Trying New Things

by inahandbasket

Summary

Ianto likes it when Jack has him try new things and push his boundaries. Jack wants to watch Ianto in a gang bang.
Jack slowly pushes the anal plug further into Ianto. Ianto is on his hands and knees and his head falls down to the mattress as he inhales sharply. Jack pauses and looks, trying to see Ianto's face. It's hidden between his arms, but Jack can see that Ianto's eyes are squeezed shut and his mouth is in a grimace.

“Take deep, slow breaths, Ianto,” Jack says soothingly as he rubs his lower back in slow circles. His other hand is still on the large plug, larger than any they've used before.


“Open your eyes, Ianto,” Jack commands. Ianto complies and tries to look back at Jack, but the angle is awkward. “Just take slow deep breaths. You can do it. I've been stretching you for the better part of an hour. I know you can do it.”

Ianto nods his head almost imperceptibly, but Jack sees it. He can also tell that Ianto has relaxed slightly and his lower back dips down a little. Jack proceeds to slowly and gently push the plug in further. Ianto breaths out slowly and audibly. Jack knows that Ianto is trying his best, but maybe he can't take it after all.

“Are you alright, Ianto?”

Ianto takes a deep, audible, breath before answering. “Yes, just go slow and pause a lot.”

Jack can hear the strain, but also the determination in Ianto's voice. Jack continues as Ianto tries to hold in whimpers and breaths. “Tell me if you need me to stop,” Jack says.

Finally, the plug is seated in Ianto's hole, with just the base protruding out. Jack strokes around the base with his thumb, slickened by the copious amounts of lube. “We're done, Ianto. It's wonderful,” Jack is incredibly hard looking at Ianto stretched beyond anything he's done before. He wants to plunge into him and have Ianto scream out in ecstasy, but he knows that he must wait and do this right.

Ianto's breaths even out and get slower now that he knows there's no more to go. Jack gives him plenty of time to get used to the intrusion. “I knew you could do it. If you can do this, you can do double penetration, and I want you to experience that. Do you want to feel it? Two cocks in you moving together as one?” Jack strokes long and hard up Ianto's back as Ianto leans on his trembling arms.

“Yes, I want that, Jack.”

“I want to watch you take it and love it,” says Jack. He then holds the base of the plug and starts to gently move it back and forth and twist it slowly, giving Ianto a taste. “Are you ready for this?”

“Yes, I'm ready now.”

Jack moves the plug in and out, fucking Ianto, first slowly and gently, until Ianto starts to moan in pleasure. Jack then pushes the angle on the plug, trying to put further pressure on Ianto's prostate. Ianto whines in a good way and now Jack sees Ianto's mouth open and panting as Ianto starts to move himself against the plug, increasing the speed. Jack obliges and starts fucking Ianto with the plug more vigorously. Ianto raises his head and pushes back onto the plug and Jack's fingers,
pressing it further into his body.

Jack feels as if he's about to explode. “I need you now, Ianto,” Jack says and he starts to take the plug out. At first, Ianto pushes back to keep it in, but Jack pushes back on Ianto's hip to keep him steady as he gently maneuvers the large object out of him. Once removed, Jack can't help but to run his thumb around Ianto's gaping and glistening hole. Ianto whines, but Jack can't help but to continue and to press his thumb inside while he kneels upright behind him, sitting back on his heels. Ianto is too far stretched now and he isn't tight at all around his thumb.

Suddenly, Jack grabs both of Ianto's hips and pulls him back to sit on his lap and impale himself on Jack's cock. Ianto yelps at the sudden movement as he is now sitting upright and Jack is suddenly fully inside him. There was no burn or stretch since he was gaping so wide already. Ianto aches to feel more full and starts to violently thrust himself up and down on Jack's cock to feel him inside. Jack wraps his arms around Ianto and pulls him against his chest, using one hand to twist and pull on Ianto's nipples. Ianto is too far stretched now and he isn't tight at all around his thumb. Ianto sits hard on Jack's cock and relaxes against Jack's chest, throwing his head back on Jack's shoulder. He relaxes into him and then realizes that Jack is still hard inside him. “You didn't come with me like you usually do,” Ianto says to Jack as he turns his head into Jack's neck. He kisses the side of Jack's neck as Jack starts to absently and lightly run his fingers up and down Ianto's softening cock.

“No, not yet. I want to try something.”

Ianto always gets excited when there's something new Jack wants to try, but the plug was already new. “What is it?” he says with his lips pressed against Jack's neck.

“Can you take it if I keep going in you after you've come?” Jack asks and punctuated his question with a short thrust into Ianto. Ianto is oversensitive and the thrust is just on the side of painful, like Jack's gentle ministrations on his cock. His brow starts to furrow and his eyes close again.

“But it hurts. It'll be too much, too much pressure.”

“But when that pressure breaks, it'll be even more powerful than the first orgasm.” Jack now wraps his hand around Ianto's cock and slowly starts to stroke him. It's too early for Ianto. He can't get hard again this quickly, but then again, he's never tried quite so immediately. It feels uncomfortable, but Jack does another shallow thrust and brings his hand over his flaccid flesh.

“I don't know if I can, Jack. I don't have super healing powers. It's too soon.”

“Do you want me to try? I can find out how fast you can recover. Can you take the thrusting against your prostate right after you've come?”

Jack has continued the soft thrusts and Ianto finds that he can take them and they are exciting him again. “Yes, I can take it.”

“Good.” Jack now gently pushes Ianto onto his hands and knees again and he gets up on his knees as well so he can thrust into Ianto as he whines and remains flaccid. “Just take it until you start to enjoy it. Tell me if it's too much and I need to stop, okay?”
“Yes, sir.”

Jack then starts to thrust properly into Ianto, making him push back so as not to hit the headboard. He grasps Ianto's hips tightly and thrusts harder, trying to get the right friction while maintaining awareness of Ianto's own state of arousal. Ianto has already started to get hard again and Jack takes one of his hands off Ianto's hips to wrap around the hardening flesh. Jerking him off, Jack starts a punishing rhythm. Ianto is surprised by how fast he is able to recover and how he was able to push through the uncomfortableness of being fucked while sensitive. He is now thrusting himself back onto Jack's cock again, mere minutes after having come hard. It takes a while longer than the first time, but Jack holds back coming until Ianto is panting again and fucking himself back onto Jack's cock. Once he feels that Ianto is close, he twists his hand over the tip of Ianto's cock and lightly bites his shoulder. Ianto tenses and is yelling a deep and guttural growl that he knows will hurt his throat later. Jack comes deep and hard inside Ianto, feeling him clench around him once again.

Ianto's arms collapse and he falls flat on the bed on top of the come, but he's too tired to care. Jack falls on top of him and peppers his neck and shoulders with kisses.

“How was that?” Jack asks.

“Intense,” Ianto answers.

“If you can take being fucked through orgasms, then you can take a gang bang.”

“When would I be in a gang bang?” Ianto asks curiously.

“I'm hoping you would like to do one. I want to watch it.”

Ianto turns his head to try to get a look at Jack. “You want to watch me get fucked by multiple strangers?”

“Yes.”

“And I'm guessing this is where the double penetration comes in, too.”

“Yes, but only if you want to. Don't say yes just for me, but only if you want to experience it.”

“Have you done it?” Ianto turns his body over a little so he can look Jack in the eyes.

Jack looks back with passion. “It was wonderful. I've never felt so alive.” Jack kisses Ianto deeply and slowly pulls back. “It was the most I've ever come.”

Ianto doesn't answer right away, but thinks about it while examining Jack's expression. “If it's that good, why don't you want to do it instead of me?”

“I want to watch you experience it. The loss of power and there's nothing left but physical sensation. Everything is heightened. And I intend to participate as well of course. I'll be there to take care of you and protect you and help fuck you.”

“Do you want me to be submissive during it?” Ianto often plays the submissive to Jack and quite enjoys being tied up. He even has a matching set of collar and cuffs that Jack had made for him.

Jack growls with pleasure. “Yes, that would be wonderful.”

“Okay,” says Ianto matter of factly. “I assume you know how to set all this up.”

“Yes. I'll arrange everything and you will be my pet that I will bring there to be used and fucked.”
Ianto felt a thrill from this and kissed Jack hard. Thrusting his tongue into Jack's mouth, he presses himself against Jack, all sticky and sweaty. Ianto pulls back, “Maybe we should practice by going again?”

“You're perfect,” says Jack before sliding his hand between them to fondle Ianto's cock.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This is becoming longer than I thought, so there are now going to be four chapters. I don't usually post directly after writing, so I apologize for typos.

Jack leads Ianto into the room. It's just a room with a bed with a crappy metal headboard and a dirty looking bedspread. Ianto's not sure where he is, but he thinks this is likely a rent-by-the-hour motel.

“Get onto the bed,” Jack directs. Ianto obeys the order and climbs on the bed, sitting and looking silently at Jack as he puts the small bag he's carrying down on the floor. Ianto is already wearing his cuffs and color, and so the play has already begun for him and he submits to Jack.

Jack opens the bag and starts to pull out supplies. He takes out the lightweight chains that he uses for Ianto's cuffs sometimes. This appears to be the case for tonight as he puts them on the bed next to Ianto. He then takes out some bottles of water and a large plastic bag full of condoms and puts them on the small bedside table. Also on the table goes a couple bottles of lube.

Jack then turns his attention to Ianto. “Go ahead and get undressed.”

Ianto does as instructed, quickly and efficiently. This is not meant for show. He slides off his shoes and socks, tucking the socks into the shoes. He takes off his t-shirt and jeans and folds them, then holds them out toward Jack. Ianto doesn't want to put them anywhere in this dirty place and would rather they go in Jack's bag. Jack seems to understand this and takes the proffered clothes and tucks them away. He then picks up the shoes and tucks them into a corner.

“The underpants as well,” says Jack. This time he watches as Ianto slides down his pants and likewise hands them to Jack who tucks them in his bag. Ianto sits on his knees and heels, obediently waiting with his hands on his thighs. Jack pulls at the dirty bedspread and Ianto moves so that Jack can pull it down and off the bed. Below are sheets that appear decently clean. Jack looks him up and down and then joins him on the bed. He checks the tightness of the cuffs, making sure that they're not too tight and that they won't slide off either. Ianto is used to this action and presents each wrist in turn. When Jack is satisfied, he guides Ianto to turn around and face the head of the bed. He takes the chains and begins to fasten them to each wrist. Ianto again presents each wrist for Jack. The chains connect together into one only about a foot up from the cuffs. Jack brings the end of the chain to the metal bars of the headboard and fastens it. The single length is about two feet long, providing ample mobility for Ianto. The chains are really about Ianto feeling controlled and kept.

“Are you not going to chain the collar as well,” Ianto asks softly.

“Not tonight. I think it's better if you have more movement,” replies Jack. Jack looks Ianto up and down again and puts a hand on his shoulder. “You're tense and trembling. Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Yes, says Ianto immediately. “I'm nervous, but you said that it's so good. I want to try.”

“If you're sure. You don't have to be so nervous, I'll be right here the whole time.”
Ianto didn't seem any calmer. “Who is it that's coming? I mean, where did you find them?”

“There are certain internet sites that set these things up.”

“So they're complete strangers? They could be anyone?” Ianto's voice is higher than normal and he almost squeaks at the last word.

“I did some background checks after they signed up, but they are a random selection of the applicants.”

“Applicants?”

“Well, there was more demand than available places, so I had to select just some of them.”

Ianto swallows hard thinking of the fact that there were applicants. “Do they know who I am then?”

“No. I posted a picture of your body, but no face. No one should be able to identify you, and when I did the background checks, I made sure that they wouldn't accidentally know you.”

“How could you possibly know that?” asks Ianto a little shrilly. He's trembling more now and Jack rubs his hands up and down Ianto's arms.

“I made sure they didn't go to the same schools or come from the same neighborhood as you. Of course I might have missed something, but I was pretty thorough.”

Ianto looks around the room with wide and terrified eyes. Jack puts a hand on the side of Ianto's face and pulls his gaze to himself. “Ianto, would you rather be blindfolded for this?”

Ianto's shoulders lower and his breathing slows. “Yes, please.”

Jack goes back to his bag and pulls out a blindfold. It's Ianto's favorite for the comfort it provides. Jack gets behind Ianto and gently puts on the blindfold, pulling the elastic over Ianto's head. Jack checks the placement and then moves in front of Ianto with his back against the headboard. Jack's hands remain on Ianto's thighs.

“Now, don't worry. I won't leave you alone. I will stay in physical contact with you after they get here at all times unless there is an emergency, okay?”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Would you like some water before they come?”

“Yes, please.”

Jack takes one of the water bottles and puts it to Ianto's mouth, pouring it in for him. Jack place the bottle back on the table. “I will give you water at breaks, but if you really need it, you can ask for some, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Okay, now rest against me until they come.” Jack pulls Ianto towards him and against his chest, wrapping his arms around him. “I don't want you getting cold while we wait.” Ianto rests his head against Jack's clothed chest and enjoys the soft caresses on his arms and back.

It's about ten minutes later and Ianto has started to doze off, when there's a knock at the door. Jack gently nudges Ianto to sit up on his knees again. “I'm going to let each of them in the door, but I'll
always come right back.”

Ianto can feel the mattress move as Jack gets up off the bed and walks across the floor. Ianto can hear the door opening and muted voices as Jack greets the new people. There seem to be two at this time. Jack directs them to the far end of the room and comes back to Ianto, sitting next to him and touching his arm.

“Are you still okay?” asks Jack.

Ianto doesn't answer the question, but asks quietly, “How many of them are there going to be?”

“Are you sure you want to know? It can be fun to not know.”

“I want to know,” says Ianto. The trembling has started again.

“I booked seven.”

“Seven,” Ianto repeats. “Seven is okay.”

“They may go multiple times, so don't try to count.” Jack knows Ianto only too well and that he would count each one.

There's another knock at the door and Jack again reassures Ianto before leaving his side to answer it. Ianto thinks he can hear three people this time, but it's hard to tell. Again Jack directs them away from the bed where Ianto sits, and then rejoins him. Jack tries to comfort Ianto with rubbing his back, but Ianto isn't getting any comfort as he only gets more and more nervous.

After a few more minutes, there's another knock and one, maybe two, comes in. This time Jack loudly directs him to the end of the room where they all wait behind Ianto's back, and then addresses them. “Okay, we'll go ahead and begin since it's time. The others can join us later. These are the rules. You must use a condom at all times for penetration, but you may come on his skin. You will not address him directly, but only me. You may use the bathroom at anytime, but if you leave through the main door, you will not gain reentry. There will be no photography of any kind. No violence is allowed, even spanking. I can, and will, eject you if you disobey these rules. If you have any questions, please ask me at any time. Sex acts that are allowed include face fucking (although a condom is required for oral), fisting, and double penetration. Ask me if you aren't sure if something is allowed. Remember that his comfort and pleasure are important to me, and I will eject you if I believe you are hurting him. He is allowed to speak to me to tell me if anyone is hurting him or to call for a break. I will be joining in when I feel the need.

Jack returns immediately to Ianto's side, sitting with his back against the headboard again, but this time over the chain to Ianto's wrists so that he is directly in front of him. He takes Ianto's wrists into his hands and speak quietly to him. “Let me know if you need to stop at any time. Use your safe word if you feel threatened and need to end this immediately. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I mean it Ianto, I will keep you safe, but I need to know that you will tell me if you can't go on.”

“Yes, Jack,” says Ianto.

“Okay, then.” Ianto can hear Jack opening the lube and moving behind him, all while keeping a hand on his side and then his arse, like a skittish horse. Ianto gets up on his knees and presents himself for Jack to stretch and lube him up. Jack also takes the time to finger fuck him well, getting him hard and ready for the action to come. Ianto can hear some of the others disrobing, but they
mostly seem to be talking. He catches some of them comment on the quality of his body and whether or not he'll be worth the price they paid.

Once Jack is finished stretching Ianto's hole, he feels very open. Jack moves back into position directly in front of Ianto and kisses him. “Ready?”

“Yes, I'm ready,” and Ianto gently squeezes Jack's hands in his.

“Come up when you're ready,” Jack calls out to the others.

Ianto hear them come closer and he starts to tense. Jack whispers in his ear, “Stay relaxed. You don't want to tense up.” Ianto wills his muscles to relax as he feels the dip of the bed as men climb around him on all sides. Hands start to caress him and one immediately goes to his hole and thrusts a couple fingers inside. They seem to be feeling him out more than prepping him. The one behind him presses a condom covered dick to his hole and Ianto gets ready for the first non-Jack cock to ever be inside him. He's really not sure what to expect, but the man pushes rather quickly and is soon balls deep. Ianto can feel the man's trousers against his thighs and realizes that they won't all be naked. The cock inside him feels shorter but wider than Jack's and the man starts thrusting quickly and hard. Ianto is grateful for Jack holding his arms and bracing him from being pushed forward.

There are at least three others around him, two on his right and one on his left. Hands are everywhere, on his cock, on his nipples, on his back. One is even pushing through his hair and rubbing his head. He can hear at least two of them masturbating, probably getting themselves to full hardness. One on the right moves up to his head and asks Jack if he can move in front for a blow job. Jack moves a little to the side to make room, but keeps his hands in Ianto's. The unknown man kneels in front of Ianto and puts a big hand on his jaw, directing Ianto's face to his cock. He feels it press against his lips and he opens wide. He doesn't like the taste of the latex, but he also doesn't want strange men coming inside him. He tries his best to use any of the techniques he's learned from Jack, but it's difficult around the condom and while being fucked roughly from behind. Eventually, the man just starts thrusting into his mouth anyway and Ianto just makes his mouth into a willing hole. Being fucked from both ends makes Ianto feel used and like an object, and he likes it. He feels someone come on his back and the come slowly drips down his side. The man in his arse is not particularly skilled at finding his prostate, but he might not even be trying. He still feels lots of hands on him, including two that belong to different people stroking his cock. He feels Jack's lips kiss his shoulder and feels grounded at the comfort.

The man fucking his arse finishes loudly and with a grunt. Pulling out, someone else immediately takes his place. This one is long and thin and slides in easily. It isn't long before he hears someone ask the man fucking him if he can in turn be fucked. Ianto imagines a train of them all powering into him and he gets really close to coming. This man is much more skilled and Ianto is getting close as the man twists his hips and hits his prostate with precision. Ianto is moaning around the cock in his mouth with each thrust from behind him. This seems to get the man in his mouth read to come and he has soon lost his rhythm and is slamming into his face. Drool is coming out of his mouth, but the pressure on his prostate is so exquisite that Ianto doesn't care. There seems to be someone under him, but he's not sure what's going on. There are now three hands on his cock and he's suddenly coming and screaming around the cock in his mouth. The man in his mouth then comes as well, but the man behind him continues to hammer into his prostate. Ianto is glad that Jack has given him some practice with how this feels so that he can enjoy the pain of continuing to be fucked and groped after he's come. The hands don't let up and someone even slips Ianto's flaccid cock into a mouth. The pressure of a blow job is almost too much. Now that the man has pulled out of his mouth, Ianto whines with the intense sensations going on all over his body.

Jack is back in front of Ianto and rubs his thumb over his furrowed brow. “Are you okay?” Jack asks
“Yes, I can take it,” says Ianto as the man fucking him continues to pound into him. He feels someone else come on his back again and it drips off in a different direction.

There's another knock at the door and Ianto tenses up, making the man fucking him groan. Ianto's afraid that Jack will get up to answer the door, but Jack directs someone else who's on the other side of the room to do it. More men come in and Jack calls them over to the side of the bed. He then reiterates the rules to them while they watch Ianto being fucked and sucked.

Ianto expects someone else to come around to his mouth, but instead he feels Jack spread his legs and push Ianto's head down gently. “Suck me, Ianto. I'm begging for it. You're so beautiful like this; I wish you could see it. I need you to make me come while these men fuck you.”

Ianto excitedly ducks his head and takes Jack's bare cock into his mouth, Jack guiding it in past his lips. Now Ianto knows what to do and he's soon making Jack beg and thrust eagerly. A man comes up beside him and asks Jack if he can use Ianto's hand. Jack gently takes Ianto's right hand from the bed and presents it to the man, who then slips his cock into it. Ianto tries to give a hand job, but his attention is split every which way. Ianto feels the man behind him come and pull out. Now that he's not being pushed around, he slides back so that only the tip of Jack's cock is in his lips and he suckles gently. He knows that this makes Jack go wild and Jack is soon spouting profanities. He then pushes Ianto's head back down to deep throat him as he feels someone else enter his arse. This man is rough, but he's so open that he barely notices. Again there seems to be multiple people fucking in a row and he concentrates on sucking Jack dry. Jack is soon coming deep in Ianto's throat and Ianto swallows greedily. He pops off with a deep breath and the man behind him is already coming. As he pulls out, Ianto now feels empty. There's still the man sucking him, and the cock in his hand, and he's now hard again, but he needs to be filled. “More, someone give me more,” Ianto says quietly.

Ianto can hear Jack chuckle and then he gives him a deep kiss, trying to taste himself in Ianto's mouth. My greedy, dirty, boy. You're beautiful. I'll make sure you have more.”

Ianto feels Jack move alongside him until he gets to his arse where someone else is just about to enter. Jack tells him to wait and then Ianto feels Jack's fingers inside him with more lube. Someone comes up to his face, and although he knows that Jack is still paying attention at his arse, it's still unsettling to not have Jack in front of him.

The man in front of him pushes his cock into Ianto's mouth and starts fucking. Between Jack's fingers and the man below him sucking and the man in his mouth. Ianto is feeling ready to come again. The man in his hand comes and splashes onto his neck and the side of his face. Jack's fingers leave Ianto's hole, and he feels another man's fingers. Jack stays at his arse and seems to be directing the man on what to do. Soon, Ianto realizes what Jack's plans are. He directs the man to put in four fingers and spread them and fuck Ianto with them. Soon Ianto hears Jack direct the man to add his thumb and slowly push in. Ianto's chin is being repeatedly hit by the balls of the man fucking his mouth deep into his throat as the man behind him begins to fist him. Ianto is glad that Jack is directing him because they've only ever done this twice before. Ianto feels the man's knuckle press against his prostate and the man under him sucks hard, and Ianto is lost. He's coming and loses all sense of hearing and he sees white behind his closed and blindfolded eyes. He knows there's a cock down his throat, but he thinks he's still screaming, or maybe that's the man coming in the condom down his throat.

He comes back to his senses as the man is pulling out of his mouth, but the fist is still inside his anus. The man giving him the blow job has left and his dick feels cold with the saliva. Ianto lays his head down on his arms, which pushes his arse up further in the air. The man is still moving his full hand in
and out of Ianto's arse and pressing against his prostate with every motion. Ianto lets out a sob and tries to choke it back down.

Jack is immediately back up at his head with his hands on his face. “Ianto, are you alright?”

Ianto can only shake his head no. He then manages to whisper, “Too much, it hurts.”

Jack directs all but the one man to go back to the other end of the room. “There need to be an immediate break,” he calls out in explanation. He directs the man with his arm in Ianto's arse on how to get it out slowly and gently. Ianto whimpers as it presses his prostate again on its way out. As the man withdraws and leaves to the other side of the room, Jack goes back to Ianto's head and asks quietly, “Do you need to stop or just take a break?”

Ianto thinks for a second. “Just a break I think. It's just too much stimulation. I'll be alright in a minute.”

Jack calls out loudly, “There will be a ten minute break. Now would be a good time to use the restroom.”

To Ianto, Jack says, “Here's some water. Drink this.” As Jack pours it into Ianto's mouth, much of it spills. With his hole gaping and uncomfortable, he still has his arse in the air and can't get the right angle to drink water. Jack makes him keep drinking though. Finally, Jack puts the bottle down and kisses Ianto. “How are you feeling now?”

“Better. I don't know how it feels inside though.”

“Let me test you, okay?”

“Of course. You can always put anything you want inside me.” Ianto surprises himself with how true those words are.

Jack moves behind him and sticks in some exploratory fingers. He's so stretched out, that he can barely feel the two fingers entering him. Jack gently probes his prostate and asks how it feels.

“Better, oh yes, good. Yes, that's good.” Ianto pushes back into Jack's fingers, but Jack takes them out.

“Good, then we'll be able to continue. Just rest for the rest of the break. Give your arms a rest.” Ianto lies down flat and Jack rubs the back of his neck, calming him down. Ianto turns his head to Jack’s thigh. Jack's still wearing his trousers and Ianto wishes that he wasn't so that he could feel his skin. Instead, he takes the fabric of the trousers in his teeth and gently bites and pulls at them. Jack pulls the fabric out of Ianto's mouth and runs his thumb along his lips, then gently pushing his thumb inside Ianto's mouth. First he suckles and then sucks the thumb.

“God, Ianto, the sight of you like this. Just looking at you like this, makes me so hard.” Ianto chuckles around Jack's thumb. “You're covered in come and your arse is gaping and begging for it and you can't stop sucking whatever is put in your mouth. I'm going to have to fuck you at some point.”

Ianto pulls off of Jack's thumb. “Please, sir, I want you inside me.” Ianto immediately pulls Jack's thumb back in his mouth.

“And I will be, but first, I have plans for you.” This excites Ianto anew and he begins to slowly rub himself against the sheets. “Stay still and just rest, Ianto. There's plenty of that soon.”
Ianto stops his movements and just rests against the bed, sucking Jack's thumb like a toddler rather than like a sex act.
Chapter 3

Too soon for Ianto, Jack takes his thumb back and asks Ianto to get back up on his hands and knees. Jack takes some time to inspect Ianto's condition, running his hands over him and looking for any injuries or skin irritation. Ianto stays still for the inspection, enjoying the light caress of Jack's hands checking him over. Seeing that Ianto is flaccid, Jack directs Ianto to roll over on his back.

“I want you to get on your back for a few minutes. Be careful not to get the chain under you,” Jack says as he gently assists Ianto's movement and pulls the chain out of the way. Taking Ianto's cock in his hand, Jack gently starts to stroke him to hardness. “You'll feel better if you're excited for this. Don't think of the others, just think of me.”

Ianto can hear the men still on the other side of the room, presumably watching this display. Ianto focuses his senses on the feel of Jack's hand in its familiar rhythm. Normally, Jack would also be kissing him or doing something else that would show him caring for Ianto, but not with an audience. Ianto knows that it's because he is supposed to be a thing and the men can't see Jack treat him as precious, but Ianto misses it. Jack is propping himself up with his other hand which happens to be near Ianto's head. Ianto can tell by the way the mattress moves. He turns his head and moves it toward Jack's hand so that he can place a kiss on Jack's hand. Jack doesn't move his hand away from Ianto, but he leans down to whisper in his ear, “We'll have time together later.”

Ianto smiles and leans his head back. Now that Jack has gotten him sufficiently aroused, he stops his ministrations and prompts Ianto turn back over and get in his previous position. Jack then announces to the assembled men that Ianto is now ready again and they can come back over whenever they are ready, however, Ianto notices that Jack calls two men over and speaks to them in low tones. While Jack never leaves Ianto's side, Ianto still can't hear what he says to them.

Soon, Ianto feels the mattress dip and shift as some of the men get on the bed. He feels Jack's hand go down to his arse where he is still talking to the two other men. Someone slips a cock in his mouth and doesn't thrust, but lets Ianto fellate him. Someone else takes his right hand and puts it on two cocks pressed together with the two men involved with each other. Ianto can hear them kissing and pressing against each other.

Ianto feels Jack's fingers, newly lubed, slip inside him. He's still very loose from the fisting, but Jack takes the time to get up to four fingers and uses plenty of lube. Ianto thinks he knows where this is going. These must be the men that Jack wants to use Ianto together. Since Jack picked them out, maybe he picked smaller men for his comfort, although he could have also picked large men for a more intense experience. It could really go either way.

Ianto relaxes with the familiar fingers playing him like a fiddle as Jack strokes his prostate and presses in just the right way to elicit a moan from Ianto. Ianto swears that Jack is chuckling as Ianto trembles in pleasure and tries to stay still.

Ianto feels someone crawling underneath him, nudging his arms and legs out of the way to lie down between his legs. Jack removes his fingers and Ianto can feel the excess of lube that Jack has coated his opening with. Jack pushes Ianto's hips down toward the bed and says, “You're going to ride the man below you. I'll guide you down.”

Ianto lets Jack move his hips down until he feels the cock at his opening. Jack's steadying hands are helpful since Ianto is still sucking off one man and trying to jerk off two others. Having been so thoroughly stretched, Ianto slides right down on it until he's fully seated inside. Jack's hand stays on Ianto's hips and guides him to move up and down. Ianto is finding it difficult to concentrate on
everything going on at once. He's startled by someone coming on his back from the left when he didn't even realize someone was there. His mind becomes blank as he submits to his lack of agency. He is just there to be a vessel and to do as told. He focuses on the fresh come dripping down his side and barely realizes that he's still moving his tongue around the condom covered cock in his mouth and his hand is still moving up and down on the joined cocks and he lets Jack dictate the speed at which he bounces on the cock below him. He's only partially aware of the feeling of Jack's finger sliding inside of him along the other man's cock. Jack's finger pulls gently, further stretching him and adding fingers. Ianto is pretty sure that he feels two fingers in there, curling around the cock, and he feels free in his head. His hands may be chained to the bed, but he thinks to himself, this must be what happiness feels like. There is nothing for him to worry about, only to feel. The sensations are all there is and nothing else matters.

In this state, Ianto is only dimly aware that Jack has removed his fingers and has stilled Ianto's hips. Ianto feels the expected second cock press against his hole. Slowly it presses in and even with all the preparation, Ianto is surprised at the discomfort, really it's pain. He suddenly can't figure out which hand is Jack's and he can feel awareness and panic coming back to destroy his submissive bliss. Ianto pulls his mouth off the man in front of him and he calls out, “Jack!”

“I'm right here, Ianto,” replies Jack from behind him. He also moves his hand in small calming circles on Ianto's lower back. Now that Ianto can pick out Jack's hand, he feels better and calms himself down. He wishes he could get back into his head space. He tries to concentrate on the hand making circles. “It's all right, I'm right here,” Jack repeats over and over like a mantra. Ianto concentrates on the sound as the men proceed to push the second large cock into his arse. Ianto feels the stretch like never before. He wouldn't have thought it was possible to be this open.

“Ianto, are you alright?”

“He's all the way in now,” says Jack. “Are you alright?”

“Yes, sir,” says Ianto breathlessly.

“All right. Let's proceed then.”

Ianto takes that as his cue to take the cock in front of him back in his mouth since that man hadn't finished yet, and he also stretches his hand back out to allow those men to place it back on them. The man behind him starts to shallowly move, no doubt directed by Jack who is still observing. Ianto feels very safe now that he knows that Jack is directing it all and still moves his hand in circles so Ianto can tell which is his. The two men inside of him manage to move in time with each other and Ianto feels himself pushed forward gently so that the cock in his mouth goes into his throat. This man is making some very pleased sounds now and Ianto wonders how close he is. He feels so completely full and the pressure on his prostate is constant.

Someone else comes up to his left side and asks to use his left hand, but Ianto can't keep himself upright without it, and so he is surprised when Jack gives permission. Ianto feels Jack's strong arms go completely around him with Jack's body against his back and lifts his weight so Ianto can raise his left hand and present it to the man. Ianto is surprised to feel that Jack is shirtless and has no idea when that happened. Ianto expects to be presented with another cock, but instead his fingers are pressed into a lubed arse. Ianto uses two fingers and allows the man to fuck himself on his fingers.

With Jack's arms around him and the two cocks in his arse, Ianto starts to feel that submission overcome him again. His dom is holding him up as every part of him is used and enjoyed and nothing else matters in the world. Jack's hands being so close to Ianto's hard flesh, he's not surprised to feel Jack's hand start to play with him. Being so close already, Ianto is pushed forward from the thrusts just a few more times and when the cock in his mouth is pushed deep in his throat, he feels the exquisite orgasm push through his entire being. He's not aware of any senses outside of his body
or the passage of time. His muscles try to clench in his arse, but there's too much there. He can feel himself screaming, but can't hear it. He thinks that the man in his mouth may be coming in the condom, but he can't be sure. This is absolute bliss.

His senses start to come back to him and he feels little kisses on his back as Jack tries to get him through this powerful orgasm and is still supporting the weight of his upper body. The cock has left his mouth, but he still feels the men in his arse, but only the one behind him is still thrusting. His hands are both still being used, but he's surprised to realize that his right hand is around someone different than it was before. It's no longer two men, but just one.

The man below him slips his cock out of his arse (apparently having come while Ianto was out of it) and starts to shimmy out of the way. Ianto realizes that he must have come all over this man and for the first time wishes he could see it. The man behind him continues to thrust, now roughly and quickly, although Jack's arms keep him from being moved too much.

Ianto feels the man fucking himself on his fingers begin to lose rhythm and in no time he's clenching around Ianto's fingers and coming on Ianto's side, very near to Jack's arms. Around the same time, the man in his right hand comes loudly, groaning and splashing across Ianto's back. Ianto's pretty sure that Jack must be getting hit with all this come as well, but he continues to hold Ianto.

Now it's just the man behind him, thrusting quickly. Finally he comes and collapses partially over Ianto's come soaked back and partially over Jack. The men release Ianto's hands and pull out, leaving Ianto with just Jack's arms around him, still supporting him since Ianto can't support himself. Jack pulls him towards his left and onto his lap and guides Ianto's head to his chest. Ianto is still catching his breath and his arms are limp as Jack clutches him against his chest and cards his fingers through his hair.

“Thank you, sir,” Ianto whispers between breaths. “Thank you.”

“Any time,” says Jack quietly.

Ianto's vaguely aware of the men still being in the room. Jack kisses him on the forehead and then gently guides Ianto onto the bed. “I'm going to escort the men out, but I'll be watching you, and I'll still be right here.”

Jack leaves the bed and talks to the men in medium tones, but Ianto isn't listening to what he's saying. There seems to be some 'thank you's and some compliments as the door opens and closes a few times.

After a little while, Jack comes back and lies on the bed next to Ianto. “They're all gone. Can I take this off?” Jack asks while sliding a finger under the blind fold strap.

“Yes,” Ianto says with a smile. He closes his eyes in anticipation of bright light. He feels the fabric slip away and the light assault his lids. He slowly opens his eyes and sees Jack's blue ones looking back at him. Ianto can feel the goofy smile on his face as he lets his body relax into the mattress.

“You need water,” says Jack suddenly, and he sits up and grabs a water bottle. Ianto tries to sit up so he can drink, but just as he rolls onto his arse, he feels a painful soreness. “Stay on your hip,” says Jack as he sees Ianto's grimace and hears his groan of pain. Ianto rolls back onto his hip and allows Jack to pour water into his mouth. He drinks the entire bottle and only then realizes that he is also very sweaty. He then collapses back down on his front and turns his head to watch Jack.

“How are you feeling?” Jack asks.
Ianto takes a moment to think about it. “I'm not sure, sir. It was powerful.”

Jack moves up to unfasten the chain from the bedstead and Ianto says, “Don't!” Jack pauses. “Don't take it off yet.” Jack moves away from the bedstead and lies down next to Ianto and pulls him into his arms, chains and all. “But I'm covered in come, you shouldn't get it all over you,” says Ianto.

“Don't worry, I already had a lot of it splash on me. Besides, I don't mind. I like a good orgy as much as the next man, and I like you dirty. Do you want me to clean you off?”

“Not yet,” admits Ianto. “I want to keep this feeling for a while.”

Jack kisses Ianto slowly and languidly. “Take a nap and recover a bit. I won't move from right here.”

As if he was waiting for permission, Ianto’s eyes close and he starts to fall asleep while Jack traces circles on his dirty back.
The first thing that Ianto notices when he wakes is the smell. It smells like sex, but Ianto is immediately turned on from the memories that this brings him. He thought he would be upset at being so dirty and wanton, but he's aroused instead. Thankfully, he feels Jack still wrapped around him. As he open his eyes, he sees Jack looking back at him, smiling like the cat who caught the canary.

“How long was I asleep?”

“About an hour. Are you feeling revitalized?”

“I'm always ready for you.” Ianto presses his hardening flesh against Jack and kisses him deeply. Jack responds and starts to roll Ianto over onto his back. Jack still has his trousers on, but presses down and Ianto can feel him through the fabric.

When Ianto is on his back, Jack sits up and untangles the chains from their moving around. “Tighten them,” says Ianto unexpectedly. “I want to be constrained.”

Jack looks into Ianto's eyes and seems to understand what he wants. Jack pulls the chain up and fastens it at a shorter length so Ianto's hands are kept over his head and he no longer has freedom of movement. Jack gazes at Ianto, covered in dry come with swollen lips and having been fucked wide open. He lightly touches Ianto's face as he gazes at him trustingly and then lightly brings his hand down and across his body, feeling and experiencing all of it. He rubs Ianto's nipples until they harden and then brings his hands down to Ianto's hips and in toward the crease of his groin, feathering his fingers lightly, driving Ianto crazy, who moans and pulls at his chains.

“Please, Jack.”

“How can you be begging me for anything after all that you've had tonight?” Jack teases. “Your greedy little hole must be a sore mess and yet you're begging me to fuck you. You dirty little boy, what do you want me to do to you?” Jack is turned on beyond belief at looking at his lover like this. Watching Ianto be gang banged was a fantasy come true for him, and now to watch him beg for more is like something out of his wildest dreams.

“I want you to come inside me. I don't have any come in my arse, please make me yours after all those others. None of them compare to you.” Ianto used to hate trying dirty talk, but Jack has made him love it, and he knows how to stroke Jack's ego.

“How much do you need this?” Jack eggs on Ianto.

“Please, sir. Please fill me!” Ianto almost feels like he needs to laugh with the absurdity of his words, but it seems to have the right effect on Jack. Ianto tries to raise his legs to present himself, but he
finds that his muscles are sore everywhere and he doesn't get very far before grimacing.

Jack puts a steadying hand on Ianto's legs. “You don't have to do this if it hurts,” says Jack. “Really, don't push yourself.”

“But it's what I want. I want to feel the pain with you inside me. I want to remember what I just felt. It was so powerful. Please, Jack.”

The use of his name convinces Jack that Ianto really does want this and isn't just playing submissive. He gently takes Ianto's legs and pushes them up slowly, studying Ianto's face for any sign of pain. As he pushes his legs up, Jack sees Ianto's hole come up. It is red and swollen and still rather open from the night's activities.

Ianto can't hold his own legs up since his hands are above his head, so Jack grabs the ankles in one hand and spreads the knees so that he can inspect Ianto's condition. He gently runs his thumb along the red edge of Ianto's exposed opening and watches for any sign of discomfort from Ianto. Ianto hitches his breath and Jack stops and releases his ankles. “I don't think you're ready for this,” says Jack.

“Please don't stop,” begs Ianto. “I need you to do this for me.”

Jack looks Ianto in the eyes and sees the yearning inside him. “Okay, we'll do this, but I might stop if I think I'm hurting you.”

“Thank you. I need this right now.”


“I need you to dominate and own me, Jack. Please, come inside me.”

Jack sighs and says, “The begging is making it impossible for me to say no, and you know it.” Jack smirks, and Ianto smiles in victory. Jack sits up on his knees and finally unfastens his trousers and pushes them and his pants down, tossing them aside. His cock juts in front of him and Ianto licks his lips.

“Put it in my mouth first and finish in my arse,” says Ianto.

“Your wish is my command,” says Jack as he sidles up to straddle Ianto's arms held above his head. Jack guides his cock to Ianto's lips and just puts the tip in reach. Ianto sticks his tongue out to fellate Jack and then suckles on the tip. Jack groans and reaches up to the bedstead to keep himself upright. Jack starts to push further in, but Ianto uses his tongue to push Jack's cock back out to just the tip. He sucks on just the head, building pressure. Jack moans loudly and then takes Ianto's jaw in hand and opens it wide. He then pushes in until he feels the head hit the back of Ianto's throat. Ianto swirls his tongue around Jack's cock and lifts his head to bring it further down his throat. As he starts to deep throat, he swallows around it, and Jack moans again.

“God, Ianto, I'm about to come.” Ianto doesn't stop and continues to increase the pressure as Jack accidentally thrusts into Ianto's mouth and comes with a scream. He pulls out as he's coming and he splashes onto Ianto's face. Jack continues to moan as he dribbles and then stops. Looking down at Ianto's grinning face covered in his come, Jack realizes that Ianto is not done with him and did this on purpose.

Jack shimmies down so he can lie down on Ianto and kiss his come covered lips. Jack pulls back with his own come on his chin and lips. “You did that on purpose. You're going to insist that I still fuck you now, aren't you?”
“Yes, sir. I know that you have almost no recovery time and can get hard again right away. I want your come inside me in all ways.”

Jack groans at the dirty talk. “You know exactly what to say to me, don't you. I feel like I'm getting played by an expert.” Jack feels like Ianto is the one with all the power even though he's chained up and fucked open. Ianto pushes his hips up to rub against Jack and get him going again, but Jack sits back on his heals and out of Ianto's reach.

Of course, looking at Ianto in this condition is even more arousing. Ianto starts to pull at the chains and squirm on the bed. “Fuck me, Jack. Make me yours,” Ianto licks his dirty and swollen lips. Between the dirty talk and the squirming, Jack is starting to get hard again.

Jack takes himself in hand and starts to stroke himself while watching Ianto move. Ianto raises his knees as high as he can without help and his cock bounces on his stomach. Jack chuckles as Ianto tries all the moves and dirty talk he can think of to get Jack hot and ready to fuck him. “You don't need to try so hard,” says Jack. “I'm getting there.”

Ianto laughs back at him and stops moving so much since he is rather sore and tired and it took a lot out of him to move around so much. Jack reaches over and grabs a bottle of lube. Even though Ianto is still plenty slick, Jack makes sure to slick up his cock. Jack leans over Ianto and puts Ianto's legs on his shoulders and lines himself up, just teasing Ianto's sore hole. He pauses and looks into Ianto's eyes directly below him.

“Are you going to fuck me now, sir?” Ianto asks as Jack still waits.

“No, that's not what this is,” says Jack. Ianto’s face falls in confusion, but Jack speaks again, “Ianto, don't you know? I'm going to make love to you. That's what this is now.” Jack then pushes himself in gently. Ianto is so stretched and slick, that Jack slides in easily. Ianto doesn't start smiling again and he closes his eyes and turns his head away. Jack sees tears squeeze out and he stops immediately. “Ianto! Are you in pain?”

“No,” says Ianto immediately.

“But you're crying,” says Jack, still inside Ianto, but not moving.

“I'm sorry, I don't mean to be, but it's not painful or bad. Please keep going.”

“But why are you crying?”

“It's just, do you really? Do you mean it?”

“What?”

“Are you making love to me?”

“Of course. I thought you knew that.” Jack leans in and kisses Ianto, pushing his tongue in to tangle with Ianto's. He then begins to move again and slides in and out easily. There isn't much friction and Ianto isn't his usual tight self, so Jack finds it harder to get the friction on his cock that he craves, but Ianto's legs wrap around his back and he kisses Jack deeply and passionately despite not being able to use his hands. Jack uses his hands enough for both of them, caressing every inch of Ianto before settling on his cock and stroking him in a similarly slow rhythm.

The soreness makes the feelings more intense for Ianto and everything feels different since he's stretched wider than usual. He feels completely cared for and loved like never before as Jack covers his body with his own. Ianto can feel his orgasm building and he thrusts into Jack's hand as Jack
pushes his cock against Ianto's prostate. Ianto's breath starts to hitch and then he's coming over Jack's hand and onto his stomach, pulling at his chains.

Jack thrusts a few more times and then manages to come before Ianto has finished clenching. He fills Ianto and stays inside him, resting on him, as he catches his breath. Jack absentmindedly puts a finger under Ianto's collar and strokes it around as he kisses Ianto's shoulder. Ianto's legs fall from Jack's back and Ianto whispers in Jack's ear, "I love you, too."

Jack looks down at Ianto, dirty and wanton as he is, and realizes that he's never letting him go. After gazing at Ianto for a while, who tries to look away from the intense scrutiny, Jack gets up and starts going through his bag on the floor. "I'll get you cleaned up so I can take you home," he says as he pulls out a flannel from the bag.

Of course Jack knew that Ianto would insist on a clean flannel from home instead of whatever was provided in the bathroom in this place. Jack disappears into the bathroom and Ianto can hear the water running. Jack returns with a warm, wet, and soapy flannel and cleans off Ianto's face and neck. "I'm just going to get you presentable. I'll clean you off better at your flat," Jack says as he scrubs gently at the dried come on Ianto's neck. Jack proceeds to Ianto's hands, and then puts the flannel back in the bag.

Jack returns to the bed and unfastens the chains, and this time Ianto doesn't protest. Ianto is ready to go and return to normal life. He's also ready for a shower as he's rather itchy. Jack helps to dress Ianto and soon they are ready to leave. Still wearing the collar and cuffs, Ianto walks wherever Jack leads.

When they get to the car, Jack helps Ianto settle in the seat so as not to cause any more pain. As Jack drives them back to Ianto's flat, he puts his hand on Ianto's thigh. They sit in comfortable silence the whole way while Ianto watches the beginning of sunrise over the city.

Once back in Ianto's flat, it's time for the game to end. Jack takes off the cuffs and collar. "Can I join you in the shower? Help you clean your back?" Jack asks.

Ianto smiles at him and lifts an eyebrow. "Of course. You can help with all the hard to reach areas, however, no more sex. Seriously, I can't take anymore right now."

Jack laughs. "Believe it or not, I know the feeling. Just let me help you, that's all."

Jack follows Ianto into the shower and Jack carefully cleans off Ianto, efficiently, yet tenderly, cleaning all the sore areas. He starts with his hair, pouring a generous amount of shampoo into his palms, he runs his hands through Ianto's hair and massages his scalp. Jack doesn't want to tell Ianto that he has dried come in his hair, and Jack makes sure to wash it out thoroughly. Jack then rubs some conditioner through it. Pressing Ianto's head back under the spray of water, Jack makes sure that he's rinsed completely before moving on to his skin. He starts with some face wash and directs Ianto to close his eyes. Jack gently spreads the face wash on from Ianto's hairline to his jaw; Ianto has some stubble from the long night. Finally, Jack takes a flannel, and using liberal amounts of soap, gets it very sudsy. He tenderly wipes it over every inch of Ianto's body, taking care to ensure that Ianto's skin is clean again. He spends some time at Ianto's arse, being extra gentle, but also cleaning away all the evidence of use.

Once Ianto is sufficiently clean again, Jack helps him out of the shower and gently towels him dry. Ianto has many areas of redness and irritation all over him, so Jack is very careful not to irritate any of these areas. He draws the curtains against the rising sun, and then Jack takes Ianto to the bed and climbs in beside him. He gathers up the duvet and cuddles it around Ianto and then lays his head on Ianto's chest.
“Are you all right?” Jack asks.

“I’m fine, Jack. Don’t worry, just get some sleep,” Ianto kisses the top of Jack’s head and closes his eyes, quickly falling asleep.

Ianto wakes up to the bright sun peeking around the curtains. He smells bacon cooking and turns to find that Jack isn’t in bed any longer. Stretching languidly, Ianto tests out any potentially sore areas while he’s alone. He finds some things rather uncomfortable, but nothing he shouldn’t be able to hide.

Soon, Jack comes into the bedroom carrying a tray of breakfast foods. There are two plates holding a full fry-up along with a large stack of toast and two mugs of coffee. While Ianto's coffee is superior, Jack’s is completely serviceable when necessary.

“Breakfast in bed?” Inquires Ianto.

Jack places the tray on the bed and climbs back in next to Ianto. “I thought I should treat you this morning. How are you feeling?”

“Still pretty tired, honestly.”

“Are you sore, are you hurt anywhere?”

“No, Jack,” says Ianto while stuffing a piece of toast in his mouth. “Really, stop worrying, I'm fine.”

Jack takes a sip of coffee, but still looks skeptical.

“It’s really sweet of you to worry,” says Ianto, “but I've been this sore before after things we've done. I truly am just fine. I might not sit on any wooden chairs today, but I'll be able to go to work.”

“You've been given the morning off,” says Jack as he lifts a fork full of eggs. “Which is a good thing, because the morning is almost over.”

Ianto looks at the clock and sees that it's already eleven thirty. His eyes go wide with surprise. “I've slept the whole morning!”

“Well, you did tire yourself out,” Jack says with a smirk.

“Where does everyone think I've been all morning?” Ianto asks with trepidation.

“They think you're visiting your sister.”

“And what about you? Where did you say you were?”

“I went with you, of course. A proper family day.”

Ianto rolls his eyes at the idea that Jack and his sister would ever spend a day together. “Well, I'm going in this afternoon. I'm not taking off a whole day for sex recovery; that's just too hedonistic for me.”


“Well, what?” Prompts Ianto.

“Did you at least enjoy the night?”

Ianto smiles immediately, but he stares at the bacon. “Yes,” he says quietly.
“Would you like to do it again sometime?”

Ianto looks at Jack, “Not right away, or really anytime soon. It's not something I want to be a common thing, but maybe eventually. It's a bit too much all at once.”

“But sometime?”

“Maybe. Ask me later when it's been a while. How about you? Would you like to do it?”

“Maybe some day,” Jack answers vaguely.

“I could set it up for you like you did for me,” Ianto suggests.

“But watching me with other people's not really your thing.”

“Jack,” Ianto puts down his fork. “There are a lot of things that weren't my thing before meeting you. My thing is whatever gets you going. If you want to do it, then we'll do it.”

“It won't upset you?”

Ianto had to think for a moment, and so he picked his fork back up and shoveled some egg into his mouth. “I think if I'm there and organizing it, then it would be fine for me. It's not like you'd be off on your own having it off with random guys.”

“Okay, then yes, not often, but sometime.”

“Okay,” says Ianto and he finishes off his coffee. “Then I should get ready for work.”

Ianto stands up and immediately finds that he's walking a bit funny as he makes his way to the bathroom. Of course, Jack can't hold in a bit of a laugh, and Ianto smiles. “It'll get better in no time and you won't even notice,” says Ianto as he shuts the door behind him. Jack smiles as he finishes up the toast.

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