why he wasn’t self-conscious around this man. After all, after a certain level of intimacy, there was nothing left to hide.

Despite his best attempts, his eyes kept drifting to where Bond’s hands rested on the bed, thinking of the way they had felt digging into his skin and the way those hips that had taken him hard enough for sitting to be murder the next morning. Not that it wasn’t worth it.

“You’re blushing, Q,” Bond smirked, “and don’t think I don’t notice where those pretty eyes of yours keep going.”

The bastard rolled his hips suggestively and Q snapped.
“Oh, don’t even pretend to have the higher ground, 007,” he growled, “considering you dragged me out of the office last night, then stripped me without consent, and are now refusing to allow me to leave your apartment so I can do my actual job!”

Bond blinked. Q was sure he was an inch away from actual steam emerging from his nostrils.

“You were tired,” the agent finally said dumbly.

“Oh, don’t pretend the great James Bond, womanizer extraordinaire and master of the one-night stand actually cares,” he snorted, scanning the room until he saw his checkered work trousers, wrinkled shirt, and cardigan folded carefully on the nightstand. He didn’t even glance at Bond again until he was fully dressed, expecting Bond to look vaguely murderous or at least annoyed.

What he found instead was the most dangerous man in England, easily one of the best assassins in the world, and renowned ice-hearted lover looking at Q with wide eyes and lips slightly parted in disbelief, eyebrows contorted to express something resembling actual hurt.

“Do…is that actually what you think of me, Q?”

Q shifted from foot to foot, wondering if he could leave now and not look like he was running away.

“Yes?” he said, not intending for it to come out a question.

“And…” Bond sounded constipated, though his face was still scrunched up a bit like a kicked puppy. “And if I said that I… that I did care?”

Q sighed, locating his shoes by the door and pulling them on.

“Then I’d say it’ll take more than puppy-dog eyes to get me in your bed again, Bond. It was an indiscretion and a favor the first time. Let’s not try for a second, yes?”

He didn’t wait to hear his reply.
It was back to the clubs that night, where Q leaned against a black-tinted glass bar in indecently tight black trousers and no shirt until he spotted a man with blonde hair and the musculature of a Greek god.

As the man held his hair and fucked into him between the ropes secured around Q’s legs, Q blocked out the man’s breathy grunts, instead re-living the drawn-out moan Bond had made as he came over and over until he spilled over the Dom’s hand and the world whited out.

* 

“Again?”

Bond glared at Alec, shouldering past his friend and ignoring the surprised, half-dressed woman on his couch.

“Just once more. Don’t let me interrupt anything.”

Alec snorted, but didn’t ask, which was just as well because Bond wasn’t near ready to answer why he couldn’t sleep in his own flat.

Possibly because he hadn’t even admitted the problem to himself.

Possibly because the problem was that every time he looked at the bed, all he could think of was a tussled black head emerging from the sheets and the acceptance he’d found in soft, pale arms.

“Where’s the girl?” Bond asked with his eyes shut.

Alec, hand an inch from the door handle on the other side, let out an amused huff, letting himself into the guest room and closing the door behind him.

“Sent her home,” he admitted, “There were more important things to attend to.”
Bond remained resolutely silent. Alec sighed.

“James, you’ve been even moodier than usual lately. Which is saying something. Was it the last mission?”

Bond jerked his head noncommittally.

“Woman?”

A sharp laugh at that.

“Man?”

“Alec, will you just shut up?”

“So it is a man. And a bit of the mission too.”

Alec settled, seemingly waiting for Bond to speak. Bond kept his eyes firmly shut and lips still.

The silence stretched until finally Bond heard Alec getting up. The footsteps paused at the door, turning back.

“You know I’m here for you, don’t you?” Alec said quietly, “Have to be, don’t I. No one else bloody understands what this is like.”

“You just want me out of your bloody guest room,” Bond grumbled, the first words he’d uttered since Alec’s entrance. Alec barked out a laugh.

“No shit, Sherlock. You scare all the girls.”
The click of the door. Bond let out a sigh, rolling over until his face was pressed into the nearest pillow, his breath coming shallow through the feather down.

Alec understood. Alec knew what he was, just like Q. Alec accepted that. So why didn't he crave Alec’s company like he did Q’s?

Fuck if he knew. It was enough that he did, and what Bond wanted, he usually got. He would have Q, no matter the boy’s original opinion of him.

* 

Monday morning, eyes fuzzy around the edges and head lolling limply to one side, Q received a package via interdepartmental mail containing the internet-enabled watch Bond had claimed was lost on his mission to Amsterdam.

Tuesday, a very confused deliveryman from Q’s favorite patisserie was escorted into Q-branch with a very suspicious guard to deliver a chocolate croissant and a chicken-pesto Panini.

Wednesday brought a tin of Mariage Frères Earl Grey tea that Q may or may not have held to his nose for five minutes or so, simply breathing in the hypnotic scent.

Thursday, a bunch of red roses Q couldn’t help but laugh at, because really? Red roses? He’d known Bond was old-fashioned, but this was getting ridiculous.

Friday, the packages stopped. He kept the disappointment off his face rather well, he thought, though if the side-eyes R kept shooting him were any indication, not well enough.

He was half-tempted to call Bond and ask if he was alright, before silently kicking himself. What would he say? ‘Hi, Bond, thanks for buying me thoughtful presents all week, why didn’t I get one today?’

Right.

“You look disappointed.”
Q raised an eyebrow, taking in the sight of agent 007 perched atop his desk—he checked his watch, 7:16, far past business hours—in a three-piece charcoal-grey suit, holding a small, red-wrapped box.

“I would say you look nice, but that would only inflate your ego further,” Q grumbled, stowing his laptop in his desk drawer for the night. “Besides, harassing me with packages all week does not merit a compliment.”

Bond raised one eyebrow.

“Harassing? Is that how you saw it, Quartermaster?”

“Yes?” and damn, what was it with Bond that made all Q’s certainties dissolve?

Bond leapt gracefully off the desk, stretching lithely and offering the box to Q.

“Then you’re not at all interested in this box, are you?”

Q tried. He really did.

“Give it, Bond.”

Bond’s smirk told Q the man was silently laughing at him, but he grabbed the box all the same, ripping off the paper to find—

“Bond, why have you given me The Delaunay’s business card?”

“I thought the invitation was clear.”

Q pinched the bridge of his nose, begging someone to give him patience.
The problem was, of course, that he wanted to say yes. He desperately wanted to say yes. Bond was an infuriating arse, but Q still hadn’t forgotten all the little things he had done for him. Bond was above all a loyal man, and for a moment Q could imagine that that loyalty had somehow fixated on him of all people. As it had Vesper.

It was an enticing image.

And yet, there had been only one Vesper. There were dozens upon dozens of three-ring mission report binders full of disposable pleasures Bond had plucked and dropped without a thought. Quite apart from the strained working relationship, Q had his pride.

“Bond, don’t make me say this again,” he said through gritted teeth, “I am not a pretty thing you can buy with dinner and gifts. I will not disappear tomorrow morning, and you will still have to work with me in a month, two months, three months when this is over. So thank you for the tea and the food and the flowers and your watch—actually, not the watch. I should have had that back ages ago. But I refuse to let your lack of self control ruin either of us. Do I make myself clear, Bond?”

He finally risked meeting Bond’s eyes, seeing a clear determination in them that said he wouldn’t go out without a fight.

“Can I talk now?” Bond asked smoothly.

Q jerked his head noncommittally, a gesture Bond—because he was Bond—took as approval.

“You’re an idiot, Q,” he said fondly, making Q sputter. “How can I prove this to you?”

Another step forward brought Bond so close Q could extend his fingers and touch Bond’s chest.

“You drink your tea with a touch of milk and two sugars. You prefer Earl Grey, but you’ll take Darjeeling if you absolutely must. You have an even bigger sweet tooth than Eve Moneypenny. You dress atrociously, but your horrible velvet suit jacket is from House of Fraser, and your trousers are John Galliano; you have plenty of money, but you were raised without, and are still a bit snobbish about outwardly showing wealth. You never leave the office earlier than seven, often later than midnight. You don’t know that you’re beautiful, usually too wrapped up in your coding to realize half the agents flirt with you routinely. You’re attracted to me; you blush whenever I touch you and that first time was as much to satisfy your own itch as it was to settle my nerves, though it did an admirable job of that as well. I watch you, constantly, Q. I don’t know why, but after that night, I’ve
been craving your company. No one else will do. You’re the voice in my ear on every mission. I have no secrets from you. You know who and what I am, and you’re not afraid of that. You… you admire it. Not the killing, but the bits I’m proud of. Loyalty. Stubbornness. Skill— ”

“Good to know your ego’s still in check,” Q cut in desperately, needing for Bond to stop talking. He fingered the business card in his hand and realized he was going to say yes. After all, Bond had been kind to him. Not just the past week, but since he had first gotten the job. And, just as Bond said he was craving Q’s company, Q could say the same of Bond. Bond was beautifully dominant, taking what he wanted from Q in a way that left him gasping for breath, sometimes literally. And holding Bond’s body, running his tongue along the planes of his stomach, around his trigger finger, reminded Q that the little red dots and voices in his ear were people as well as agents. That when he brought one home, he was bringing a man or a woman like Bond back to the country they loved.

He ran a thumb along the edge of the card, balancing on the brink before reaching the edge and falling forward.

“I hate you sometimes,” he mumbled after a moment, tugging his jacket off the coat peg and throwing it over his shoulders, “You’re paying, you insufferable bastard, and you should know I don’t put out on first dates.”

Bond’s smile was as open as Q had ever seen and he didn’t even try to deny the way his stomach flipped happily at that.
Dinner was wonderful. Bond was as clever as he was pretty, and by the time their drinks arrived they had progressed past awkward small talk and were chatting happily about everything from work to tech to politics to Bond’s colorful misadventures.

By dessert Q was seriously re-thinking his first date rule, courtesy of Bond’s skilled hands playing over his hands and wrists and cheeks and neck.

“My place or yours?” Bond nearly growled as he tucked Q against his side and swept him back out onto the street, both pleasantly full and buzzing slightly with good wine. Q didn’t even protest at the insinuation, instead hailing a cab and giving his address, snuggling up against Bond’s side and licking a long, devious stripe up the tendons in Bond’s neck.

“For the record,” he got out between licking at the corner of Bond’s lips and nipping at his earlobe, “this… this was not our first date.”

Bond laughed, giving up on decorum entirely and dragging the smaller man into his lap.

“If that means I get to have you tonight, then by all means.”

“Who says you’re getting any tonight?” Q raised an eyebrow, even as he ground down against his agent, making Bond’s eyes flutter. When he had recovered his breath, he reached out to squeeze Q’s cock through his trousers, making Q moan obscenely.

“Oh, I think Little Q may have something to say on the matter?”

Q giggled, falling forward so his forehead was touching Bond’s.

“You—you did not just call my dick ‘little Q.’”

“I think I may have.”
“How do you ever get laid?”

“Obviously my excessively good looks. “

“I’m not arguing with that.” Q sighed, kissing Bond full on the lips and melting into the sweet drag of Bond’s tongue against his own.

A loud cough from the front of the cab announced their arrival at Q’s flat. Q started at the noise, and would have leapt off Bond’s lap immediately had the older man’s hands not been holding him firmly in place. Q assumed the excessive number of bills Bond handed over was enough of an apology.

“You would know how much to tip a cab driver after almost having sex in the backseat,” he laughed, leading Bond to his flat and letting them in.

Inside, Bond saw not the mass of computer cables and servers he had expected. In their place was an open floor plan with a fully-stocked kitchen in the far corner, a frosted-glass office to one side, an open living space with waist-height bookshelves separating it from a low bed, and a closed-off bathing area. It was bright and airy and comfortable.

“You look surprised,” Q commented, standing awkwardly just inside the door, watching Bond’s face carefully. Bond smiled, open and happy.

“You have books, Q,” he joked, “real books made of paper. Doesn’t your creed forbid any sort of non-digitized documentation?”

Q rolled his eyes.

“You of all people should understand that sometimes the old ways have their… charm.”

And the grin he flashed Bond’s way was nothing short of lascivious.

Bond really couldn’t be blamed for his reaction.
With a little squeak, Q found himself pushed violently backwards until he collided with his bed, falling backwards onto the sheets as Bond prowled over him, removing both his and Q’s shirts and trousers with practiced efficiency before Q could even draw breath. He took his time with his pants, though, running hot fingers from cupping Q’s neck, down his chest to circle and pinch at his nipples, down to thumb at his elastic waistband.

Q gasped and shook at the feeling of rough fingers taking him apart, whining deep in his throat when Bond’s right hand finally—finally—dipped in to press against his leaking cock.

“Hush,” Bond murmured against the shell of Q’s ear, “Hush darling.”

“Oh god, Bond!” Q sighed, wriggling in Bond’s grip, “Bond, come on! You monumental tease!”

He got a hand out from beneath the solid weight of Bond’s body, hooking a finger under Bond’s own briefs and pulling them down to reveal the thick length of Bond’s cock, deliciously red and wet already.

“Fuck, Bond. Can I… can I taste you?”

Bond kissed the tip of Q’s nose, drawing back with a little laugh.

“Call me James, and you can have whatever you want,” He smiled.

“James.”

Bond rocked back on his heels, letting Q scramble to his knees.

From there, he got a bit distracted.

First, there was the rather angelic—in Q’s opinion anyways—column of Bond’s neck that needed a love bite. Then the muscles of his forearms begged for his tongue. By the time he got to ringing Bond’s nipples with kittenish licks, Bond was arching into his touch, as desperate as Q.
“Fuck, Q!” he huffed out on a gravely breath, “I seem to remember something about your mouth on my cock.

Q grinned, but obligingly dropped to his knees beside the bed as Bond shifted, legs splaying out on either side of Q’s head.

And then his cock was right there, full and long and leaning just slightly to the left, and Q couldn’t help it. He opened his mouth and took it as deep as he could in one swallow, his hand wrapping around the girth he couldn’t reach.

Above him, Bond whimpered, fingers twisting in Q’s silky mop of hair.

“Fuck,” he panted, voice dropping about three octaves. “Your mouth. I’ve been dreaming of having it wrapped around me, dreaming of feeling those lips… You have the most beautiful… beautiful—”

Q hummed, drawing back to run his tongue along the head before ducking back down. Bond moaned, grabbing Q’s hair and thrusting upwards, making Q gag before pulling away.

“Oh fucking god, Q.” Bond sounded absolutely wrecked, his voice gravely and dark. “Get up here. Now.”

Q obeyed, scrambling up and tossing his bottle of lube at Bond’s head before rummaging in his cabinet drawers for condoms. When he turned back around, he was met with the sight of Bond on his knees, two fingers deep in his own arse. Q felt a bit dizzy as all the blood in his head fled in mass exodus to his cock.

“I hope this is alright,” Bond asked lazily, casually adding a third finger, body undulating like layers of marble shifting under skin. Q couldn’t breathe for a moment.

Bond raised an eyebrow, withdrawing his fingers with an obscene squelching noise and stalking back over to Q on his hands and knees, grasping the younger man by the shoulders and rolling them over so Bond was seated atop Q, thighs spread in a wide V around Q’s waist.

“You are alright with this, right Q?” Bond asked quietly, leaning down to bite a kiss into Q’s already red, swollen lips. Q nodded quietly, unable to believe that he was about to be inside James bloody Bond.
Bond chuckled at Q’s silence, murmuring something about finally being able to shut the genius up, but it was quickly lost over the sensation of Bond coating Q’s cock in lube, hand running smooth, feather-light strokes across the skin.

Bond hummed, lining up Q’s cock with his hole.

“I remember, that first day at the national museum, I wanted to do this. Wanted to fucking ride you until you were screaming and crying and—”

In a single, violent movement, Bond fell across Q’s body, supporting himself bare inches above Q’s trembling chest as he impaled himself on Q’s cock.

Q cried out desperately as Bond let out a series of grunting moans that caught at Q’s breath.

“You… you feel perfect, Q,” Bond moaned, circling his hips to accommodate Q’s girth and sighing into the crook of Q’s neck as they breathed in each other’s air. “Absolutely perfect. Now touch me, darling. I want to feel those clever, dangerous fingers on me as I ride you into the mattress.”

Q obeyed numbly, wrapping his hands around Bond’s prick as he began to move.

It was all Q could do after that to hold on. Bond moved with the fluid control of far too much practice, drawing out until the head of Q’s cock caught on his rim before slamming back down, twisting his hips sharply on each down-stroke until Q was indeed crying out, repeating Bond’s name into the skin of his shoulder where he was clenching with his free hand for dear life. Bond was murmuring a steady, dirty monologue in Q’s ear, lapping at Q’s neck and running his hand along Q’s chest to pinch and rub at his nipples until they were oversensitive and red.

“—fucking hair, Q. Just begging to be grabbed and mussed. I can’t wait to see what you look like in the morning, when you can see where I’ve tugged at you and grabbed you. Bruised and bitten and sore—”

Q couldn’t have possibly said how long it took for Bond’s hips to stutter, his breathing becoming ragged, throwing his lion’s head back as he arched above Q and came with a shuddering gasp, coming in thick streams across Q’s chest and chin. Q was shaking and crying, in no fit condition to care. He’d like to say he didn’t scream when Bond sank down, fingers running through his own cum as he went, sucking Q’s cock into his mouth as he slipped a single finger into Q’s hole until he came.
But then he’d be lying.

“Thank you,” Bond whispered quietly, cleaning them both off and pulling Q into his arms, nuzzling against his neck. He mumbled something else against the abused, red skin there, but Q must have misheard it. He must have.

James Bond didn’t say ‘I love you.’
Chapter 12

Q had had his share of awkward morning-afters. He had had partners snarl at him to get out of their apartments. He had had partners who flat out ignored him. Despite this, he was expecting that particular morning to be one of the worst. There was no way Bond, James Bond would wake up straight and sober in the morning and still think that of all the beautiful, dangerous women he could have called for a quick shag, the best of all these was his fluffy-haired, stiff-arsed quartermaster.

Q just wasn’t that lucky.

And yet, when he opened his eyes to find the space next to him vacant, he couldn’t help the sudden, desperate way his stomach plummeted, or the way his eyes grew uncomfortably hot for a moment before he tamped it down. Bond was gone. As Q had assumed. Bond didn’t—

The door opened, revealing James Bond, in nothing more than an unbuttoned pair of rumpled trousers, carrying a tray with a pot of tea, two cups, and two chocolate croissants.

“Oh my god, I think I love you,” Q breathed, before realizing what he had said and clapping his hands over his mouth. Bond froze for a moment, before relaxing again, walking the rest of the way to the bed and retaking his side.

“You have a disturbing amount of sugar in your kitchen for someone who never eats,” he commented, taking a bite out of one of the croissants, “I’m unsure if you simply have the world’s fastest metabolism, or if you actually are a robot.”

Q rolled his eyes, snagging the other croissant and a cup of tea.

“So you’ve fucked me, ridden me, and sucked me, but you’re still not sure I’m human?”

Bond’s smile was predatory.

“Well, when you put it like that… I suppose I’ve never heard a robot scream like that.”

Q was fairly sure he was blushing literally to his toes, and due to his current state of dress, equally
“Sure Bond could see it.

“I still hate you,” he felt compelled to point out, though he slightly ruined the effect by leaning against the solid shoulder next to him and raising his head for a kiss.

“I know,” Bond chuckled, pushing his lover back onto the bed and kissing him senseless.

Their breakfast lay forgotten for quite some time.

*

“What are you so happy about?” Eve raised an eyebrow at Bond. Bond grinned, tossing his hat onto the hat stand with practiced flair.

“You say ‘happy’ like it’s such a rare occurrence.” Bond grinned. Moneypenny raised her other eyebrow.

“It is,” she said, her tone matter-of-fact. Bond shook his head in mock hurt.

“My dear Moneypenny, I—”

“Forgive me for cutting short the traditional flirting,” M interrupted, standing in the doorway of his office and looking a long way from impressed. Bond inclined his head, giving Moneypenny a salute before following M inside.

“Am I being sent out again, Sir?” he asked respectfully, frowning as he registered that 003 and 004 were already present, lounging against the far wall. 003, Charles, raised a friendly hand in greeting. Irene just bared her teeth at him in a way Bond had never been able to isolate as flirtatious or just threatening. A bit of both, then.

“All three of you are being sent to the Ukraine,” M began, handing out three copies of the dossier for them to skim. “We have received information that Putin is using the unrest in that area to mask his own activities. The Americans have a laundry list a mile long to investigate, but we’re mainly concerned with just one aspect. He’s showed intentions to move certain prisoners from their known
locations in Russia to sympathetic locations in the former Soviet Bloc. Mainly Belarus. Anyways, it’s our job to stop this from happening, and since the majority of the prisoners were captured as intelligence agents, they don’t officially exist, and therefore can be reclaimed without the usual bureaucracy.”

“With all due respect, sir,” Charles cut in, “why are you sending all three of us?”

M pursed his lips, and Bond felt something dark curdling in the pit of his stomach.

“Putin’s motives, resources, and goals are unclear at the present juncture,” he began evasively, “We can’t rule anything out, and from the tidbits we’ve been getting, the defense minister has been frothing at the bit to send in a full retrieval team. The PM refused, so I offered a different solution. This was a better alternative, but… the intel is shaky and the situation is difficult. You’re three of my best, and you will have Q as your handler, plus any and all resources you may need before you go.”

M sighed, running a hand through his thinning blonde hair.

“Be careful, gentlemen, miss. I don’t like this one.”

Bond bit his lip to stop himself from saying that he didn’t like it either. It sounded like the sort of clusterfuck that got splashed across the tabloids with a dull little number at the bottom corner representing the number of lives snuffed out in the pursuit of ‘justice,’ or some such ideal. And the newspapers would sell it as a National Tragedy, or they’d sell it as His Fault or Their Fault, and people like him and Q and Irene and Charles would see it as a job gone wrong and a comrade lost. And the world would go on. It always went on.

He was dragged from these morose musings by the entrance of a fifth person to their party.

“You called for me, M?”

Bond knew he should control his features better, but he couldn’t help the pleased little quirk of his lips as Q came in, holding a stack of three identical kit cases which he spread across M’s desk.

“Yes, thank you, Q.” M gestured for the three 00’s to approach, not noticing or ignoring the raised eyebrow Irene shot both Bond and Q, and Charles’s little snort of amusement.
“003. 004. B—007.” Q shook each of their hands in turn, and Bond was happy to hear Q’s professionalism falter as well. At least he wasn’t alone.

“This mission is classified as extremely dangerous,” Q continued, unclasping the first of the three cases and flicking it open. “As such, you’re lucky enough to be our guinea pigs for a few new pieces of equipment.”

Bond almost laughed at Q’s careful avoidance of the word ‘gadgets,’ remembering how he hated it.

“What is that?” Irene asked as Q drew out the first item, a double-oblong case. Q muttered something about short attention spans and popped open the top, drawing out a vial and small needle.

“We’ve been working on a safe, undetectable tracking device that could be inserted under the skin, and after a number of setbacks we’ve finally perfected the prototype. 007, could I have your arm?”

Bond dutifully held out his arm, enjoying Q’s touch, however brief, as the needle slipped almost painlessly into his skin, leaving behind a tiny, pill-shaped tracker beneath his skin. The other 00’s were given similar treatment before Q returned to the case.

“You obviously have no need for the traditional distress signal in this case, but the palm-print coded Walter PPK is as you remember. Please do try not to lose it, et cetera, et cetera.” Q waved his hand lazily.

“You sound as though you don’t expect them back..,” Irene smiled. Q rolled his eyes, fixing Bond with a glare.

“In case you haven’t noticed,” he explained, “your companion on this mission is 007. I’ll be happy if he can drag half his sorry arse back in acceptable condition.”

Charles barked out a laugh. Bond put a hand to his chest in mock hurt. Q stared at the ceiling again.

“Anyways, continuing onwards, the tracking chip will activate automatically if you do not check in with headquarters for more than 36 hours. I wanted to make that 24, but was informed that it breeched privacy laws or some such nonsense,” He gave a put-upon sigh. “You will also be outfitted
with this Omega watch. Pull out the middle knob and change the time to 1:00, then your service number and the tracker will activate immediately. Understood?”

Bond ran the number through his head for a moment, then laughed out loud. 1. 7. 17. The seventeenth letter of the alphabet.

M glared at him. Irene and Charles seemed to both be on the brink of laughter themselves.

Q remained enviously poker-faced, waiting until the hilarity died down to continue.

“Are we done? Good. The watch is also equipped with a laser cutter here, and a camera linked directly to HQ here. The lens is here. And finally,” Q reached once again into the case, drawing out what looked like an ordinary, brushed-steel ballpoint pen with “Universal Exports,” on the side. Bond stared.

“Is that…” he trailed off reverently. Q smirked, handing over the pen.

“Yes, Bond,” he drawled, “because sometimes the old ways have their merits.”

Bond caught Q’s eyes behind his glasses, and Bond could hear Irene murmuring—thankfully too low for M to here—‘oh, stop eye-fucking already,’ but he didn’t care.

“Thank you,” he said instead, still not letting Q’s eyes go. Q nodded, pressing the case into Bond’s hand.

“You’re welcome, 007. Come home quickly and safely. I’ll be with you the whole way.”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Thank you all for sticking with me, yet again. Just got back from China, so I'm jet lagged and a bit loopy, so if there's a random string of letters embedded somewhere in this, my apologies. I fell asleep about three times editing this.

Eight days later and the three agents were neither quickly nor safely home, and Q had lost Bond’s signal. The official report clearly summarized when it all went to hell:

Day 5: agent 004 confronted by target 2-84. Intel re-examined, showing a worrying discrepancy in names provided. 004 advised to pull out. 003 and 007 advised to continue mission objective.

In reality, of course, it went down a bit differently.

“What the fuck do you mean the names don’t match up?” Q snarled, turning to the terrified programmer who was holding out two reports in paper form—paper form—as though to an enraged lion. Q snatched them up, taking only a few moments to notice the mistake. A little thing, but enough to set off alarm bells on a mission as sensitive as this. And who the fuck had gone through intel and missed that?

“R!” Q shouted at the room at large, “Get me Moneypenny.”

R scurried off.

“Problems at home, honey?” Bond asked, his voice booming over the loudspeakers across Q-branch. He was supposed to be on the phone with his husband. A role Q was decidedly happy to play.

“Of course, darling,” he said sarcastically. “Just a bit of trouble with little Hamish’s school project. He seems to have mixed up a few names. The teacher isn’t very happy.”

Bond chuckled. Q briefly envied him his acting skills; he couldn’t even hear the tension that he had no doubt was clawing at Bond right now.
“Well, keep me updated.”

“I will.”

Q muted the mic as Moneypenny strode in wearing four-inch heels, looking fierce and dangerous.

“Moneypenny, take a look at this and tell me if this could be an innocent mistake or if I should start to get very worried.”

Moneypenny held out her hand for the reports and skimmed, her eyes skidding to a halt on the mistaken name. She shook her head once, sharp.

“It’s a slip. This was typed in a hurry by someone who knows Kazniakove peripherally, not well enough to recognize his name, but for it to pop into his head in the place of one he also can’t remember very well. Which means he doesn’t know Ivarian very well either. Whoever wrote this doesn’t know what the hell he’s talking about. Which means—”

“—neither do the others,” Q finished, comprehension dawning in stunned horror. “Fuck. They’re salting. Tell M and get him a direct line to Q-branch. In five minutes, I’m conference calling all the 00’s. We need his advice as to how to proceed.”

Eve nodded briefly and clicked out. Salting. An old espionage term used for spies who, without solid info to give, took bits and pieces of legitimate gossip and filled in the rest as they went. Like salting mines. The only reason MI-6 had missed this one was that this was an entire group of agents who had apparently gotten together to corroborate their stories. Except for one.

Q felt his stomach slowly turn to lead in his body. This was going to be one hell of a job.

Day 6: All agents advised to pull out. All agents refuse on the grounds that they have now located the prisoners and could possibly remove them from the situation. 004 killed. 003 and 007 separated. 003 successfully retrieved with multiple chest wounds and peripheral injuries. 007 off-grid.
“What the fuck do you mean you’ve found them?” Q screeched, gripping his chair so hard he thought he felt the foam stuffing of the armrests coming out through the holes.

“Salting Q, remember,” Bond huffed amid gunshots, “bits of truth. We hit on the right bit, and here we are. But—”

“I don’t like the ‘but.’”

“No, funnily enough neither do I,” Bond said through gritted teeth.

“Bond—”

“Q, if you want to help me, find me and bring these people home.”

Q shut up after that, typing furiously until he had eyes and ears on the building, watching the hopeless situation as the 00’s backed themselves into a corner, firing on Putin’s personally-trained KGB squad. Behind them, the abused prisoners were doing their best to stay upright, let alone fight.

A bit more hacking, and Q had the sprinklers under his control, irritating their pursuers, but the building was so low-tech he could do little else.

There was a ten-meter ring around Q that no one would dare enter. The majority of Q-branch was simply sitting, staring as their boss snarled in anger, fingers flying too fast to follow, eyes darting between ten separate screens as he worked in tandem with his agents to bring them all home safely. The minions knew he hadn’t slept all night, too busy working, and the combination of caffeinated sleeplessness and Q’s own brand of fierce, focused energy with a backdrop of screams and gunshots meant no one dared approach him. Most of the minions admitted that they didn’t even know what Q was doing now. Numbers ran across the screens like water, and still people died.

A scream of gunshots.
“Agent 004 down. Retrieval pointiness. We may not be far behind.”

“Agent 007,” Q sounded winded, breathless, “Agent 007, give me your coordinates. We’ll send a retrieval team in.”

“Negative, Q.” Bond laughed quietly. “We can’t be seen here, remember? And besides, if one of us is shot now, there’s no point. You won’t get here fast enough.”

“Bond, give me your coordinates. Just activate your fucking tracker!”

“I’m sorry, Q. I thought… well, we always think we have more time.”

“Bond, don’t… please don’t do this to me.”

“James. My name is James.”

Q stood abruptly, striding into his office and slamming the door. No one heard what he said, but they heard Bond’s answer, still broadcasted over the loudspeakers.

“Thank you. I do have a policy of not sleeping with strange men who don’t tell me their names.”

Q emerged again, carefully turned away from the rest of his team.

“Fuck you, Bond. Now come home safe.”

“I’ll always come home. Whatever it takes.”

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“He’s still out there, Moneypenny.”

“He may be, but you still need to sleep.”

“Get out, Eve.”

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Day 8: agent 003 returns to England. Deemed permanently unfit for service under her previous designation. 007 remains missing.

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“I’m so sorry, Irene.”

“Hey, Q. I don’t blame you. Your sprinkler thing? Brilliant. I wouldn’t have gotten out of there alive if not for that. Shot him in the eye when he flinched and took off running.”

“And Bond?”

“I’m sorry, Q. We split up. Thought we’d have a better chance.”

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Day 8—
“3 minutes and counting.”

“Q…”

“Yes, Eve?”

“I… I wouldn’t get your hopes up.”

“He said he’d come home. I’ll bring him home. In three minutes, I’ll know precisely where he is.”

—Agent 007 recovered from a small domicile in the forested regions. Reported majority of missing persons out of Russian hands, dispersed across Ukraine. Without contacts, it is estimated a 40% survival rate of the freed captives. Agent 007 reported, in quite strong words, what he would like to do to the agents who salted the intel. Refused a psych evaluation despite evidence that three of the prisoners begged him to end their lives upon recapture. Mission officially ended 17:34:48.
Chapter 14

Q collapsed onto his couch sometime between midnight and five in the morning. It really didn’t matter, did it? He’d already been awake for four days straight, minus three half-hour catnaps. Bond was safe. Bond was coming home. Bond was…

Not there.

Q woke the next evening and threw an arm over Bond’s side of the bed, only to find it bare and cold. Bond should have returned hours ago. It was nearly dinnertime, for Christ’s sake. So where was he?

“Moneypenny?”

“What? Need me to bring around a change of clothes for your secret agent?”

“So he’s back?”

A pause on the other end of the line.

“He’s not with you?”

“No.”

A rush of static Q interpreted as a sigh.

“Q… it was a bad mission.”

“Like I don’t fucking know,” Q snapped, squeezing his eyes shut in a vain attempt to block out the images of his failure. He should have done more, he should have…
“Bond might want to… to be alone,” Moneypenny hinted, and Q snarled.

“He doesn’t have to be alone anymore! Fuck, get me a car, Moneypenny. I’m coming in.”

“To do what?”

“My job. Find that bastard and bring him home.”

Alec tried his level best to ignore the knocking. As soon as his uninvited visitor knocked down the door, that became a bit harder.

“James, why the hell are you here?” Alec called, raising a very un-amused eyebrow at his friend.

Bond didn’t answer, striding over to Alec’s liquor cabinet and grabbing the highest-proof bottle of vodka he had.

“James, talk to me. I know being a strong and silent bastard usually works for you, but I know what it’s like. You don’t have to hide from me when I can bloody help!”

Bond rounded on him, and Alec took a moment to realize just how terrible he looked. The slight hesitance and red-rimmed eyes spoke of a monumental amount of alcohol even before the vodka he was practically chugging. His usually pristine suit jacket was rumpled and stained, the edges frayed, concealing a bloodstained white dress shirt and black tie. His trousers seemed to have been ironed five different ways, none of them straight, and his eyes were staring straight ahead, vacant.

“You can’t help, Alec,” Bond said tiredly falling back onto the couch and closing his eyes. “You can’t help me just like I can’t help you. We’re too similar. We both have the same doubts and the same faults. It’s like giving a broken hammer to a broken hammer and expecting them to fix each other. So bloody leave it. I’ll be gone by morning.”

Alec stood at the doorway, staring at one of the most dangerous men alive, acting like a heartless man who was falling apart.
“It was them asking, wasn’t it.”

“I said—”

“I know what you said, and I’ll leave you. God knows the last thing you need right now is to look at me, but it was the asking that did you, wasn’t it? It makes killing seem somehow better and worse, and you hate yourself for both.”

Silence.

Alec sighed, grabbing a towel and heading to the shower.
006 heard the footsteps before he recognized the voice:

“Bond.”

“Q. Can’t you take a hint?”

Alec froze, running through the ways in which this could go.

1) Bond would roll over and refuse to talk to the quartermaster until the boy went away.

2) Bond would roll over and refuse to talk to the quartermaster, who would stubbornly stay.

3) Bond would refuse to talk until he realized what an arse he was being and allow Q to talk to him.

4) Bond would refuse to talk until he realized what an arse he was being and he and Q would have fairly noisy make-up sex on his couch.

On balance, Alec decided the best thing he could do right now would be to leave. He grabbed his phone, texting Eve that he would need a place to crash for the night and would she like him to bring over some dessert, before dropping lithely out the window to leave James and Q to sort out their respective issues.

“Bond.”

“Q. Can’t you take a hint?”
Q sighed, running a hand through his hair. He should have expected this. On some level, he had, he supposed, but it was another thing to look into his lover’s eyes and see them cold and distant, entirely unreachable to him.

“Bond, I’m here because you need me. I’m here because you’re too damned proud or masochistic or chivalrous to *let me the fuck in*, and because the worst thing you can do right now is be on your own.”

“’m not alone,” Bond mumbled, rolling over on the couch so his face was pressed into the pillows, muffling his words. “Alec’s here.”

“And Alec is as broken as you are, in the same ways. The worst thing for you right now is quality time in front of a mirror, James.”

“Why are you calling me James?”

“Because you need to hear it. Now get the fuck up, 007. That’s a direct order.”

Bond lifted his head to glare briefly at Q.

“And if I refuse?”

Q stared at him a moment, as if to judge whether or not he would actually refuse his company. Then, with a little sigh, he dropped his bag onto the ground, toeing out of his shoes and coming around to sit beside Bond. He noticed the agent stiffen, but ignored it, pulling his feet up so he could rest them in Bond’s lap.

“Why did you come to me the second night?” he finally asked. Bond’s mouth pressed into a thin line, but under a quailing stare from Q he rolled his eyes.

“I’ve already told you, Q. I don’t know. I nee—I wanted to see you.”

Q smirked, leaning back against the far armrest and stretching out luxuriously along the length of the couch.
“You needed me. Even if you didn’t know why.”

“‘Need,’ is a bit of a strong word.”

“Simply repeating what you told me.”

Bond turned away, only to feel slim, clever fingers beneath his chin, yanking him back until he was staring straight into narrowed sharp green eyes—in challenge or frustration, he didn’t know.

“And all this matters how, Q? I told you to leave. This has nothing to do with any of that.”

Bond pulled away so he could focus on a bare stretch of wall to his left. Q let out a little humph of frustration.

“This has everything to do with that, Bond. The first night we fucked, you said I was scratching an itch. I was. I need you, Bond. I need you like you need me if you would stop being such a bloody martyr and let me help you.”

And now Q was in Bond’s lap, glaring at him fiercely, and Bond didn’t know how they had gotten here.

“What do you mean, Q?” he sighed.

“I mean the psych team hasn’t got a clue what it’s talking about. You haven’t got PTSD, not yet anyways, because you’re not horrified by what you’ve seen. It’s what you’ve done that scares you. It’s what you’ve become and what your job has become that keeps you up at night. I can help you, Bond, I can—”

“Stop talking!”

Bond was breathing hard, staring down at the rumpled pile of quartermaster he had unceremoniously tossed to the ground as he rose, the yelled words echoing off the walls even though he could barely remember vocalizing it.
And Q. Little Q. He was a good fuck, Bond told himself coolly, a good fuck and a good man, but he
didn’t know a fucking thing about Bond. They always spoke to him like that. Pompous and
overbearing, telling him what was happening in his own mind.

He always laughed, because if they knew half of the skeletons he kept in his closets, the parts of him
he wrapped in straightjackets and chains before even looking at them properly, the way even his
service number had begun to hold so many horrible implications of lives he couldn’t save, of pain
and death and unfulfilled dreams. If they knew, they wouldn’t keep telling him to go on a nice
vacation or take such and such medication or, god forbid, meditate.

He sometimes fantasized about what the psychiatrists would say if they were standing by him every
step of the way. Wondered what they’d prescribe to him once they’d watched him shoot three
sobbing, emaciated bodies before running as far away as possible. Maybe they’d give him a few
more meds and tell him to just go away forever—

“Bond!”

Q’s sharp command snapped him out of his thoughts. Bond blinked once or twice, attempting to
focus his eyes until the fluffy hair and aesthetic features came into view.

“What?”

Q just stared.

“How do you do it?”

“Do what?”

Q stood slowly, approaching as though he were a spooked horse, and Bond let him. He caught sight
of himself in Alec’s hall mirror and saw slumped shoulders, dull eyes, drooping chin. God, it got
harder and harder to—

“Pretend you’re fine,” Q finished. Bond shrugged.
“Part of the job.”

“Maybe. But suffering in silence like the masochistic sod you are is not.”

Bond almost laughed.

“And the alternative is?”

Q took another step closer. Then another, until he was standing toe-to-toe with Bond, close enough that their breath mingled in the scant space between.

“You let me in,” he said simply. “You let me do my best with what knowledge I have of you, and you let me show you that for every life you don’t save, there are five you do. You let me help you remember what that feels like, to hold someone’s life in your hands and to bring them out of the darkness. You have the highest mission success rate in MI-6’s history by a comfortable margin, Bond. You’ve saved a lot of people.”

Bond really did laugh at this, partially because from where he was standing, it seemed his entire career had been made of nothing but dead eyes and gunshots to the heart. Partially because Q’s words were breaking something in him, breaking whatever instinct he had built to ‘pretend he was fine,’ and if he let it go, he wasn’t sure he could pull himself together again.

“And how do you propose to do that?” he asked, pulling out a trademark smirk like a shield. Q rolled his eyes, going over to his bag and withdrawing a coil of rope, a pair of handcuffs, a blindfold, and a simple gag. Bond tensed noticeably at the new development, but didn’t move as Q laid each item out on the table before standing and dragging over one of Alec’s dining room chairs, a rudimentary affair with five wooden rods making up the back, a slim red cushion on the seat, and sturdy legs beneath.

“I want you to let me finish before you respond, James,” Q said quietly. “Can you give me that? Just avoid comment until you’ve heard me out?”

Bond nodded dumbly.

“Good. Now, I’m not a therapist, but your biggest problem is that your associations with your work
and with MI-6 have become so skewed in favor of your failures that you can’t remember the good bits anymore. No, don’t say anything, remember? Good. I propose rewriting, or remembering those good bits. Somewhere safe, with someone safe, in a safe situation.” Bond opened his mouth to say something, but Q’s raised eyebrow stopped him. “Hush. You promised? Now, I’m going to strip and lie on the couch, and you’re going to take me apart slowly and carefully until I’m sobbing for release. Then, when I’m absolutely desperate for you, I’m going to call Alec, who’s going to come in and tie me up in the bedroom. You’re going to wait and listen to me cry for a bit, and then you’re going to come save me. You’re going to fuck me, and we’ll see if we can help you remember why the name ‘James Bond,’ is the legend every MI-6 operative aspires to match. How does that sound?”

Bond closed his eyes for a moment, wondering what the proper response to blatant insanity was.

“That’s absolutely ridiculous, Q. I… I don’t even know what to say.”

“Then don’t say anything and just trust me, Bond.”

Bond glanced over, but Q’s eyes were calm.

“It won’t work,” he said bluntly.

“It might,” Q countered.

“Maybe,” he conceded for argument’s sake, “but I still wouldn’t do that to you.”

And now Q was the one laughing, arms crossed over his chest as though he knew something Bond didn’t.

“You never looked at my file, did you, Bond?”

“Is it a crime now to respect a man’s privacy?” Bond asked through gritted teeth, crossing his own arms even though he knew it revealed the tension in his stance.

“Not particularly,” Q replied, striding over so he could stretch out on the couch again, still staring straight at Bond, “but you seem to be under the entirely erroneous assumption that I’m something
“You know what I can do, Q. I could easily break you.”

“I want you to,” Q countered sharply. “if you’d looked at my file, you would have seen that I haven’t exactly had the easiest life either, Bond. I attempted to kill my parents after seventeen years of continued abuse. I spent the majority of my next five years as a hacker for hire. I have as much blood on my hands as you, Bond, if not quite so literally. We’re both fucking broken, but unlike you, I’ve accepted it. In my file, M asked about any sexual proclivities he should be aware of. A nosy question, but I told him I am quite heavily submissive in bed. I need to lose myself in someone, Bond. I need to see that I am needed and that I am wanted and cared for, even though I’ve killed so many people. And if you weren’t so fucking thick, you’d see that you need the same. Now tell me, are you going to get your head out of your arse and let me help you, or are you going to lose one of the few people who actually love you because of your desire to play the stoic hero?”

Silence. A ringing, deafening silence. Q heard Bond’s breathing stutter to a halt before resuming at twice its former speed.

And still, silence.

Finally, finally, Bond cracked dry lips and asked,

“You love me?”

“Yes.”

“I trust you.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Call Alec.”

Q grinned.
“Good. Now, if we’re finished with pointless arguments, why don’t you come take me apart, Mr. Bond? Show me why you’re Her Majesty’s finest.”
And suddenly, it was as though Q had flipped a switch. With his acceptance and his—yes, he’d said it—love, he’d released Bond from that guilt. And now it was James’s hands on him, James’s mouth devouring him, James’s eyes staring at him as though he were the most incredible thing he’d ever seen. There was still a mountain of uncertainty in those eyes, in the crinkled edges and the furrow in his forehead, but it was overridden by lust and the hope that maybe, just maybe, Q was enough to help.

“Stop thinking,” Bond growled, attempting to unbutton Q’s shirt before giving up and simply tearing it down the middle so he could get rough fingers over Q’s chest, teasing the smaller man’s nipples until Q was arching shamelessly into his hands.

“So,” Q gasped, “so that’s it? My absurd plan?”

“Whatever you want. I trust you.”

Bond nipped at Q’s collarbone, leaving a rapidly purpling love bite behind.

“It’s… it’s that simple?”

“It’s that hard.”

“Fuck you, Bond,” Q laughed, grasping onto Bond’s shoulders as some sort of anchor while the older man started on his paisley trousers. “Fucking smartarse.”

“You’re still talking,” Bond moaned. “I’m obviously not doing my job.”

Bond then proceeded to take Q apart in the sweetest ways possible. Once his trousers had been done away with, Bond mouthed at the cloth covering Q’s boiling-hot erection. His hold on Q’s hips was bruising as he finally pulled the briefs down with clever teeth, baring Q’s cock to his tongue and fingers.
“Fuck… fuck, Bond, I—” Q cut off with a low moan as Bond reached down into his bag, digging around until he found the expected bottle of lube, slicking his fingers before shoving two into Q’s tight hole without pretense.

Q keened, head shooting up from the couch before Bond slammed him back down with a firm arm, his eyes hot and predatory as he worked his fingers in deeper, finding that spot deep inside Q’s body that made him whimper helplessly as a rough tongue teased at his cock.

“You wanted me to take you apart, Q,” Bond whispered, voice husky as he rose to claim Q’s mouth in a kiss that was all filthy teeth and tongue.

Q simply moaned, wriggling as Bond slipped another finger in and began grinding down against Q’s cock, still fully clothed in juxtaposition to Q’s nudity, even though Q could already see pre-come ruining Bond’s trousers.

“Bond… James, James,” Q sighed against his hair as Bond set about biting an impressive column of hickeys into Q’s pale skin, high enough that they would never be hidden by a shirt.

“That’s it, Q,” Bond rumbled, “Say my name. Just me. Just for me.”

“James. James… James!” Q repeated fervently as Bond ducked down, pumping four fingers in Q’s hole as his other hand and his mouth worked over Q’s prick in a delicious tandem.

“I’m—God, you fucking madman….I’m so close,” Q whimpered, and Bond smiled around his mouthful, searching within his quartermaster’s body until he found his prostate, pressing cruelly against the little spot and massaging it mercilessly with his fingers—all four of them—until Q was screaming, kept from coming only by the circle of Bond’s fingers around the base of his cock.

It was then, of course, that Alec arrived, Eve in tow, both looking a bit fucked-out themselves. Bond groaned.

“How the hell did you know to come? I thought Q was going to call?”

Alec smirked, gesturing to where Q was panting, completely bare, on his couch. Bond raised an
eyebrow at Eve’s subtle appraisal, crawling over Q like a lion over his kill, covering him from view.

“Did you think he was going to call after you’ve had at him? He was texting me while you were chatting. Gave me a very specific ETA, and here I am.”

“And you?” Bond glared at Eve, who smirked and fluttered her fingers at him.

“Moral support,” she supplied, striding over on her five-inch heels and grabbing the selection of rope, cuffs, and gag along with Alec’s chair.

“For the record,” Alec said as he came forward, “next time, you’re doing this at your place. There are limits to friendship, and this is definitely pushing them.”

He glanced meaningfully at where Bond was looming over a panting, pleasure-drugged Q. Bond reluctantly rolled off, allowing Alec to pick Q up in a fireman’s lift and carry him away. Their eyes caught as Q was just disappearing into the guest room, and Bond saw him mouth:

“Trust me.”

He sighed, falling carelessly backwards onto the couch and closing his eyes, trying to block out the sounds of Q whimpering desperately as he was tied. Fuck, why did he ever agree to this? This was mad. Absolutely and entirely mad.

A discreet, barely noticeable buzzing began a few minutes after Q had disappeared. If Bond had been anyone but a highly trained operative, he wouldn’t have noticed it.

Then the buzzing quieted slightly, and Q let out a distressed-sounding whimper, followed by what sounded suspiciously like a sob. The click of a door, and Alec and Eve emerged, just as Bond was rising to go in.

Alec was over in an instant, pushing him back onto the couch as Eve hovered in the corner.

“He said you’ve got to wait at least thirty minutes.”
“He also said this would help somehow. And all I can see is he’s fucking—”

“Bond,” Eve warned, “don’t underestimate him. He cares about you. He knows you. If anyone can fix you, it’s him.”

“I don’t need anyone to fix me,” he snarled, but Alec just laughed.

“Mate, think about how you looked two hours ago and then tell me he hasn’t already fixed something.”

Bond sunk further into the couch and tried to vaporize Alec’s stupid coffee table books by glaring at them.

Ten minutes in and Eve got up to make tea, Q still moaning and whimpering often enough to make Bond’s face twist and crumple in on itself.

Twenty minutes and Q started sobbing quietly, like he was wounded. Alec had to physically restrain Bond from barging into the bedroom when it started.

By the time the clock hit half an hour, the sound of Bond’s teeth grinding was becoming unbearable, and the second Eve’s timer went off, Bond was shoving viciously past Alec, slamming open the door to find Q gagged and bound to a chair beside the bed, his body covered in a sheen of sweat, eyes wide and glazed over, his muscles trembling like aspen leaves. It was like a scene out of one of his mission files, like watching Natalia trembling under enemy hands, like Fields had shook in fear and anticipation…

“God, Q,” Bond murmured, adrenaline rushing through his system as he ran to his lover, working at the knots before giving a grunt of dissatisfaction and striding back out of the room, dodging Alec’s questioning look by simply shoving him into the armchair and snagging a knife from Alec’s little-used kitchen.

He was back to Q in a minute, sawing at the ropes at a frantic speed as Q whimpered, tears spilling down his face, staining his porcelain cheeks as his body, freed of its confines, began to writhe, falling forward into Bond’s arms. Bond glanced at his face, seeing it contorted in what could have been pain or pleasure; it was difficult to tell which. His breath was coming in short, gasping puffs, and his eyes were the only part of him still, staring at the walls, wide open. He looked like May Day, had that
same glazed endurance as she had just before… just before.

Bond shut his eyes, seeing Paris Carver trembling and arching under his hands—

“James!”

Bond’s eyes snapped open to see Q focusing on him desperately, as though he were the only thing that mattered in the world, grasping at his shoulders with feather-light touches.

“I’ve got you, Q,” Bond hushed, picking up the slim body and setting him down on the rumpled bed sheets, kissing him on the forehead before running gentle hands over his body, checking to find what was making his face contort and cry.

The first thing he saw was the dull black cock ring, secured tight around his prick, preventing release. A bit more search revealed an enormous, vibrating dildo penetrating his body, nestled against his prostate.

“James,” Q whimpered, and Bond shushed him with a careful kiss to his lips, drawing out the toy with gentle movements and watching as Q’s face collapsed, rather as Stacey Sutton had looked upon their escape from that damned office…

“James, please,” Q sighed, and suddenly Bond was back with him, lips skimming over his body to finger at the loose furl of his anus, slipping three fingers inside only to replace them with his cock moments later.

Q was so open it took only one smooth thrust to impale the slim man entirely on Bond’s length. As the sensation crept up his spine, Bond let out a moan to match Q’s, reaching to grab Q’s wrists only to find rope burns pressed into the skin.

He ran his lips reverently along the marks as he pulled out and thrust back into his lover hard enough to push him up the bed.

Q cried out, grasping at the sheets, but he kept his eyes open, fixed on Bond, holding him to the present as they fucked mercilessly. Bond was falling into blue-green eyes, falling into the quiet mantra of ‘please, please, please James, I need… I need…’ and falling into the little cries Q let out whenever he thrust in particularly viciously, like however close they got, he just wanted him in
deeper. He was falling into the way Q stared at him, stared through him, the way Q was in his ear through every mission, and was still willing to give himself to Bond like this. He trusted Bond, and that meant everything.

With a trembling gasp, Bond felt his climax building. He reached downward, unclipping the cock ring and watching as Q came with a silent howl, arching like a dying saint, his hair thrown back from a gleaming forehead, abused lips brilliant scarlet against alabaster skin like Vesper—

“Thank you,” Q whispered, falling back to the bed sheets, boneless and spent, and Bond lost it. Three more brutal thrusts and he came hard enough for the world to blur dangerously, falling sideways beside Q. He pulled the smaller man to his chest, holding him close into the feeling of being safe and loved.

Loved…

‘Thank you, Q.”

A beat. Q was asleep.

“Love you,” Bond whispered against the fringe of his hair, before falling into dreams himself, the beginning of a smile twitching at his lips.

Chapter End Notes

IT'S DONE!!!!! i'm not even going to apologize for the last two chapters. It's there. I finished. It was a fucking bitch (you can tell by the excessive swearing of the characters), but it's FINISHED. : DDD
Thanks, all. Enjoy!

End Notes

So, quick and heartfelt SORRY to Castillon02 for doing absolutely nothing she asked. I usually avoid plot in any way, shape, and form, because when I attempt, it grabs me by the neck and runs away god knows where. Which is sort of what happened here. Except worse. Also I'm fucking allergic to writing established relationships....so I ended up with a 20,000
word fic as I went about establishing a relationship. Again. I'M SO SORRY. Happy summer. My apologies.

Her original prompt is below:

maximum prompt: Bond is constantly playing a role for work. Sometimes he just wants to be able to do it for fun, transparently, and with a consenting adult in the bedroom. He brings it up with Q (or possibly tries a bit of role-play-ish improv to feel him out in the moment?? whatever you like). Q is a bit taken off-guard at first, but willing to be persuaded. I'd love a bit of silliness and playfulness and an edge of the intimacy that would come with James Bond sharing this part of himself that he tends to keep closely guarded. No unhappy endings, but I don't mind hurt feelings or angst on either of the characters' parts so long as it is resolved by the end. Go wherever the plot takes you! Bonus points for both Bond and Q having a go at playing the more 'passive' part (the seduced/the rescued ingenue/whatever-else-takes-your-fancy-there-are-lots-of-options) of the role play at some point.

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