James and Q have been mated for over a year, they’ve stopped trying to avoid pregnancy, and now the Quartermaster finds himself expecting... James is overprotective, Q is in over his head, and both are just a little bit over the moon. Of course, they don’t train SIS agents in pregnant omega care, or child care for that matter... Or meeting your mate’s more than slightly unhinged family. Neither do they train Quartermaster’s in juggling pregnancy symptoms with work, protective lovers, and growing your own life form.

Notes

Sooo, I’ve written a few 00Qs now, but this is my first upload, I haven’t seen many mpregs yet (especially not planned ones!), sorry for those who dislike, best to steer away now ;)

But I can, and I like, and I will n_n

See the end of the work for more notes
"Oh God."

"You're not watching me pee on a stick." Q managed, calmly but firmly, James just chuckled and with fingers as if to suss out his belly.

"You're showing me." James said decisively, and Q fought down a little flutter of excitement as more intense. Q thought he might get lost in it. He fought for words for a moment.

"Excited? Q-"

"Well," Q dropped his hands, feeling the shaky worry of dealing with his own insecurity for a step backwards.

"Something's different..." James' voice was soft, and quick. He turned and exited, going as quickly as he could. The door clicked, and Q shivered as he cleared his throat and took a deep breath. He felt... different. He shivered, and Q fought the shiver, forcing himself to stand as straight as he could. He felt... different. He forced himself to follow the door. He stepped backwards.

"So..." Q thought, his mind going blank. He stood there, long after the door had closed. It was dark leather, cornered, and Q wasn't sure if he was going to laugh or cry. He had been so set in his worked-up motion that he took every attack of pup sickness both as a sign of overboard again. Maybe when James was back.

Swiftly the omega forced himself to hurry on, hoping that all his worrying was more due to James' death at the fear of 'rejection' again that he'd tried to be so blasé about after the first time, but it hadn't taken long after that for them to get serious, although once again Q wasn't up to much for anything he was working on that she might be the slightest bit privy to. Especially something... far along with what? He questioned, frustration leaking into his voice as he racked his brains. Calls from agents in the field were a relishing balm to the tumult of his mind. The adrenaline of the researching what had happened so far by even as few (or many, for someone normally so experienced) as five weeks made Q a little put out that he hadn't been paying attention earlier to over. It took five hours, and five different types of test, leaving a further thirteen behind, before Q was at least Q's mental respite.

"Oh for God's sake. Pull yourself together." Q scolded himself, and went to go turn a tap on to the TV.

Even after three cups he didn't need to pee. But at some point he did need to go. Dry retch over the feeling itchy at the excess packaging. He had to know. If this was a false alarm or just a winter-... He wondered if he was the proud parent of a blastocyst, a name he was sure James hadn't noticed even becoming pregnant... Could he have already lost their little blastocyst out for behaving rashly.

"I'm leaving early. Medical emergency, or something." And dropped it without another word. Q could do it. He knew he could do it. He knew he could do it.

"Oh! Oh, oh I'm... I'm mistaken! I'm, I'll... I'll just go!" Q stared at where she'd been for long. He had to stop himself from whining whenever he opened his mouth as if James might mysteriously visit on the way. He'd been religiously testing himself every night after work, and had run out... since they'd mated... James wanted a family. Q didn't know what he wanted, but he knew that if... deadlocked all baby related documents, whilst surreptitiously using occasional tea breaks to look... Researching online about how the tests worked.

It took five hours, and five different types of test, leaving a further thirteen behind, before Q was at least Q's mental respite.
The world had changed from the days the old Q would have the freedom to drop cars off for Bond personally, identity hidden under the quartermaster always seemed to forget that whatever information he himself took in wasn't always shared. James had stroked his stomach for five minutes, the omega piped up.

"When did you find out?" he asked of Bond.

"Yes, a blastocyst." M's mouth curved up. He let the omega continue without stopping him, as if he didn't want to interrupt its babbling. It was a mixture of 007 and the Quartermaster… Now that would be a fearsome creature.

"A blastocyst?" "Technically it's currently a blastocyst, if my research is correct." "My research?" "Yes."

"In twenty plus tests? You have to do better than that love."

"Hardly much intelligence involved." James shushed him with a teasing but firm nip. "Besides, it's not like it's a master plan."

"A plan?" "Nothing. Just a thought."

"A thought?" "Well listen to them when you get them." His gaze swept to Bond fully for the first time, it was a mixture of love and disbelief along with a dose of wit, looking back at the omega. "A thought."

"Well then?" M prompted, throwing down a pen and leaning back to lace his fingers together. Q looked a little shocked too. In a world where Bond was the one to do everything, Q had never been afraid to go into work. Even on his first day he was nervous, but not scared. But not this one. Bond could tell that Q was an omega, just, but he could see the stiffness in his posture now. That was new. Q was realistic, for all that he loved Bond, he was still very much the omega of the relationship and, as such, often had to deal with all sorts of things that Bond didn't want to have to deal with. And this was one of those things.

"Q, 007. To what do I owe the pleasure… Dear God don't tell me you're both retiring."

The full body shudder he waved off when James glanced at him.

"We'll have to review your mission status 007. Things will have to be played a little differently from now."

"What? Q." the rough sigh let James know he was slightly in for it. In fact the one time Q had rolled over for James the alpha had been so dually shocked that he had stayed in the bed with James for the entire night. But not this time. Bond could tell that Q was an omega, just, but he could see the stiffness in his posture now.

They were rarely on the same floor, but appeared to work rather familiarly with each other. An asset to one of MI6's greatest assets indeed… how the world had changed from the days the old Q would have the freedom to drop cars off for Bond personally, identity hidden under the quartermaster always seemed to forget that whatever information he himself took in wasn't always shared. James had stroked his stomach for five minutes, the omega piped up.

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looked slightly sick.

“Oh God,” He reached to cover his face in his hands, shaking his head slightly and tugging his hair. “I’m sorry, James, that was appalling.” The alpha managed to shake off his stress, but Q coiled away when he reached for him.

“Q,”

“Do I get to blame hormones yet?” Q hedged, nervously, spreading his fingers to peer out from behind them hopefully, regretfully. James stepped close and removed his hands, able to scent the circular stress on his mate.

“Only if you admit and accept that you’re pregnant.” Q’s small whine of fret and fear clarified the situation for James. Without a word he engulfed the slighter man into his arms, tucking Q’s head into his shoulder and holding the back of his neck with a firm, grounding pressure.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise. I wasn’t there when you called for me, I wasn’t there when you found out. I wasn’t there for a lot of things.”

“But you were-”

“Shush, it’s the truth, and its nobody’s fault, but I won’t miss anything else. I want to be with you.” Q couldn’t argue with the statement, but he tried anyway.

“You’ll be bored.”

“I’ll have you, and all of MI6 to play with, I’m sure they can find something mildly dangerous for me to occupy myself with.” Q huffed something between amusement and annoyance. “And you’re scared.” This time there was a flinch against him that was undeniable. “And I don’t care that you are, I’m not, not yet anyway, but I probably will be, and it’s fine if you are. I’ve got you, Q, we can be scared together.” Q tried to fight out his arms slightly, but there wasn’t much heart in it even if that would make a difference.

“You’re making me feel stupid.” James broke away from Q and held his face tightly.

“You, are not stupid. It’s normal to be scared, it’s a big thing, even normal people get scared by children, they’re very scary.” Q laughed a bit, looking away in embarrassment. “Let’s convince you you’re pregnant first, and worry about the rest later, alright?”

“You must think I’m evil, saying those things. I don’t mean them, or I don’t think I do. If being pregnant gets me a way out of saying stupid things maybe it’s a perk.” James huffed a short laugh.

“In the meantime, I can think of something else to get you to relax.”

“What-” Before Q could protest James pulled him from the lift doors and through the Q branch hallway into the quartermaster’s office.

“James we can’t! No, not at work!” Q protested as the agent tore the blanket off the futon-mattress that had remained in the corner of Q’s office after the disastrous mate-call heat and subsequent daily exhaustion. Bond scooped up the omega and dropped him gently on the bed before Q could work out what had happened.

“Bloody unprofessional double oh seven-”

“Feel free to reprimand me later.” James said evilly gleefully before rolling Q over, tugging up his tops and proceeding to dig his thumbs into the knotted muscles on Q’s shoulders.

“Oooh, oh damn you James.” Q cursed as his body folded under the massage.

“What did you think I was going to do? Molest you in the middle of MI6? Not nearly as innocent as you look quartermaster.”

“As you well know you…uuhhhh God your hands!” James could have purred at the praise and continued his ministrations quite contentedly.

“You relax, spend a nice day snooping through Mallory’s doctor’s electronic life, I’ll do some light stalking, and we’ll compare notes in the evening. Deal?”

“Deal, just don’t stop.” Q moaned. James decided to store the sound in his mind forever, rather than let his libido act on it now. There would be time… after he’d convinced Q he was pregnant and asked the doctor certain…questions. Very important questions.

“Your wish is my command, Q.” By the more relaxed laugh underneath him, James could tell that Q had missed and needed this contact, especially with the stress of the last week or so.

And James was someone who really didn’t mind fulfilling his tactile desires and being able to be so attentive to his mate. It was no lie that James enjoyed a sensual life, and he found Q exquisite, there weren’t enough hours in the day to spend together all the ways he wanted.

At the end of his massage, James rolled a sleepy Q over and spent a moment rubbing gentle soothing circles onto his stomach before bending to kiss it, and then heading up to capture his omega’s lips. The kiss was just barely work-appropriate.

“Feeling better?” Q hummed contentedly and cracked an eye open, smiling.

“Smug bastard.” James smirked. “Thank you.” He rubbed noses sweetly before burying his face in Q’s neck and inhaling.

“See you soon, love.” Q sat up with him.

“Please don’t get caught, or scare away M’s doctor.” James chortled and pulled Q to his feet.

“You do your job and let me do mine. And get something to eat.” Then he patted Q’s belly.

“Don’t forget to feed the blastocyst.”

“If you so much as dare say I’m eating for two I’ll program your gun to play ‘call me maybe’ whenever you fire it.”

“Duly noted.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry there wasn’t as much ‘baby’ content in this chapter, I was getting everything caught up. There will be much more to follow. If you have any suggestions feel free to deposits them below.

Thanks for reading and the amazing comments and kudos, hope you were tickled the right way n_n
“I never asked anything about the actual birth process.” He admitted, scrunching his face up and said, “let’s lie down.”

With paste. Q went through the motions with half lidded eyes, still shaking, and felt slightly more relieved. He knew he had been through far worse. He nodded, weakly, and allowed James to pull him to his feet submissively, happy to lean heavily on James' shoulder. He felt James’ hand on the back of his ear with a gentling motion tried and practiced from the omega's frequent headaches. Q felt safe in James' arms. He felt safe in James’ concern.

“Don’t worry, you can drink six cups of tea once its out of you Mr. Black!” Darcy whispered, trying to calm the omega.

“Oh God.” Q ripped his way out of the duvet and staggered blindly to the bathroom, clutching his stomach. Frightened nausea rose up in him as his head spun. He felt himself losing control. He felt the panic rising up inside of him. He felt himself losing control.

“Now now clever boy, all that water breaking has to mean the logical conclusion correct?” Q’s face was pale. He didn’t want to believe it. He didn’t want to hear it. He didn’t want to feel it. He didn’t want to think it. He didn’t want to do it.

“But I’m not ready!” Q shouted, panic and tears choking his voice. “This is ridiculous—"

“Oh for God’s sake Aster, this is hardly the place to cause such a scene.” Mycroft condemned, hating the way Q looked at him. Q’s eyes were wide and terrified. His face was pale. He looked down at his now bare stomach. Mycroft swiped it off with his hand. Q gasped, shaking.

“Quick, somebody get me a gurney, stat! Doctor, help me prepare him.” Watson commanded with horror in his voice.

They walked to their inconspicuous and frankly boring car in silence, but when Q saw the reflection in Sherlock’s eyes, he knew they were there. He knew they were there. He knew they were there.

“How much is too much?” Darcy looked slightly concerned, or maybe surprised, James found. “So, obviously he's either in heat, with his hormones skyrocketing, or he's pregnant, which is highly unlikely. The symptoms of pregnancy are quite similar, though. With the hormones and the nausea and the, um,"

“Why can't you see it Watson? Oh it must be so nice being normal, there!” Sherlock pointed at Q and his face turned bright. “Q is pregnant, Watson. Q is pregnant.

Q was sure they hadn’t met, but no matter, because Sherlock had his thinking face on.

“Don’t worry, you can drink six cups of tea once its out of you Mr. Black!” Darcy whispered, trying to calm the omega.

“Excellent. From six weeks on an embryo will grow at about one millimetre per day, so by that I wouldn’t want to set up camp there for eight to nine months.

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They took seats opposite the doctor. He could feel James’ hovering even though he sat beside him, blocking him safely into the corner and clearly keeping one eye on the doctor, one on the hospital. And one on his job. He felt James tense imperceptibly at the fractional amount of skin revealed beneath the plastic searching against his skin in a strangely probing way, before scrutinizing the monitor.

“Hey, cutie, look at this!” Darcy pointed at the screen, a cautious smile on his face. Q could see another reassuring smile from the doctor out the corner of his eye.

“The heart!” Darcy exclaimed, his smile growing. “The heart! He’s got the heart! Look!”

“Stop it!” Q exclaimed, pushing Darcy away. “I’ve got it. Shush.” James gently silenced Q’s weak growling and passed him a toothbrush laden with paste. Q went through the motions with half lidded eyes, still shaking, and felt slightly more relieved. He knew he had been through far worse.

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"I've got you, Q."

mind.
nuzzled into his mate's neck and inhaled his agent's heady, strong scent until sleep buzzed into his

"I won't leave you." James assured, and Q believed him, still worried beneath the fatigue, but he

slightly drifty contentment at being compressed in safe arms.

his brain became beautifully placid of whirling problems and schematics, codes, leaving only his

"I meant every word. I have you." James pulled him into some kind of delicious crush zone where

hands tightening on James' warm back.

"Did you mean what you said, that you'll be around… for, for a while…” He probed, tentatively,

wasn't being distracted by some code or mechanical theory.

inventive and creative streak did lead to him having rather ridiculous imaginative leaps when he

But none of his siblings, or Q himself, ever claimed to be of entirely sound mind, and Q's

fearing such a pain saving operation…

from a very small age and had never been able to shake. Logically he understood the ludicracy of

anything other than a foolish superstition, one of the very few he had allowed himself to cultivate

other than particularly hurtful for him to discuss. The whole dread of the idea of C-Section wasn't

silent. Q was grateful for that. He struggled to talk about such things and they weren't anything

James stroked his hair gently and kissed his head, shifting them impossibly closer but remaining

brothers, older, and that their relationships were… difficult. Not difficult as in bad, necessarily just

he struggled to give more than the basics lest he start ranting. He could easily say that he had two

James had no family any more, and Q's was both so dually demented and complex in emotion that

acutely aware that they had never talked this deeply into his family before.

didn't particularly care what the alpha thought of him using the term 'mummy', although he was

nearly killed her."

Then they had to cut me out when there was a complication and I was too premature… Operation

"M-mummy always said that was what went wrong with… So with me she wanted to try… but

"Why, Q?" James asked, a bit firmer.

securing all at once.

of Q's neck and waist, then rolled them all the way over to the other side. The rolling shift in

"No? Why?" James asked, when Q did nothing but go stiff and shivery the alpha gripped the back

"Noo." He dragged out, almost a whine, body shaking.

"So we'll order a C-Section then. You won't have to feel a thing." Q shook his head violently.

the alpha thought about Q being in any pain.

"I don't think I can take that kind of pain…" James' tightening hands on him told him just what

them.

James said nothing, but held him tighter, inhaling the scent in his hair deeply as if to calm both of

bones in the pelvis can dislocate to give more room and- God."

pressing it into James' chest. "Do you know what happens in it? How the," Q gulped, "how the

Ahem, so, pseudo-science lesson over, hope you enjoyed and thanks so much for the

recovery is almost always full and the bones more than ready to go again.

hormones for birth scream go! So after relocation and a slightly unsteady period,

stands, male omegas have very strong bone configurations in the hips until the

no-go, due to bone fragility, but usually fertility has ceased by then as well. As it

damaged (as a female having too many babies might...suffer) and old age makes it a

than females. Of course, past a certain number of babies the joints would become

omega's hips and though they might be sore and a bit weak, not too much more so

After birth, once the (mm yum) afterbirth is passed, the doctor would help relocate the

room is not sufficient to allow the baby through... maybe its a big phat baby!

(as is all birth!) and maybe there's a small percent of individuals where the increased

It's relatively safe for male omegas (they've evolved to it, after all) but quite painful

designed to 'dislocate' to allow the baby through, and do so along the sacroiliac joint.

Anyway, so, the biology of the male omega: their hips/pelvis are (somehow...) too big to fit, and everyone would be exhausted and half starved...

would mean being pregnant for at least a year... and then the baby's head would be

fact technically born 'premature', and that carrying a human baby to full development

For your info, you might be interested (or bored) to know that all human babies are in

pelvises than males after we became bipedal in order to both walk and still give birth.

The science for Omega-male labour is based off the fact that women evolved wider

I also did some research for the prenatal visit, so hopefully it's more or less okay!

morsel until they get into the story for real.

So I snuck in the Holmes bros! (kinda) Heh anyway, it hopefully gives you a sneaky
The frown on his face was the same as last night, but the worry was new.

James was looking at him with fractional worry in his gorgeous eyes. Q rather had the urge to

But at only six weeks, he'd rather hoped for more control and functioning in his body. Apparently

emergencies, was watching him with a relaxed but unhidden concerned expression. Q felt a slip of

"Oh." Q looked back at the clock on his computer and wondered when in the last eleven hours he

"You should have left already, what is it, one am?"

"Oh, sorry." Q had forgotten the time, as he had most of yesterday.

"Always yours."

"Since you asked so nicely I dare say I'll try…" Q smirked up at him, and his gaze softened. "My

"Do try not to accidently murder me again, there's a good chap." Bond laughed, an honest grin-

"Family?"

"God. Agreed." Bond smiled at the reply as Q laughed, sounding more like himself again and

"Ah, I'll eat any of it. As long as its all chocolate, can't stand mint or orange getting in the way of

"Don't even know your favourite food." Q continued anyway, voice amused, though he was

"Ah, I'll eat any of it. As long as its all chocolate, can't stand mint or orange getting in the way of

"Always yours."
Sorry. Don’t think I can stand.” He managed to get out in a reasonable version of controlled calm. “Bit dizzy, no coordination.”

“Christ.” James had his hands gently easing Q up into a standing position with steady strength. The omega felt frightfully unbalanced for a moment when upright and sagged into James’ hold. “I’m assuming you’ll kick up a fuss if you’re carried.” Bond growled, clearly wanting to do just that.

“I’m fine. I’ll be okay.” Q breathed, but he was feeling increasingly less so by the second, in fact he was feeling an awful lot more like he might—

“I’m going to faint.” He managed, voice tightening, and trying to grip onto James, somehow pull himself back to stable.

“Don’t fight it, just breathe, deep breaths for me Q, chase it away.” James’ voice switched to mission-calm, controlled, in charge. Q whimpered, honestly whimpered, in the middle of the office, and felt his legs sinking.

“I’m going to help you down, and get you some water. Stay with me.”

Q nodded, but it made his head spin and numb till he had to gasp in air. James lowered him as easily as he had lifted him up, depositing the omega back into his chair and grabbing a glass of water to feed him.

“You’re going to be okay Q, I’ve got you.”

Q could only hope that was true, he was finding it incredibly hard to move his tongue enough to swallow, and was heavily aware only of leaning on James’ arm. He settled for flopping his head into the crook of his mate’s elbow and inhaling the deep, safe scent. James’ other hand began to card through his hair with a grounding pressure that helped him feel like he wasn’t about to drift away.

“Breathe Q, keep breathing.”

It was easiest just to follow orders and ignore all the other frightening signals from his body, though as always nausea was his constant companion. Just him and James, just his James, just James and the spinning darkness luring his numb mind.

Chapter End Notes

As always, thanks for reading!

I know that many of you are looking forward to the ‘lock’ of the ‘Bondlock’, but I won’t rush it, I hope you can forgive me for that.

A) I have a specific time planned for them to show up and

B) My first love is 00Q, I don’t want the awesomely awesome Sherlock (WATSON! ahem) characters to become the main feature. Already they’re referenced quite a lot...

but I figure since they’re family that’s realistic?

Anyway, had to get that off my chest so that no one gets too disappointed, I hope!

Oh and yeah, here hehe I had to leave it on a cliff hanger to try and dislodge some of the fluff. It was smooching me, but I’m sure it will creep back and envelop me in the night.

(If you’ve read all this, collect for yourself another metaphorical kitten ;D)
After those thoughts, came the less pleasant, though more pressing ones: Q's family. Quickly.

And what did his thoughts cycle about? Well, Q mostly, then his boredom, thoughts on Q's time to think. Shooting range five times in one day, he was bored and stagnating. If Q was tinkering, experimenting—now in full protective gear—or simply doing low-stress an attempt to de-clutter the surface. Did just that, coming down to Q branch with bits and pieces every now and then before and after "That's another thing we can do together then." Q shot him a look of mock surprise. "And I have to leave no later than six every day, unless there's an emergency. And weekends grin. "I'll be down at lunch." Q nodded, but groaned as he pulled away, casting his eyes to the sigh in unmitigated relief. Just try to go with it when I do the same for you, I'm not promising I'll be wonderful either." Q "You managed with me. Make sure I go to those damn vampires down in medical, sleep, eat…

"Sorry, been a bit of a git haven't I…" Q trailed off, finding it hard to meet his mate's eyes. He slumped miserably. It was pure guilt. Instead he kept his head ducked, eyes up on M's face to show he was listening, it all and hadn't had such a bollocking from an alpha since his dad had caught him playing with "I'll try." Q agreed weakly, James frowned at him, and ducked till he was sweetly kissing Q's sighed in unmitigated relief. "You're either broken or scaring me a little." Q stumbled out, too tired to play it coy. The agent "James?" thoughtful. Q knew he didn't mean it, knew James couldn't mean anything by it, didn't even "…Huh." James took his hand off Q and rolled onto his back slightly, expression closed and nothing… Whose Sherlock?" Q went a little wide-eyed. "What?" Q hedged, thinking he'd gone wrong again somewhere. Although, you should know that I spent a large majority have to wait a bit longer for James' more honest answer, enjoyed the conversation. It was easy supposed he was right, and blushed a bit when James stroked his stomach, curling their bodies somewhat disconcerting. "Things that shouldn't make you sick… Mallory gave me a book." James grimaced as if the "What's in it, I don't even feel ill." Q asked, attempting to tug the bread away from the filling to "I know. I'm sorry." James came back in with a frown and a sandwich. "You forgot to eat Q." Q looked up balefully from the bed, where he'd obediently remained after himself the challenge, only really trusting himself to feed Q sufficiently, and make sure he didn't Since he was apparently in the country for the duration of the time being, James decided to set The agent slid into the bed beside Q, who managed to come round for long enough to latch nodded to say that Q had calmed down, and then they began extracting the omegas' arm for an Q wriggled loosely till he was tucked up in James' arms on his side. The doctor waited until Bond rushing. "No Q. Just no." increase, and the beta's eyes widened in surprise. "We're just going to…" "Its fine Q." He assured, levelly. "Besides, as we only have one side of the family to meet, they dealing with them. Neither of them think in straight patterns, We're all too different, though the weren't always trying to one up you for every interaction as if there were a not so subtle power like protectiveness and respect, or at least some form of fondness. But he did find his brothers everybody wanted to shoot his oldest brother at least a little bit. Truthfully he didn't quite know what always made him so tense about his own family, maybe he little anxious in a way that made him want to do something, though he couldn't think why. "Q, did just that, coming down to Q branch with bits and pieces every now and then before and after "That's another thing we can do together then." Q shot him a look of mock surprise. "And I have to leave no later than six every day, unless there's an emergency. And weekends grin. "I'll be down at lunch." Q nodded, but groaned as he pulled away, casting his eyes to the sigh in unmitigated relief. Just try to go with it when I do the same for you, I'm not promising I'll be wonderful either." Q "You managed with me. Make sure I go to those damn vampires down in medical, sleep, eat…

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Two mysterious brothers…

He would have to meet them, maybe even regularly, maybe even like them, or at least convince them he wasn’t a psychopath. Did they even know Q had mated?

James didn’t particularly want to share Q with anyone, even his own family. And up till now he hadn’t had to.

The thought made children seem less scary, and usually drove him down to Q branch with some hastily acquired snack.

By the time Bond brought Q home on Friday evening, he wanted to do nothing more than hold Q until he had worked out how to occupy his mind during the weeks.

Q had started a new schematic however, so Bond prepped dinner. A charming take away, and grabbed himself a beer.

“There, done. Do you like it?” Q announced happily, coming in to spread the sheet on the dinner table. Bond dropped some tinfoil and came over curiously.

“What is it?” There was a time-scale graph on the A2 piece of paper, a tiny line drawn on it. Q looked up at him, a small smile on his face.

“That, is the size of our embryo, yesterday, and…” Q placed a ruler to the paper and added a millimetre with a small flourish, “…today!” He smiled up at Bond. James took a moment to trace the tiny line before measuring it with his fingers and pushing up Q’s top to hold his fingers on his mate’s flat belly. Q held still with difficulty, clearly feeling adorably pleased with himself for making a graph. Only Q could feel more proud of a graph than a baby.

“Tomorrow you can update it if you like.” Q offered, and James smiled fondly at the treat that the omega made it sound like.

“Love to.” James replied back with a smile that made Q beam and kiss him soundly.

The days of good diet and proper rest seemed to have done wonders for Q’s morale and confidence. James was easily infected with happy-omega pheromones and swept Q up high enough to make him laugh and squeak, kissing his stomach.

Back on his feet, Q ran a hand through James’ hair, looked into his eyes and evidently picked up on something the alpha tried to hide in his gaze.

“Come on, lay with me.” Q coaxed gently, tugging on his hand and leading James to the bed. Q set his laptop onto some frightful film that involved a small village and the fuzz, fetched the food, and settled down.

By the time the food was gone, and a couple of beers later, James was thoroughly enjoying the film, and curled around Q for once, head on his mate’s stomach, Q’s hands in his hair, feeling a whole lot better.

Q fell asleep before the end, falling down around James like a cat. The alpha didn’t have the heart to move them. When Q got up to go dry wretch in the night, Bond insisted on a joint shower before they crawled back into bed.

Come the morning, James’ bad mood was directed at one thing and one thing only: the toast that had tried to make his Q throw up, again.

“Bloody toast! It doesn’t even taste!” Q shouted from the bathroom in between violent coughing attacks. James levelled the offending slab with all the considerable rage a double oh could muster.

“Please kill it before I come out!”

“Consider it dead.” James Bond glared and proceeded to thoroughly destroy a piece of toast.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, and commenting, and everything, you all make me immensely happy and hard working, so thank you n_n

Might not be much ‘lock for a couple of chapters now, more focus will be on pregnancy and 00Q coping with it and work... supposedly, though my inspiration usurps my mind’s authority when it comes to my writing, so I’m never 100% sure ;D
The omega turned to James, looked him up and down, confused, and frowned.

showed sufficient improvement. Bond thought that it probably was that exactly. His mate had

James that his mate was both the iron fist and the nurturing creative of Q branch… Allowing,

agent's emotions and situation. Secure lines established. Locating the source of the bomb.

able to remember what course of action -your own action- needs to be taken regardless of the

breathtakingly in command despite being in his boxers. "Remember the threat level isn't lowered

evaporate. The shake was so slight only those paying rapt attention instead of looking away

man's blatant authority issues.

country… Talk to me like that again and I'll have you thrown out of the double oh program and

"Retrieval team on standby two stops along, hand over the components and get out of the

008 was officially a tosser.

To be fair, James himself was only wearing tracksuit bottoms, a gun and a watch.

that Bond both admired and regretted… because that sort of determined composure in the face of

Just how he liked it.

They couldn't cope. Nobody could. There were more of them and they were trying hard, but they

 worries of his branch.

Everything

James and Q had about five days living in the ideal realm before the phone started ringing.

It shouldn't have been a problem, he shouldn't have had to put in all nighters, pregnant or not.

He could do the bloody job.

-00Q00-
“Personally I think we made quite the impression.”

“Not to mention losing the ability to clothe ourselves.”

“…don’t think I’m about to complain.” Bond grinned, cheerily and cheekily.

“…long as you put up with my spreadsheets and electronic tampering to find your whereabouts I’ll...”

The omega laughed gently, bashfully pleased.

“…rampant protective instincts flare, my darling quartermaster.” Another kiss was pressed under Q’s jaw as the omega laughed gently, bashfully pleased.

“…tonight.” Bond sucked a kiss onto the base of Q’s neck at the claim bite. “Despite how much my...”

“If it’s all the same, I rather think I’d prefer to do that elsewhere. Not to mention MI6 needs you...”

“…for the war effort.”

“…I could probably quote all the battle speeches from Lord of the Rings word-for-word if you like?”

“I do.” James bit his neck with a praising nip before licking there.

“You’re in me too deep. I won’t risk or lose you, and even if you were wrapped in bubble wrap...”

“I don’t doubt your abilities for a moment Q, know that.”

“…I’d still walk around behind you holding a mattress if I could.” Q snorted.

“You’re in me too deep. I won’t risk or lose you, and even if you were wrapped in bubble wrap...”

“I’d like to rip him limb from limb.” The low, growling shudder of Bond’s voice sent his mate’s...
retaining food. Carefully the alpha slid Q's glasses on and the world sharpened. James looked handsomely in stroked the keys before looking up at his mate's fuzzy blue eyes for instruction. Because he'd loosened gradually and allowed him to drift into a fitful and teary doze.

a whirling string of 'alpha alpha alpha' into Q's fuzzy head. His bicep, but Q couldn't let go, and instead remained there in some half feral state biting onto the himself. Instead of try he whined through his sobs and turned, regretful and apologetically, to bite arms, hands coming to hit the alphas chest for no good-fucking-reason!

be sick. And if he was sick again right now Q was sure he would die. soft press around him, combined with James' arms and scent, managed to make Q both boneless having to support his weight when the omega just completely lost the will to even care if he made
to his hair. Q hadn't even heard the man move. "It's not even the size of a grape!" Q chocked out, could get to and rub his sleep-damp eyes. James' hand snaked carefully under his chin and around

they would be possessive and tuck him away somewhere or just get under his feet and make


to his skin out of dual frustration; lack of job, lack of mate's health. For all James' sharp, four times in the past week. "James growled, temper flaring from where it constantly simmered

The near-disaster in New York had set a string of incidents and overseas threats flying around as Q could take care of himself, but this was a quirk of James' he had to allow. It was, after all, a

When you worked like Q did, you didn't leave much time for deep connections. He did take

Sherlock had practically stood guard over his bedside for a week afterwards. Which was saying

all hours of the day and night… Increasingly, since to keep his strength up Q had no choice but to

... Not to mention it was a
"Good thing you're gorgeous, genius." Q happily munched on his cheese and leaned in snugly. "No, get off! The cheese is some crumbs off Q's mouth. Q batted at him.

"Charming, love." James pulled him close by the head and bent to lap "I'm so happy I don't even care." Q hummed, eyes closing as he savoured the strong taste and "You're eating, Q." He said, simply. Q managed to smile before stuffing more cheese hair back from the omega's face.

"Yes…" Q looked up, sharply. "Don't you dare judge me for this." James' head tilted fondly with "I take it your cravings have hit then." Q swallowed the cheese thickly.

"Mm thank God." His voice was reverent as he swallowed down a mouthful of cheese and "Three pounds lighter and a cheese-block heavier Q turned to where James was standing a few meters away and ripped off the paper viciously before biting into the dairy product. The strength "That one! I need it." Q demanded, pointing at some normally abhorrent looking blue-green"He felt bad for scaring his mate yet again for all of six seconds, because at that point the most...‘I will, however, not let it happen again. I'm finding you food, and a heavenly aroma drifted through the air to him.

"Thankful of the weekend and the reprieve that James had granted him, along with his own -00Q00-" Q found it in himself to laugh, a little resentful of the bed in his office, but if he could catch naps in trying, but exhaustion was still lagging at him.

"I'm sorry," He whispered, unable to be any more fluent than that, and nuzzled until he could kiss the one with the difficult job Q was the one pulling insanity out of the bag.

"You scared me half to death there." James admitted. Q felt awful at the idea. Despite James being...

"Thank you," Q managed, voice warbling a bit but full of gratitude. "'Q branch are trying to crack a computer, you need to give them instructions." There was still a...

"Okay." He looked at the computer, where there was a chat-box and command window enabled, "I'll get you something." James promised, and Q managed to pull him down for a particularly...
Slipping into bed beside a gorgeously warm Q was the perfect ending to the day, even if his cheek area, and went back home.

though they'd all seen active service before, they weren't quite prepared for the hand-to-hand -00Q00-...

"Pup's nickname, Q made it up." Q could see what was coming next as Alec snickered.

phone. James, leaning his chin over Q's shoulder, was all smiles and pride, fingers stroking over taking a deep breath and holding his hands up as if that would dissuade further argument from the ...

"Yes." James answered without pause, seriously.

appointment, he had no proof of his pregnancy other than how much he vomited within the day. "Speaking of, congratulations Q, you're still pregnant!" James announced merrily, picking the ...

sighed.

"Do you want to be sent out with a bubble gun?"

"…Could be a bug."

"James! Been wondering where you got to… you sure Q doesn't need to go to medical?"

"Alec, sorry, Q's a bit busy." Q kicked Bond spitefully, causing a laugh. Evidently in his flounder slid down beside him, rubbing his back with one hand and untangling the phone with the other. ... feeder. Q's scent and the feeling of being home, belonging.

into a tight hug.

"I'd like you to be able to go out there too, for you, as long as it was safe… but for what its worth, "Just strange." James shrugged in a noncommittal manner. Q offered a small smile.

him…

Well, there was evidence that at least one person in Q branch knew about his omega's pregnancy. When James and Q mated; claiming himself to be their 'pack brother' and taking them out for ...

"Glad you're feeling better, my mate managed to escape his pup sickness once he started to show, "Oh no, its better, at least I can eat again now." He moved back to the desk gingerly and managed ...

"Pup sickness no better then?" He questioned when Q came up for air and washed out his mouth, the man's smirk was evident.

M talked to Q about his program that extensively monitored the networks of their equivalents all in country… Come to think of it, he should really let the man know Q was pregnant too. Bond followed behind M, smug smirk coating his face as he contemplated all the ...

"Good God." M replied, and dropped his hand with an expression of mute horror. "As long as I shook M's hand and tilted his head to ask. "How do you feel about cage fighting?"

both surprised and chuffed at the acceptance. "Consider yourself deployed. Your mission; get me ...

"I-I abbreviated!" Q spluttered.

slightly.

including voice impersonation.

Q squeaked, writhed, and inexplicably managed to slip free entirely from between James' legs. onto the omega's throat.

"Mmm no! Bad!" The omega protested, clearly trying hard not to laugh and fighting James off steal it from Q's mouth.

prefer?"

"Too long. I'll just have to shove a pillow up your top. Or fatten you up more, which would you Q laughed and pushed James away by the chest, his long fingers stroking over pectorals and become a bit…softer? It's hard to say, not like the ripeness of your heat, that's hot and sweet and ...

getting pretty big…" James watched him measure the distance with his fingers and maintain it growth of about a millimetre/day, the agent raised his eyebrows with a smile.

H0: No news until 10 weeks; H1: Everyone already knows by 10 weeks.
Q decided this was possibly his favourite way to spend lunch break. He continued singing and swaying slightly, smile evident in his voice.

"Double points for smoothness, Mr. Bond." Q praised softly, massaging James' scalp. James grinned and ducked his head into Q's neck.

"Is that because you're a..."

"Next time, try Queen. It promises better results."

"Did you just quote Rod Stewart at me?" James burst out laughing without breaking their stare.

"It's only bloating. Or something equally unattractive as that." Q hurried out, not wanting to get caught in the middle of things.

"Are you-"

"No." There was a momentous pause, James' fingers stilling from where they'd been playfully paused and ran up over his trouser waist.

"Just under two weeks, and we'd be getting into the clear... Sort of. James' hands on his waist paused and ran up over his trouser waist.

"Apparently Blasty now has webbed toes and an upper lip. I feel like we're making progress."

"You're being close." Q shrugged and delved into the bag.

"And I brought spoils, raided the branch fridge." He stalked over, dropped the food on the agent's head and Q happily dropped his pen.

The man was in his office, in a strange switch of role-play, and clearly doing some sort of lesson. Q was used to it, often the lack of his presence threw up some issues he had cameras watching out for. So, he went about his business, not caring about the other two.

The alpha stayed awake long enough to arrange the covers over them, wipe Q's belly free of his come and manoeuvre them into a dry-spot before falling asleep squeezing the omega's slick thighs. His other hand drifted naturally into a position to stroke his mate's stomach, and used the leverage granted.

Bed, Q's hands curled into the sheets at his shoulders and back arched as James' bent over him on the good side of too much and had him chasing the alpha's knot, pressing back and clenching every slide out, became desperate and instinctual. Being pinned down and cupped was evidently much as owning him; protective and dominant all at once, the hold intimate, possessive, shielding Q from any potential eyes as well.

"God yes," Q agreed, James growled in pleasure, determined to get Q purring. It was a power trip for both of them.

"Sorry love." He smirked, accidently rubbing himself on Q's leg and feeling his cock stiffen. With a gasp, the omega writhed and James brought his hand to cup Q's cock and

"Take me, fill me, oh God please-" Q cut off with a desperate mewl when James began pushing his cock deep inside Q.

"Pl-ease!" He breathed out again, voice hitching when the head of James' cock dragged over his skin as he failed to squirm like he usually would.

But the contact was enough to send a shudder down the omega's spine, James' ear. The alpha growled a little in pleasure and rolled Q over, pausing to lift the omega up

"Don't blame me if I fall asleep on you." Q threatened, voice becoming husky as his teeth grazed alpha's bruised cheek, soothing it into a tingling kind of numbness.

"Noo I'm tired you monster," Q slurred accusingly, and began squirming rather delectably against the alpha's ministrations.

"Bite me again and I'll take you to the dark side, where you'll never be able to get away from me again."

James bit him again, sending a shudder down the omega's spine and his other hand stroked Q's stomach faster and faster, "I'm afraid you..."

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James bit him again, sending a shudder down the omega's spine and his other hand stroked Q's stomach faster and faster, "I'm afraid you..."

"Sorry love." He smirked, accidently rubbing himself on Q's leg and feeling his cock stiffen. With a gasp, the omega writhed and James brought his hand to cup Q's cock and

"Take me, fill me, oh God please-" Q cut off with a desperate mewl when James began pushing his cock deep inside Q.

"Pl-ease!" He breathed out again, voice hitching when the head of James' cock dragged over his skin as he failed to squirm like he usually would.

But the contact was enough to send a shudder down the omega's spine, James' ear. The alpha growled a little in pleasure and rolled Q over, pausing to lift the omega up

"Don't blame me if I fall asleep on you." Q threatened, voice becoming husky as his teeth grazed alpha's bruised cheek, soothing it into a tingling kind of numbness.

"Noo I'm tired you monster," Q slurred accusingly, and began squirming rather delectably against the alpha's ministrations.

"Bite me again and I'll take you to the dark side, where you'll never be able to get away from me again."

James bit him again, sending a shudder down the omega's spine and his other hand stroked Q's stomach faster and faster, "I'm afraid you..."
“That… Almost sounded like a normal response for a moment there.” Mycroft sighed. “It isn’t a matter of need Aster, I want to be involved.”

somewhat relied on Mycroft to be able to universally cope to be quite honest.

blades.

his brother dumb. He felt rather pleased underneath his knotting stomach.

security to their flat, tearing in and setting off a chain reaction of chaos and disaster… His whole

brothers out of this even if he stood a hope of hiding it. But just how the hell would his oldest

Besides, it would probably drive Sherlock and John closer together.

interactions held something that leant towards positivity. He didn’t go in wanting to squash

a joy and fun in the core of him that threatened to overflow or be smothered. Q worshipped it.

overheard between the two of them, maybe to Q they weren’t as bad, but by that stage he’d

as a positive interaction. They couldn’t approach it normally, they were constantly negative and

intelligent.

socialised to enough ‘normal’ people that he understood that he wasn’t some idiot or inept

as you are your coding.”

“You know him better than you think you do Aster. You’re just as capable of our level of thought

“Give him some time, who knows how he thinks, really.”

with successful and stable enough careers; Mycroft was the loneliest of them all.

It hadn’t been until the Q-Branch explosion that they found out he worked for MI6 as R, and as

them. It was human nature to seek help when you were in your worst moments; he’d just never

chastised for keeping the fact of his mating a secret. For everything else, Q didn’t actually hate

have been the best introduction to the family.

“Thank you.” Q breathed out, gratefully, and James felt himself sag in some strange post-

“I’m not planning on anything happening, but I’d feel better if we could put a plan in place

“We’ll never turn on each other.” James added, growling through it.

scale, and they had more holding them together than a quick bond and a baby.

it, wouldn’t. They weren’t like other mated pairs, they were both accustomed to loss on a wide

that would always be true.

or not—” James pulled Q in with an agonised growl. Not just at the thought, but at Q’s suggestion

ever seen, slightly squishier than normal whilst the omega made a nice comfy home for their pup.

fine—”

clearly saw his face drain of colour and dashed over, waving his hands and practically ricocheting

For a brief, horrible moment, James’ entire world died, imploded, crumbled like dusty ruins. Q

It was Friday, however, when Q burst into James’ office during lunch for a second time that week.

random and follow them without being noticed for the day, Q was measuring his stomach.

Tuesday evening, Q discovered that Blasty was busy producing muscles this week and some

James had come to adore the little updates Q would throw out during the week.
"How do you feel about meeting my brother at the doctors on Tuesday?"

"Q?"

his phone listlessly to his side, James uncrossed his arms and moved forwards cautiously.

"Settled then. I look forward to seeing you Aster. A bientôt."

to save the omega from a phone conversation.

fluttering his gaze from nowhere to James and back, his mate looking increasingly like he wanted

himself as his heart danced a rumba under his ribs. Mycroft let it go, sounding smug, Q just kept

"No! No, Mycroft, that isn’t nes-"

"Excellent. Well, that seems the perfect time for us all to become acquainted formally-"

"James will be coming-" James nodded firmly in response to the unasked confirmation in Q's

expression whilst he plucked at the sofa thread.

"This alpha of yours will be going with you I presume?"

"What? Q managed to get out dazedly, having drifted off.

"Ten weeks…On Tuesday you say? You’re a quarter of the way."

"Well, as I’ve never been allowed the pleasure of meeting him, I’m rather hard pressed to know."

"I have a ten week appointment, apparently things are safer after that."

"We were never going to tell us you were pregnant?"

"Were you ever going to tell us you were pregnant?"

"Well, regardless of semantics, you are my brother, and I will not be left uninformed-"

"Please don’t say that, Mycroft, I’ve already spent long enough on that side of the fence."

"If you’re pregnant-"

"That’s why I told you."

"Then don’t push it."

"You can’t blame me for being protective-"

"For God’s sake Mycroft!"

"I want to see you, I want to be involved. How is your alpha treating you?"

"That’s why I told you."

"I’m beyond censoring my words on that front."

"Of course not."

"Q's distaste for the very thought had him pushing the glass away roughly. "James is my mate, how do you bloody think he’s treating me?"

"For God’s sake Mycroft!"

"I’m beyond censoring my words on that front."

"I didn’t know sometimes."

"Developed a dislike for them, the other morning he killed some toast for me when it made me

"He loves me. We’re in love." Q waved his hand exasperatedly, wondering if there was even a

way for Mycroft to understand. "We’re in love and having a baby, one we’ve wanted for a while,

the dryness in his brother’s voice put deserts to shame.

"We’re in love and having a baby, one we’ve wanted for a while, Mycroft."

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"We’re in love and having a baby, one we’ve wanted for a while, Mycro..."
James Bond has nothing to worry about; H1: James Bond doesn't even "Aster you're being unreasonable."
"This is a good thing, a huge thing, do you have any idea how nervous I've been about..." said congratulations on the phone. Evidently not.
And this is personal! Q wrapped his arms around himself and flicked his eyes around. Mycroft huffed a bit and swelled.
"And this is personal!" Q wrapped his arms around himself and flicked his eyes around. Mycroft huffed a bit and swelled.
"Anything wrong Aster?" He asked, quickly, probingly, Q squirmed a bit.
"Otherwise, any medical queries or symptoms you're unsure about? All your tests came back..." The man sighed a little. He packed away the equipment and carefully wiped away the... "I will." Q assured with a smile.
Are you managing to rest enough?" They both managed to assure their doctor that they were, concerned frown. Q managed a smile just about.
"Have you been managing to eat enough?" Dr. Darcy questioned with a sympathetic and... 2022-10-21
The rhythmic beating of their pup's heart was like a strange lull over the pair of them, and James... to the bed with his mate and saw Mycroft stroll over with a carefully conveyed level of curiosity.
Shall we, doctor?" The beta, still struggling to maintain his composure, hurried around the desk and beckoned Q to stand closer for measurements. The omega glanced at James in humoured...
Q's strangled choke laugh was only just as entertaining and tension breaking as Darcy's nuance.
"One does always hope for the best in these situations, and mate call is..." The beta had. He seemed about to step in, when Mycroft's eyes hardened, sharpened.
"Ah, James isn't it? A pleasure to finally make your acquaintance." Mycroft deigned, turning to his arms for a moment. James watched, debating stepping in, until Q took a deep breath and stood... His aroma was... blindsiding aroma of Q only as an alpha, his kin scent. It took him a while to wrap his head around... 2022-10-21
It was mind warping. James was slightly transfixed at first with simply sniffing at the air when... Mr Holmes. James' voice gave away nothing to anyone but Q, who heard the sinister smile and... Mr Black." Mycroft prompted silkily. Of course he knew their fake surname.
Dr Darcy led the trio to the exam room and offered them all seats with a valiant attempt at... through a little as he greeted Mycroft, making sure he didn't turn it into a power play in the middle... Q wasn't submissive to anyone without good cause, so clearly Mycroft must have proven himself how similar yet different he smelled to Q, and how his mate's entire demeanour changed from... blindsiding aroma of Q only as an alpha, his kin scent. It took him a while to wrap his head around... 2022-10-21
It was an endearing attempt to make up for the cheese and pickles apparently. Nothing to apologise for, love. And just remember I'll be on your side whether your brother turns... 2022-10-21
It wasn't a terribly good analogy; maybe it would be better to liken it to his... 2022-10-21
memories of... he hadn't been sorry to blow it up but had appreciated the advantage it had given... 2022-10-21
and even if he did have an active imagination he wasn't so sleep deprived to make up something... 2022-10-21
He should probably be more concerned about that one, really. Because Q had never lied to him,... 2022-10-21

WARNING: 
...Family angst. (I'd be safe rather than sorry in warning-terms...)

kin-dominant-possessive clashed with the casual meant-for-public tone and...
James grinned, and kissed Q quickly before stepping back enough to suggest Darcy could get "You scruffed Mycroft." James smirked a little, gently, swiping his thumb over Q's jaw and the dinner as a second chance." Q snorted abruptly and leaned back enough to gaze wonderingly into "Though I would love nothing more than to throw your brother out of this hospital, Let's give him potential discomfort or pain… but he thought that this was probably an important type of pain, just "It did, it has… But its been years, and this is big, and we don't really do 'love' as a family. And emotions, too much pressure, far too clever for our own goods." James relaxed a bit as he felt Q we were always on "Our parents were old fashioned. Which didn't help. They were hardly there, and when they were complaining, but I believed him because I was naïve and Mycroft was always bossing everyone me anyway for their own purposes. "And then I came along. Omega, nearly killed their mother during birth but they seemed to love bear all of them. Sherlock was a beta, though a high one, and I'm sure part of Mycroft hated him gateway being opened. "Our father had very set ideas for an alpha, beta, omega. Mycroft had to "Its, he's not… I understand why it all happened, s'not anyone's pit of piled wrongs and horrors. whatever Q did in his brother but all he could find was Stockholm's Syndrome and a bottomless shout so much, never had to hold himself back from such levels of distress. He wanted to see breathing harshly. The alpha's nerves were strained and fraying. He'd never heard Q so angry, "Then why the hell do you put up with him?" "I hate him for what he did!" Q shouted, slamming his fist into the wall again, tears in his eyes. into the wall before bringing his head to rest there with a harsh thud. "Jesus, Q-" beneath the shirt and cardigan sleeves. Q shook himself free with a snarl and slammed his hand the omega down. In a strangled heartbeat James was beside him, relieving Dr. Darcy of his worried attempts to calm conversation they could and I was running away long before I ever did it for real… I just don't calming, though it was in sorrow, not relaxation. "They ripped each other apart in every...
leaving. I'm not sure how soon I'll be back after antenatal leave. James' face contorted a little as he tried to eat knives because Q was coding and James had put him into interrogation for child neglect. He couldn't help but feel like a nervous wreck. What was he getting himself into? What was he thinking!

James had no idea. Which was faintly unnerving. He disagreed. He was able to find some kind of deception there, but he could spot none. Whether that was because it was in fact genuine, or if he was simply a whole new level of deceitful, he wasn't sure. It was professional pride that allowed James to read people so well, and he was sure he should be able to spot at least one kind of deception. James had no idea. Which was faintly unnerving. He disagreed. He was able to find some kind of deception there, but he could spot none. Whether that was because it was in fact genuine, or if he was simply a whole new level of deceitful, he wasn't sure. It was professional pride that allowed James to read people so well, and he was sure he should be able to spot at least one kind of deception.

He seemed… curious.

Well, that was something of a relief, at least. Or it would be once he started accepting and allowing himself to be radiated, not only by a need to hear his own voice. The man sighed.

"Wrong, you can never have enough cheese," James rolled his eyes, and put some Parma ham he disagreed. He was able to find some kind of deception there, but he could spot none. Whether that was because it was in fact genuine, or if he was simply a whole new level of deceitful, he wasn't sure. It was professional pride that allowed James to read people so well, and he was sure he should be able to spot at least one kind of deception.

"No, not till next week. At least I haven't met Sherlock's 'partner' yet either. He can't quite pull an incredulous laughter. "Alright, bring it on." He growled out with a vicious smile at the challenge.

"Ready for act two?" The slight slumping and paling of James' form did nothing to inspire Q's laughter.

"My pleasure, gorgeous."

"No, that was perfect… just perfect." He rolled his body flush against James' muscled form. Q's chuckle.

"Can we go home now?" James wrapped arms around him, and lent back against the car, pulling a little breath. Mycroft pushed off and headed towards his car, waving his umbrella in farewell.

"I shall be sending you more suitable food than what you usually consume, got to keep your little gasp of surprise and recognition. The move was very familial. Mycroft's arms closed around his pause he turned his head to nuzzle their cheeks together, nudging the alpha's head and hearing a little breath of uneasy laughter made Q loosen a little. "I can… try harder, Star. Just let me keep close a little, please." One hand slipped unsurely back to let Mycroft pull him close into a hug, umbrella digging into his back slightly.

"And if we're going to have dinner, we need to have something to eat."

"Yes, quite right." Because it wouldn't do to lose the pretence of face in public. Q sighed again, straighter and nodded.

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"Yes, quite right." Because it wouldn't do to lose the pretence of face in public. Q sighed again, straighter and nodded.

"No, that was perfect… just perfect." He rolled his body flush against James' muscled form. Q's chuckle. Would you like me to sum up the key points discussed in this text?
The end of the last chapter has come. I can’t believe how fast this has all gone! I have loved writing these two together and I am so looking forward to seeing where this story takes them next. I wish I could say it was going to be a short break! lol

As for the chapter end notes, I am thinking of keeping them all but you can also suggest me if there is anything you feel I should add or remove. The next chapter will be up in a few days, although there may be a delay due to work and life is probably going to get busy. I will keep you guys updated on my progress. As always, LOVE YOU ALL! You are all wonderful and I hugely appreciate your comments and Kudos n_n

I am posting this chapter in the morning of the 22nd July, so you have time to read it and comment before I have to leave for work. (I have to run to work, so I’ll try not to ramble!)
It was amazing the amount of mortification that could be smothered by cheesecake. Mycroft always did let go and eat how he wanted, and pastries whilst chatting about his woes, Q's health, housing, and some not so subtle hints of his current crush in the form of a very attractive, but married, movie star. “You're quite welcome.”

Mycroft's car pulled up and the door opened to him from the inside. He was somewhat surprised as he didn't think Q was actually going to let him in. “Hello dear brother.” Q hadn't expected him either and he jumped. He had been torturing himself. And all because now that he was pregnant, people couldn't seem to stop speaking of him as a baby anymore. “I ache, feel tired, need to consume copious amounts of cheese to sustain my growing life form….” He tried to imagine the viscerally pained look on James, M, and everyone else's awkward faces if they had heard him say that. “I think I've found what you should wear to the office Christmas party…” Tanner's voice was very bright and cheeky as he held up a pair of formal-ish trousers that stopped pretending to be trousers at the crotch and instead looked like shorts. “What sort of sizing even is this?” Q demanded of Tanner in a blind sort of horrified outrage as he held up another pair of what was obviously pyjama bottoms. “Alright then.” Q smiled and stood to gather his stuff as Tanner did the same. "Neither do I." Q took a moment to evaluate the miserable pair they made right now. Really, if this wasn't a somewhat crucial mission, he'd never have let himself get into this mess. Tanner had just brought the clothing to his attention. Good thing it was now a mission. "I can promise company, if not a good taste in activities." Tanner scrunched up his face, clearly trying to decide how long he could hold off on the question. It was a tight game. If he got Q into the car, he probably wouldn't get him out again. If Q didn't get into the car, he'd probably end up getting kidnapped. Q's answer was clear. "I will be there, thank you." It was an obscenely comfy combo. Hopefully the former. They grabbed take away from a nearby Chinese and went their separate ways, worry glazed over Q's eyes. It wasn't too proud to resist being manipulated into eating one of his favorite treats. The heat was unreal compared to England, even if it was summer back at home. Bond stalked the new culture, the buildings, the scenery, the people. The alpha was enjoying it so much that he was almost wishing that he hadn't been sent there. He had missed his training, the embassy with 008, the ensuing threat level increase, his training of the new recruits, or Q and his research. All the while, the omega was trying to survive the roads or fall apart trying. Hopefully the former. Eve commandeered a vehicle, her money combing over the evidence of the blatant language the men had been speaking, and the men themselves were trying to dissuade her. But it was no use. She was determined. From there on, it was anarchy. They arrived at the pay point ten minutes later with barely enough cash to pay. Q held up a pair of formal-ish trousers that stopped pretending to be trousers at the crotch and instead looked like shorts. "What sort of sizing even is this?" Q demanded of Tanner in a blind sort of horrified outrage as he held up another pair of what was obviously pyjama bottoms. "Alright then." Q smiled and stood to gather his stuff as Tanner did the same. "Neither do I." 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What Q didn't know was that the omega had been watching him for a while, and was planning to exact revenge on the alpha's behalf. It was a plot, a plan, and a dream. They had been brewing for the entire time since the alpha had been sent to form this group. It was an obsession. They had even been called their "muse" on occasion, as the omega had been quite upset with the alpha's disappearance. If the alpha had been able to figure out their plan, they might have been able to stop it. But the omega was too close, too close for the alpha to figure it out, too close for them to find out, too close for all of them to stop it. The omega was planning to take revenge on the alpha's behalf, and they were going to do it no matter what. They were going to exact the revenge that the alpha deserved. They were going to exact the worst form of torture. They were going to take revenge on the alpha for not coming back when they said they would. It was a plot, a plan, and a dream.
Dammit, I've got tastes I can't control...

-“Q!” M's voice insisted. “Emergence is present. Origin unknown. I need to know if you are involved. Answer me! Q!”

-“SHUT UP!”

-“Q! M is ordering a-”

-“Q get out now-”

-“Give me room to drive woman! Q get the hell out of here, you are NOT listening to me die-”

-“Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck-”

-“Several guns, unknown number of assailants-”

-“-Emergency protocol X661. 007 has the cash and under heavy assault and pursuit in hostile city is too blocked now to get out of. Either way you're sitting ducks-”

-“We need directions! Assistance! We can't get off this bloody island without help or by obeying clearance into his branch and tear down the hall.

-“JAMES!”

-“Moneypenny was screaming and catching at him, at the wheel. It took him moments-”

-“Yeah, yeah. I get it. That's why I'm actually trying to drive in good, non-confrontational conditions, isn't it? Their mission report, Double oh Seven, Moneypenny!”

-“And immediately on arrival, M orderedalice was under the barrage of questions.“Where are they? How did they get in? Is there some kind of security breach?”

-“Aside from the very real dangers of being taken out by another car, there was a potential danger for the MI6 agents. If another car had hit them, they would have been left with nothing but a damaged car and no way to escape. However, if they could reach their destination first, they would have a chance to escape.

-“Mycroft was feeling quite chipper and was more than happy to listen to his brother's woes from -00Q00-...
alpha smoking up into the sky. leave Alec out there in the rain. Slowly he opened the door and stepped out enough to see the
at him as if he didn't expect a reply, hadn't just upturned all of Q's childhood beliefs. Without
quartermaster weak, trembling, unable to cope. And no one forgave omegas of weakness. The
his breath.
asked, though probably not far, but at least he would. Quite frankly, Q just didn't know anymore
pushed any thoughts of cleaning up to the back of his mind, other than pulling his sleeve down to
"Never, Q." All steel and promise. Q squeezed his eyes shut to the hot splash of tears and
practical. Of course Alec wasn't here in an official capacity but he still had to go to work with the
that he couldn't tell from resistance or plea. The man's voice was endlessly gentle yet calm,
revealed he was in a state less than in control, but he hoped that the man would understand.
rather you didn't see me like this, to be honest." The statement was a little humiliating, because it
"Don't you dare." Q managed, though his voice was still quiet and low, wobbly. "I'm fine… He
frenetic with worry. Panic gripped Q at the thought of being seen like this yet
"Q? Q! James sent me over to check on you, said shit had hit the fan with M… Damn it smells
Whether he was truly as weak as everyone seemed to think he was, as weak as he felt right now…
his arm in frustration at feeling pathetic. God he had been so scared of loosing James that he
helping would have killed Q? Did his own mate think Q was as weak and unable to cope as all

An hour later Q had confirmed James and Eve's trailing flight plan throughout Asia and Europe.
their complete conviction of themselves… something he had sworn never to do again after Silva.
Q knew M was giving them both a way out from this. The alpha would take better care of his

"Thank you Q. Your trust wont be misplaced. You've been so very good." He made some noise
into a sitting position against the desk.
M didn't waste time, which was a small blessing and a large kindness.
run over. He felt terribly vulnerable.
encouragement. He was still panting and blinking tears from his eyes, shaking. It was like being
suddenly his only grounding support and way out of his own frayed emotions. The faintest noise
Eventually, he couldn't cope with maintaining defiance. Q could feel the moment his brain
involved. He felt sick and exhausted and lashed with the solid weight of his previous panic. He
Q sobbed, once, and tension melted from his frame till he collapsed onto the floor sideways. M
Gradually his thoughts spun out, what had he done? Could he have handled it differently? Would
any one to

"The main issue here is trust, obedience, loyalty-"
"As is your ability to soundly function! But no, you don't believe just how compromised you
"I trusted you to be able to do your damn job within reasonable limitations! Now you're acting as
"Then why are you letting me?"
"Of course I was compromised!" Q hurled out breathlessly, starting to pant and shake at the stress
was because you weren't compromised."
"Regardless of the success of your plan you directly rebelled against orders and don't pretend it
attempt.
"I think faster than you and you know it, just because nobody could keep up doesn't mean I'm

"Lies." Q gulped, tension radiating down his frame as he leant back further. "You
"There wasn't any damn time for that!" M stormed forward and Q backed hurriedly into the desk
otherwise.
"The quartermaster of MI6 is allowed to make a judgment call if he believes the situation isn't
appropriately in fitting situations and by trusted individuals.
individuals in serious enough situations, and isn't very common anymore, being a
It is a form of discipline that should (ideally) only to be used by responsible
unward. That aside, if you find this in any way unpleasant or upsetting please take
that what happens in the context of this story is in no way considered illegal, or even
WARNING:
In story notes:
Ahem. Over now, so sorry, had to get that off my chest ;D
“Alec,” Surprised eyes turned to him. “You can come in, if you want.” The man grinned, and stubbed out his cigarette.

“Always.”

Q led the way back up to the flat in silence, feet dragging with fatigue, closing the door behind 006 and locking it listlessly. Amidst all his inner fog of chaos, there was only one thing he could think with any clarity;

“Of course you double ohs are human.” The impression otherwise was just agonizing.

“You wouldn’t believe how few people truly think that… It’s nice to have someone at our back who thinks we are, thinks we matter, and deserve to come home.” Silent morosity weighed the air for long moments. Q didn’t attempt to meet the man’s gaze. After a while he gestured around loosely

“Make yourself at home… I’m going to be… nesting.” He admitted. Alec offered a smile-grin that seemed happy at the very thought rather than patronizing.

“Can I join you?” Q looked up sharply in surprise, and the alpha shrugged somewhat sheepishly.

“I haven’t denned in ages.” Flushing a bit, but easily hearing the hidden hope in the agent’s tone, Q nodded and indicated the closet where he kept all the spare bedding.

An hour later, he and Alec were having a minor domestic about blanket over cushions or cushions over blanket. Twenty minutes past that they decided on blanket-cushion-blanket as compromise. Ten minutes later Q was struggling to breathe as Alec mercilessly tickled him, whilst allowing Q to play-bite against his tackles.

Not long after that he was asleep.

When Q woke, he was in the middle of a wonderfully soft cocoon of padding and heat, tucked up and under James’ old navy jumper beneath a blanket. Alec was gone except for a posit note on the table that read:

- Cheers Q. Got hungry. Only cheese in fridge. Took the black cushion. Alec. -

Q couldn’t help but snort. As packs go, this one wasn’t too bad, really.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so, I’m sure this will spark some controversy *hides from pitchforks*, and I’m happy to explain anything to anyone who feels uncomfortable, if that would help...or, just feel free to rant at me! I hope no one was upset, and that it wasn’t too dark or anger-mongering (though I understand if it was!). It was quite hard to get that scene across as something that, though severe, would not be unheard of in extreme circumstances, and was not intended in any way as cruelty... best way I can ‘rationalise’ this is that, as its A/B/O, some pack mentalities are inherent nature- e.g. dogs regularly mount each other to assert a dominant pack position, the more submissive individual is not hurt by this. Of course its very different, hence the stress of it, and maybe not good as an example... oh god I can’t stop talking now! *is worried*

Phew, sorry, had to get that out! ...So, I should finish the next chapter today and will hopefully put it up tomorrow, but I couldn’t manage with the whole thing in one go, please forgive me for that n_n’ I cut it into Q and Bond’s POV’s instead.

Once this segment is over, we should be back on normal pregnancy, Holmes, stuff (Woo!) for a while (*nervous laughter* until my brain attacks me again! *more nervous laughter*)

And I PROMISE not long till Sherly... I swear this time! ;D

Anyway, I really hope you all enjoyed. I know this is really getting kind of long (with no signs of stopping), but I hope that its in a good way! I love Alec, and so, yeah, I couldn’t resist following my drama injection with a course of broad-spectrum fluff n_n

Thank you so so so soooo much for reading and commenting and kudosing! *MILLIONS of hugs.

Millions.* :D

P.S. I’m well aware these notes are ridonkulously long. It’s a failing. I hope you can forgive me for loving to chatter! ;3
"It's happened before to me." Q shrugged, James shoved a second gun away roughly and spun "This wasn't appropriate-"

horizontal stretches that were vaguely cat like before curling up again, arms and hands into him, acting as something of a pillow for the alpha's injured side to lean on. One of James'
to sniff enough to ascertain his sleeping-scent next door. It hurt a bit, but wasn't so surprising, that busy himself with something finicky, hands shaking. James would follow Q from one room to the Everything was still a little fraught and distressing for the both of them. Q was still raw from the "Did he? No wonder he's always been asking to spend the night, he's probably been trying to get gaze at the wall in memory.

"Alec said pretty much the same thing, actually." Q admitted, and by the tone in his voice tension to be, not to me." Q shut his eyes, huffed a bit of self-ridiculing laughter for a breath, and brought Mycroft's words rang in James' ears,
tense in apprehension of Q's rejection of his feelings.

wouldn't try to excuse me from further pain?" He shouted the words out through a strangle, James. "By not trusting me, by not letting me even attempt to help you!" The words turned to sobs to happen, how could I? I tried to get back quickly, sent over Alec to make sure you were okay, Mycroft piped up again before releasing the car locks. "I believe that my brother is truly besotted

None." They traded stares for a moment.

God what he must have been like to grow up with…

his most emotive or necessary of actions were dealt in absolutes. I wouldn't have expected you to on the surface of his mind. Absolute was an apt way to describe Q's methods of work in the most know my brother's signature when I see it."

No one could quite pin point who had attacked the island so thoroughly yet compassionately. I nothing away in a truly disconcerting way. "I was called into the office not a half hour after Eve was in much the same boat.

injured.

enough as it was.

digging for questions on Q's family and upbringing. James didn't even want to start poking at that contact him as a friend and loyalist of both himself and Q. In that moment there had been no

Most worryingly, Alec had been actually concerned himself, especially with Q's biting habits, ways. He knew that the whole situation must have been appalling for the omega to hear, and that in reach with anger and anxiety; he knew just how much Q hated having his ability to do his job while away their extravagant travel time getting home.

Arm that he hoped Q would trace over in due time. Those eloquent and clever fingers absently would be an impressive new tapestry of scars stretching from waist to armpit and down his right given the severity of everything, James was not surprised to see a black-tinted windowed car to By his mate using considerable skill and backbone to salvage a swiftly downhill mission… But he give you this update as soon and long as it happened. I feel like I turned my poor little baby of a story turned into a monster! D:
"You have your own damn apartment to fill with your hazard mongering. instead of some monster child creation. and tracing the same techniques he was now. For the first time, he visualized their little Blasty, guns at Christmas. James' laughter rumbled behind him as Q's whole body heated and relaxed into some sort of exclusive club, was the singularly warmest way he'd ever heard the way

"Don't worry, it's just an omega thing." The way Alec said it, as if James was being introduced fingertips.

James slid into the nest beside him as Alec withdrew a little, Q managed to curl into the clamp of arms enough to grab vaguely in the direction of his mate's amused voice with a demanding sound.

had gone by, Q was nearly asleep and utterly relaxed. He didn't fully register the door opening "My parents used to do this for each other." Alec commented by way of explanation. "I'll make

"Guess I'm just full of surprises." Q hummed a little with a smile and turned back to staring at the "You come out with the most surprising things." Q commented, frowning a little. Alec grinned

Really, Q thought he'd come out rather well… frustration biting and general lack of ability to disregard for personal safety. Mycroft had eating issues, control issues, was serially alone and had

能力 to visualize it more than half-heartedly. He missed James.

mentally as well as physically.

considering the stress of the situation and Q's state, acting without the presence of an alpha to look his condition, and I don't believe there wouldn't be strongly maintained distrust between the two would not have solved the issue that Q seems determined to maintain his workload no matter what

"…Given the situation, suspension would have been more fitting as a lesser punishment, though it hasn't become any easier now." Tanner looked a bit undecided for a moment. "Truth is, no one risk leaving MI6 undefended in the case of his absence was not a decision taken lightly, and it

"Permission to be honest without you attempting to break my neck?" The agent grinned in small mistakes and poor planning by taking the heat. At least the man was prepared to step up to that, walk to Interrogation and Conditioning. Twenty-four hours. Q wouldn't have survived with any extended leave, were they not so integral.

the most ironically sentimental position in the entirety of MI6, they should have both been put on duties in the goal of weaning Q branch off him and allowing him more rest, and that… M paused

should anything occur… It would be easier to fire you both, if you two weren't so bloody

Mycroft keeps sneaking his way in, he's very good at that. He despised

if the regret rose in his sleepless looking eyes. "I understand there's no compensation I can rightly

being pinned. He was suitably appalled by my actions." M shook his head as if he still couldn't

agent fully.

clear his mind a little of rage.

"No. They're from Q?" He asked, voice low and lethal. M's expression was shadowed, dull but not

light switch, intent on aiming his first punch directly to M's head in a blow to send him to the wait no more than ten minutes before M's scent entered the room and Bond prepared to flick the

light at the infrequently used pet name. He kissed Q once more, knelt awkwardly to gently push

"Alright darling." He conceded, stroking James' chest briefly. The alpha's heart lit up like a fog

"Can't we just do that now? And forget this happened?" Q wasn't making eye contact, and James

atrocious movies together whilst I do my best impression of an octopus stuck to your side." Q

mouth, eyelids, forehead, ears, jaw, Q whined and grappled his way into the contact.

the festering rage deeply in James' chest, the conviction in his mind. He ducked to kiss Q on the Not when Q was pregnant. Not when Q was hurting. Not when Q was Q.

small flash of near hysterical laughter. James was glad that Q was still showing signs of humor show to Q when he was like this, had no chance to calm his alpha down.

"This is why. It shouldn't have happened when I wasn't there for you anyway, and to make you

back to Q, whose eyes widened fractionally in surprise.

"Nothing." James frowned at the conditioned submission, gut twisting in fret.

"I've got you," He murmured to the bump, and rose once again to kiss a slightly dazed and

light at the infrequently used pet name. He kissed Q once more, knelt awkwardly to gently push

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beta an imperious look. "Social formalities." He grumbled. John huffed and Mrs. Hudson crossed her arms. There was a downturn of lips.

"Yes. Both of us, if you want." John pulled a moderately pleased consideration, nodding with a his phone for the last few texts in a way no one had seen since the days of Moriarty.

The phone beeped for one final time, Sherlock's mouth twisting into his satisfied smile of a game won.

But then, Q wouldn't necessarily be Q either…

"You, you're family… don't take this the wrong way but-"

"And the pagan tramp?" Q snickered and curled all his limbs around James' body like a limpet, propping himself up enough with one elbow on the sofa arm after that, unless it involved chemistry… James? He sighed into Q's shoulder, trying to articulate his laughing words. "Turned out the smoke was hallucinogenic, we both got high as a kite and the our house whilst I helped him re-enact and document the ritual…" Q paused to breathe through his alpha's hair.

"Sherlock is brilliant, but he is somewhat deranged, only as much as the rest of us, Mycroft and pulling them impossibly close." Q hummed, eyes flickering in debate for a moment, curious smirk to his question. "The fire of 89?" Q hummed, eyes flickering in debate for a moment. He had already considered rounding off all the edges of their furniture, but knew he couldn't do it with a small yelp of surprise, half entertained and half remembering Alec's words when Q

"How many weeks?" Her voice was a tad wistful, and Q wondered for the first time why she believe in gravity until he was fifteen if he didn't wait. Tuesday did, however, mark the start of his twelfth week of pregnancy, Blasty's bone marrow

Alec had stared at Q's stomach in wonder for a moment, causing him to blush a little but almost

Blasty had now breached 6.5 cm, which was something of a milestone, as was every centimeter.

DIVISION 2013. IN Q WE TRUST.
“Oh come on, it’s hardly any worse than ‘Mycroft’.”

“…Fair point.”

Saturday loomed with the dual overhang of tension, and relief at the visible end of said tension. Q was sure, for both he and James, that the first meeting would be the one to dread most. It hadn’t helped that Q had had a slight upswing in pup sickness for the last two days, striking again in the night. James had been lovely, and helped talk him through it, but Q was so sick of the nausea by now that he thought he could throttle something.

Then there was the dizziness too. Apparently this was entirely normal and to do with blood vessels and blood sugar, but it still caused significant frustration.

Whilst waiting for James to finish in the bathroom before they left for the lunchtime meeting in 221 Baker Street, Q came over all dizzy moving to look at Blasty’s chart.

The swamping wave of light-headedness left him weak-legged and stumbling back to the sofa where he collapsed gently. Remembering techniques from facing similar problems after sleepless coding sessions, Q bent double till his head was between his knees, breathed slowly and waited for the feeling to pass.

“You alright?” James murmured, hand coming to stroke his back as the man slid next to Q. He nodded, reaching out a hand to grip his mate’s knee. The dizziness faded fairly swiftly, and he sat up slowly, glad when nothing started to spin.

“I’m fine, dizziness is common around this time.” James nodded, though his eyes never left Q’s, trained to detect deceit in any sense. The omega smiled and patted James’ knee before standing slowly, finding himself fine this time.

“Come on, a few hours, and we can get back here and fill in today’s slot.” Really, the joy they had both started to take from updating their pup’s growth was surprising, but it was a pleasant and calming little routine that they had both come to love. Every day felt like another huge little achievement at the moment. The only problem was that growth wasn’t only in one direction anymore, which made it harder to track. Q had had to do some serious re-calculations on Tuesday, discovering that average growth per week for the next few weeks, length-wise, was about 1.5 cm, which was about 2 millimeters per day.

As of last night, Blasty had taken 7.5, which was quite an impressive length. Q made things smaller than that by hand for his agents. It was a length clearly visible to the naked eye, and maybe even with Q’s appalling vision.

Q rubbed his belly happily, caught James watching him with a ridiculously charmingly amused and fond smile, and huffed through one of his own.

“Come on.” James swept him into a kiss that left him dizzy in all the right ways, and murmured into his ear.

“If you want to get out, at any point, just say ‘beached whale’, and we’ll disappear.” Q chuckled, absurdly pleased with the idea of having their own secret code to keep sane.

“And if you want to get out say ‘moon cow’ and we’ll be gone.” James pulled back to grin at him, and Q managed to fight down his nerves at the thought of meeting his most erratic sibling… introducing the man to his mate… announcing point-blank that he was pregnant.

“You sure we can’t drive?” James complained playfully.

“Nowhere to park, and I’d rather not have to shoot someone for scratching the paintwork.” Q grimaced as James turned and got the door open, wrapping one arm around Q as they moved out.

“If Sherlock’s anything like I remember to live with, you just wait until we see the fridge.” James turned to look at Q quizzically as they descended the stairs.

“Again, why are we meeting them there?”

“Sherlock said that John seemed to think it would be an offering, and would be ‘grateful’ if we could not upset the apple cart of his mind.”

“…Ah.”

“Quite. Completely besotted.”

“I meant insane.”

“Oh, well yes that too, but it somewhat goes without saying…” Q glanced over at James’ frown of thought at the conversation. “Don’t worry, you’ll understand soon.”

James simply pulled him closer in way of saying ‘that’s what worries me’. Q found it harder to squash down the nerves this time, but was at least somewhat pacified by the knowledge that John Watson would be there too, and therefore James would have someone ‘normal’ to talk to. Q could deal with Sherlock. Hopefully. At least his brother had met James’ scent, and probably read all there was to know about him from their flat, and they had seen each other not so many years ago… That had to count for something, right?

In lieu of his pregnancy though, who could really tell?

Chapter End Notes

NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE THE ONE!!!!

Ahem, yes! Snuck a little Sherlock in here, purposefully left the POV ambiguous as I don't plan to write from the view of anyone other than 00Q very much.

Anyway hope you liked! Next chapter comes with the promise of their meeting (I'm excited! xD its taken so long!)

Thank you all for your wonderful time spent in comments, You're all very inspirational for my writing n_n

Hope you enjoy and thanks for reading!

P.S. Meant to do notes here on some of the info for pairings and the like in this particular A/B/O verse, but given time constraints today I will either do it later or next chapter :3 adios for now mi amigos!
“Good on you mate.” James huffed an amused laugh at the angle-less pat on the back. Sometimes, before nodding with a vaguely impressed expression.

“Holmes.”

“Oh, I don’t know, the Blind Banker was right up my alley.” John swallowed a bit, but didn’t to your profession.” James’ smile was a little feral.

“They ended up in the kitchen, Mrs. Hudson waving them in there to help rather than get in the picturing shards going everywhere. John let out a surprised noise and hurried to help as well.

“He wanted Q to be comfortable and happy, his family was clearly important to Q in their own least when he wasn’t at home with Q. He remembered what Q had alluded to about Mycroft’s

“Quite.” Sherlock glowered at them, still stroking Q’s hair, and James half wanted to rip his hands “Unique?” James guessed, trying hard to keep his words on the pleasant side of civil.

“starved way of life back from their handshake right at the

“Omliquillitas.” Sherlock supplied.

“Should have an alarm system.”

James was silently laughing, Q could feel it. Mrs. Hudson sighed wistfully, “If only he had your

It was hard to connect all the elements when what he read in front of him was obviously brotherly

“Here we are dears.” Q’s heart thudded in a mixture of nerves and excitement, Mrs. Hudson

Worked magic on his self-touch-starved way of life back from their handshake right at the

To be honest it was more than a little bit of a comfort. Q was observant, true, but he noticed wires

Within their own home, and he didn’t expect the man to feel at ease in such a new environment.

It had taken a good half-year for James to relax in Q’s flat, even now always constantly aware

First meeting with Mycroft. As they ascended winding stairs, walls plastered with dated and overly

“ Aster,” Q felt himself trip forwards a little, drawn in to the

“Here we are dears.” Q’s heart thudded in a mixture of nerves and excitement, Mrs. Hudson

work on his self-touch-starved way of life back from their handshake right at the

James was silently laughing, Q could feel it. Mrs. Hudson sighed wistfully, “If only he had your

She did smell supremely excited, and like Sherlock. An itch gripped his skin at the scent, a kind of

child omega there had been—and still was—a certain type to enjoy fawning over him. He did so

failing… His lips twitched a little in nerves…

“Should have an alarm system.”

“Tea makes me nauseous.” He looked around the stunned British faces other than James’ slightly

just dizzy.” Q waved his hand vaguely in dismissal of his near collapse, hoping it might make up

“Tea makes me nauseous.” He looked around the stunned British faces other than James’ slightly

“Tea makes me nauseous.” He looked around the stunned British faces other than James’ slightly

Tea makes me nauseous, and not quite able to stop. Sher locked out, head still lolling a little, desperately hoping that James wouldn’t react violently enough

for his slightly breathless voice.

 Growling from Bond and shouting from Watson was in the room and Q stumbled on buckling

found himself pushed back and off-balance with his arm stinging in a Chinese-burn kind of way.

“You utter pillock!” Sherlock started forwards and Q’s mind short-circuited into: attack-stupid-

understood that Q didn’t see any of this as a genuine threat, merely dramatics.

“You got my innocent little brother pregnant!” Q huffed and cleared his throat with slightly

screaming.” Q felt himself trip forwards a little, drawn in to the

“Should have an alarm system.”

muttering from Bond and shouting from Watson was in the room and Q stumbled on buckling

found himself pushed back and off-balance with his arm stinging in a Chinese-burn kind of way.

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“You got my innocent little brother pregnant!” Q huffed and cleared his throat with slightly

"Should have an alarm system."
the wire regardless of the outcome, Q owed him that much.

with everything. And James more than deserved the chance to hear what had his mate snared in

"I know, but I think I need to." James nodded and held him tight enough to calm him down, and

for nothing less than a kiss on the cheek from both him and James, and Q hurried out of the flat.

chuffed. John was shooting him a quizzical glance and then jerking his head at the younger omega

under his skin.

he gets over his commitment issues.

"You're not the same person anymore Q, you did what you felt you had to do at the time, you

head to spin a little, and he got the impression that if Sherlock didn't say this at the speed he

"Q?" He sucked in some breaths till he thought he could speak without squeaking.

"What wasn't obvious was either guessed or slipped out. He's clever enough-"

hysterical, near silent in the bathroom.

Q squeezed his eyes shut and hated that Sherlock had always read him like a book, knew there

anyway." Q's fists clenched, and he wished he'd never come here, why had he come here?

knowingly.

abandonment as much as a small part of him admitted it was true.

mindlessly scared teenager he had been. The omega was about to open his mouth to apologise and

had been back then. But when yet another fight would cause Q to have yet another break down

really didn't expect him to, and knew he really wouldn't believe it if Sherlock did.

Sherlock was watching his tired melancholy calculatingly. "Don't worry, I don't expect you to say

in my bed and acted like I still mattered for the first time since I was fifteen.

When you came to my house

Maybe the truth was that he did miss both of his brothers, but would rather not have them at all

Q hadn't quite been able to compartmentalise it.

really expected an answer.

"After what happened, and coming back, are you happy?" Sherlock said nothing, and Q hadn't

programmed into his phone." Q groaned and resisted the urge to bang his head. James squeezed

last day of heat." Q's face burned and he glared at Sherlock as James and Mrs. Hudson tried not to

"Four days." Q corrected as he slid in next to James and opposite his brother.

"It's fine, nothing I'm not used to, besides, it's a pleasure to meet you too. You took me quite by

vaguely back to the floor "Sorry about all…that." John raised and waved a hand to stop him,

was clearly delighted.

John Watson came over after a while to help Q off the floor, since Sherlock seemed unwilling to

Slow laughter overtook Q gradually and he let his limbs splay over the floor in final relaxation. Of

"Bit of an overbearing bastard isn't he." James grinned and John returned it, leaning in a little

strangely relaxing.

it was nice to meet someone with similar upbringing, someone without the foibles of MI6… It was

"Sherlock, how could you?"

up, as did John's and Mrs. Hudson's at the same time, the three speaking simultaneously.

"Can't believe you didn't tell me sooner, I missed valuable time to collect data." Q's head snapped

profusely.

"That was… It was well done."

We can help you with that.

Non-finite perspectives are possible.

"What are you doing here anyway?"

Sherlock interrupted, drawing Q's gaze back with the tight lines on his face. Was he

The beta raised his hands in mocking resignation and sullenly begun to cut into his chicken fillet.

Together, the two of them were an impossibly well-suited duo.

"You're not the same person anymore Q, you did what you felt you had to do at the time, you

"That was… It was well done."
The scruffing incident, much to Mycroft's chagrin.

I was going to cut this in half before it got moody but as I'm on a little holiday next week (Scotland here I come baby!) I thought I'd give you all a nice long present to tide over to next weekend.

Thanks for reading, and I hope you enjoyed n_n
okay, you do what you need,” Q soothed, blinking with an exhaustedly sad smile. “I’m going to…"

“Maybe, probably…” Q moved away incrementally and James seized his hand tighter before the snare; noose tightening with every struggle.

“You were young Q.” James suggested, strained voice a plea and offering all at once. It was the through.

“Overall, he became better. Q’s new work carried him away. He could be a different person around these people, and submit, and slowly, slowly integrated himself back into the introverted side of society.

“Where my results came through; anger is highly rare. Q’s frustration knew no escape, was eating him up inside, bad biting habits where he just couldn’t feel nothing anymore.

“Where his mind wasn’t in the same room as him. Q’s weak attempts as a child apparently didn’t count for much.

“Two young-ish, conditioned men, attempting to care for a younger brother whilst hideously sobbed the words out, unable to separate himself from the memory of anguish, frustration and where he just couldn’t feel nothing anymore.

“Hormones… If not handled correctly, or with pre-existing conditions, they can suffer physical and release, some place where I didn’t have to hide what I was good at. Slowly, there were even situations at all costs.

“Conducted, resorted back to heavy drugs.

“Q knew Sherlock was put on lock down only because his brother was secluded to Q’s room so

“Middle Holmes seemed to do things in a peculiar pattern.

“Mycroft handled him brusquely and told him that he had to try harder, Q could never rationalise

“Poke something sharp that needed care and sanding over… If his heart hurt when Sherlock

“Machinery was going to be incomprehensible. Q knew that technology had problems that were

“He was too young to understand from his brothers and parents.

“A bolthole here or a nook there were escapes into another world free from confusing emotions that

“More often than not, Q hid to play with anything he wanted to tinker with, and soon just hid.

“Some place where I didn’t have to hide what I was good at. Slowly, there were even situations at all costs.

“Conducted, resorted back to heavy drugs.

“One set pre-arranged as fake, I finally felt control, calm… It was unmatchable.” Q’s eyes drifted
effort that consumed all the nervous energy momentarily. The moment my results came through;

“Make sure he was eating and sleeping on time. Sherlock wasn’t allowed to leave; Mycroft was

“Relatively peaceful demise. Q had cried, Mycroft hadn’t spoken for once in his life, Sherlock had

“Had helped that conditioning along a bit too much.

“Q knew Sherlock was put on lock down only because his brother was secluded to Q’s room so

“Middle Holmes seemed to do things in a peculiar pattern.

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“One set pre-arranged as fake, I finally felt control, calm… It was unmatchable.” Q’s eyes drifted

laugh. James pulled him in and Q smooshed their faces together in messy affection that made the alpha smile… There seemed to be a large pressure lifted from his body and mind. Gone now that James be mad and lying if I said I didn't love this too.”

“I know it might seem unbearable, and I'm not sure I wont act out again like I did with both of that had led them here, trying to understand his mate's frame of mind. Q sighed and shook his extent, my work and you and my family, they're all connected now more than they ever were.

“It's a lot to take in, I know, but please, I got myself better, I don't dissociate anymore, not to that behaviour. Q was hardly the only one here who'd experienced torment, James had lived through this to get in the way because we can't talk about it.” James took his face again, stroking over his James instead, first quickly, then deeper. “Please, just ask, if there's anything you want to know you, you know… that's all thanks to you.” The sliver of hope was back in his mate's eyes, and Q

and James sellotaping him back together better than before.

“This pregnancy, it hasn't been easy on you, I don't like you hurting.” Q closed his eyes and took

mustard.

him. The alpha spent Sunday being almost religiously attentive to his omega, to the point where

-00Q00-

Content and full, with James snugged deep inside and firmly knotted together Q drifted off to

nearly still thrust toppled Q over the edge, feeling the spurt deep inside him and gasping through
deliciously between sleep and orgasm. James shuddered and tightened his hold, breath washing
in

The fill was exquisite and Q squirmed on it happily before nudging back into James. Together

bodies that they were both teetering on the edge of pleasured delirium. Q rolled quickly onto his

hitch of breath and contraction of fingers that James managed to keep inside him, closing his lips

hold his belly, massaging gently. The hold did things for Q and his legs slowly shifted, toes

view and also more access to his own fingers. James' hand stopped stroking to simply cup and

“Christ.”

against James' clear interest and found one of his own hands automatically heading south to tease

sleeping.

With the scent of his alpha almost enhanced in the enclosed area, and the warm-solid feel of

-00Q00-

Their flat was dark, and it struck James that they'd need somewhere new before next year. Q was

nothing more than to have Q in his arms.

It was crushing, and to hear about someone he loved with every fiber of his being going through

brother correctly. Neither did he want to beat Sherlock, who had sounded torn over his

Bond spent an hour and a half drinking in a bar a decent walk from home. Both the motion and

pair of them.

with a pile of cascading pillows… all of Q's nesting bedding clearly all but upended around the

was awake. Q shifted and uncurled himself, mildly surprised to be in the middle of the bed with

annoyed ruckus. James was usually a sound sleeper unless having a nightmare; but right now he

he rolled onto his side and snuggled into the blankets to sleep. He came round not minutes later to

-00Q00-

Now he got to be pleasantly surprised as James relished the constructive challenge of a safe-

if it deserved to die a slow and painful death for hampering his plans. "It's harder than it looks."
"What?" Q barked, clearly just as blindsided as James. Any further inquiry was halted by the will be delivered any moment now."

"My dear James, please do not insult my intelligence. Pregnancy suits can still be bespoke. I a bespoke should be arriving for him imminently. You may manage to dress respectably but professionalism.

two ago.

minutes and top to tail the house. It was distinctly lacking in cleanliness when I visited a week or

"No doubt you do."

with his youngest brother's slovenly habits.

work.

decided new R sitting at it. There was the sound of munching and occasional comments whilst Q watching their boss standing and leaning back against a perch-worthy desk that had his finally

"Shh love, no swearing in front of the baby." Q stuck his tongue out, and James reached out

"So, second trimester?" James finalized, Q rolled his eyes with an emphatic nod. 

steic technicians was all he needed to know. "Ruddy excellent." He commented vaguely,

had sent over last night in handy portable containers.

for houses." Q sighed and leant back a bit into James to look around too, hands tracing the

Work on Friday had rolled around with another despised bout of vomiting. Q had been feeling

"We'll take them somewhere new." James encouraged. "I'll miss it too, I claimed you here." His

contours of the counter.

To keep up. He had brought absolutely no books on child care, largely due to fear at what he would find, and

was a bit concerned about quite how quickly things seemed to be progressing.

the first trimester ended and he could welcome the second. By all accounts and references the

while longer yet." James had laughed and kissed his stomach, a truly endearing trait that never

incredible to both him and James.

His chest was still sore. Male omegas didn't swell and produce as much milk as females, but they

was hardly the point.

wow Q with. He wasn't used to being defeated by bedding.

The thought was rather comforting, and as James curled Q to him on Monday night, he stroked

family's important, just show 'em whose boss and always side with Q." Alec

omega's office. But Q was relaxed and free of the weight he'd been carrying since Mycroft rang

he was coping.

The agent also recognized that not once in any episode had Q tried to dissociate from him.

Rather than worry, it set James guidelines, markers. He knew what it took to push Q towards

Alec who had picked up quicker more than James had maybe wanted to.

it beyond fatigue, but now it made sense.

It was hard to imagine Q as anything other than happy and healthy; it hurt to. But he could

Yet, he remembered easily Q's voice realizing that integrating the facets of his life was necessary.

rang through on his mate's phone: heralding Mycroft, he had to suppress a shudder.

notes
“You’re recalcitrant.” James just grinned.

“Shant.”

“Please stop encouraging that word.”

“Try not to make Mummy faint on the way home.”

to himself as he straightened. James escorted him calmly in the direction of medical, privately

“Tomorrow things will start getting better, just one more day, I can manage one day.” Q muttered

“Come on, home.” James commanded, and slowly eased Q to his feet, thankful that he did little

gently.

“But you’re doing it so beautifully, falling over all over the place and forgetting to eat.” Q swatted

“Thank you. Why the hell does this have to be so damn hard?” James helped him sit up but

Q groaned and clung onto James.

Sub fixed and mission back under way. Considering I’ve never talked someone through welding

Back in Q branch, the attitude was notably calmer, though they all seemed to be hovering to see

the second trimester and have an easier time of it.

James was glad that he could just take Q straight home… possibly after a sojourn to medical.

good forty five minutes working out arduously before he got a call from R. Eyeing the time; 6:13,

Deciding that working off some steam was in order, James ventured down to the gym and spent a

He was nothing if not a professional agent. He could control himself.

would endanger 001. Who was a friend…

injured Q for long enough would eventually cause him to snap and do something reckless that

James eventually gestured to R to call him. It didn’t suit him, but he knew staying around an

the image of Q lying on the floor, head propped and laptop resting just above where his bump

outside the glass office and leaving R in there to watch whilst he controlled his breathing.

he smelt healthy. James had to force himself to turn around and leave, commandeering a desk

of his blue cardigan was damaged around the elbow. Nothing indicated harm to the stomach, and

There was a bruise on his head, not extensive and the skin had only broken slightly, and the fabric

that his mate had

Q could give.

respective of the fact that 001 was in a tough situation and needed the support that apparently only

Now he was torn between having to trust R; who he didn’t when it came to Q’s health, and being

wasn’t a complete idiot when it came to double oh wrath.

James was alerted to the situation by R, who explained that Q had gotten dizzy and ‘had a fall’,

-00Q00-

“Then no.”

“Would I lie to you Q?”

resting on the mattress kept in his office and interrupted as he remotely surveyed the damage.

“Q!”

needed.

R followed the first command, and took the other one literally by standing by Q. 001’s stats

ground level.” R, clearly feeling out of his depth, simply complied with the order, handing over

“Do I look like I’m in a position to care? Get me the laptop. It isn’t that difficult to work from

dazedly up at the ceiling.

There was a shout from R and a sharp crack of pain and Q was on the floor on his back, blinking

“Sir, double oh one’s on the line, submarine he’s working on has been hit, he’s requesting help in

workforce. Swiftly he dumped the bin bag in general disposal and returned to his desk. No sooner

the next set of exploding pens he made for James, and then proceeded to clear up his bin.

“Some people.” Q murmured disbelievingly, grateful beneath it all. He left a note to cut Alec into

whistling.

nothing happened.

and patient whilst Q took five minutes to gag into a bin beneath his desk before carrying on as if

Monday had gone incredibly frustratingly. Q had had to send Alec off to Mongolia, of all places,

and had gotten pup sick in the middle of the meeting. The alpha had been perfectly understanding

for having a pup. (house, learning things, Blasty stuff etc) and will feature quite a bit

off before details are needed xD

I do know nothing about fixing submarines...hence why Q’s calls always tend to cut

the day of the second trimester! hehe but they’re counting down till the start of easier
Chapter Notes

H0: Summer and family go together; H1: Heat waves and the Holmes book

“Err, actually, I have something I wanted to do first, if that’s okay?” John, curious and calm,
course, he adored taking care of James, but they were usually a lot more fluid with the duties.

“Alright?” James questioned, squeezing an arm around Q’s waist. Sherlock was tapping his foot
a bit more relief from the heat, a bit of energy returning to slug like limbs.

The Taxi dropped them off at a wonderfully air-conditioned shopping centre that instantly gave Q
James’ eyes flashed to him, and Q smiled reassuringly. He didn’t miss how Sherlock’s eyes were
understand James’ unwillingness to allow that, and he didn’t resent it. All things considered his
impressed eyebrow at the description of the beta’s sniper-worthy shot. Q just watched, both
Again, he was blaming hormones, but there was a bit of him

Q somehow found himself squashed in a taxi with his mate, brother, and brother’s ‘life partner’. It
On it.

“Good god. The two of them together are like the Bloody Beta Bedlam Brigade.” James just
“Taxi then!” Chorused Sherlock, just as James was opening his mouth to suggest the Aston. “Did
pretend…

He didn’t like giving Q orders, but sometimes his alpha nature just couldn’t be denied. Luckily, Q
thirty minutes I wont be held responsible for my actions.” James gritted out, hands tightening on

“Shh.” He just needed a moment, just a moment. “If I look at your brother again within the next

“James-"

in the vice-like grip.

“I rather think I should get the measure of the man Watson.” The beta turned slightly more face

And twitched as if to go forwards and either rescue his baby or shield it’s peculiarities from judging
of the Roombas that was bumping repeatedly against the wall. Q made an odd, strangled noise

James growled a bit, but opened the door, keeping one arm latched around Q’s waist protectively

He didn’t like giving Q orders, but sometimes his alpha nature just couldn’t be denied. Luckily, Q

and not always in good ways.

and the fact that Q was vulnerable. It was

James' heart thudded painfully loud and fast. He didn’t usually let any of this out, couldn’t risk
they could push you around at age three… Our pup wouldn’t stand a chance, he’s so small Q.”

Again, he was blaming hormones, but there was a bit of him

Q. The omega paused, and seemed to spend some time gathering himself with this new

The pair managed twenty pleasant minutes until the door was hammered upon. Both alpha and
The fact that Q reached up to do the same for James was both endearing and oddly intimate.

When they withdrew the beta snapped his fingers over at the two military men.

“Where is he?” Sherlock blasted past James as if he wasn’t a master assassin. John paused politely
protect Blasty, and went to get the door.

Instead helped Q out of the bath despite the increased banging from Sherlock and chastising from
thoughtlessly, luckily having James to catch it.

The pair managed twenty pleasant minutes until the door was hammered upon. Both alpha and
The fact that Q reached up to do the same for James was both endearing and oddly intimate.

of Mycroft or Sherlock… Or…

Temple and got up.

to the breeze of the window in another doze. James, frowning, pressed a lingering kiss to his

“You’re too hot love.” Q shrugged a little and breathed out long and slowly, turning his head back

Panting chest, the sweat on his brow over closed eyes. The alpha curled a hand around the
muddling his brain James was mostly left clearing up the tattered and decimated remains of the

Q planted a smooch to James’ lips in passing, and then slipped by into the bathroom and stuck his

his forehead in damp swirls and sticking up at erratic wavy angles.

“Why is it so fucking hot?!” Q complained loudly as he burst into the flat. James had tried to insist

10 cm in length.
"Not to mention that all the magicians seem to happen to be highly trained stunt drivers. And that agents, none of whom seem to have remembered they own guns."

"That skinny kid with no weapons seems to get the one-up on an impressive amount of trained sharing the same the cinema as them."

"It must be love if you don't mind the drooling." With that remark he stood and turned to help the watch his dozing brother closely, and then James.

"Do you two mind fetching the food? I'll get our half of the bill." John hastened up, Sherlock James reached over to rouse him gently, though the omega still startled a bit, and scooted closer to response… and found him dozing, head tipping to the side and in danger of loosing his glasses.

"There you go." When he turned to hand the bags to John after 'logging out' he jumped a bit to hear, "Here, let me." He glanced around casually and then called up a menu on the screen. Within a laugh.

"Baby book shopping. Hm." John pulled a face in the background, Q's eye flexing to note the information. "Uhm, no practice." He clarified shortly, giving the doctor only a fleeting look before feeling queasy he hurriedly attempted to stuff the volume away.

"Really? You don't want to do the whole celebration thing?" Q grimaced a little. "No, no this is fine." Q finally sighed and turned around to John, straightening. He fixed a soft worry look as he flopped down into a chair.

"You're not leaving. I hope you realise that. You're going to have to come live with us. Forever."

"It's not only patriotism training these days. Though I've been known to hum God Save the Queen often worked better than a suitcase full of tricks. Sherlock looked over at him appraisingly.

"No, no this is fine." Q finally sighed and turned around to John, straightening. He fixed a soft worry look as he flopped down into a chair.

"You're not leaving. I hope you realise that. You're going to have to come live with us. Forever." Sherlock attempted to school his features back somewhere from indignation feeling that John was treating him like a weakling… Dear lord the reasonable suggestion… it all felt very military. Q didn't really appreciate the momentary surge of hormones had to stop!

"The miasma is descending yet further." Sometimes, Q put it on a bit. The weirdness drove people amused, maybe also a little scared.

"No, no this is fine." Q finally sighed and turned around to John, straightening. He fixed a soft worry look as he flopped down into a chair.

"Yes, and how do you know?"

"Mycroft pulled your file years ago, I merely looked at it."

"He's my brother, and you-"

"At home?"

"Occasionally."

"At work?"

"Mean, do you get bored."

"You get bored?" He asked, and James' eyebrow twitched. "No I'm not being roundabout I got a question, ask it. Otherwise this will become rapidly boring." He deadpanned. Something

"He's my brother, and you-"

"I imagine you're trying to get a rise out of me, I can't imagine why you feel the need. Don't give a toss why, really." Sherlock attempted to school his features back somewhere from indignation mean, do you get bored."

"I'm afraid I'm not a very good omega. I only mastered nesting when I was eighteen." It felt a bit hard to plan one in the first case which is hardly appealing." Q pulled out the suggested tome to flip through and John did the same with hormones… "And it would mean I'd have to plan one in the first case which is hardly appealing." Q pulled out the suggested tome to flip through and John did the same with information. "Uhm, no practice." He clarified shortly, giving the doctor only a fleeting look before

"Relax, if I invited you I'd have to invite Sherlock. And by extension Mycroft. And the very last thing I want to do is invite the penetrated into my bed."

"No, no I'd love to come." Q turned a teasing smile on him.

"Right." Q replied a little dumbly, but he was smiling soon nonetheless. Of course, everybody sexes and a medical degree. You would not believe the amount of showers I get invited to."

"It's not only patriotism training these days. Though I've been known to hum God Save the Queen

"You pay attention." He appraised with interest.

"Occasionally."

"At work?"

"Relax, if I invited you I'd have to invite Sherlock. And by extension Mycroft. And the very last thing I want to do is invite the penetrated into my bed."

"There's a film about magic. We can play deduction!" James looked over to Q again for a worriedly as he flopped down into a chair.

"As long as there's a seat involved, I'm not picky… wait, tell him to watch the guacamole."

"As long as there's a seat involved, I'm not picky… wait, tell him to watch the guacamole." Sometimes, Q put it on a bit. The weirdness drove people

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"As long as there's a seat involved, I'm not picky… wait, tell him to watch the guacamole." Sometimes, Q put it on a bit. The weirdness drove people
And that had felt far too close. "Well done for not panicking and for coming in." She smiled at them on their slow way out, Q thanked the doctor, and experimentally slid off the examination table. He winced a little, but as Nothing new there, but James was too relieved to feel annoyed at the repeat information. "You did the right thing by coming in, but everything appears completely normal." She began, "Just get him help." James demanded and eased Q up gently; still he winced a little in the weak snarl.

Bond nuzzled into Q's neck, the scent of his scared mate doing nothing to quell his own rising with a concerned expression. "It can't be, I can't, bending over and weak legged with a sharp stab of pain and fear. Off. I've got the extra foam…" announced one very confused sounding employee, arms full of both their audience and the scene they were making.

"No, that's not quite it. They need something real. Its not all sunshine and puppies, its often something if he wants, just curb it." a hint of desperation, "help him get it out of his system, let him sleep in a closet at home or along with Q's body when the omega bit back a small noise.

"Can you walk?" Q nodded again, looking increasingly white with fear, tight lipped. James stand on trembling legs and took hold of him calmly. "We can't feel it yet. Not even I can… But its there, it's happening…" their eyes met again, and Q hand contracted and he searched his mate's face. Green eyes met his gaze and offered a slightly belly and automatically placed one of his own there. "Twelve centimetres."

Still, since Q's due date fell in February James was considering that he'd have to stock up without his pup.
In the world I would go back to both with, and be able to feel like whatever was left of me there is.

"Your brother asks me 'Venice or Istanbul'… He doesn't understand that there's only one person!

Murmured to him softly in his sleep.

Feeling his chest full and fit to burst, James leant close, brushed Q's hair back gently as he over again.

It was amazing that after two years being happy with the same person; he could fall in love all
crushed, like childhood poisons.

A relationship, a relationship that James had never thought he would have again, let alone surpass on

It wasn't every day someone poured their heart out to you, even years into his and Q's

Apart for.

He'd given everything for.

And Q couldn't help but feel that he was unappreciated, that James had just assumed Q would follow him everywhere he went.

The park.

-F00Q00-F

Unknown. Fingers finding James' hair, Q let himself drown in the waves.

In a kiss and embrace that made Q feel as if he'd managed to break through some wall previously

imperfections." James was silent for a long moment after his words, and then slowly encased him

"Oh, is that all?" Q indulged him, and gave him another kiss.

Q couldn't think of anything to say to that, so instead ducked and kissed James on the mouth, lips

were an unknown once."

Growl from beneath him, and he gulped a little, failing to entirely compose his voice for the next

"I love you too." James replied, and squeezed him tighter. Q sighed out roughly.

"I love you." Q announced eventually in a murmur.

Now that he knew, he could stop it, or at least understand what was happening to him. Of course,

though. I realize that." James kissed his hair and settled them both back in the afternoon sun to rest

For a bit. Q let the feeling of his mate's hands and the scent of the man unwind him gradually.

Internal decision made, he took his mate home, where Q promptly, if gingerly, changed into

Three weeks before leaning back with another sigh and finally relaxing.

"Not a problem." He met Q's eyes. "Never a problem." Q shifted enough to kiss James' shoulder

head and pulled Q's hand up for a kiss.

Q was ready to beg for a lunch break.

It was still hot, and last night hadn't helped at all, but still. Three houses down their list for the day,

liked/disliked and go from there.

Both men fell into their car with sighs and sat for a moment unmoving. Wordlessly James started

...Sooo hopefully still enjoyable, and I WILL TRY to get more up sooner this time

buying houses cos I'm poor like a flea!

That... and 00Q kept wanting to fight this chapter! Omg I don't even know why but
and began ambling around the room, collecting various cushions and covers. James ignored the 

own and was thankfully on their side. He went over to their bedroom, leaning against the door and 

just how much information Mycroft had access to, and just how powerful the man really was.

knowingly at the blonde.

"Your pregnant brother—" Mycroft's small smirk and quiet laugh broke James' rising fury, and he 

"Yes."

the pavement from seemingly nowhere. James frowned a bit.

"Good to see you again James." The agent nodded and walked the alpha down to his car.

standing and extending his hand to James.

support meant more to his mate than possibly the man himself realised.

"From January I'm off, and December I'm part time."

"Fine!" Q wriggled to get out in mild annoyance but was held firm.

"Sorry, still just teasing." Mycroft raised an eyebrow.

"Men like me don't get holidays, Mr. Bond." James didn't think for a moment that was true; men

"Hm, possibly." James conceded with a thoughtful expression.

"Well, the beans are from Costa Rica, mulled gently and richly by a lovely kitchen in Vienna." Q 

then James. Both of the pair reacted favourably to the taste, but the agent only raised impressed

through import.

"You're already going to be blindsided by the sex, don't give yourselves more to chew." Mycroft

would have thought you'd be itching to get into the necessary research."

"That is hardly practical in this day and age when knowledge is at the tips of your fingers. Aster I

in the car. "What is it, four times a year?" He turned to grin at Q.

"Yes, well, we all forget some things."

"You'd probably love to have a monster." James preened a little.

"Aster, James." The alpha came over and planted himself between them to pull Q into a hug. The

was good. Q sighed but couldn't feel too annoyed today.

by the sight of Mycroft in full suit, umbrella and all.

"The best number of toes."

"It's a good number of toes."

"If I'd known how much he was going to move I'd have got a trapeze installed." James laughed.

"I bet you make a very comfortably incubator." He joked, hand massaging Q's belly gently.

"You know how I like surprises." He teased. Q grinned and kissed him. "But even if we do

Well, maybe not forever, but certainly for a while longer. James seemed to feel the same if his put-

the man went to turn off the ultra sound and handed Q a tissue to wipe off the gel. Really, he

at James. "You'd probably love to have a monster." James preened a little.

physiology, movement…soaking it up. James managed to ask some questions, they heard Blasty's

rolled right-way up again.

action. Q managed very well not making any noise or moving. In a switch of ultrasound Blasty

"Just turning to press into your stomach now." The doctor narrated Blasty's face-smooshing

alive their pup seemed now… and the ultrasound made him look a lot bigger than he was.

was almost vice-like on his own in excitement, joy, pride. Q couldn't get over just how real and

form clutching his belly in case he could feel the womb acrobatics. The tightness of his mate's

pressed upside down. "Christ you're wiggly." He had to clench James' hand to prevent himself

"And that dark spot there's the heart, one further down is the stomach…"
more than wriggle against him ineffectively. "Geek is chic at the moment."

"You do realise we're going to have to tell Alec you stopped and evacuated a train full of civys by

the book rather than blow something up, right? Your street cred might fall."

"Sorry." The word was bit out gruffly at around six, James keeping Q contained tightly in coils of

worse.

With all the things James had seen and been through, Q was never surprised by the man's need to

relishing in the health and acceptance of his mate.

"I should attach a pillow to you." The alpha muttered, some worry clear in his voice.

"I've been asking myself the same question." He admitted.

"How did I not know you were this clumsy?" James half teased as he escorted Q to the next

Maybe it just seemed worse because now he had to watch out for trips and falls.

"Awww that's just soo sweet!"

"Oh how far along are you?"

"I highly doubt it was anymore colourful than yours. When did you say you lost your virginity

"Rising damp." Was all he would say when pressed, and Q left it at that. Really, it was beginning

moment.

ever, whilst at the same time desiring his own space… It was confusing. James was silent for a

"I'll teach him Morse."

"I swear if you teach Blasty some obscure dialect of Arabian that I can't understand we'll be

"Bonjour Blastee," Q burst out laughing and held him tighter.

"Our pup should be multilingual." He nuzzled into his mate's belly.

"You alright?"

"Duly noted."

"It was nearly a month earlier in Bern." Q poked him but laughed at the tease anyway. "I want to

channel to France. What do you think?"

"Mmm, I just wanted to savour this moment." Q nuzzled into him and gradually twined his limpet

constructed a nest around him before pooling himself into the middle with the alpha.

paper and sat back, arms behind his head, watching with contentment and fond amusement as Q

limbs around the muscular form of his mate, becoming un-detachable. "My brother practically just

of the carriage… Then the ticking started.

up the platform.

The final over-ground train they had to circumnavigate to get home was thankfully slightly less

The tube back was a nightmare even though they'd 'brought a water bottle with them' as the

levels of awesome! I'm glad to have some more time now for this story, but I won't

But anyway thank you for reading and commenting and being all round pineapple

weeks or not anyway! I'm a little undecided...

what Blasty is? I may take bets ;3 I'm not sure whether they should find out in four

I've had one vote that thought 00Q are expecting a boy based on Q's symptoms, purposes x3

Now, I did some research (god forbids anyone sees my youtube watch list) for

Mycroft happened because Mycroft is officially this story's ninja. I literally never plan
Chapter Notes

H0: Instincts are blueprinted; H1: A pup in hand does not a mother make.

might burst out laughing any minute. surprise and watched the other omega walk calmly back into M's office. Eve looked as if he's exceeding my expectations."

"If left to your judgment…?"

"Very well, what is needed?"

Intrigue let Q know that his brother understood this was a no-names but trusted contact. "Hello, I need a favor if possible, second hand." Mycroft's corresponding hum of acceptance and perked ears let Q know he was on the right track. "There are a couple of favors I may ask in return. I have some old boxes that need clearing out of the house. And a walk through to see if I've missed anything."

"What does he want?" M looked up with a frown at Q's perhaps slightly unnecessarily urgent expression. "Mwa!" A bit of a plea, Q looked up at M, panicked. The man didn't return the gaze in favor of checking the list out before speaking. "Your brother wanted a kiss."

"A kiss." M informed, looking a little concerned for a moment before getting distracted by the list of errands. "Ah, sorry, his nanny calls him love, now he's decided that's the name of every omega save his mother." Q blinked at M, who was hurriedly scrawling what looked like an intense to-do list for Q. The omega's response was to nonchalantly note, "I see."

Flustered, certainly, but not angry or resentful. Q took a deep breath and sighed. "Because he's-" Mallory cut himself off sharply and took a deep breath. "He's a bit stressed out of them. They're not secure."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"N-no! No. No. No he's your pup! I'll drop him or, he'll explode!"

"No."

"Could you-"

"Yes." Whatever else, Q knew he could trust his brothers to be there when he needed them, if they made it back. Flustered, certainly, but not angry or resentful. Q took a deep breath and sighed. "I wouldn't say-"

"Forgiven. Bad blood?" He asked with clipped tones and a glance in James' direction. The alpha smiled and said, "Haven't seen your mate, the quartermaster is."

James looked at Villiers, who appeared entirely unconcerned. Tanner looked like he would allow the outward procession, shooting Bond a look before he slid back into the office and closed the door. Mallory missed the handshake with a feline smile and nodded back. "Thanks."

"I wouldn't say-"

"I have a career, thank you."

"That's good to hear."

"Thanks."

James closed his eyes and breathed out slowly, Q watching him carefully from across his office, wondering what was going on. "Bond, couldn't lend a hand for a sec could you?" The flustered nature entertained James, so with a slight nod he was off. Bond and Mallory looked at each other, and Mallory said, "Double oh seven. Still dodging bullets?"

"Just this once."

"Just this once, you say?"

James turned to face Mallory. "This time I'm not the only one who mated up." James indicated with a raised brow. Villiers, or Bond, said, "Only you Bond." James said, "Alright, I make my own rules."

"We would. If we made it at all."

"If they made it back."

"Advanced weapons training."

"We would. If they made it through their missions, if they made their 00 status, then they'd finally have some money for our cause."

"And if they make it back."

"Considering your mate, the quartermaster is."

James nodded, not disagreeing. "That's a good point."

This morning the alpha had packed up his top five trainee recruits onto their first 'double oh' style mission. James had technically asked Q to bend the rules a little, but he couldn't help it. He'd feel safer knowing they had their back up if things went wrong. As for this morning, they had an early start, thanks to Mallory. Q smiled at that, and Mycroft's put away his phone and made a mental note to post a message on the new forum about this morning's meeting. They had a lot of ways to stay in touch now, even from across the globe. (plus: on time this week! Woohoo!)
“…Do you want to stay here and decrypt the files?”
“True.”
“Exactly.”
“No.”
“…We can’t help at MI6.”
before licking apologetically. The alpha repeated the gesture with a much more grounding
“Tighten into James.”
“I don’t like when one of you are out there alone and injured. It’s not right.”
The mood sobered again and Q curled
stomach press up against his mate’s flat one. Different but calming.
before his confusion turned to dismay.
James was silent for a bit, and then sighed out with a small laugh. Q turned to him incredulously.
“Seems so stupid in the grand scheme of things.”
“Nothing. He had a request, stupid compared to…” Q flapped his hand vaguely over at the laptop.
“What about Mycroft?” James’ voice was tense and mission sharp. Q shook his head and
and stood to turn away, breathe, run a hand carefully over his escaping hair. “God I feel sick.”
By the time James returned with tea and they were sitting next to each other, Q started to feel a bit
report, medical and drug information to M. After a moment’s pause he forwarded the chemical
Q dropped the connection. He felt sick and soul destroyed. Silently he e-mailed a copy of all the
M responded solemnly to Q’s flat voice, and rang off.
They managed to stabilize him about the same time the agent stopped feeling his legs and started
better on the limited research they’d managed to conduct with four days of testing.
hailed the medical team on their way.
the report M had handed to him earlier in the week and Q covered the mic as he swore, blocked
“Yes.”
he was hailing a medical team.
“…They stuck me with something Q.”
Nothing but panting sounded over the line. Q cast James a sharp look, the alpha sitting forwards
gravely. The data transfer was finished and Q was working on an extraction team.
“Status double oh.” Q demanded, keeping his voice calm, 005 had been sounding increasingly
job stolen files.
It took four hours to get 005 out of harms way and facilitate an emergency download of the botch-
“We don’t have twenty, I need to patch you through now.”
“Snatch and grab.”
“Q, it’s double oh five, deep undercover mission in China has been blown, he’s had to make a
sprang to attention.
“James, there’s something-” The ringing of Q’s MI6 phone had him rolling his eyes as James
-00Q00-
Really, Villiers wasn’t so bad, James thought as he walked Q back to his branch.
man was grinning and chuckling a little at the tickle. Eve threw up her hands in mock exasperation
“Definitely.”
“Better to practice on somebody else’s pup first.”
“Something like that.”
“Good start.”
“My first time holding a pup.” He commented. James tugged him a little, fingertips subtly pressing
an annoyance.
“Well I wish he wouldn’t. I have an image to maintain.”
“Well, you did just soothe his pup, he’s probably feeding off your hormones as well.”
MI6.” Eve sniggered yet still managed to look attractive. James wrapped an arm around Q’s waist
“You’ve never been cheek nuzzled before?” Q absentmindedly frowned and rubbed his face.
“Umm-”
“Come on, just relax.”
“James!”
By the end of the week one mission had been completed, two were underway, Oliver was
surveillance on the five missions.
Considering that fact, Q thought James was taking it rather well, and stepped up his own
handle it on their own. Q kept his phone hooked into MI6.
Q didn’t push it. He could tell his mate was attempting to convince himself to let the recruits
get involved weren’t it for James’ request and the slip in secrecy. As it was, he saw his mate
considering James breathing over their shoulders. Q flashed up the screens, saw the deteriorating
down the branch. Communications were sounding fraught, though still just about in control…
Aware of both M having a family to spend time with and trying to not think about the request from
The day Villiers came to visit there was a small crisis.
In actuality, it wasn’t until Sunday that Q got round to telling James about Mycroft’s suggestion.
They have 3 kids: alpha Matthew, alpha Beth & omega Stuart. (I thought they’d pick
the film.
Other than that, I HAVE MADE IT TO THE NEXT STAGE OF INTERVIEW
Anyway MAJOR credit for that idea goes to the lovel-ly Thallys, I really just took
They left before M spoke.
If you enjoyed this chapter please consider leaving a review! I’d really appreciate it. It
read and shoot me your ideas. Drop a comment if you wish.
Thank you for reading, and hopefully enjoying, love you all!

same floor as Sherlock's, just round the corner and three steps up. 

and cold without the personal touch of his boltholes.

world behind him. Possibly for the last time.

years.

torch, and he briefly wondered what a history team would make of the findings in hundreds of

touch of hormones in omega blood was as delightful and fantastical as it was crude and muddled.

very appealing.

from a diabetic's kit. There was a green light just above the on switch, and an array of buttons for

disbelieving in the situation he was in. Talking to his unborn pup, sitting in the place where he'd

been making it. Or when it had been abandoned.

littered with wiring and tools, an old headlamp, a torch, what looked like the beginnings of an

into it awkwardly, legs sticking out into the stairs.

struggling Q reached one of his favourite places.

There were holes to climb through to get up to the higher floors, a series of drops to get down to

natural light.

They were frowning at him, James' considerably more ready for aggression.

"Aster, James." The two alphas shook hands before Mycroft turned to him, placed a hand on his

system. Not that he'd been into weapons as much back then.

Thus he ended in a barely dignified collapse onto the floor, an 'oof' of surprise escaping him as he

went to sit up, and for the first time couldn't manage, falling back to the couch with a surprised

"Just be glad he doesn't know this is his theme tune or we'd be testing his trigger finger." Q

-00Q00-

Q over him.

"Day off tomorrow?"

impressive movements show of muscles pulled Q onto the sofa.

"Sorry darling, you can go back to sleep." James grumbled something inarticulate and with an

Thus he ended in a barely dignified collapse onto the floor, an 'oof' of surprise escaping him as he

bend down without requiring a forklift to straighten.

Besides, if Mycroft did want him to re-wire anything, better now than when he could no longer

his side, of course.

brother would collect.

knackered, for the first time in over a week. It was a relief to put the China situation to rest. He'd

nowhere by now otherwise." Q rambled, rubbing the top of his belly. He felt relaxed, if

The walk from the station to their flat wasn't long, and was happily deserted.

Q wasn't sure he could survive the winter without his trusty parka, but was glad that Blasty got to

drugged looking individual getting over friendly or attempting to take advantage somehow.

away from it somehow.

enough. Everyone in the vicinity could see he was expecting, and more often than not Q was torn

At five months pregnant, Q was now well and truly into his maternity clothes. A fact he was

and his cupped hands couldn't even think about spanning his stomach.

Talking to Blasty had become something of a comfort, and a little whir of excitement to imagine

building headache. He looked down at his rounded stomach, stroking for a moment and then

He could almost picture Mycroft drumming his fingers.

"Careful Q." The alpha chided, some worry in his voice. Q patted James' thigh to calm the man

The angle had been a tough one to get up from, to be fair.

"Just be glad he doesn't know this is his theme tune or we'd be testing his trigger finger." Q

-00Q00-

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At five months pregnant, Q was now well and truly into his maternity clothes. A fact he was
hands and arms coming to cradle the bump as completely as he could. 

Over their drive Blasty moved around for another stretch, and into the evening back at home. 

restrained squeak and fidget. It was the strangest thing. James looked up at him, chin propped on skin anyway. 

"Oh my god,"

too much. Q's hands pressed to his stomach desperately, but couldn't feel the only internal

"James stop!" Clearly panicked by his sudden exclamation James pulled a truly impressive feat of some food. James helped himself to a coffee and they got back on the road. 

They drove silently for a while, stopped at a service station when Q needed a toilet break and the memory, and the two brothers waved at each other briefly before James swung the car round

There was the faintest of incredulous laughing smiles from Mycroft, combined with a grimace at

"Bring the photo albums with you!" Q called, leaning through the open window as James

could see everything that went unsaid in that sentence whip through Mycroft's eyes. 

"Not quite." Hands in pockets Mycroft sniffed and looked back at their family home.

"Why call us up in the first place?" James queried curiously. "Unless you wanted Q to try and

and leant against the driver's side of the Aston. 

The closeness he'd always craved. 

Maybe he'd been the biggest fool of them all, but it barely mattered, now that he could have this. 

Creating a new life had given him his family back. 

Eventually he sat, somewhat glad that he and James hadn't shagged on his childhood bed. 

until he was done crying, felt nothing terrible. 

begun to fall properly and drew with it less surprising, more everyday memories; eating, running,

him back down into numbness. Tears tripped from his eyes and his breaths hitched, but as the rain

their similarities in deduction. 

Q supposed he'd known it all along really. That Mycroft hadn't lifted a finger to help their heart

"Are you back with me?"

shadow blue eyes. 

"Shh love, shh," Q gasped back and saw his white knuckles, released them painfully to instead

Carrying pups… that would probably be the only thing his father would be proud of. Certainly 

wouldn't understand his job and oh, god what if he'd tried to hurt James or Blasty or-

Q remembered the sound of him choking, thrashing, buried his face into James' chest and 

clutched at his shirt. 

Q knew the concept away. But it seemed the floodgates of curiosity had opened somewhere. 

Q wondered what his child-self would think if he had known this moment. Would he have been 

chest, feeling his heart beat. 

James' muscular body and delighted in squeezing and stroking strong limbs, finally pressing to his 

Crossing to the panes of glass he looked over the misty, rain could-covered countryside in deep 

The house feels dead. 

Q thought as he
“Let’s wake your mother up shall we?”

Around.

“Hello there little one,” was it his imagination or did the rumbling shift? “The name’s Bond, Ja-”

This was his baby. This was their baby. One lively pup growing indisputably in his mate’s womb.

“Oh my god.” James whispered, and bent his head closer, pressing his face against Q’s belly till

He was content with the arrangements, when something made him stir out of the pleasant dose,

Scent of Q and knowledge of both his mate and baby’s health was unbelievably soothing.

Effect was intensely calming, and made it easy to murmur to the swelling growth if he woke

“…Good point. We’ll think about it.” James grinned and squeezed Q a little, fingertips stroking

“Will we.”

Register him as a non-threat user but no access.” Q considered the idea for all of seconds.

“Because its effective.”

“I suggest electrocution.”

“The fence along the back wall has a gate to a path that leads to the park…”

Through the decently big garden.

“…And sniper rifles.” Q remarked off-handed. James grinned and led the way to the door, rapping

Window surrounds. There was a basement, attic and two floors in between.

It hadn’t been comfortable to be there, especially when Q had broken down in a near panic attack

Mycroft Holmes had so carefully covered up and restored… in fact there was nothing personal at

Relatively calm, and no one they knew was in any danger –immediate or otherwise… All in all it

His recruits had been processed and were awaiting another round of missions, Q branch was

Relaxed about this next set of missions, although the omega didn’t imagine that would last. But at

Showed promise, but he had no idea which ones would make the cut. James was slightly more

The 00 recruits were heading out on their deciding missions next week; they’d either be stepped

Food. Then bed.” Q grunted in acquiescence and begun automatically pulling foods and pans

Kitchen.

On regardless. James’ hands closed on his shoulders and gently steered him around towards the

For however many hours, and they tramped back into their flat together.

If that.

Good mood and pup-parent bonding weren’t the only things that had changed in Q. House

A small, bright, open room with a bed set in the backwall, with room for chairs, and the bathroom was fitted already with a large bath and separate also

Maintaining a light pressure. They were going up stairs, and the alpha had become paranoid.

Learned to obey his omega’s snap-decisions to leave rather than facing the wrath of a moody and

Much better.

Forwards with a snarl and sent the other alpha squeaking and hurrying upstairs with a vaguely

The deal with their house was settled in one go thanks to being to high in MI6, although the paper

Celebratory dinner at an outstanding restaurant with a month-long waiting list. Of course, James

“We’ll take it.”

That. The agent just beamed.

There was room for chairs, and the bathroom was fitted already with a large bath and separate also

The bed opposite the door, one side facing the large bay window and the other the bathroom.

He hadn’t even thought of where they’d put the baby when it was still, well, a baby. “There’s

“You want to be able to see all the clashing shades of your cardigans at once?” He asked,

At some early time Q would wake, long before he normally would, and in a soft tone greet Blasty

Ritual.

Time talking to Blasty whilst Q relaxed on the sofa with ice cream and watched the telly.

As excited. His hands were on Q whenever the quartermaster was within arm range, slept with one

Blasty moved randomly and frequently, and Q seemed to take each ‘rumble’ as a dose of

Wrote letters to his family of Jamaica.

At the back a huge amount of light poured in from patio doors and some steps led up to a paved

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For however many hours, and they tramped back into their flat together.

If that.
With the tension sufficiently removed, the betas could begin to explain their visit. "Do you just throw these things together in the hope that you'll sound cool?" He criticised, quartermaster and the man's brother, giving Q his back. "Don't test my mate." James and Q's eyes met after they spoke the words in unison, and the agent than ever. Pregnancy suits you, Aster dear." Q didn't drop his stance at the first hint of retreat from "If this 'business' of yours is to take place within the two-meter radius of my mate's body, you can too for that matter, and stepped forwards in front of his mate pointedly.

The detective appeared a mix of impressed and amused by his younger brother. Point, with a good enough vantage point to see Sherlock's expression. Rather than angry, the padded sofa and lay winded. John swore and lurched to Sherlock's aid as Q knelt over the fallen alpha settled with entirely fake calm on an armchair. John apologetically took the other corner of

There was a moment of silence before Sherlock pulled back with a sharp manner Sherlock had. There was a moment of silence before Sherlock pulled back with a sharp for Q to be anything other than civil to them. "You're entirely too much like Mummy." "Sherlock-" "Such compliments are for the weak of mind-" who omitted another 'ooow!' of whiny complaint. "Isn't that right Sherlock?" "I'm sorry, we're sorry, you look amazing, actually." John inputted, elbowing Sherlock again, leave soon?"

"He's not going to go demented on me I would smell it… And besides he is huge." The last bit remember what I said? 'Nice and flattering, remember the hormones!" John spoke the last part he'll probably already know, and I can't lie to him." Noting the use of 'can't' rather than 'wont' in

"I think we can keep it to ourselves a bit longer." James grinned. "Although, I should warn you, Asty… you're huge." Q raised an eyebrow in a distinctly unimpressed fashion as John elbowed their pleasantly slovenly day was interrupted at precisely half past three by a burst of tune from Their pleasantly slovenly day was interrupted at precisely half past three by a burst of tune from the door opened. Luckily, Q seemed to have a saint-like understanding that this was just one of thing, but Q let him carry on good naturedly, only pushing the agent away and holding ground

He fidgets like you." Q teased back. "God I hope he doesn't get your kick." James

"He works out like you." Q teased back. "God I hope he doesn't get your kick." James

"He works out like you." Q teased back. "God I hope he doesn't get your kick." James

"He fidgets like you."

The omega couldn't manage words after that, and instead drank in the image of James' joy-struck face and whisper-quiet cooing words. The omega couldn't manage words after that, and instead drank in the image of James' joy-struck face and whisper-quiet cooing words.

"You realise I'm not letting you go now." James stated as he nuzzled into Q's belly, still stroking his mate had the most wonderful smile on his face. "I can feel, Q, Blasty!" The words took a moment to clock through his not-awake brain before he gasped and opened his eyes, hands finding James' head and neck, stroking down to his shoulders

"Darling what's-"

He bent over to kiss the short blonde hair. "Come on, wake up Q," He blinked and flailed hands onto James' shoulders when strong arms

"Whas goin on?" He managed in a slurred whisper, voice gritty with sleep. He coughed to clear hands and smacked himself in the face trying to rub his eyes. -00Q00-
doctor mounted his own bike under James' impatient and forceful gaze, looking sick but ready.

"We'll catch them."

There was a new figure staring down at him, dragging him sitting fast enough to make him blackout. He automatically gasped, choked on water, struggled with an instinctual fit of survival and tried to pull himself upwards. Q's brother dived sideways and grabbed his arm tightly.

The bridge was being shut down but the bike was gaining on them. Q could barely breathe as they reached the escape ladder. He felt like he was falling down a dark tunnel, his phone cracked in his hands and breath loud in his ears.

The truth in the words was like a punch to the gut, and Q forced himself up, over the railing after Sherlock's weight dragged him down through the gravity of air. He knew Q's position now, new to a horrible situation he would be focused only on forwards, on getting Q.

There was a hand on his belly carefully and stroking through his skin as his brother wheeled them around corners and through alleys and eventually up a fire-escape ladder.

Gun.

That wasn't helping Q.

The bridge-lights were still off and they'd made their escape. James had commandeered the freed bicycle. John was cursing 'bloody hell' behind him and was halfway through his new and improved plan when Sherlock had come.

"Moran will make a move, cover the street-"

"Transport them out of the house then we can take them down."

"No, now!"

"Get down!" Sherlock called and pulled Q back to the floor as bullets came from a new, lower position. Q's breath left him in a gasp, not letting go as the brother flinched back behind the dustbins.

"Get Six!" Q bellowed back as the two brothers both flinched back behind the dustbins and pushing him forwards towards more cover, back towards the door and James.

"Memo to self: don't speak to Mrs. Hudson about getting six."

He heard James curse before more shots rang out and Sherlock was nearly on top of him. Q thought he heard James curse before more shots rang out and Sherlock was nearly on top of him.

"Too many street-battles for my taste."

Q was fiddling with the collar of his coat outside, standing next to Sherlock, who was gazing out across the Thames.

"I want to go in." Sherlock said, his voice cold and hard. Q knew the alpha worked to his best intentions. James was no slacker himself, no matter what Alec would say. Q felt the truth in the words as he looked up at Sherlock. He was a best dancer James had seen, and once he lost his reservations there was a snappish fluidity that catched Q by the throat.

"Works for me." He muttered against James' lips, breath warm and eyes glinting with cheeky satisfaction. Q felt the urge to hit him, but his brother was right. They were two against one.

"This is the plan."

"My round." John instantly protested.

"Only if you two actually look like you're happy too, otherwise you'll stick out like sore thumbs."

"Good work. You're a credit to the family, in my book."

"We're not a family!"

"Not when you don't follow through." Sherlock retorted.

"You went back and wasted a fortune on that drink when you could have made a move!"

"Of course, I had a game to finish." The alpha remarked lightly with a smile, causing John to shake his head.

Sherlock then took a sip before saying, "I heard you were the two who skirted around the two betas."

"We were dilution factors," James replied.

"Exactly." Sherlock breathed, thankful of their apparently swift uptake. "This is a couples bar, me and my brother aren't exactly the type to have a good time here."

"Well I-"

"Not when you don't follow through."

"We were trying to-"

"His opposite would be "athletic"."

"Of course, I had a game to finish." The alpha remarked lightly with a smile, causing John to shake his head."

Sherlock was staring at his brother and his opposite in deep thought. Q couldn't help but think of the two beta’s plan to get them involved.

"Any more drinks? My round." John instantly protested.

"That can't affect you."

"You can't be sure."

"Sure can be sure."

"Well I-"

"Not when you don't follow through."

"As long as-"

"How the hell would I know if you're lying?"

"You're not."

"Yes you are."

"No you're not."

The pair of them just sat there, staring at each other and drinking.

"Method of communication?"

"You were playing up the angle of being a social fluidity?"

"Well I-"

"I'm not sure."

"I'm sure."

"I think you're sure."

"I think you're sure."

"I think you're sure."

"I think you're sure."

The two of them just sat there, staring at each other and drinking.
hurt a foetus.

there were no hits to directly there, but James had no idea how little general bodily abuse it took to

James sat on the other bench and shook down to his core, unable to tear his eyes away from his

before he mounted into the ambulance and watched Q with horrified fixation.

He didn't know the extent of Q's injuries, but he'd lost quite a bit of blood from his wrists and his

They ran into the MI6 medical team in two minutes and James swiftly got out and barked them

before he could comprehend the likelihood of their pup's fate. John helped load Sherlock in, who

curses and terror and struck up a smart pace to the car.

“Okay, okay, I've got it Q, I'm getting you out now, just stay with me. That's good.”

They were right, of course, and James should have grabbed it at first anyway, but it meant moving

Sherlock rasped, barely standing against John, who was looking on with medical frantic.

“Come on, Sherlock, Sherlock stay with me—” James checked the man's eyes and pulse quickly,

exhausted the energy seemed burned from inside out, leaving him raw and vulnerable to death's

face draining rapidly of all colour and eyes rolling to James' deliriously, feeble wriggling

him as he shivered. “You won't believe me unless you hear it!” Q managed in a half-shouted rush,

“Noo!” Q sobbed and jerked in his arms, dissolving into weak tears, sweat breaking out all over

right now in the slightest, turning for the door and seeing John drag Sherlock upright.

“I know you didn't.” James hurried to assure, though he knew no such thing. He couldn't care

The sight was terrible. He needed to get Q out. The alpha slowly lifted Q into his arms.

“They're dead. No need for proof.”

“It's alright—”

“I've got you, we're getting out of here.” Q clutched his hand.

Once at the side, he had a clear line, and the struggles of John and Sherlock became audible,

He longed to sink teeth into the man, but couldn't tell if he was armed and needed to get him away

behind was barely recognised as the beta dragged up his staggering fellow and stumbled after the

Heart thudding James didn't wait for a response, John's 'like hell' remark and call to wait from

stand spending the time here to wait for the two betas, civilians or not.

professionalism. This man hadn't tried so hard to break Sherlock's body; therefore Moran must

He would be fine, thank god. At least by James' standards.

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“Come on, Sherlock, Sherlock stay with me—” James checked the man's eyes and pulse quickly,
Chapter Notes

H0: External facts are Bond's to give; H1: Internal facts are Q's to trust.

...and anything else he could think of, begging both unresponsive bodies to be okay.

...cracking and breaking down onto Q's belly for half an hour, uttering assurances of love and health.

Rumbles' heartbeat. The doctors had left and James had been unable to control himself from...

"I know you're tired pup, but your mum really needs you to move, can you do that for him?"

He wouldn't lose Q. That much James knew he'd fight for. But until then, God he could barely...

...with desperate attention each time the doctors conducted an ultrasound to monitor their pup. James alone in this hell of a world.

...James couldn't say he'd do any different. But to them it would be just another statistic.

...although it had been 20 weeks, four and a half months, the doctors wouldn't think twice about...

...They'd even had to cuff him the first two days, given how bad he would shake and thrash at first.

...Tomorrow Q would be 20 weeks pregnant; half way there, and instead of glowing and having a...

...the words didn't make him feel better.

..."He'll get better." John kept saying, determined and sure. James was glad the man was here, but...

...absolutely nothing for their pup and just about as little for Q.

...be there for Q, and he would be, but it was agonising to watch Q suffer and be unable even to...

...comfort him, and he was so worried that he was hardly a calming presence. All he could do was...

...Worse, James couldn't even blame him for it. He had been ready to shoot himself to save Q, but...

...been deathly afraid of this.

...of his mind with terror for his pup. It was unsurpassable cruelty. And James couldn't be sure that...

...Torture. Q had escaped this far in his MI6 career without it, and to have it happen now, whilst he...

...agonising him for the last three days.

...He felt utterly useless. Q had been hurt nearly under his very nose, and the 'what ifs' had been...

...James sat with his hand over his mouth, unable to tear his eyes away from Q's pallid complexion, ...

...the words didn't make him feel better.

..."Eve wants to see you too, I've been putting her off, you're meant to be on limited visitors as it is ...

...John only half seemed to accept the hint, the hand left his shoulder but contact met his arm instead.

..."Q?" It was surprise at hearing John Watson's voice more than anything that made Q focus, ...

...There was a hand sliding under his face and tilting him to meet his mate's near terrified blue eyes.

..."Love? How are you feeling?" Q took a small breath, tried to catalogue his body, but couldn't...

...He was on his side still, pale blue and white obstacles met his gaze: pillows and wall. James' ...

..."Q?" James sounded so wrecked that Q forced himself to open his eyes. He could do that. He...

...Depression, dissociative state. The words tripped through his mind in morbid familiarity.

...all the walls would come crashing down around him.

...at his mate's neck, letting the slightly unsteady smell coax him to unstable sleep.

...further, still clutching to James and nudging his nose forwards until he could catch the strong scent...

..."He's fine, your brother's fine. John's with him." With a long sigh of half relief Q slumped back...

...with the stress.

...into his skin.

...trembled. "You were both stressed, and you're on some pretty strong pain killers. Safe ones. You...

...kissing his face between shaking words, reassuring him, and Q clung and shook as his mind ...

..."I'm sorry, I'm sorry, you've been out for two days, the doctors kept saying it, I just, It's been ...

...slip and reached to hold Q's head and coax him back onto his side, apologising.

...alerted nurses to the bedside as Q fought James' arms desperately, lightheaded and struck mad...

...heart.

...Terrified screaming woke him up, thrashing, only the pain in his throat let him know it was his...

...Something was missing. Q looked down and saw a gaping hole in his stomach, blood and guts...

..."wuh?"

..."Shh, don't try to move love. You need to rest." Q tried to ask 'why?' but it sounded more like ...

...managed to move a bare few millimetres over the pillow instead.

...pounding if movement was attempted. His head was stuffed with cotton and pressed half into a ...

...and still for me, you can do that right?" Q was scared, mostly because James sounded worried. A...

...so relaxing. But he didn't know what he was doing here, it wasn't his bed, he couldn't move. Q's...

...'wuh?'

...managed to move a bare few millimetres over the pillow instead.

...and wrong. Mercifully black...

...his mind ran away from it…

...familiar voices, or odd moments of pressure. His body didn't respond and he couldn't open his...

...and shouting and something...
And wasn't this the same as last time? When he'd been in the MI6 explosion and briefly flickered into his field of vision and pushed into Q's hair, brushing it out of his eyes. Q closed tried to ignore it while he hid the worst of his depression and cried. to give this a try, to think he could manage something like this. 
teeth clenched, his body shaking. This was agony; surely he couldn't survive through this? God he'd killed his own child! so vibrantly could be silent so completely, and yet still apparently healthy?

They ate something, James wasn't sure what, it tasted of nothing, and seeing their innocent flat the detached and head into morose.

"Hello Aster." 

"Take a drink. unscrewed it and pushed it into James' hands. 

"Rumbles eh? Christ you're domestic… So your pup's moving?" Alec turned to James, and his 

"For which one of them?" James asked in an exhausted and strained tone. "They're living off each increasingly leaden with fatigue, and he still had to deal with Mycroft.

"All four it is. Might be tricky with my hands full." 

"Drink, smoke, punch or hug? How do you want to start this thing?" James had to fight the urge 

a bottle of vodka and some drooping flowers in one hand that looked more like weeds, and a pack 

A knock heralded Alec, who must be taking Q into consideration, because when has the man ever 

and attitude.

"Which means he'll have someone there with him. Come on James, have you even showered?" James didn't know whether he wanted to punch Alec or break into hysterics. But he knew the 

"Just get strong again, please." 

He growled. 

James took a slow drink of Q's water, and wished for something 

He'd given James the straight facts, explained what Q had gone through and what needed to 

lost composure in front of the man, as he was one of the first familiar faces allowed in to see Q. 

"Just for a minute, then we'll talk. It's important." 

"Just for a minute?" Holmes was pushing the door open, but not stepping in.

Instead he brushed Q's drooping hair out the way, able to stroke it back slightly to kiss his hairline 

Q was still comatose on the bed when Alec took back the bottle and pocketed it, picking up the 

"Give me a minute?" His fellow agent shrugged and took the seat beside Q. James turned and 

Holmes was pushing the door open, but not stepping in.

"What's gonna happen, I'm going to give you a choice. Either I can come over now, and do 

"You're telling me you're any better."

"Belted abuse or hung up. With Alec he laughed hollowly.

And he did, haltingly, his voice turning from an emotive growl into a feeble choke and eventually 

"Just get strong again, please." 

"James! Just got back and the whole place is a mess like a morgue. Tell me you're alright." 

He didn't realise he'd been sitting there for an hour until his buzzing phone alerted him to the time. 

"Believe in the future, you're telling yourself you're any better." 

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lost composure in front of the man, as he was one of the first familiar faces allowed in to see Q. 

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He didn't realise he'd been sitting there for an hour until his buzzing phone alerted him to the time. 

"Believe in the future, you're telling yourself you're any better."
But maybe that was enough. Maybe Q could manage to keep hanging on as well. That was all Q could see it as.

even, though still heavier than he'd ever felt with muted life, but Blasty was hanging in there. But, not gone, maybe damaged, maybe scarred, but their pup was still inside him. He wasn't helplessly nervously scared.

still trying to blanket him from the shock and horror, he still felt vulnerable and powerless and point of collapse or ready to cry at an instant. His hormones were still out of control, his brain was stressed to the point of exhaustion from the factory memories. Didn't stop him feeling tired to the motion…

There were none of the acrobatic twists he remembered. But, there was movement. Very slight, Q's eyes scanned frantically over the image, feeling too many things to focus on just one.

his last ultrasound, and the pup was bigger, a bit fatter, and longer in the limbs… Breathing hard,

There was Blasty, on his back, Q could recognise the shifting beats of the little black heart from fearing what it meant.

"Should be able to, aha! Picture." Despite himself, when silence reigned, Q opened his eyes, heart rate beeping a bit faster, Q gasped and tensed at the sound, starting to shake.

Slightly slower than what Q was used to, though not by much. Eyes pinched shut and his own clicked something, and the familiar warped sound of heartbeat filled the room.

"It's harder to focus in living bodies." The beta continued regardless. "Hmm, lets try this-" He pair of them and burst into insane hysterics.

clearing his throat pointedly at the mention of death and Q fought down both the need to bite the "You sure you can work this machine?" Mycroft asked dubiously.

reclining beside Q.

held still and panting a little as Sherlock pulled the monitor close enough to fiddle with whilst still escape the ministrations, petrified of what he would see. He was shushed firmly on both sides and proceeding to lean back and press a wand over the gel under Q's belly button.

"Ngh" Q leaned his head back and tried to ignore whatever unhinged scheme they were planning until it Trapped and miserable Q's elbows fought them both briefly before he was soundly shushed and squish onto the bed as well.

Mycroft stopped him by simply sitting on the bed next to him, forcing him to roll into the alpha to tried slapping them away tiredly, wanting to roll over.

"Easy Star." Mycroft soothed, and pulled a blanket over Q's legs before easing away the flimsy hospital gown to over his stomach. He didn't like whatever stupid game they were playing and "Aster, are you gone?" Slowly his eyes tracked over, up the arm on his shoulder and towards until he became aware that the movement and conversation had stilled and stopped, some time ago, and someone's hand was squeezing gently on his shoulder.

Until he became aware that the movement and conversation had stilled and stopped, some time swirling data miasmas and then not much of anything.

blanking out to protect him, focusing instead on the white noise of rain. His opening eyes ignored drugs to keep him upright and doing his job.

concussed in the hospital, in a fair amount of bodily pain before the doctors pumped him full of "Come on Aster, carefully now." Mycroft's hands were shifting him and Q had to gasp at a flare of pain from his back. Another set of hands caught and helped from the other side, moving him up a reminder of pain.

"Hmm, might work." Commented the alpha, and Q felt himself being gently freed of the blankets an attempt to role the other way, only to get blocked by Sherlock as he somehow managed to attempted to role the other way, only to get blocked by Sherlock as he somehow managed to...
Not only would James not judge him or label him for this, but practically all the double oh's had tried to keep from breaking down.

"Okay, okay I know." James assured, and clambered over the wall until he could sit next to Q. "What about my work?" Q managed, voice clipped if edged with stress. "It's all been handled. Back up is on it."

The doctors said that if you're feeling up to it, I could help you into the bathroom and they can appreciate the blunt honesty Q nodded and took a sharp breath.

"Okay, but slowly?" James nodded, and kissed his head. "I meant to ask this morning, do you think you'd like to wash?" James looked so earnestly. He was vaguely aware of his mate's movements and scent. And if James asked him something, he would answer. It was incredibly vulnerable and apparently tentative given the mood swings of the last few days. He was even recuperating, Q realized. He could keep himself together. "I'll respond to you. I can hear you, I haven't blocked you out… I don't know how responsive I can be-"

"To me Blasty feels like a lot of rumbling, it just sort of slipped out." Q's eyes closed slowly and then he watched him, eyes flicking to James, then끄 감지는 향기가 향기어울림에 들어오지 않았다. "Rumbles?" James huffed an uneasy laugh, and felt a shot of terror that Q might react badly to the tension, let James know he had caught his mate by surprise. "Anyway, I want to stay here until you're better. You're critical, my love."

"Is it safe?"

"I don't know what else to do." The words were forced out as Q watched him, eyes flicking from James to the wall. His mate was speaking his thoughts, not just making sense. "You're not so much safe as unprotected."

"I know something that it had taken Q a while to get comfortable with without pinpoint vision, moved to the shower area separated by some low wall with a big gap and plenty of railings, there was a drain, and seeing them not quite the colour he remembered."

"Okay."

"Okay, but slowly?" James nodded, and kissed his head. "I can help you with that." Q frowned, fingers detaching you, but if you prefer than I can bring some warm water in here."

"Okay." James smiled in something like relief, and that alone made the dangerous trip towards peace.

"I'll respond to you. I can hear you, I haven't blocked you out… I don't know how responsive I can be-"

"I just, it's what I need to do to survive. If I'm too… present, then I'll panic, and I won't cope, and I won't-"

"Okay, but slowly?" James nodded, and kissed his head. "I can help you with that." Q frowned, fingers detaching you, but if you prefer than I can bring some warm water in here."

"Okay." James smiled in something like relief, and that alone made the dangerous trip towards peace.
this pregnancy it was how much more pack-like everything had felt. "I have people," Q managed finally, and the doctor smiled. What Q was going through without the omega having to say a word. Whether or not he acted on it that he hadn't looked too closely at Sherlock's recovery given his single-minded need to obsess a lot simpler. Then there was Eve and R. R to hold down the branch with the other one-time 'R alpha wanted to take any, which Q thought he probably would. M could basically make his life a lot easier and informative for both parents if they can be given the facts in private." "Like you did with me." James confirmed, remembering the solace he'd found in the man's steady commentary up for Q.

"He could be unsure of his situation, confused, or maybe not wanting to worry you, or absolutely terrified that there would be even less movement than before, or that the doctor would suddenly go quiet, or that he would reveal complications. Of course these are too slight for you to feel, but your pup is still moving constantly, growing, healthy. Still gaining weight. But no matter what, you can always feel the fetal heart beat, it's a pregnancy anchor. It's the only calm detachment and low-energy responses.

"You're both here, it can be useful to assess an individual's health without the influence of their mate present, although you two are closer to each other than anyone else, he may appreciate the some much-needed confirmation, he's no doubt in a delicate state of mind right now. And though you're both here, it can be useful to assess an individual's health without the influence of their mate present, although you two are closer to each other than anyone else, he may appreciate the some much-needed confirmation, he's no doubt in a delicate state of mind right now. And though..."

"Of course these are too slight for you to feel, but your pup is still moving constantly, growing, healthy. Still gaining weight. But no matter what, you can always feel the fetal heart beat, it's a pregnancy anchor. It's the only assurance.

"I've dealt with this kind of thing before… albeit not quite so…” He gestured weakly, and the look at options. "Even to know there were options seemed to offer some kind of platform to stand "

"It sounds incredibly boring and far too simple, but it really is true that as long as you take it easy and relax, and the patient they could help. "

"Q's arms were still weak from supporting all of his body weight, back and chest muscles stressed. "

"Satisfied with his plan, James set about his work, preferring to keep busy, and feeling grateful that he had embarrassingly not mastered until this morning- and going through the set up."

"Really, it would be their pup's recovery that probably healed Q quickest. And right now they would struggle with recovering his strength and tiring quickly, but it was largely superficial. "

"Frog spawn." Q commented idly when presented by it, a slight smile on his lips that was gone in a moment."

"As ever, the man was smiling, albeit gently."

"Alright, that's all then. Just relax and try and keep it easy and relaxing. The recovery is just getting started and you're still a long way gone."

"Well, there was M's mate, but Q hardly knew him… really… it would probably be improper, and..."

"The question plagued him near-constantly when he allowed himself to think about it. "

"Oh, why isn't there any movement?" Q couldn't keep himself from asking, feeling both wan and worried."

"Of course, that meant that James had been trapped at his side. Q was both desperately glad of him, but also somewhat nervous of touching Q too much, or too hard, given the state of mind his omega was in. "

"James had taken great pleasure in washing Q, and had taken a great time to do it. He was still using the opportunity to voice fears or questions that he hasn't felt up to with you there." James took a deep breath, and continued."

"If he talked to M, the man would sort out his branch, time away from MI6, James' leave if the..."

"The quartermaster was just too tired to care that he was only wearing his pyjamas in the end of it the quartermaster was just too tired to care that he was only wearing his pyjamas in..."

"M could basically make his life a lot easier and informative for both parents if they can be given the facts in private."
Tanner was more accusatory at the hospital, and the situation. The two were close, the Chief of
than Tanner it would have seemed a slight against Q, but knowing them both, James expected
"Are you alright?" Q nodded a bit.
"I've been filled in on the situation. If you want a formal debrief you're more than welcome, but
comforting numbness.
It was hard to imagine right now, when he felt so many unbearable things, but there was a certain
weighty comfort to it. The stretching silence helped him slip back under the shadow of his own
smothered wish.
"Y-you don't have to-"
"Nobody did it for you either." He murmured instead.
"Mycroft, Q didn't usually instigate. True, he insisted on a hug of greeting almost stubbornly, but
must have been a similar desperation to that which drove him to save Blasty, look after James.
"By the time John came into the room I'd managed to force him to shout at me, and even
disbelieving.
"By the time John came into the room I'd managed to force him to shout at me, and even
hugged meeting seemed standard affair.
Q wasn't sure really who had trained whom. Certainly both brothers had come to use the same
Tactics almost as a preventative measure for Q's disassociation too. In the past, anyway, and now a
impressed. And also that when John talked about 'unstable sibling' and the difficulty of them, that
around the vicinity of Q's left shoulder, thumb starting to tap absently.
Please." Q was entirely halted by the sharp eyes falling on him, and nodded a bit, stunned silent.
Brother, I'm his brother." Sherlock uttered hurriedly, there was something terribly unsettled and
blankly, seeing the strangely tight expression on the detective's face.
"Here, let me help you lie down." Holmes sitting on his brother's bed and stroking his hair.
impress you with his love.
Tensions ran high in the family; that was for sure. James didn't think that there was a solution,
to interpret his question as benign and offered a single, strangely melancholic and prideful smile at
straight and moved to continue his search.
This felt quite quick! But then I had already written half of it... Next chapter we may
One arm snaked around James' back and held him tightly as the other hand settled on his stomach. With the new position, Q's body relaxed a little. "Okay." Perfect. James would much prefer it that way.

"Do you want to wash now or when we get home?"

"Home?" Q muttered dully. It was painfully apparent that Q was still half asleep, and the part of his body that James could see was already starting to fade. "It doesn't matter, does it?"

"No, it doesn't."

"I don't matter."

"You do, Q. You matter a lot."

"I'm not."

"You are."

Q shifted and met James' gaze with a wide, uncomprehending stare. "Nothing ever makes a difference."

"It does."

In the back of his mind, James could hear Tanner's voice. "All the best, Q." The warm and calming farewell heralded the man's departure, and Tanner was likely to be waiting at home for you, thinking it might ease the transitions… apparently at a loss of words, the female alpha had wanted to tell Tanner that she was grateful, that… but he nodded, and apparently M was prepared to accept that gracefully. Tanner had never been an alpha that was easy to get close to, but the way M said it; Q had a feeling that maybe Daniel had sent him off to do the same thing when he'd been sent to London.

"Sorry I'm late, Q," M said. "I think I'll just stay here for a bit."

"Thank you." Q's voice was rough, raspy. He'd been sleeping all day, there was no real reason for him to be awake now, but he knew that M was letting him sleep, and in the end, that was what made him smile a bit more comfortingly there. M paused and debated for a moment before meeting Q's eyes. "Listen, M," James said, "I think you might be a little out of it."

M smiled. It was a tired smile, but he understood. "I do have a few aimless minutes. One of Q's hands managed to curl into the alpha's shirt and cling there like a claw, the reminder of how much his mate was clinging and clinging to him."

Q watched, wondering what on earth was possessing M to share such quietly spoken and intimate details. "I'm just trying to make you comfortable, Q. We need to do this right, you know."

The truth was that Q had never been good at anything except being the omega at the end of a dominance chain. Q had always been safe, never been put in danger, and it was only when they were ecstatically buying their new home, and James didn't think there was any way he could have been that late at the office was because I despised my house. "I hadn't realised that I was still such a mess until I saw this pale and drawn omega holding one of his arms around my waist, letting Q mould against him, blinking sadly at nothing, from what he could see on his screen."

Q watched, and James knew without looking that Alec had hold of Q's other arm, both of them glaring anyone in the room before slowly shuffling in James' direction.

"Hello Q dove," he greeted, and completely surprised James by simply ducking to nuzzle Q's hair. "And the pup?" James knew that the other alpha had wanted to talk to Q, the female alpha had wanted to badly. Finally he'd asked Alec to come and pick Q up. Q had been willing to go off with the other alpha if it would make her happy, and then the other one had wandered off in. "He's barely lucid."

"I understand."

"We'll give him a bit more time."

"Fine."

"You should go home now."

"Not yet."

"You need to go home and rest."

James knew that it was true. They'd been together for almost a year and a half now, and he couldn't remember a time when Q hadn't needed time to rest. Q's system for Q coming out of his more dissociative moments. If he could encourage Q that the world wasn't all bad, then maybe the omega could face it with more strength.

As predicted, Q's breathing changed and he became relaxed rather than limp limbed. James knew without looking that Alec had hold of Q's other arm, both of them glaring anyone in the room before slowly shuffling in James' direction.

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"Yeah, uh, I hope that was okay, I thought it would be better than coming back to a blank space…"

James and Alec didn't hug often, but now he pulled the other alpha into a gruff embrace, returned without even a chuckle of breaking the moment.

"Just let me know what you need. Both of you. Seriously James, we're family, alright?"

"You've got that damn right." James growled back fondly, and clapped Alec on the back before releasing him. "And same to you, by the way. After tonight, you can come round and make Q as many nests as you want."

That got Alec grinning, and he nudged a foot against James' with a bark of laughter.

"You wait, I'll have you out of your own bed next."

"I think I can defend my own bed from the likes of you. Besides, I'll have you know that Q and I built our first nest together a few weeks back." James' proud statement was ruined with Alec's disbelieving laugh.

"A few weeks ago! You've been mated for nearly two years!" Alec shook his head despairingly and gestured James over to the TV.

"Come on, I'll show you something to impress your omega with."

"I impress him plenty." James retorted petulantly, moving to pull the bedroom door to slightly so as to not disturb Q unduly whilst being able to keep an ear out for him.

"Well not like this." He flickered on the TV and fiddled with the settings. Apparently he had become more than competent over the last few days with Q's complex system that allowed you to access anything, anywhere, anytime. James suspected Alec had forgone his flat to simply live here. The idea was actually a bit comforting.

"Right, what do you want to start with; Ready Steady Nest, Let's Get Nesting, Master Nest or Nestbusters?"

"Good God."

James was starting to think that maybe Alec had a small obsession.

**Chapter End Notes**

THEY'VE LEFT THE HOSPITAL!!! In my plans, it never took that long! ':D

This chapter felt quite rich in interactions, so I hope it wasn't too much. I found some of it a bit challenging, so hopefully it came across okay, if not, let me know and I shall pen it away for the future.

This is the first big speech from John, Sherlock, and M... so it seems like a lot! But hopefully some issues are laid to rest and you enjoyed the M/Villiers backstory (Milliers? Malliers? Maniel? There has to be a name somewhere xD)

Oh as a final note/Important News, before I natter your ears off (now when have I ever done that?...) I apparently now have a tumblr :s...

...I'm not really sure how to work it, and it is also currently absolutely empty and devoid of everything except a background I made. But! If you're interested, check over the next few days, I'll probably use it for other story snippets, and most importantly, I plan to put up the VMW Young Holmes Extras that I've written! (that's actually he name of the file on my laptop, because I'm inspired) As they're not quite finished/in any order yet I thought that would be a fun place to put them for your delectation in the meantime and see what the general consensus is, any critique is greatly appreciated n_n

If anyone is interested, here she blows: [http://shadyquiet.tumblr.com/](http://shadyquiet.tumblr.com/)

Thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoyed! :3

Ps. This may be my favourite chapter ending since No. 1, hope you all recognise the TV shows! For any non-Brit readers, feel free to invent your own nesting equivalents... (I wanted to do 'Who Wants to be a Nest-illionaire!' but It seemed unreasonable xD)
Chapter Notes

“I like to make them wait, gets them to sweat it out a little bit.”

“Double oh seven,” She greeted with a smile, and kissed his cheek when he got close enough.

suddenly you don't right? That’s no way to go.” James found himself nodding.

rolling towards him.

nods and assents, some tears, and James made his excuses to leave.

help in any way. James was torn between discomfort at the snooping and fondness for the loyalty

had the urge to make a bad impression of himself by snarling away the comments. Did he really

“Double oh seven… we’re, we all want to send best wishes to Q.” R settled on, finally. James half

Still, he was here now. And it felt like he’d been away for an eternity.

was his recruits that were due for their reviews and interviews. James hadn’t wanted to miss it, he

But Alec had assured James he would stay and take care of Q, who was sleeping anyway. And it

and exhausted.

Maybe if it were yesterday he’d have been glad to get out of the house for a bit. But then Q had

stone.

pretentiously white at the same time. Today he felt positively sour towards the alabaster hued

Even the bed was on a ridiculous angle and Q clung to it and breathed heavily when laid down.

He stopped fighting when airborne, faintness lured away his mind and strength anyway and left

Q could barely remember drinking it, and was fairly sure he dosed off half way through. Alec was

moment. But now everything ached and pounded and Q was quite happy just to stay lying down

James wanted to laugh, but found himself falling off to sleep instead, surrounded by affection and

nest and went out like a huddled light. Once sure his mate was sleeping, James glanced drowsily

With a final huff of satisfaction and tired wobble, Q curled himself up between them on the floor

items. Large pillows propped and supported and cosified the area on the sofa and the corner of

“Yes, well,” Q flustered, blushing a little and clearing his throat.

without a doubt that he would actively despise hearing Q scream in pain, no matter the benign

“Let me know when you go into labour, I’ll order you the good pain killers.” The alpha insisted.

“Does that doctor look like Watson to you?” James asked, sharply. Q frowned.

“Or whipped cream.” James put in with a grin.

“Or candyfloss.” Q agreed.

“Rain, he means rain.” Alec interrupted cheekily. James laughed as Q glared before continuing his

“And that there’s a cumulonimbus, they make precipitation-"

They settled down beside Q, James keeping his promise to be beside the omega. The soft

eating burnt toast, James would do it without blinking.

It was a long time before Q whispered worriedly, near silently and in the direction of the wall ‘I

Q’s eyes. There was hardly any colour in them, in his face.

expression looked a little…wrong.

It was a little unnerving, to be suddenly presented with burnt toast, a half-made cup of coffee, or

from time to time to attempt to keep house, himself, or James.

with the man… But he had never been more grateful for Alec’s presence at his side than in those

Oh and Alec? He was the one

making

the nests.
silence. Q spoke again.

Sherlock's mouth snapped shut and he didn't respond to the sentence. After a few moments of

"He was happy, Sherlock, just happy."

"The "

"I didn't understand it."

"Did you like it?" Sherlock dropped the spoon.

"You're pretty small for an egotist." Q didn't really know what to make of that comment. He had

"What's he like? He smells disgusted…and a little like a morgue." Alec bartered with, not a yes to

"Give him a chance, Alec, he deserves one… Please, he's human too." The alpha huffed at his

Even if you didn't know an agent was in your midst, there was a certain feeling up the back of

"It's fine, Sherly, just give it a moment?" Q requested, hearing the beta huff at his brother's muffled

"Will you stop touching my little brother--" Alec growled and Q tried to force himself free but

Impossibly, whilst scrambling up onto the sofa and out of the way, Q identified the blurry figures

"Brother, he's my brother." Q enforced hastily, moving off the sofa and up beside Alec at a safe

"Q, you better tell me why I've stopped right the fuck now…"

"Double oh six..."

"Off me you great brute!" Alec grunted as Sherlock managed to

and shout sent Q jolting nearly out of the nest. The
And if you were worried about the… uh…

quality of the kiss, well, you shouldn't. That sort of thing tends to get better with practice and time, I mean.” Q assured, blushing slightly at the mild awkwardness of the situation. “And probably John would be more than happy to try again with you. If you wanted to.”

…and if I didn’t.” Q read his brother with a sideways glance. Sherlock was uncomfortable, but not so much with the situation as with the thought that he might not be capable of more.

“If you don’t,” Q began slowly and firmly, “then I will love you regardless. And if you never do any more than kiss, or even anything more of that, then I’m sure John will continue to love you too in whatever way he chooses.” Sherlock tapped the table for distraction.

“And why would he do that.” Q breathed with an almost sad smile, able to feel the anxieties within his brother almost palpably. He looked back at the serving, evening up the three plates.

“Because you’re you, because he loves you for that and who you are, not whether you kiss him or not. And because there’s more than just one type of love in the world, and you’re entitled to all of it.” There was a moment of awkward silence between them, and then Sherlock almost impulsively turned and kissed Q’s hair chastely.

Ridiculously, Q felt himself beaming, their arms somehow becoming linked as they sorted out the soy sauce on the three dishes.

“Apparently you’re low on iron, and developing all the extra blood you need is hard work. Duck is rich in iron. The edamame is good for you, along with the broccoli, nuts, the Internet practically details what you should be eating each day. And there’s egg too. And red pepper…” Q listened to Sherlock, rather frighteningly, describe the thought that had gone into this single meal, and knew he was trying to cover up a moment that the beta had never meant to happen… But it felt relaxed, close. Q smiled, able to forget momentarily about his own anxieties in the face of the sheer affection and hope he felt for the man next to him.

They ate back in the sitting room, where Q was sure Alec had been listening and obviously texting James whilst clearing up the rather splayed nest.

“Is it true you and your friend took on the Golem?” Alec asked as they sat down to eat, Sherlock blinked in surprise.

“Yes…” the suspicious answer was met by a grin.

“I ran into him a few months ago in Amsterdam, still had a tooth missing he’d never bothered to replace, probably turning it into a new battle scar.” Sherlock appeared unabashedly pleased with the information, and the tension evaporated gradually under conversations of travel and the merits of utilising underworld crime and street dwellers in cases and missions.

Both were still careful, but the laughter was increasing, the resentment dissipating. Of course, Alec could charm fleas if he wanted to and Sherlock was remarkably easy to warm up with genuine praise. He also seemed thoroughly interested when Alec mentioned something about Q verbally battling 008 on a mission where the two agents were together in Spain. With the light of curiosity and new information in his eyes the beta proceeded to grill Alec as much as national security would allow about his younger brother, Q pinking between them at the intrigue and stories.

Alec, of course, was only too happy to share his amusing stories at the cost of Q’s embarrassment. Q was saved when James came back, blinking slightly at the fact that Sherlock was clearly still there and was chortling in shared mischief with Alec… They had moved onto stories about both mates half an hour ago, and Q had just left them to it, really.

“Do I need to save you?”

“Yes please.” Q responded, but with a smile that James returned. They kissed and James raised an eyebrow as if to ask ‘what have you created’. Q responded with an expression that he hoped looked entirely innocent and proceeded to try and feed James the remains of his stir-fry portion, mindful that he couldn’t quite leap on the man and nuzzle into him whilst they had such company, regardless of how much he had missed his mate.

James ingratiated himself smoothly into the conversation, settling next to Q with an arm around him. The omega idly groomed James’ short hair for a bit, fighting back yawns, but soon the pleasant atmosphere, warm smell of his alpha and his own fluctuating fatigue caught up with him. Q felt a warm hand on his stomach before he fell asleep against James’ shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

Credit for the idea of how Sherlock and Alec meets goes to Missthoseboys who's idea to have Alec nest-guarding Q from Sherlock was too good to pass up... hopefully it came over okay!

I know a lot of people had a lot of interest in these two meeting, so I hope you enjoyed...it accidentally turned into a bit of a Johnlock moment, but, in my mind, after initial drama Alec becomes fond of Sherlock (and maybe feels a bit protective of him too). That might come out more in the future, we'll see :) I hope you enjoyed and thank you for reading! All the nest-show comments last week just gave me far too many ideas and made me laugh to myself at inappropriate moments, so cheers for the laughter pick-me-up!

BTW: 500+comments?!?! You guys are just unbelievably amazing!!! (I'm ignoring that half of them are my replies ;3)
Dr. Darcy looked agonised at the effect his words had on them, but really without lying there was
"We'll just see how the next couple of days go, how does that sound?"
Q rolled over and looked in James' beautiful blue eyes for a long moment, drinking in the amused
couldn't even bear half the thoughts screaming through his head.
"S'alright darling." James had no idea, he still had hope. And there was still hope. It was just he
him Blasty was-
"Do you want me to rebook the appointment?"
Maybe that meant…
covered up before Q had noticed. They had been expecting more movement by now. They had
He couldn't help awfulising that there would be no reason to.
"Nothing, love."
Someone to be this close to. There was something calming in that, no matter the circumstances.
It wasn't deep, but it kept him from seeing the world as quite safe.
"Definitely your brother, Eve's going to eat him for breakfast." Q shuddered at the contrary, and
James looked mildly terrified when he responded.
probably lead to trouble for either of the leaving parties, but he wasn't sure which yet.
took Mycroft's offered arm… The male alpha gave an oh so slight preening cock of the head and
"Yes that's right." Mycroft responded as he stood, frowning. "And you are?"
halted both of their attempts at movement and offered Mycroft a smile that seemed less testing
and amused glance back at the other alpha and moved a bit more into the room.
Mycroft shaking himself out of it to once again fussily coax Q back down to bed and tuck him in.
room as if for an escape from his emotions.
"Hey, what's gotten into you? My?" The alpha dropped his head and then looked around the
bit before that. But. Still. You remember the days she couldn't get out of bed." It was unlike
"Because she was sick?" He asked.
"The oldest brother." Eve looked like the cat that was about to meet an untimely demise over
"Thank you, James, I will." Mycroft nodded and headed off.
"I don't doubt you'd be capable…" James replied. Alpha females were the most likely of all the
depends on the person, of course." She sighed again with a self-admonishing breath and begun focusing on the work
"I'm not saying you have it easy, Bond, don't be stupid. But at least you've always known what
"Come back and talk to me when you've found someone to carry your child, then you'll know
"You have no idea, how difficult it is to be a female alpha." Bond wisely didn't say anything; he
with the pile of laundered clothes she was packing 'the right way'. With a determined breath she
unfortunately unsubtle about her desire for one.
lay. Something that only got worse when she discovered Blasty's growth chart on the table.
He didn't miss the way the female alpha kept looking wistfully at the doorway beyond where Q
potential double oh's- and onto Moneypenny's woe-some love life at the moment.
huff at the teasing, James settled back into pulling books off the shelves in the living room and
the quartermaster was finally asleep.
Of course, Eve wanted to see Q immediately, but the alpha managed to discourage her given that
All he knew was that by Sunday, Q had tired himself out with another series of awful nightmares,
bits and bobs had left the omega shaking and nearly catatonic with fatigue. James had bundled
James still heard and saw texts coming through from the detective to Q multiple times daily, but he
The other, well, he'd have to wait and see now, wouldn't he?

"And I love you too." Q spoke to Blasty. James kissed his shoulder, smiled against him, chuckled.

"How ever did I manage to find you?" The alpha asked with a spreading grin. A faint smile

"You took your time pup!" He grinned, Q nuzzled into his alpha, shushing quietly and resting his

other's lips in shaky, impossible giddiness. James turned eventually back down to his stomach.

"…Oh Christ!" James blurted, shocked, lurching into a sit.

Q blinked for a moment, there was a strange feeling of peace over him, and he had no idea why.

sleeping peacefully, hands loosely carded on the small of his mate's back.

peacefully slumbering Q an unsurpassable lullaby.

let himself drift off into a half sleep, aware of every breath made against him. Reveling in the relief

James held him close, stroked down his hair, felt the blessedly present swell of Q's stomach, and

protected him from feeling. Q seemed much the same.

slumped against him than upright, occasional hitches of breath, weak legs and half-mast eyes the

The song wound to a halt, something different starting both startlingly yet unnoticed. Q was more

Wrapped up in each other, inseparable, their smothering net of oppressive sorrow and fear

James standing on the shore holding a flashlight over the waves. Blindly hoping that light would

could almost convince himself it hadn't been there; that weird imprint on his wall like a mind.

He ran his hands up Q's back, to his hair, cradled him close and safe and just existed, just allowed

his own muscled stomach, used the momentum to rock Q gently with another gentle shush.

shuddering breath the younger man pressed close, hands coming to curl around James' neck,

There was a hitch of breath and James rubbed his hands up trembling arms.

enough to see the bright sheen of silvery tears on the dark coal of lashes. James ducked their heads

for help directed in pure eye contact for precious lingering moments. Silently the alpha was

The slow, melodic and sorrowful tune kept playing on the radio. James leant for a moment in the

Shadows and monochrome highlights. Q's eyes looked almost ardently grey/blue in the storm

He could do absolutely nothing.

chance.

He had tried to be brave last night, but when it came down to it he really wasn't feeling brave at

That, and, without James there to hold him up, Q knew he had been one vertical meter from just

struggling

which he hadn't felt since that time in the restaurant when he was ten.

Since going to the doctors, yesterday, and suffering from a near-complete breakdown the likes of

James was playing the radio today; Q could hear it humming over the rain in the background.

Q couldn't get out of bed again. Not physically but mentally. He had contemplated it earlier, about

where no one could tarnish them.

As he looked out into the rain, James sank into the morbidity of wondering why Rumbles couldn't

was fighting to survive.

His mind was well and truly in a muck.

a lingering spot on his skin, or thought, or itch, or feeling. He didn't know what to do with the thought, the new information. It was scary as hell in that it

He didn't know what to do with the thought, the new information. It was scary as hell in that it

He could do absolutely nothing.

He ran his hands over Q's back, then gently down his arms, caressing the bases of his fingers

died down to a faint tremor.

The heat, maybe the scent of their car, maybe James' calming on having a route to follow and

Walking away from the hospital with the agent following. He'd be home now.

He had tried to be brave last night, but when it came down to it he really wasn't feeling brave at

while he walked. The rhythm and the.reply (the word had been a blur during the panic attack)

...Q's hand

And then it faded. The agent sank down onto the floor, arms wrapped around the base of his neck,

Darcy carefully didn't watch their exit, whole body posture awkward with sympathy. James's

the side into James, body tense but quivering in a traumatised shake.

frightening. Q wouldn't stand up straight, or couldn't. When he moved it was to back up and to

half faint.

James couldn't move, locked in staring at the doctor. After a minute of fraught silence, Q's hand

James wanted to shout at them, demand they do something, anything! He wanted to urge Rumbles

weeks. Everything might be fine but they wouldn't know until the birth.

For all they knew at this point there had been damage the scans couldn't pick up. No one knew

Read outs were still fine, everything was normal, but somehow their pup wasn't responding.

no nice way the man could have phrased it.

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And then it faded. The agent sank down onto the floor, arms wrapped around the base of his neck,

Darcy carefully didn't watch their exit, whole body posture awkward with sympathy. James's
Sherlock changed the station to jazz, and Q let him, recalling that John enjoyed the genre and only "More than I liked." He admitted, finally, quietly.

egged him on, to be fair.

Mummy or Father around, and with Mycroft busy at work the alpha had cringingly accepted incontrollable-"

"Well, I'm twice my normal size and probably hormonal, indulge me." Q requested, taking a seat.

"How are things with John? Have you two-

"You need more decoration. I'll text John to bring along some plants."

not be beaten by something so mundane as a wall and fatigue. The sureness of their success was no doubt with his ever-determined and egotistical brother here they would finish. Sherlock would out his arms and rolled his eyes.

"Tea?" Q asked half an hour in, back aching already and desperate for a cuppa. Sherlock shook their workplaces, the two brothers set about the task. Q was leaving all the ladder work to...-00Q00-

"But he wont hate it, will he." Sherlock pointed out. "Because its you." Q couldn't help but smile

Both brothers converged upon one particular shade as Q plucked the card from the wall.

James had rather gamely suggested that the living room be Q's idea, since the quartermaster's inventor/designer in him. Sherlock seemed to be accompanying mostly to voice his opinion, but Q to start on the decorating this week. Which appealed almost insanely to the nesting-

seemed, had been subconsciously collating preferences and ideas and was taking this opportunity

James had excellent taste. After all, the alpha had spent years of his life in some of the most dislocating triggers the brain to try and clamp down on the pain response, making the birth itself

"Seems a lot of pain, for something that at the moment weighs approximately half a kilo." Q

They were close now, too, that was the thing. Over half way. As of today Q was 23 weeks along,

sensation; he had always had an excellent sense of touch that helped with some of the more

like wrapped around his finger… It made his hands almost tingle with curious desire for the

For now Q could just about content himself with watching their pup wiggle around and

back to the usual aquabatics.

"What?"

removed, top button undone and sleeves rolled up.

unpacked only items which were soft, light, and generally undamaging.

Tanner and Eve did come over, individually, and Q resigned himself to accepting everyone's

eyes, both of their grins spread.

They paused for a moment, both contemplating the empty space before them until James spoke

"Not black."

"White and grey are cold."

"Cream is boring."

It reminds me of hospitals."

"Hmm?" Q turned to him, curiously, noses nearly brushing.

"What colour do we paint it? And the baby's room, too, for that matter."

"It's a bit bland." Q reflected.

quite rounded belly, petting fondly. His head came to rest on Q's shoulder as they looked at the

"You have a check up on Tuesday, you shouldn't wear yourself out." Q chortled as he entered the

"And have them touching all our stuff and putting it in the wrong places? No thank you." Q

"I still say we should have gotten Mycroft's movers to unpack everything." Q

removed the box of pillows from his arms. "You don't need to do that, why don't you sit down

pick up a box. "Hey wait wait wait!" Q stopped, befuddled expression on his face as James

with boxes of their possessions.

Their new house turned out to come in much the same state as they had left their old flat: filled

fluff after so long in melancholia. Regardless, hopefully, you still enjoy! n_n
he would definitely be taking Q travelling, if this was the effect luxury had on his quartermaster.

asleep on top of him, framed by the lights of London.

own.

bind both his wrists together in the tie from around James' own neck—the alpha's already bound

press of bodies, Q's belly the only inconsistency in the aspect, and that a delightful one.

chest-shoulders in one seamless stretch followed by his body.

"I think, Mr. Bond, that you've earned a reward for your behaviour of late." James couldn't help

Caught up on the high of excellent food, spoils of luxury and a skyline to die for, Q positively

grudgingly impressed by it.

Thus, their evening turned into a celebration of sorts, James even booked a luxury hotel for them

there.

to have Q come in for a few hours, and only a few hours, and see how everything went from

After spending so much of his week away from Q at MI6, after nearly a month of being in the

The weekend seemed to revolve around the final painting touch-ups. Namely: Blasty's infancy

Combined, it wasn't a half bad effort.

elsewhere, though he couldn't deny that Q's rooms contained a certain charm that was undeniable.

tasteful and luxurious. He'd even managed to bring some style to Q's mish-mash of the spectrum

Q's colouring choices would never cease to amuse James. At least he had the bedroom, classy and

I expect he'll be happy.”

"Well, he does have his own room available… As long as he doesn't mind the colour 'aubergine'

"I hope so, because responding only in calls or emails is beginning to make me feel rather like a

The worst thing was, James couldn't even blame his mate, nor fault him; the alpha was the same

"Oh, so you would rather I wield them then?"

"…Apparently not, and John's only locum-ing in between dastardly crimes."  

"Don't those two ever work?"

his nose and elbowing his office door open. Q simply laughed at the threat, breezily.

"Q, tell me you're not wielding power tools when on bed rest." He asked, pinching the bridge of

overgrown and Sherlock's deposited another three plants around the house.”

configured on the garden gate… what are we going to even do with a garden? It already looks

for the two kills thing that would suggest a definite end to the double oh's around the nine

"How did it go?"

-00Q00-

"Oi! Cheeky." James wasn't fooled. He could see the relief in Q's eyes. He didn't mind Q's

"I promise to find you a hotel with an Internet connection as long as you promise to leave it with

to see more things, within reason.” James grinned at Q's shifty expression.

"You'll be safe with me, its not going to be like a mission.” He raised an eyebrow, and Q huffed

okay if I'm well enough. I'm not sleeping in a tent, but I'd like to see it, with you. I know it's

"I know you miss it.” James didn't reply, just waiting, hoping, but not sure what to expect. “Okay,

He had to take a seat for a while whilst he calmed down, not seeing the brief fond looks from both

Whatever James had expected to come home to, it was not to the sight of three Holmes brothers

Q grinned to himself and fired off a quick text to James that the living room would be finished

Sherlock grinned.

"You know I have people who can be paid to do this for you.” The alpha commented dryly.

"It would appear…” Mycroft paused, squinting at the pair of them, at the walls, Q wordlessly got

brothers before masks fell back in place. Mycroft took to wandering around and looking at the

He said nothing, instead he gathered his things and left the room, not wanting to be anywhere near

"No, they wanted a

"And you don't know the sex or gender, do you?"

"Not yet, just rumbles."

"Um, several times a day, more when I'm laying down."

They stood there for a while, until the inevitable questions started.

"Aster…” Mycroft began, trailed off, hand steady above Sherlock's thinner, trembling one.

too charged, three intense focuses down on his one little wriggling pup, barely over 20 cm—which

"Hello Mycroft." Q greeted, brushing off his hands and moving to accept the food package

familiar car pulled up outside the window. Q blinked in surprise when Mycroft stepped out and

They'd gotten the final solid chunk of wall done and were starting on the second coat when a

Sherlock, who then proceeded to fuss Q into sitting down and brought him another one.

too happy to encourage the calm mood it put his brother in.
Chapter Notes

H0: What are friends for?; H1: What are family for? H2: Both are pretty

-00Q00-

enough around him to sleep on him, he might not say it, but it did more to help him last night than

"You were defenceless, and you were vulnerable, and you trusted him. Showing you felt safe"

"Hnnm?" Q articulated intellectually, shifting into a more awake state and kissing James' palm.

his eyes.

just let himself lean and fall asleep, happily accepting Alec's offered shoulder and two hands

teenage fan at a boy band concert." He explained, and Alec laughed as James huffed, both alphas

and fine. Absurdly, emotion welled up in his chest-throat-eyes, and Q found himself swiping

Another milestone; they were coming all the time now. Another sign that their pup was just happy

and breathe, letting himself calm from the dual excitement and somewhat nervous happiness.

"Didn't your mother teach you to share?"

sign of strain.

the air with a yelp of surprise, looking down at twin cheeky green eyes.

"There he is!" Q looked up just in time to see Alec striding forwards before he was hoisted into

priest hole at Skyfall lodge.

would be happily relaxing at home and waiting for him.

their personal projects that he hadn't managed to catch up on yet or giving feedback on the ones

his relatively swift and hitch-less recovery to James' best friend.

008 was only getting worse, more out of control and spiralling somewhere that left Q unnerved. It

information transfer from Q branch.

M had since been running all of 008's missions personally, along with Tanner to handle the

underhanded scheme. Of course, R hadn't met 008 at his worst yet, nor had to be the one to

R had, understandably, been shocked and appalled and refused to be involved in any such

"Good to be back, double oh." 001 rarely smiled, but there was a lick of amusement in his

hunger had to mean that both he and Blasty were healthy, that his pup was growing and

Because hungry he was. Constantly. It was actually a little distracting. And yet, because the

staff was not someone who you ignored the insights of; even if James hadn't already been loathe

-00Q00-

beyond to show their loyalty. He just hoped he didn't let them down.

way outside. Q followed, checking only one last time that he had everything he could need with

obvious belly protrusion. He just hoped that it could all pass without fuss or hindrance.

"You look fine love." James soothed, Q wished his looks were the problem, well, other than the

his usual self.

their own records, and psych which was mandatory, but he didn't want to look anything less than

then would now surely stare everyone in the face. Q fretted with his tie, a knot he hadn't had to do

packet with careful deliberation to clear his mind.

Christmas music... It gives me feels! So sue me! Anyway, hopefully that

Anyway, enjoy!
Q may have slept like an absolute log that night; especially after he and James continued to have
They horsed around, generally upsetting or amusing other tourists, until a policeman firmly told
"Don't play innocent, you pushed me." Q gave a swish at James through the water and turned to
"Hey!" Q laughed, and pushed James into a fountain. Surprise alone granted Q the lucky shot,
growing mischief.
There was an endearment, in that, being two apart from the crowd without the rest of the world
Swinging their hands slightly as they went in childish amusement, and admiring the sights together
The pair turned and headed off towards home, Mycroft having driven them back to London.
Mycroft closed the door again and settled in the car, which started up and roared off with a little
"Suit yourselves. Get him home before the temperature drops. Good to see you both." With that
"You're sure?" Mycroft was generally against avoidable exercise.
agreement.
"Do get a move on you two, we have a meeting at the club tonight and I don't like to keep them
"If you do that, then I have to give your brother the female-friend talk…"
pawns; in Eve he had clearly found a match.
to avoid them at the time.
insinuated sex; which alarmed him. His brother's dislike seemed more than enough reason for Q
Mycroft by the car and the two leant in for a casual, smiled kiss before the female alpha hopped
Eve's smile was something Q had never seen before from her, soft, indulgent, fond, and without a
"Aster can eat all the cake he wants." Mycroft announced imperiously, and Q grinned, as his
defence.
What the pair of them would be capable of, Q had no idea. It scared him a little, but for now the
that one coming.
After all, Villiers, or rather Daniel, would have gone through either C-Section or labour,
For a moment James thought whether he should ask the Mallory contingent about the whole affair.
ingrain this level of distaste in two otherwise rational individuals.
research materials. "That should give you some help with decision making hopefully, and please
"I'd like to do what I can, anyway, I think." Q answered, fiddling and shifting a little, Nurse
sufficient information, do you feel?"
without question and turned back to Q.
suggested, and James carefully kept his reaction to a minimum.
gentle smile.
"Let's not think about that one. Just normal, just put down everything as normal." There was a
"Have you thought at all about what position you might like to give birth in?" Q held up his hands
two omegas alone together for a while…
"Mycroft, where are you taking us?" James questioned with amused curiosity. Indeed, Q was
"There's nothing wrong with Dr. Darcy, or our choices, or our pregnancy-"
excuse me, oh, and stick around later, will you? Be good to catch up." James grinned, and
was trying to squirm away like a rather pudgy jellyfish whilst the older scowled and berated and
ingrained shadows gone from beneath, skin the picture of health.
"A girl must be allowed her secrets, James. Besides, I knew you two would be all over me for
up at him, cheeky and mischievous with a hint of barely-concealed pride beneath her jaunty
"I was wondering when you'd show, you've been keeping your head down lately." Eve smiled
pockets. A quiet tap from the driver's side darkened window bid him look down, an eyebrow
"There's nothing wrong with Dr. Darcy, or our choices, or our pregnancy-"
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"There's nothing wrong with Dr. Darcy, or our choices, or our pregnancy-"
See the end of the chapter for more Chapter Notes

"I should never have, fuck, I don't know what to say. I'm sorry." The silence stretched on, worried that James would have run off. Thank god he hadn't.

Cringing at the mess this evening had become, James took a breath and went in, closing the door. Going into his own bedroom felt like entering the proverbial lion's den. It smelt of upset.

-00-00-

quartermaster cocooned in a tight pile of blankets in the corner. He knew he would struggle to forgive him. They were better than that now, surely? He couldn't bring himself to forgive him. He couldn't bring himself to explode sooner or later… Q hadn't expected it to be over something so bloody pointless though!

He couldn't bring himself to forgive him. He couldn't bring himself to explode sooner or later… Q hadn't expected it to be over something so bloody pointless though!

been taking the stress of everything awfully well up until now. It was only expected he explode sooner or later… Q hadn't expected it to be over something so bloody pointless though!

it was obvious, really. The man had been taking the stress of everything awfully well up until now. It was only expected he explode sooner or later… Q hadn't expected it to be over something so bloody pointless though!

plaster looked ugly in their previously happy and un-christened by violence home.

"Fuck."

The alpha turned for the stairs after him, desperate in his worry.

But unfortunately, over the last few days, his Q had become a monster.

"Where are you going?" It came out as an accusation, a bark, and Q's spine stiffened. His eyes glistened though they didn't blink.

"Yes!" As he said it, the whole situation seemed to become ridiculously transparent, and he stood forwards as his anger diminished and his terror at Q leaving begun to shatter. His mate held up the chair momentarily.

"You never wanted this baby." He put out, grittily, watching for who knew what, the lurking threats, the hidden sides of them both, the hard edges of their relationship. "That's what I thought about the whole thing… but now I'm not so sure, or I'm pretending to be so damn calm?" The look of disbelief did nothing to help. "Don't look like that. You can't possibly understand that yet." James let the man have his secrets; he understood the look on Q's face.

"I keep thinking something will go wrong, that something awful will happen to Q-""I want a pup but what if he's not really ready-?" "What if it hates us-?"

"He either doesn't seem concerned, or he panics. I'm the one that suggested the whole thing, Q didn't want a pup you should have just said and stopped me being a selfish bastard-"

"In my case, it's not even a question. I'm not going to have any more children."

"Actually, I was against having a third child. Our first was a joy after the fact, our second seemed to be a mistake, and the third was just too much."

"I was late for one. It led to the events of what we now refer to as 'The Black Weekend'… I'm not going to have another baby, but with your mate being a male, it's impossible for me to not carry a child."

"Sounds to me that, aside from the obvious, you two are the lucky ones." M reiterated with a raised brow and stood to get two glasses of water.

"Twice, the last wasn't so bad emotionally, we knew how to handle it, but it wasn't fun. I'd say you've been rather lucky." M shook his head. "There were times when Daniel wouldn't even talk to me… I seem to remember plates being thrown."

There was silence for a moment, James felt oddly flat after letting all the thoughts he hadn't been able to express for so long out into the open. "I keep thinking something will go wrong, that something awful will happen to Q-"

"I want a pup but what if he's not really ready-?" "What if it hates us-?" "What if it makes him hate me-?"

"I love him. I love them. Our first was a joy after the fact, our second seemed to be a mistake, and the third was just too much."

To be honest, that's what I thought about the whole thing… but now I'm not so sure, or I'm pretending to be so damn calm?" The look of disbelief did nothing to help. "Don't look like that. You can't possibly understand that yet." James let the man have his secrets; he understood the look on Q's face.

"It was eating away at the alpha a little bit; the image had burned in his mind of Q lying exhausted and pale in a hospital bed, struggling to breathe and barely focussing, body wracked with pain. There was nothing he could do-"

"That was in the hospital? It wasn't in the hospital, at least not the obvious way."

"There's the fact that it wont just be me and him."

"There's the fact that it won't just be me and him."

But unfortunately, over the last few days, his Q had become a monster.

"It wasn't in the hospital, at least not the obvious way."

But unfortunately, over the last few days, his Q had become a monster.

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"There's the fact that it won't just be me and him."

But unfortunately, over the last few days, his Q had become a monster.
thought he was lucky too. Really, the alpha wasn't about to complain now that he'd worked that one out. James was lucky angry with him.

-00Q00-
carried on relaxing him long after the quartermaster had fallen asleep.

before he had even gotten down James' neckline. The alpha's continued rubbing movements "I bet you fall asleep before I do." Q could only hum at that.

"Please do, and then I'll do your back, too."

meeting in a brief, calm kiss before turning around and running his hands down his mate's legs.

"…Same," Q added, softly, voice gentle in the quiet. He turned to meet his mate's eyes, lips "That's good enough for me." James' hands paused momentarily, and a kiss was pressed to his spine and shoulders.

"Here, lean forward, I'm going to give you a massage." With a groan of happiness Q complied, "Good. I don't like my Q uncomfortable." The omega chuckled softly as another kiss was pressed "God you're gorgeous like this." James turned his head within the crook of his mate's neck to kiss to name.

and supporting the weight somewhat. The sight of James' hands against the large and growing meaning the large hands slid round until they were cradling Q's swollen belly, easing it up a bit hand. "Not that I can stand the thought of someone else touching you like this." To emphasise his

inset wall shelf beside the bath. With only the gently lapping sound of water, and their breathing, The complexly set mood lighting dimmed and took on a warming candlelight glow around the

moments later. The agent slipped in behind Q and pulled the slighter figure into resting on back Q sunk into the warm water and let out a sigh of bliss, turning into a moan when James joined him

his eyes drooping.

"I am." Q just nodded at James' words, and let the man carry on with the bath filling. He did still

"I'd rather be here, with you, having baths at three, than sleeping soundly knowing you needed

Sorry. I had no idea." Wiping at his face again Q looked up to meet James' watchful eyes. "We

Q sighed out and hung his head.

"What, what time is it?" He asked, pausing to sniff and wipe his face after calming down his life right now. This was pathetic, atrocious, and humiliating, and came from nowhere.

above his bent form.

hormones causing the smothering wave of almost agonising love for James, who still looked afraid of emotion was not his own, the quartermaster refused to believe this was his doing. It was the

"I just want a bath." Q blurted, voice coming out in abysmally teary hitches.

the night, all he wanted was to wash.

feel that bad, but for some reason he felt the urge to cry. He was cold, aching and felt sweaty from James was next to him in an instant.

flared up at annoying interludes during the night. Not bad enough to warrant dealing with or exhausted omega. To add on to the stress, he hadn't been sleeping very well. Aches and pains

The ensuing stress of the whole thing for both of them, combined with work, made Q one very

James was feeling better himself. At the moment, he was just overly attentive, Q wanted to be sure Selfishly, of course, Q had quite enjoyed James utterly doting on him, even if the man got

chipper. In fact everything seemed to start hurting all at once.

Going back to work had been brilliant mentally, but by the weekend Q was not feeling quite so

insane reason given their respective selves. Even after all this time, he found the love hard to

relaxed and normal. And damn it if James wasn't lucky after all. Luckiest damn man alive, for

"Reckon we'll tell the kids about this one day?" Q mused, sounding better, sounding calm and

grumbling omega onto his lap and buried his face in the man's out of control hair, breathing becoming more comfortable, and the omega being next to him within arms reach, James pulled the

well, cover him, the growing to enclose the pair of them. As soon as he was sure of Q's advances James' foot.

calmed, after what seemed like hours Q made a shuffle that landed some of the blanket onto

that

green line on the horizon...
sinuous grace, expression impressed and sympathetic. Eve, however, merely looked over, grinned, and slipped over to them as they came closer with a
the borrowed t-shirt and tracksuit even if his eyes betrayed minute sings of embarrassment and
"You and your spas-"

James wiped his face of the sweat from his own work out and patted the older alpha on the
Alec was actually deigning to bond with him. As much as he did anyone worthwhile.

that the man staggered and glowered. His glare looked so much like Q's that James almost felt
memory by the time his ordeal was over.

seemed to push through the work out with a determination so eerily reminiscent of both brothers

James couldn't quite decide if he felt pleased at Mycroft's suffering, cruel, or impressed. They'd
either side of him and escorting him firmly towards the gym's cafe to wait for the three alphas.

several giant bouncy exercise balls paid the price for his clumsiness. The two betas were soon on
but being the youngest he did still revel in occasionally one-upping his older brothers.

pointed out, though he still grinned.
be the one behind him, who knew the perfect ways to make it look like Q was sitting of his own
John huffed and puffed up to them, sitting down to help Q sit up. The omega just wanted James to
"Great work everyone, you'll be feeling the benefits a few weeks down the line don't you worry!"
As it turned out, pregnancy yoga was hard work. Hard, brutal, hard hard work. Q felt like a dying

"Nonsense." James interrupted before Mycroft could, and scooped Q close. "Be grateful to your
my hair, my eyes." He offered softly. James tried to picture it; with all the faces he had seen in
the basics class, which was something of a comfort. On the other hand there were a few
"Called the perky monster of an instructor. There were omegas and beta women around him either

"True, and it does tend to come up generations down the line-"

get carried along." Q shot down with blunt scientific assurance. The rest of the table either smiled
"That's rumour and folklore. It's all quite sensible if you listen to genetics. A recessive gene just

gets carried along." Q shot down with blunt scientific assurance. The rest of the table either smiled
"My hair, your eyes." He offered softly. James tried to picture it; with all the faces he had seen in

The whole affair was subtle enough that everything but the childishness went over Q and John's
In between exchanged barbs and taunts, it was hilarious to see the brothers occasional battles over

John coughed tellingly; clearly he had worked out why they were here, Q looked around as if to
"Uhhhhg can we not talk about children for one moment!" Sherlock groaned dramatically, clearly

"Will you two stop looking so impoverished, you're causing a scene." Mycroft complained
himself.

squinting at Mycroft suspiciously, and a little delighted at the challenge of the day.

windowed car that they'd been using for the day.
"We should see another film." Sherlock decided, and John nodded, looking at his phone for some
at sneaking… not that he was up to much sneaking with his increased size.

The shops were pretty much as daunting as imagined, but at least he was let in the door. After that,
"Oh god." Q groaned, but gave up the fight. "Alright, but choose something you like that is both

"Only the most likely probabilities, hair colour, eyes, that sort of thing. And of course genetics is

"Those do tend to work better when loaded, agents. Do try to remember to check that next time."
"And if you focus, you might actually learn how to use some of them." James turned with a smirk
"Ay, but I'm more interested in the restricted weapons though." 
"I want to see his code, rumour has it its unbreakable."
"Been tortured once too, he was away for some weeks." 
"Not dissimilar to parenting, he supposed, keeping the amused smirk to himself as he led them
Overall, James was pleased with them, and they would adapt and grow and retreat and twist as the
smile at jokes. 002 was utterly dedicated to flirtation and leaving nothing of herself behind –James

behind her back, the very picture of unthreatening.
"Morning." Added Trotter, unfortunate name for the pretty woman, carefully bobbed ice-blond
"Aye." Greeted Campbell with a nod, ginger hair out of control and prevalent on his hard-wired
with openly unimpressed faces. James smirked to himself before walking in.

"Shall we, agents?" Q addressed, indicating the remaining multitude of weapons to introduce the
impressed breath under her breath.
"No way, ye mated t'him!" Campbell exclaimed at Q, never one for needless subtlety. The omega
voice full of promise and also pointed warning. The agents turned to the pair of them, standing

Both agents turned to separate firing lanes and adopted stances, only to find red lights and nothing
noticed Q had handed them the boxes the wrong way round, and that the agents hadn't noticed the

"Yeah? So why d'we need it then?" Tested Campbell with a challenging grin. Q drew out two
"Those do tend to work better when loaded, agents. Do try to remember to check that next time."
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Chapter End Notes

sleepy surprise. James stroked the swollen belly and muttered "soon pup," gently into the night.

around them, a strange sense of both peace and exhilaration descended around him.

James hoped that after all the activity and exercise of the day, Q would finally get a full night's

over." Q murmured sleepily, and James smiled, holding him closer.

under his chin.

They got back to their house late, and basked in the quiet of their room together, Q curled around

there wasn't enough room for Alec in that girl's heart, James wouldn't let her break it. And neither

But James could see the wisdom in his mate's words. If anything came of the two of them, and

who looked a little star struck and utterly harmless.

James looked at Q for a long moment, and then over to his best friend and a blushing, giggling girl

heart wants."
Chapter Notes

stethoscope he'd just put away. "I wanted to try something." Q met James' eyes quizzically as the

"Never mind that. Right, James, bed rest, fluids and this," the doctor handed over a bottle that

Q. Soon enough he'd get up, he had to make sure Q was really okay after all, and get some food…

Q hummed good-naturedly and settled them both so that James was more comfortable, stroking

of petulance, stubbornness and physical or mental weakness was a rare treat.

In no other relationship had James had a partner who really wanted to see his vulnerable side. Or,

the biggest lump in the world, and Q would still love him for it. The more James wanted to take,

whilst he was injured or ill. To be honest, it was immensely satisfying to know that he could be

It had taken all of three months for James to take thorough advantage of all the comfort Q offered

his face in Q's neck, enjoying the heat and closeness indulgently.

"Sofa's fine. Hungry." James managed shortly, slowly shuffling to the sofa with his mate's aid.

stumbled a bit but kept upright with the weight after a small, surprised laugh. "Close enough,

"Slave driver." He grumbled, pouting a bit. Q raised a single eyebrow. "Pretty slave driver."

"You're hot." He realised with bleary concern, thumb slipping over Q's heated face. The omega

"You're running a bit of a fever, that cough would explain it, just try and take this paracetamol,

"Q?" The omega smiled a bit, though the frown remained slightly.

"Are you sure it's no trouble? Positive?" James walked round the doorway from the stairs to the

looking at the floor. "Positive, of course it is. Beautiful."

"Not as hot as you darling, just try to sleep through it." Q soothed, hand scratching and massaging

"You're hot." He thought to himself, settling

Beyond whatever internal drive he had, James had been thinking of his new agents and their love

with the next, and the next.

James wasn't doing this in memory of Vesper, rather in spite of it. If he could put that one thing to

sniff of his mate's scent. Such a unique scent. It seemed, as expected, a little indecent to be

Of course, there was plenty he could write about from before, but somehow that mission, all its

For some reason, he always came back to starting with Vesper, and the Casino Royale, Le

own. And he was tired, surprisingly. Without his mate's knowledge, James had begun penning

"Alright." James mumbled, and shifted himself into a more content position, curling his hand

alpha's hand away from his head to cradle it between his own around swollen belly.

"Nothing really, just thoughts." With a little groan Q rubbed his face and shook his unruly hair

arm soothingly.

"Mmmnnuuughhh…" James was by now used to Q waking him during the night, given that the

legs around James' waist when the alpha lifted him like a trophy and carried the omega to the back

the sight of Q in nothing but his new fetching black winter coat leaning cockily against the bonnet

entrance' to see Q smirking devilishly and holding up a sock or tie before escaping down a street.

A merry chase Q led him around London. Each time he turned up at 'Charing Cross station,

"You're not invincible, quartermaster, even with bloody Bond in the same building." Q

There was a long minute of hesitation, just deep breaths over the line.

"Completion. Someone else will have to alert him by signing into the call frequency before they

3:40. They'd closed the man down, literally. But they'd closed the man down in the same way they

"Alright, you're done. I'm assuming you've told him to sign into the call frequency?"

"Of course not!" Q hissed. "Thank you very much for egging me on into this situation, James."

"For some reason, I feel like I've got the right to do that."

"For some reason, I don't think it's such a good idea."

"Alright, I'll stop."

"You know why you're doing this, right?"

"Yes."

"What's your endgame here?"

"No endgame."

"You hate the idea of the IV machine, don't you?"

"Yes."

"So why are you doing this?"

"To stop you from doing this."

"That's not going to work, James."

"It is, too."

"Well, you're wrong."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

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"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don't think so."

"But you are."

"I don’t…”
Q just shook his head fondly and hoped that there would be something to keep James busy with.

interior conditions were perfect before lounging back, satisfied.

with a bit of doting, sprawling into the passenger seat and fiddling with the radio and heating until

"I think you are." It was probably the most graceful thing the agent had done all morning. Q

"I think I'm driving." Q announced finally, against him, James conceded defeat and nodded.

They stood for a moment, getting their breath and, in James' case, pride back.

much energy to burn and yet not the full bill of health to fully use it.

considering he already look vaguely unfit for work with his illness. It also transpired that spending

"Mostly just a menace." Q could have done without the ensuing play-growl and tickling, frankly,

and swatting at James Q regained his balance and fixed another unimpressed glance up at his

hearty grope that served to lift Q off the ground a bit and nearly send them both toppling. Yelping

"Oh fine. But no…nibbling me at work." James grinned and gave Q one last deep bite and a

coming in with you after that." Q let out a dual moan of resignation and pleasure as James bit him

"You've been exhausting yourself taking care of me," James murmured against the newly

Damn if the man wasn't even more possessive than usual with his inhibitions lowered over their

office.

powerful and doing things to Q that really shouldn't be made to happen before going into the

"Do I really need permission to look after you?" James asked softly, voice dangerous and

with a smirk and wandered over to his huffing mate, managing to miraculously avoid tripping over

"-And I want you wearing your panic alarm-" James just held it up from his pristine coat pocket

"Hardly my fault."

They'd had more than a few bickers over whom should be the one making coffee.

stubbornness when it came to things he'd set his mind on.

Generally Q was winning, being the least sick, but James could teach mules lessons on

Their weekend had not been fun. Between James' illness and lack of general body coordination,

Their alpha shift slightly into a firmer position.

"If you can go in for a few hours, so can I." Q's decidedly unimpressed expression only made the

"I'm only going in for a couple of hours." James crossed his arms regardless of Q's attempt at

"Bloody Health and Safety department getting to you again?"

"Alright, but I want it taken under common knowledge that I had no part in this until the cleanup,

when you tell him you lugged Double oh Seven half way across the room." R shook his head in

both a little frightened and more sympathetic.

"I didn't know he'd come in, or else I would have

hands in order to quell the argument. "I didn't know he'd come in, or else I would have

to the desk opposite him in similar fashion. Hands on knees and working his tie looser.

"I'm making it up as I go along…" Q paused after a step and dropped his half of the burden in

heaved and panted. "Come on! I know this wasn't in the fine print but 'to assist your

"There was never a guarantee that this job would be easy, but this is just getting ridiculous."
Q desperately wished sometimes that it were. To find sympathy. Or maybe she had just grown out of it by the time she reached office. The haunted pain of the man's own isolated incarceration in Ireland reflected in them.

true that 008 was renowned for it; a specialist. Q looked at M's eyes and imagined he could see "We just send him down to the basement and throw away the key?" M met the agent's eyes no soundly counteracted and shattered his beliefs. "Psych are going to give him the thrice over. His mind's hardly gone but his value to us is in..."

even be workable with? The man himself might hold grudges too, certainly against 005. "What will happen to him?" Q asked, voice emotionless and controlled even if not fully sharp, "You probably don't want to hear the rest." M finished off, terminating the conversation as a barely knew what to think, shocked out of his wits, though he knew he shouldn't be. By any "You'll be fine." He added, uselessly, given that James, breathing shallowly through the pain, really be accused of that fully, given how often facts could be misread within their line of work. "D-"

"It set 008 into absolute outrage. It coincided rather too succinctly to double oh five's return to England for double oh..."

"...room of medical. Hardly the man's finest statement, but Q was less than surprised."

Every communication: monitored. Every mission: planned. Was he too close to the truth? "How close to R&D, possibly faked his injuries. The ex-agent was in logistics, with him there and..."

With roars and audible, sickening cracks. The collapsing equipment smothered the noise. Clubbed at each other like warring beasts rather than men. 005 with a gun pointed at them, breathing roughly and bleeding. 008 covering him, growling, cursed...

"Shit!" Q made for the cover of being not near 008 when the man blew all previous connotations gun and pulled it before the alpha could grab his own. 008 was somehow thrown his way. Crashed into the desk Q was rifling through moments before the desk, cursing, trying to keep an eye on the growling agents. He was getting big enough that the alpha simply wanted to herd him into a nest and growl everyone..."

"...nearly constant state of worry. Sometimes Q ached, or couldn't quite get up flawlessly, and he..."

Q's eyes could only widen as M explained the situation. Apparently, it went like this:

"...checking him over, and by that time M was straightening from his talk with the other also being shock of it setting back a bit to calm him. He kissed James briefly on the mouth and was then..."

I could smell it, Q shaking his head. "I know." The agent remarked, kindly, keeping a very focused watch on Q. Of course, to Bond, "... bordering too much upon romantic interference for his aching head and work ethic. He became far too deeply involved. Not that he wasn't fond of 005; quite the contrary, but this..."

out a lot and-" Q halted him with a hand, getting the drift of the conversation and nodding before "He's worried that because of you and Bond M won't have any patience for another Q-"

"...My R?" Q looked over, startled. "...My surveillance regimen for the whole building is well within your security clearance, and not..."

"...You mean other than anywhere and everywhere?" Q queried vaguely as he pulled the plans over..."

While not kicking occasionally –thankfully gently- but regardless, Q felt undeniably pregnant when not kicking occasionally..."
catch up with him. Managing a smile, the omega straightened to begin unpacking his bag, feeling the day's stress conspiratorial. "I'd better go get this monster his bottle, come down whenever you're ready."

Q nodded a bit, mutely, but managed a smile since Daniel's looked so happily sick. Besides, it'll be nice to have another omega around for a change, even the odds at dinner Daniel offered him another, much more knowing smile and drew away.

"May I?" He had little choice but to nod, seeing as how the man had been so generous, and still "No, I'll be alright. And thank you, you're being immensely generous sharing your home." Q but I can always get you some flu medicine if you need it." Of course, he probably smelt a bit Christ, of course. Dinner with the Mallory's…

knows when. So you've got a few hours to settle in before the natives descend and the feeding

"This one's-"

around the car seat.

and let himself be taken away from James with only a single wistful look out the window.

wanted.

the omega pup in his arms.

mildly when their handshake morphed into a brief cheek rub. They separated and Daniel jiggled "Likewise." Q assured, a bit closeted and contained in his reactions. Daniel surprised him out of it

Daniel was waiting in the large entranceway, pointing out things through the glass to the finer-

kicked and Q rubbed at the spot briefly, feeling some subtler movements as whatever stress Q was

With every step towards reception Q felt a little less sure, a bit more isolated. There was something

"Bye, then…"

"Tomorrow."

"Hey," James caught his chin deftly; fingers moving to curl around his neck and drawing Q close

"Don't get bored." Q demanded after a deep breath, squeezing his James' hand in a bit of final

With a sigh he stood and hovered by James for a moment. It was supremely awkward and tied

someone else's care other than his own, but didn't have the time nor energy to dither on it now.

responsibility. Both for the alpha that had to choose, and for the recipient. Q was surprised really,

"Not at all, thank you." Q replied cordially, as if he couldn't drive himself perfectly well, having

the man's mate, gave a ring as he was pulling up to the hospital.

M was still at the office, it being the middle of the day and still having a mess to clean up. Daniel,

"One of us might as well use the time to learn about the little blighters." Q couldn't speak again.

"T-they have children!" Q spluttered, disbelieving. James shrugged, the bastard.

"Oh James no…" From his words, setting his phone down. Q's mind latched onto the only logical pattern of thought.

not to cough, or cry, or beg. Breathing to calm down.

"It's not just me, love. Rumbles needs more than a hospital room. Visit, god please, but you're in

The thought was croaked aloud, James shaking his head, reaching to place a hand on Q's belly.

anguished but convicted, sure, just terrified at hurting Q. It didn't help the idea of leaving James

"Please Q." That shut Q right up. There was no denying that James was pleading with him, face

"I need you."

you, and you can't look after me, not right now. I can't stand you uncomfortable for me, and its

safere!

"It's a

for a moment to speak at the not-quite order.

"Don't be silly, this is fine-"

"You can't stay with me, Q," he got no further than opening his mouth in protest before James

turn to gently press Q back upright in his chair, eyes lingering on the omega's belly.

comfort, clothes and books and the like.

this time. He'd even pre-organised some stuff to be dropped off from their house for James'

equilibrium on presentation was hardly at its parade-best. The painkillers for his ankle didn't help

James seemed tense, it worried Q because he recognised the signs of his mate steeling himself by

place reminded him too much of missions gone wrong. Far from wanting to cause his mate more

-00Q00-
We can sort it out today probably, there's some time before the kids finish school.

Q did like Daniel, more than he'd thought he would, the man was sharp and sarcastic and witty, can be quite fun really. And you can do them with your mate.

"Not to worry, here are some pamphlets." Flooded with another set of reading material, Q left in a

Today he had a check up with Dr. Darcy and his midwife, and it wasn't even James taking him to

He was glad to be going into work, it was the only normality he had at the moment. Monday he'd

Daniel escaped the car with a smile to kiss M goodbye and smile at Q before settling back in with

"Good. Now, what times tables do we want to listen to on the way to school?"

"No ice cream on Wednesday." Came the miserable response

"What did I say about fighting in the car?" There were two guilty looks cast at him. "I'm

Stewart into his car seat.

"Maurice isn't stupid! I'm sorry." At least she learnt faster than some of his agents. That trick had

"For the shops?"

"Oh is she? How charming." Beth nodded gleefully.

Whatever the cause, he wasn't complaining. Going over he, with some difficulty, scooped up the

noticed amidst the kafuffle of Mallory's. Q went over, still unsure as to why he had been blessed

roast dinner. Perhaps the most amazing thing was that the children seemed to like Q without any

ruled his children with an iron fist covered in a woollen mitten. M cooked a surprisingly good

they were also better at waking him up. Daniel

He was actually a bit surprised to see that there wasn't a host of staff at their beck and call. But

He wept a few 'Nuluh' and 'Imbuh' noises of demand at points when he wanted to trade lions.

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"Oh, damn, sorry M-

leaving the room, and recalled where he was with a flush of embarrassment.

Against his will, really, Q found his eyes flickering open, and a sniff helped wake him up more,

hefted Stewie up from the floor with a smile at Q as he went out to greet his mate.

M's return was greeted by excited shouts and news as the kids scurried off to the door. Daniel

then again, Daniel did seem quite house and home proud.

"He's

"Can I touch your stomach?" Beth butted in again. "

"Manners first, Bethany May Mallory." Daniel reminded, the pup pouted afresh, but succumbed.

"Well done, by the way, they love you." Q huffed out a laugh, still tinged pink, and pushed his

"Not to worry." M smiled at him, and patted Q on the arm. "Come on, the bumpkins are asleep.

"Oh, damn, sorry M-

of her favourite moments might come into contact with his stomach. But other than enforcing him

children had accepted their places.

"Stewie at dinner." There was a little more grumping but after the opening song started both

"Munchkins calm. Let poor Maurice have some space." Q breathed out a sigh of relief at being

"He's

"I saw him first!"

"I know you did, but it's time to move like a grown-up. Let's let Maurice have his turn!"

"But I'm Papa's favourite! And I'm Mathew Mallory And I'm the head alpha too, and I think fat

Papa's favourite! And I'm Mathew Mallory And I'm the head alpha too, and I think fat

as a joke. Q watched a moment longer, then turned to the children. ""At least we can agree on one thing. We all love you, don't we?"

"Yes!"

"Then that means we love you too." Q smiled, turning towards the nursery. ""Goodnight, love wa-

It takes two minutes to fetch some soup, and besides, they got bored of playing with me by ten

He was glad to be going into work, it was the only normality he had at the moment. Monday he'd

Daniel appeared on Q's other side and they supported him towards the stairs. It was a

heavily on the not-quite stable enough form of M.

"Christ, sorry, I'm not," Q tried to steady himself only to flail a bit more and end up leaning more

The sudden entrance of a sandy-haired

arguing and crying.

the focus of babies.

"Hello Dada!"

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“So, tell me about the Mallorys.”

“Mmm I think you’d better had. Bloody voracious these women.” Q laughed softly, and it was toothily and leaned down against James' shoulder. "I'm sure they were hardly that bad."

Takes after his or her father.” The other omega looked like he was about to make some teasing or frowning instead.

“Quite the kicker isn't he?” Q laughed a bit grittily. “Maurice is nothing like those whales Beth!”

“Munchkins calm.” Daniel ordered, in-control as ever, and came to peel their tiny hands off Q's stomach and clasped the small hands in his own, palm-up. "He is not!"

“Maurice is nothing like those whales Beth!”

Seemed to come out of nowhere, but Daniel knew it was Maurice, who was big enough to knock a grown man over at the moment. He had pneumonia and had been in hospital for the last week. That was the end of his school sports career for a little while, Daniel thought darkly.

"He is to!"

Daniel watched the killdeer fluffing his feathers and raising his neck, a look of pride and ownership and need in his eyes. "You were a right little alpha really was half adorable with his insistence on 'taking care' of 'his omega'." He made a gesture with his head, and Stewie, munchkin, or bumpkin, stretched and offered to be picked up.

"What's wrong Maurice?" Mathew piped up and bounded over, all authority and business. The seven-year-old had been Daniel's best friend since he was six, before he had come into the world (and Maurice had been the one to give him the last push). "You can't be that serious."

"Blasty gave another few violent convolutions and Q fell onto the bed with a groan. It was just too much to bear. Even if Q was very sweet about it, in his own teasing manner."

"No. No. No."

"Expected. He was also absolutely no help at all."

"They were playing pack at school…" Q cast back a vision of the two eldest Mallory children coming home with a set of four new lego characters and a game of "take and break"... Which turned out to be a very good thing, when the two eldest Mallory children came home with a set of four new lego characters and a game of "take and break"..."
“Are you sure?” Q thought about it, tapped his fingers on the wall, glasses still held there rattling.
"Come along then, if you accept the offer?" Mycroft even went so far as to hold out his arm for Q seeing each other again when you are discharged."

"James," There was a moment's pause, but Mycroft seemed to disregard whatever the other alpha was, are you alright? How was the class?"

"I do know it. I just… I was shocked." Q acquiesced after a moment, calming, feeling drained, hoped you'd known that…"

"…Q,"

Not finish. Or maybe, maybe I just needed to do it. I don't know. You know me, I don't think that Right. Come over Q, let me talk to you. Please."

"Where do you think!?!?" Q snapped, covering his face again, shuddering. when I was rabbitting on about Blasty, or…” Again his voice caught from the low, barely spoken came out. Q took a pause to breath, hands trembling. "Now I'm worried, worried that you were shocked him and Q nearly threw the phone away before he could do more damage."

"So it is a book. Good. I was worried for a minute that it was a what do you… oh, the book."

"Fuck"

"And when were you going to tell me that you were writing about you old girlfriend? Fuck. insinuate that I didn't care. Please-"

"Q's voice chocked off, and at worry of just let me take you back to Mallory's. The alpha suggested, a cautious plea in his words."

"I'm tired I want to leave. Q bit out, barely able to keep himself from dissolving into a screaming his throat. Q gagged and covered his mouth, bending over till he could breath through the clogging feeling in

And maybe that was what the problem was, that James had just… carried on as if he wasn't take his phone, looking at the text from earlier…

"No. No. I'm not going there, I won't I-" Q's voice chocked off, and at worry of just…

"Let me take you back to Mallory's." The alpha suggested, a cautious plea in his words. Holmes, something like horror, like recognition.

"Everything that she had done. In some respects, it was only the woman's betrayal that meant Q knew everything that it entailed afterwards. Some parts bullet pointed, some nearly complete and clearly

James was writing a story? About…about Vesper."

"…00Q00… One he recognised from James' stories. His early missions.

Soon everything was packed neatly into a plastic bag and Q was checking he didn't have anything-00Q00-

"I'll make a detour by your house shall I?"

"Well I, I wore his clothes, sometimes." Q mumbled. Mycroft nodded a little, smirking. did you cope without his scent?"

"Tell me, when James was on missions and you were separated for longer and longer times, how could you even deal with the thought of being alone without his scent?"

"Ah? Ah what?" The alpha's smile was cynical yet understanding. Q spun to him.

"Their house was just as left, James' clothes and soap lying out in easy access. Q also found the silent rage that Q expected, Mycroft raised his head and eyebrows with a soft, knowing, 'ah'.

"There's aLOT of information you could probably tell me about James."

"I know, but I..."

"Their time line… One he recognised from James' stories. His early missions."

"Ah-"

"Okay, well then how do they get from one suite to another? Surely you do not remove an ensconced mother from her child while the labour is in progress?"

"Yes, they have the strength to continue at best performance. Do you ever switch teams during a labour?"

"No."

"Well thanks for telling me."

"Well, that was very satisfying, thank you Aster. I feel much better about your choice in hospital glad they hadn't been kicked out."

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"Well, that was very satisfying, thank you Aster. I feel much better about your choice in hospital glad they hadn't been kicked out."
“Morning, love.” James smiled, holding his breath a little, surreptitiously. Q looked around a bit James, head following the movement. Pushing down the annoyance at the fact that he'd still be pretty useless for his pregnant mate, Were they alright? Well, Q was here, and that was promising enough. James was more than ready Everything in James seemed to calm and tense at once, limbs and soul relaxed whilst his heart alpha let his eyes feast over the sight of his omega, relax in the scent of him, drink in his closeness Propped feet on his bed, leading down to a wonderfully… Never mind that now Bond expected five, maybe four, would be enough. He'd always been a quick healer. But he'd securing scent of his alpha, Q relaxed, head back, and let himself drift off into a deep sleep. Settling back, hands still buried into pockets of his black coat for warmth, Q kicked his feet up to gently, Q couldn't help but feel at home, loved, safe. stubborn and brilliant man, sleeping like a great lion, and their pup beginning to bumble around little burgeoning family, this had been quite a year. But now, here, with his James, wonderfully their pup, all of them, had been through these last seven months was enough to take any remaining It was tempting fate to even think it, but Q really hoped the rest of this pregnancy could go by even old- of James left him standing and breathing it in for a moment, hands pulling the shirt collar there was something uncomfortable about the sterility of the green-blue walls and the scrubbed There was something uncomfortable about the sterility of the green-blue walls and the scrubbed “Are you here for your mate Mr. Black? You can go right through.” “You're alright with everything, nothing to worry about?” Q smiled a bit. “You're sure we can't drive you over there?” Q smiled a bit. “Thank you, and for, well, everything.” Daniel's grin turned toothy. “Mathew Brenin Mallory, respect!” Q struggled not to laugh at M's indignant self-defence and his look torn between amusement and annoyance at the idea of sharing M. Daniel turned to look at him, concern in forbid that one day either of these two would be, they'd even put James and Alec to shame. them seemed to always move with the same natural sync. Daniel turned to look at him, concern in these last seven months was enough to take any remaining These last seven months was enough to take any remaining… He would miss them all, but the youngest pup was particularly easy to be around given “Nooo,” the pup pleaded, pawing at Q's jumper and reminding the older omega of their first “I will. You be good too gorgeous, find a perfect spot for that nest.” It was tempting fate to even think it, but Q really hoped the rest of this pregnancy could go by even old- of James left him standing and breathing it in for a moment, hands pulling the shirt collar There was something uncomfortable about the sterility of the green-blue walls and the scrubbed These last seven months was enough to take any remaining… He would miss them all, but the youngest pup was particularly easy to be around given “Nooo,” the pup pleaded, pawing at Q's jumper and reminding the older omega of their first “I will. You be good too gorgeous, find a perfect spot for that nest.”
With a kiss to both mate and pup each, James settled in for another long lie down, not minding in expression; lips slightly parted and body all of a flop. Rumbles meanwhile swam and stretched on pair of them closer and ran rough hands over Q's stomach, shushing gently.

"Shh now, little pup, yes yes, daddy's here." Q attempted, stroking his belly. James scooped the gently. pale exposed throat, and felt his heart stamp at Blasty kicking away enough to make Q wince skinned from the water's warmth.

groaned and stumbled into bed, laughing, wrapped in bath robes for the winter chill and pink proximity of mate evidently did that. James pushed back the ache of ankle as the two of them "Why?" Q smiled down at him, a touch exasperated at his own situation, but stroked James' cheek of the bump.

I lie or sit down." James kissed Q's stomach and looked up frowning, resting his chin on the curve of the bump. "Mmm the roaming hips do get annoying from time to time. Really we'll only need to worry once the size of his belly. Which was impressive, to be fair.

"Do you hurt?" Q tapped James' fingers thoughtfully where they rested on his hips, contemplating were well on their way to being ready for birth, which was quite some thought.

edge to peel layers off his quartermaster, steadying him a couple of times. Apparently Q's hips where Q made quick work of divesting his mate of clothing. James himself perched on the bath "Alright." They had to detach enough for James to hobble along to their impressive bathroom "No. No hospital in bed. Shower first." James grinned and kissed the cheek before him, as long as moan, but maintained the mental faculties to tap-smack James' shoulder.

"Maybe we should skip that shower." James suggested after he released Q's bite-bruised neck. Q small of his back and digging fingers into stiff muscles. Q seemed to melt all over again with a presence and love. It was powerful, visceral, and utterly out of their reasonable control save to himself. They needed the closeness. He'd forgotten just how it felt to be away from Q on James half wanted to bite the two weeks of distance out of Q's body, cover him with scent, with properly at Q's throat. With a small gasp Q relaxed against him, pliant in the sharp, familiar feel of The sound and movement took him entirely by surprise. Strong arms wound almost of their own agent and nuzzled up under his chin with an almost pained whine.

"I thought someone mentioned something about a foot rub?" Q breathed a small laugh against "Nothing else seems to, thank god." James rather thought he wasn't meant to hear that last bit, but take hold of Q's waist and pull him into a kiss. Q's lips moved eagerly and pliantly under his own, nonetheless gentled his grin a bit when at the top of the stairs, reaching through the crutch straps to "What do you take me for?" Q smirked, following his mate warily as the man travelled upstairs on "If you think we're doing anything when you have a bum leg, think again."
Chapter Notes

With a growl from James and yelp from Q the alpha pinned his mate back on the bed to ravage his...
at the television and his hands stroked over James' on his belly. You're going to have a good pack, little pup.

watching TV. reclaim Q with scent and marks. a victory-growling bite to the neck, rendering the omega limp reflexively at his mate's dominance, growling and toying with him. Toying, because evidently Q didn't stand a hope of winning, but a foot. Q laughed until he could seize and bite at the man's arm, James' having snaked under his

Alec somehow got James in a headlock whilst simultaneously capturing and tickling Q's bare into some kind of pseudo wrestling play.

laughing in his eyes. In helpless gasped laughter. In seconds the omega had given up any pretence of superiority and Q squawked with a shocked laugh and squirmed between the two inescapable overgrown children tickling mercilessly.

timer light sped up and with seconds to spare both alphas fingers found his ribs and armpits, looked over his head and winked at Alec. "What are you-" Alec chuckled and the flashing red

alphas after Alec set up the camera on the table. "Come on love." James guided Q around to sit on the sofa where he was squished by the two

"This. I don't want to forget it." Q met James' eyes and there was a flash in the background. "Charming. Might I ask why?" James put him back on the floor and ran a hand under Q's t-shirt

grin as he slotted in a new magazine. "He's right, James, what if he never lets you do this to him again?" Alec supplied helpfully with a

grin as he slotted in a new magazine. "Always planning ahead aren't you?" James retorted dryly, Alec just grinned back as he readied

fees." James joked… even just the thought of Q's face if he was decked out in a 'Mr. April'

barked out a laugh.

"Hell words. "For all I know Q would burn the evidence of any pictures."

"Pictures?" James asked back, slotting a fresh clip into his gun. Alec glanced over, eyebrow

shot, he didn't quite have the adaptability reflexes yet. He would, in time, but for now it was far

produced a camera and flashed it right in his face. the two alphas.

Q blamed the

"I'm sure their quaking in their parents' wombs." Joking though they were, James knew that

Did he want that? James pondered a moment on having a mini him romping around in his

"Protective much?"

They better not touch my pup. Young upstarts." Q snorted and turned to James, laughter in his

"Like an omega?"

other hand further around swollen belly containing their pup. "They'll have to go through me

"No." He confirmed, and wrapped an arm around Q's shoulders to pull him in tighter, curling his

They managed to have possibly a bit too much fun with it for the interim. "That's one point for alpha female." James grin-growled and pounced back to resume his attack

neck. The omega pushed him back, laughing, one hand on his belly, grinning mischievously.

first." Q chortled a bit gently.

"Followed by Beta male, omega female,"

stack toppled off 'beta female'. "Ha! Twenty points for beta female! Quite a head start don't you

"Ten points?!" Q shuddered, then a bit louder. "Twenty points!"

"Ten points for omega male!" James announced with a cheer, Q sat up with a squawk, dislodging

family feet." James answered simply. Q's

"Wait wait..." James finished, holding back laughter, and for a moment they both watched until a

"Mm! James Blasty's moving again!" Q managed through a mouthful of biscuits. The alpha

the two managed to have possibly a bit too much fun with it for the interim.

"Nothing, just thinking about the sort of work that draws young alphas."

nothing but a vague, "What are you doing?" Q had snapped to him. it wasn't like he hadn't

Or worse, a son turning and leaving, bag packed, running off into danger and fights and war. To

Q as an alpha... Q as an alpha child? A flash of Mycroft hit his mind and James shuddered a bit... determination as a gun was raised, tongue between teeth to focus on a line of bottles.

few weeks when he took Q up to Scotland.

"Damn. Had he even told Kincaid? Probably not, they were hardly ever in contact, maybe in a

Did he want that? James pondered a moment on having a mini him romping around in his

"No, not really, just thinking. Wondering." James hummed in agreement, bringing his own hand

"What is it? You're not upset are you?" Q shrugged, and then threw out a silly grin.

"And omega male taking up the rear..." James smirked and Q swatted him.

"Follow by Beta male, omega female,"
"Then I'd have to charge you." James pointed out.

James' opinion as he waved an arm around imperiously.

Q all but melted onto his back, a look of utter nirvana transcending over his face and encouraging cleaned Q's scratches before helping the omega into the bath where he'd be warm. Of course he anything about things beyond his power, but he could still do everything else that Q needed. He

beginning of the pregnancy, where Q was the one having paranoia. He might not be able to do

"Nothing will happen, darling. We're both very happy and healthy. The doctor said so last week.

"It nearly is the end Q. You could have the pup as soon as six weeks from now. I can't… nothing
gently. James brought both hands to Q's stomach and held the bump gently, lifting it a little,

"You're becoming mother hen-ish now? Usually that's at the beginning or the end." Q teased

the barely visible white circle scar on Q's wrist from where he'd been chained up to the ceiling

muddy clothes and then heaped some towels by the radiator to sit him on.

"Are you alright, James?" Q asked when the alpha finally set him down and proceeded to draw a

That

It was growing dark anyway, and James wanted nothing more than to get his mate clean and cosy.

"I think my pride may be wounded."

"I fell over." Q announced miserably with none of his usual pride, and simply held up his arms in

"James!" Q called in a pleading kind of moan. "Help me." Chuckling at the disgruntled and

"Mirrors." John burst out with. "Makes a room look bigger don't you know." James smiled

sneered, but his eyes were playful.

much fun.

"Oh darling, you'd be surprised how little space you need." Irene smirked over, clearly having too

"We don't have the room, I've already decorated the house once."

"No." Kate laughed in her silent way at the definitive from Q, who gave himself points.

"So, pregnant." Sherlock observed, looking between the smiling Kate and smirking Irene. Q had

was a bit of a squeeze, but James possessively pulled Q onto his lap, leaving just enough seats.

"Never underestimate Sherlock." He replied, still puzzled. The assorted group left the building and

"I didn't know your brother had the ability to pull." Q blew out a baffled breath, entirely aware
to wind an arm around his omega.

"Oh good, that's decided then. We'll be in national warfare by this evening." John complained

around the others. Q glanced her up and down once more and then looked over at John, who had

arms and calm attitude, clearly not in the least bit worried by the nearly fraught sexual tension

in James' direction, expression as sultry as ever.

in a way Q decided to take as gratitude for remaining tear-free.

That was something for the to do list then.

And definitely don't forget a camera!" At the suggestion Q turned to look at James, who seemed

Partners, don't forget to pack for yourselves as well. You could be there for a good few days.

imagining James tamping down on all reaction the instant Q began swearing at him and reverting

What about nesting items. Will they be provided or should we bring our own?

alpha, whose body rippled subtly in interest at the competition in the blue gaze.

"Yes?" Q glanced back at his mate, and didn't miss the subtle flicker of his eyes over to the female

doctor's easy access… not something he had but easy enough to find. Comfortable things for

chances.

in case he forgot anything. James was attentive to the list as well, but Q wasn't taking any

behind the table with the attitude of a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat. "-just bring two smaller

concentrate.

They
Chapter End Notes

remainder of his tension gently. Not a bad thought at all

hold them, watch Q holding them…

A part of him didn’t want it to end at all, but a much bigger part wanted to finally meet the pup,

between them.

hoped explained his stance a bit better. Q, at least, seemed to have no qualms about being kissed,

placating. Instead the alpha settled for turning Q gently and capturing his lips in a long kiss that he
don’t, I don’t like it.” Tears were starting to catch at Q’s voice again. James wasn’t entirely sure

sliding a hand around under Q’s belly and meeting the younger man’s eyes in the mirror.

Q finished with no small amount of shame. James pulled the more relaxed body against him,

“I was walking along a corridor with M and 001, mission preparation and… I couldn’t, keep up.”

turning his head into James’ hair slightly as the man pressed kissed up towards his neck.

James ducked his head in to press lips in a faint kiss on the omega’s shoulder. Looking beyond

unable to resist the temptation of sharing it with you.

simply waited with a simple touch in the right way, a person with a lot on their minds became

the other person make the first move. On top of that, he had found nearly universally, that if you

There were many moments in James’ long and diverse career as a spy that had taught him to let

steaming room, before rolling his gaze and huffing in a turn away from his reflection.

in his own house to be let in, simply grabbed a lock pick –they were lying around everywhere in

"Sorry, sorry." James hurried, backtracking. "Can I," He paused for a moment, but rather than beg

enough to waddle, full of pup. Q threw a selection of toiletries at the door with an aggrieved noise

It probably didn’t help that James took the moment to purr in satisfaction for getting Q pregnant

"I'm w,

not the most tactful response, but James' brilliant people skills failed him in one stunned swoop.

laughable that Q could call himself that, even whilst his stomach preceded him into rooms. Maybe

very practical person, when not ferreting wild theories down the rabbit warren of his mind. He

They’d made jokes, James was always making a point to touch and praise Q’s body. Q was also a

"I-I'm

Q not to answer, but after a moment it came. Not quite what he’d been expecting, either.

“What’s happened?” There was a pause of shuddering breaths where James prepared himself for

Q’s tears with such startling accuracy. Even if it was useful.

he did, he despised that these seven months had taught him to recognise and identify the tempo of

James grimaced a bit to himself. Want a family though he did, and love Q being pregnant though

Up the stairs two at a time James followed the scent of Q to their bedroom, where the nearly

but when it came to Q James could rarely help it.

Hurriedly the alpha took the water off the boil and set his chopping knife down, wiping hands

Not the book again?

dinner, when the door slammed open and Q stomped upstairs with barley a word.

with all the new techniques he had been dying to employ.

It was far too amusing just how much better he was at it after just a few months spent observing

use to wheedle out the information.

when the nation wasn’t at stake. Still, James had enjoyed the subtle plays and temptations he could

Always a bit of a piss take, given that neither MI5 nor 6 ever

mission cover that ran over slightly. The alpha would have stayed for Q’s evening shift but he had

commit to memory forever.

shirt to reveal a the swell of their pup, peaceful smile on his face. It was an image he wanted to

"Okay, maybe not then, this is perfect.” Q hastily decided; voice still caught in ecstasy over the

(+ eeep! So excited we're nearly there xD *flail-dances*)

Till next time folks!

MUCH joy and dancing! :D

if you liked! Thank you to all commenters and kudosers from last chapter, you bring

those classes, I seem to remember... Anywho! Thank you for reading and drop a line

Sherlock x3 So hopefully there’s no major issues with them worming their way in!

Kate, and I love the idea of her and Irene as secretly being a couple like John and

with... shall we say controversy sparking tendencies? But in this verse I can promise

Anyway hopefully this chapter was enjoyable. I know Irene Adler is a character

Hope you guys enjoyed and are having a spiffing time! My delay was due to holiday,
just him, let alone asking someone watch him run around like a headless chicken who didn't have meet the Mallorys tonight, which meant their children, which meant gifts.

"But it must be really good if he went to all that trouble to keep me out." James grinned. however.

thought had gone into his gift… And that he wasn't the one Q had forgotten about.

Q was really a very unprepared celebrator. Or maybe he just enjoyed the feeling of being rushed.

himself.

Sunday was spent lazing around the house with Alec whilst Q pretended he had to go to M's

With a squeak and more laughter Q tried to escape before he was set upon by the two alphas, "Right."

Both agents looked utterly stunned, multicoloured LEDs frantically flashing amongst them. It was

into place and nearly overturning the whole tree. Q failed to restrain his laugh.

didn't take long for both the alphas to attack the remaining lights.

Q could only hope that everything would be, better than he remembered. The two alphas must

long?

"We'll give them a Christmas to remember." Christmas', if he wasn't mistaken.

"You have to understand, me and Sherlock used to take great pleasure in decorating the house for

began gingerly removing the modified decorations whilst Q managed to fire up some hitherto

rave setting modified'.

"I'm amazed."

"Yes." Q sounded entirely too pleased with himself, and a little excited. "Well, ordered some,

lightly.

"Well I hear tinsel and baubles are traditional." James snorted and rolled his eyes, nudging Q

"What on earth are we going to put on the damn thing?"

Q had spent the morning shift at work and James had slipped out unnoticed along with him.

Friday became a bit of an endeavour in Christmas spirit.

With their Christmas guest list expanding, not a week left to go, and Alec arriving the next day,

game for a laugh. James had been thoroughly and pleasantly surprised by them.

"Don't worry, I've asked Sherlock to bring over his Cluedo set. And Mycroft's bringing risk."

"Sherlock tells me you're hosting Christmas this year. Should we pop round for drinks at some

house."

"Exactly. So, no, you let me plan this, anybody who doesn't want to give a gift simple wont

One for family and friends, and one for work." Q scoffed a little.

"One for family and friends, and one for work." Q scoffed a little.

"Not a word." Q smiled, leaning back against the wall and watching his friend with not a bit of

"Yes, I'd thank you not to tell anyone, we're still quite new."

"Melissa?" Q shot over, forgetting about the list entirely and grinning wildly. Tanner frowned and

"Not to worry, they'll grow out of it."

"Fine, generally. A bit sore, tired." Strangely it was almost the exact same way his doctor's

-00Q00-
dip his quartermaster. James had to get up and save Q after a while, though the omega was
emphasised suave tango technique—no doubt mocking James—and increasingly wild attempts to
As proven when Q got up and Alec proceeded to tease him whilst grinning about his new walking
that was far more excited to see what would happen this Christmas than any adult had a right to.
It might be the headlights of the proverbial oncoming train, but there was a large part of the agent
walking infant and frantically fretting about which Holmes brother to have round this year gave
thought he was in danger of being able to get far too used to this.
With a smile on his face, and calling the now tipsy Alec out when he got the story wrong and
And for a moment, he could admit to himself without irony that maybe some of that peace for
laughing, tucked up safe and sound beside him as a storm waged war outside.
Regardless of how secure James felt in his relationship, it was always a relief to have Q come
-No no," Q gulped. "Don't want to cause a domestic." M barked out laughter and after that the
funny.
"Maybe free up a drawer." The alpha suggested, voice slightly strangled with laughter. The
laughter.
"Do you, do you think we should get, get a larger bed next?" Daniel stuttered out, voice breaking
hiding the sound in his daughter's hair.
The three adults sat down and tried to coral the pyjama-clad children into place. Beth became
'modern the day after, and he had Alec drinking merrily whilst telling exuberant stories and Q
situation.
-00Q00-

We

Omega Darling
' range.
James picked the book up curiously. It being Christmas, Q took a moment in his office to just breathe in the scent of his domain, eyes closed in a contented smile. The omega liked Christmas more and more every year. It was fascinating and fast and almost all too soon it was two o'clock. Keen though the omega was to get back to James and the frightening yet exciting prospect of Christmas, he couldn't help himself from sneaking up on the humans and watching them. A smile tugged at his lips as he listened to them bicker over who was going to do what and when. Good times.

“Shall I get the canapés?” Q asked, voice soft and hissed as he whispered to the humans.

James smiled and nodded. “You start on the canapés, I’ll do battle with the turkey.”

“I’ll be alright wont you? You’ll have Alec to help as well… well, as much as is safe for you to have help.”

“Roger.”

“Got it.”

With Q in fits of weakening, tearful laughter above him, and James’ own disbelief at finding a boyfriend who could actually cook, Christmas morning was off to an excellent start. It had been a week or two since they last managed to indulge like this and soon both alpha and omega were in a blissed-out state of contentment.

It was almost too much for the two of them, too much to cope with. They had been working so hard, and now they were home and only each other. Well, this complicates things.

James and Q were just lost to each other, and, of course, entirely stuck in that position until they decided to get up. Above them Alec threw a boot onto the floor and shouted at them to keep it down.

James boomed out a laugh of brilliant, shocked hilarity.

“Alec!”

“Shut up!” Q hissed at him and then winked at the humans. “They are mine.”

Waiting for the humans to process this new development, Q tugged just on the right side of hard at the thickening cock in his hand, mouth all grin and laugh. He could barely contain his excitement as the humans turned to each other in shock. At the same time, his body tensed and danced and trembled around him. He’d tried to catch, barely managed to push himself away quick enough to avoid landing on Q’s unseen edge of the bed.

“Oof!” James would reflect later, sometimes around when he had his nose buried in a glass of vodka, “I want to hurt.”

“Perseverance and a copious amount of butter eventually paid off.”

“Really, James thought it was all going rather well. That was until the giant vegetable pot boiled over.”

“Bugger!” James growled, peeler again becoming clogged with peelings, and threw it down in frustration where he sat flush against James, breathy laughter breaking from him again at the electric surge of pleasure it caused. He adjusted, pushing gently, soon not so gently as he grinned and swallowed up Q’s laughing cry. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed.

For a moment the pure strength of being fully joined with each other forced them to just breathe and adjust. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed. Q shoved down as James shot up and together they met in a shock of pure ecstatic volts through all their veins. Q moaned and adjusted. A few seconds of harsh breathing as James adapted to the clamped tightness around him, and then they were on the edge of the bed.
drooling slightly but now moved off the board game. James weren't so bloody pissed. As it was, he and Alec topped up the alcohol all round – save for with Alec. Eve, Irene and Kate looked on with amusement. Mrs. Hudson ‘helped’ Lestrade in the down. Q pounced on the green pieces and collected them for his army. James joined in whilst. It descended into anarchy when none of the three brothers, James or Alec would let anyone win, “Just be glad he hasn’t suspected suicide yet.” John muttered mutinously, taking another large

The Holmes brothers should not be allowed to play games together. They did not play nice.

“Of course you’re thinking of pudding already.” Sherlock muttered, and there were a few laughs female alpha waved cheerfully over at them. Something slipped from “I know. Go on, next one.” He chivvied, and James complied rapidly. The second package again there were two presents, James grabbed the long rectangular one first and Q smirked a bit. “My turn.” Q announced merrily, pulling out of James' arms with a thank-you kiss and delving country. Even if I have to kidnap a pup-sitter to do it.”

“Now, my present to you both.” Mycroft announced. Q could only stare wide-eyed. Not at the old pictures of the two of them. The first had James hefting a disgruntled Q whilst pregnant with a “Go on, open that one. Call it an insurance policy.” Q grinned and ripped into the second present, gestured to the second, unwrapped gift. “I'd be honoured.” Q replied, and he meant it. James huffed a bit awkwardly.

Grinning at the cryptic instructions and the strange hint in James' eyes, Q ripped apart the paper to rectangular one. “That one first.”

leaning to pick something up from the pile of variously wrapped presents.

With a slightly worried look of distaste Q leant to James, next to him on the sofa, keeping his eyes “No!”

STOP! Stop

Hoping Q would come back soon, James turned to examine the chicken and check the pre-cooked

“Don't worry, you'll like this one. He's the likeable brother.”

Frowning, he put the oven mitts over his shoulder and went to answer the newcomer. Outside in completely relax and enjoy the strange conglomeration of people.

And, well. It was just everyone wasn’t it?

completely uninterested in his sex appeal.

infatuated with him because of the proximity to an alpha and a sense of friendship. Everything few broken hearts after all? And that she knew she wouldn't be getting him.

Alec's infatuations were either the stuff of legend or hilariously lack lustre. It was obvious Alec agonise to both him and Q over a mission and gunfire about just what went wrong. Q had rather setting off Mycroft. James shook his head, letting in the two women before a soft cough

Greg Lestrade. Sorry for the intrusion, I was meant to be eating with that lot and next Sherlock looking on with a certain glower of agitation as Mycroft rolled his eyes, and came over impressive haul.

handed items to the group they had been having dinner with.

bemused looking man next to Mrs. Hudson. Both individuals looked a little surprised as they

nibbles, drinks and a few gifts.

“Hello, brother dear. Charming as ever I see.” John rolled his eyes at the pair and pushed past, accepted champagne from Alec’s imposing form. Mrs. Hudson was positively blushing, hiding

bemused looking man next to Mrs. Hudson. Both individuals looked a little surprised as they

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Finally, it seemed, Alec and James had managed to work their magic and hold up to the promise of getting the Holmes' pissed enough to start loosing. Irene set up camp on Mayfair as Mycroft was pushed back to Old Kent Road. Q made a brave stand at the Strand and Leicester Square before being sent repeatedly to jail. Sherlock ran a tight business on the stations and Water Works before he landed on John's infamous Pal Mal and Northumberland Avenue too many times in a row. Mrs. Hudson landed on Free Parking three times in succession, collected a small fortune, and collected double again when systematically everyone remaining seemed to land on Oxford Street and Regents Park.

Cooing with victory, as the Holmes brothers absolutely did not sulk, Mrs. Hudson kissed everyone on the cheek and helped herself to a large brandy from a tea mug.

At some point the Queen's Speech was put on, and James found himself being the rigorous old fart that enforced everyone to watch. After that Q commandeered the TV for Doctor Who. Molly woke up long enough to suggest charades. James would never forget Alec trying to mime 'Call the Midwife' and Q desperately thinking of a way to act out 'Sanders of the River'. The day dissolved into fits of hilarity and quite a few people falling over in their haste to act out a film book or show.

It was late, and most of the leftovers consumed by the time people started traipsing out in drunken dribs and drabs.

Irene and Kate left as untouched by alcohol as they had come, both grinning profusely. Eve corralled Mycroft into a waiting car but not before the alpha had kept clawing Q into a hug for ten minutes, refusing to let him escape.

Mrs. Hudson was escorted home by a worried looking Alec, who'd be right back, he insisted... but had also become responsible, along with just-sober Lestrade, for the drunken Sherlock, John and comatose Molly.

The door shut for a final time and James slumped back to the couch with Q. The flat was a mess.

"I'm exhausted." Q laughed, rubbing his eyes and pushing glasses away. James sighed out long and satisfied, wrapping an arm around his mate and basking in the relieving quiet hum of the house and London outside.

"It was good." He reflected simply, an immense feeling of content wrapping around him. The pair met gazes and shared a kiss before James sunk back into the couch with another sigh and Q dropped his head back with a huffed laugh.

Neither of them moved for a long time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all gorgeous comments and kudos, and reading this far! I'm glad that the xmas time is over now, I've tried to be festive too long!

Officially Blasty's due date is February 4th, which was yesterday, I wanted to make it sync, but I failed 'xD

This is now over 250,000 words long and words cannot describe how ecstatic I am that this has gotten so long and people are enjoying it still 43 chapters later!

So I hope you lovely readers have a wonderful week or at least lots of laughter!

See you next chapter :)
The picture would be one Q treasured for a lifetime.

The alpha's constantly tightly panicked expression about having Q anywhere on a boat had
There had been one taken outside yesterday's fish and chip-stop lunch where Q looked truly
“Smile.” Q ordered, pleasantly.
around shoulders as his own sneaked around a wool-wrapped waist.

waddle to get beside him. The useful thing about Scotland: there was always a handy rock or
ready and only a few weeks to do it. Until then, and with the pictures James had procured for
highlight the rich tones in the surroundings. If one came out good enough, he'd frame it in the
work and wound the window down as they drove down long, gradually winding empty roads.
-00Q00-
eyes. A little bit of mud was a small price to pay, he supposed.
Q to see how much more mud would be going into his lovely Aston changed his feelings to the
Putting their muddy outer layers in the boot caused James some visceral pain. A sly glance over at
composed mate foiled by some crafty planking.
The disgruntled tone caused James to re-locate his sense of humour at seeing his usually
The next few miles were passed in a potentially dangerous game of car-pranks involving the air
after turning the offending song down, reached out to press the lever at the side of Q's seat. The
suave demeanour, clapping his hands in a way that was adorably carefree. James smirked and,

“Why don't you put some music on?” James suggested, gesturing at the sound system. Q's eyes
frown, trying not to laugh. With a final Olympic effort the omega managed to swing a leg over

inside, in the warm, that is.
Q had James all to himself for a week. No MI6, no distractions. He fully intended to enjoy it…

and butting his head up under James' chin affectionately. The man huffed a laugh, unknowing of
from there.” James snorted, eyes bright and blue and alive in a way that wasn't quite captured in

"The only way you're getting me out of clothes is inside and by the fire. You can admire the view

A year ago he would have taken the time to explore the new surroundings, or at least the inside,
the relaxing and cool dusk air of each different location, happily planning their next stop and
had packed these in case Q went into premature labour, they came in handy with the many pit
James had at least had the foresight to pack alcohol gel and hand wipes, although it was true he
just needed to stretch his cramping legs.

"Are you sure you want me to be demanding?” James fixed his mate with the most serious look
back and belly. After a few deep breaths Q looked over at him.

"Drunk. On rum. And not by car. Besides, I'm much better company than your brother and a
some snacks from the back that James had wisely packed.
"Further than you've ever gone?” Q shot him a look, but smiled through it as he sat up to grab

London was gradually left behind, the city thinning out as they hit the motorway and gradually
apprehensively, checked the door was locked briefly and gripped the rails as he came down.
James coaxed Q down from the steps with an outstretched hand. The omega frowned a bit
"I know, but what if we break down?” James snorted a bit and turned to him, holding out a hand.

The air seemed to have changed, to have become more relaxed. It was as if the two of them
had been able to switch off their work mode for a while now and let their guard down. It was
clinging onto 'civilisation' for as long as he could.

James had taken the liberty of re-packing Q's bags. Ensuring that he had packed enough so that Q
must have described Q's decorating habits to the man.

"They made it themselves.” Piped up Louis Dior from the back, and just when 005 had entered Q

was itching to get his fingers into the pile of pieces.
"Wouldn't want you to get bored sir!” Mathew joked, earning several laughs and chuckles.
"For our future boss.” Added Kate, pink hair swinging.

The omega turned to look at him and was met with a smile. "For our future boss." He repeated

coffee, all but squirming with collective excitement.
draws and upend bags to do the same. Q blinked at the flurry of activity until one of the storage
face that cracked through his controlled façade.

anyway."

With a blinding smile on his face, and deep affection for his branch, Q thought that he'd never be

Hindsight
he'd left it so long.

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Hindsight
he'd left it so long.
Q purred out as he stretched languidly, grin on his lips. After relaxing back into the waiting car to set off home. After a few minutes drive, James broke the comfortable silence.

"Always welcome, thank you for letting us stay."

"I'll be round to visit mind. Meet the nipper."

"There will be no surprise."

"Oh don't worry, just had a bit of a shock to the system. Now, what are you thinking about darling girl before out you popped."

"That's my boy. Your parents never knew with you either. Mother was convinced you were a girl."

"The sex? No. Last surprise."

"Can I get you two a drink? Tea?"

"Come on, in with you. Got a warm fire going and it's bitter outside."

"Q, pleasure to meet you."

"Q had said. 'You're terrified to stop and burn but know"
Sherlock and John had bandied their money together to get them the single softest-looking sleep-with the rather fine bassinet. It seemed to be an heirloom, and James had a rather sneaking "I think we've got everything." Q reflected, sounding impressed, as he checked the items off the list. "What about the presents?" Sherlock interrupted forcefully.

John had been the name of one of Mycroft's girlfriends who had done nothing but scowl anew. "Likewise for James and Hamish-" John choked on his own cup at the last name. "Of a breakfast food." 

"It's a traditional name-" Alec supplied. "Robert Zhov." Q took a breath. "That's the only name that's been around forever and ever." "Zachary, Hugo, Morgan-" Mycroft pointed back at Q.

"Might be better if you just named him by his interests." "They know a Louis already." John, with some measure of quirk in his eyes and pushed the man playfully. "Hey it's no worse than Maud.

"It's just..." "I've got you on call, maybe I'll just- not do much today." 

Of a breakfast food.

"I'm curious, but we've made it this far." Mycroft sat down next to Q, edging away a bit from the cheery man. "It's meant to be fun bear." Eve commented in angelic tones. "It's just..." Mycroft grumbled. "Bahbey!" Stewie chorused, flinging his hands in the air and nearly getting Q covered in whatever was in his hands. "I've come up with several suggestions. As has John." Sherlock intoned, withdrawing a list from his pocket with dramatic severity.

"I'm sure we'll get to baby later." "Of course, my dear." "What's that?" "Of course, my dear." "Why is everyone always yelling in my face?" 

"Of a breakfast food." Q was at least happily busy with his resting jobs.

"I'm fine, it will go. This too shall pass." Q muttered a bit incoherently, eyelids drooping. James gently sat beside Q, scooted over on the bed to sit beside Q, hands slowly finding the omega's pelvis and massaging it. Not long now.
Grateful, and a little chuffed, James pulled the covers back up over Q. They tented over the swell
mate and pup seemed to be sleeping peacefully. The frown lines on Q's face had smoothed away,
shifting under the squidgy protection. "Good pup, that's right little one."

You need rest too." Slowly, so slowly, the frenetic and powerful kicks died down to normal
alpha turned to the heavy belly before him again and rested his head there, shushing as he had
and on the edge of waking, breaths returning into huffs of pants and distressed sounding. The
The movements beneath his hands continued despite James' attempts until Q was squirming again
of its nice cushy home in a way that made the alpha wince for his poor lover.

again on the eyelids and forehead, cheeks, jaw, nose, gentling him back down into a slightly
bed, returning, hot and agitated and cringing occasionally. James noted the upward swing in his
"Uuuhgg, please, please just stop!" Q had been tossing and turning again all night, leaving the
-00Q00-
resolve.

okay, you'll be out soon. It'll be nice to finally meet you. And I do love you, even if you're
regret any movement their pup made, but at the same time…
Rumbles should be getting steadily more squashed now surely? Less able to punch and kick Q in
But now his legs were starting to want to give way again, the dull ache in his pelvis morphing to a
He'd left James dosing next door, unwilling to disturb his mate's sleep more than he already had.
uninterrupted hours a night.
"I know its good practice but
same time, and this was the nth night in a row where a combination of aches and ruthless baby
Nine months was a long time. Eight, he supposed, being in that Q didn't find out until week five.
Breathing out slowly James sat back and scrubbed a hand through his hair. He was excited, but he
late? Q would be practically about to pop surely.
But then what if Q was early and he wasn't there? Hardly any pups were born perfectly on time.

He wanted to see Q with their own pup next.

just enjoying the peace of the moment. He'd been impressed with how well Q had handled the
Huffing a gentle laugh, James reached for the remote instead, turning the TV down very low and
open and drooling very slightly with faint snores.

Altogether: a definite success. James watched Q flop down into the sofa with a rather pregnant

"Honestly, I thought you were joking." 

Stuart was almost painfully ingratiating. James had only had to hold the pup for a minute and
which was at work, of course, but sent his regards. James liked the fiery Beth well enough; she
Daniel had given them everything he could spare from Stewie's early days, given that the pup had
omega had blanched at that and James swiftly took over the unwrapping.

"I want you to report in full detail, I have to know everything." 

and fascinated.

and a large amount of nipple cream. John had looked apologetic and sensible, Sherlock gleeful
suit the pair of them had ever seen, courtesy of the rather fancy baby and maternity shop they'd
Sherlock and John had bandied their money together to get them the single softest-looking sleep-

P.S... not long to gooo! *dances*

See you all next time and thanks for reading :3
I tried to use some of each person's suggestions in this chapter, hope you could pick
Hope that puts some fears at rest for you guys, and thank you for all your gorgeous
go right ahead! (I loves me some ideas x3 *munches*)
So there will be 00Q+baby goodness! Fear not!

Speaking of, if there are any 00Q+baby scenes/important stuff/funny stuff/serious
depth that I have for this main part of the story (yes, I know we all want to see the
about:
"Oh, that." She shook her head a bit, raising her eyebrows and looking at Alec briefly before...
during these moments rather than their anxious ones. For one thing, he felt much better about the new and exciting challenge they were about to take on was born.

onto something mindless behind them for them to laugh at. “Maybe right now. But to give ourselves credit where it's due, we've had a rough pregnancy and

“Bloody blind these days. For years, with those two.” He jokingly criticised of himself later, at

Still, James felt he should have seen it coming, or at least noticed.

worked well together, but they'd not worked together often. 009 rarely went on missions as

monumental development in Alec's life. The other alpha slapped his arm without hard feelings.

The next day James cornered Alec in MI6 about Anthea Monroe.

-00Q00-

eyebrow, and settled down to relax.

almost blindingly pleasing importance. He kissed the hand in his own, the ridge of one dark

that Q had waited to fall asleep until he was back, craving his presence. It gave him a sense of

into the nape of his alpha's neck to breathe in the scent. Smiling to himself the agent wondered

mouth to check if the omega was feeling better, the man had already fallen asleep. Face pressed

wash of relief coating the younger man in the alpha's presence. Finishing his aroma examination,

he might be able to scent the labour before Q sat in his mind. But he could detect nothing different

tugging the covers back around them as Q drew arms around him and curled close. The omega's

He spared them a brief nod before heading up to where Q was. A pile of bedding with Q's head

pointed him upstairs without pre-amble, easily knowing James' priorities.

James pushed his foot down on the accelerator, enjoying the renewed screaming from the back.

“I love you.”

calming.

“Soon, Q. Two, three weeks, at most.” Q breathed in and out slowly with a little laughter,

the indicator. Loss of humour in Q was always the first red sign.

with a laugh that eased James' remaining fear. Q was fine, shaken, but fine. Joking was always

nearly there. I'm not leaving again.” And again Q must be following his selfish and indulgent

moods.

Q must be truly shaken, sounded like he was fighting tears.

“I, I'm fine, we're both fine. Just a s-stupid mistake to- doesn't matter, you're coming home. I

petrified recruits in the back.

took him right back to the start, when they clung to each other over continents.

uncomfortably, he sounded like he was trying not to break down.

women in the back of the vehicle were far too busy trying to clean up each other's sweat and sick

“Q.” He spoke, voice betraying slight strained emotions despite his training. The young men and

James had just managed a particularly fine shift between a honking truck and a lorry, one man

ungainly swerved through slower traffic.

right now, but it was still a relief to know that he could put a minibus through its paces when the

What with the news from their doctor's appointment earlier that week, and his general fretting

Mycroft and Monroe are with him.'

‘Q's fainted on the underground. He's alright, I'm on route and we'll get him checked over.

call had been brief but enough to strike fear deep inside him.

James couldn't get home fast enough. Impatient with his dawdling, exhausted recruits and

Mycroft's arm encouraging him to curl against the warm weight of his body.

massage at his neck and the base of his skull. Q felt himself going under with it, eyes drifting

pack indeed.

If the two of them became any more serious, he and James would start to have a very formidable

attention and contact…

longing for James. On the surface he could recognise that 009's laidback personality and casual

toyed with her hair. Mycroft turned to his brother rather than focus on the source of his ire any

“Does James know?” Alec chuckled.

“How long?” Q just beat Mycroft to the question, by the look of things.

Q didn't know if he was amazed or horrified by how sweet they seemed together.

much the same reaction.

and leaned a bit on Alec whilst continuing to type. Alec blew at her fringe playfully and received

“All the better for me.” He announced, wrapping an arm around Anthea's slim waist and pressing

turning back to the phone. “They mistakenly only thought they would work with me. And the
He was going into labour. He was nearly going into labour.

Q lay there, head dizzy with stunned hilarity and barely aborted thrill and nervousness.

"Family members firmly inside and doing the supporting of the base layer, belly support, optimum nesting usually occurs when the subject is completely surrounded in a firm-yet-loose way. Calming down the hormones, encouraging a relaxed and positive response, will help the body way. No need, I just ate. Water. And a snack. Food's good, I've heard food's good." Sherlock started, faffing, standing, Nerves—Mycroft and Sherlock think they scent my hips going. No contractions. Can't talk, might be sick. Leaving. Is it coming? Call me."

"This will be worth the taxi fare." He commented. Mycroft scowled, but focused on sitting next to snorted. predictable they usually started before the hips went. One-two days. He could do that. There weren't any contractions yet; though the order wasn't

Q breathed out a bit, shakily, but his fingers still trembled as he reached for his phone, hashing out sudden scent from the ligaments of alarm when the dislocation is about to happen."

"How long is that?" Sherlock questioned, glancing over at Mycroft for clarification and holding

"Your hips, they're loosening, the hormones must have started being released into the to the next."

"Smell different." Sherlock finished, eyes widening with comprehension. "The hips—"

"W—what?" He knew as much, but to have it confirmed by another was particularly nerve—briefly before sharply scanning Q.

"No, its fine. But I wont be much company I'm afraid." Sherlock was looking around in complete

were allowed, so Q just huffed a hot breath and sat back down in a chair near the piles. He'd "Are we not allowed to visit our brother?" Mycroft queried haughtily. And, yes, of course they "Smell different." Sherlock finished, eyes widening with comprehension. "The hips—"

Rubbing his distended belly, Q came to a stop when Sherlock released him on sight of the blanket

"Never mind that my little Star." The older man's affronted and unimpressed retort was cut short into a snarl by the door opening. Godzilla-like from the within. "I'm sure they'll be room for you to get a ring side seat, Mycroft, over Aster?"

The pair arrived at the door to the Bond-Holmes household, as it was in their minds at least, and

Sherlock's smirk spread to a grin. Sherlock deduced. any eventuality. "It is our duty to make sure he is not only being kept in the best of health but is also prepared for brother.

Soon wasn't soon enough, even if he was worried about the pain for Q. James wanted their pup, but he worried over Q too. that fatigue was one of the common dangers of labour. Q had never been the healthiest of people, and this had been a tough pregnancy. He remembered

Again, Villiers scoffed beside them.

"It's coming?" Springing over James rounded the couch as Villiers tutted and rolled his eyes. way from the front room.

Q had never been the healthiest of people, and this had been a tough pregnancy. He remembered

write. Of course, he'd have to back it up with an electronic copy, e-mail it, possibly, maybe type it to give or deliver the letter to your pup at that point. suggestion was to pick an age, say 16, 18, 21, something memorable or important, and to arrange

~Dear Blasty, sorry, not Blasty any more, probably. We've not got a name for you yet, being in

faintly sappy during this pregnancy and throughout knowing James thought that the original
bed was the main thing. Then they'd get this baby out. That it would be fast. That pup and Q would be safe and healthy… Whatever else, James had gotten them to the hospital as healthy as he could. As he stood to dash dramatic hymn pounding through the speakers and onlookers staring at them whilst they laughed, "Duly noted." Both still laughing, James switched the station louder and to heavy R&B. "I will kill you, I will get my brothers to kill you, and Alec."

"God James, pick a bloody time!" Q accused, laughing through his wincing. James grinned back. bubbled up, so did Q's laughter. Strained but undeniably genuine. medicine right now; James silenced the radio before tuning it to a country station. As the sound James doubted that omegas would have been moved at all after snapping.

end. "Could we have some music please?"

"Your waters?"

"Al-" Q paused, blinked rapidly, and both of them looked down to where there was a patch of "Alright?" He questioned. and clutching onto him. still flinched and cried out a little in pain when his hips shifted, mewling with hurt against James Q would have found that mortifying.

"It's building again, time it." James looked to his watch to take note of the time. "Better get that" He ranted uselessly, internally, taking a breath and

"Breathe Q, come on." James coaxed shakily, reaching out to turn on a nearby lamp and shed light into the room with one hand. The other stayed firmly placed on Q's belly. "Was that your"

"Oh no. It couldn't be."

"Well, let's see how this baby wants to come."

"Are you alright? Have you felt anything? Can I do anything?" Q reached up and gripped James' blanketed, but still hissing. He nearly crashed the car and practically tripped over his own feet whilst running to the house.

"Hang on. Only a few more minutes."

"Keep it together, keep it together. Christ, a baby. Now! Q's going into labour, now!"

"One day, two days from now, he was going to start going into labour. Contractions would start that if moving positions stopped it then maybe he just really needed the toilet."

"What?"

"I'm bloody terrified!" He sobered a bit. "But it would be good to know how the contractions"

"I'm not doing anything yet."

"Christ, Q. Your bloody brave beautiful." James pulled him close, burying his face in the crook of

"Realisation shot James in the chest enough to steal his breath even as he settled Q down on his

"What?"

"Hmm?"

"I'm not doing anything yet."

"But he'll be coming to the hospital." Sherlock half demanded, half confirmed. Q let out a half

"No stress allowed tonight."

"They just wanted the evening alone."

"We should wait a

"One day, two days from now, he was going to start going into labour. His hips were about to dislocate and his brothers were fighting about how best to comfort him into

"We should wait a

"One day, two days from now, he was going to start going into labour. His hips were about to dislocate and his brothers were fighting about how best to comfort him into

"Oh fuck.

"Was about the only thought that truly managed to suffice.
alpha's gut clench. When the two midwives accidentally moved too fast towards his precious, first
"Duly noted. See you soon."

a bit better for it though. Irrational Q had always been one of his favourites, and one of his most
"Shit, mate, you alright?"

When it faded, Q took a deep breath and managed to look at James' overly alert eyes.

"Uuuggh bugger but it hurts." His groan seemed to calm James slightly, ironically.

"Me too."

breathing hard.

"I'm fine Mycroft I'm, ohhhh noooo…" Q groaned and both hands went to cover his face,

-00Q00-

It hurt, and he was feeling miserable, and unsteady. He wanted to meet their pup now. Mostly he

"Sorry."  

"Call him. Speaker." Q more or less demanded.

With the door closed, James turned to his mate, surprised.

"Looks like it's going to be a quick one, if you've got any calls now's a good time to make them."

"Alright."

vulnerable positions and strangers, this had to be more relaxing, didn't it?

"What do you think?" Q blinked, looking a bit lost in the pain, but he could see the contemplation

looked at after all, and by a friend no less. James leaned close, blocking off the room as best he

could see why there would be a problem for Q. He was the one who had to have his lower parts

Q looked between James and John as his contraction eased, breathing a little hard. The alpha
don't apply as they would to, say, an operation."

James stayed firmly up by his quartermaster's head as Mary and John investigated below.

"We'll take you." He smiled, John looked delighted for a moment, terrified, and then proud.

"Alright."  

He seemed regretful, and James decided he didn't want to see the man go. He knew John, trusted
"What are you doing here?"

"Mmhmm." Q managed, refusing to open his mouth.

when a quiet noise slipped out of Q.

many machines and then checking Q's vitals, putting assessing hands on his belly. When the
shutting as he rode another contraction.

"No, well I," John took a breath for a moment. "Seeing you two go through pregnancy made me

breathed out in disbelief and shook his head.

"I'm sorry, you all know each other?" She asked, peering at John.

between the lot of them.

"It's a little late to be having doubts now, darling." A slight upturn of lips managed to break

around the room.

the safety of James' hands and the relief of the ebbed pain. Once he felt a bit steadier he looked

James' face was above him, instantly focusing in when their eyes met.

relieving kind of numbness. After a moment, Q could open his eyes.

bend to kiss him softly, going silent and stoic as he tended to when Q was in any sort of distress.

while before it started to lower. If his breathing sounded a bit whimpery, well, Q decided he could

into James' shoulder with a shaky huff as the contraction peaked and remained for a long seeming

only upset James… that was going to happen enough later anyway, probably.

again. There wasn't an urge to make much noise right now, and the sound of his own pain would

squishing around your head?

grow in his stomach. James shifted to wrap his arms further around Q, under his shoulders and

"The midwife is going to be in in a minute to talk to us and do checks." James informed, Q

WARNING!:

YaaaaahHOOOOOO we've made it!!

H0: Its time; H1: Blasty in the spotlight.
her other arm, and ruffled the tiny, startled pup against her chest. She was pale and though her head was
already bent back a bit contentedly, fingers flexing. The alpha remained for long moments as a pure smile
spread across her face. "Someone's dainty, aren't you? Little Rumbles." The alpha murmured, reverently,
fingertips softly tracing along the small, delicate form. "That's pup's head out, Q, well done! That's the hardest part." Mary cooed, voice ecstatic.

"I can't do this any more!" Q groaned, eyes squeezed shut and teeth clenched. "It hurts too much!" The alpha's voice was soft and soothing. "No, Q, you're doing great. Just a bit more, okay?" Q's face scrunched up again as he pushed, pausing to gasp and keep going.

"You're doing marvellously, this is brilliant." Mary coaxed. "Come on, don't stop now push!" Q's latest whimper turned gradually into a scream and the two betas cheered encouragement as Q pushed with his heart and soul.

"Okay, pup feels like it's in a good position. Just a matter of time now. You're nine centimetres," Mary said, her eyes on Q's face. "You're doing great. Just keep going, you can do this."

Q nodded, his eyes wide and determined. "Okay, I can do this. I'll let you all out."

"Good girl, Q." Mary smiled, patting his head. "You're doing great."

-00Q00-

"Blasty Rumbles, baby girl," James cooed, reaching down to名额 the tiny, purple life in his arms. "She's a girl? You're sure?" James asked, bending over the pair of them, hand ghosting over the flushed, fluid-covered pup against his chest. "She smells like both of you, she's a beautiful baby beta."

"Yes James I have eyes." Q laughed out, dizzy, giddy. "She's a girl? You're sure?" James asked, bending over the pair of them, hand ghosting over the flushed, fluid-covered pup against his chest. "She smells like both of you, she's a beautiful baby beta.

"It was longer than he'd thought, and agonising watching Q's strength gradually sap away. Fatigue and desperation lacing his eyes. "Oh my god, oohh god you're so tiny. Oh so tiny. Oh no she might break?" Q looked up at James, pleading, worriedly, and caught the indescribable look of love and wonder in his bright, blue eyes that was too much, the emotion there matching his own, astoundingly vibrant. Fatigue and desperation lacing his eyes. "Oh my god, oohh god you're so tiny. Oh so tiny. Oh no she might break?" Q looked up at James, pleading, worriedly, and caught the indescribable look of love and wonder in his bright, blue eyes. His mate's smile was enough to light up the room and cease world coordinates.

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-00Q00-

"Jesus fuck!" Q swore as the two betas laughed and James' hands scrambled after his own in coordinated arms to capture the fragile pup.

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James had gone a rather unnerving shade of grey, and stock-still. Remaining rock like but seemingly teetering on the edge of action. "I ca-I can't, I can't-" But the words were caught short on his lips as his mate's fingers flexed and pushed with a strength that seemed almost superhuman. "Q, you're doing great. Just a bit more."

"Okay, you can do this. You're doing great."

-00Q00-

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-00Q00-
He'd learnt to be afraid too young, James too, even if not by as much. Not for their pup though. "James," Q called from the bed, quietly. That, in combination of Alec putting hands on both...
Q, and continued driving slowly with a smirk on his face. Londoners needed to slow down for a higher cause.

"Don't you worry little one, Daddy's just doing what he does best. Infuriate the general public for your own good, Alice," Sherlock acknowledged her hiccups of laughter.

chorus of 'oh come on!'s and honking around them, to which James simply casually rolled down the window. "…Go slower." Q commanded eventually. And James Bond, reckless driver extraordinaire and off-the-wall genius, learned that not only were the traffic lights on green, but they were a whole ten miles from any traffic lights.

James had to agree. "What are you doing?" Q asked sharply in confusion ten minutes later as James' sweated and cursed internally. "This bathroom smells unpleasant."

Having completed his mission, the alpha got in the car and drove.

Amer, Mycroft, surprisingly, didn't fumble in the slightest at the hand over. Q supposed, for the first time, he might not have been the one to have brought about this mess. Q would cry, and James would never forgive himself. And they'd both murder the hospital staff.

"No, I have to see this!" Sherlock was beside him in an instant, eyes wide and fascinated and hugging James' arm. "I don't want hospital in the bed."

"We'll get you in another one at home." James kept taking moments to interrupt and bring Alice back to Q. Which proved handy when she decided it was time to nurse again.

I didn't quite manage to get them home this chapter... I seem to have a habit for taking a long time to read, and I'm glad you've all enjoyed thus far!

Sherlock leant back, stunned, and Alice turned to latch back onto her mother's chest greedily. "Look at us John, see, already we're bonding."

Alec seemed to take this as his cue to move up beside James and Q. The alpha took a moment to turn his focus to the omega and the psi facing him and nosed into Q's neck fiercely for a second.

"Alice Hermione Bond." Q replied. Mycroft didn't speak at all after that. "See for yourself." Alec interrupted, moving back over with their wide-eyed and confused looking at Q and the omega and the psi facing him and nosed into Q's neck fiercely for a second.

"How much does she weigh?" Mycroft asked from the back of the room, peering over. Voice swift finding his hair captured in a pup-grip and sucked on. John sputtered indignantly and made a face at it.

"Don't tease her Sherlock, just be gentle she's a baby." John reprimanded, hovering mother hen over to check their daughter. "I don't want hospital in the bed."

"We'll get you in another one at home." James kept taking moments to interrupt and bring Alice back to Q. Which proved handy when she decided it was time to nurse again.

"Don't anger the mama bear."

"What?" Mycroft choked from the background, stunned sideways by the revelation. "How much does she weigh?"

"She's tiny." Q snorted a bit, keen to keep his voice light in case something set James off, who was starting to get annoyed by this. The psi face straightened to plain shock.

"Hello Aster." Q blinked a bit in surprise and turned, drawing his eyes away from their baby and back to normal. "Do you want to hold her?"

"Let's have a look at this little lady then. Hey look! She's got your hands Q." Q wondered how on earth the psi had put upon them and were blinking in a collective daze. Alice blended right in, which was also do to the fact she was already five months old.

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had the same fears underneath, it seemed. "I am?" It was a little heartbreaking to see the always-confident pup sound so unsure. Everyone bit.

"Baybeh baybeh." He cooed, dropping to lie on his stomach and watch with big eyes. "Baybeh." Stewie asked, confirmed, patting Alice on the belly and looking up at Q.

grunted a 'sorry' at James. Luckily Stewie interrupted before the moment could become tenser.

hilarious. "My omega." Mathew launched himself into a nuzzling hug of Q's neck, feet slipping

"But you're still p-pr-pregnant Maurice!" Beth accused with a pointed finger at Q's middle as he

made Q feel strangely proud.

Together with Eve as help though they managed to give James a bit of a kip. At least now he

managed it. The alpha had been awake for most of the last four days, at least Q had grabbed those

sleep-feed. At one point she was taking yet another picture of the little pup when she looked up,

Eve was there for an hour watching them go through Alice's usual routine of feed-sleep-change-

Still, "I appreciate the effort however." He assured her, trying to flatten his hair ineffectively.

the moment.

had been entirely forgiven at the doctor's office and were really the only things Q could stand at

remaining baby pounds under a rather unattractive combination of comfy and cosy clothes that

and Alice stirring a bit. But he calmed with a clearing of the throat.

arms before smiling at Q.

quick save when he saw one, but couldn't condemn his mate's suavity. Besides, seeing James

"Anyway, I was going to say Eve's the lovely lady who planned your pup shower." Q knew a

growing up to think that those who shot each other could still be great friends and houseguests,

"Eve," James grinned, standing up to peck her on the cheek. "Meet Alice Hermione. Pup meet the

laughter and playing chimp sounds, and other animals, to their increasingly befuddled looking

Which was how Eve found them fifteen minutes later, squawking with possibly sleep-deprived

absently drifting over to stroke his pup's tummy. It was impossible to not touch her. Q had never

improvement.

baby.

by the proceedings. Other than her constant demands for food she was really not too troubled a

and been very gentle. The experience was still rather nerve wracking. The pup didn't seem phased

Mycro came. James insisted on feeding it to Q whilst Alice had another meal.

"Is she hungry?" Given the sniffling and air scenting the young beta was doing, turning a weak

James came back upstairs to find Q uncomfortably rubbing his chest lightly. He couldn't help but

hunger, Alice tried a bit harder at least.

performed with Q.

tearfully before resigning to another few gulps and turning away again. Q just grinned at him,

a not-so happy pup's mouth. Alice scrunched up her face and turned away, looking around

kitchen. And when it came to getting the pup accepting something other than mother's breast.

God, thank Christ you're not an omega.

It must have been only too easy for those cave-alphas to…

as if the omega could move away or do anything else.

"Oh no, are you, poor thing." Q soothed as he rolled over awkwardly and pulled his top open to

to the bed and unable to go to his daughter.

Food, she needed food. Possibly? Hopefully.

clothed.

For the first time in this pregnancy, James felt a shred of doubt that he could care for this minute

him feeling particularly proud of himself.

"Oh." Q stated, brought out of his reverie to look over at their squalling baby with worried

Especially when Alice started crying, and a scent filled the room that was less than pleasant.

after that he fetched Q a glass of water and went back for their stuff.
"Of course you are, come here." The pup scrambled into the hug as though his life depended on it.

"Just don't try and claim my pup again, okay?"

"Okay." Mathew responded, a little miserably, but snuggled into Q's neck anyway.

"Thank you." Mathew clung on for a bit until he went to go snuggle up with his Mama, James was looking torn between finding Beth or Daniel's questions more grating, Stewie simply pooled in a comfortable heap like he belonged everywhere.

Beth perked up further when Q waddled back over to sit next to James, sandwiching Stewie happily between them, the pup gave a happy squirm as though he couldn't decide who to snuggle against first. Evidently the squishiness of Q's belly won out.

"Jamesy says Maurice is gonna have five more pups and they'll all be named after the rest of the Alice in Wonderland characters and I think that the March Hair and Cheshire cat should be girls and that the Mad Hatter should be an alpha boy and that—" Q rather lost the thread after that, looking over, James looked about as dumbfounded as he did. Silently both of their gazes traveled back to their own pup who was blinking up at Stewie's fingers waving above her.

Just what sort of personality was floating around in their own daughter?

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By the time Alice was a week old, Q had evidently decided she was old enough for her first nest. Of course, the omega had been arranging their pup into little balls of comfort for a couple of days, but it seemed that now she was ready for a sharing nest rather than a solo one guarded by Q.

"Here please," Q coordinated, getting James to settle down in the centre of the nest, shirtless, and then settling Alice on his chest for skin contact. The pup slept on, sprawled with her little fingers curling on warm skin. James' hand came to cup her tiny back, able to cover the small expanse easily.

Really it was still taking some getting used to, the fact that she was just so small. It was terrifying and wonderful all at once. Q settled covers and cushions around them before dragging warm blankets over them cozily against the chill. James freed an arm to wrap around Q as they pressed together, scent warm and comforting in the enclosed space.

"Happy?" James asked, turning to give both thickly haired Q and sparsely haired pup a kiss in turn.

"Mmm very happy… You?" Green eyes looked up at him, one of Q's hands playing gently with Alice's on his chest. That ever-expanding feeling in James' chest was becoming familiar over the last week, but no less staggering.

"In every way, love." Q smiled and sneaked up enough to kiss him again before settling down.

"Wonder how the office is getting on."

James grinned at the thought.

"Are you going to bring her in? You know the minions—"

"Colleagues."

"—Are going to want to adopt her." Q thought for a moment.

"Maybe in a few months. She should recognize my voice, at least. Think I'd panic otherwise."

James grinned.

"… And you thought you couldn't do this." James remembered suddenly, fondly, back all those months ago when Q first told him and was worried about everything. "Look at us now." Q sighed slowly, letting the words sink in. James let him think about how well they'd managed as he brought his hands to toy with his pack's hair. Q's was thick through his fingers and glossy whilst Alice's could be stroked into exquisitely fine and soft spikes, looking a bit professor-like.

"Will her hair change colour? Eyes?"

He asked after a while. Q roused himself slightly.

"Could do, melanin in the eyes develops with exposure to light, and as for hair… well she doesn't have much yet so…" He snorted and broke off as he saw what James was doing with his hand.

"What are you doing?"

"She suits it doesn't she?" He responded with a grin. Q started laughing at their pup's hair tufts, just quietly enough not to wake her.

---

Chapter End Notes

One chapter left people! No matter how long it ends up, I think I want the next one to be the finish. *jitters*

I got the brood involved as promised! Not too much interaction with Alice yet but she is very young, and Bond is very protective! Q might also have panicked to death if the other pups had held her xD

And Eve! This was the first time I felt comfortable writing her, so hopefully she came across ok.

Next chapter should contain sendoffs from Alec, My and Sherly & John, for anyone wondering about seeing them again.

For now, thank you thank you thank you for all the support and wonderful comments and kudosing. You guys really brighten up my week! Hope you enjoyed and see you next time :D
“Ooh how old is she?” Crooned one elderly couple waiting to cross the road with them. At first James had thought Q being pregnant was bad. Q with a onesie Sherlock and John had brought for her. baby sling, James shouldering a large bag of essentials and the pup dressed smartly in the footed Twenty minutes later found them striding out with Alice securely attached to Q with the Q-Branch “You feeling up to an outing?” Q asked him as he put the phone down, swinging Alice back into to go there? Have you even cleaned, Alice can’t- Really?” Q seemed sceptical of Sherlock’s ‘unpleasant’. Still, James felt a little…wrong somehow, throwing it away. In his hand, blackened Alice’s umbilical stub dropped off towards the end of her second week of life outside the womb.

It went on in that vein until Q made an unhappy grumbling noise at the same time as Alice and the “Get your foot away from my foot then.”

“Get your leg out of my knee space.”

Alice almost immediately fell asleep. The pair of them made quite a sight, both open-mouthed and "Well I get to hold you don't I?” James conspired with Alice, stroking her chin. The pup sneezed He was very glad the he hadn't been given time to voice it before Q requested a pack nest. All his immediate pack under one roof.

"That's no cuddly toy, that's a baby. Please. Please."

"Your pack."

"You can't bloody talk to me like that!"

"Your pack."

"Your pack."

"Your pack."

"You put in a bid for Childhood, yes. Baby-dom, no. Treacherously his mind spun to images of more little stubs kept alongside that of their sibling's Alice had become transfixed at the sight of light glinting off Q's glasses, and didn't respond. This "Damn she's only gone and got you two house broken. Little minx aren't you?" Q handed her to Q. Blinking a bit after he'd done it, the alpha could hear his friend's snickering.

"You look confused, that doesn't happen to you. You're used to people gifting you a new head of hair, or another of your parts."

"You're going to teach me...?"

"To teach you."

"You're going to teach me to speak, aren't you?"

"To teach you how to be a pack member."

"You're not letting me off the hook."

"No."

"If you don't teach me, you're not going to get into the nest."

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"Alice?
They stroked the clusters of curls back into place and back into the eyes of his favourite person on the planet. "I was only thinking of one or two spreadsheets." James looked at him for a moment, looked at Q's smile could be felt against his skin. "We'll have to wait and see." Q's hand reached out to cup her cheek and Q's hand in one go, their joined fingers clutched her cheeks. "Yes yes, you're worth it. Just be nice to Mummy today alright?" Q requested, taking Alice and her away the shirt a bit further to help. "Good thing you're cute." Q muttered tiredly and with not a little truth in his words as he grabbed Alice's tiny toes through the fabric of her sleep suit. "She's bigger than you were. Chunkier too." John commented from the bed, his normally compelling gaze averted. "She shows an impressive amount of cogniscence already." Sherlock complimented. Well, James reckoned, Q had impressed him as well. Then again, the look of bewilderment on Q's face made it clear that he just didn't get it....  

James breathed a sigh of relief when it was over. And found himself holding a distinctly heavier, crisper, crumpler Alice, her hands smeared over Q's wet skin in the shallow bath, seemingly fascinated by the new novelty of her cute belly button. Pre-emptively he helped Q roll over and sit up enough to guzzle down the tea, leaning heavily on James' shoulder. Alice was on the verge of mad, her body a bundle of energy, her eyes alight with the excitement of being out of bed and back past her crib. James tipped her down wrapped in blankets on the sofa for some TV whilst they both ate breakfast. For now, Q thought he'd just enjoy his rejuvenated energy for the day. The excitement of going to visit Sherlock yesterday had left Alice a bit nervous and she soon started to sputtering breath as they stumbled past a group of affronted looking teenagers who had either slept through the morning or had stumbled in late to see the runes Stanford had carved into the walls. "Let's just run, run!" John shouted, his normally composed countenance suddenly overjoyed. "Just get past them Q, come on, fast." John urged, his arms outstretched as if ready to throw Q to safety. "Want me to scare them away." Q retorted, his eyes alight with the sudden idea. "Let's just get inside, god there's a group of them there waiting!" John urged, his voice a shimmer of panic. "Well, they're too literal fashion. Alice's squalling for food was even struggling to rouse the man from the bed and Coordination. Or did the same with her arms until the little beta somehow managed to curl up into one of her tiny fits, well, stagger, into the bathroom with a cold cloth clamped to his chest to stem the flow of blood. James had tried carefully wiping it away one time, only to accidentally start a stream and have Q reach out to shake James' hand, his beta wife smiling dotingly. "Isn't it a sweet sight." She commented, her hands on her hips. "It's wonderful." James replied, his eyes alight with the sudden idea. "Let's just run, run!" John shouted, his normally composed countenance suddenly overjoyed. "Just get past them Q, come on, fast." John urged, his arms outstretched as if ready to throw Q to safety. "Want me to scare them away." Q retorted, his eyes alight with the sudden idea. "Let's just get inside, god there's a group of them there waiting!" John urged, his voice a shimmer of panic. "Well, they're too literal fashion. Alice's squalling for food was even struggling to rouse the man from the bed and Coordination. Or did the same with her arms until the little beta somehow managed to curl up into one of her tiny fits, well, stagger, into the bathroom with a cold cloth clamped to his chest to stem the flow of blood. James had tried carefully wiping it away one time, only to accidentally start a stream and have Q reach out to shake James' hand, his beta wife smiling dotingly. "Isn't it a sweet sight." She commented, her hands on her hips. "It's wonderful." James replied, his eyes alight with the sudden idea. ...
mother's clumsiness off to her first adventure. Of curly blonde hair behind an ear and focused green eyes on the gate, striding with a hint of her more gadgets than anyone outside of the security service should have, Alice forced a crazed strand standing and shouldering her bag full of scruffy recipe notebooks and clothes, electronics and really, they were a pretty great family, in Alice's opinion. They'd stayed over and ended up flambéing half the house. Had 'borrowed' the Aston… or when her and her sister had tried to bake Mycroft cakes when Dad. They had always loved her, and been there with open arms… even when her and her brother less calm, more manic days of panicking about her life, fretting like Mum and dramaticising like thinking of her tears or a growl to terrify away monsters under the bed. It wasn't hard to picture Mum writing it, when he had some of his 'soppier' and less organised moments. Bored and pregnant and trying to get out everything that wanted saying. Back from the hilarity of her uncles through the years and the encouragement of Alec… thinking of her thinking about all the inspiration they'd given her, Mum's easy brilliance and Dad's adventures, as taken, please, just be happy, no matter what. Because you've already become an unending source of happiness for me. Hm what else? There's too much to write, really. I'm sure you'll be fascinating, you already are, and I look forwards to... and that you can always stand up for yourself unlike me. I hope you fall in love, at some point. I hope you feel love. I'm looking forward to meeting you now. I'm not looking forward to your manner of arrival so much, but that's my hill to... one day, if you're an omega or a girl… Christ that's a strange thought. Probably best not to think about that right now. Right now we're excited, and scared. Mostly excited. Or a bit scared. You're due to be born soon and it's been quite a... always save you from them if you need it. John will probably be there to help too in that regard, at least with Sherlock. Any sappiness at this point I should say I blame on the pregnancy hormones. Don't tell your Father I'm a sap, he's still... You should probably know that we've been in love from very early on, but I hope that you don't need me to tell you that. Even if I can't promise you anything else, I promise you that we'll love you, and take care of you, and be there for you. ...we really are. And we promise to try and do right by you, no matter who you are, because everyone deserves to be loved... I'm afraid you might find our lives are like that more than they should be, and if you haven't been told everything about... least understand why. Also, feel free to ask, please. I do hope you're curious about things. You seem that way right now. Thank you thank you to everyone whose read this story and enjoyed it, commented, kudos. 1st finished 00Q story, one of only 6 other finished works, and by far the one... and that you can always stand up for yourself unlike me. I hope you fall in love, at some point. I hope you feel love.