

**if you don't know (me by now)**

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# **if you don't know (me by now)**

by [InvincibleMadhouses](#)

## Summary

Imagine that scene at the end of Spectre when Bond picks up the car from Q, only.....different.

## Notes

I saw Spectre last night and GOSH DARN IT WHAT AN AMAZING AMOUNT OF EYE CONTACT AND TENSION AND ALONE TIME FOR MY FAVORITE TWO CUTIE SPIES.

So, ALL of those beautiful moments and the one that stayed with me the most was at the end when 007 came to pick up the Aston Martin DB5 from Q's underground workspace. Did you SEE that scene?! holy moly

How could I not go home and write this.

Hope you enjoy!

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

Q saw Bond coming through the gates with a sense of confused incredulity. Bond had left. Bond had *left*, with doctor Swann. Q hadn't even bothered to trace him. What was the point, if Bond had already made up his mind? He was probably gonna be spending his considerable savings on some sunny beach somewhere, no longer concerned with the future survival of queen and country. (Q didn't purposefully research the financial status of his colleagues, but sometimes he got bored.) Bond had been living this life for quite some time, and he deserved that beach. Q knew that. It hurt, but he knew that. Bond should get to enjoy something other than just surviving. What Bond should definitely not be doing was being here, in Q's workspace, shattering the tranquility with his determined stride.

"007? I thought you had gone."

Bond didn't give him an answer, continuing his steady walk towards Q's desk. Or maybe not Q's desk, but...Q himself? The unwavering gaze was fixed on Q, who was starting to feel unsure of the situation.

"What are you doing here, 007?" He said, suspicion coloring his voice. M had made sure the quartermaster's...more...independent decisions during this whole ordeal had been covered up by claiming that Q had followed M's secret orders the whole time. With the revelation of C's betrayal, the higher ups were close to impressed with M's paranoia and preparedness and had accepted this explanation. If the Quartermaster's disobedience was brought into the light of day, however, it would raise the uncomfortable question of why Q trusted a 00-agent more than his own superior. Q was rather grateful to M for covering it up without asking any questions, and he had no intention of putting either of them in trouble so soon again by doing any more bloody favors for 007.

Bond was still coming closer. His figure was imposing, and, although it quirked Q to admit it, rather intimidating. Bond's field work could of course never be as effective or destructive as the powers Q held in front of his computer, but it was somewhat hard to remember that when standing face to face with 007. Q got up from his chair to feel like they were on even ground. It didn't work. He moved around his cluttered desk to stand in front of it, imagining himself a proud general defending his territory. Still didn't work.

Bond was only a couple of steps away now. Q had taken a Proxemics course once. Normally, the person approaching would slow down and let them both maintain a certain area of personal space. Q didn't realize how dependent he had been of this fact until Bond walked straight past both the social distance and the personal distance. He didn't stop until he was well into Q's intimate distance, practically standing on Q's toes and forcing him to take a step backwards. Bond followed without pause, crowding Q backwards several steps until Q felt the desk against his lower back.

"...007? What...are you doing?"

Bond slipped his hands forward and put one on each side of the desk next to Q. His arms were pressing against Q's sides, framing him in. Q froze, feeling even more unsure of the situation. He actually wasn't sure it was possible for any person to feel more unsure of any situation, ever.

“Good morning, Q.”

Bond’s eyes caught Q’s, and everything about the 00-agent radiated a burning intensity. Q never knew how to deal with that look when it was aimed at him, as proved by the highly embarrassing warmth he could feel rising on his face. Bond saw his reaction (of course he did, it was his job) and leaned in. His face, already closer to Q’s face than it had ever been before, was now coming even closer. Q was physically unable to look away from Bond’s eyes. What was happening? What was Bond doing? He had no idea, and right now he wasn’t capable of following a rational train of thought. Bond’s hands left the desk and travelled up Q’s sides to his hips. They left fire in their tracks. Q held his breath, and promptly released it in a squeak as Bond’s grip on Q’s hips tightened and he was hefted up onto the desk. Afraid of losing his balance, Q grabbed Bond’s arms in alarm.

“Bond!”

Bond smiled. It wasn’t a very calming smile. Q felt his pulse racing.

“Just getting you comfortable, Quartermaster.”

Q didn’t know how to respond, and shifted around on the desk nervously. Getting him comfortable for what?

Bond moved forward, gently spreading Q’s legs and sliding in between them. This put him in just the right spot for wrapping an arm around Q’s waist, which he did. The other one was raised to catch Q’s chin, aiming his face up towards Bond’s and (completely unnecessarily) ensuring his attention.

“You didn’t think I was gonna forget about you, did you?”

Q stuttered. Of course he had, watching 007 walk away hand in hand with doctor Swann, supposedly leaving MI6 for something better. Q knew it didn’t have anything to do with him, but it still made his insides contract in agony every time he thought about it. MI6 *needed* Bond. Q needed Bond. Hell, bloody *England* needed Bond.

“Are you coming back?” Q’s voice didn’t waver, despite his inner turmoil. Was this what he thought it was? Was Bond...expressing interest? If it was anyone other than 007, Q would take his actions as a come-on, but he didn’t feel safe assuming anything about Bond. Unless Bond somehow gave him confirmation, there was no use worrying about it. But then again... what else could this be?

Looking up to brave that unblinking stare again, Q was bewildered to find Bond leaning even closer than before, leaving the distance between their faces impossibly non-existent. Q was practically bending backwards, craning his neck to be able to look the 00-agent in the eyes. Bond tightened his arm around Q’s waist and leaned him slowly back against the desk, forcing Q to trust Bond’s unspoken promise of holding him up. Q heard his cup falling over and felt some lukewarm tea drip down the side of his trousers. He didn’t care. Q was tired of waiting for Bond to make his move. He summoned up the last of his courage and pressed his lips to Bond’s mouth, no longer smiling but still radiating amusement.

For an excruciating long moment, nothing happened. Q was frozen in place, trying to come up with an escape plan if, *when*, the situation went to hell. He had just decided on the well-used but effective tactic of running and never looking back when Bond reacted. He kissed Q back. Somehow, despite being the one who initiated the kiss in the first place, Q was too shocked to doing anything other than surge closer to Bond, wrapping his arms around the agent's neck and deepening the kiss. Bond responded in kind, pressing up between Q's legs and sliding one hand around to steady Q at the small of his back. Q wasn't sure how long they were wrapped up in each other when he started to get lightheaded from the lack of air and reluctantly resurfaced. Both of them were breathing heavily and they shared a sudden, reckless grin.

"So...are you coming back or is this just an incredibly creative goodbye?" Q panted, feeling like he feared the answer as much as he craved it.

Bond looked him in the eyes. His lips were shining red.

"I am not going anywhere."

THE END

## End Notes

So...yeah. I am also not sure what this was.

It wasn't until after I finished the fic that i realized I never solved the problem of Madeleine Swann, who is presumably hanging out outside, waiting for Bond to pick up the car so they can ride into the sunset together. EEEhmmmm....awkward. In my head she decides to ditch Bond and takes a plane to Oslo where she becomes a famous opera singer/psychologist/bounty hunter. I don't know shhhh. She just looks like an opera singer.

There are probably no Proxemics courses in real life, I just read the Wikipedia page and couldn't help myself.

THANK YOU for reading! Super grateful that you took the time, and I hope you liked it.  
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<3

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