Company Therapy

by Markov_Debris

Summary

An operation to retrieve a piece of alien technology has terrible consequence for Jack and Ianto.

Notes

I know that some of the themes of this story are not to everyone's taste. If you do not wish to read but have been enjoying the Company Series/Awaiting Universe there will be a brief summary in the notes of the next story Company of a Friend so that you can continue to read it. For anyone else visiting the dark side with me, I hope you enjoy.
“I’m all right,” Jack protested as he, Gwen, Owen and Toshiko entered the Hub through the garage.

“And my medical tests will prove that. We have no idea what that device was meant to do and we cannot ask the owner because we had to shoot him,” Owen snapped surly.

“Perhaps it won’t have an effect on me. Maybe I just have such a relaxed and well adjusted personality,” Jack replied. When Owen snorted he added, “Hey I always ace my psych evaluations.”

“Jack we never have psych evaluations and you are probably just lucky that device did not have enough time to attune to your thought patterns and begin to cause damage like it did with those others. Ianto there’s a body in the back of the SUV could you take it to autopsy for me,” Owen stated only noticing the young man when Jack’s attention suddenly turned to him.

Jack’s eyes followed the Welshman as he headed to the garage. It was enough to a distraction to allow Owen and the other’s to drag him towards the Hub’s medical facility with only a few more token protests.

One of Gwen’s police contacts had put her on to a series of strange murders and attacks. Each one had different culprits and victims but all the aggressors claimed not to remember anything they had done after visiting a psychologist and before waking up the next day.

Other of the psychologist’s patients seemed to have gaps in their memories but knew that they had resolved their issues and felt better in themselves.

Torchwood’s investigation had led them to this morning’s raid with Jack posing as a patient. He recognised the psychologist for the alien he was and while he had said the code phrase to initiate the raid, he had not been able to stop the treatment device being used on him.

“Well all your tests seem fine but I want you to stay here and be watched by at least two of us at all times. At least we know from the other victims that the effects start within ten hours and where off within twenty-four,” Owen pronounced.

“Can I at least go to my office and get some work done,” Jack asked but his attention was not really on Owen.

Unseen by the others Ianto had unobtrusively entered the medical bay, stayed long enough to let out a sigh of relief that Jack was okay, and slipped away before Owen looked to see what had caught his Captain’s attention.

“Yes I don’t see why not,” He answered with a voice whose slyness suggested that perhaps ordinary work could trigger the effect but at least then they would know.

“Okay Gwen tell Ianto to order food and bring coffee for Tosh, Owen and me then the two of you can go home, you are on the second shift to watch me. You’re both to come back at midnight. Tosh, I have put you on the first shift so you can make a start and examining that alien device and Owen so you can start on that autopsy.”

Jack led the others back to the central Hub and went straight to his office. There was a pile of reports that he had been putting off but as he was confined to base he might as well do them.
He had just begun reading the second one as Ianto entered the office. He entered silently but Jack watched him as he crossed to the desk and set the coffee down.

Jack inhaled deeply, his hooded eyes looking more at the young man that the coffee. He took a sip of the liquid before remarking.

“Perfect, thank you Ianto.”

“My pleasure sir,” Ianto replied and just as silently left the room and he turned his attention back to his reports.

At midnight though, when Ianto and Gwen returned to relieve Tosh and Owen, he could no longer concentrate. His became aware that his eyes were constantly trying to follow the young man as he walked around the Hub tidying up.

Only Gwen’s increasingly irritating presence let him have any focus at all. He had to be careful, the one time he snapped at Gwen brought Ianto to them but his concern was as much for Gwen as for Jack and that reaction burned painfully inside him.

He returned to his reports to ignore them both but silently he was making plans. Things he had only half thought of and abandoned now returned.

Circumstance favoured him. A Weevil sighting just before his twenty-four hours were up brought the others in so that Ianto could stay with Tosh watching him while Owen and Gwen caught the Weevil.

They handled the Weevil with practiced ease adding plausibility to his scheme.

His time of being watched up, Jack waited a few hours before making his announcement.

“Okay now that I’m all clear everyone, and I mean everyone go home. I need some alone time and you all need to rest. Tomorrow we are going to do some training and team building.”

“Oh Jack,” came the general disapproval from everyone except, he was pleased to notice, Ianto.

“I have been bored and stuck here for over thirty six hours deal with it. Tomorrow Gwen, Owen and Tosh you are going to be in charge of the Hub for the next three days.

“Gwen will be in command. This is to be a test of how you work under her leadership. Tosh’s last readings say that the rift is entering a low activity phase. Don’t worry I will have the remote monitoring system so I will know if you really need us.

“Apart from that we will be un-contactable. You have to take care of everything including Ianto’s duties of tidying up, taking care of Myfanwy and Weevils and the Tourist Centre.”

“And what will you and Ianto be doing?” Owen asked surly, though the smile Gwen had given him meant that he did not mind so much that she would be in charge.

“Ianto needs more field training. He performed better than we could have expected with the cannibals but since then he has been shut back on base.

“Now I have called in a favour from an army friend and we are going to go on one of their three day survival courses. Ianto, I’ve got a list of what we need, we will be taking your car there so prepare what you can ready tonight and get the rest on your way in tomorrow. We leave at nine.” he ordered looking at the young man.
“Yes sir,” Ianto replied and Jack resisted the urge to purr in approval.
Chapter Two

Jack is glad that he hardly ever needed to sleep. He knew that he should rest but he couldn’t resist.

Waiting for the others to go was agonising. The worst part was that Tosh waited with Ianto to reassure him he would be fine so that they ended up leaving together.

Jack used the Hub’s equipment to follow Ianto’s progress home. He diverted only to get the supplies Jack ordered him to get.

Jack knew he would go for them now rather than tomorrow. That was good as it allowed him enough time to get to the area where Ianto’s lived, park the SUV out of the way and walk to the young man’s house.

He found a discrete place to hide around the back, in a tree, with a perfect view of the young man’s bedroom. He had left the CCTV cameras and hidden microphones outside, and secreted inside Ianto’s house recording in the Hub so that he could view them when he got back.

He heard Ianto’s car pull up and got out his binoculars and activated the remote connection to the bugs so that he could partially see and hear inside the kitchen. The young man put his things away then prepared himself a vegetarian meal.

Jack felt excitement spark in him. Ianto was nervous. Ever since the incident with the cannibals Ianto always turned vegetarian when he was nervous.

The tree was far enough away so that he could see most of what went on inside. They young man’s actions were mechanical from long practice. He chewed carefully, a napkin protecting his shirt.

Unconsciously Jack switched the binoculars to his left hand, which was wrapped around a branch. His right hand undid his flies and slowly began to stroke himself.

A small part of his mind said that watching someone doing the washing up should not be particularly arousing. That part was overwhelmed by the fact that it was Ianto he was watching.

Ianto left the kitchen and Jack could hear him moving around the house. He heard the sounds of footsteps rising on stairs and turned his attention to the bedroom.

He bit back a moan as Ianto crossed his bedroom and immediately drew the curtains leaving him with only shadows in the light. No, he admonished, it was a good thing, the sight of such Welsh delights were only for him.

He could hear the sound of the shower and smiled again. It was ridiculous now to think of how angry he had been with Owen when the doctor had included cameras in the bathroom when installing the suicide watch surveillance, unused since before Ianto’s return from suspension.

He had just enough presence of mind to remember to change his ordinary binoculars for some night-vision ones. The images of Ianto getting ready for bed were not clear but Jack needed to watch them.

He remained in the tree, stroking himself until he was sure Ianto was asleep. Part of him wanted to break into the house and inact his plan now.
Patience, he told himself. This young man was his alone. None of the others should know or be allowed the least suspicion.

Besides, he had work to do, preparations to make before tomorrow. Tucking himself, still hard, back in his trousers he jumped down from the tree.

Hours later he returned to the Hub. He went straight to his office and checked the surveillance cameras in Ianto’s house. The young Welshman was still asleep.

He set up a program so that he could watch tonight’s footage along with some other segments from the Hub’s cameras that he had arranged during his incarceration.

He watched the screen and again took himself out to tend to his arousal. Through the computer’s speakers he played Ianto’s voice saying anything from conversations with Jack to directing tourists.

When he came though he just felt hollow inside. The images and sound files did no justice to the real thing. He cleaned himself up and went down to his room to rest.

He stripped completely then went to the wardrobe to the chest in the bottom. From inside he carefully got out a sheet.

It was just another one of those things he did not understand why he did at the time. The sheet had been used by Ianto once when he had been forced to stay in the Hub.

He wrapped it over him and inhaled. Again not the same as the real thing, like comparing instant coffee with Ianto’s. Tonight though it would do to help him relax for tomorrow.
Ianto was feeling extremely nervous as he entered the Tourist Office but nothing in his demeanour could betray that fact. He wished though that the Captain’s instructions had allowed him to wear one of his suits.

It was a sign of how different he had become since returning to Cardiff. In London he wore a suit because it was part of the corporate dress code that helped hide Torchwood One in Canary Wharf.

He would go home with Lisa after each day and immediately change into something more casual and relax. Old clothes for staying in and newer ones for going out. The suits were just a uniform to remove once at liberty.

Now he felt the opposite way. His newest clothes were all suits. They were his professional image, his armour, his invisibility cloak.

Suits were what Torchwood’s Archivist wore and he had become more Torchwood’s man than his own since Lisa died. Casual clothes were what he wore when he ceased to exist at the end of the day.

A suit though was not suitable attire for going on a survival course with Captain Harkness. He wore a different pair jeans than from his last disastrous field trip complete with cannibals and a collared t-shirt.

He entered the Hub through the cogwheel door and hesitated. The Captain acknowledged him with a wave and finished giving Gwen his instructions.

Jack finished abruptly not letting Gwen add any more questions and bounded down from his office towards Ianto. Unasked, Ianto took Jack’s kit bag despite having several heavy looking ones of his own.

The captain swept the young man along towards the entrance. They returned through the tourist office and made their way towards Ianto’s car.

They both got in the car and Jack gave Ianto the directions of how to get there. Ianto entered Cardiff’s early morning traffic with ease and let his attention focus on the road around him.

Twenty minutes into the drive and Ianto was starting to feel uncomfortable again. He checked the mirror but Jack was just staring out of the window. Why did he feel like the older man had been looking at him moments before?

After driving for an hour Ianto was feeling a little concerned. The Captain seemed to be directing him randomly and not in the direction of any army base near Cardiff.

“We are taking this route to avoid traffic,” Jack said to Ianto’s unasked question.

Ianto nodded and allowed his face to become an impassive mask. He was caught between the fact that he trusted his boss with when it came to Torchwood business, and the certainty that he had just been told a lie.

Half an hour later Jack ordered Ianto to pull over into the lay-by of a disserted country road. The captain jumped out of the car with a map and motioned Ianto to get out too.
Jack spread the map over the bonnet of Ianto’s car on the passenger side forcing Ianto to walk around the car to him. He bent over the map and indicated for Ianto to join him.

“I want to test some of your skills. This is my friend’s base,” Jack said pointing to the map, “I want you to figure out where we are and get us there.”

Jack moved aside for Ianto to get a better look at the map. Ianto traced their journey in his mind and looked down at the map. He began to trace the route with his finger and felt the captain’s presence at his left side. Jack was leaning closer in that way he had not done since Lisa died.

Ianto put such thoughts aside. Jack was obviously trying to distract him as part of the test. Even if he was so close that only a slight movement would allow his back to rest against the older man’s chest.

Then Jack inhaled deeply and Ianto could feel something else pressed against his back. He turned around sharply. He saw Jack jump slightly and felt something press into his left side.

Pain and numbness rippled through his body. All he could feel was shock as darkness and the captain’s arms grabbed him.
Chapter Four

Ianto was woken by a sharp pain in his left arm. He roused himself feeling aching and tingling all over.

“Sorry about that,” came the captain’s voice at his side, helping him stand. “I wasn’t expecting you to turn, reflex accident.”

Something about that statement seemed wrong but Ianto was finding it difficult to concentrate. *After effects of the stun gun*, he thought vaguely.

“There’s a bathroom through there. Sort yourself out and I’ll make you a drink that should help reduce the effects.” The captain added steering Ianto into the bathroom and shutting the door.

Finding himself needing to use the toilet, he did so then washed his hands and his face. The water soothed his eyes making them easier to keep open.

Ianto emerged from the bathroom as Jack emerged from the room next door bearing a drink. With an encouraging look the young man took a sip. Realising it was just an energy drink he began to drink it slowly as he surveyed their surroundings.

The room Jack had emerged from was a kitchen. The room they were in now was huge. On the left hand side near the kitchen was a dining room area.

On the far left-hand side was a lounge area complete with sofa-beds, coffee table and television. Their gear was heaped carelessly between the coffee table and the TV.

On the far right-hand side next to the door which, presumably, lead to the outside world was another room the size of a box-room. Ianto crossed to this room to see inside and confirm his suspicions.

Inside was a bank of monitors and surveillance equipment. Cameras and microphones recorded every detail so there was no private corner. Not even, he noticed, the shower.

He stumbled slightly as he backed into the main room to look at the part that he had been ignoring. A part which had a place in the safe house Ianto knew they were in, but had no reason to look like it did.

There were curtains that drew the length of the area to allow the one being protected some privacy, but these were open to reveal all. Between the security suite and the bathroom, on a slight platform so that you stepped up into it, was the bedroom area.

What did not belong there were the navy blue satin sheets that suggested sex rather than security.

He backed away and his legs felt weak. He stumbled into the captain’s arms dropping the glass which surprised him by not breaking.

“Sir, What?” Ianto said slurring slightly his tongue not wanting to work.

“That’s just the muscle relaxant I injected you with working. It is temporary I don’t want the effects lasting very long.”

Jack rhythmically changed his hold on Ianto but the young man could not really feel anything. Jack was holding his head up because it was not slumped and making him look at the bed.

“What do you think is going to happen?” Jack asked but Ianto was no longer capable of speech, despite his efforts.

“You played a very dangerous game with me,” Jack whispered in his ear. Ianto could tell Jack was changing his grip because the world before his eyes jiggled slightly.

“You made yourself seem available yet untouchable, like a virtuous saint evading an unwanted suitor in your devotions. Every saint though needs a devil to torment them, to bring the temptations of the flesh. Like all good devils I used knowledge to make you mine.”

As Jack started to drag him away from the bed, shaking him roughly as he did. All Ianto could think was that this wasn’t Jack.

He had no idea if Jack had any convictions of faith but he hardly sounded like he had catholic convictions. Besides Ianto was not a saint to Jack, he was a Judas.

Jack manhandled him onto a sofa and Ianto saw that the jiggling and shaking had been to get his jeans down over his hips. Ianto couldn’t even tell if his heart was beating faster.

Jack made swift work of undoing and removing his boots, socks and jeans. He then moved the boneless young man forward and back so that he could remove his t-shirt as well.

Ianto felt momentarily relieved when Jack sat down beside him his boxers and bare skin untouched. The sound of him inhaling though his nose, sniffing at Ianto made him feel alert once more.

“You are probably wondering why, when I can do anything to you, I don’t just get on with it. I think though that while you cannot feel, you cannot know the truth. Cannot know the one who can touch you.

“I used the muscle relaxant because I doubted that even with a gun to your head would make you strip for me. Prim and proper, pretty Ianto.

“You haven’t just been untouchable, you have been invisible. The others cannot see or touch you, only I can. Work so hard and so unnoticed. So un-wanting.”

Jack’s voice was gently, almost whispery. Ianto felt that the older man was trying to reassure him, trying to persuade him.

The sight of Jack’s hand wandering over his chest without him being able to feel it was all the Welshman needed to resist.

“The relaxant also gave me the chance to indulge in a desire you deserve but would deny.”

Jack left Ianto’s side and dug in his pack. He returned with a brown bottle. He opened it and held it to Ianto’s nose to inhale.

Mostly Frankincense and Cardamon Seed with a little Black Pepper and a few other aromatherapy oils Ianto knew were meant to promote sensuality. Ianto looked into Jack’s eyes for the first time.

“Shall we do this here or on the bed?” Jack asked then smiled at the fear in Ianto’s eyes. “Yes the bed. There is something almost perverse about mixing oil, real satin and you but so perfect for my
pretty Ianto.”

Jack kissed him briefly on the lips then picked him up in a fireman’s carry.
Chapter Five

Ianto lay on his stomach his mind spinning as that seemed to be the only part of him capable of functioning. He tried to wriggle, tried to twitch but nothing.

He could smell the aromatherapy oil, feel Jack’s movements but had no idea what it was he was actually doing. No idea where he was being touched.

Knowing that this was not Jack doing this did not help. The predatory gleam in Jack’s eyes when he asked if Ianto wanted to be oiled on the bed was enough to confirm that.

Ianto knew Jack had once been interested in him. Looks, flirtations, suggestive touches but nothing more, not anymore. It had taken a month after he started for Jack to begin touching Ianto suggestively. The first time it happened Ianto wondered why the great Jack Harkness had taken so long to do so, not that he had wanted it, he had told himself unconvincingly.

Ianto later realised it was because in a way he had already said no. Lying on top of Jack Harkness, feeling the joy of relief he had not felt since Canary Wharf he had become aware of the man beneath him.

Before he could act he remembered Lisa. Ianto knew he would always doubt whether or not love of Lisa would have made him risk a fourth encounter if Jack hadn’t offered him a job.

When he walked away that night, he had told Jack no. His butlerish behaviour just confirmed to Jack that he was just a little bit scared of coming out of the closet, especially after the loss of his girlfriend.

Ianto though had not exactly lost his girlfriend. He just could not bring himself to betray her. Especially with a man who only wanted him for sex.

After Lisa’s body finally died Jack stopped wanting him for sex. It was still unclear why Jack wanted him for Torchwood, except that the place had been practically buried in rubbish and un-stored artefacts when he returned from his suspension.

Besides Jack had stopped wanting Ianto before he found out about Lisa. He had stopped when Gwen Cooper started hunting them.

It occurred to Ianto as Jack flipped him onto his back that the older man must have a thing about being stalked. It had relieved Ianto’s mind then to know the captain’s interest in him was only a passing fancy.

Now as Jack leaned over him massaging his limp torso and arms Ianto wondered what had been done to the captain. Had something reawakened the Captain’s interest to use against him? Or had the last of Jack’s rational mind chosen him because at the end of the day no one would care?

The therapy device from that alien psychotherapist. Ianto suddenly thought. The report had said that Jack used the ‘go’ phrase just before the device was used on him.

The treatment had only just begun when the others burst in. Perhaps that’s why the effects were delayed passed the usual twenty-four hours. Maybe it was to do with Jack’s supposed 51st century physiology.

Then Ianto decided that he no longer cared what was wrong with Jack.
All these theories were to distract him from his awareness that he was being held down by the wrists and the heat, pressure and roughness he was beginning to feel lower down was caused by the fully dressed captain humping him.

Ianto closed his eyes not wanting to see Jack’s face. He wasn’t sure he felt wetness mixed with the oil but he was aware of heavy breathing in his ear and a warm, heavy body on his.

Jack’s weight removed itself. Before he realised it, Ianto make the mistake of moving his arms.

He opened his eyes to see Jack suddenly disappear. He was still too sluggish to move very quickly, he still felt completely numb.

Then Jack was back. Before Ianto could pull away, handcuffs were being secured around his wrists in front of him.

His arms were wrenched up and a rope was being used to secure him, by his handcuffs to the bed. Jack was moving something underneath him then pulled each slow-moving leg and tying them down as well, apart and very open.

“You’re all ready now pretty Ianto. A few more minutes and I’m going to teach you how touchable you are to me.”
Chapter Six

Jack moved away out of Ianto’s line of sight. When he came back he was naked.

Ianto was so afraid he could only look at the other man clinically. See the violent strength in the torso, arms and legs.

*He probably hadn’t needed the muscle relaxant,* part of Ianto’s mind thought. *He probably just didn’t want to damage the goods.*

He clamped his jaw shut trying to stamp out his hysteria. He looked at Jack’s penis because the other man seemed to be trying to proudly display it.

He wished he hadn’t. Its softness merely confirmed Ianto’s suspicions that while he had not been penetrated he had been used for sex.

The look Jack was giving Ianto told him that the older man was still not satisfied. He wanted something more.

He remembered the extremes those under the influence of the alien therapy device had gone to. It wasn’t just about sex. Ianto knew Jack had a strong libido which is why it became about sex.

Ianto could not figure out what more Jack wanted from him. Ianto didn’t think it was about Lisa, surely they had resolved those issues.

“Jack, please don’t do this,” Ianto said softly as Jack grabbed his right foot and began to rub it.

“Don’t do what?” Jack asked.

“Anything,” Ianto replied feeling Jack’s touch like the legs of an insect to be brushed away then scratched at.

Jack just smiled wickedly and licked the sole of Ianto’s foot, causing him to twitch in the restraining ropes.

“Stop touching me please. I don’t want this. You don’t want to do this to me,” Ianto said trying to sound calm while fear’s numbness crept into his stomach.

“I do want this and you will give it to me.” Jack replied turning to Ianto’s left foot.

“No you don’t. You are under the influence of that alien therapy device. Remember, Owen got it wrong, it has affected you. You wouldn’t do this.” Ianto said shakily, it was getting harder to control his breathing.

“Wouldn’t I.” Jack replied moving to Ianto’s left calf, touching, stroking, licking and kissing in a manner Ianto thought was meant to be a caress but felt like sandpaper.

“No you don’t want me Jack. You don’t want to have me this way. I don’t want you to touch me. I want you to stop, please.”

“Won’t,”

“Jack stop this, get off me and leave me alone,” Ianto shouted and suddenly Jack was on his hands and knees above Ianto looking down.
“Pretty Saint Ianto. This is what I want, what is mine.” Jack snarled his hands suddenly at Ianto’s throat squeezing. “This is what you owe me.”

With a push Jack let go and went back to touching Ianto’s right calf. Ianto gasped for air, his breathing constricted by fear as well as Jack’s hands.

“Jack this isn’t you. You don’t want to do this to me. If you were going to do this it would have been the night you found out about Lisa.

“I thought you had forgiven me. I thought you understood that I was blindly in love. I am sorry that I betrayed you, sorry for what I allowed her to do. Sorry I did, please just stop,” Ianto pleaded but Jack wasn’t listening he just moved up to Ianto’s right thigh.

“Jack there is an alien device controlling you. It’s making you do this. You have to fight it. I know the whole sex thing seems so natural to you but you don’t want me. You don’t want to do this to me, please fight it.”

Jack ignored him. Ianto was staring at the ceiling begging Jack to stop and couldn’t see his words were causing as much arousal in the older man as the touch of Ianto’s oiled skin.

Ianto knew he was repeating himself. His words were the mantra he was focusing on. Trying to keep the rising fear at bay.

He knew he was praying to Jack to stop when he moved from the legs to Ianto’s arms. Part of his mind began to focus on analysing his feelings, his reactions just so that he did not respond to what the captain was doing to him.

This was Ianto’s punishment. Not for harbouring a cyberwoman but for letting her kill, for betraying Jack.

“I’m so sorry I betrayed you. She meant more to me than Torchwood. I’m sorry I’m betraying you. I know you would never really want to do this.

“Has your life always been so full of betrayal? Is that why it chose me? I’m the last one to betray you. The only one you get a chance to punish.

“I know you said you forgave me, but I still hurt you so badly. Emotional scars are always the hardest to heal, the easiest to tear open.

“I’m sorry I cannot stop betraying you. If you were Owen you would probably just beat be to a pulp and not stop until I am dead.

“Jack please stop. I trusted Torchwood and then we brought the Cybermen upon ourselves. I trusted Lisa but she died at Canary Wharf.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t trust you before but I do now. Please, I know you are in there Jack, you are stronger than it or you would have attacked me sooner. Fight it and stop it.”

Ianto was shouting again as Jack moved from his arms to his torso and neck. Ianto knew it was not just fear rising in him now it was loneliness.

“Jack can you smell burning? Can’t you hear the screams? You have to stop Jack I smell something burning!” He screamed but Jack didn’t stop.

Jack had taken such pains to redress the neglect Ianto had tricked him into. Shown him such
kindness.

The pain of Lisa’s loss had been dimming. He had been accepting that she was gone, accepting that he could live without her, live with just the memory of happiness and love and Jack had been a great help getting Ianto to cope.

As this man that was no longer Jack was destroying all that. Proving to Ianto that all the universe held for him was loneliness and pain. Maybe if he was lucky this alien Jack would crunch his universe before it released his captain.

“Jack please stop, we have to leave,” It had become his mantra for so long now that it took him by surprise to realise that Jack was no longer touching him.

He looked down his body, a spark of hope flaring beneath a snuffer.

Jack’s face did not look like his captain’s. It was the face of a predator. It was hovering over its kill.

It had been waiting to get Ianto’s attention. To make sure he knew what was to happen next.

As Jack touched Ianto’s still soft cock the Welshman let out a guttural scream. Then Ianto Jones left.
The light above him was changing slightly. As if he was being moved. His body was being moved.

Instantly panic hit him. *I'm being raped.* His mind screamed and tried to crawl away again into the hiding place his psychic training had given him.

Then the logical part of him mind pointed out that he was being rocked from side to side not up and down. Beside which there was no pain or pressure *there.*

He calmed a little. He could feel pain now in his wrists, ankles and throat but nothing in between. There was something to his right, holding him, rocking him, and something damp.

Then Ianto Jones realised what his eyes were seeing. Above him, holding him was Captain Jack Harkness.

Fear and panic rose up in him. He wanted to move away but he was securely held. Not to the bed, but by Jack and he was still in handcuffs.

His panic began to calm as he realised Jack was crying. He stared into his captain’s eyes but could not quite read the expression.

But it was Jack. Not the hideous alien who knew no mercy. Not the creature who wanted to hurt him and have him against his will.

Gone was the twisted face that made Jack look like the monster the creature was. Jack had done it. He had beaten the creature, he had won.

He wasn’t going to be hurt anymore. If Ianto knew only one thing about Jack it was that his Captain wouldn’t cause him pain unless lives were at stake.

He knew Jack was preparing to forgiven him when he was allowed back in the Hub. He knew Jack could not kill him the second time he had stared down the Webley’s barrel and defied his captain before the others.

Exhaustion began to overwhelm Ianto. He knew they should go, get back to the Hub and have Owen check out Jack but he felt so tired.

Was that because his body had still been awake even with his consciousness gone? He had no idea how much time had passed or if it was just the strain of so much fear, fear he was now too tired to think about.

Right now he was so glad Jack was back that he felt like he could go to sleep and be content never to wake up because the world had Jack to look after it again.

There was pain though in Jack’s eyes. He could not sleep just yet. His Captain needed reassuring.

“Thank you for stopping him Jack,” was all he was able to manage before sleep took him.

When Ianto woke he was still held by Jack.

Ianto’s stomach growled loudly and Jack smiled again. Gently Jack began to lift Ianto off the bed.

Ianto flinched and the older man immediately backed away. He waited and then slowly reached out to touch Ianto again. It took several tries before Ianto stopped reacting.

“Sorry Jack, I know it wasn’t you but I cannot help it,” Ianto said quietly as Jack helped him to his feet.

Ianto noticed that Jack’s hands lingered on him as he was lead once more to the bathroom. There Jack left him. The young man felt relieved until he realised he was still wearing the handcuffs.

Jack had left the door open but Ianto could hear movement coming from the kitchen next door. Ianto set about using the toilet and shower while still alone.

Something was obviously still wrong with Jack. He had beaten the alien thing in his mind but what was the cost?

*Why hasn’t he spoken to me? Why hasn’t he removed the cuffs? Now that the creature knows my reaction to the thought of being raped has he decided on a different, even crueler tactic?*

Getting out of the shower he realised too late that there were no bath towel only a hand towel. Jack chose that moment to appear in the doorway.

The older man was still naked and looking at Ianto with appreciation until the younger man stepped back. Then his eyes went to the floor as though in contrition.

When he looked back up Ianto made an effort not to move. Jack grabbed the hand towel and stepped towards Ianto.

He knew he was trembling but tried to keep still. He did not want to do something wrong. He didn’t want to anger Jack just in case the alien thing came back.

Jack though was gently. When Ianto flinched as Jack neared his groin the older man put the towel in the younger man’s hands so that he could dry that area himself. It was awkward with his hands together but he managed it.

Once he finished Jack grabbed the towel and threw it aside then grabbed Ianto’s wrists. He was too strong for more than a token protest but Ianto felt relieved when he was lead into the dining room area rather than back towards the bed.

Jack sat him in a chair and handed him an unopened bottle of water. Ianto opened it as carefully as he could with his movement restricted and took a sip before looking at breakfast.

Ianto looked sceptically from the meal to Jack. There was a look of eager encouragement on Jack’s face. Ianto looked at the table again.

Directly in front of him was a tin of peaches, one of those ones with a ring pull top. To the right was a packet of biscuits and to the left a bar of chocolate. He noticed that there was no cutlery.

He put his bottle of water on the table and reached for the peaches. The awkwardness of the handcuffs meant he nearly knocked both things over if Jack hadn’t been quick to right them.

Ianto shied away and hated himself for the reaction. When he looked at Jack though there was no
anger in the older man’s eyes. He seemed to have shrunk in on himself too, waiting for Ianto to calm.

Ianto moved back towards the table and put his hands in his lap. His stomach protested at not being attended to but with his movements restricted he couldn’t eat.

The smell of peach made him look up. Jack held one of the fruits before him in his fingers. He looked at Jack who pressed the fruit to Ianto’s lips.

Cautiously he bit into it, careful to keep away from Jack’s fingers. The older man smiled and popped the rest of the fruit in his own mouth.

It continued with Jack offering Ianto the peaches or a biscuit and once the young man took a bite he finished the rest. They paused only to allow either of them to sip their water.

When it came to the first piece of chocolate though Ianto could not bite it with his front teeth. He had to allow Jack to put his fingers into his mouth with the chocolate.

As Ianto moved the chocolate in and around his mouth he heard Jack moan. The older man had withdrawn his fingers and was now sucking them clean of the lingering treat.

Ianto watched him carefully the next time Jack offered him the chocolate and realised that it was not the taste but letting him take it in and eat it that caused the older man to groan.

“Am I turning you on?” He asked incredulously.

Jack just smiled and offered him another piece of peach. This time though Jack pushed the whole peach slice into his mouth and brushed his fingers across Ianto’s lips.

“No.” Ianto shouted and jumped up knocking the chair backwards.
Chapter Eight

It was only Jack’s arms grabbing him that prevented him from falling with the chair. The older man lifted him away from then backed off making soothing and calming gestures and noises.

“If you want me to relax then get me out of these handcuffs,” Ianto demanded thrusting them at the older man.

The older man moved to them and began to try to pull the bracelets open. After the terror of last night he couldn’t help snorting a laugh as Jack became frustrated.

“You need the keys,” Ianto said softly. Jack just looked at him in confusion and the fear in Ianto was replaced by pity.

“You don't understand do you? Something is wrong with you, something that alien device did. How much is you and how much is it?

"Last night, the violence, it stimulated that in you but the protectiveness today? Are you still Captain Jack Harkness?” Ianto asked him and Jack smiled proudly and nodded.

"Do you know that I am Ianto Jones?” Ianto asked bringing his hands towards his heart indicating himself.

Jack moved forward taking Ianto's hands, leaning towards Ianto's left, he inhaled deeply and rubbed his cheek against the young man like a cat.

"Not the response I was expecting." Ianto said softly. Then more clearly he asked "What is it you need?"

One of Jack’s hand upon his groin gave him his answer. "I'm going to be a pile of dust," he whispered quietly then was surprised to realise that he hadn’t jerked away from the touch.

“If sex is what you need why did you stop?” Ianto asked. Jack just looked back at him expectantly, almost hopefully.

"You used the last of your influence to stop. After I betrayed you with Lisa you did not want to hurt me? Or did you just not want me?” Ianto asked tears forming in his eyes.

Ianto was not sure why the idea of Jack not wanting him suddenly hurt as much as the thought of Jack being compassionate.

The Welshman could feel Jack move to position himself behind him. He tensed not sure what was going to happen but Jack just moved his hand in awkward circles around the young man’s back.

He felt himself relaxing into Jack’s hands. How long had it been since another person massaged my back, trying to take away the tension and the stress.

The handcuffs were a painful reminder that he was not being touched by someone who cared. They were more tender than the ministrations he had received last night at the hands of the alien in Jack though.

“Still there are worse ways to die.”

Jack’s hands suddenly froze. They slipped under Ianto’s arms and up over his heart. He could feel
the older man shaking slightly. Wet on his bare shoulder told him the Captain was now crying.

Instinctively Ianto turned. Jack looked so distraught. He raised his handcuffed hands up over the Captain’s head, pulling him in to comfort as the older man cried.

“There, there, it’s all right. I don’t want me to die either,” Ianto said softly. “It’s all right. I’ll look after you. It’s what I do best looking after people.

He almost winced as he said it but there was only silence. Ianto looked down at Jack as the older man looked less distressed but continued to cry.

“You really are not yourself,” Ianto said sadly. “A comment like that should have earned some innuendos and a suggestive remark but no, not even a smile.”

Ianto truly felt even more alone and pulled his hand back towards him.

“Come on Jack I need to sit down,” he said and moved the captain to perch them both on the bed.

He put his handcuffed hands in his lap. He looked at the man beside him who was just watching him expectantly.

“I hope you don’t mind. I don’t usually externalise my thoughts but you do not seem to talk and I am having difficulty thinking.

“I hope we can sort this out before we are due to return. I would be very embarrassed if the others came in and found us like this.

“I never thought I would end up naked, handcuffed in a locked safe house with you like this,” Ianto said his gesture indicating that this meant Jack’s inability to think or communicate beyond the physical or emotional.

“You’re like a clean slate. No memory of the history between us,” Ianto continued looking at Jack to see there would be any response beyond patient expectation.

“I am sorry I said I wished to see you suffer and die. I wish that I told you that before this. I meant it when I told you Lisa died at Canary Wharf. The thing is I think I died then too.

“Tosh is wrong you didn’t get a Victorian nanny, you got a whore. Like a concubine sold to one man to do his bidding, knowing that no matter what affection you receive it is a lie because you are bought and sold. As such as you would do anything to gain your freedom. To be with the one you love but cannot touch.

“It isn’t as though I was under any illusions as to how I got my job with you. I appreciate the fact that you did not act on your impulse but to Torchwood I was still a whore.”

Ianto looked at Jack again, he was still silently crying. He hoped one some level Jack understood. Ianto brought his hands up to gently brush away Jack’s tears.

“Don’t worry that Ianto Jones died with his Lisa, the lie. A new one is emerging. One currently nestled in a womb of grief, pain and uncertainty.

“He is almost ready to be born. When he is he will give himself to Torchwood freely. It will be his true purpose again.

“I have come to realise that of all the lies I told the greatest one was telling myself that I didn’t care
about the fate of the world, the others or you. What worries me is that I have broken your trust so much that all you can see is the whore I was.”

Jack’s expression was bemused. An affectionate smile ghosted across Ianto’s lips and suddenly the older man’s beamed back.

Ianto turned away gathering his thoughts again.

“I said the new Ianto was not ready to be born yet. To do what he must there should be more than pain and grief. There must be hope, a trust in life. He must be content to be Torchwood’s loyal servant.

“God I really think I have become such a slut,” Ianto suddenly said putting his head in his hands as he realised he was trying to convince himself to act on impulses he had occasionally felt in the other man’s presence.

Slowly, he became aware of a hand rubbing his shoulders. It was a gesture of comfort but it sent electricity through him.

_The alien was right, when did I become so untouchable? Why did it have to choose Jack? Why did they have to choose me?_

_Why am I contemplating this? Why is Jack the only person I’ve allowed to be close to me since Canary Wharf? Why do I wish Jack was the one really sitting next to me as much as I wish I was currently alone?_

He looked across to Jack and realised that the older man had slid closer. Ianto could feel the others heat, inhaled his pheromones that didn’t smell the way they should, nice but not enticing. Unlike the desire he could see in the other man’s eyes.

_Why does he look at me like that? Like he wants me so desperately. Okay he probably isn’t capable of subtlety and I’m the only other person here but..._

The thought was silenced as Ianto realised the comforting rubbing had become lingering caresses. He’s trying to keep me calm. He doesn’t want me to freak out like I did last night.

_Why is that important? Yesterday he wanted to dominate, wanted to force me. Today he’s trying to reassure me, he wants me to do this freely._

_He’s overcome the alien, he know what he needs. I knew that wasn’t Jack. I knew he would never force me, never harm me. But how do I help him?_

_Nothing like avoiding an issue. I’m naked and he’s hard and he’s touching me in way that no one has since before I came to Cardiff. Touching me in ways I’ve wanted Jack to touch me but stopped myself from dwelling on._

He looked down at Jack’s hand’s gently caressing his torso and thigh. His eyes then raked across Jack seeing protectiveness in their strength where last night there had been violence.

He looked at Jack’s face. It was not it’s usually cocky boyish self or the quiet melancholy that he saw sometimes when they were alone. Most gratefully it wasn’t the twisted malevolent face of the alien.

_The affection there was Jack’s, the desire perhaps too but the nervousness was foreign. Can I really do this after last night? Give this being what it needs so that we can have Jack back?_
Ianto felt Jack’s hand move closer to his groin. *I’m not twitching, well not in a frightened way. I know I still feel tired but have I been pushed beyond fear or am I trusting?*

*I trust Jack with the fate of the planet, am I trusting him with myself? Not just with my body with me? With morning after consequences.*

*If there are morning after consequences?* Ianto thought suddenly afraid not for himself but for Jack. The older man’s hand’s suddenly stopped as Ianto stiffened.

Ianto looked at Jack and saw worried fear marking his face. It was the same look he occasionally saw whenever Jack was looking after him.

Deep affection glowed suddenly within Ianto. *I want Jack back, and when he’s back he will look after me. He won’t let me sink back into my darkness.*

“I really shouldn’t be doing this,” Ianto said with a smile and only half a protest as he raised his handcuffed hands above Jack’s head and drew himself in for a kiss.

He parted his lips to let Jack in as his body told him he was right, this was exactly what he needed to be doing.
Jack broke from the kiss and lifted Ianto’s hands away. With strong arms he lifted the younger man up the unmade bed. As Jack leant over him Ianto got the sense that he was being asked permission and he gave it with another kiss.

Ianto looked down his naked body to look at Jack and found the older man at his feet. His questioning glance was soon answered as Jack took his big toe into his mouth.

The sensation was more exquisite that Ianto could believe possible. Jack moved slowly along Ianto’s body, tasting, sucking, kissing, biting, caressing and scratching. Each action caused a tingling fire to surge to that spot eliciting moans and groans that sometimes made Jack repeat his actions.

*It should not feel this good Ianto thought. It didn’t last night but this is more Jack than the alien who was here last night.*

*It’s been so long since I’ve done this, since I’ve felt any affection. So long since I’ve felt this wanted, and wanted another in return.* Ianto smiled sadly to himself as he realised he did want Jack but was settling for an uncompleted version because the real Jack would never consider doing this.

When Jack rolled him over to explore his back Ianto realised that he was being marked. Jack was trying to possess him, own him. The alien had tried to use violence, this semi Jack was using more tender means.

Ianto smiled secretively as Jack could not see his face. Perhaps there was a little of Ianto the whore left. That’s who was being marked. The captain was finally getting his money’s worth.

Tomorrow though the new Ianto would have been born. Let this incomplete Jack gain possession of the old Ianto at last, it was his due. The new Ianto was being born of the sensations the older man caused to ripple through his body.

The new Ianto would hold on only to the affection, the care in Jack’s eyes as he looked for permission. The new Ianto would be free, born of this night belonging only to himself.

That was the last coherent reasoning he could muster before Jack moved his tongue across Ianto’s entrance. Jack was causing sensations and experiences that Ianto somehow had never expected.

The cry he gave at the loss of sensation was louder than before. Jack pushed him onto his back and looked down again, asking permission. Ianto smiled and drew Jack in for another kiss of consent.

Jack worked his way slowly down Ianto’s torso. The young man raised his handcuffed above his head to give Jack better access.

This time when Jack stopped and Ianto looked at him there was a pleading in his eyes. Ianto smiled shyly and was surprised when Jack darted up for a quick kiss.

Jack licked the top of Ianto’s weeping erecting cock causing the young man to shiver. He looked at the silent man who seemed to be savouring the taste.

Ianto blushed at the thought but Jack did the same with the next sweep of his tongue. *It’s like watching someone eating Belgium Chocolate Truffles after they have abstained from chocolate for*
a year.

That was as far as his analysis got as Jack decided he had enough of tiny tastes and wanted more. In a swift move he took Ianto’s cock in his mouth.

Ianto bucked involuntarily, grateful that Jack’s hand were on his hips to steady him where the handcuffs prevented him.

*Warmth how I’ve missed warmth. What is his tongue doing to me? God I can’t stop, can’t restrain myself.*

Ianto’s hips were bucking uncontrollably and Jack was encouraging him not holding him still. The older man’s eyes sparkled as Ianto surrendered to a need he had suppressed for too long.

Ianto came far too soon after and Jack’s mouth milked him, swallowing his seed. He was fighting to control his breath and moaned as Jack released him and blew teasingly at his shaft.

Ianto felt a little uncertain but Jack seemed very pleased with the effect his mouth had had. Licking his lips like he didn’t want to miss a drop of his favourite sweet sauce. His smile was broad with pleasure despite not yet having what he wanted.

Again Jack waited for the kiss of permission. This though was the last act of surrender. A gift from the new Ianto as well as a debt owed by the old.

Ianto drew Jack down to kiss him with slow deliberants; it felt strange to taste himself. He let the older man take control both of the kiss and of him, giving his trust to whatever was left of Jack.

The older man moved Ianto over onto his stomach. The Welshman steeled himself for the penetration as Jack spread his legs and butt cheeks.

He heard the sound of Jack spitting and felt Jack’s head pressed against his entrance. Jack was slow, careful. He let Ianto get used to each intrusive inch until he was in completely.

Jack then hooked his left arm under Ianto and pulled the young man up onto his side. Ianto felt Jack slide in deeper but again he waited. Jack’s left hand was over Ianto’s heart again as it had been while the young man slept in fear.

The intrusion had been painful but not unbearable. It felt strange to his body, yet the heat of Jack’s chest pressed up behind him more than made it real.

*Jack’s inside me. It feel unnatural and yet right. Do all consenting virgin’s feel this way? More than pain and pleasure you feel alive or is this just because I’m finally waking up?*

Jack’s right hand moved across his body to fully check that he was ready. Ianto’s cock twitched making him surprised to realise that he was.

Jack moved his right hand away to hold Ianto’s as he made his first pull out and push back in. The sensation overwhelmed the young man making him moan loudly.

Jack took his time, checking Ianto’s reactions, shifting slightly until he heard the right moan to tell him he had located Ianto’s prostate.

Then Jack picked up the pace. Moving into Ianto faster and harder. Jack was moaning to now. It was the first sound he had heard from the Captain since he woke up.
He had never experienced anything like this. No frame of reference to allow description. He just let himself be overwhelmed and aroused.

He cursed the handcuffs as he realised he could not attend to his new erection. *Two so quickly!*

Jack seemed to know though. His right hand moved back to Ianto’s cock as the left steadied him. The rhythm of the duel assault made his second climax rise within him.

“Goodbye,” Ianto whispered as Jack came within him and he came over Jack’s hand.

A smile spread across his face as exhaustion uncharacteristically dragged him into sleep.
Jack began to wake with the awareness that he was beside somebody, *no make that inside somebody*. His arms were wrapped around another person and his soft, but alerted cock was inside them.

*Last night must have been good,* Jack thought, his eyes still closed. He could not yet remember what he had done but it was rare these days for him to be so sated that he fell asleep after sex, so rare in his lifetime to find someone who wants to fall asleep with their partner still inside.

He loved the feeling of warmth against him. It had been so long since he had spent the night with somebody.

He had had good sex with lots of people but it had been years since he had stayed with another for the night. *This has to be a special person to make me feel relaxed enough to sleep,* Jack though dismissing the afterthought that they had to be special to want him to remain inside as that felt like a rude thing to think.

*Besides I don’t just feel relaxed. I like, if I opened my eyes, I would see my skin glowing. Like I’m with someone who’s brought me peace, I haven’t felt this way since the Doctor took Rose and me to the Eye of Orion and I didn’t even have sex then.*

Jack smiled, *Yes, last night must have been good I don’t even feel sad about remembering Rose. I just felt more wonderful than I did when I woke.*

His right hand had come to life again as he stoked the torso beside him hoping the action would nudge his memory. *Strange,* he thought, *I’m in bed with a man.* Jack inhaled deeply thinking, *I’ve not really been that interested in men since I met...*

*Ianto!* He though recognising the archivist’s natural scent and opening his eyes. He stretched up to check, unconsciously pushing himself into Ianto making the young man moan but not wake.

The clink of metal drew Jack’s eyes to the handcuffs. Then to the young man’s arms, he saw the scratches and love bite.

*What have I done?* He could not remember last night. *What have I done? Hasn’t Ianto been made to suffer enough recently that I had to add to his troubles this way.*

Jack stilled his panic enough to slide carefully out of Ianto causing him to moan, *such a beautiful sound,* again in his sleep. He was experienced enough to realise he had been so out of his mind as to take Ianto unprotected and un-lubricated. The part of his mind grabbing for consolation pointed out that their last medical tests had shown there was nothing they could catch from each other.

Carefully, hating himself loving the feel of Ianto’s skin as he steadied the Welshman and release his trapped left arm. Jack froze every time Ianto sighed in his sleep, loving the noise and berating himself for doing do.

Ianto’s back was just as marked as his arms. Jack felt tears sting his eyes. *Why did I do this? Every fantasy I have ever had I have always been soft and gentle. He’s known so much pain I wanted our first time to be about only his pleasure and ecstasy.*

*He wouldn’t have wanted this. He wouldn’t have wanted me to draw blood. He wouldn’t want me.*
I destroyed the shell that looked like his girlfriend. I ignored him and isolated when I should have known him and embraced him in the team. I took him out to test him and let him bond with the others and nearly got him eaten by cannibals. He would never want me and certainly not like this.

He felt his panic rising and ran for his trousers just to look away from his own shame. Hastily he located to keys to the cuffs. I have to free Ianto, let him rest, he sleeps so little. While he sleeps I can decide what to do about this whole mess, though what?

He turned back to the bed with that agonising thought and stopped.

His eyes slowly drank in the sight of Ianto’s naked body. He knew he was memorising it, every beautiful inch, so hideously marked. Better than my imagination and worse.

The imperfect image was the least of Jack’s punishments. Not remembering last night, feeling the guilt and knowing he would never see or touch that sweet nakedness again would be his greatest.

He removed the handcuffs and could not resist massaging the lines that bit into Ianto’s skin. He struggled, whatever I did he was not willing. Why did I have to feel so good when I woke? What kind of monster am I that feels so good after being so brutal?

He jumped back as soon as he realised the Welshman was stirring.

Ianto sat up and stretched, eyes shut, rolling his shoulders luxuriantly making Jack pinch himself very hard so that he could not react. He opened his eyes and looked at Jack, instantly alert. He smiled and said.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning?” Jack asked uncertain and a little worried.

“Ah so you’re Jack Harkness again and I’m a new Ianto Jones.” He answered getting up.

He leaned down to grab one of the satin sheets, making Jack shut his eyes at the sight but instead of covering himself he wrapped it around the older man’s shoulders. Jack stared up at him, how can he bear to stand so close to me?

“We are not having sex again until the new me has decided that that’s something he wants to be a part of his new life,” he said breezily moving away to the lounge area to grab his pack. “I need a shower. Enjoy your CCTV,” he called back as he padded, uncaring of his nudity and unaware of the conflicting sensations he was causing in Jack, and headed for the bathroom.

Jack blinked stupidly after him until the mention of CCTV made him realise that he was in one of Torchwood’s rarely used protective safe-houses. He rose, wrapped in his sheet and padded towards the security suit to find out what exactly it was he had done last night.
Jack sat huddled in the sheet as he watched the footage. He was beginning to understand the amnesiacs cliché of feeling like you are watching someone else.

Jack knew the terrible things he was capable of doing. There were bad days when he felt so guilty he could not stop his past crimes bulldozing into his mind. It was one of the reasons he was not who he had been anymore, why that was not what he wanted to be.

Yet here he watched himself carrying Ianto into the safe house and injecting him with something. Then as the young man woke, giving him the drink, trying to appear innocuous rather than the predator Jack could easily see.

He listened to himself tormenting the young man with things he would never think to saying. Watched himself touch up the limp Welshman, manhandle him, then strip him.

_Muscle relaxant_, Jack thought horrified. He had given Ianto no chance to resist him. Ianto probably was not aware of the hand grabbing the waistband of his boxers so that they slipped down and off before he hit the bed.

_Massage oil_, made his hand leap to his mouth and tears begin to well. Jack loved to massage people, to feel someone relax beneath his fingers, to feel that he was affecting someone without sex.

Sometimes when Ianto worked himself to exhaustion it just made Jack want to rub his fingers into those muscles until he fell asleep. Just that, he wanted to remove the tension and stress that seemed to be all there was to the young man’s life.

Now he never would. Now Ianto would never let him close enough. Untouchable he had said and he was right, that’s what Ianto had become forever.

He felt a wave of shame as he watched himself hold Ianto down and rut against him. Ianto had granted him the grace of closing his eyes so he did not witness his captain’s shame.

Both Jacks realised that the muscle relaxant was starting to wear off. He saw himself grab the handcuffs he had removed earlier and cuff Ianto before securing him to the bed.

Ianto did not just begin to move now; he also began to regain command of his voice just as Jack seemed to lose his.

He was hearing Ianto’s pleas and entreaties for the first time through the speakers. There was no denying the ghost memories of feelings each image provoked.

His anger, impatience and lust as he pawed over Ianto’s body. Trying to elicit responses to match the promise of their past flirtation.

He listened to Ianto begging Jack to try and make whatever alien possessed him to stop. Calling for forgiveness Jack thought he’d already given. Screaming apologies he’d already accepted.

_Do you smell burning?_ The phrase puzzled Jack then it hit him. _Canary Wharf, I terrorised him back to the battle of Canary Wharf._

Then the scream and the sudden silence as Jack directed his attention to Ianto’s groin. He
remembered the shock of Ianto’s absolute lack of response to his stimulation.

Jack saw himself look up and remembered Ianto’s eyes. Almost as sightless as any corpse. He had taken Ianto to his deepest fear.

Just like when Lisa finally died. The sudden silence after the howling grief had made Jack wonder if Ianto has let his soul follow after her, leaving the unwanted shell behind.

Both Jack’s felt the sudden wash of grief. Like when he heard that Rose had died. Remorse that he had caused it, it was a miracle that the young man had come out of the corner of his mind he had hidden in.

He watched himself cutting Ianto away from the headboard but remembered the same reluctance to free him from the handcuffs, from his grasp.

He remembered holding Ianto possessively. The boy was his and no-one could take him.

He had to forward the recording. He watched himself cradling the unresponsive young man for three hours. Rocking him, crying over him, willing him to return from the deadness.

He remembered the trembling body against his chest. The frightened eyes trying to look though his to see his soul.

Playing back the footage, he could read the questions in Ianto’s eyes now. Was he held by an alien? By the man who threatened to kill him, tried to rape him? Or the man who had once held him to chase away nightmares of Canary Wharf and Cannibals.

“Thank you for stopping him Jack,” Ianto whispered as the exhaustions of his ordeal dragged him into sleep.

Jack forwarded the hours of sleep mechanically. Ianto thought his attacker was an alien inside him.

Through new tears he watched as Ianto woke. He watched the Jack on screen try inadequately to tend the young man’s needs, reassure him he would not harm him.

Jack wondered if this was how dogs felt. They learnt to behave or get punished. Only Jack’s punishment was not physical pain; it was the loss of Ianto Jones.

Jack listened as Ianto tried to reason out Jack’s behaviour. As he began to say things to his dog that he could not tell the man.

He watched, seeing the loneliness Ianto always hid. The effect a simple caress had on a man so long untouched. How close Jack had to be to break Ianto’s self control and surrender to the moment.

He could almost see the debate in Ianto’s mind. The uncertainties, the resistance. Weighing every consequence of his actions, deciding what was for the best, sacrificing his body for Jack and Torchwood.

He watched the naked angel surrender to his needs with a look that seemed to border on religious ecstasy. As the dog possessed the boy the angel seemed to slip away.

Ianto’s whispered goodbye was just too much, Jack couldn’t bear it.
Chapter Twelve

“Ianto!” he cried letting the sheet fall.

“Yes Jack?” the Welshman asked calmly appearing in the doorway. He was fully dressed in the jeans and buttoned T-shirt Jack had told him to pack for their ‘field training exercise’ and towelling his wet hair.

“It wasn’t an alien it was me all of it. I don’t remember why but I wanted to harm you, wanted to have you. You’re not a whore. I’ve never thought of you like that,” Jack babbled.

“I know,” Ianto replied smiling for a moment, “I figured that out while I was in the shower. Last night though you might as well have been an alien because it wasn’t you.

“As for thinking myself a whore, it was a metaphor. The kind you dream up when you are tired and stressed and sex is very much on your mind in the worst kind of way.”

As Ianto spoke he moved around Jack to retrieve the sheet and wrap it around his naked captain once more. He led them to the sitting room and sat Jack down in a chair while he took the one opposite.

“I was thinking about your actions last night and some of your reactions this morning. I knew it had something to do with the device you retrieved from that alien physiatrist and I think I know what.” He hesitated and looked at Jack to see if he was going to be interrupted, but Jack was too eager to know what theory had made Ianto so calm.

“Freud suggested that the mind is made up of a balance three elements. The Id, the Ego and the Superego. The Id is our animal side, our drives, the need for food and sex, it is where our emotions come from.

“The Superego is our moral side, your conscience. The part that follows the rules, from the laws of the land, to parental values and social norms. Thou shalt not kill, you shouldn’t sleep with the boss, it’s wrong to tell lies.” Jack tried not to wince but Ianto was not really looking at him, so caught in his reasoning he did not notice.

“The Ego is the rational side sitting in the middle. It is the part that balances the demands of the Id and the expectations of the Superego. It is the part that reasons and understands consequences.

“I’m sure that no one has ever said this to you before but I think you lost your Ego,” there was another momentary smile that Jack felt himself returning just as briefly.

“Ianto how can you sit there being rational and reassuring after what I did last night.”

“I work for Torchwood. I work with the extra-ordinary every day both fantastic and dark. Am I not allowed to understand and accept when it becomes more personal to me? Have I not already had to do that?

“Yes Jack I was terrified. Like I was at Canary Wharf, like I was in the Brecon Beacons. I was so frightened I’m not sure I’ve had one rational thought until I stepped into the shower and realised it was all over and you were back.

“There are still things we both need to sort out. When we get back I hope we can both remain professional at work but give each other breathing space to sort those things out.
“I read all the victims reports on that device none of the others stopped, and I am not sure if I could be this rational if you hadn’t, but you did. It means a great deal to me that you stopped.

“We all have our dark side Jack. Some control it, some use it and some bury it. I think that device let it loose in you without all the other aspects of yourself that are normally there binding it.

“I saw someone else and that is a conviction I have kept throughout this. It’s difficult to explain or rationalise but I will continue to believe that it was someone else that terrified me not because I have to but because I just do.”

Jack just shook his head in disbelief. *This was not the way Ianto was supposed to react. After all our history this should be the most unforgivable thing. I am never meant to be given a chance with you.*

“When you attacked me what did you feel?” Ianto asked gently, obviously seeing the doubts.

“Lust, a little anger,” Jack replied deciding to keep the *possessive* unsaid.

“Jack I have heard enough of your stories to know that you have a very healthy libido, and I have had occasion to make you angry. The combination has never produced this reaction before, especially as the anger with me is an old one.

“Part of rationalising consequences is knowing the effects you have on another person and the effect that person has on you. The trust between us is a little fragile on both sides. We are cautiously re-forming our relationship, we have not yet defined it so right now your Ego suppresses the feelings and reactions you think will cause us both damage.

“Yesterday your Id had no thought interpretation to stop it.”

“I was the animal I acted,” Jack said bitterly.

“Not quite, what stopped you?”

“Grief,” He blurted out before he could stop himself. Ianto smiled his to brief smile again.

“I know I will never mean as much to you as the others but it’s nice to know you have some affection for me.”

There was a sadness in Ianto’s voice that almost made Jack want to cry again. *He thinks I chose him for convenience, or because the last of my rational mind knew he could be a victim with the least consequences.*

Before he could tell Ianto he was wrong the young man continued, destroying his theories.

“If it was the therapy device then I was probably chosen because I am the person with whom you have the most issues. I don’t think suppressing your Ego was just about you settling something, but about me realising something to.

“Ever since Lisa died there has been a war within you about me. Should you kill me or let me live? Do you keep me or banish me?

“*You have had me on suicide watch. You seem to think that Lisa and Torchwood is all that my life was. That I could possibly live with losing the former but not with loosing the latter as well.*”

Jack remained silently watching Ianto as he spoke wondering how his mind had become so open
that the other could read it.

“Jack the only ideal Torchwood London, Torchwood Cardiff and I share is the one of using the resources we have to protect those without the means to protect themselves. It is an ideal I took with me to London and one I will keep even if you use Retcon to steal who I have become.

“It helped me face cannibals with better dignity than the suffering wants of atonement. It is one of the reasons I wished to stay in Torchwood.

“Another is honouring Lisa. Not just making up for the terrible things the Cyberwoman did, honouring the woman I loved, her attitude to life by trying to make the world safer for others to find their own joy.”

The smile on Ianto’s face was one raised from happy memory. It was so beautiful that Jack felt deeply moved that it did not fade as the young man turned his attention back to him.

“I loved her and I was loved. Even in my darkest moments I have never thought to kill myself because my life was worth the love of a wonderful woman.

“Such feelings do not fade, they become absorbed into me, shaping me as all memories do. I may never love or be loved again but it is a candle against the shadows I hope never snuffs out.

“I said this morning that I am a new me and in a way I am. The old is still there but I am re-born ready to become a part of the universe again with all its wonder and its terror knowing she would want that.

“That is one of the strangest things about fear. Sometimes it is what makes you see life clearly. Lets you know what you want,” Ianto said with a strange sad look in his eyes as he turned to Jack and continued.

“I don’t know if you have ever had such love and I sincerely wish that one day you will. I hope that if you ever have the misfortune to outlive such love as I have, you will know that their memory within you will one day guide you back to the universe.”

Ianto stood and helped Jack to his feet, keeping the sheet wrapped around the captain to protect a modesty he did not possess. The Welshman then placed a chaste kiss on Jack’s surprised lips.

“Shower, dress, find what you were meant to realise and become a new person too.” He said softly and turned the Captain in the direction of the bathroom.

At the door Jack hesitated and turned to look back. Ianto was busy organising their things looking more relaxed and contented that Jack had ever seen him.

It was a happy thought that he kept with him as the water washed his crimes away. At that moment it was enough to banish the regret that, to Ianto, Jack would never become anything more than his boss.

That his only night with Ianto Jones would forever be a painful blur.

As Jack closed the door to the bathroom Ianto smiled to himself. It was a good job he had left one of the towels he’d found and a change to clothes in the bathroom for the Captain.

He efficiently finished packing their things. It wasn’t until everything was back in order that he let
himself curl up on the sofa and think.

*What a wretched broken creature I am. Jack’s right I should hate him or fear him. I should go and demand that we Retcon ourselves as soon as we get back.*

“But then I wouldn’t know,” Ianto whispered to himself.

Before the relief that everything was over Ianto felt joy that Jack was back. It overwhelmed any shame he might have felt in surrendering.

He hadn’t lied about seeing both his attacker and the mute he gave his body to as not being Jack. Familiarity with the alien technology and the problems of their recent case helped. Knowing Jack made the division real.

In the shower earlier after he came up with his theory, he had wondered if he should be feeling used or cheap as he washed off the blood, cum and sweat of fear and meaningless sex

That was when he realised he had washed off the sweat of terror the previous night. That he had been cautiously afraid but not terrified since he came back to himself and realised he was un-violated and being held by his captain.

Of course it was the next day, yesterday, that brought him the realisation that Jack was still missing. That the older man seemed more like his captain but still with huge gaps.

Then there was the issue of the sex.

It had been rough and still was painful but not meaningless. He knew he couldn’t think of it as penance; that was an acceptance that could bring only misery.

No he had given in because he wanted Jack, because he wanted to stop the lingering desires Jack re-awoke in him after the Brecon Beacons, confusing him amidst the lingering grief of losing Lisa.

“She problem is they haven’t stopped,” Ianto said quietly.

*Rape would have killed them, would have killed me.* Being possessed hadn’t, he had liked being wanted by his mute companion more than he hated being anything with his attacker.

*Why though? It’s not as though Jack is my type. I don’t like loud, brash, flirt with anyone people who have no idea of personal or sexual boundaries.* He thought harshly.

*No, he admitted reluctantly, I like the sweet idiot I thought was tormenting me when he was trying to help. A man with sad eyes he tries to hide it behind innuendos and smiles.*

*The man who helped me to stop nightmares one night, the man whose presence in me I felt all night, anchoring me as I let my grief finally slip away.*

*The man I was half glad, half disappointed to feel slip from me instead of thrust into me again this morning. The man I hope chose me because he wanted me, so that somehow it would make everything worthwhile.*

*The man who looked so devastated that I had to comfort him because, while he thought he had destroyed the relationship between us, I just felt closer to him.*

Ianto suddenly stood frightened by the direction of his thoughts. He took a few deep breaths to steady himself.
Noticing for the first time the mirror in the bedroom area he walked to it.

He was startled but his appearance, unable to see the boy who once practiced lines to grab Jack Harkness’ attention.

*Is this who Jack sees?* Ianto looked seriously at his face, unable to see either saintly virtue or a pretty attractive thing he had been called.

He took another five deep breaths and reburied any feelings or hopes he had about his boss back in their grave. Forcing himself to be content with the nothing he had.

Yet when Jack emerged from the shower, clean and dressed with a nervous look on his face Ianto couldn’t stop the lightning smile that flashed across his face. Brief, beautiful and lighting up Jack’s world.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was nine months into a year that never would be, that the Master captured Ianto Jones. The last of the Torchwood team.

Unaffected by the Archangel Network’s hypnotic signal, he kept the mad Time Lord hunting. Unfound, unnoticed and unexpected, he was captured trying to get into the TARDIS by a new security man in the wrong place.

They were all made to watch, Jack, the Doctor and Martha’s family as the Master beat, raped, tortured and finally killed him. The death of this Ianto Jones did not affect any of them the way the Master intended for Ianto’s mind was not there long before he died and no medical care or technology or mental trick of the Master’s would make him return to scream.

After Ianto’s first beating but before his first rape the Master made the mistake of making him face Jack and demanding to know if he had anything to say to the Captain who had abandoned him.

For the last time Ianto Jones’ eyes sparkled with life. They looked at Jack with such wisdom in his eyes and he smiled.

“The Universe awaits Jack,” he said welcomingly.

Though he still smiled, the life left Ianto’s eyes leaving the Master with only a shell that no humiliation or pain could make respond.

So Jack waited in his own womb of pain and grief waiting for re-birth. Absorbing the memory and love from the man he least deserved to receive it from.

When that year ceased to be the Jack he had been before died. He said his farewells, showered, sorted out in his mind what he needed to continue and dressed ready to become a part of the universe, a new Jack for a new Ianto Jones.

Fin

Chapter End Notes

I hope that you enjoyed this story. It is from this Epilogue that I that I chose the name Awaiting Universe for my universe of Torchwood Stories that includes the Company Series. I will be posting the epic Company of a Friend soon.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!