In Pursuit of the Truth

by eve_23

Summary

"He’d been tortured by Silva and his men for three months. He and Q, though they’d been separated the moment they were captured. This was the first time he’d meet the young man since then, and Silva had broken him."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

James walked down the hallway, face carefully neutral. He was working on a plan.

He’d been tortured by Silva and his men for three months. He and Q, though they’d been separated the moment they were captured. This was the first time he’d meet the young man since then, and Silva had broken him.

James feigned surrender, acted like he would work with Silva to take down MI6. It was easier to think of a plan of attack when you weren’t being beaten within an inch of your life on a regular basis, and maybe he could learn something to report back when he escaped. Hell, if he had the opportune moment, he’d take down Silva and his men all on his own.

Q was leaning against the wall outside the double doors, and looked up the moment he heard James’ footsteps. He couldn’t understand why Silva needed the young Quartermaster: he was a skilled enough hacker all on his own. The thrill of conquest, perhaps? The knowledge that MI6’s latest attempt at advancement could be broken down so easily?

Q smiled slightly, “always good to see a familiar face again.”
“It’s been a long time,” James held out his hand and Q shook it, smile widening and looking terribly lopsided thanks to the scar on his face. It was thin, and the wound had obviously been stitched up with great care. Still, that thin line was there, from the corner of his mouth and curling up toward the top of right his ear. James tried very hard not to imagine Q tied to a chair as that wound was being inflicted on him.

The younger man obviously noticed James’ stare, and his smile lessened slightly, though his voice remained pleasant, “I suppose we all have our scars in pursuit of the truth.”

“Indeed,” James reached forward to trace the scar, and Q nuzzled into his hand affectionately in a very un-Q-like manner. He’d always shied away from human contact, preferring his machines and the tap of a keyboard to any of that warm, fuzzy stuff that the average person seemed to enjoy. Now he was acting like some sort of puppy. Wounded, but still loyal. Silva put him back together as something entirely different.

“Ah, the two of you have been reunited!” Silva’s head poked through the double doors, his smile wide enough that it almost looked genuinely pleasant. He stepped out, hands clasped behind his back good-naturedly, “Catching up on old times, hmmm? Nostalgic?”

“I certainly wouldn’t go that far,” James said.

“Good, good. I dare say you’re both better off here with me anyways, aren’t you?” Silva gently lifted Q’s chin. The look of calm that passed over Q’s face at the contact made James’ stomach churn.

“Yes sir,” Q said with a happy sigh, and Silva rewarded the affection by gently running his fingers through Q’s unruly hair.

Yes, exactly like a pet. But then, what did that make James?

Silva smirked as he reached forward, lightly pulling James to him by his tie, “and you, James?”

James moved in close, lips just ghosting over Silva’s, “of course.”

“Hmmm,” Silva hummed pleasantly, “perhaps then… you two can demonstrate just how thankful you are.”

James responded by kissing Silva, hard enough to bruise. Q was at Silva’s throat, nipping and biting his way down to his shoulder. James repressed a shudder and continued his performance. Nothing could change, no matter what Q had become. He reached forward and pet Q’s hair the way Silva had, which earned him a small sigh and Silva’s chuckle of approval as he guided the two of them into the other room.

***

The three of them lay there, panting. Q looked particularly satisfied in a way that made James want to put a bullet in the young man’s head. M would probably even consider it a mercy kill.

“Oof, perhaps we are getting too old for these games,” Silva lifted his head to see over Q, his grin all teeth.

James smirked back, “Never.”

“So glad you’re both on board,” he yawned and shut his eyes, “so very, very glad.”

And without so much as a goodnight, Silva fell asleep. James wondered if Q felt any disappointment
in that, expecting some sign of fondness. However, Q shut his eyes without another word, a look of contentment on his face as he drifted off. James did his best to relax, to shut his eyes, to silently work on his next move...

He must have been more tired than he realized, for when he opened his eyes, the clock read two hours later.

James could see Silva’s outline in the darkness. The ex-agent had turned on his side, facing away from them. They truly were just conquests to him. No need for affection.

Q was still between them, lying on his back and breathing steadily. James might have even thought he was still asleep, had it not been for the hand quietly covering his mouth and the way his chest rose and fell as though his breaths were carefully timed rather than natural.

The disgust James felt at what Q had become turned to horror as it dawned on him that Q had not been broken and brainwashed. Q was acting, pretending just as James was, and here in the darkness was trying to keep himself together while the man who tortured him had just...

Q wasn’t an agent. While he had some basic training, no one really expected someone like him to lie there and get himself fucked for the sake of national security. That was James’ job. Q was expected to be killed, or defect and then get killed by… well, by someone like James.

Options whizzed through his head, trying to accommodate this new information into his plans. He and Q were still on the same side… Q was still brilliant, brilliant, and definitely an asset considering the amount of computers Silva owned.

And Q was trying to survive the night stuck between two men, both whom he figured would kill him at the first sign of betrayal.

James gently reached out, brushing his fingertips over Q’s shoulder. His demeanor changed as he turned to face James, playing the obedient pet once more and attempting to nuzzle against his hand as he had earlier in the evening. James shook his head and pressed a finger to his lips, eyes darting to Silva’s sleeping form and back to Q.

Q must have understood what James was trying to convey, as he tensed cautiously. The light from the clock made his eyes shine. Mercifully, he didn’t look like he was going to cry, though James could see fear there. Fear… and the slightest glimmer of hope.

Double-oh-seven? he mouthed.

Q, James mouthed back with a small nod, and then grasped Q’s hand in his own, entwining their fingers and holding tightly. Q pursed his lips to keep himself from making a sound as relief flooded his features. James took a deep breath, trying to focus everything he wanted to say but couldn’t into one facial expression and the way his hand tightened even more around Q’s.

I will get us out of this. I will, but you need to hang on. Remember that you aren’t alone and hang on.

Q smiled in understanding. It was small, exhausted, and more than a little terrified, but it was there, assuring James that the Quartermaster would make it through whatever Silva had in store for them.

They lay there, hands clasped together until the sun started to rise and Q let go. Silva was starting to stir, and Q settled back into his character, looking once more like a sleeping puppy. James shut his eyes as well, letting the content smirk play over his face mask his disgust.
He’d get them out, but not before killing Silva. Preferably as slowly as he possibly could, with Q watching.

End Notes

First fic... yaaaaaay *flails*

I only sort of know how this story would continue if I were to actually continue it, so there may be more coming if I actually work out details and stuff.

Maybe.

We shall see.

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