

A Little Experiment

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A Little Experiment

by [idiom](#)

Summary

Bond is given some time off after Skyfall. He has something to test out and Q is the perfect subject.

Notes

Original Male Character who isn't really original because he's sort of based on Charles Ryder from Brideshead Revisited and (story spoiler) that scene is based on [this post](#).

Chapter 1

-=-00Q-=-

Q was standing at his desk, his black hair dangling into his eyes as he busied himself with checking and rechecking the security in place around Silva's glass prison. There were no blind spots. The main computer wasn't giving any indication of a breach. Every security feature, camera, lock, and guard was checking out as fully operational. There shouldn't have been a single worry, but this was Silva, the man who blew up MI6 headquarters with a couple lines of code. Q wasn't taking any chances.

"Q."

Bond's deep baritone sounded from behind him, nearly making him jump. Even in the very literal middle of a room filled with people and security cameras, Bond still somehow found a way to creep up on him.

Q shook his head. He really needed a cup of tea. Darjeeling or Earl Grey? Earl Grey had more caffeine.

Earl Grey it is then, Q thought.

"007," he said in greeting. It was curt, but he honestly wasn't in the mood to deal with Bond. When he wasn't being annoying he was infuriating. Needless to say Q wasn't looking forward to getting to know agent 007.

Q turned and looked back to see Bond standing there, his face ever a mask of emotion. He seemed fairly calm for a man who'd just been kidnapped and possibly tortured by Silva and his gang. Q had been told to expect that odd sort of demeanour from the double-0 agents.

Bond cocked his head to the side slightly and gracefully slid his hands into his pockets. "Could I have a word?" he asked, nodding towards the door to the lab. He didn't give even the slightest hint if it was going to be a good word or a bad word in his tone. Q expected he'd just be getting excuses about why Bond had returned with only a broken radio and no gun.

He rolled his eyes and brought his attention back to the overhead screen. It wasn't worth putting off his work, so he waved the request aside. "I'm working, what's this about?" he demanded, going back to his programming work, typing away at the keyboard. He could practically feel Bond smirking behind him.

"A little experiment."

It was the simple yet intriguing response.

Q's fingers paused over the keys, his eyes snapping over to Bond curiously. It seemed the man knew how to pique his interest. With a long relenting sigh, Q stopped what he was doing and walked out of the lab with the agent leading the way.

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"An experiment... in a broom cupboard," Q drawled, as Bond closed the door behind them. With his hands on his hips, Q looked around the relatively well lit, but empty storage space. "Well I can't say I was expecting a controlled environment, 007."

Q passed into the small space. "What sort of experiment..." He stopped abruptly, feeling a slight warmth behind. Q turned around to find Bond standing much too close for comfort. "007?"

Completely deadpan, Bond crowded Q back until he had him pressed between his much larger body and the wall. It was outrageous behaviour, but Q went along with it. He could only assume it was all part of whatever Bond was testing out. A scare tactic perhaps? He frowned up at Bond. If the man didn't let on about what was going on soon, Q wasn't going to keep playing nice.

"What's all this about?" he demanded.

Bond didn't answer, but his hands came out of his pockets. Slowly, he brought them up to Q's tie, and loosened it. Q hadn't properly buttoned his shirt so as soon as his tie was no longer holding the fabric together it parted, leaving a deep V of skin exposed.

Bond didn't stop there – he was only getting started. He ran his fingers lightly over Q's collarbone before ghosting them up his long, pale neck. Circling one finger around Q's Adam apple, he felt how his muscle there moved, how it bobbed when Q swallowed anxiously.

"007?" Q whispered breathlessly. He couldn't gage what was happening; Bond's expression remained totally neutral.

The agent's hand was on Q's face now, caressing his cheek gently. Bond's thumb just barely ran along the curve of those Q's thin, red lips. His touch was gentle, barely a whisper above the skin.

"007?" Q repeated, more assertive this time. The onslaught on his senses had him quivering. He was bringing to suspect the double-0 agent had gone mad. Q's suspicion seemed to be confirmed when Bond dropped both hands to run open palms up his slender thighs. He sucked in a sharp breath.

Bond applied a pressure that he hadn't used before. He'd always imagined his hands could practically wrap around Q's slim thighs. Moving in closer, he slid his hands around to grip the backs of Q's upper thighs and he squeezed ever so slightly. Still, the surprise of it had Q jolting up onto his toes.

"Bond!" Q yelled just as Bond reached the slight curve of his rear.

The cry forced Bond back into some semblance of reality. He released Q gently his hands sliding up the young man's sides to calm him down.

"There now." Bond's face displayed no emotion. Still, Q swore he could see the tiniest smirk breaking through from behind that mask of his.

"What the bloody hell is this about, 007?" Q hissed in his best attempt to return to his normal authoritative work mode.

"Interesting."

"Don't ignore..." Q stopped and cocked his head to the side. "Wait, what's interesting?"

"Your reaction," Bond replied. "I wanted to see how a normal person would react to this type of touch. Wanted to know exactly what reaction Silva was trying to get from me." Bond said with a shrug. "So I needed to test it on someone willing with less field experience." He was once again running his fingertips along Q's collarbone.

"Stop that!" Q moved to slap his hand away, but Bond was too quick. He snatched his hand back before Q's hit landed.

"You don't like it?" Bond asked monotonously, as if he were simply collecting intel as usual.

"I- well... I wouldn't... I don't appreciate being cornered like that, 007." Q's eyes shifted anxiously. What was he supposed to say? I'm actually quite fond of your touch; you see I have a thing for older, more mature, sexy, blond, secret agent type men. Just the thought almost made Q blush and look down at his feet.

Bond hummed thoughtfully. "I suppose a different but similar reaction would occur if you did or didn't like it." Again his fingers were caressing Q's neck. "Shortness of breath, flushing of the skin, tensing of the muscles. They could be signs of either."

Q looked down at the floor and crossed his arms over his chest. He was trying to pretend that he was listening to Bond as though his research was intriguing in some way. But it was hard with the man standing so...

Bond moved in closer.

"Which was it for you, Q?" he asked carefully.

"I-" Q stopped. He couldn't speak. No snide remarks or repartees. Words just seemed to escape him. His chest tightened; he could hardly breathe. The heated air between them was thick with tension. Q knew the situation was beyond endurance when he actually started to sweat.

Defensively and with more success this time, he switched back into work mode. "I have to get back to the lab. Good afternoon, 007." With that said Q pushed past Bond and left the man in the closet.

As Q marched back to the lab, he didn't really take the time to wonder if the other agents passing in the hall thought that was a bit unusual for their Quartermaster to be exiting a closet looking so thoroughly despoiled.

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Later that day, Silva escaped.

They told him there was nothing anyone could have done.

Despite Q's diligence and the amount of security software set up, his virus had managed to access every corner of their system as soon as it went online.

It was chaos, but in the end Bond managed to take the criminal down as he always did.

At a price.

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The mission, which had been fittingly entitled 'Skyfall', was a success... of sorts. Q didn't see Bond again until long after everything was over. He didn't attend the debrief. He didn't return his gear. One of those things wasn't all that surprising... but Q still found himself worrying. He knew it was ridiculous, worrying about a man who was over a decade older than him with years of experience in the field.

It was nearly two weeks since the incident with Silva, nearly a week since M's funeral. Bond showed up at the new MI6 headquarters to meet the new M, formerly simply Gareth Mallory. Q didn't run into him that day, but he heard from Money Penny that Bond had only been around in the morning. She obviously had an inside scoop because Bond didn't show up the next day at all.

Q went home, not thinking much of it. He made himself a cup of tea and finished up a few tech patents before turning off his laptop and going to bed. Q fell asleep reading a new novel by David Mitchell. Just past midnight, he was woken up by a blinking red light on his alarm clock.

His silent alarm.

There was someone in his flat.

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Q crept down his own darkened hallway, a gun at the ready in his trembling hands – MI6 employee government issued. He'd never shot anyone, and he wasn't planning to. But he was hoping he could use the weapon to scare whoever it was out of his flat... he could only pray that it was just some average thieves.

He didn't turn on any of the lights as he tiptoed into his small kitchen. He didn't really need to. It was his house; he had the layout memorized. There was no sign of anyone so far,

but he didn't want them sneaking up on him. He'd much prefer it the other way around.

There was no one in the kitchen, so he moved to the archway that separated it from the living room. He heard a slight sound like the clinking of ice in a glass and focused his aim towards his couch. He was about to speak, but just as he opened his mouth, the lamp on the end table was switched on.

"So these are the famous pyjamas I've heard all about." Bond said over the rim of a short glass filled with some copper coloured liquid. "I see they're that same ghastly tartan colour as your workpants... have you been wearing your jammies to the office, Q?"

Q stared at the man in disbelief. Bond, having somehow broken into his flat, was just sitting there on his couch. He looked nothing like any double-0 agent Q was used to seeing at work. Bond had forgone the suit and instead wore a navy-blue jumper with a plain collared shirt underneath and grey trousers. He didn't look as dressed up as usual but he'd hardly dressed down.

Bond took another sip of his drink and then tilted his glass towards Q. "You should put that down before you hurt yourself."

Q lowered his gun with a relieved, but frustrated sigh. "What are you doing in my flat, 007?" He looked towards the living room windows, expecting the agent to have somehow scaled in. They didn't seem to have been tampered with. "How did you even get in here? I thought you were a burglar."

"Just a burglar, hm?" Bond chuckled, ignoring the questions. He wasn't one to give away his secrets so easily. "Aren't you going to offer me a cup of tea?"

"It's past midnight, I wouldn't want to keep you up since you won't be staying long," came Q's sarcastic reply. "Besides, I see you've already found my scotch, do help yourself."

James looked at the glass in his hand and smirked. "I'll buy you a new bottle," he promised.

Q rolled his eyes and carefully set his gun down on a bookshelf.

"Speaking of finding things," Bond said abruptly, drawing Q's attention back towards him. "I also found your passport... Geoffrey Boothroyd." Bond smirked, tossing the thing onto the glass topped table. "How posh."

"Bond!" Q stared wide-eyed at him, aghast. "Did you go through my drawers?!"

"I believe you dropped it in the sofa." Bond said just before he took another sip of scotch. "Really I'd say I did you a favour by fishing it out. You're welcome."

"Well..." Bond's phlegmatic manner had Q flustered more than usual. It must have been because it was the middle of the night. How was Q supposed to react when his mental faculties were shot from sleep deprivation.

"You still haven't answered my first question!" Q glared at the agent on his couch, getting back to the issue at hand. "You think just because I allowed you to... to fondle me – I haven't forgotten that by the way - without going to one of our superiors with a sexual harassment complaint means you can just break into my flat on a whim?"

Bond looked up at Q with a blank expression.

After a long pause, during which Bond took a nonchalant sip of scotch, he finally gave a response.

"Would you like me to make the tea then?"

It was a response; grant you, not a proper one.

Q let out a frustrated noise and padded barefoot into his kitchen. Fuck it. He was awake now and he definitely could use a cup of tea.

-=-

"Would you like me to call you Geoffrey from now on?" Bond asked from where he was leaning in the kitchen doorframe.

Q let out a laugh that mostly came out through his nose. "Good lord no, I much prefer Q." He shot Bond a look over one shoulder. "Besides, as I am technically your superior in her majesties' secret service, you'd actually have to refer to me as Major Boothroyd." Q couldn't help but smile when behind him he heard a quiet chuckle mixed with the words 'get fucked'.

"What about when we're not at work?"

Q frowned down at the kettle when Bond said that. What did he mean 'when we're not at work'? This was the first not at work Bond experience Q had ever had, and he was hoping there wouldn't be a repeat anytime soon.

"I'm quite used to everyone I know from work calling me Q outside the office," he explained.

Bond cocked his head to one side. "Q it is then."

The way he said it made Q laugh. Well, it was either that or the lack of sleep.

"What are you doing here, 007?" Q said with a sleepy smile.

Bond rolled his eyes. "We're not at work, Q."

Q cleared his throat and tried again. "What are you doing here, Bond?" He prided himself on the look of disappointment that crossed over Bond's face. What was he expecting? They were hardly on first name terms. "I assume it's not for my scotch?"

Bond sighed. "Where do I put this?" He shook the left over ice in his tumbler.

“Sink.” Q nodded, gesturing towards it. “Now answer my question before I call M.”

Bond paused for the briefest of moments. He then pointed to the kettle just as it clicked off and finished boiling. “Tea first.”

Q grit his teeth, trying very hard not to scream at the agent. Somehow he passively aggressively made the tea and handed a mug to Bond. Before the man could say his thanks, Q had already pushed past him back into the living room. Bond followed behind him at a leisurely pace. They sat down on the couch in silence and waited for their tea to cool down slightly. Bond set his mug down on the table while Q cupped his with both hands and gently blew over the top.

“Apparently I’m in mourning,” Bond said suddenly, causing Q to look over at him with an expression of surprise. If Bond was one thing, he was stoic. It was unusually for him to claim to be feeling... well, anything; not even that he was tired after being worked to half-to-death in training.

“This wasn’t my verdict it was the psychologists at HQ... he already thinks I’m mad so I’ve not argued with him this time,” Bond explained, actually sounding a bit annoyed. “I’ve been sentenced to six weeks paid leave, not including the two weeks I already took off.”

“Oh. Well that’s good isn’t it?” Bond needed time to recuperate, even if he didn’t think so himself. If he didn’t get some time to himself, well... there was a new apprehensive air throughout the office that their esteemed 007 could easily go the way of Silva.

Bond let out a weary sigh. His head dropped against the back of the couch. “I’m already bored,” he muttered. He looked around the room as if searching for something to entertain himself with and inevitably his eyes fell on Q’s gun on the bookshelf and then – with a second thought - on Q himself.

Q’s eyes narrowed as he stared back at Bond. He frowned into his tea as it dawned on him why Bond had turned up out of the blue. “You’re bored?” He glowered at the man next to him. “Wait... you broke into my flat because you’re bored?”

Bond looked over at Q and shrugged with the nonchalance of a man who thought breaking and entering was perfectly acceptable practice.

“It’s the middle of the night. Couldn’t you have done something that normal people do in the middle of the night. Like sleep?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” Bond replied as he kicked his feet up onto the coffee table.

Q shot him a questioning look. “... masturbate?”

Upon hearing that, Bond did something Q wasn’t expecting; he laughed. A single ‘ha!’ that nearly had Q jumping out of his seat. “Never thought I’d hear a suggestion like that from the head of Q-branch.” He smirked devilishly.

“Masturbation,” Q started in a serious tone, “is incredibly good for your health. Not just your immune system, but your stress and hormone levels as well, among other things.”

Bond was smirking the entire time Q explained this. “You forgot to mention it feels bloody fantastic,” he chuckled

Q chocked on his tea. “Well,” he said, quickly changing the subject, “as lovely as it’s been seeing you doing so very well, Bond, I need to work in the morning.”

“Is that my cue to leave?” Bond asked as Q stood from the couch. “I haven’t even finished my tea.”

Q shot him an irritated glance. “I didn’t exactly invite you over, Bond. I don’t think the rules of hospitality and good-host etiquette apply here.” He stopped talking and let out a long sigh. “I’m sorry, I need to sleep. Work, you know how it is.”

“I do.”

Q wrapped his arms around himself and looked around, anywhere but at the man taking up room on his sofa. “Just let yourself out... however you got in.” With that said, Q left the living room. As he reached the threshold back into the kitchen, he was about to shut off the light as he always did, but caught himself when he remembered Bond would still be there for a while longer drinking his tea.

“Goodnight, Q.”

Q looked over his shoulder to see Bond staring at him. He tilted his head at the sincerity of the expression. Then he saw Bond’s lips twitch up into a sly smile.

“I do hope you’re nice and snug in your jammies, darling.”

Q scoffed. “Grow up, 007.”

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The next morning, Q woke up about an hour later than usual. He was only just on time for work and when he arrived at his desk, Moneypenny was standing there waiting for him.

“I’m surprised,” she said, as she pushed off his desk and came towards him. “You’re usually the first one on staff in Q-branch. Something wrong?”

Q simply shrugged, too tired to come up with a witty retort. He draped his jacket over the back of his chair before turning to Moneypenny. “I’m sorry to have kept you waiting.”

Moneypenny raised a fine black brow. “It’s alright, I’ve only been here a minute. M just wanted a word as soon as you got in. His office.” She walked past him.

Q sighed. “Thank you, I’ll be there shortly.”

“Q.” M said in greeting as the young department head came through the door. “I got a call from 007; you need to take a bit of time off.” He looked down at the books.

“007? That’s ridiculous, what would he know?” Q was taken aback. He looked around the M’s new office for cameras, like someone was playing a joke on him.

M gestured for Q to take a seat, which he did hesitantly. “Well, it is a bit difficult to keep agents in check when they’re not working; I thought you could help,” Q didn’t like what M was insinuating when he said that, “and it may actually be a good idea if you take some time off. Skyfall was a tense mission... for all of us.”

“Yes, but... but time off?” Q shook his head in disbelief. “That is preposterous, M. Do you know how much work I have to do? Watching agents isn’t my only job; I actually need to devote a lot of time to fixing the equipment they’ve destroyed as well. Not to mention the new equipment in production!” Q forced himself to pause and let out a deep breath to keep from shouting.

“M,” he started calmly, “I do not have time to take off.”

“Ah...” M was frowning down at the files on his desk, flipping through the pages searching for information that wasn’t there. “I wasn’t aware of that.”

“Well, you’re new,” Q said with a shrug.

“Oh, do shut up, Q.” M chuckled. He closed the ledgers on his desk and placed them in a neat pile. “Now tell me. If I only cut your work with the field agents how much free time does that give you?”

Q crossed his arms over his chest. “My work with field agents tends to be sporadic, but at least six or seven hours off a fourteen hour day.”

“We work you hard in Q-branch, do we?” M brow raised into an expectant crease.

Q cocked his head to one side. He stared M down, eyes dismissive behind his glasses. “Nothing I can’t handle.”

“Alright then.” M pulled open a drawer and flipped open a schedule planner he pulled from inside. “I’m taking you off your duties to the field for the next four weeks, I’ll have you choose who you’d like to replace you of course. Moneypenny will write up the paperwork, but how this is going to work is I want you here in the morning as per usual, you can work on anything in the labs not related to currently active missions. I want you to have a month free of stress, Q.” M smirked. “You’re new as well, if I’m not mistaken, and I don’t want you going anywhere.”

“So...” Q swallowed the new information. “Will I still be working my regular hours, just not with the field agents?” He could go for that, same hours less stress. There were so many projects just waiting to be built down in the lab.

“Oh lord no, I want you out of here at lunch for the next month. Surely a young man like you has a whole list of things you want to get done that you’ve been putting off because of work.” M was smiling at him, but all Q could think was, *‘No. Not really.’*

Q bit back a scowl directed at M. He knew he couldn’t really argue so he just stood from the chair, ready to leave. “Does this start today?” he mumbled.

“I’ll let you tie off any loose ends you’ve been working on, but yes.” M walked around his desk and gave Q a firm pat on the shoulder. “Try to relax, Q.”

Relax. Q could almost laugh. He found his work relaxing. The surrealisms of everything that went on in MI6 helped him deal with all the anxiety of real life. All of his problems look ever so small when he had a man on the other line with a gun pressed against the back of his skull.

No, it was not be a going to be a good month.

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When Q walked through the door to his flat, he could already see Bond sitting there on his couch. “Seriously,” he muttered to himself. After the day he had, knowing that for the next month he was going to be able to do any work in the office for more than five hours a day.

“Good day at work, sweetie?” Bond asked, smirking when Q turned around to shuck off his coat and hang it up.

When Q turned back around to face him, his expression had already returned to its usual expressionlessness. “I’m really not in the mood.” Q looked around his flat with a frown. “My door hasn’t been opened, did you break in again?”

“I brought dinner,” Bond said, ignoring his question as usual.

Q could almost forgive Bond when he smelled that this was true. He walked into his and found a Chinese takeaway spread out across the little two-seater table.

“I guess that means you approve?” Bond had got up from the couch and followed him into the kitchen.

Q didn’t realize, but he’d let out a low moan at the fact that he wasn’t going to have to make himself dinner. “Yes,” he hissed in reply.

“Shall we?” Bond gestured to the table and the two of them sat down to eat.

“So,” Q started, pointing at the man across from him with a set of chopsticks, “what’s with you and trying to get me time off work?”

Bond looked up from his food. He stared at Q and took a bite, chewing slowly.

After a long moment, Q broke the awkward eye contact. He shook his head and continued eating as well. This was Bond; Q should have known he wasn't going to be getting a straight answer.

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Bond turned up every day after that. Thankfully he started appearing in Q's flat when he got home from work rather than in the middle of the night. Other times Bond was outside the MI6 office the precise moment Q got off at lunch.

"Surely you have some poor woman to salivate on," Q asked him one day.

"That's not a kink I'm familiar with," Bond replied curtly. The corner of his lip twitched when Q glared at him.

"You know what I meant," Q sighed, annoyed. Bored, he let his eyes wander around the room. Bond had somehow convinced him to eat out with him at one of his favourite restaurants. The place was a bit posh for Q's taste. He felt underdressed in his work clothes, but it was a Tuesday at lunch so at least there weren't many people around. Bond was sitting across from him at their two-seat table by a grand window overlooking the city. There was a candle on the table between them and everything. Q stared at it and rolled his eyes. *How romantic.*

Bond took a sip of the martini he'd ordered – in the middle of the afternoon. "I've not been in the mood," he answered honestly.

Q frowned at him. "James Bond is not in the mood? Energy depleted, old man?" he asked with a smirk. "If you taking me out for lunch is any sign, you seriously need to get back out into the field – and I mean that in both the sense of doing your actual job and the urban sense."

His words seemed to pique Bond. The agent's eyes narrowed slightly. "What about you? I haven't seen you do much besides go to work and come home." he raised a fine blond brow. "Why have you not brought anyone back to yours?"

"Well, you're always there." Q shrugged and took a sip of the tea he'd ordered. Stupid choice when he thought about it, paying for something he could easily have at home for free.

Bond eyed Q over the rim of his martini glass. "I would leave if you needed."

Q let out a quiet laugh. "Sure," he murmured, placing his cup back in its saucer.

"I'm serious."

"Mm hm. I'll keep that in mind." Q cleared his throat and put on a voice. "Bond, could you not show up at my flat this evening, I'm on the pull." He smirked when he saw Bond obviously had to bite back a smile.

The agent took a sip of his drink, trying to hard hide it.

“Don’t worry.” Q sighed. “It won’t be a problem.”

Bond raised a fine brow. “Are you sure?”

Q nodded. “I’m perfectly capable of taking care of myself.” he replied. With that said, he had to fight back a teasing grin as the man across from him started coughing on his martini mid sip.

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Two weeks into his time off, Bond was on edge. The man was becoming restless. Q came home one evening to find his freezer stocked with two types of vodka and a pack of beer in his fridge. Needless to say, Bond had been drinking... a lot. But, it seemed to be mellowing him out so Q didn’t pry. He closed the fridge door and started making tea.

With two mugs and a full teapot in hand, Q made his way into the living room where the agent was sulking on his couch with a beer.

“Are you feeling alright, Bond?” he asked, setting the pot on the coffee table.

The agent groaned as he took a sip, finishing the bottle. “This is just like after I was shot all over again,” he murmured in response. “I’m so fucking bored... grab me another beer would you.”

“I made tea.” Q bit back a smile when another groan was his only response. “Look, you can’t survive on Heineken and Vodka for the rest of the month.”

“Speak for yourself.”

“Bond.” Q watched the agent with an worried expression.

Bond closed his eyes. He sat up straight and rested his head in his hands, elbows on his knees for a moment. With a sigh, he mussed his own hair.

“Go on then.” Bond murmured as he lifted his head, looking up at Q with weary eyes.

Q pursed his lips and poured the tea before joining Bond on the couch. It had become their routine. If Bond wasn’t outside MI6 at lunch, he was in Q’s flat. When Q got home, he made them a pot of tea. They drank the tea then Q did some work on his laptop while Bond mixed himself a drink. Q went to bed and Bond left... presumably.

Tonight though, Q didn’t feel like leaving Bond alone just to go finish writing up the specs on his latest gadget. He sat with the man, long after dinner and the remaining tea had gone cold.

“I’m surprised you don’t have a list of things to do now that you have a break from being shot at,” Q speculated. He realized the irony of the fact that that he was repeating M’s earlier words to him.

"I do, but a large portion of that list is hampered due to M cutting off my flight clearance. I can't actually leave London right now without taking a bloody train." Bond let out a heavy sigh. "Besides, I spent a good long time being 'dead' about two months ago. Wasn't really looking to stay that way," he added.

Q nodded soberly and took a sip of cold tea. He grimaced. "Yuck."

Bond chuckled as Q placed his cup on the coffee table. "What about you then, Q?" he asked.

Q frowned at the agents vagueness. "What do you mean?"

"Today's the first day you've not scurried off to your office upstairs after dinner." Bond raised a single blond eyebrow suggestively. "Still no luck with the ladies?"

Q's face contorted into a sour expression. "Are we seriously full-circle back to that?" he asked glowering at Bond.

Rather than threatening, the agent seemed to find Q's surly look amusing. "You're the one who first brought it up."

Q let out a haggard breath. "Well I wish I hadn't."

Bond stretched his arm over the back of the couch, shooting Q a familiar smug look. "I suppose the adrenaline isn't pumping as high in the labs. You don't seem to be having any office flings as far as I've noticed."

"That has a lot more to do with personal morals and ethics than my... libido." Q scoffed at the man next to him. He contemplated whether Bond's words were simply creepy or straight up verging into stalker territory. Q decided it was probably both. "Besides, the proceedings of any MI6 missions are just as tense for me and mine in Q-branch as they are for any agent in the field. Thank you very much, 007."

Bond had to hold back an indignant laugh. "Your lives aren't on the line," he responded simply.

"No," Q agreed, side eyeing Bond with a sobering glance, "but other people's lives are." He his expression turned from furious to weary and he added, "and their lives are our responsibility."

The room filled with a dull silence for a long while. The only sound was that from the cars passing outside on the main street below Q's flat. Bond observed Q searchingly.

"Can I ask a personal question?" Bond seemed keen for more conversation but clued in to the need for a change of subject.

"Go on."

"When the mood does strike, who do you sleep with? Sexual preference."

Q quickly picked up his mug again and sipped his tea, not seeming to mind it's tepid temperature anymore. For a short while Bond thought he was contemplating his answer, but he quickly realize that was not the case.

"Q?" He said, nudging for a response.

Q looked over to him calmly. "Hm?"

"You did say I could ask."

"True, but I never said I would answer." He took another sip of tea. "Keep up, Bond."

Bond leaned back against the couch a tiny smirk gracing his lips.

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"Good morning, Q. How is 007?"

"Excuse me?" Q looked up from his work to see Moneypenny standing over him. She had leaned one hip against his desk. There was a look on her face Q didn't know if he cared for.

"Bond? James Bond?" Moneypenny said in a deep, put-on voice. "M says you've been put in charge of his care." She shot Q a smug smile.

Q put his pen down onto the table harder than he'd first meant to. "I'm not his bloody nanny, Moneypenny!" he bit out.

Moneypenny rolled her eyes. "Oh clam down, Q. You're his Quartermaster, it's part of the job description."

"Even so, I don't appreciate the slanderous accusations."

"Slanderous?" Moneypenny crossed her arms over his chest with an amused grin. "Oh please, Q. You're not a Victorian lady, there's nothing unseemly about you and Bond hanging out as mates after work... although, if you're not just hanging out as mates... and something slanderous is going on..."

Q swallowed when Moneypenny leaned over his desk.

"I'd be the first with details on the info. Right, Q?" she said with a wink.

"Oh, do shut up, Moneypenny," Q snapped.

The woman leaned back up straight and tossed a file onto his desk. She was obviously fighting back a laugh. "Notes for you to review... and do try to remember you've got other agents to deal with, alright darling?"

Not for another two weeks I don't, Q thought. His only reply to Moneypenny was an annoyed grunt as he waved her away from him. When she was out of sight, Q put his head in

his hands and took a deep breath. He deigned to admit it but he needed a break from work... and from Bond... especially Bond.

-=-

“Geoffrey, is that you?”

Q couldn't help but smile into the other end of the receiver. “Hello, Charles.”

He'd made the call. It had been ages since he'd seen Charles, and it was nearing the weekend. Chances were that Charles was going away to the country for the weekend like he used to back when they were in school together.

“My god it's been ages! At first I'd just assumed my caller ID was lying to me.” The man on the other end of the line laughed. “How are you? Still working for the government?”

“To some capacity.” Q shrugged even though he knew Charles couldn't see.

“Well it's bloody good to hear from you. Were you wanting to come visit me at the homestead this weekend?”

Q laughed. “Am I that obvious?”

“You are. Anyway, you must join me! Besides, I'm sure mother misses you.”

“Oh god, your mother won't be there will she?” Q teased.

“Not until Sunday. Please come with... I've missed you.”

Q let out a sigh. “I get off Friday afternoon, can I get a lift?”

“Of course, I'm in London actually. We should have gone for lunch sometime, if your busy schedule allows for it.”

Q sighed. “Some people have to work, Charles.”

“Psh,” was Charles' response to that. “Still living in that tiny flat?”

“Same flat,” Q confirmed.

“Right I'll see you there then. Friday around two.”

“Cheers. See you then.”

-=-

Q hung up the phone and shoved it into the pocket of his oversized jacket before beginning his short trek to the nearby tube station. He told himself it wasn't an excuse; he just needed to get out of the house for a bit, get out of the city, breath some fresh air. Plus, Charles was his best friend, or at least they had been best friends before life caught up to him. Q hadn't seen Charles in ages.

Anyway, the point was that this little holiday had nothing to do with Bond. Granted, Q had never felt the need to take even a short trip away from home that didn't have something to do with work in years. Still, nothing to do with Bond... Q was just tired from... all the work... that he hadn't been doing for two weeks.

Q stopped off at the Tesco's up the road from his flat for some bits then walked the rest of the way home. He trudged up the stairs and unlocked his door. Upon opening it, the piece of card he kept wedged between wood and the frame fluttered to the ground. Q picked it up and placed on a ledge it inside. He didn't even bother to check and see if Bond was there before he spoke.

"You can keep hanging around here if you want but I won't be at home this weekend," Q called into the air.

Behind him, sitting in what could at that point be deemed his spot on the sofa, Bond frowned. "You won't be home?" he repeated, curious.

Q answered his next question before he could even ask. "I'm spending the weekend in the country." He hung up his jacket, revealing the brown cardigan underneath.

Bond looked puzzled. "On your own?"

"With an old friend from Uni." Q unclipped his work badge and placed it in a decorative bowl. He turned to Bond then and began rubbing his arm, letting the plastic Tesco's bag dangling from it at his shins. There was a silence between them as Q made his way into the living room.

Bond was somehow able to roll his eyes with actually performing the action. "Why am I not surprised that you're young enough to still be in touch with friends from Uni," he muttered. With a sigh, Bond sunk back, relaxing into the sofa. "I'm sure I'll find something to do."

Q cracked a marginally relived smile. "Alright." He handed Bond the single beer from his bag.

"What's this?" Bond asked with a slight chuckle in his tone. He accepted the green bottle from Q.

Q shrugged. "An apology since I'll be away."

"Oh, Q, you shouldn't have." Bond angled the bottle so that he could use the edge of the coffee table to knock the cap off.

Q stopped him with a shark interjection. "Don't you dare use my table for that! I'll be right back with a bottle opener."

Bond yielded, setting the bottle down. "So," he started to ask while he waited for Q to return from the kitchen, "who is it you're staying with, Q?"

"Oh, Charles?" Q returned with a bottle opener and took the cap off Bond's beer for him.

"Of course his name is Charles," Bond murmured to himself with a little chuckle. "He already sounds posh."

"A bit." Q smirked, coming back into the living room and handing Bond a bottle opener. "It's his family's house we'll be staying at. They call it a country house, but it's essentially a mansion. There's a chapel out in the yard and everything. A bit like-" Q stopped himself there. He looked down at his feet and cleared his throat. "Never mind."

Bond ignored him in favour of cracking open his beer. "Tell me, Q," he started, looking at his beer with a single raised brow, "did you seriously only get me one?"

Q pursed his lips in an annoyed expression. He left the room to grab his laptop from his office upstairs. Behind him, he swore he could hear Bond chuckle.

--00Q--

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

The sex in this chapter features unrealistic recovery time! :D ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--00Q--

Charles was already waiting outside when Q walked up to his flat. He knew it was Charles; even at the distance, Q could easily recognise his old friend's mint-green E-type sports car. Class. He'd have to look into modifying an E-type one of these days, that or an Aston Martin.

Charles pushed himself off his car when he saw him coming. "Geoffrey! Is that you?"

"Hello, Charles," Q replied with a bright smile. Charles was just as brilliantly charming as he'd always been. He looked about the same as Q remembered him from Uni too. Same pale green eyes. Same dark, coiffed hair. Same Oxbridge-posh dress sense. Yes, Charles was exactly as he'd always been even after so long. Q wondered if Charles saw any change in him.

He stopped to stand in front of Charles, smiling up at him.

Charles smiled right back. "You've gotten shorter!" He exclaimed, giddily. That earned him a playful slap from Q and he laughed. "So, are you ready to unwind a bit this weekend?"

Q nodded eagerly. "You have no idea. Just let me run up and get my things."

"Take your time." Charles leaned back against the side of his car and watched Q go.

Q ran up the stairs to his flat and headed straight for his room. He'd packed a bag that morning so there was little else to do but double check that he had anything he'd need and make sure his phone was charged. Bag in hand; he headed back down the stairs only pausing when he noticed a light on in the kitchen. He went to investigate.

"Oh! You're here?" Q was surprised that he hadn't even noticed Bond. The man must have been there on his way in. It was probably because Q was in a hurry and Bond wasn't at his usual place on the couch. He was sitting at the table working on something on his laptop. However, Q couldn't see what he was doing since the screen was facing Bond who was in turn staring at Q.

"You did say..."

Q cut him off with a dismissive wave. “Yes! It’s fine. I’m leaving now, by the way.”

“Have a lovely weekend, Q,” Bond replied.

There was something so deeply scripted about his response that made it sound terribly sarcastic to Q, but he simply shrugged, said his goodbyes and left the flat. Bond was inside, but he still replaced the piece of card and locked the door before heading down to hop into Charles’ car for the hour-long drive to the estate.

--

By the time they arrived they were just in time for dinner. The chef – hired by Charles’ mother for the weekend – had prepared a small meal just for the two of them. They ate alone in at a dining table that was big enough to sit twenty. It had in the past.

After dinner, Charles dipped down into his father’s wine cellar and found one of the older, more expensive bottles. “For special occasions,” he explained as he broke the wax sealing the cork down.

“Are you sure?” Q asked, but Charles was already twisting the corkscrew into the bottle.

“Oh, this is a special occasion,” Charles said with a grunt as he pulled at the cork. With some exertion it came free and he grinned triumphant. “Come! You and me are going to finish this bottle.”

“Oh lord, I hardly drink anymore, Charles,” Q murmured as he accepted a large glass from his friend, but placed a hand over the top of it. Charles had another glass and the bottle in hand. As he filled his glass the rich aroma of the red wine filled the air between them.

“Well, it’s about time you caught up on all the drinking you haven’t been doing then isn’t it?” Charles brow creased expectantly. He quickly finished pouring himself a glass and held the bottle out, ready to pour Q’s.

Q worried his lip and his long fingers clutching timidly at his glass. Charles shook the bottle, sloshing its remaining contents noisily. “Go on, then,” Q relented.

“Monsieur,” Charles chuckled as he poured Q’s glass full to the rim forcing Q to sip it immediately.

“Bloody hell, Charles!” Q cried, nearly choking on his drink.

“Sorry, darling.” Charles took a sip of his own for balance. “Shall we adjourn to the lounge?”

Q let a sigh. “Let’s.”

They drank long into the night. Charles pulled out a second bottle once they’d finished off the first. Needless to say, by the end of their evening together, Q was well and

truly sloshed. He and Charles parted ways for the night leaving Q to stay in the same guest room he always had when visiting Charles in the past.

Q lay in bed, knowing that he would need a lot more to drink in order to in the morning to stave off a hangover. He was nodding off in a drunken stupor when his cell rang. The noise that he usually had on silent was so incessant that he couldn't just ignore the call.

Q groped around for his phone where he'd placed it on the night table. "Hello," he grumbled into the receiver once he had the thing in hand.

"Q?"

Q frowned and with bleary eyes looked at his phone. The screen read 'unknown number'. He put it back to his ear. "Bond?"

"Yes."

Q rubbed his eyes. "When did I give you this number?" he muttered.

"Moneypenny did."

"Huh..." Q wasn't sure what to do with that information. It seemed invasive to his privacy, but he was far too drunk to really care. "Did something happen at head quarters, then? More criminal masterminds gaining access to my computer system?" His addled mind couldn't gage the quality of his jokes.

Bond didn't seem to find it amusing.

"Just checking up." He replied bluntly.

Q groaned into his pillow. "You do realize I am a thirty year old man, Bond. Compared to you I guess that's really young or something but whatever I don't know."

He didn't get a response for a time.

"Q," Bond said finally after the long silence.

"Mm?" Q replied tiredly; he was practically falling asleep on his phone.

"Are you drunk?"

Q shrugged, a habit of his even though he was talking on the phone. "We only drank two bottles of wine."

"Huh," Bond sounded surprised. "Here I thought you were teetotal."

"You think I'm such a," Q yawned mid sentence, "good little boy."

"Q..."

"I'm not really," Q was giggling like a lush.

“You know, Bond!” he said, changing the subject. “I’m still trying to figure out how you got my address.”

“Stole your file from Moneypenny.” Bond said in a matter-of-fact manner, as if it was no big deal. “That’s what I meant earlier, to be honest. It’s the same way I got your number.”

Q tried to think of what other information was in there: his age, place of birth, current residence, relatives, relationship history... sexuality. It was all quite invasive. But then again, if Bond had read that far into his file, why would he have asked who Q got off with earlier that week?

Still... creepy.

“Well I appreciate the honesty... even if this is all somewhat intrusive. Although... Moneypenny did say you used to stalk M at her flat too.” Q was muttering these thoughts more to himself than to Bond. “Do you take advantage of everyone who tolerates you like that?” he teased drunkenly.

Again, it was poorly judged humour.

“Bond?”

There was silence on the other end of the line. When Bond spoke again he simply said, “Get some sleep, Q.” Then he hung up the phone.

“Bond?” Q tried again, hopelessly.

The other end of the line was already dead, only a dull tone sounding through the speaker.

--

Q woke wondering why was he sleeping with his phone on his face?

Oh yes... Bond had called then hung up. What had he said to...?

Oh...

As the memory came back to him, Q groaned. He’d accused Bond of taking advantage of his hospitality. It had been a joke, drunken teasing, but it was rooted too deeply in truth to be anything less than painfully candid. Q didn’t think it was possible, but he was pretty sure he’d hurt Bond’s feelings – as childish as that sounded. Q felt a bit guilty... and then he remembered that Bond was basically stalking him out of boredom. The guilt wore thin fairly quickly.

“God... It’s my weekend off!” Q groaned to himself as he rolled out of bed, still fully clothed from the day before. He sat at the edge of the bed, sulking with his head in his hands.

“Good morning, sunshine!” Suddenly Charles was there, poking his head around the door. “Still in bed, I see! Come on! Hop to! Chef’s made us a picnic. I’m going to row us to

that lovely spot we found during spring break in second year.”

Q couldn't help but smile. He vowed to let any MI6 related thoughts fly from his mind, just for one day. And that included all thoughts about agent 007 – James bloody Bond.

“Alright, Charles. Just let me change.”

==

Q and Charles walked through the well-kept yard of the country estate. There was a set of stone steps to the south of the grounds that led down to a calm lake. Lush, green forest surrounded it and willow trees hung overhead, the tips of their branches just sweeping the surface of the water. A rowboat was tied to the short pier at the bottom of the steps. The two of them hopped in; Charles rowed while Q poured them each a glass from what had to be the second bottle of wine they'd gone through already that morning.

They floated around the lake, just relaxing in the boat until they found their picnic spot at the base of a tree. They talked and eat and drink, finishing off half of their third bottle. When they were done and all the food was packed away, Q agreed to row back, but about half way back they had to switch places and Charles rowed the rest of the way because Q's arms got tired.

“You really need to spend less time in front of a computer and more time working on building at least some upper body strength,” Charles teased once they were back outside the house. They'd set up shop by a thick stone pillar on the terrace, overlooking the yard.

“It's hard to get away from the computer when that's my job,” Q protested. He spoke slowly as he was pouring two different bottles of wine into two cups at the same time. They'd decided to bring out around ten bottles and have a taste test; it hardly matter since Q was so drunk at that point all the wines were starting to taste the same and he was pretty sure he'd just filed a glass with half merlot and half chardonnay.

“Besides,” Q added as he took a sip of the concoction, “can you picture me at the gym?”

Charles let out a boisterous laugh. “I'm afraid not!”

Q slapped him playfully on the shoulder. With a sigh, he plucked up one of the wine glasses and leaned back against the stone pillar. Charles leaned back with him, pressing in close.

Q looked over at him. Charles. Precious, Charles, with his gentle smile. Charles, who had dark hair and gorgeous green – definitely not blue – eyes. Charles, who wouldn't dream of turning up to his flat unannounced never mind breaking in. Charles, who wouldn't leave the country for weeks on end with no return in sight. Charles, who had never killed a man in cold blood.

Charles, who was looking at him now... eagerly.

No matter how hard he tried to fool himself, Q's addled brain realized he had been comparing Charles to Bond. Damn! And he'd been doing so well to forget about the other man for a few moments. Q mentally shook his head and focused. He focused on Charles. Sweet Charles with his heavy lidded eyes lowered, focused on Q's lips.

Acting on impulse, Q slowly leaned into him. His eyes closed and their lips met.

--

He could see them together, Q and the young man who must have been Charles.

Bond felt his face grow hot with familiar indignation, something that was usually reserved for gangsters, terror suspects and other people he was about to kill. He kept his eyes on them from his place on a distant hill over looking the lake and chapel. He was observing... waiting to see what would happen next, but unsure of what he expected.

He saw them laughing and drinking. They were both drunk; obviously, their goal for the weekend was to completely shun any form of sobriety if his phone conversation with Q the night he arrived was anything to go by. They must have raided a wine cellar, because there was an abundance of green stained bottles scattered around the stone column they were leaning against.

Even from the distance, Bond could tell when the air between the two change. They weren't laughing anymore, just sitting in a companionable silence. Staring at each other. Then Bond saw Q lean forward.

He could see their lips meet. They kissed...

It was innocent enough, but it still made Bond feel like his head was spinning. Why? He could only assumed it was envy. *Fucking Charles*. Bond felt his fingers itching for his gun and that was the moment he forced himself to look away. He shook his head and told himself that he needed to leave. He could hardly believe his own reaction and he needed to leave before he did something completely insane –license to kill or no. Bond knew this wasn't right. He shouldn't have followed Q. In that moment he saw them kiss, he truly wished he hadn't.

Envy... Completely irrational, Bond thought angrily as he started back towards the side street where he'd parked his car.

He needed a drink.

--

Q broke away from the kiss. His eyes lowered as a mixture of emotion settled over him. Suddenly nervous, he found himself biting his lower lip and clutching his wine glass to his chest. He looked anywhere but at Charles.

Charles looked at him with some concern. "That wasn't..." he stopped, unable to find the word.

“No.” Q took a gulp of wine. It wasn’t... it was sweet and good, but it wasn’t... what he was looking for.

“I’m sorry, Charles,” Q whispered once he’d swallowed another sip of wine. “It’s not you... oh lord, that sounds so cliché. I’m sorry.”

Charles’ lips twitched upward. “You have nothing to be sorry for, it just a kiss.” He shrugged nonchalantly. “What’s a kiss between friends,” he finished with a lazy smile.

Q let out a soft, relieved sigh. He leaned his head against Charles shoulder. “I’m so glad you’re you.”

“I’m not complicated.” Charles smirked into Q’s hair. “It’s why you love me,” he purred.

They both tittered into their wine and continued to drink.

-=-

Q was a bit surprised that Bond wasn’t waiting for him in his flat when he arrived home Sunday evening. He even called out just to make sure the man wasn’t sitting in the dark like he had been that first night, but there was no reply. He hummed when he realized this was going to be the first evening he had to himself in nearly a month.

Q made a single cup of tea, which felt odd after making a whole pot ever time for so long. He took it up to his office and sat down at his desktop. After an hour of staring unproductively at a few new mechanical engineering journal articles and mindlessly clicking through Internet links claiming to be hilarious, Q realized that he was very, very bored. Staring blankly at the glowing computer screen with his chin resting on one hand, he finally gave up on trying to be productive. He quit the program he was using to write up a new patent and powered down his computer.

“Now I know how Bond feels, I suppose,” he muttered to himself.

Bored.

But not just bored. Lonely. He’d just spent the weekend with a friend and yet...

Q got up and wandered through the quiet hall to his bedroom.

His house felt lonely in a way it never had before Bond started showing up every day like clockwork.

Strange.

-=-

It wasn’t until the early afternoon on Monday that Q saw Bond again. An hour before he was due to go home, Moneypenny came into the room with a file in hand.

“You’re not supposed to be back at work yet,” she said as she passed one of the desks on her way to Q’s at the front of the room.

Q was surprised to see Bond sitting there, looking uninterested at whatever he was doing on one of the many computers in the Q-branch workstation. When Moneypenny spoke to him his only reply was to smirk once she’d passed him, her back turned.

“007?” Q called out.

Bond looked around from the computer screen. The reason for his disinterest quickly became apparent. It seemed he hadn’t been doing much at the computer at all, judging by his slouched position and the way his arms were crossed over his chest.

Q cocked his head to one side and frowned. “How long have you been here?” he asked.

“Since right after your second cup of tea,” he replied. “I got bored of waiting around in your flat.”

Moneypenny placed the file she was carrying down on Q’s desk slowly. “Huh.” She blinked up at Q with a single brow raised, her dark eyes full of salacious question.

Q let out a sigh, knowing there was colour in his cheeks but he simply picked up the file and said his thanks before turning back to his work.

Moneypenny didn’t let him off so easily. She was sporting the smuggest grin Q had ever seen. “We’ll talk later, Q.”

“Ah, no we won’t,” he replied quickly.

“Uh huh,” Moneypenny hummed, turning to leave. As she passed by next to Bond she pulled at the back of the chair he was leaning back in, precariously balancing on two legs. When the agent startled and was forced to right his balance, Moneypenny chuckled. “See you in two weeks, 007.”

Bond glared at her. Once she left he was out of his desk and making his way over to where Q was standing at the main terminal. “Do you have a moment?” he asked.

“Depends, what for?” Q didn’t even lift his eyes from his work.

“Just a little experiment.”

Q resisted the urge to scoff. “Another one? We’ll have to open a file for the results,” he said, his tone laced with sarcasm.

“I’ve already opened one.” Bond cast Q a serious look. “I shouldn’t have to tell you that accurate replication of results is a key piece of the scientific method,” he noted with a nearly invisible shrug.

Q blinked, slightly impressed. He stared at the impassive man for the longest moment before letting out a sigh.

“Fine,” he relented.

--

Bond dragged Q into one of the interrogation rooms this time instead of a closet. It was empty save for a metal chair in the middle of the floor and another pushed up next to the door. Though, the atmosphere in the stark room was almost making Q miss the closet. The privacy would be nice if this time was going to be anything like the last.

“I can’t believe I’m letting you do this to me,” Q muttered more to himself than to the agent who was currently strapping him to a chair. When Bond looked up at him with a slight frown, he added, “again.”

The agent let out a quiet huff and went back to work.

“I’m sure this violates all kinds of sexual harassment in the workplace regulations,” Q noted with a thoughtful sigh as Bond finished.

His eyes seem to smirk up at Q. “Not just your average harassment, then?” he practically purred.

“Shut up, 007,” Q scoffed. “What did you say this was about again?”

“Thoroughness,” Bond replied simply.

“Well, I have always so admired your attention to detail, the way you always bring back all the pieces of your equipment... oh wait,” Q drawled, glaring down at him.

Bond stood and put his hands in his pockets. He assessed Q with a little dissatisfaction in his gaze. “This isn’t going to work if you’re like this.”

“I’m just praising you for trying to be a little less than your frivolous self, 007.” Q smirked. He sighed when he noticed Bond wasn’t even slightly amused. “Alright then, how do you want me?”

“Ready to die.”

They were both silent for a long moment. Q stared at Bond, gaging his temper. “Okay,” he mumbled, testing the restraints.

Bond tried the restraints himself. He’d secured them, not so tight that they would cut into Q’s skin but tight enough that he couldn’t get away. “Try to remember some of your interrogation resistance training. Pretend you’re back in that situation. Hopefully you haven’t grown to be too comfortable around me this past month.”

“Training? I’ve never been through bloody field training I work in the lab in case you’ve forgotten. I’m not going to be... what? Scared? If that’s what you’re looking for.” Q

glared, annoyed. "I could pretend, but I'm not a very good actor."

Bond put his hands back into his pockets. He stared at Q pokerfaced, but through his eyes Q could see the gears in his mind working. Q felt a chill running down his spine.

The room filled with an uncomfortable silence.

"007?"

Ignoring him, Bond pulled over another chair. He dragged it along the floor making a horrendous sound before setting it down in front of Q. Bond sat down slowly and put his hands on his knees. He continued to stare at Q, and Q stared back at him with stubborn eyes. Finally after a painful minute Bond said one phrase.

"I followed you this weekend."

Q let out a hesitant laugh. He stopped when he very quickly realized Bond wasn't joking. "What?"

"I followed you... to your friend's estate in the country. Charles, was it?" Bond leaned forward and began caressing Q like before, starting at his collar. "Lovely house... lovely lake."

"Jesus, 007." Q breathed. He stared at Bond, slightly aghast. The man's face was still void of emotion, but Q knew this was pretend; it was acting... all part of this experiment. Still it was daunting.

Bond continued to smooth his fingertips gently over Q's neck causing him to shiver and try to pull away, but Bond didn't let up. His hand moved up and to rest on Q's cheek, thumb stroking over the flushed skin there. "You seemed to fancy him. I saw you two together."

Q looked away, not responding. He gasped when Bond thumb touched his bottom lip.

"I saw you kiss him."

"Bond..."

"What else did you let him do I wonder?"

Q bit back a whimper as Bond's hands dropped to land on his knees. Q squeezed his eyes shut as those hands ran from his thighs down to his knees. Bond applied pressure, forcing Q's legs to spread ever so slightly. He gently squeezed before running his hands back up Q's legs.

"You two were fairly uninhibited," Bond continued his sinister monologue, still working over Q's slender thighs. "Did you finally let your dear Charles fuck you? Let him have you like you were too scared to back when you were in school?"

Q lowered head, dark hair dangling down over his eyes. "No. No, I... I didn't."

“Don’t lie to me, Q.”

Q shuddered, trying to bring his legs back together, but he couldn’t from the pressure of Bond’s hands. As they slipped higher up his legs, Q squeezed his eyes closed. It was too much.

“Bond,” he hissed. “Please, just...”

Barely a second later, the hands caressing his thighs were gone. Q felt the ties on his wrists being pulled away altogether. When he raised his head and opened his eyes, he could see Bond standing a few feet behind his chair, winding the bonds around one hand.

The experiment was over.

“I hope you don’t mind, I’m going to use details from this to suggest to M that all members of Q-branch are put through the regular interrogation resistance training,” Bond stated in a calm, even tone. “You lot have far too much access to information, and you’re obviously easy targets.”

Q rubbed his wrists more on reflex than because of any pain and stared at the man before him incredulously. “What the hell, 007?”

Bond didn’t look at Q. He simply continued winding up the ties. “Thoroughness.”

Q shook his head. That wasn’t really an explanation. “Did... did you actually follow me?” he demanded. “Bond, did you follow me this weekend?” he repeated himself when he didn’t receive an answer the first time, but Bond’s lack of response both times was just as good as any.

Q’s brows knit together into a pained expression. Quickly, he stood from the chair and pushed past Bond to get to the door. As he left in much the same manner as the first time Bond had cornered him, Q slammed the door shut behind him leaving the agent alone in the room.

At first Q thought he was going to be sick when he rushed into a toilet stall. Once the door was locked behind him, an entirely different need took over. With shaky hands he unzipped his trousers and took himself in hand. Q thought back to when Bond had pressed his thumb to his lip, stroking himself while he picture taking that digit into his mouth. He could still feel the heat from where Bond’s hands had caressed his thighs and the pressure from where his thumbs had pushed to keep his legs apart. It was quick and dirty, but Q pulled himself off to a shuddering orgasm.

As he came down with shuddering breaths, Q pressed his forehead to the cool and clean tile wall in front of him.

Fuck.

--

Q stayed at MI6 for the entire workday. When Moneypenny saw him clocking out at the same time as her, she didn't even say anything. There was something in her eyes that told Q she knew not to pry that day. They said their goodbyes and went their separate ways home.

When Q entered his flat, the lights were all off, but he knew someone was there.

"How did you follow me, exactly?" Q asked into the darkness. He had spent most of his remaining time at work pondering that question. "There wasn't a car trailing us."

He heard Bond let out a sigh from the darkness of his living room. "I had a trace on your friend's license plate number, but once you were out of the city there weren't enough security cameras to get a location." He paused. "So I traced your phone."

Q wasn't sure whether he was impressed or even more upset. "So, that phone call..."

"I'm sorry," Bond half-slurred, cutting him off.

Q flicked on the lights to see he had been sitting in the dark like a creep with a beer in one hand and several more empty on the table in front of him. He was slightly surprised that Bond had still shown up at his flat at all after what had happened. Still, he was happy to receive the apology.

"For?" Q entreated him gently. He decided to urge Bond on but instantly regretted how much like his mother he sounded in that moment.

"For stalking you."

"And?"

Bond blinked as his drunken brain tried to recall. "My inappropriate work behaviour?" he worded carefully.

Q had to fight back a humourless laugh. "Apology accepted, now I'm going to make us a pot of tea, and we can forget any of this ever happened," with that said he past Bond, barely looking at the man and went into the kitchen.

Bond got up from the sofa and was quick to follow Q into the next room. He didn't seem to feel forgiven, so he continued to try to explain himself. "It was all part of the experiment."

Q crossed his arms over his chest with a sigh. "So you were just using me? That makes me feel better." Q turned to him for a moment. "Why me exactly?"

Bond leaned on the counter next to the kettle, staring at Q as if he was trying to communicate the seriousness of the experiment in a single gaze. "The results of that trail showed me that even a leading member of Q-branch is extremely susceptible to some of the least stress inducing torture."

Q spluttered. "Least...? Ha! That was hardly... Well, it doesn't matter since your results were skewed anyway." He rolled his eyes and tucked his hair behind one ear.

“Unsettling though your actions were, I still know you, Bond.”

Bond went quiet for a moment. Q turned away from him and took that time to reach into a cupboard for two mugs. He stared at the kettle, waiting what felt like an eternity for the water to boil. Bond’s eyes were on him the entire time. He stood so close, Q could feel heat radiating off him.

“Personal history doesn’t tend to matter,” Bond finally explained. “The last Q knew Silva... Last Q taught him everything he needed to know about hacking and programming. It was part of the job, but you saw first hand how that information in the wrong hands can be used to access every part of our system.”

Q was aghast. He’d wondered, but in the aftermath of the chaos he’d never thought to ask. “And... he had access because he was an agent.”

“You have to be trained to consider anyone at MI6 as a potential threat given the right circumstances.” Bond took a deep breath. “Even me.”

“No, don’t say that.” Q shook his head slowly. He turned so they were facing each other and reached out automatically to touch Bond’s hand. “You are not Silva.”

Bond smiled, but there was something half-hearted about it. Q couldn’t tell whether it was from the drink or because Bond truly didn’t believe his words.

“So,” Bond started in a gentle, hushed tone. “Did you like it? You never said, but... you did... didn’t you?” As he spoke, his fingers laced between Q’s where their hands were still touching.

Q stared thoughtfully down at their entwined hands. In that moment, he found himself both please for the change of subject and incapable of lying. His voice was barely a whisper when he replied.

“Yes.”

“I didn’t,” Bond was quick to counter. Seeing Q’s puzzled expression, he continued, “The lack of control. I like being in control. In that situation all I knew was that someone would turn up... eventually and I’d be out of there.” Bond’s other hand moved to rest light on Q’s waist, barely touching. “But I’ve been trained to deal with things I don’t much like. Part of the job.”

Q sucked in a sharp breath. “Sometimes,” he said in what he hoped was a calming tone, “it’s good to let someone else be in control.”

Bond shook his head a smirk tugging at his lips. He leaned in close to Q again. Taking a deep breath, buried his face in the thin collar of Q’s cardigan. He pressed Q back, turning them so Q had his back to the cupboards.

“Well, I can think of a few occasions when being out of control might be fun,” Q hissed as he arched back against the countertop. The full length of Bond’s body was pressed

to him. A knee slipped between Q's thighs and heat quickly rose to his cheeks.

"Hmm." Bond smirked into Q's neck. "You smell like bergamot."

"Right." Q paused. He let out a sigh. Placing his hands on the lapels of Bond's suit, Q pushing him back a bit. "Bond... You're not drunk, are you?"

"Call me James. We're not a work, Q," the agent drawled with a smile.

Bond... James Bond. Q pursed his lips, biting back a smile of his own at the repeat of the words from that first time. "James," he said slowly, "are you drunk?"

James looked up at Q. Both his hands were on Q's waist now, massaging through the fabric. "Not drunk, no, just slightly uninhibited." With a playful smirk, James stepped closer to Q until Q had to spread his legs slightly to make room for him between them. "If I was drunk, would I kiss you right now?"

Q blinked shocked. "I couldn't say... I've never seen you drunk before."

James smirked. "Then let's call this an experiment."

Again, Q's interest was piqued as James' lips made their descent on his. Their lips met for a slow, deep kiss. Q moaned into his it, his hands coming up to grip James' broad shoulders.

Needless to say, they didn't get around to making the tea that evening.

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Q backed into his bedroom, navigating past obstacles like his bookshelf by the pressure of James' hands on his waist. Their lips were locked in a deep kiss that only broke when Q felt his knees hitting the edge of his bed. He spun them around and had James sit. Gracefully, he kneeled so that he was sitting in James' lap, his knees on either side of the older man's muscular thighs.

James leaned forward and caught Q's lips in another kiss. He bit his bottom lip as they parted, making Q gasp as it was released.

James chuckled. His hands moved up to start work on Q's horrible mustard coloured cardigan while he buried his face in the expanse of Q's neck, gently biting the pale skin there.

"James," he protested, swatting at James' hands away from his shirt, "stop that, you'll stretch the fabric."

James let out an amused huff. "You're actually worried I'll wreck this thing?"

Q pouted. "Believe it or not I actually bought it at Harrods." He grinned at the subtle shock on James' face. "I may not be wearing a suit, but that doesn't mean I don't like nice things."

James' surprise allowed Q to hop off his lap for a moment to carefully unbutton and strip off his top and place it on his dresser. He turned to see James staring at him with a look of awe.

"You're bloody gorgeous, Q." He stretched out one hand to bring Q back to him.

Q smiled. He staked back over to James until he was standing right in front of the other man between his slightly spread knees. "I'm not as worried about my trousers," he purred.

"Really? You sure they're not Burberry or something?" James smirked. Before Q could come up with an equally witty response, James gripped his hips, tugging him in closer, so close Q could feel his hot breath on his chest.

"Ah!" Q gasped. James' fingers were working at the front of his trousers, deftly unbuttoning them before slowly – torturously so – pulling down the zip.

"Fuck, James," Q keened as he was left naked except for his glasses.

They way Q breathed his name had James tightening his grip on the younger man's hips. His thumbs dipped into the concave area around Q's hipbones. Q was so small; James didn't have any trouble pulling him so that he was on back on his knees, hovering just above his lap on the bed. With Q's entire body on display, James was able to run his hands all over his soft, milky skin. "Gorgeous," he repeated, his voice barely a whisper.

Q bit his lip, holding back a gasp as James started running his hands up and down his sides. He burst when calloused thumbs deftly caressed his nipples. A soft cry broke free from his throat.

"Mm... Like that?"

"Shut up, you'll spoil the mood," Q panted.

James chuckled. He circled Q's nipples with his thumbs. Calculating his reaction. Q seemed to lose the strength in his legs to hold himself up, so he landed back down onto James lap with a strangled moan.

"Fuck..."

"I love that you're this sensitive."

Q put his hands over James', stilling them. He wet his lips. "My turn?"

James wasn't keen to stop eliciting Q's obvious pleasure, but he conceded. Leaning back, he placed his hands on the bed next to his hips and waited to see what the younger man was up to. When Q slid from his lap, lowering himself to the floor at the end of the bed between his legs, he couldn't stop the groan that escaped his lips.

Q looked up at him, pale eyes shining with mirth. "This okay?" he asked with an innocence that had no place in the bedroom.

“Q...”

The edge in James’ voice had Q biting back a smile. He stopped lingering and unzipped James’ trousers. With a pleased hum, Q pulled the agent’s cock from his pants.

“Nice.” Q gripped James’s cock in his fist and pressed his lips to the base, inhaling the man’s scent. He let out a soft groan.

James’ head fell to his chest. “Jesus, Q,” he breathed.

Q couldn’t help but smirk as he finally had opportunity elicit all kinds of reactions from James. Slowly, he continued to stroke James’ cock. Q teased him mercilessly with little licks to the underside before he took the tip into his mouth.

With a low moan, James lowered himself onto his elbows to watch. It was a filthy sight, Q, naked and on his knees sucking him off while James himself was still fully dressed. James ran his fingers through Q’s mussed hair as his head moved up and down.

Q lips stretched around the girth of James’ cock as he worked it into his throat. Each time he withdrew his tongue pressed flat over the head, tasting the moisture there. He kissed the tip of once before sinking back down onto it, deep throating James’ cock with passionate little moans that practically had the older man gripping the sheets.

Every so often, Q’s eyes flashed up to meet James’. The sight of those blue eyes heavy lidded with lust sent James hurtling towards the edge.

“Q...” He said in warning as his grip tightened slightly in Q’s hair.

Q lifted his mouth off James’ cock, stroking it with one hand.

“Do it,” he whispered.

James let out a long groan as he came across Q’s face. He whispered short expletives between breaths as Q’s fingers ghosted over his cock, stroking him gently as he came. He came down after a while. Q tucked him away and crawled back into his lap.

"I've ruined your glasses." James murmur as his eyes cracked open. His voice was huskier than it had been before

Q blinked at up him through the come-splattered frames. He smiled. "That's alright, I won't be needing them."

James had never found the Hollywood cliché of slowly removing glasses sexy... but something about watching Q do it suddenly changed that. He took them from Q and leaned back to place them on the bedside table.

Q took that opportunity to push James’ shoulders back until the man was lying prone on his sheets. He threw one leg over James’ hips, sitting astride his lap

“I want you dressed for this, 007,” Q purred. “I am going to ruin your suit.”

"Fuck." James let his head fall back against the mattress. Usually he'd be annoyed by Q's use of his double-0 code name outside of work... but in this case it was kinky. He let out a deep groan. Through the fabric of his trousers he could feel Q's pert ass pressed against his cock that was already getting hard again. He lifted his hands from the mattress to those firm cheeks. However, as soon as his he touched skin his hands were pushed back down into the sheets.

"Q!" James objected.

Q tossed his floppy black hair to one side and smiled. He leaned forward over James. "Sometimes I like control, James," He whispered into the man's ear.

James groaned as he felt Q's teeth gently sink into the shell of his ear. He easily pulled his wrists from the younger man's grasp and sat up abruptly. His hands were instantly on Q's hips, sliding up till he could pull Q against him, chest to chest for a passionate kiss. "I bet sometimes you like being held down, as well." He teased the skin at Q's collarbone with his teeth.

Q was about to counter, but his playful pushing against James' chest quickly turned into him gripping the man's lapels to pull him closer. "Fuck, yes," he hissed.

Q moaned into another kiss as James' hands slid up and down the smooth skin of his back. "Ah, James." He let out an impassioned sigh as they broke away from each other.

James ran his lips along Q's neck and chest, not quite kissing, but letting Q's skin grow moist from his breath. He smiled against Q's chest as he shivered. With rough fingers he caressed the younger man's chest, flicking gently over his nipples.

"James," Q sighed. James looked up at him just as he was running his tongue up the centre of Q's chest.

Q took the sides James' face in his hands and tilted his head up. "I changed my mind, I need you naked for this next part."

James had the indecency to smirk. "I praise your methods, Q." Without another word, he pulled Q into a deep all embracing kiss. James only broke away to climb out of the bed to remove his suit. Q rolled onto his side to watch with an appreciative gaze.

"You know for an old man... mm," was Q's reaction as he stripped out of his shirt. Years of training and violence were carved into his skin, a stark contrast to Q's own body free of anything like the scars riddling James' skin. James's body was all toned muscle that spoke of strength and power.

With a cocky grin, he stripped out of the rest of his clothes and climbed back into the bed.

Q rolled onto his back again and let James lay between his legs. James' larger frame covered Q's own, heavy and warm as they embraced again. Q gripped James' sides, running

his fingers over the corded muscles there. He ran his hands up over James' back, dragging over his firm shoulder blades.

"Q...?"

"Night table," Q said, knowing the answer to James' question before it could even be put into words.

James leaned over Q to reach for the lube hidden away in a drawer. His chest was left on full display and he could feel Q's fingers tracing random patterns over his skin. He grabbed the tube and placed it on the bed next to them before leaning back over Q to catch his lips in a brief kiss.

When James leaned back to sit on his heels between Q's wide spread legs, Q couldn't help biting his lip nervously. He worriedly watched James dribble lube onto his hand.

"Alright?" James asked as his hand dipped between Q's legs.

"Mm. Just been a while and... fuck!" Q felt his face flush hot as one of Bond's fingers tapped at his hole. He stared narrowly at James as the man smirked over his reaction.

With that in mind, James took things slowly as he prepared Q so as not to set him off before they could have their fun. He gently worked his fingers inside just letting their width stretch Q open for him. Q was already gripping the pillows, his knuckles almost white, and James only two fingers inside him. Once he could easily slip three inside, he pulled them out and stroked his hand over his cock. He chuckled at the almost frustrated ton of the moan Q let out.

"Ready?" James asked, his voice quiet as a breath against Q's ear.

Arching back for a better angle, Q reached between them and positioned James' thick shaft. That was all the answer he needed. Without another word, James slowly pushed into him. Q threw his head back and pressed his shoulders into the sheets at the filling sensation.

James pressed his hand to Q's brow, pushing back the hair that was stuck to his face with sweat. "Gorgeous."

Q let out a breathless laugh. "Shut up and fuck me, 007."

Smirking, James placed his palm flat on Q's stomach as he began shifting his hips in tight circles, causing a little hike in the Q's breath.

"Ah, yes." Q turned his head to one side, pressing his face into the pillows.

The sensual power of James' thrusts edged them up the bed until Q was able to grip the headboard. He used the extra leverage to push himself back against James. Their moans and the rhythmic, slapping sound of their skin meeting permeated the room.

Q rolled his hips to meet James'. He let out a disappointed groan when the other man suddenly slowed his paces. James' hands were on his sides and the man was pulling Q into his lap up so that they were both sitting up face to face.

James groaned, his hands clenching on Q's hips. He bounced the Q on cock, enjoying the surprised gasps that it drew from Q with every thrust. He buried his face in Q's neck, kissing and sucking the skin, leaving a slight mark that would be there in the morning.

Q gripped his shoulders vying for better purchase as he tried to feel James thrust deeper. With a strength he was surprised he could muster, he pushed back at James shoulders, pressing the larger man down into the mattress. Placing one hand on James' chest, Q pushed himself back up until he was sitting with his knees on either side of James' hips. Fingers gripping the man's toned pectorals, Q rode James with slow passionate purpose.

"Fuck, Q." James ran his hands all over Q's chest as he gently rocked his hips up. He cupped Q's ass, squeezing and helping him lift himself as they continued to grind their hips together.

Q rolled his hips only a few more times before he went still. He came with a shudder on top of James, who was deftly caressing his hips and thighs as he shook. Then he was rolling them over so Q was on his back again.

James laid Q back against the pillows and got up onto his knees between the younger man's legs. "This okay?" he murmured.

Q's only reply was a breathy laugh that quickly turned into a surprised gasp as James fingered his nipples again.

James thrust slowly into his oversensitive body. Q made quite the sight, biting his lips, gasping with every thrust even as his eyes closed in exhaustion. James leaned forward to bury his face in Q's neck as he steadily increased his speed. As the pistoning of his hips built to a climax, he pressed his lips against Q's. Q let out a soft keening sound and James' thrust jilted. He came, panting into the kiss.

James held himself over Q on his elbows so he didn't crush the smaller man. After letting himself come down a bit he rolled to the side and fell back against the bed with one arm thrown over his eyes. He felt movement next to him, and put his arm behind his head instead so he could look at Q.

Q curled up against his side and started delicately tracing the scar on his shoulder. His gaze softening, James tilted his head down to steal another kiss from him. As their lips parted, Q let out a pleased hum.

"So, this new little experiment..." he started, pursing his lips in thought, "we'll need to try it out again once we're sure that you're one hundred per cent sober." He cast a sensuous gaze over to James lying next to him. "Make sure the results are duplicable, as it were."

James' lips twitched up into a smile. "Of course," he replied in his most serious of tones.

“Replication is key.”

--00Q--

The End

--00Q--

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading/commenting/giving kudos! Coming up next, a 00Q Tarzan/Jungle Book!AU~

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