

Summer falling through our fingers again

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by [TexasDreamer01](#)

Summary

It was odd, the way there were no words there.

Notes

Title taken from Fall Out Boy's "[Love from the other side](#)". Beta-read by Jay, thank you for the assistance! All errors remaining are mine.

The message that had come into his inbox was unmarked. Had he not already been looking for another email, he likely would have skimmed right over it, assuming that it was something the spam filters had missed. But his curiosity over the mystery surpassed his duties to find a memorandum the JAG had sent about new certification requirements for bridge officers, and with only a moment of hesitation, he tapped the equally empty subject header to open the file.

He frowned at the emptiness of the message, scrolling with his index finger to see if there was perhaps an error with an image being posted in the body of the message, but alas, there wasn't enough space to do so. "What on earth," He muttered, reaching with a distracted hand for his cup of tea. The saucer rattled as his hand happened upon it, and he made an absent noise as he corrected himself, picking up the still-warm cup for a sip, "This doesn't look like a virus."

Starfleet's digital security was robust, and frequently tested against all sorts of creative attacks. If this were some sort of malware that had slipped under the radar, it was doing a poor job of masking itself as something legitimate and fooling the recipient. The mystery only grew larger, burgeoning on provocative - perhaps that was its lure, and he could admit it was a fine one, if so.

It took only a few quick swipes to open the device security center on his PADD, and he dragged the message file to the quarantine, a scan running automatically once he confirmed that was the only item he wanted there. Leaning back in his chair, he watched with bemusement as no issues were found. He stared at the screen for a few silent moments, letting the flavours of his tea percolate on his tongue. Tracking such conundrums was intellectually invigorating, and it seemed - for the time being - that no strings of malice were attached to it.

Letting his eyes fall shut with a quiet sigh, he debated with himself whether this was a simple error in the messaging program, or a fluke, or something of deeper meaning. It was his shift on the bridge, but in the lull of expected activity, the ambiance was more casual - he had retreated to his office to catch up on menial work with the benefit of a desk to work up. This was an interruption to his day, to be sure, but it felt rather... coy.

His lips twitched into a smile, and it was then that he felt the faintest whisper of warmth, subtle enough that he could only relax into the mental impression of a hand sliding from his shoulder down his arm. Affection was woven into the gesture, fingers tangling between his own as they were wrapped around his teacup.

Mon capitaine, Q's voice murmured. His eyes fluttered open, and when he looked at his inbox again, the empty message was gone.

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