

## Equipment

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/728) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/728>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: The Next Generation</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Data/Q</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Data</a> , <a href="#">Q</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Ficlet</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-17 Words: 182 Chapters: 1/1

## Equipment

by [jamaharon](#)

### Summary

There's nothing Q enjoys more than pushing Data's buttons.

Hunting was generally frowned upon by the Q. You weren't supposed to fuck with other species' heads either. Contact in general was gauche — because really, what had these lower-dimensional creatures done to earn a visit from the Q? But Q couldn't help himself.

He just found Data's desire to be human so amusing.

"You'll enjoy this," he assured the android.

"I am incapable of enjoying," Data said primly. "I have no emotion chip."

"Oh, delightful!" Q said to himself. He clapped his hands together and wiggled his nose — for effect. With a flash of light and a pop of sound, the android before him ... melted. Figuratively speaking. His face relaxed. The rigid set of his shoulders drifted downward; his stiff spine curled a little inward for the first time in his artificial life.

"Allow me to experiment," Q said politely. With a flourish, he cupped his hand between Data's legs. The android cocked his head in curiosity, chin angled down. "What do you feel?" Q asked.

The column of Data's throat shifted.

"Enjoyment," he said a little huskily.

"I thought you might."

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