Never underestimate me again.

by Kru

Summary

The morning after from Bond's perspective.

Notes

Pick apart

The pieces of your heart

And let me peer inside

Let me in

Where only your thoughts have been
Let me occupy your mind

As you do mine

See the end of the work for more notes

Something woke him up, some noise that he wasn’t familiar with and because of that it seemed even more annoying. He was alerted and ready to react in a matter of seconds but when he opened his eyes, he understood why everything around was so new to him. He was still in Q’s flat, burned deeply in sheets in Q’s bed with a warm, inviting body stretched next to him. It was a long time since someone with whom he slept wasn’t trying to kill him, or wanted to betray him, or was already dead, for that matter. He didn’t sleep that good and so deep since… God, since Venice.

Even if that was a surprise, a lazy smile still spread on his lips. He reached without a second thought and run his fingers down slender line of the other’s man back. His fingertips caused a trace of goosebumps on the delicate skin. He liked this reaction; he liked how this body was opened to him. Even when Q wasn’t awake he still needed him, longing even. So Bond leaned over, adding his lips to the invisible trail of his fingers. He marked this soft skin with small, gentle kisses going up the Q’s back. Finally he hid his face in a mess of younger man’s hair. He inhaled deeply, feeling notes of his own perfumes left on Q after a whole night spent together and this incredible mix of Q’s own scent - sweat and soap with a bit of oriental note and of course a hint of sex. Actually, Q was drenched in that one, marked with it.

The smile widened on Bond’s lips. He simply enjoyed this moment, its peacefulness and easiness when Q was still hard asleep, wasted after the night during which Bond made a complete mess out of his body. He took him apart, one piece after another. With every kiss, with every touch, every deeper thrust, he was taking what was his from the beginning. Finally. Bond grinned when that thought passed his mind again. He was being ridiculous and yet, he got out of bed carefully, checking again if Q didn’t wake up from his well needed sleep.

Eyes that looked back at him in the mirror were tired, surrounded by a net of small lines, showing his age. Bloody hell, he was so old and yet he still acted like a cocky teenager. When Prague’s job blew off, he didn’t think twice. He knew it was Q’s days off, his birthday. He got Q’s address ages ago. He just didn’t have a proper occasion for doing this one thing he really wanted from the first time they’ve met. But now the timing was right. He was sure of Q, he wanted him. Bond needed someone so bloody hard that he couldn’t stop himself.

Why? Because with Q it was like he was back there again, back in Montenegro. He was just like at the beginning, with a bit of trust in people, believing that in the end it’s all going to be good. Being around Q reminded him of everything what he once was.

How did he know it? Because he didn’t like him at first. Not, it wasn’t that. Q simply wasn’t his type and yet he perfectly was. Bond wanted to rub off the confidence that played on Q’s young face, he wanted to fight with him, argue about everything and then fuck him senseless, possessing not only this body but Q’s thoughts as well. He wanted to be everything to him. He wanted to be a protector, a partner, a lover and… He wanted to be someone else’s world again. So after all, it was exactly like with Vesper.
The only difference now was that he knew better. He knew Q. No… He trusted him. After all that long months of cooperation he started to trust someone again. And that was the main reason why he came here yesterday.

He flushed the toilet. Blue water washed over the glazed inside. Of course Q was a little perfectionist about everything. His place looked well cared, perfectly clean and neat, almost like he’d spend here all days when in reality he was at MI6 most of the time, working hard on new equipment that would keep Bond safe.

Or maybe he had a cleaner; he thought as he run the water from the elegant shower and stepped inside the hot steam. He already wondered how to eliminate potential threat. Because having a cleaner meant Q had some stranger at home. Strangers were a potential risk, and Bond’s work was to get rid of it. He needed his Q to be safe. To be always here and…

“A shower? Without me?” He heard and in the next moment he felt delicate fingers moving on his back in a rhythm of gently spoken words. Q’s soft voice played in his ear, “007 flicking at the touch of a technician boy. That’s unusual” Q added, a smile well heard in his tone.

Bond moved a bit, letting him to step inside the water stream and at the same time he came closer. Q clung to his back, hungry for a bit of intimacy. He rested his wet cheek on Bond’s shoulder, wrapped his arms around the man’s waist and let the water float over their bodies.

“You slept well?” Bond asked as he looked over the shoulder at the younger man.

“Surprisingly well,” Q murmured lazily, “Especially after some double-oh agent stormed my flat to take advantage of my birthday.”

“Did you just underestimate me?” Bond pretended to be offended.

He took the chance to catch Q’s hands. As he held them in a firm grip, he turned to face Q. It was just a short moment of Q’s hesitation and he got trapped between the agent’s massive body and a wall.

“I wouldn’t dar-” Q managed to say before his lips were shut with a sudden kiss.

Bond stormed the younger man’s mouth with a newfound need, letting his hand free but closing him in his arms. Q’s slender body hid in them easily, surrendering.

“Never underestimate me again,” Bond whispered, looking at Q’s half opened lips, red and already swollen from the contact with his stubble and the rough kiss.

“I will try,” Q said, looking at the man carefully, mesmerizing Bond with a subtle smile.

Q’s free hand smoothed over Bond’s stomach and went lower, much lower… Fingers that were so fluent in fast typing, now stroked his skin with the same gentleness and elegance. Bond’s been introduced to them last night, he learned how they were skilled when Q shook off the first astonishment and started to participate in Bond’s plans. Now they were back on the right track to send Bond off to heavens.

“But I can prove you that I was far from underestimating you,” Q continued in the same steady tone in which just listening to how he pronounced words was already a pure pleasure. His hand made the first move, stroking Bond’s cock in a smooth, long motion as he whispered, “In fact I wanted to tell you that I want the same present for my next birthday.”

Bond laughed roughly, the inside of the shower echoed with his strong voice, “Aren’t you too
“Greedy?” Q said the word like it tasted bad and he frowned at the man, “I’m being preventive.”

“Of course you are,” the agent huffed and wanted to catch Q’s lips for another kiss but the younger man managed to escape. Bond rolled his eyes with impatience, trying to sound more gently, “Q, just please…”

“You have a reputation, James,” Q interrupted him before the man was able to say anything more.

This time he let out a long breath, taking a step back and leaving the younger one under the tailed wall. He let the water run over his face when he exclaimed a dissatisfied growl, throwing his head back, “You’re talking with Moneypenny too much.”

Q shook his head with disbelief and went after Bond. He reached for his face, touched it delicately with his long fingers and brought it back, forcing James to look at him again.

“I didn’t mean your ability to fuck everything what’s moving. I care to believe that you would reduce this practice only to your work area if you want to continue doing this,” he pointed his chin between them and then came even closer, stopping only millimeters from Bond’s lips. “But what I wanted to say is that you have an awful habit of taking an unneeded risk. And maybe if I’d make you to promise me this, we would be in the same place on my next birthday. Maybe you would stick around for a longer time to keep your word?”

“Oh, Okay, so…” Bond said carefully, completely confused, “So it’s about that?”

“Yes, James,” Q laughed gently, “It’s about that.”

“So you,” the agent started delicately, already moving his hands to the Q’s body. “So you want me around because you care?”

“Truly,” Q admitted, letting Bond to lean even deeper and catch his lips with a slow, lazy kiss.

Somehow his hands found themselves on Q’s perfectly shaped buttocks and he crushed them in his fingers with a satisfied murmur. He pulled just a bit, to hum into the younger man’s lips, “I’ll stay around for as long as you want.”

“Promise?” Q asked with a short laugh, the smile on his lips curving against Bond’s skin.

“With pleasure” Bond said and deepened the kiss, pushing Q on the opposite wall.

End Notes

Do you know James Bond saves lives? He just saved mine...

killym I soooo own you already and you still want to do it with me! thank you :* your beta is always much appreciated ^^
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