Doppelganger

by noo

Summary

Title: Doppelganger
Rating: PG to eventually NC-17
Characters/Pairings: Jack/Ianto, Real Person (it is supposed to be a surprise but duh!)
Warnings/Spoilers: Real people make appearances in here. M/M kissing, but very brief. Spoilers for all of S1 & 2 of Torchwood and the equivalent Doctor Who.
Disclaimer: None of them are mine, but oh how I wish. Jack might get returned dirty but he likes it that way, but Ianto will be very, very clean I can guarantee when I finally decide to return him
Summary: The three remaining T3 members, a bit of Shakespeare at the Millenium Centre and an Alien that likes leaving presents around.

Notes

Ok this is an interesting little plot bunny that started off with an idea from the wonderful raphaellover and then well and truly exploded once she told me about it. It involves our three remaining T3 members, a bit of Shakespeare at the Millenium Centre and an Alien that likes leaving presents around.
“I still don’t get why they like to wear such baggy jeans,” complained Ianto as he fidgeted with the belt trying to get the jeans to fit right.

Jack slapped his hands away as he took over sorting out the jeans from the annoyed younger man.

“He does have a nice arse, just like yours, maybe he likes to hide his light under a bushel,” Jack commented to Ianto, as he squeezed Ianto’s arse and waggled his eyebrows. At this statement Ianto flickered his eyes upwards to Jack, a little unsure how to take it. He knew that Jack flirted with anything that moved and normally it never affected him, but Jack’s obvious interest in the scruffy actor made him a little concerned.

Jack saw the confusion on his lover’s face and leaned in for a quick kiss.

“Surely with your family eye you noticed too? Especially considering he looks just like you. It must be like looking in a mirror! Hmmm, two hot Welshmen, one neat and one not so much,” Jack murmured to himself as he continued adjusting the jeans on Ianto. At the last comment, Ianto slapped Jack’s hands away.

“He doesn’t look like me at all, he’s taller,” Ianto responded.

Jack leaned back against his desk and folded his arms as he looked quizzically at the younger man.

“He’s exactly the same height as you and you look enough alike that you could be twins,” Jack stated as he stared at Ianto in confusion. Ianto stared right back with a look of confusion on his face.

“He’s Welsh and a bit taller than me, I concede our hair is the same colour but we don’t look alike at all,” Ianto reiterated as he now started fidgeting with the hooded top, trying to pull the sides down lower over the jeans.

Jack stood up away from the desk and took Ianto’s hands in both of his. He directed the younger man over to the screen where there was CCTV vision of a perfect doppelganger of Ianto sitting at the Boardroom table. It was only a perfect doppelganger of Ianto in looks though. Instead of the normal perfect calm and assured posture of Ianto that Jack had covertly watched around that table for many a meeting, this version of Ianto was slouched in one of the middle chairs wearing a similar outfit to what the normally be-suited Ianto was currently wearing. The scruffy version of Ianto was twiddling with a cup of coffee on the table with his left hand while in his right he was playing with a lighter. The face that Jack made Ianto look at was so close to his lover’s that he had trouble telling them apart. Jack was confused as well, thinking about all the days and nights that he had spent staring and memorising Ianto’s face, trying to burn every little part of it into his memory for when Ianto would no longer be around. So it was strange to be confused by this perfect twin of his lover.
When the call had come in from Andy about a stalker of an actor that seemed to not be entirely human, Jack had sent Gwen off to chat to Andy and see if the situation was just a weird fan girl or something more. Gwen came back quite disturbed after speaking to the Director and the young actor that was being followed and left with odd presents. Gwen brought back some of the presents which Ianto immediately identified as Cooakalin in origin straight away. When Ianto had headed off to the archives to pull up the previous information on the Cooakalin, Gwen pulled Jack aside and told him that the young actor was a perfect spitting image of Ianto. Jack had initially scoffed at Gwen, but her unease and insistence got through to him fairly quickly. When Ianto wandered back into Jack’s Office with his head down flicking through a large folder, Jack flicked a silent look at Gwen letting her know to keep silent about the doppelganger.

Ianto reported to the other two team members that the Cooakalins, in the past, had fixated on one person and would stalk them relentlessly, with the end result of kidnapping that person to take back to their moon. The Torchwood Archives had no information on what happened to them after they had been kidnapped but no trace had even been seen of those people again.

Ianto had suggested a surveillance of the actor to track down the alien and send it back out of Earth’s atmosphere after ascertaining why they stalk humans. Jack initially agreed partly with this suggestion but Gwen then divulged that she had seen that the police had searched all the CCTV and couldn’t find a trace of anyone coming in or out to place the ‘presents’ where they had been left. As it was Andy that had done the searching of the CCTV both she and the other two trusted him to look for the right thing. Gwen had suggested that they needed someone on the inside to watch and observe.

Jack went off to talk to the Director of the play and observed the young actor himself. He couldn’t believe that the young man wasn’t Ianto; physically everything about him was the same, a perfect doppelganger. The Director, Tim, agreed to have someone on the inside but he didn’t want to alert the stalker or the other actors so the person on the inside would have to fit in. Jack wasn’t sure why he suggested it but immediately he said he had a man available who would make a perfect understudy for the actor. Jack quietly got Ianto to arrange for the current understudy to come down with the ‘flu and then took him aside to explain that he wanted him to be the ‘man on the inside’. Ianto’s rolling eyes when Jack used that term almost made Jack want to playfully smack him and drag him off to a darkened corner of the Hub. Once Ianto had agreed to the plan, Jack himself went to explain the scenario to the actor and brought him into the Hub to meet with Ianto. Both Gwen and he watched with anticipation as the two identical men met each other for the first time. They seemed oblivious to the fact that they were looking at each other as a mirror image. So now here Jack was in his Office, with his lovely Welshman, staring at the CCTV trying to make him see that this other young man, Gareth, was his doppelganger.
Reflections

Chapter Summary

First real meeting between the two boys and Jack ahead...

“Can’t you see it?” Jack asked Ianto as he cradled Ianto’s head in one hand and directed him to look at the CCTV on the screen.

Ianto lent into that hand, briefly closing his eyes. He understood that Jack was tense and slightly confused and he tried to impart some calm into Jack by gently leaning into the hand. He opened his eyes to look again at the screen.

“Look Jack, I can sort of see something there and I see why you suggested me instead of you to do this. I mean you would strut around that stage as if you owned the place.”

Jack smiled at the image of himself strutting around a stage.

“True, no one would look at anyone else if I was up there,” Jack stated as he smiled that little half smile at Ianto, that normally had Ianto’s insides twisting with ideas. Ianto rolled his eyes at this statement and looked as if he was going to respond but he then straightened up and slightly away from Jack instead. Jack removed his hand so that the two men were now standing close but no longer touching. Jack recognised that Ianto was now back into his work mode and that it was time to head to the Boardroom to let the actor in on the ‘plan’ as much as they were willing to.

“Gareth, meet your new understudy; Ianto,” Jack announced as he entered the room, followed closely by Ianto who was still tugging on his clothing. The young man who had been fiddling with the coffee cup on the table in front of him jumped and swore when he heard his name, spilling coffee over the shiny surface. Ianto moved past Jack immediately, pulling a cloth from the pocket of his jeans and proceeded to lean across the table and wipe up the spill. Jack continued walking into the room to his normal place at the head of the table, marvelling to himself that even though Ianto couldn’t see it, even the way they swore sounded exactly the same. He stood with his hands thrust into his pockets and watched the two men with equal intensity.

“Um, so I get a butler as well as an understudy/bodyguard in one?” Gareth asked Jack as he looked up from watching Ianto. “All you Special Branch guys have hidden talents, eh?” he continued, leaning back in the chair.

Ianto stiffened at the comments and looked over to Jack. Jack grinned broadly in his best ‘aren’t I and my team just fabulous’ smile. Ianto knew then that Gareth was about to be taken down a peg or two, but Jack’s next comment threw his thoughts into complete disorder.

“Oh, our Ianto will be whatever you need him to be.”

Ianto immediately straightened up, placing the soiled cloth down on the table and put his hands on his hips in his ‘I am so going to make you pay later Captain Jack Harkness and you will not like it’ stance that Jack was very familiar with. He was amazed that Ianto didn’t do his little growl as well.}

Gareth observed the interaction between the two men closely.
“If you are going to supposedly be an actor, you might want to remove the rod from his arse,” he said to Jack. When Ianto swivelled his head quickly in his direction, the actor raised his hands up in a defensive gesture and continued. “No offence, but Tim said you told him you lot could make it as believable as possible, so that the crew and the rest of them don’t act different around you. If you stand as stiff as you are now, they will never believe the back story that are an understudy with experience, let alone a friend of mine and spot you being uncomfortable a mile off.”

“Good idea,” Jack said, “why don’t you two head off for a beer to get better acquainted and Gareth? You can give Ianto some pointers on how to relax, he’s very good at following instructions.”

Again, Jack received a look from Ianto, but Jack continued to look at the actor instead, observing the similarities but noting the natural untidiness and complete relaxation, not wanting to make eye contact with his lover.

“If it’s on Special Branch’s tab, I’m in. Remember I’m just a poor actor here.” Gareth started to stand up. He was uncomfortable being around these two men and in this neat shiny environment. Although they had brought him through the main area and there had been cables and other crap lying around, as well as a bloody big water tower in the middle, it still had a fairly neat appearance and he was pretty sure he knew who was responsible for that.

Ianto finally tore his eyes away from Jack and turned towards the other man. He reminded him a bit of Owen in his casual attire but Owen at least knew how to groom himself, even after he didn’t need to shave he still made sure he was presentable. Owen was out to look good even when casual, this guy didn’t really seem to care, just seemed to be interested in being comfortable. Ianto’s eyes had strayed to Gareth’s left arm when they first been introduced and noted the wrist strap with the double buckle around his wrist. The sight of a wrist strap similar in size to Jack’s and John’s was intriguing. Although it just appeared to be a normal leather strap with two buckles, Ianto knew from experience that the most mundane looking objects often hid danger. He wanted to touch it very badly from the moment he noticed it to see if it was just like Jack’s. Ianto had also noted Jack’s close observation of the young man from the moment he brought him into the Hub and it still disturbed him, where before he had always been pretty sure of his place in Jack’s life, now for the first time he suspected jealousy and didn’t like feeling it.

“What about the other –” Ianto started, before being interrupted by Jack.

“Gwen and I will look into that this afternoon, you need to talk with Gareth about the play and what an understudy does. I like that word, under-study,” Jack mused. “Go, have a few beers on Special Branch and get familiar with Gareth and his stalker.”

Ianto nodded and looked over towards the actor and motioned towards the doors. Gareth by this time had stood up and started towards the door before turning back to Jack and Ianto who had mirrored his movements on the opposite side of the table. “Sorry about spilling the coffee, it’s pretty good and that table looks nice and shiny.”

“Don’t worry, Her Majesty has the best cleaners in the world.” Jack winked at the two younger men.

Ianto opened the door and gestured for Gareth to precede him.
The boys are off to the Pub!

They were silent as Ianto led him out of the hub and through the tourist office door.

“You know, nifty little door down here, I mean who would think about wandering down here to look for a tourist office, let alone go in?” Gareth stated as the two of them walked out into the bright sunshine of the pier.

“It has its uses,” Ianto responded. He wasn’t sure how much he wanted to actually talk to this man, and resolved to be cagey with the actor.

“Right, Weatherguard it is for some pints,” the other man responded rubbing his hands together.

“You up for a bit of a walk?” he asked.

“Wouldn’t it be easier to go to Terra Nova or such? Don’t you have rehearsals this afternoon?” Ianto queried. He wasn’t sure he wanted to spend a lot of time alone in this man’s company. Nobody had disturbed him quite as much since he first met Jack.

“Nope, Tim Tam has let me off for most of the afternoon, although you and I should wander in and show our faces later. Only the diehards will still be there, so you can explore around a bit and see if you can find out how this stalker is getting in without having all the crew around asking why you are poking your nose where it shouldn’t be. There’s nothing as curious as actors and crew.”

Ianto was surprised at the show of intelligence from Gareth to consider the best time for him to be able to snoop around without raising further questions about his appearance.

“And, Terra Nova?” continued Gareth shaking his head “I thought we were going for some pints? Need to go to a pub for that, not a glorified tourist spot with crap service and more expensive drinks, although come to think of it, you guys are paying,” he finished, smiling.

“Weatherguard is fine,” Ianto agreed quickly.

The two men continued walking in silence in perfect tandem along the pier and turned off towards the pub down the other side of the bay. They continued in this manner for a good couple of minutes before Gareth blurted out: “So how long you and this Captain Jack been together? Don’t your superiors frown upon fraternising among the staff?”

Ianto had staggered to a halt in shock, blinking at the other man. Gareth realising that the other man was no longer beside him stopped himself and turned back towards the dumbfounded agent.

Gareth looked closely at Ianto’s face, memorising the reaction of shock and how Ianto’s lips parted slightly, the bottom fuller lip dropping down and the clear grey or was it blue eyes widening? He was trying to remember all of the expressions and reactions that flickered over his face so that he could use it later when needed for a character reaction. He hadn’t meant to offend the other man, but thought it had been obvious that the two were together.

That Captain Jack had more flair than Tim, the mad Aussie Director for the production he was
currently involved in, was a given. He remembered observing the two of them when he was called off the stage this morning and thinking that they were both trying to ‘out gay’ each other as they talked to him about Special Branch now being involved as apparently his stalker had left similar presents to other people before. When Jack brought him back to his ‘secret headquarters’, as he had told him with a little waggle of his eyebrows, he had then noticed the looks between Jack and Ianto that to him spoke of long standing intimacy when he was first introduced. The scene in the boardroom just screamed to him that the two were together even more and he was curious to know about them. It was his nature to observe and mimic, hence his love of acting from a young age. He hadn’t meant to offend the other man and told him so.

“It’s just my acting training, see?” he continued. “I have always watched people closely and you guys are just so, so, well I dunno what it is but I have to watch you both.”

Ianto had partly regained his composure at this point and spluttered out “We’re not, I mean, well if we were, it really wouldn’t be any of your business.”

“Look I really am sorry, I didn’t mean to offend. I was just curious you know. Not often you meet an American in Special Branch, let alone a Welshman, too.” Gareth turned and continued walking towards the pub. “Right, shagging partners not to be discussed, which will prove interesting at the centre as that’s all we talk about really. So you might want to have some back story when they ask you, and ask you they will. Me, I’m single, straight. Got plenty mates who are gay and bi so no problems with me. Lets see Tim Tam, our glorious Director as I told you before. Camp as they come, although for a while there I thought his arms were gonna pop out of his sockets as he tried to out gesture your Captain Jack.”

Ianto laughed at this point, knowing his boss well he could imagine him hating to be upstaged and only a camp show director would probably be the best one to give him a run for his money. He wished he had been there this morning as it would have been a joy to watch Jack possibly meet his match.

By this stage they had reached the pub and entered through the old castle style front into the bar.

“What do you want? Our treat, remember?” Ianto asked him, feeling a little more charitable towards the other man by this stage.

“A pint of whatever is fine by me,” Gareth responded as he looked around the room. “I’ll be over there.” He motioned towards a booth in the far corner, which would keep most of their conversation private from the few other patrons in the room.

Ianto nodded his agreement and headed over to the bar.
Ianto slid into the opposite padded bench from Gareth and handed over the pint glass to the actor.

“Thanks,” Gareth said as he observed the agent sipping from his bottled beer, “so what do you need to know about this stalker?”

“We have plenty of information from the police so far, what we really need to find out is how they are getting into the building unobserved. It could be one of the crew or any of the other actors. So really I just need to know about them and fitting in.”

“Well for the fitting in, I suggest you kinda slouch a bit more if you are supposed to be a mate of mine from back in Newport. Stop adjusting your clothes too. It’s such a give away.” Ianto looked up from pulling on the jeans. “It isn’t,” he said petulantly.

Gareth sighed and got up from his side to slide around next to Ianto. As he slid into the booth, the other man stiffed and started to pull down on the top stretching the material away from him.

“You are such a child,” Gareth murmured with a little smile as he grabbed at Ianto’s hands that were tugging away at the clothing. “How on earth special branch has caught people before, I don’t know.”

Ianto snorted and twisted his hands free so that he could push Gareth on the chest. The two young men grinned at each other as they playfully swatted at each other’s hands trying to get the upper hand on each other. Ianto’s other hand twisted so that he was gripping Gareth’s wrist with the leather wrist strap under his palm. Unconsciously Ianto ran his thumb along the leather on the underside of Gareth’s wrist. Gareth could feel the heat from Ianto’s thumb through the leather, his skin and into the blood running through his veins, all from the lightest of touches. He pulled his wrist out of Ianto’s grasp and covered his shock with a: “Right, let’s sort you out properly then.”

“You need to lean back into a chair, not sit as if you went to a finishing school.” He pushed Ianto back onto the padded leather backing of the booth, making Ianto relax his spine. Ianto smiled at the other man, feeling quite relaxed and comfortable around him after the little wrestle. He hadn’t felt this relaxed around someone that wasn’t Jack in a very long time. He didn’t think about the reasoning at all, just took the opportunity to not really think about all the angles for once.

“Ok, now for the legs. I’m amazed they aren’t crossed at the ankle like a good debs.” Gareth smirked at him. “See how I sit like a man, legs apart, don’t lean forward to put your hands on the table,” he continued as Ianto tried to copy his relaxed sprawl but tried to place his hands on the table in front at the same time, “let them rest along your legs instead. We are men! We like to draw attention to that area, let the girl’s see what we have to offer. See lean back, relax, we are man! Come to us!” He winked at Ianto. Ianto lent back and laughed.

“If you want to draw attention to that area I know a very good tailor,” he snarked at the actor. “There is no way that the girls have any idea what you have hidden in those.”
“Oh, so there is some bite in you? Show that around the crew and they will definitely know you are a mate of mine.”

“I try my best,” responded Ianto with the little eyebrow raise that was second nature to him.

“I bet you do, no wonder that boss of yours couldn’t wait to tie you down and keep you all to himself.”

Ianto ducked his head and blushed slightly, lowering his eyes in response, to that comment about him and Jack. He could happily banter all day with the actor if it was in relation to sex, but like with most people, he didn’t like to talk about his and Jack’s relationship.

“You are going to have to work on your nervousness when the comments start at the Centre about relationships.”

“I’m not nervous,” Ianto protested.

“Oh yes you are. I mention anything to do with relationships and you clam up straight away. That yank you are shagging, no, don’t protest it’s as plain as day and I promise to not bring it up again but I need to let you know that you were relaxed and comfortable around him when you thought there were just the two of you, you forgot I was in the room before. If you aren’t shagging him, you should be. He’s your first, isn’t he?” Gareth finished looking straight at Ianto and not breaking eye contact all with the man who had stiffened up again.

“Yes and no,” Ianto answered and relaxed slightly back into the seat. “This stays here right?” he asked. Gareth nodded ever so slightly and waited for the other man to continue.

“He’s the first man I have been involved with yes, I had a long term girlfriend before him. It ended badly and I thought I wouldn’t be able to feel that again. He’s…” at this Ianto stumbled trying to find the right words and confused about his wanting to tell this man about Jack and knowing that he didn’t know him at all. There was something about him that made Ianto want to talk and he naturally wasn’t a big talker. He very rarely opened up around people. Tosh and Jack were the only two recently that he felt comfortable that he could share his thoughts with. He missed Tosh desperately and still had an ache in his heart that she wouldn’t be there with her glasses perched on the end of her nose creating some fabulous equation that would solve the problems of the world. Quiet, reserved Tosh who felt as deeply as him and just as rarely revealed it.

“He’s… it’s complicated,” he continued looking straight at the other man. “Yes, he’s my boss and we work hard to keep it professional and separate our two lives. He makes me feel that there is meaning in this world again.”

“If they start up with you at the Centre, just imagine that he’s there. Your face changes so much when you talk about him. You relax totally, seem so comfortable in yourself. Hey don’t pucker up on me again.”

He grabbed Ianto’s hands off the table where he had just placed them, made the left one grab the beer bottle and pulled Ianto’s right arm to rest on his leg just below his hip.

“See you’ve tensed your legs up again.” Gareth pushed Ianto’s legs a little apart again and he could feel the man tense up and automatically slid his hands down the other man’s thighs to try and relax him. This time it was Ianto’s turn to feel the heat through the heavy material of the jeans, through his skin and into his flesh. Gareth wasn’t as oblivious either to the heat emanating from Ianto. He was just as bemused, but neither was fully aware of each other’s confusion, both just mesmerised by the transfer of heat from one to the other during that miniscule moment.
“Right, that’s better,” Gareth said as he straightened up, not realising that he was now mimicking Ianto’s earlier ‘rod up the arse’ posture.

“We should talk about me, I suppose, if you are meant to be a friend from my home town,” he said as he looked towards the pint glass and not the man sitting next to him.

“I love all types of music, especially blues. Have you ever listened to blues before? Don’t tell me you are a Scissor Sister’s type?” He looked back at the other man on the last part of the sentence as he raised the pint glass up to take a sip.

Ianto couldn’t answer, he was bemused by the feelings currently running around his body, he could still feel the imprint of the hands on his thighs. His lips parted ever so slightly and his breathing was short. Gareth could only stare at those lips.

“…..” Ianto blinked.
“You can’t appreciate witty lyrical content combined with poptastic danceability?” Ianto deadpanned back, after the momentary lapse, while taking a sip of his beer and raising one eyebrow.

“Oh god, you really could be a mate of mine,” Gareth laughed, “as long as you loathe Dancing Queen.”

“Yep, can’t stand that song,” Ianto responded. Both men continued to grin at each other.

“Right, music sorted, what next?”

“More beer?” Ianto asked as he downed the last of his bottle.

“Well, you guys are paying, so shots it is!” Gareth exclaimed happily.

The neat Welshman put down his bottle on the sticky table top and started to stand up seeming a little confused as to how to get out from the corner. Gareth stood, chuckling as he did so, to allow him to exit the booth. As Ianto headed to the bar to order some more drinks Gareth stayed standing, leaning nonchalantly up against the table with the thumb of his left hand hooked into his jeans pocket. He observed the other man ordering the drinks before casually glancing at the other patrons in the pub. Most were down the other end, far enough away from the booth so that even though all could hear a hum of the conversations around them, they were not able to clearly hear what was said. Two old men arguing like old women held his attention for a while as he downed the last of his pint. When he looked around to put the pint glass on the table behind him, he was shocked to discover that Ianto, with a perplexed look on his face, was right to his side, carefully balancing two shots in one hand, a pint of larger in his other and his choice of beer in the crock of his elbow.

“Fuck! You move quiet! Anyone ever told you, you need to wear a bell?”

That comment elicited a bark of laughter from Ianto and a sly smile and a quick eyebrow raise of an obviously fond memory as he handed the shot glasses to Gareth and slid back into his side of the booth transferring the bottle into his left hand.

Gareth moved onto the leather bench next to Ianto again as he looked eagerly at the other man and said “Oh, I so need to know what you did with a bell?”

Ianto just continued to smile and not respond to the other man as he put the pint glass down in front of him. He glanced away as he put his bottle on the table top next to the previous one and observed in one quick glance all the rings from the previous patrons who had sat at that table. Normally the sight of all that stickiness and marring of the surface of the table would have annoyed him but he felt remarkably unperturbed by it all while in Gareth’s presence.

“Fine, if I can’t get an answer on that smile and it’s probably something I don’t want to hear about. So why the confused look when you came back from the bar?”
“The barman,” Ianto responded as he twiddled the bottle in his hand, watching the bottom of it roll on the surface of the table.

Another bark of laughter was forced out of Gareth at the short and enigmatic response from Ianto. “Are you always this spare with words?”

“Nup,” he responded as he let go of the beer bottle and reached across for the one of the two shot glasses that Gareth had placed in front of himself. He downed the shot in one go and looked at Gareth, raising that one supercilious eyebrow again. “Well, you wanted a shot. Are you just going to look at it all day?”

Gareth wasn’t going to let that challenge stand, so he also downed the shot in one motion, but seemed to take it slower than Ianto had. He looked over at the other man expectantly for an expansion on his earlier question.

“Stupid barman said it was nice seeing two brothers getting along well and drinking together when I ordered.”

“But we’re not brothers, we don’t really look that much alike!” Gareth responded just as confused as the other man.

“I know and I told him as such, he didn’t charge for the shots though.”

“Really? Well let’s just see if I can get the same results!”
Chapter Summary

Jack and Gwen figure some things out

“Gwen, have you got the results from the scan in the Boardroom yet?” Jack yelled from his office.

There was no immediate reply to Jack’s query, but he was absorbed in reading various folders spread over whatever space could be found on his desk. He had spent a long time in the Archives searching for the right information. He knew that Ianto would have been able to find them in half, if not a quarter of the time it took himself but he wanted to be careful so as not to mess up Ianto’s system.

Ultimately he realised he hadn’t received an answer and lifted his head to yell at Gwen again when she bounded into his office with a print out in hand.

“I know I’m not as quick as Tosh but it seems to keep coming up clear, I ran it three times just to be sure. It appears that Ianto’s twin is human after all.” Gwen handed the papers to Jack but stayed standing just to the side of the desk.

Jack silently and quickly observed that Gwen maintained her place standing away keeping space between her and him, but that Ianto would have been standing close to him, looming over him but not making Jack uncomfortable about his presence. Jack found Ianto’s closeness comforting. He knew that if he needed anything the young man would instinctively know and already be moving to do it or get it for him without Jack having to say a word. Jack found Ianto’s prescient abilities to be a wonder and in many ways a blessing.

“So not a nostrovite, or anything else that we know about?” Jack mused.

“Jack, you didn’t really think he was a nostrovite?” Gwen asked, her large eyes growing larger at the possibility of Ianto out with a possible shape-shifter alien that she did not have found memories of, and the realisation that Jack had sent him out there without seemingly informing Ianto of the possible danger. “How could you send him out there with something that could harm him?” she squeaked.

Jack looked up from the results, still slightly distracted by the possibility of a perfect human copy of Ianto. He finally seemed to realise that Gwen was still feeling the loss of Tosh and Owen. He was as well and only in the dark of the room below did he allow his grief to flow as he held tight to Ianto and fed off his strength. Gwen had been coping better then Jack had expected and he thought that most of that was due to Rhys and his solid, constant love and support for her. Jack stood and approached Gwen, reaching out to touch her on one shoulder knowing that she responded well to touch after the heartbreak that his brother had caused them all.

“Gwen, I will fight and protect you both with all my life. I will not knowingly put either of you in danger, but this is the job we do and there are dangers we can’t anticipate. Ianto is strong and he was wary around the other man. We both know that he doesn’t reveal himself to others he doesn’t know and will observe, he is a very capable field agent.”

Jack’s mobile had started to ring at the end of Jack’s speech to Gwen. He turned around and hunted for it under the folders, taking care to make sure that papers didn’t inadvertently transfer into a folder
it shouldn’t. He knew that Ianto would make him pay if he messed up his Archives in any way. Gwen had moved around the front of his desk also looking for the phone under the papers and various hodgepodge of items that lived on Jack’s desk. She gave a exclamation of glee pulling the phone out from underneath some square plastic looking thin boxes and handed the phone over to Jack, noting that it was Ianto calling.

Jack opened the phone and lifted it to his left ear wondering why Ianto wasn’t using the comms to contact him.

He received his answer quite quickly when he heard the noise of a pub in the background, some giggling that sounded remarkably like his Welshman but then he heard his beloved’s voice over the top of the giggling.
In the Hub & in the Pub, poor Jack has two boys to try and control now, will he be up to the challenge?

"Jack, is my arse nice?" Ianto’s voice rolled out from the phone “It looks all... arse-ee and normal... Gareth says it’s nice, but I think your arse is better..... oh Jack, I need your arse here in ten minutes!" There was more uncontrolled giggling in the background getting louder towards the end of Ianto’s rambling.

Then Jack heard Gareth yell. “Yes Captain, we need your arse to compare!” More giggling ensued as he heard Gareth complaining to Ianto to stop standing on the bench and trying to look at his arse.

“Ianto, Ianto!” Jack yelled into the phone, startling Gwen and trying to get Ianto’s attention. “Where are you, Ianto?”

At the worry in Jack’s voice Gwen immediately raced around his desk to the computer behind Jack and started a trace search on Ianto. It only took a minute to trace him to the Weatherguard pub. Gwen grabbed Jack’s arm to get his attention and pointed to the screen to show him where Ianto was.

“Ianto. Ianto! …Ianto, listen to me, I’m coming!” Jack started before Gwen caught a loud sound erupting from the phone but couldn’t quite make out what it was. She was worried by the anger she was now seeing from Jack. “Don’t you move from there, Ianto Jones!” Jack sternly told his partner before flipping the phone closed and stalking towards the door, grabbing his coat as he went.

“Jack, what is it, what has happened to Ianto?” Gwen asked just as he reached the door. Jack ran his hands through his hair in what Gwen initially thought was desperation until she heard the next words out of his mouth.

“He’s drunk! They’re both drunk. God save me from drunk Welshmen!”

“Oh, Oh!” Gwen’s impossibly large eyes got even larger. “Seriously?” she asked before collapsing in a fit of giggles into Jack’s chair. “He never gets drunk!” she managed to get out between snickers.

“Look, just head home early Gwen. I’ll deal with the pair of them.” He put up a hand when it looked like Gwen was going to interrupt and Jack mentally thanked her fit of giggles as it meant he was able to start his next statement. “If you are going to giggle and laugh at him, it will just make it worse. The two of them were supposed to be at the centre by now, I have to sober them up, put the fear of Jack into them so that Ianto can do his DAMN JOB” Jack finished on a roar.

Jack’s outburst startled Gwen out of her fit of giggles and she looked at Jack in concern. “Are you sure, can you handle the two of them?” Gwen realised as soon as she said it that it opened the door for one of Jack’s favourite opportunity to create an innuendo moment, but she was surprised that Jack completely ignored it.

“I’ll be fine, I’ve dealt with drunk boys before, although never thought one of them would be Ianto,” he mused quietly. Jack shook himself from his moment of contemplation and again told Gwen to
head home, to surprise Rhys but set up the lockdown procedures before she went. He would unlock it when he brought the boys back via the garage entrance.

It took but a moment for Jack to drive to the pub and park out at the front ignoring all the signs that told anyone else that they couldn’t park there. Rules and signs were things Captain Jack Harkness seemed to have a blind spot about. He stormed into the pub, coat flaring behind him to discover the two of them in a far booth, both in fits of giggles similar to the state he had left Gwen in and with a large number of glasses on the table in front of them. They were all empty apart from the jug that Ianto had in his hand and was hovering over some shot glasses, obviously attempting to line up the liquid with the glass.

Ianto glanced up when he felt Jack’s presence in the room. “Jack!” he exclaimed in happiness when he spotted his Captain. “Look, Shot Pot!” he called as he waved the jug in the air spilling alcohol onto the table and narrowly missing drenching himself and Gareth, who was delightedly watching Ianto.

As Jack reached their booth, Ianto put the jug down and nearly leaped over Gareth to grab hold of Jack. He ended up laying along Gareth’s legs with his shoulders just off the bench and his arms stretched out to grasp at Jack. Ianto missed Jack’s coat, as Jack stepped back out of the way quickly and looked down at his lover in anger.


Gareth interceded between the glare from Jack and the come hither looks of Ianto by smacking Ianto square on his arse with a flicking motion. “Oi! Lard arse, get off of me!”

Ianto scrambled back up sitting on his knees on the bench. Jack was so surprised at the relaxed and cheeky posture of Ianto that all he could do was stare at him. Ianto just stared back smiling happily at Jack until Jack saw a thought flash across Ianto’s face and he spun around on the seat, rose up on his knees, pulled the baggy jeans tight and attempted to look down at his own rear.

“See, look, is it nice? Gareth says it is but I don’t know. Can an arse be nice upside down?” he asked looking up at Jack. Gareth lifted a hand and poked Ianto in the rear and also turned to look at Jack.

“Tell him it’s nice Jack.”

Jack actually slapped himself in the head with his hand in response to the twins looking at him in puzzlement.

The moment of bemusement of all three of them was broken by the bar-tender laughing at Jack. “You really should take those two boys home, you know. I know it’s not my thing, but most people with twins who are asking if their arse’s are nice and wanting to compare them to yours wouldn’t be still standing there…” Jack swung around to accuse the bar-man of feeding two obviously intoxicated patrons even more alcohol but before he could open his mouth, over the snickering of the other patrons in the bar he heard a scrambling from behind him and more laughter and an “ouch” from Gareth. He flashed back around to discover Ianto out of the booth and reaching for him, well reaching for his rear at any rate. He managed to snap both Ianto’s hands but had to use some force as the other man was wriggling and trying to grab onto whatever part of Jack he could. Gareth was no help as he was egging Ianto on with comments and suggestions about which bits to grab.

“Ianto, stop it,” he stated firmly and again squeezed harder. He finally got Ianto’s attention.

“Ow, you hurt my feelings, Jack!” he pouted again. If Jack wasn’t so angry he would have found the relaxed and intoxicated Ianto quite adorable. “Kiss it better?” Ianto asked while still managing to
keep his lips in their pouting position. Jack laughed wryly and pulled Ianto to one side, managing to trap Ianto’s arms into a position where they could do the least amount of groping. He turned to the other man and pointed at the door. “You, up and out too.”

Gareth managed to stagger to his feet and started to follow Jack and Ianto through the bar. Ianto turned back to Gareth as he also managed to free one of his hands and latched onto Jack’s rear underneath his great coat. “Gareth, come feel, see I told you it’s good,” he announced as Jack could feel him squeeze.

Gareth, with a burst of speed that was rare in a man who seemed as drunk as he was, latched onto Jack’s other side as they reached the doorway. For a man who was supposedly straight he got a good handle on Jack’s rear through his coat and also squeezed. The whole bar, who had watched with interest the two boys since they entered and now were very much enjoying the show after the loud phone conversation about arse’s and coming earlier, escorted the trio out into the Cardiff air with a burst of even more raucous laughter.
Hunger

Chapter Summary

Jack struggles to get the boys back to the Hub

As Jack pulled the two men who were latched onto his behind out into the air he managed to disengage Gareth from one side and pulled Ianto up and around against him. Gareth sank to the ground in another fit of giggles. While Ianto tried to kiss Jack.

Jack actually shook Ianto he was so unsure what to do with him. He had never seen the man drunk before. Even after the incident with the Cyber-woman, Jack had kept a close eye on the young man. Jack had watched and monitored him and not once did he see Ianto use drink to deal with his grief. Ianto was so controlled most of the time, even when it was just the two of them. Jack had been enthralled by the confidence and surety Ianto showed, even including the first time they were together. He knew that Ianto had been nervous but when Ianto made a decision he followed it fully through with all his heart and soul. That wasn’t to say that Ianto wasn’t playful and relaxed. He was a delight to Jack but he rarely showed that side of himself in front of others. Occasionally glimpses would escape in front of the team, but for him to be how he was in front of Gareth and the patrons of the bar was a shock to Jack.

“Ianto, get in the car.” Jack turned him and pushed him towards the SUV. Jack reached down to pull the other man up and directed him towards the car. When Jack and Gareth turned back, Ianto was standing at the front bonnet of the car looking at the windscreen.

“Jack, turn the lights on, I want to show the pretty blue ones to Gareth.” He directed his next comments to Gareth. “I picked them, blue like Jack’s eyes.”

Jack was again once at a loss for words at what was being revealed by Ianto to the other man. He quickly started to move towards Ianto when he saw another thought flash across Ianto’s face.

“Three Vee,” Ianto announced happily, beaming at Jack. Jack looked to Gareth for an answer.

“He’s been naming things, rhyming names most of the afternoon,” Gareth responded as he leant up against the side door.

“SUV for Tor..” Ianto started to say before Jack slapped a hand over his mouth and looked at Ianto in horror.

“Get in the car!” he barked at Gareth while keeping his eyes on Ianto’s face the whole time. Ianto was trying to speak around Jack’s hand. Luckily only a mumble could be heard and no real words. Jack listened intently to hear the door open and close. As he heard the door close, Ianto shocked him by licking his palm.

It wasn’t a long lick like a child might try, to force the removal of the hand, but initially a little lick, one of taste and exploration and of promise. Promise of what a clever tongue Ianto had, how he liked to use it to make Jack moan and not be able to breathe properly. When Ianto used his tongue on Jack, Jack often forgot his own name and believed he might be able to die.
After that first exploratory lick, Ianto darted his tongue out again and started at the base of Jack’s palm and followed his life-line upwards slowly, all the while staring intently at Jack. Ianto’s eyes had turned dark as he stared at Jack. Jack started to breathe heavily as Ianto continued his lapping at his palm. Now he was alternating between small circular motions and lapping movements in and out of his mouth with little final longer licks between each revolution. Jack’s right hand had moved onto Ianto’s hip without him putting a thought into the movement. He initially gripped tight into Ianto’s flesh at the junction where his hip became thigh and then slid his hand slowly down the outside of his thigh, down the wool trousers. The material of Ianto’s trousers created a lovely friction on Jack’s hand. The contrast between the slightly coarse wool and the boxers that Jack knew and could feel underneath made him forget they were standing outside a pub, up against the hood of the SUV with a passenger intently observing every move that was happening, unable to glance away. Jack closed his eyes as his head started to drop back, he relaxed his palm enough so that Ianto, whose hands were gripping Jack’s hips released them and moved upwards to push Jack’s left hand away and cradle Jack’s face as he took Jack’s mouth in a devastating kiss. Jack used his other hand to pull Ianto fully against him, cradling the younger man inside his arms. Their bodies were remarkably still with the only movement between the two a battle of devouring happening within their mouths.

When Ianto leaned back slightly to catch his breath, a small spark of consciousness and recognition of where they were and what they were doing crept into Jack’s brain. When Ianto moved back towards Jack to continue their duelling Jack pushed him away forcefully to break the contact between them. Ianto’s eyes darkened even more as he smiled with a small raise of his lips, a lower of his eyelids and a sensual step back towards Jack.

“No!” Jack held up his hand to stop Ianto coming closer. It was the wrong move as it brought Jack’s right palm within the orbit of Ianto’s mouth. Ianto reached out to grasp his arm and draw his palm towards his mouth so he could lap that palm like he had the other. Jack managed to snatch it away in time, grip Ianto’s shoulders and frog marched him towards the passenger front side of the SUV. “Get in and no talking!” he ordered.

Jack walked around to the driver’s side keeping his eye on Ianto and making sure that he got into the car. He had to walk briskly to the other side to make sure that he opened the door at the same time as Ianto and ensure that no words were spoken between the two men. It was not the most comfortable of walks for Jack, he was swollen and tense and wanted to take Ianto back to the Hub, sober him up just enough and drag him to, well, drag him anywhere in the Hub really.

As he climbed into the seat he glanced over at Ianto who released his tongue from his mouth to lick ever so delicately at his bottom lip. This was quickly followed by his teeth drawing that lip into his mouth and releasing it back out to the air again. The movement caused the colour of his inflamed lip to change from an already dusky pink because of their earlier kiss to an almost red. Jack swallowed and groaned inwardly.

In order to cover his desire and near lack of control, Jack gripped the steering wheel tight, turning his knuckles white and snapped. “Eyes front and no talking, Ianto, I mean it.” He glanced for the first time at the other man sitting directly behind his lover. “You too!” Because of his boiling emotions Jack didn’t notice that Gareth for once wasn’t the relaxed person that he had been previously. He was nervously pulling at his baggy jeans, as if they suddenly were too tight.

Jack started the SUV and drove back to the Hub in record time. The trip taken in absolute silence whilst all three men pondered the craving that was on display against the bonnet of the SUV just moments ago.
Indistinguishable

Chapter Summary

The boys get back to the Hub, Ianto is still a little silly.

Jack pulled the SUV into the car park marked private. As he leapt out of the car two sets of blue eyes watched the movement of his coat intently as it flowed behind him off the seat and out into the stale air of the parking garage.

“Floaty Coaty,” Gareth suggested quietly to Ianto as he leant forward from the back seat to watch the coat glide around Jack’s legs. This sent Ianto into gales of laughter with Gareth joining in the infectious mirth of the other man.

Jack spun around quickly to glare at the two hysterical Welshmen still in the car. Jack hadn’t heard what was said but he couldn’t miss the reaction to whatever the words were. He continued to glare at Ianto who, although seeing Jack’s flashing eyes and the warning in them, kept laughing. In fact it made him laugh even more. Jack eventually had to settle for pointing towards a door in the wall marked private a short distance from the parking bay. The only difference between that door and any other that would normally be found in a parking garage was the small camera over the door and curiously a handle but no lock on the door.

“Ianto, take Gareth inside,” he ordered, trying to use the voice that normally brought his men in line when they needed to focus.

“Yes, Sir!” Ianto purred back at Jack around his chuckles while giving him a jaunty salute and a wink.

Jack growled and slammed the driver’s door shut on the impudent face of his lover and stalked to the back of the SUV. He pulled open the boot forcefully and started rummaging amongst all the various gadgets and equipment that was there. He was still so at a loss after what had happened earlier to his Ianto that he wasn’t able to find what he was looking for straight away. He finally found it after some hair ruffling and swearing under his breath. He put the item into his inside pocket of his coat and shut the door.

As he stepped around the large range rover he was brought to a stop again by Gareth leaning up against the wall alongside the door, literally bent over in half gripping his sides and shaking. Ianto meanwhile was standing in front of the door. He seemed to be pulling faces at the camera, while dancing around alternatively waving his arms and saying things to Gareth.

Jack let out a little huff of disgust and strode towards the two of them. “Ianto! Stop that!” he shouted as he grabbed at his arms and pulled Ianto back into him to keep him standing still. Ianto took the opportunity to wriggle his bottom ever so slightly against Jack’s groin and drop his head into the crook of Jack’s neck. Jack closed his eyes, took a deep breath and heard the snick as the door released. That noise propelled him back into the reality of the parking garage and he let go of Ianto to reach around and open up the door. As he stepped to the side by the open door he gestured for the two men to precede him into the space beyond. Ianto, with one last glance under his lashes reached out with his right hand to pull Gareth into the stairway on the other side of the doorway.
Jack watched, gripping the door tightly, as the two men stumbled up the steps still clinging to each other’s hand and Gareth’s chuckles finally starting to abate. Once they reached the top of the little staircase Jack followed them, ensuring he heard the door lock behind him before starting up the stairs. He continued to follow the two men who were still joined at the hand, as they took one corridor after another. Ianto might have been three sheets to the wind but he knew every nook and cranny of the hub, which was why Jack had to resort to cheating during their games of naked hide and seek.

As they turned into the final corridor Jack lengthened his stride to catch up to the two men as they were about to reach the door at the end. This door, like the one they came in, had a camera, but in this instance it was at eye height and looked more like a scanner from a spy movie, as Gareth noticed. He peered at the camera/scanner intently as Jack called Ianto’s name to get his attention. Jack’s strategy worked as the young man spun around eagerly.

“Let me go first, so I can open the door,” Jack coaxed the young man. Jack’s request wasn’t needed though as the door slid open. Jack and Ianto both turned back towards the third man standing in front of the door space looking confused.

“Your camera has this weird blue light thingy in it,” he said as he turned his head towards them.
Chivalry

Chapter Summary

Gareth’s amused, Jack’s confused and Ianto is feeling chivalrous.

Jack collected himself from the shock of the retinal scan accepting Gareth’s eyes as a Torchwood Three employee and brushed past Ianto and Gareth to walk through the gap into the weapons room. He flipped open his wrist strap and pressed two buttons to instigate the removal of the lockdown procedure as he continued through the room and out into the main section of the hub. Ianto meanwhile had collected Gareth by the arm and gently guided him into the room, following Jack out into the main section. Ianto was still a little confused about the door opening and it seemed to have sobered him up a little bit.

“Jack, why did the door open?” he queried, sounding slightly worried as he released Gareth’s arm. Jack stopped his steps to the Boardroom at the anxious sound of Ianto’s voice. He turned back to the other man and reached out towards him to rub a hand up his arm in comfort.

“It’s ok, I meant to tell you earlier, the door wasn’t working properly.” Jack spoke softly to Ianto. He looked into Ianto’s clear eyes trying to calm him as he didn’t want to deal with an upset drunk Ianto, the happy horny demonstrative one was more than enough. Although Jack had a plan to sort that out very soon. Ianto blinked and seemed to take Jack’s explanation as truth. He smiled happily at Jack. “Ok.”

While Jack was calming Ianto, Gareth was still standing in the same spot Ianto had left him, glancing around the hub and back into the weapons room towards the now closed door.

“Nice back entrance,” he slyly said to the other two, “use it often?”

“Oh, regularly,” Ianto grinned back at him before succumbing to another fit of giggles. Jack had enough of the innuendo between the two of them. Deep down he was starting to realise he was a little jealous of the camaraderie between the two that had developed so quickly. He was also jealous of Ianto’s solicitude of Gareth when they were walking through the corridors.

“To the Boardroom, this stops now,” he announced, swirling around and heading in the direction of the Boardroom. He entered the room and walked over to the side buffet and removed the water carafe and two glasses. He turned and placed them on the table as Ianto and Gareth entered together, still chuckling, and Ianto had his hand wrapped around the other man’s strong arm just above the leather wrist strap. Obviously from the look on Ianto’s face he had just finished telling something to the other man. Jack was a little worried as to what he had been revealing, considering that earlier he was going to announce to the actor that the SUV was for Torchwood Three as the explanation for his silly Three Vee title. Jack remembered to file away the name to tease Ianto about later. He obviously came up with better names for things when sober.

Jack stood braced with his legs apart, glaring at the other two. He lifted his hands up to rest on his hips which then drew the blue great coat back to bunch at his sides.

“Oh look, he’s gone all manly with his bloke cloak, now,” teased Gareth with a little wicked shake of his head. Ianto exploded into gales of laughter at the description of the coat that he loved. He let
“Bloke Cloak!” he exclaimed around giggles. “So true, he can’t live without that coat! It’s like his Linus blankie.” Ianto glanced towards Jack and seeing the look on his face added with a perverse smile; “but I really like that coat. You know the first time I saw him I was mesmerised by that Coat…” he started to tell Gareth.

“SIT! Now!” Jack yelled as he got frustrated with the continual teasing by the two men. Normally he would have joined in the teasing and in fact upped it to regain control of the situation. However, the combined force of two Ianto’s teasing him and joining forces together was too much for him, and he suspected that if he did he wouldn’t be able to control the two of them.

The yelling just made the two of them glance and smile at each other, but they moved towards the other side of the table and sat in adjoining chairs.

“O Captain, my Captain!” Ianto smirked as he sat down. Gareth happily repeated the refrain after him. Jack threw his hands up in disgust and in consternation removed his coat and threw it over the end chair. As he did so, unknown to all three men, the item he had removed from the SUV dropped off the coat and onto the floor, coming to rest just under the chair.

As Jack turned back and stalked towards the glass carafe he adjusted his braces. Ianto watched with hungry eyes as Jack placed his thumbs under the braces and pulled them out and down.

“Chasing his braces,” Gareth rhymed.

Ianto murmured. “I chase his braces down to Heaven,” in response to the rhyme. He released his tongue to lick at his lower lip as his eyes grew heavy watching Jack who was looking back at Ianto with eyes that were burning, his hands paused in mid air as he was reaching for the carafe.

Ianto’s eyes darted to Jack’s hips and his next rhyming effort caused Jack to catch his breath.


Gareth not wanting to be left out of the teasing of Jack joined in with: “rub a dub dub in the hub tub!” Ianto glanced at him and giggled at the silliness of the twisting of the nursery rhyme. The breaking of Ianto’s eye contact with his body finally allowed him to reach for the carafe and pour out two glasses of water. The next comment from Ianto though made him spill one of the glasses as his hand shook with the shock of Ianto’s teasing. Ianto, while still looking at Gareth at the start of the comment before transferring his gaze to Jack, literally moaned. “Makes Jones moan, when he jumps Jones’ bones.”

This was too much for Gareth finally and he lost it at the two men, laughing hysterically at the expression on Jack’s face, banging one hand on the table top. If anyone had asked him which of the two men, at the start of the day would confuse and have the upper hand in any battle of sexual innuendo and teasing, he would have without hesitation nominated Jack. But the complete turn around and playfulness of Ianto had surprised him. He was nowhere near as drunk as the other man and he suspected that he was not normally a large drinker or possibly that small of a drinker. Jack and Ianto were totally focussed on each other and did not notice the laughter or the banging of the table. It wasn’t until Gareth spun a little in his chair and slipped onto the floor banging his head on the chair that they both remembered the other man in the room.

“Ow!” he claimed, lifting his hand up to rub the back of his head. Ianto immediately dropped to his knees from his chair, a look of concern on his face, but Gareth had started to giggle again.
“Well, that was silly,” he claimed smiling back into a clean-shaven version of his face. As Ianto helped him stand up again and sit in the chair, Jack had started to leave the room. At the doorway he turned back to the two.

“No talking, no moving, Ianto. I mean it and I will be watching” he stated as he pointed his finger at the two of them.

Ianto glanced back over his shoulder and rolled his eyes at Jack but showed his compliance with the order by motioning that with his hand over his lips of them being zipped closed and the key being thrown away.

Jack left the room, walked across the small walkway and hurried towards his office. Once there he headed straight for the filing cabinets in the corner of the office. They were very rarely used and even Ianto never really looked into them. They contained a mish mash of objects and files that were of no real use to anyone but didn’t seem to fit in with any of the information that Torchwood currently held. He reached down and opened the middle left drawer. Jack pushed a round metal cog shaped object and saw a small purse underneath. The purse looked like one that you would find in any Chinese supermarket / gift store in any market in the world. It was pale turquoise with a small blue flower pattern. Jack lifted it out and opened the button; he reached in and withdrew two small green pills. He closed the purse and replaced it in the drawer in its previous position, putting the cog wheel back over the top and closing the drawer. He mentally noted to doctor the CCTV vision later. He took a deep breath as he turned to exit the office and return to the Boardroom with the two pills cradled in his palm.

As he entered the Boardroom again, it was to find the two men sitting in identical postures with hands clasped on the arm rests, feet planted next to each other on the floor and almost identical expressions on their faces. It seemed to Jack that even without the ability of words, the two of them decided to have a competition to see who could do the best prisoner in a chair impression. He strode into the room and placed a pill in front of each man, reaching over Ianto to place the one in front of Gareth.

“Take these, you need to sober up and get back to work,” he told them. Gareth immediately picked up the pill between his fingers and looked at it enquiringly. Ianto glanced up at Jack, a memory of Jack telling him to take a pill before trying to make itself heard in his brain. He had fleeting images of pain, rain, pleasure and love flickering through his mind. He glanced over at Gareth who was about to place the pill in his mouth and was reaching for the glass of water at the same time.

“No!” Ianto yelled as he leapt at Gareth from the chair. Jack was not quick enough to grab at Ianto and stop him from landing heavily on the other man. Gareth involuntarily threw the glass of water over his shoulder, the water cascading onto the floor and the glass dropping and rolling away from the entwined men. The pill was still held between his fingers, but his arm was held above his shoulder by Ianto’s other hand gripping tightly at his wrist. It was an uncomfortable position and Ianto wasn’t a small man but Gareth could only stare helplessly up at Ianto’s face and feel his entire length pressed to the other man.

Jack pushed the other chair, so recently and violently vacated by Ianto, out of the way as he rushed towards the two men. In the back of his mind the image of the two of them entwined and breathing heavily was filed away for pondering. Before he could reach down and lift Ianto off Gareth, Ianto turned his head towards Jack a pleading look and tears developing in his eyes.

“I won’t let you make him forget, Jack, he’s my friend. I haven’t had a friend in a long time. I won’t let you take that from me,” he pleaded to Jack.

“Ianto, it won’t do that, I promise,” Jack coaxed at Ianto. “Remember? I had one for you too?” He
tried to continue reasoning with the other man.

Ianto pushed up and away from Gareth and stalked towards Jack pushing him in the chest. “I don’t believe you, Jack Harkness! Man with no name.”

When Ianto pushed away it forced the chair with Gareth in it to slide backwards across the floor, the wheels collided with the glass sending it skittering off to rest close by the top of the table, the light glinting off it. Gareth started to scramble back up into his chair, the memory of Ianto’s body and his words still fresh in his mind. The protectiveness the other man was showing towards him scared him as he had a sneaky suspicion that he may have acted similarly towards the other man if their positions were reversed. He looked up with concern at the two men who were similar in height and size but together normally the eye was drawn to the Captain. Most would consider him to be larger and more powerful than Ianto, but seeing them so close and Ianto pushing hard at his chest and forcing him to take steps backwards, it was noticeable that the Welshman more than held his own.

“Ianto, I would never hurt you.” Jack said quietly as he grabbed at Ianto’s wrists when he next went to push at Jack again. “Never,” he breathed as he pulled Ianto towards him. He removed one hand and wrapped Ianto securely to him. “Never,” he repeated. As Ianto seemed to calm a little, Jack took the opportunity to glance at Gareth. The actor appeared a little shaken but had managed to sit up in his chair.

“Will you be alright?” Jack asked him. “I need to talk to Ianto outside.”

Gareth was not up to words yet, so he just waved at Jack that he was all right and could be left.

“C’mon Ianto. Talk to me out here, where you won’t frighten your friend.” Jack started to walk backwards towards the doorway taking Ianto with him, one hand still clasping Ianto’s hand over his heart and the other wrapped carefully but securely around his upper back. Ianto glanced up at him and nodded his agreement but Jack could see that he was still upset. He took Ianto by the hand as he walked across the walkway and around the corner out of the vision of Gareth.

“It’s not retcon,” he told him as he lifted his palms to cradle Ianto’s beloved face. Ianto glared up at him with a flash at the mention of retcon. “It’s not, Ianto, what colour was the pill?” he asked quickly before the other man could protest again.

“I won’t let you take his memories, I had fun today. I don’t want him to forget me.” The younger man pleaded to Jack, never breaking eye contact.

“Ianto, what colour was the pill?” Jack asked again.

“Huh?” Ianto asked in confusion.

“Retcon is a white pill, Ianto, what colour was the pill I placed in front of you?” He again spoke quietly to Ianto, dropping his left hand down to rest on the other man’s neck and his right thumb lightly rubbing his cheek next to where Ianto’s top and bottom lip joined. His soothing motions seemed to work as Ianto mumbled. “Green, it was green.”

“Yes, it’s green, not white. It’s not retcon Ianto. It’s a pill that will sober you and Gareth up. You needed to be at the theatre an hour ago. It’s from the 51st century, I only have a few.”

“Oh,” Ianto said quietly finally glancing down away from Jack’s stare. “I’m sorry Jack,” he said as he glanced up after a short pause.

“It’s ok, I’d never hurt you, Ianto, remember that.” Jack’s hands stopped their caressing as he made that vow. Two pairs of piercing blue eyes stared at each other for an inestimable moment. Ianto
broke the moment by leaning upwards and pressing his lips gently onto Jack’s but did not break eye contact with the other man.

“Ianto… love.” Jack murmured against the lips that daily tortured him with their sweetness and wilfulness. The words broke Ianto’s resolve and the desire that he had been building up between the two exploded into a fierce demonstration of mating tongues. One hand wrapped around Jacks lower back, pulling their bodies together to rub deliciously in a dance that both knew so well. The other lifted to Jack’s neck and face, his thumb stroking on the smooth skin of Jack’s cheek. Ianto let his apology and desire flow out from his body towards Jack. Jack in return let all of the concern and yearning for his love flow to Ianto. Jack finally drew back from Ianto, both hands framing the beautiful face.

“Let’s see to you and Gareth, hmm?” Jack asked.
Ianto gets to meet the wonderful world of Theatre.

Jack stood at Tosh’s workstation with his arms folded across his chest and watched the boys walk across the Plass towards the Millennium Centre on the screen in front of him. They were walking side by side and talking quietly to each other. Jack noted the similarities in the way they walked but also the slight differences in the way they held themselves. Gareth seemed to be very interested in listening to Ianto’s responses. At one stage there was a question that Ianto obviously wasn’t happy with, as Jack noted the very slight tensing of his shoulders. Jack leaned forward to the screen to watch it intently, placing his hands on the end of the desk as he did so. He continued to watch closely as they walked down the side of the Centre and entered via a side door, which Gareth used a swipe card to open from his back pocket. As Ianto disappeared into the building Jack stood back, crossed his arms high on his chest and still stared at that closed door for a number of minutes. Eventually he turned and headed up to his office, his strides long and his boots impacting heavily on the stairs and reverberating up the cavernous space, disturbing Myfanwy in her nest.

Gareth walked in silence next to the other man, he wanted to start the conversation but didn’t know how. He liked him, but he was a little scared of the two Special Forces men after Ianto’s terror and the words “I won’t let you make him forget!” Ianto was so angry about the pill initially but when the two of them came back in the room he seemed calmer and in fact took his pill first to show Gareth it was ok. It was strange sitting there with a happy buzz in his head from the beer and the shots and then, wham! All clear. No more drunk, straight back to sober, pass hangover and do not go to jail. He wondered if they had more of those pills hanging around.

“Why?” Ianto asked.

“Huh?”

“Why do you want to know if we have more of those pills? Plan on getting me drunk again?”

“Me?” Gareth scoffed back at a smiling Ianto. “If I remember correctly you were the one doing the buying, and you drank the first shot!” Both men grinned at each other as they kept walking. “I’m not interested in getting your Captain angry at me again, although you did seem to have some ‘skills’ in being able to handle him!"

Ianto’s closed mouth smile deepened fully into his cheeks at the memory, making his cheek bones stand out and his eyes twinkle. It made Gareth happy to see him relaxed and cheeky. Ianto was quick witted, with a wicked sense of humour and he hoped that when all this was over they could stay friends.

“Seriously though, we could make a fortune with those pills, especially to the crew after opening night, or after the last dress rehearsal. Depending on which is worse. I mean not getting a hangover. You sure there are no side effects or anything? Who makes this stuff for you guys?”

Ianto’s shoulders stiffened just slightly, but enough for Gareth to notice as he took a pause before answering. “No, nothing will happen, no side effects. Sworn to secrecy. Special Forces, yadda
yadda. You know I can’t tell you, but trust me, you will be fine.”

Gareth was sure that Ianto was lying to him; he thought he knew him well enough to tell now, even after only a few hours acquaintance. He didn’t like Ianto lying to him though. He wanted to ask Ianto about how they make someone forget things but wasn’t sure how to do it or if he truly wanted to know.

By this stage they had reached the Centre and Gareth walked down the side to the door with a swipe card access attached to it. He pulled a card out of his back pocket and held it in front the reader and pulled on the door handle when he heard the click. “Doesn’t make the same sound as yours does,” he commented as he pulled the door open and walked into the Centre.

“No, your back entrance is no where near as impressive as mine,” Ianto snarked at Gareth as he followed him in, letting the door close behind him. Gareth burst out laughing at the comment but stopped when they both heard off to their left the sound of crashing crockery followed by an “eek!” They both raced around another corner towards the noise to discover a small kitchen, and two cups of what appeared to be instant coffee, according to Ianto’s discerning nose, smashed on the ground. Standing over them looking down in devastation, while holding the tray they obviously fell off of, was a young man. He could only be described as having one large freckle with patches of skin and ginger hair. A pair of wire rimmed glasses ala early Harry Potter perched on his nose. Gareth rushed forward towards the man while Ianto hovered back in the doorway a little uncertain.

“You ok, Davey?” he asked as he reached him.

“Yeah, I just, they, um, slipped. I felt a...” he started to say as he looked up at Gareth from the mess on the floor. His eyes focused on Ianto standing in the doorway just over Gareth’s shoulder and they literally grew almost to the size of Gwen’s at her most incredulous, Ianto thought. Davey just stood there staring.

Gareth noticed in bemusement Davey’s shock. He thought that it must have been a torrid afternoon here if Davey appeared so flustered. He had been a godsend as an intern. He seemed to know just how to keep Tim happy and was well liked by all the cast and crew. Most interns were just starting out and often very star struck about being involved in the theatre, but Davey slipped in quietly and competently and kept out of the way when he needed to and helped out when he had to. The only down side was his coffee making skills and Tim Tam loved his coffee.

“Davey, this is Ianto, Ianto Jones. You know my mate who’s going to help us out as an understudy while Greg is off? Ianto, this is Davey Miller, our PA. You need anything, just ask him.” Gareth introduced the two men.

Ianto nodded at Davey. “Pleased to meet you,” he replied but Davey still seemed not to have remembered how to use his tongue to form words.

Gareth and Ianto exchanged looks and Gareth moved to the sink to collect up a dishcloth, leaving Davey still stuck in that spot. Ianto moved into the room to see how he could help. This finally seemed to break Davey’s absorption in Ianto.

“Oh, Tim’s going to be annoyed, he wanted a coffee as he talked to Meryl about the lighting,” he told the room.

“Why don’t you help Gareth with cleaning it up and I’ll make two new coffees. You were carrying two, right?” Ianto asked.

“You sure you can make a coffee, Ianto?”
“Oh I think I can handle one,” he deadpanned back at Gareth. The other freckly man seemed to be looking back and forth between the two quickly in confusion. Ianto briskly started searching around the kitchen and finding what he needed. There was only instant, but he still had a few tricks up his sleeve. The other two made short work of cleaning up the mess and finished just as Ianto was also finishing his magic.

“Davey, where are you?” he heard a male voice call from the corridor outside. “Tim’s getting antsy about his coffee, do you need any help or should I pop out and get some?” By this stage the voice and the man had entered the room to be greeted happily by Gareth.

“It’s my Dromino!” he cried. “How’d it go today?” He asked as he hugged what Ianto could see was a smaller, wiry man but no other real details as Gareth was blocking his view.

“Not bad, but we had a few Technical hitches, hence the need for caffeine and Tim Tams for our glorious leader and quickly at that!” At the mention of Tim Tams, Davey rushed over towards Ianto and opened the cupboard over the bench and pulled out a slim rectangular packet.

Gareth turned towards Ianto and Davey giving Ianto a clear view of the man Gareth had called ‘Dromino’. His eye’s widened almost as much as Davey’s had when he first spied him.

“This is Ianto, our new understudy,” Gareth told the other man who was looking back and forth at Gareth and Ianto.

“Didn’t know we were offering jobs to siblings now!” he exclaimed.

“Siblings?” replied Gareth. “No. he’s a friend back from Newport, he’s not my brother. His name is Ianto Jones.”

“Your kidding, right? Yanto Jones, that’s the best you can come up with? That was the bisexual kid you played in Mine all Mine.”

“Oh crap, I forgot about that one. Seriously Ianto, how weird is that? One of my tv gigs was a Yanto Jones.” Gareth laughed as he turned away from his fellow actor to Ianto. “No he’s not my brother, god we got that earlier in the pub today as well.”

“Seriously, Gareth. That’s your brother.” The lean actor pointed at him.

“No, it’s not.” Gareth told him “I should know as I have sisters and one brother, I think one of my sisters might have told me if they decided they wanted to look a little different…”

“Ok,” the other man replied, obviously unconvinced. He stepped towards Ianto, hand outstretched. “Hi Ianto, welcome onboard. I’m…”

“Owen,” Ianto breathed as he stood rooted to the spot still.

“No, Burn’s my name, mate. I play Dromino opposite this big lug.”
Ianto was shaken out of his confusion when Davey placed the cups on the tray along with the packet of biscuits. He visibly shook himself and reached forward to clasp Burn’s hand.

“Nice to meet you, Burn,” Ianto stumbled a little bit on the name.

“I’ll, um, just take these to Tim,” Davey interrupted quietly.

“Sure, Davey, I’ll see you tomorrow,” Burn responded as Davey walked out of the room. “Well I should be heading off anyway, wife, child, responsibilities. You two take care!” And with a friendly wave Burn was out the door. Gareth looked at Ianto who was still looking at his hand.

“It felt the same, but it didn’t,” Ianto mused. “Sorry, he just reminded me of a friend.”

“Tour?” Gareth asked.

“Sure, time to work,” Ianto replied. “Can you show me where the toilet is first?”

“Ok, loo this way. The most important place to know anyway,” Gareth agreed as he led Ianto out of the kitchen and down the corridor. Ianto took the time to note the various CCTV cameras within the building and where the blind spots were. He also took care to record in his mind how many other doors and corridors they passed. They managed not to bump into anyone along the way and Ianto was surprised to see how neat and organised it all was. Gareth opened a door and went into a small room. Ianto followed with a look of confusion as there didn’t appear to be any sign indicating a toilet and in fact once he entered it was a dressing room with four dressing tables. There was a door between two of the tables and Gareth pointed towards it.

“There’s a single loo in there. This is my dressing room, well, actually I share it with Burn, Toby and David. So not really mine,” he said with a self-deprecating smile. ”You go ahead, I’ll check and see if Tim’s left me any messages.” Ianto started to move towards the door while Gareth headed over to the table in the far corner, before he remembered why he was there.

“Let me check first, in case you received anything else new from our ‘friend,’” Ianto said as he checked his path and veered over towards the dressing table that Gareth had been heading for. He reached it first and stood looking at the jumble of items on the table, it was chaotic and he wasn’t sure if he could place anything out of order. It reminded him a bit of Jack’s desk. No matter how much he cleaned it up, Jack always found new things to place on the desk. The other items that he had seen this morning all had the signature Cooakalin look to them, made out of the hard silvery rock that previous intelligence Torchwood had received said was natural to the moon of the Cooakalin’s. No item on the table seemed to resemble those though.

“Don’t know what you are looking for, do you?” Gareth asked quietly as he played with the ring on his right hand. He had moved to stand next to Ianto and the two men turned their heads to look at each other in a perfect-mirrored profile.
“Yes and no,” Ianto stated. “The other items had a particular look and I can’t see anything like that on this...” he paused considering if he wanted to say what he really thought, “mess,” he finished with.

“Aww, crips!” a startled female voice shrieked from just inside the doorway. Both men turned instinctively towards the noise, one in surprise, the other quickly reaching towards where his gun would normally be under his suit but encountering man made fabric of the stretchy variety instead of the normal wool or silk. Ianto quickly put his hand back to his side and tried to look inconspicuous.

“Gareth, when did you split yourself?” the larger bodied woman continued.

“Split myself?” Gareth laughed, “No this is Ianto, he’s the new understudy. You know my mate from back in Newport. Didn’t Tim tell you, or Davey? Greg got the flu. Ianto this is Beryl, our fabulous wardrobe mistress. Why don’t you use the loo and I’ll chat to the woman who knows everything and find out what happened today that I missed?”

Ianto took the opportunity to head to the toilet while Gareth moved towards the woman and seemed to be well on his way to charming all the gossip out of her with sly winks and nods. Once inside the small bathroom, which consisted of a shower cubicle, a basin with an overhead cabinet and mirror and a toilet, he lifted up the seat and prepared to relieve himself. He stood there for what he thought had to be at least two minutes with nothing happening. He felt the need to relieve himself but nothing was forthcoming. He did himself back up as he heard the female voice leave the room and flushed the toilet anyway. He moved over to the basin, washed his hands, dried them thoroughly on the hand towel and exited back into the dressing room where Gareth was looking through some messages on his table.

“Right, my turn,” he said as he looked up at Ianto. “Feel free to snoop around spy man, no cameras in the dressing rooms.” He indicated to the corners of the room as he in turn headed to the toilet.

Ianto took his time familiarising himself with the room. He looked carefully behind each dressing table, noting that they were not fixed and could be moved around. He also took the time to inspect the items on each table. For a small moment he stood in front of “Burn’s” table, which had a family snap of Burn looking fondly at a woman and a small child. The smile on his face was so unlike anything that Ianto had ever seen on Owen’s normally snarky countenance. The only time Ianto had ever seen an expression close to that was when Diane came through the Rift. Ianto tore himself away from staring at that photo and kept searching around the room for another possible way in for someone or something to sneak in presents without being detected via a camera. He couldn’t see any possible way. The other walls all appeared solid and the only way in seemed to be through the door that had two cameras positioned towards it. Ianto stood in the centre of the room with his hands on his hips thinking through all the possibilities when he heard Gareth swear from the bathroom.

“Everything ok in there?” he asked, looking towards the door. There was a pause and then he heard the toilet flush and the sounds of running water as Gareth obviously washed his hands. Gareth opened the door and came out.

“It’s all fine,” he reassured Ianto. “Find anything?”

Ianto shook his head, so Gareth headed for the door back to the corridor outside.

“Let’s continue your tour, so you fit in tomorrow,” Gareth continued as he headed out the door and off to the left again providing a running commentary of all the rooms and sights along the way. Occasionally they would run into crew still working into the evening. Gareth would introduce Ianto, often to surprised looks on the various faces. Gareth would joke with and charm them all. He seemed quite well liked and Ianto just stood quietly off to the side observing, remembering names and faces.
He also took the time whenever they were stopped to look around casually and note the placements of cameras again. It seemed they were well positioned in all the thoroughfares.

Gareth had shown him the other dressing rooms, which were luckily unoccupied, and Ianto had a quick search in the two of them while Gareth stood watch at the doors. He seemed to take great delight in playing at lookout. Ianto had to tell him to step back out of the camera view so it didn’t look so suspicious. Twice Ianto had to again ask for the toilet as twice he felt the need to go, but couldn’t manage to make anything happen down there, it was starting to get quite painful. Both times he managed to go while Gareth was talking and when he returned Gareth would then take the opportunity to also use the toilet.

They had been a good while into their tour and Ianto was amazed at the size of the back stage area and the rabbit warren that it was. Gareth had explained that their rehearsal space was going to be the actual performance space. Most times a company doesn’t rehearse on the actual stage until much closer to the preview week, but the layout here meant that because they were using the Weston theatre it also doubled as a rehearsal space. By this time they had entered more into the public area as Gareth was showing Ianto the front entrance to the Weston room. Ianto was squirming in the loose jeans, they were feeling too tight and it was getting quite painful. Gareth noticed him trying to writhe unnoticed.

“You ok?” he asked

“I just need the toilet again.”

“We did drink a bit.”

Ianto just nodded once and headed towards the public toilets that he could see just off to the right. He was closely followed by Gareth. They both entered the Gents and headed over to the urinal, Gareth choosing to stand next to Ianto. The both stood there, facing forward and carefully not looking at each other. This carried on for over a minute while nothing happened to either man. The silence was broken by Gareth.

“To pee or not to pee, that is the question.”

Ianto tried to hold the chuckles in but even though he managed to not make too much of a sound, his whole upper body was shaking, he had bowed his head and he had the silliest grin on his face. The quiet chuckles reverberated around the almost empty tiled room. Gareth just grinned at the other man for a while before he glanced downward, not able to stop himself. He sucked in his breath and glanced straight back towards the wall, not game to look at Ianto again. There was information in his mind that he didn’t want to process at that moment.

“Sorry, but I’ve not been able to go since we got here. It’s really starting to be painful,” he told Ianto, actually getting serious.

Ianto’s giggles subsided as he too glanced back up to stare at the tiles in front of him. He moved his feet, adjusting so that they didn’t get pins and needles. The last thing he needed was for his feet to seize up.

“Is it from that pill?” Gareth asked finally glancing at Ianto out of the corner of his eyes.

Ianto turned his head to look at Gareth and considered his response. He looked back at the wall and then glanced back at the actor. “No,” he said, but he was starting to suspect that this might be something he would need to take up with Jack when he got back. As he glanced back towards the wall, he couldn’t help but look down and sharply lifted his head back up to stare at the tiles again.
“Well, you can’t go. I can’t go and it bloody hurts. We both took that pill,” Gareth accused in a low tone. He lent forward and placed his other hand on the wall. “Fuck!”

Ianto looked upwards and stepped back from the urinal. He did up his pants and stepped over to Gareth and placed his hand on his shoulder.

“Go home.” Ianto gritted his teeth as another wave of pain went through his abdomen. He tried very hard not to grip the other man’s shoulder and let him know about the spasm of pain. He could feel Gareth shuddering under his hand. He dragged his hand off his shoulder. Gareth did himself up, his hands shaking, so it took a little longer. He also stepped backwards which meant he and Ianto were standing chest to shoulder, almost touching.

“You sure?” Gareth asked, “You wouldn’t lie to me?”

“No, it will be ok in the morning,” Ianto answered, trying to impart confidence he didn’t feel into his stare towards the other man’s blue eyes. “Go home,” he repeated. Gareth moved very slightly towards Ianto, looking deep into his eyes in return. In his mind he was sure that Ianto was lying to him, but he thought he was in the same amount of pain. Both men stared in silent communication for a brief period only inches apart and feeling the body heat of the other man. The door to the toilets swung open breaking the moment. Ianto swung around swiftly and started to walk towards the door with long strides as if there was something in the room he needed to get away from quickly. Gareth followed after a mumbled greeting to the man who had entered the room just moments ago. When Gareth exited the toilet it was to find Ianto pacing back and forth in the corridor. He stopped and looked at Gareth.

“What time do we start tomorrow?” he asked.

“I’ll meet you in the Plass by the Tower at 9.30,” Gareth replied, his hand dropping to just above his groin as he felt another sharp pain.

“Must have been those dodgy chips in the pub,” Ianto told him

“Did we have chips? I don’t remember chips.” Gareth looked suspiciously at Ianto.

“Yeah we did. Didn’t you say a friend was picking you up?” He asked Gareth.

Gareth glanced at his watch. “Shit, yeah. Ok, 9.30 tomorrow.”

Ianto turned to head back out through the rabbit warren of backstage corridors.

“We can go out the front,” Gareth pointed out.

“Oh.”

Ianto turned and followed Gareth out to the atrium and the front doors that were manned by a security guard.

“Night, Bill!” Gareth greeted the elderly man as he opened the door for them.

“Right, I have to run to meet Nic, see you tomorrow. Ow, shit” he grimaced

“It will be ok,” Ianto reassured, as he himself felt a spasm again and the pain shoot up somewhere he really didn’t want to feel that pain. It was almost continuous now. He didn’t want to show weakness or pain in front of Gareth so he just gritted his teeth.
Gareth looked at Ianto for a moment, before turning and jogging off across the Plass, one hand across his lower abdomen the whole time.

Ianto started to walk slowly towards the Water Tower, every step bringing him closer to the man that caused this pain with his stupid green pill.

Unbeknownst to the two men, the Cooakalin watched them both from afar. The Cooakalin was confused. The one who had been chosen had been split into two. It was wrong to the Cooakalin’s mind, two was not a correct number, one was the only number, it needed to be fixed. The split would have to be watched closely.

As Ianto walked around the side of the Water Tower, the Cooakalin lost sight of him. Ianto stepped towards a certain block. He stood just behind it and glanced at the CCTV Camera he knew Jack would be watching. His stomach and nether regions were experiencing strong continuous pain and he wasn’t interested in walking around to the tourist entrance. After a period of glaring at the camera he mouthed slowly so that Jack wouldn’t be able to miss it – “You let me in now, Jack Harkness.” and stepped onto the block.

The block started to lower into the ground and the young couple wrapped up in themselves as they walked past didn’t notice the man with the steely gaze slowly sinking into the ground below.
Chapter Summary

Jack discovers the consequences for his 'quick fix'. Ianto is not a happy, little camper.

Ianto stood very straight and rigid as the lift lowered into the Hub. As the spasms continued across his stomach very painfully into his groin, he continued to try and internalise the pain so that he would give no indication outwardly of it. He thought about the last time he had been on the lift. It had been a descent upwards and ended with him punching Jack in the face. His thoughts at this time were also revolving around the possible satisfaction of again doing the same. His hand clenched into a fist at his side and his blue eyes turning grey with anger.

As the lift lowered to the bottom of the Hub with a solid thunk, Ianto could feel the presence of Jack to his right, radiating concern. He took a deep breath, unclenched his fist, stepped straight off the platform and then gritted his teeth as another spasm jerked across and down his body.

Jack noticed the tightening of Ianto’s muscles and the sucking in of his cheeks as the younger man seemed to be holding something in. He stepped towards Ianto, hand outstretched to touch him.

“Don’t!” Ianto said tersely as he lifted up a hand to stop Jack touching him and also blocking his face with the hand. He didn’t want to look at Jack, he felt such anger boiling in his stomach and didn’t trust himself to behave with calm or even rationally. Jack stood on the spot waiting for a sign from Ianto that he could approach him again.

When the pain had subsided to a bearable amount that Ianto felt up to taking a step he turned and brushed straight past Jack, his sleeve brushing Jack’s. Jack turned his head to watch him walk past and noted the effort Ianto was making to ensure that there was no eye contact between the two of them. Ianto was striding quickly up the steps and past the workstations.

Jack turned to watch, noting the brisk, stiff pace he was walking at, just like when he left the theatre. He called across the hub to ask Ianto where he was going.

Ianto continued to ignore him, walking past the 70’s era couch and heading towards the toilet area when he stopped suddenly and doubled over, crying out in pain.

Jack immediately rushed up the steps in one leap and with two more long strides was next to Ianto. He bent over next to him and wrapped him gently in his arms. The touch of Jack was enough for Ianto to erupt upwards ignoring the pain in favour of pure white hot anger. Ianto threw his arms outwards to knock away the arms that were cradling him with solicitude and turned towards the man who was now planted on his arse on the floor of the Hub.

“Don’t touch me!” he growled menacingly leaning over the other man. “Don’t you touch me ever again.”

With that he spun on his heel and headed into the corridor towards the toilets leaving Jack sprawled on the floor.

He rushed into the nearest cubicle, flipped up the lid and again tried to relieve himself. It was
incredibly painful and every so often a flash of stronger pain would nearly cause him to drop to his knees. He braced himself with one hand on the cold tiles, head dropped to rest on his bicep as he stared down at the point of trouble. In order to take his mind off the pain he tried to memorise the feeling of the cold seeping into his finger tips, and imagining it seeping into his palm, running down his arm, across his shoulder, into his chest and down his stomach freezing the flashes of pain. He tried to damper the throbbing with a sensation of bone-chilling cold from his imagination. After a good couple of minutes where occasionally his mind won the battle, the frustration came too much and he punched the wall, twice. The second punch cracking the aged off-white tile, the force grazing his skin and causing some blood to seep to the surface.

“Fuck!” he breathed. He again tried to concentrate on the pain in his hand and tried to force, something, anything out of himself. He could feel the build up causing pressure on the head but no matter how hard he pushed or tried nothing was happening down below.

“Fuck, Fuck, Fuck,” he swore quietly again as he stood straight and dropped his head back to stare at the ceiling.

“Ianto?”

At the sound of his name drifting into the room, drawled quietly in that American accent he snapped his eyes back to pierce at the wall.

“Go. Away. Jack,” he enunciated carefully

“Ianto, please tell me what’s wrong? I saw Gareth in pain on the Plass too. What happened to you two?”

At the mention of Gareth’s name, Ianto gave up trying to piss and did up his pants. He stormed out of the cubicle, slamming that door behind him and hitting the bathroom outer door with both palms, slamming that one open and storming out into the corridor.

“What’s wrong?” he yelled at Jack. “What’s wrong? I’ll tell you what’s wrong, those pills were wrong. That’s what’s wrong. What were they, Jack? What did you do to us? You’d never hurt me, Jack, remember that? Well I fucking well hurt. I’ve never felt pain like this before and it’s your entire fault. You and your 51st century cures. Well I might be sober, but I would much rather deal with a hangover than this.”

On the final statement, Ianto shoved Jack fully in the chest, just like he had the door and stormed past him back into the central area of the Hub. Jack had stood in total shock while Ianto ranted at him almost nose to nose, the shove he was unprepared for and it sent him stumbling backwards. He lifted both hands to his head and gripping his hair into disorder “What have I done?” he asked himself.

Jack turned and hurried back following the path that Ianto had taken. When he entered the Hub, glancing around he saw Ianto curled into a ball on the couch, rocking back and forth and one hand pressed over his groin and stomach.

“Ianto, let me help,” he begged quietly as he knelt on the floor between the coffee table and the couch, making sure not to touch the man but close enough to if he was needed.

Ianto stopped rocking and lifted his head up to stare at Jack, the pain clear in his eyes. “Can you fix it, Jack?” he whispered.

“I can try.”

Ianto snorted at the response. “Well, it worked such a treat last time, sure I’m just going to let you
medicate me again with a little ‘wonder’ pill. At least Owen might have been a twat most of the time but he wouldn’t hurt one of us deliberately.”

At the mention of the fallen colleague and the accusation from Ianto, Jack sat back on his heels not knowing how to respond. Inside his stomach was twisting in a knot at the obvious pain Ianto was going through. He didn’t know how to fix it, he just wanted it stopped. He wanted Ianto to be alright.

The two men stared at each other, one with anger making his eyes an icy blue and the other trying to impart warmth and care from his stare.

Ianto groaned again as another pain flash shot through his groin. He dropped his head down and started to rock again.

“‘Ianto, come to bed,’” he pleaded, reaching out a hand to hover over Ianto’s back

“Pillock!” he thought he heard Ianto mutter, his suspicions were confirmed when Ianto continued with: “Pratt. Git. Twat. Plonker. Toss. One on each rocking motion. On the final one Ianto glanced up at Jack and enunciated it clearly so Jack couldn’t miss that Ianto was calling him names.

“Sex isn’t going to help,” he snapped.

Jack moved his hand from hovering over Ianto’s back to cradle the side of his face. “No, I didn’t mean that, Ianto,” he whispered. “Let me get you settled, let me help you? Please?”

Ianto hadn’t flinched away from his touch. Ianto had stopped the rocking but there was still enmity in his eyes and pressure being applied by his own hands on his stomach still. Jack took that as a positive.

“Please, let me help you,” he entreated Ianto again just as he saw another flash of pain across the younger man’s face.

“Fine,” Ianto breathed out, extending his long legs onto the floor. He still maintained the pressure on his groin with his hands. He glared at Jack, daring him to make a lewd comment, but there was only concern in Jack’s face. Jack saw that Ianto wasn’t going to give up on that pressure so reached behind and helped him stand. He moved to the side as he guided Ianto out from between the coffee table and the couch and towards the stairs that led to his office. They had to stop every so often when a stronger moment of pain would cause Ianto to falter. They made it up the stairs to the Office and Jack looked at the circle in the floor and wondered about the best way to get Ianto down to his bed.

“You go first and then help me,” Ianto told him. His clever Ianto, always one-step ahead of him with an invariably better plan. He led Ianto over to the space in the floor and carefully helped him to the ground. Jack quickly dropped down the ladder into his small room.

“C’mon Ianto,” he called upwards. He heard a muffled groan and then movement before a pair of worn sneakers appeared and flopped around as Ianto obviously manoeuvred himself closer to the gap but not willing to stand up or even rise to his knees. Jack stretched his arms upwards, ready to help in any way he could. The guilt was getting to him, he knew he had caused this and he didn’t know how to fix it. Ianto had managed to drop his legs down and Jack guided them to the rungs on the ladder. As he started to move down, Jack noticed that he had let go of his groin and was using his hands to help himself down. Ianto was now almost continuously shuddering in pain and he paused a few times on his descent. He finally made it to the bottom and he stood with his head resting on a cold metal rung of the ladder.
“Arrgghhh!” he cried as he dropped to the floor in agony, curling up into a ball again, trying to localise the pain in one spot and press on it until it went away.

“Ianto, Ianto!” Jack cried in terror as his hands brushed over Ianto, trying to soothe and he dropped down himself to hover over his lover in a protective cocoon.

“Oh God, I never meant to hurt you, Ianto. Those pills, we were always told to be careful and only use them in extreme circumstances. I knew that I had to have used them before as I only have a few left. But the memory of them are in my two-year gap. I’m so sorry, Ianto.”

At Jack’s explanation, Ianto started thrashing about to knock his hands off of him. Jack skittered back across the floor, only stopping when the bed forced him too. Ianto was a bundle of rage, that was now on all fours glaring at him like a hissing cat and like a cat he was as unpredictable as ever.


“Since I joined the Time Agency,” Jack told him. “Oh god, Ianto, I’m sorry.” He cried as he reached towards him again.

“Don’t you touch me. Ever again. You hear, Jack Harkness? Get out of my sight,” he roared as he stood up to his full height. Jack marvelled at how many people thought Ianto was harmless, a small man, when he knew better. But this Ianto scared the shit out of him. He was strong, in pain and not behaving like his Ianto. Jack scrambled to his feet.

“I was trying to help, we needed to help Gareth, remember? The Cooakalin? You scared me when you left with him.”

“Who sent me off with him?” Ianto snapped back, eyes flashing and mouth set in a hard line. “Who sent me off, to ‘get to know him better’? Who sent me off with no comms, no gun? Who sent me off with another man whose arse you had just admired? Who sent me off with 51st Century drugs in my system that are God knows how old and out of date? Who sent me off into a new place where there are no cameras in all the places we need? Where will I be? Who says they care for me, but sends me somewhere with no backup, no communication apart from my mobile and no way of watching? No wonder you keep losing team members, Jack. Start thinking with your head and not the one in your pants for once!”

Jack made the mistake of reaching out to touch Ianto, to try and reassure him after the attack of words. The Captain once again felt the punishing right hook of Ianto Jones. He went crashing back onto the bed. The sight of Jack sprawled there, with his hand raised to his bleeding lip, only raised Ianto’s ire even more.

“Go and sleep elsewhere, you are not wanted in my bed. Sleep on the couch, better yet go sleep with Myfanwy, and I hope she kicks you out too.” Ianto started to stalk towards Jack when he doubled over in pain again.

“Go, get out of my sight,” he growled again when he saw the Captain’s boots hit the floor and move towards him. “Out!” he shouted around the pain. He heard the Captain move past him, hesitate slightly and then head up the ladder.

Ianto crawled to the bed that was now more familiar to him than his own in his flat. He calculated in his head the number of nights he spent here now in comparison to his own place. The numbers helping to soothe his mind. He curled up on the bed with his feet dangling off the side. He pushed the sneakers off easily by using the opposing foot. The sound of the sneakers hitting the floor one at
a time echoing in the little room. With shaking hands, he unzipped the top and pulled it off, letting it fall. His hands next went to the jeans and the belt slung low. It was a work of a moment to undo then both and wriggle out of them, kicking them onto the floor. Ianto was left in his underwear and a t-shirt. He pulled the covers down and around him and curled up underneath, still shuddering with the pain.

Jack watched intently on his screen in his office, Ianto’s words hurting more than he wanted to admit. The crystal decanter stood on the desk in front of him, beckoning him to have one drink, to drown his pain in the sweet burning sensation. He wanted nothing more than to go down back into that hole and curl up around Ianto, to take his pain into himself. The man meant the world to Jack and again, like regular, Jack had stuffed it up. Jack continued to watch Ianto turning and twisting in pain for what felt like hours. He didn’t glance at a clock, he didn’t glance at his watch, he just focused entirely on the man in his bed. In their bed.

“No, no, no,” Ianto cried as his hands grabbed his groin and he tried to roll out of the bed, the sheets tangling around his legs. “Christ, shit, aww,” Ianto cried again as he finally managed to untangle his legs and raced towards the small bathroom just to the side of Jack’s bedroom, with both hands wrapped tightly around the top of his cock.

For the first time Jack glanced away from the screen towards his room down below. He lifted slightly from his chair but remembered Ianto’s anger. He dropped back down and turned back to the screen watching the door space and wishing he had placed a camera in his bathroom. He had previously thought of doing so on his private CCTV line, the one Tosh had never found, but once Ianto moved in he didn’t need to relieve their moments in the dark of the night.

An unearthly scream rent the air and Jack leapt from his chair, sending it flying back against the wall to crash onto the floor, the wheels spinning. Jack was oblivious to this as he dropped through the hole straight down to the ground and sprinted like he never had before to the bathroom. The sight that greeted him was of Ianto, one hand around his cock aiming as best he could for the toilet, the other resting on the top of the cistern holding him upright as much as possible. His legs were of minimal use as they were bent at the knee and he was whimpering and crying as he peed into the bowl. “Make it stop, make it stop,” he was repeating over and over.

Jack rushed in and wrapped his arm around Ianto’s midriff to help support him while he kept crying and repeating the litany. Jack pressed tight kisses into Ianto’s sweaty neck at the point just below his ear. Whispering nothing and whispering everything to his lover, to provide comfort and support.

Ianto kept relieving himself for near on 10 mins. It was a steady strong flow and Jack noted with horror as it finally started to slow that there was blood mixed in as well.

“Ianto, slow down, let it stop, stop it,” he implored. His words seemed to work as it slowed to a trickle and Ianto collapsed fully down. Jack having to use both hands to hold him up as well as he could. He managed to lift Ianto into his arms, although it was awkward he carried him back to the bed. Ianto seemed to have passed out, so he gently lay him down before heading back to the bathroom to grab a face cloth and wet it. He raced back to the bed, not wanting to be apart from Ianto for too long. He gently washed the blood and urine off of Ianto. Taking as much care as he could. He resolved to destroy those pills as soon as he made it back to his office. As he leaned up to kiss Ianto on the forehead he murmured, “I am so sorry Ianto. I-I love you.”

“Still not sleeping here,” he heard Ianto mumble back. “Don’t forgive you, go away.”

Jack straightened and headed back to the bathroom. He threw the cloth into the bin and cleaned up the mess, flushing the toilet, sending the evidence of Ianto’s pain out into the sewers.
He walked back into the room and watched his love finally succumb to sleep, the pain gone from his beautiful features. When he thought that Ianto was finally deep into sleep, he quietly climbed back up the ladder into his office. He retrieved the pills from their hiding place and lay them out on his desk. He lifted up one hand and smashed each pill into dust, one at a time. He then swept the dust into his palm and dumped it into the bin. He took a few papers off his desk, crumpled them up and dumped them on top of the green dust. He resolved to be the one to clean up the bins tomorrow. He leant back into his chair, thinking of all that Ianto accused him of tonight. Of all his team, it was Ianto who knew how to hurt him the easiest and with the most accuracy. The others used weapons, Ianto’s weapon of choice was words. Used sparingly and with deadly accuracy. One comment out of many sprang to his attention and after a quick glance to ascertain Ianto still slept soundly Jack bounded out of his office with purpose, heading for the Archives and the area where Tosh’s possessions were stored. Neither Ianto nor he had the desire to touch the boxes let alone move them to the storage facility. Tosh belonged at the Hub and neither was willing to let her presence go just yet. He found what he was looking for quickly and carefully he put all back in their place as if it had never been disturbed. After a quick check on Ianto he headed for the lift. As it rose upwards Myfanwy stirred in her nest.

“Watch him for me?” Jack asked as the lift moved past her. Her eyes glittering in the dark and Jack thought he felt her nod. The lift entered the Plass and he took off towards the Millennium Centre at a run.
Ianto woke slowly, the memories of the night before seeping back into his consciousness. He lifted up his hand to inspect the damage from breaking the tile. He noted that the blood had been cleaned away and all that remained from his frustration was broken skin on his knuckles. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed something lying on the bedside table that didn’t belong. He turned his head to see a small posy resting on the dark wood.

“Oh Jack,” he whispered as he reached out to lift up the posy, or as he knew Jack liked to call them a tussie mussie. The rhyme and silliness lifting the shadows from his eyes as he sat up in the bed and lifted the tussie mussie to his upturned nose to smell the combination. He knew that it wasn’t the combination of scents that was important, it was the combination of the flowers themselves. At the heart of the posy were four Roses, two red and two white, surrounded by white daffodils. Then red Amaranth’s and Peonies interspersed with golden yellow and green Rue and bound together with Ivy. Unity, chivalry, immortal love, secrets, regret and dependence. An apology from Jack and an expression of his feelings. For all his bravado and bluster Jack was deeply romantic and loved that Ianto knew what he was saying when he left little posys for him to find. Ianto smiled at the other times that Jack had left him flowers, in places that he hoped the rest of the team would find before Ianto himself could. Ianto always managed to find them first and bring them down here, to sit beside their bed. He accepted Jack’s apology as he took another deep breath of the heady scent of the roses but he wasn’t going to forgive him just yet. Ianto swung his legs out of the bed noting the lack of underwear while still dressed in the t-shirt. He chuckled at Jack leaving him clothed on his torso but bare from the waist down. He walked over to the small dresser and lifted the heavy crystal vase. He nearly dropped it, as he was still feeling weak, so he placed it carefully back down, placed the posy gently on the polished wood of the 40’s era dresser and lifted the vase with both hands. He walked to the bathroom and filled the vase with water and walked back to the bedroom. He stopped between the bedside table and the dresser, trying to decide where to place it. In his mind he finally decided to place it on the dresser to let Jack know that he appreciated the flowers but there was still a way to go between the two.

Ianto headed back to the bathroom to shower and looked with trepidation at the toilet. He pulled his t-shirt off and headed into the shower, making sure it was hotter than normal. He needed to feel the warmth flowing all around. Once finished and noting the absence of the face washer, he reached for a towel. After drying himself off he headed back into the bedroom. There on the now made bed, laid out neatly was another pair of jeans, t-shirt and jumper with a hood, underwear and socks and the sneakers, sitting on the floor side by side. Ianto shook his head with a little smile and proceeded to dress.

Jack was sitting at his desk, looking at papers when Ianto climbed up the ladder. Ianto knew that look well, he had just been doing something that he didn’t want Ianto to know about or get caught doing. He suspected that he had been watching him on the CCTV. Jack looked up at Ianto, a question on his face. Ianto shook his head from side to side to let Jack know that he still wasn’t forgiven. His next words proved it.
“The pills?” he asked holding out his hand.

“Gone,” Jack replied as he sat back deeper into his chair that he had swivelled to face Ianto.

Ianto raised that one eyebrow that Jack was very familiar with. The two men continued to look at each other until Ianto gave a slight nod of acknowledgement of the truth of Jack’s statement and moved towards the desk, perching himself on one end.

“So anything further on the Cooakalin?” He asked Jack

“Gwen and I will go look over the other gifts when she gets in. It seems that there is a pattern in the number of gifts given.”

“A pattern? Not just the materials?”

“Look, don’t think about it, go get breakfast. We will talk about it when Gwen gets here. Don’t protest, go eat, make some of your fabulous coffee.”

Ianto smiled at the last comment and would normally have protested more but he was still feeling the effects of the day and the night before. Food and coffee would be very welcome. He headed off to provide some sustenance for himself as he remembered the instant coffee he made yesterday evening at the Centre with a shudder.

Jack and Ianto busied themselves with avoiding each other until Gwen arrived just before 9am. Gwen started to ask Ianto how he was, a look of concern on her face, but Ianto stopped her with a smile, a gentle nod and an “I’m ok.”

All three convened in Jack’s office, as they all felt uncomfortable just the three of them meeting in the Board room, or as Owen had dubbed it the ‘Bored room.’ Ianto brought them up to date on what he had seen the night before, the people that he had met and the layout of the main areas in respect to possible surveillance issues. He didn’t mention that Burn looked just like Owen and he also neglected to let Gwen know about his intimate knowledge of the majority of toilets on level one of the Millennium Centre.

Ianto then asked about the pattern of the gifts that Jack talked about earlier. Gwen updated him on what she had discovered yesterday from what he brought up from the Archives, that there seemed to be a consistent number of gifts from the three previous cases that were in the file. Ianto let her know that there were some more files down in the Archives, but before he could offer to get them for her he realised that he needed to meet Gareth by the Tower. He told Gwen where to find the other files and headed for the cog door. He glanced back as he walked through to find Jack standing at the door to his office watching him with his hands in his pocket, trying to do his nonchalant “I’m not really watching you” lean against the door jamb. Ianto took a deep breath and turned about and walked through the door.

Gareth was wandering around the water tower, with his hands in his pocket of his baggy jeans when Ianto came running towards him. The two men stopped about a metre apart and paused to look at each other with wary eyes. The silence was broken by Gareth.

“So… no side-effects apparently?” he asked with a quick raise of one eyebrow.

“When did you…?” Ianto asked quietly

“About two am,” he replied curtly

“Me too.” The response was quietly given, Ianto glancing downwards, not quite able to meet the
“Look, don’t we need to be at the Centre?” Ianto glanced back up and asked the question with some semblance of his professional demeanour returning. “A stalker to catch?”

“Sure, just don’t let that Captain of yours near me again anytime soon.” Gareth responded as he walked towards Ianto to start the short walk across the Plass. Ianto turned to join him, their strides matching as they walked in companionable silence towards the bronze and glass building that was shining in the morning light. As they walked alongside the building to the small door they used yesterday Ianto quietly said: “Don’t worry, he is being dealt with.”

Gareth stopped to take out his card to enter the building and glanced at Ianto’s set face. A broad grin appeared across Gareth’s face. “Oh, I think you can deal with him fine, just as long as the punishment is worse than the crime!”

Ianto laughed at the look of evil on Gareth’s countenance, so it was two grinning young men that entered the Centre, just like a mirror of the previous day. This time there was no crash from the kitchen area or any other disturbances as they made their way to the dressing room. It was thankfully empty so Gareth hurried over to his space and picked up the script that was left on his table with a note from Davey. He turned and tossed it at Ianto.

“Here, you are going to need this. Davey left it for you. Time for Green room.” He announced as he walked back towards Ianto after picking up his own well worn copy.

“There was nothing else?” the quiet Welshman asked as they walked back into the corridor.

“Nah, anything that has been left, has been left closer to mid afternoon from what we can figure. They have all been pretty well the same time as I said to the police. That’s why they looked at all the CCTV I suppose?”

Ianto nodded at the last comment

“Are you going to tell me anything?” Gareth asked. At the look from Ianto he received, he continued. “Sorry, I know you can’t but I would like to be kept updated because it is slightly odd. I’ve never had a stalker before and you read such weird stuff about them.”

“We will find them,” Ianto reassured him reaching out to grasp the other’s arm and sliding his thumb across the bicep in what he hoped was a soothing gesture.

The two had stopped at Ianto’s holding onto Gareth’s arm. Ianto dropped his hand away and they continued with Gareth slightly leading the way. They turned one more corner and a cacophony of noise could be heard from a room up ahead.

“Brace yourself, room full of actors ahead!” Gareth flashed one of his cheeky grins Ianto’s way. Ianto flashed him a responding smile and it was with those identical smiles of joy that the two men entered the room bringing the noise to a close when those within the room caught sight of the two of them and their secret grins at each other.

Gareth took note of the silence and grinned at the room in general “What?” he asked. When he was still greeted by silence he laughed and pull Ianto next to him.

“This is Ianto, Ianto Jones. He’s going to take over Greg’s place. Play nicely you lot!”

Ianto stumbled forward when Gareth grabbed him but stood poker straight until he collected himself and relaxed his postures slightly, trying to mimic Gareth and unconsciously making more than one
person in the room hold their breath in shock.

Burn broke the silence “Well, we have a newbie, he must be educated,” he said as he walked towards the two of them, extending his hand. “Nice to see you again.”

Ianto was prepared this time and happily shook his hand. Gareth had moved over to sit on top of a table placed against the wall. “Ianto needs a coffee, he really needs a coffee,” Gareth told the room.

“No, I’m fine, I’ve had a coffee already today,” he told Gareth, shaking his head. Ianto was not looking forward to a full day here with only instant available. He wanted the taste and flavour of his to last as long as possible.

A chorus of voices, all extolling the same thing, that he had to have a coffee right now, drowned his protest out. He looked to Gareth for sympathy or help but the other man was grinning wickedly.

A hand touched just below his shoulder, he turned to see Burn smiling at him with a soft smile so unlike anything he had ever seen in Owen’s repertoire of expressions. “Any newbie has to learn a Tim Tam Slam if they are going to be a part of this company.”

“A what?” he asked in confusion.

“Gareth, you didn’t warn your friend about our glorious camptastic Director, did you?” a gravely voice interceded. Ianto turned away from Burn to find a portly man in his late forties looking at him with interest. Hazel eyes were twinkling at him. “I’m Toby, I play Egeon, apparently I spawned that thing over there.” He nodded towards Gareth.

Ianto thought the man was well named. If anyone optimised a Toby jug brought to life it was this man. His voice sounded like it was laughing each word. He couldn’t help but smile back at him. While smiling at the man he discovered another man standing in front of him with a Styrofoam cup and the strong smell of instant coffee within.

“Here, this is for you. I’m David, Solinus the Dook,” he announced with a little waggle of his head. This man was taller and older than him but was built more along the lines of Burn.

Ianto placed his hands in front of his chest to protest again that he didn’t want any coffee, but found that the cup was placed in one hand and his other hand was grabbed and a chocolate covered rectangle biscuit was placed in his other hand. He looked to Gareth again, who was trying to cover laughter at the expression of fright on Ianto’s face.

“Ianto is a snob about coffee, he has ‘standards’!” Gareth told the others. The rest of the people in the room had all seemed to start to converge towards where Ianto was standing and it was making him nervous. He recognised the chocolate as being the same as the packet that Davey had put on the tray last night.

“He might have standards but after this he won’t look at a cup of coffee the same way again.” He heard a soft soothing female voice from behind him.

There was a burst of laughter in agreement around him.

“Look, bite the corners off each part of the Tim Tam,” he was told by Toby.

“The what?” he asked.

“That is a Tim Tam,” David said, who was pointing at the biscuit that was starting to melt in his hand. “Just little bites,” he coaxed Ianto.
“Tim Tam, isn’t that what you called the Director?” he asked Gareth.

“Yeah, and apparently he is well named after his native biscuit,” Gareth smugly replied. “I think you will be a natural at this Ianto.” He too adding his voice to the multitudes that were telling him to bite the two opposite corners.

He knew he wasn’t going to get out of this room alive if he didn’t do what the mob were telling him so he lifted the biscuit up to his mouth and took a small bite out of the corner. The chocolate, wafer like biscuit and mousse like middle all tingling his taste buds delightfully. His look of pleasure at the taste must have been obvious as Gareth burst into laughter again.

“Other end too, but only a small bite, remember,” he told Ianto. The biscuit tasted so nice he wanted to take a larger bite but he did as he was told and looked at Toby and the others with a question on his face as to what to do now.

“Put one corner into the coffee, the other in your mouth and suck away. When the coffee hits your mouth, take the Tim Tam out and put it in your mouth quickly,” David told him.

Ianto looked at the instant coffee with trepidation, the biscuit tasted so nice he didn’t want to mar its flavour with the bland instant coffee. But he did as was told, placed the biscuit into the coffee, but only just in. He then took the other end of the biscuit into his mouth, his lips closing firmly over the chocolate and sucked. The room was in silence as they watched his cheeks suck inwards. The taste of the filling sucking up into his mouth and the enhancement that the coffee gave it was almost pure pleasure to Ianto. At the first hint of the coffee, he did as he had been told and flipped the whole biscuit into his mouth. He closed his eyes to savour the taste. Unbeknownst to him the room was silent as the others watched the look of pure pleasure on his face that recently only Jack had been witness to.

Gareth was leaning forward intently, blue eyes like ice as he stared at that face.

Ianto was the first to speak as he opened his eyes and looked directly at Gareth. “My god, that almost makes up for the crap coffee,” he breathed.

The intent look on Ianto’s face was mesmerising. “No wonder you can lead Jack around by the nose,” Gareth commented.

Ianto tensed slightly at the mention of Jack.

“Jack?” someone asked.

“His boyfriend,” Gareth grinned wickedly at Ianto’s uncomfortable look. “Show him that trick and he’ll be begging you to do what ever he wants. Oh, sorry boys and girls, this one is very taken.” He gestured towards Ianto who was standing silently, waiting to see the reactions around him.

“Oh, that might explain it.” Burn said.

“Explain what?” Ianto asked

Davey entering the room stopped Burn from answering a question he really didn’t want to.

“Gareth, Ianto,” he said. “Tim wants to see you two first, ok?” Davey then looked to the to others and noticing Ianto’s palm still sticky with chocolate. “I see he’s been initiated,” he smiled. “Tim said the rest of you, working on the scene we did last yesterday. Meryl’s fixed the lighting issues so just need to recheck.”
Gareth had jumped off the table and walked towards Ianto at the summoning of the two of them. He took Ianto by the arm. “C’mon,” he said as he took the coffee from Ianto’s hand and walked him to the door. He chucked the coffee into the bin by the door as the two of them exited, Davey watching as they walked out.

They left silence behind them as the group waited until they were sure the two were out of earshot before erupting into a clamour of questions and statements being fired towards Burn.

“They are identical!”

“Boyfriend, eh?”

“Pity.”

“Why won’t he admit they are twins and what’s with the different names?” the quiet female voice asked.

It was this question that Burn answered. “He must have been disowned, boyfriend and all.”

“That’s sad,” the petite woman responded. She stood out from her fellow actors in her tailored clothes and very high heels. “He seems so lovely and I wouldn’t have picked him for gay.”

“I would after watching him suck away on the Tim Tam. Seriously don’t let Tim see him do that or that ‘Jack’ of his will have serious competition.” A husky voiced round woman said. “Makes sense that Gareth got all the hetero genes out of the two. That boy attracts women like flies and is so naughty.”

The group laughed at the memory of Ianto’s skill, he did appear particularly adept at the Tim Tam Slam.

“Sara, no teasing Ianto. He’s obviously not comfortable about it and I think Gareth shouldn’t have said anything. He seems such a lovely boy and wants to spend time with his brother. We should leave the two alone.” The petite women admonished her fellows.

“You are right Naoko, we will let those two spend time together. But oh boy I want to see this Jack, would have to be a right stunner to capture that one.”
Jack sat with his mobile to his ear at his desk. He had just returned from helping Gwen bring up the other files from the Archives that Ianto suspected also had information relating to other Cooakalin kidnappings. He wasn’t happy about being away from his desk and his ability to monitor Ianto closely. Gwen had set up the files up in the Board room and Jack left her there, with a word to contact him as soon as she found something. As he left the Board room he pulled his mobile out and dialled a number. When it was answered on the other end he introduced himself and put in a request. By this stage he was sitting at his desk again and turned the chair to see the monitor, while he was waiting for the request to be filled he started flicking through the various CCTV properties til he found the one he was looking for. He watched two men walking down a corridor. His concentration increased when he saw one of them lift his left hand, look at his palm and then lick it, not once, but three times. The other man lifted his head back and laughed at the antics. This amused response caused the other man to push him on the arm. From there the two of them continued their walk towards their destination with playful pushing occurring along the way. On the mobile Jack could hear papers being moved around and a pen tapping on a desk in a beat he never wanted to hear again. Thankfully it was slightly off.

He watched as the two entered a door, the one that laughed entering first. When the second man entered the room an exclamation was heard down the mobile.

“Strewth, you weren’t wrong about him being perfect for the job! Attack of the bloody clones!” the harsh voice whispered into the phone, Jack noticed the elongating of each vowel, not musical like the welsh he so loved but more like a blunt forced trauma with words.

“Tim, meet Ianto.” He heard Ianto being introduced by Gareth.

“Pleased to meet you, Sir,” his polite Welshman responded. Jack could imagine him with his hand stretched out, a polite mien upon his face, that little smile of welcome and secrets he did so well.

“Right,” Jack heard the Aussie Director say, “this is for you.”

“Hello?” Ianto’s voice with a note of confusion was heard clearly down the phone.

“Ianto, if you need to contact me or Gwen for anything Tim has our numbers. I don’t like having you there with limited ability to contact us.”

“Sure Jack. It’s a good idea.”

There was a short pause before Jack couldn’t but help asking, “What did you get on your palm?”

Another pause and he heard Ianto excuse himself from the room.

“Jack, are you watching?” he asked as he entered back into the corridor where Jack could once again see him on the monitor.
“Maybe…” he replied, smiling at Ianto’s stance, his “you are in trouble” stance. Feet planted firmly apart, hand on him and staring right at the CCTV camera.

“I’m supposed to be undetectable Jack, I’m supposed to fit in. You calling to check up on me will not help.”

“Ianto, why did you lick your palm three times?”

“Jack, it’s none of your business.” He snapped as he closed the phone and gave one final glare and an eyebrow raise at the camera before entering the room again and out of Jack’s vision.

Jack leant back into his chair, pulled some papers off his desk, plonked them on his lap and started to go through them, glancing regularly up at the screen, waiting for Ianto to appear again.

It was a number of minutes before all three men re-entered the corridor and headed off towards what Jack knew was the Weston room, which was the rehearsal space as well as later going to be the performance space. He watched Ianto pull a bound book out of his back pocket and start to read as he followed the other two men who were chatting away. Jack thought it had to be the script and knew his partner would be filing away the words in that amazing memory of his. He was better at numbers but still could amaze Jack with his ability to recall details and facts. All three entered the rehearsal space and Jack reached over to change camera view to one of the room. It held many people wandering around, all with a purpose it seemed. Jack was fascinated to watch them swarm around like ants. The calm people appeared to be Tim and Gareth with Ianto standing behind them, finally his attention being taken from the words to the action happening around him. Gareth turned and gestured for Ianto to follow him over towards the other actors. Jack watched as Ianto was directed to sit on a barrel to the side of what appeared to be the stage area. Other actors were already blocking out a scene with the lighting crew seeming to be involved. For a while Gareth and Ianto stood to the side with it appearing to be that Gareth was telling Ianto what was happening around them. He noticed how close the two were to each other. Gareth almost touching Ianto as he leant against the barrel and gestured towards one person or another.

Early in his observation Jack was startled out of his chair.

Ianto and Gareth were laughing quietly while watching the Director throw his arms around and gesture loudly towards those on the stage. A petite woman in very high heels had materialised next to the two, Gareth turned to her with a smile and Ianto fell off the barrel at the sight of the woman. At Ianto’s clumsiness Jack raised in his chair to try and get a view of the woman from the front. Her swinging dark hair and her grace as she reached towards Ianto to help him up reminded Jack so much of Tosh. It was those silly high heels, so out of place amongst the relaxed and comfortable clothing of most of the cast and crew that had Jack perplexed. When the woman turned and he saw her face, Jack imitated Ianto and fell out of his own chair, papers flying in the air. He stood up and moved as close as he could to the monitor while still keeping the whole in view. Ianto’s eyes seemed to widen to almost Gwen proportions as he towered over the petite woman grinning up at him. Gareth seemed to be doing some explanations or introductions and Ianto calmed down and talked to the woman who started chatting merrily back and gesturing at those around her. Jack moved backwards towards his chair, groped behind him to make sure it was where he left it and sat down while not once removing his eyes from the monitor. When the woman moved away and Ianto settled back onto the barrel, after being helped by Gareth with solicitude, only then did Jack glance away from the monitor to collect the papers that he had thrown willy nilly in his surprise.

Jack sat in that chair for the rest of the morning, starting at the two men, papers strewn across his lap forgotten. Gareth had been called away from Ianto and Jack watched them both while Gareth worked and Ianto watched alternating between the script and the play being revealed before them.
Jack saw his lips moving to follow the words of the Bard as Gareth spoke them. Jack’s only movements were to make the camera follow the boys every move while Gwen studiously worked away in the Board room.

She had made meticulous notes and piles, discarding those files that were not Cooakalin off to one chair to be returned later. By the time her stomach started to growl she seemed to have sorted out the pattern. She collected up the relevant files and headed out of the Board room with it’s feeling of warmth from all the wood in the room. It always amused her that for being so involved in technology here at Torchwood that Ianto when outfitting the room included all different types of wood to juxtapose against the tech. That the style was unmistakably a homage to the 40’s should have let the team know his depth of feeling towards Jack, even after he had left. It was with those thoughts and a gentle smile on her face as she entered Jack’s office silently to again make him squawk and drop his neglected paper work for the second time.

“Jack, are you spying on them?” she asked with a big grin, showing off her endearing gap tooth smile.

“No,” he said, trying to get her believe him. He gave up fairly quickly at her look and admitted, “well, yes.”

“Jack, Ianto can look after himself or do you just like watching two of them?” she asked with a cheeky lilt to her voice.

“We have no way of being in immediate contact Gwen. There has been no visual on the Cooakalin and he looks identical to Gareth. I just want to keep an eye out. What’s in the files?”

“Oh, I think I’ve figured out the pattern,” she explained happily as she came forward and placed them on the desk and sat in the chair opposite Jack.

“They leave the same number of gifts each time. After the final gift is found, the person is gone.”

“How many has Gareth received?”

“I’m not sure, Ianto stored them away when you first brought them back. I don’t think he put them in the safe though, I think he went to the Archives. He said they were just decorative only, it was the Cooakalin’s version of flowers and non-edible chocolate.” Gwen’s stomach reacted to the mention of food and growled its hunger.

Jack raised one eyebrow but then had to laugh himself when his own stomach chimed in with its own displeasure at being ignored too.

“I’ll go get us something to eat then?” Gwen offered. “Leave you to your voyeurism, hmm?”

Jack just smirked at her as she stood and left the room. He heard the cog wheel opening as he turned back to the screen to find the room empty. He started flicking through all the various cameras to try and find Ianto and Gareth. There were many people in the centre, and he finally found Tim on screen with some of the others that he recognised in a restaurant but Gareth and Ianto were nowhere to be seen. After another two minutes of frustration, as he continued to search frantically for a sight of them, he looked back to the Weston room and the corridor outside and finally saw the two. Gareth waved to Ianto who appeared to be heading for the main area. Gareth then turned and headed backstage. Jack was unsure who to watch, but he stayed with Ianto who walked out into the main foyer and headed out the front doors. As he walked across the Plass towards the tourist office, Jack lifted a hand to his ear and contacted Gwen.
“Make that three for lunch, Ianto’s taking a break.”

He quickly turned the monitor off the CCTV and started trying to sort the paperwork into some semblance of an order so that Ianto might think he was actually working this morning, instead of being totally fascinated by the two of them.

Jack fidgeted as he heard the cog wheel door alarms go off and the door start to slide back, he prepared to look busy when Ianto entered his office. He was still looking at the same piece of paper with no idea what was on there when Gwen poked her head in the door. “Well, are you coming to get lunch, or what?” she asked.

Jack stood and followed Gwen out into the main area of the hub. Ianto was lounging on the couch, one foot on the coffee table and a wrap in both his hands. He was smirking at a comment from Gwen who dropped down next to him and picked up her own wrap. Gwen indicated his lunch and Jack pulled a chair over and proceeded to eat his own lunch listening to the banter between Ianto and Gwen as Ianto described his day and the characters. He told Gwen about the play being rehearsed, Shakespeare’s Comedy of Errors. How Gareth had to be two people, twin brothers. At the mention of Gareth playing twins, Gwen flickered a glance Jack’s way, but he just shook his head to let her know not to comment. Ianto kept happily telling funny anecdotes but Jack noticed he did not once mention the woman who looked like Tosh. They had finished their lunch and were happily just chatting. Gwen brushing off bits of lettuce and carrot that she had missed, Ianto folding his napkin neatly. Well in truth, Gwen and Ianto were chatting about inconsequential things, Ianto about the actors and crew, Gwen about some silliness Rhys and Banana Boat were planning. Jack just sat back and listened to his two colleagues, his friend and his lover.

When Jack finally made a comment, Ianto’s gaze finally flickered towards him.

“Coffee?” he asked, but before receiving a reply he stood and walked over to his station in the far corner.

“Jack!” Gwen hissed

“What? I didn’t do anything!” he hissed back

“Well, Ianto’s annoyed at you and you would have done something.”

“If he’s annoyed at me, he can punish me. He’s not a gentle flower, Gwen.”

They both sat back in their chairs, arms crossed and glaring at each other.

Ianto returned with three cups on a tray, Jack noticed his favourite blue and white striped mug was there and a packet of biscuits. Ianto placed the tray carefully on the table, around the books and junk that always seemed to find a home on it. He sat down next to Gwen again and picked up the packet of biscuits and pulled one of them out. Jack hadn’t seen those biscuits before.

“What’s that?” Gwen asked.

“Heaven,” Ianto replied.

“Heaven?”

“Yup,” was the response she got as Ianto bit off a corner and then turned the biscuit around and bit off the opposite corner. He then lifted up his cup of coffee, dunked the biscuit just into the cup and sucked on the other end. Ianto’s eyes lifted to Jack’s and he didn’t break contact as he sucked his delicious coffee up through the middle of the chocolate goodness in one long move and when the
coffee reached his mouth, he flipped the whole biscuit into his mouth. His eyes finally closing in ecstasy as he devoured the biscuit. He opened his eyes to again stare at Jack who was open mouthed and staring right back. Jack couldn’t breathe as he watched Ianto’s clever mouth perform the trick with the chocolate biscuit. He felt restriction in his pants as he remembered other things Ianto’s mouth could do that normally didn’t involve chocolate.

“Oh, that looks so wicked. Show me.” Gwen demanded.

“Sure. Rhys will love you for this. Wouldn’t he, Jack?” Ianto looked to Jack with an expression that Ianto rarely showed in front of the team. Jack had seen it when Ianto got the wickedest thoughts in his head and had a new idea for that stopwatch, or a game to play that Jack knew he had to find a way to cheat at, as there was no way he could beat Ianto fair and square. Jack gulped and knew that Ianto was punishing him still. It was erotic and Jack wanted to be that biscuit very badly. He had to leave or else Ianto would make him squirm even more in front of Gwen than he already was. He stood up and stalked back to his office, now with a good idea why Ianto was licking his palm earlier.

“Well now we have gotten rid of Captain Grumpy Pants,” Ianto grinned at Gwen.

She burst into laughter at the description of Jack. “Captain Grumpy Pants indeed!” she agreed. “Now show me this.”

Ianto showed her how to do a Tim Tim Slam, after one go she managed it successfully. Both of them had to lick the melted chocolate off their hands and they kept giggling through the attempts to get all of it off their palms. As they relaxed back onto the couch Ianto asked how the research had gone. Gwen told him of the number of gifts that were standard for all the disappearances. She asked him where the gifts were that had been collected from Gareth. Ianto told her where to find them and some clues to look for in other gifts that were in storage to identify the materials that were common to the Cooakalin. Ianto glanced at his watch and realised it was time to be back at the rehearsal. He smiled goodbye to Gwen and told her to leave Captain Grumpy Pants not doing his paperwork in his office. Gwen laughed and headed off to the Archives to find the gifts and start matching them to previous gifts in storage as well. Ianto headed back out the Tourist door with a smile on his face. He had enjoyed the morning and was looking forward to spending more time at the theatre.

The Cooakalin watched covertly when the first one walked into the restaurant and the other left the building. The Cooakalin had seen the two walk away from each other and was confused where the last gift had disappeared to. That gift would be perfect to solve the problem. There needed to be only one. Always only one. They would find the gift again soon. The problem would be solved. The Cooakalin felt happy and close to the objective, it was clear now. Only one.
Lead-In

Chapter Summary

A weevil goes shopping and Gwen makes a discovery.

Jack spent most of the afternoon back in his chair and watching the screen intently. At least this time he did manage to pay attention occasionally to the paperwork but his glances towards the paper were considerably shorter than those at the screen.

Ianto and Gareth spent the majority of the afternoon rehearsing. At one stage Gareth pulled Ianto away from the security of his barrel and made him work with him, Tim and Naoko on blocking out a scene between the two. The other actors were all off on the other side of the room working on other parts of the play, but Tim was concentrating it seemed on this one scene with Naoko and Gareth for the afternoon. Ianto was hesitant at first, partly to do with the Tosh look-alike in front of him, but with some gentle coaxing from Gareth and a wide grin from Naoko, he started to relax and enjoyed himself. The scene involved a few longer speeches and took most of the afternoon to work around it. Back at the hub Jack watched his lover smile and relax. Jack knew that Ianto had been the strong one for he and Gwen after their recent loss and he was happy to see Ianto being the man that normally only Jack saw in the dark of night, alone together.

Gwen had finally managed to pull all the relevant boxes from the Archives where Ianto had told her they would be. She knew from her many walks past Jack’s office that afternoon that he was still watching the CCTV. It made her smile how carefree Jack made Ianto. For someone who was younger than her, he was so reserved and polite that she suspected he wasn’t all human when she first started working at Torchwood. But over her time she now knew that there was a very caring man under that suit and politeness. Even more so, there was a really wicked sense of humour. She was glad to have him as a friend and without him she thought both her and Jack would have not been able to cope after those first few days of loss. Now thinking back she marvelled at how he held himself together for his friends and wondered at the core of steel in him. She hoped that now Jack was being his strength.

When she first joined she was thrown by Jack and his flirting and that personality. Occasionally now, when the two thought they were unobserved, she caught glimpses of how calm Ianto made him. It had always been so that Jack couldn’t help looking at Ianto from the start she had noticed, but now it seemed he still couldn’t help it, even when there was a long distance between them. Something had happened with the two of them last night after she left and Jack was Captain Grumpy Pants and Ianto was punishing him. But they had a case to solve and the mystery of the actor who was the spitting image of Ianto.

Gwen stopped her musings to look further at the gifts, laid out in front of her. It had taken her most of the afternoon and it was nearing six pm already but she had finally got it all sorted. Ten presents in total had been left prior to each of the other disappearances on record. All the gifts were very similar in shape and style. Each were made of the same dark silver material that Ianto had told her was from the Cooakalin’s moon. There had been some that didn’t fit the pattern and it was this that had taken her most of the afternoon, cross referencing to with the file details and making sure that it wasn’t a Cooakalin. Those gifts and files were now stacked on other chairs. There had been 8 gifts given to Gareth, so only two to go. Gwen got up excitedly and headed out to the main area to let Jack know.
As she walked out the passage way she heard the Rift alarm go off. She ran to the main area, just in time to see Jack leg it out of his office, pulling his great coat on and heading for the Weapons room and the short cut to the SUV in the garage.

“Jack?” she yelled as he headed into the glass weapons room.

“Weevil in Marks and Spencers! What on earth do they need from there? Lock up when you leave. Give my love to Rhys.”

With that and a swirl of his coat Jack was heading out to educate a weevil on the best places to shop in Cardiff.

Gwen shook her head and headed back to the Board room. As she headed back she pulled out her mobile and contacted Andy.

“Andy, Jack’s heading to Mark’s and Sparks. A weevil decided to go shopping apparently. No, just see if you can help by getting people to safety and cordon it off? Leave Jack to do his thing. Thanks”

She finished her conversation and looked at all the papers and objects laid on the table. She sighed as she headed to pick up the papers on the chairs that she had discarded as not being helpful. As she tried to pick them up some slid off the top and before she could stop them they slid to the floor in a smooth arc.

“Ianto is going to kill me,” she muttered as she bent down to pick them up. While she was pushing the papers back into one pile, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed a glass lying on the floor near the top chair. Next to the glass was a small object shaped similar to a canister but appearing to be of the same materials as those on the table. She reached for the object to look at it closer. As she backed out from underneath the table she made sure to keep her head down so as not to bump it on the table as she sat back on her haunches to look at the object in a better light. It fitted into her palm with a similar shape and size to a cola can. It was cool to the touch and had one long raised ridge from top to bottom that caught the light. There were no other objects the same on the table, whereas she had already noticed a pattern not only in the number of previous objects but those that were actually the almost same. Each set of ten objects did have a smaller object with a similar raised ridge, but they were like a crushed version of this one. Gwen lifted up one of those to feel the weight and found they felt the same. She knew that none of the objects had fallen off the table as she had been very careful and had checked each one against Ianto’s meticulous records. She decided to call Ianto, as it was nearing his finish time and he seemed to know instinctively about all the objects without even needing to go to the Archives.

“Hello, this is Gwen Williams, is Ianto available please?” she asked the quiet English voice that had answered the phone.

“He’s just working with Tim at the moment, hang on I’ll check and see.”

Gwen waited while she heard a muffled conversation, over the beat of a heart, and then the sound of the phone being lifted away from the chest and Ianto’s voice coming through clear on the phone.

“What would they need from there?”

“Ianto, sorry to bother you, but Jack’s had to contend with a weevil in Marks and Sparks.”

“Jack said the same thing. Look, are you coming back here soon?”
“No we have a little bit more to do, about another hour or so I think before I can get away.”

“Oh.”

“What have you found?” Ianto knew that ‘oh’ well from Gwen. She had something she wanted to share straight away. Patience was not a Gwen virtue.

“It’s something on the floor of the Boardroom, I know it wasn’t one of the objects from the Archives or one from those for Gareth, but it looks and feels like a Cooakalin object.” Gwen could hear that Ianto had walked out of the room as the background noises had faded away. She waited while Ianto decided what to do.

“Bring it over here. I’ll let Davey know to meet you out the front, put it in a box though and leave it on Gareth’s table. I’ll check it with him and see if it was one that was left for him that was missed when Jack brought them all over in the first place.”

“Who will be monitoring though if you leave?” Ianto then asked after a brief pause.

“Jack has the portable monitor with him. I’m off to dinner with the in-laws tonight, I’m really hoping something happens.”

Ianto chuckled and wished her a rift opening and an almost end of the world as he knew that would be easier to deal with than Rhys’ mother and ended the conversation. He headed back into the room and sought Davey out. Davey was standing next to Gareth and Tim, Ianto handed the phone back and told Davey that a friend would be bringing a small box over and if he could show her to leave it on Gareth’s table he would be grateful. He looked to Gareth for approval and Gareth nodded to Davey that it was ok. Ianto informed Davey that she would be at the front door soon, and described Gwen for Davey, right down to her lovely gap toothed smile. When Davey had walked away Ianto let Tim and Gareth know that what was being brought over was something they needed Gareth to look at later. Ianto headed back over to his barrel to wait out the rest of the day and Gareth and Tim went back to working on the scene with Naoko.

The Cooakalin smiled to itself as it watched the woman walk away from the room later. The gift was back. Soon there would be one, tonight the problem would be solved.
Concupiscence

Chapter Summary

If you don't know the meaning of the chapter title, look it up and that will tell you what happens in this chapter! There even gets to be a little bit of plot too...

Davey returned to the rehearsal room and nodded at Ianto to let him know that his friend had delivered the box to the dressing room. Most of the cast and crew had started to wander out for the evening. Tim excused Naoko for the day and she left after a hug and a wave at the boys. Ianto mused at her ability to stay on her feet for the whole day in those heels without complaining once, although he did notice her moving from side to side a little towards the end, obviously trying to make the burning sensation in the balls of her feet more bearable.

Tim and Gareth continued to discuss and block out a few other things and Ianto watched some more. Meanwhile, Toby and David came over to clap him on the back and said that they looked forward to seeing him tomorrow. With a laugh, the two headed off. Ianto noticed that Davey and Burn were still around; they were sitting on the benches over near the door, deep in discussion about something. Ianto wasn’t sure if it was work related, as it seemed to be more of a casual chat. Almost half an hour later, Ianto, Davey and Burn were called over by Tim. Tim told all four to head home, that it had been a productive day and asked Davey to make sure that the IT guys were on hand as they were going to work on the final scene. As they exited out into the corridor, Ianto and Gareth headed back to the dressing room, Davey to Tim’s space to contact the IT guys and Burn and Tim were left to finish their discussion.

Meanwhile, Jack had finally returned to the Hub, sedated weevil over his shoulder. He deposited the weevil into a cell and hurried up to his office to check the CCTV, not noticing the hasty memo Gwen had left on his desk. When he saw the rehearsal room was empty, he flicked over straight away to the camera in the dressing room that he had installed the night before. Sure enough, he caught Gareth entering the room first, followed by Ianto. Jack watched as Gareth headed over towards the far dressing table and a box that was placed on it. He zoomed in as he watched Gareth open the box and pull out an object. Jack recognised it as the one that was given to him yesterday, an extra present they had found later after the initial eight. It was this that Jack had with him yesterday in his greatcoat and he realised it must have fallen out at some stage. He wasn’t sure what to make of it appearing back in the Centre and in a box though.

He watched as Gareth showed the object to Ianto, then both the boys turned towards the door. The door must have shut suddenly, because Ianto ran towards it, and Jack pulled the camera vision back so that he could see Ianto pulling on the door handle, but it seemed that it wouldn’t open. Ianto looked back at Gareth who was holding the object as far away from him as he could while a cloud appeared from it. Jack could see Ianto yelling at Gareth and then Gareth dropped the object and backed away from it, bumping into his dressing table, eyes wide open with shock. Jack leant closer to the screen, trying to ascertain what words were being said. Watching the vision without sound was eerie to say the least and he desperately wanted to know everything that was going on in that room.

The two men were looking at each other as the cloud from the object got bigger and then separated, heading equally towards the two men. Ianto was shaking his head and trying to pull the door open again but he wasn’t succeeding. He had even braced one foot on the door to try and gain some
helpful leverage. Jack watched as Ianto paused and then turned to look back over his shoulder at Gareth who had straightened away from the table and was staring at Ianto. Ianto shook his head, no, and then Jack saw Gareth look down at his hands, look up again at Ianto, and then in one rush of movement he sprang across the room towards Ianto. Gareth grabbed Ianto’s face between both his hands, turning his face towards him. Ianto began trying desperately to get the door open again and Jack saw a look of panic on his face, then he was totally shocked to see Gareth lean forward and kiss Ianto full on the mouth. At this sight, Jack turned and leapt over the railings behind his desk, sprinting out the back entrance to the invisible lift. As he bounded onto the lift, pressing his wrist strap as he jumped, he willed it to travel faster; he hopped from foot to foot in frustration as it kept to the same pace it always had.

Ianto gripped onto the door handle with desperation; he was afraid of what would happen if he let go of that smooth cool metal knob. Gareth was doing a bloody good job of kissing him. Ianto closed his eyes and tilted his head back slightly as Gareth’s long fingers wrapped around his head and into his hair. Ianto knew this onslaught by Gareth wasn’t Gareth’s choice. The aquamarine cloud that had materialised out of the object that had been in Gareth’s hands was responsible. It lay discarded somewhere on the floor of the dressing room now. Ianto tried to resist but he knew the cloud was affecting him too.

“God,” Ianto muttered as Gareth’s tongue swept into his mouth, the feel of stubble rubbing against his face so different from the smoothness of Jack’s skin. Ianto had marveled that Jack liked to keep his skin smooth and soft and from their first kisses he had thought it was like kissing a girl in a way. These kisses now, though, were prickly and rough and delicious.

"Gareth, no…. stop…." Ianto mumbled around further invasions of his mouth, he opened his eyes slightly to see the other man. “It’s the…. Fuck…. Gas,” he moaned as Gareth slid one hand down from his neck to his chest to rest on his pectoral muscle and Gareth squeezed. Ianto’s hands released their deathly grip from the door knob and seized Gareth, one wrapping around his waist, the other his back, pulling the actor closer to him.

“Ianto,” Gareth breathed as he moved the kisses from his mouth to the underside of his jaw. “You, really, should, stop, taking, advantage. Gareth breathed each word out around kisses to Ianto’s neck.

Ianto’s hand had dropped to Gareth’s arse, cupping the pert globe and pulling their groins closer.

“You kissed me, not taking advantage,” Ianto groaned back, ducking his head and taking Gareth’s mouth back where he wanted it, joined with his own, lips moving across each other with nibbles and greed. Gareth slid his hand down from Ianto’s chest to rest on his hip, his fingers sliding underneath Ianto’s top, seeking skin contact. He achieved it and the heat from Ianto seeping into his fingertips caused him to groan and flex his hand trying to imbed that hand into Ianto’s skin.

“I’m not gay,” Gareth said as he finally managed to pull away from the temptation of Ianto’s swollen lips. Two sets of ice blue eyes stared into the other, breaths mingling as they attempted to think their way out of the blue fog that had enveloped their minds.

“Could have fooled me,” Ianto snorted as he dropped his other hand down to rest on the other buttock.

The two stared at each other, breathing heavily, before both simultaneously moved towards each other again so that their mouths and tongues could resume hostilities. Noses bumping, tongues dueling and there wasn’t a lot of finesse, but the passion between the two was palpable and the blue cloud a halo around them. From afar the Cooakalin could feel the heat being generated and knew that soon the two would become one and the confusion would be no more.
Gareth slid his other hand down Ianto’s arm, gripping his bicep in his hand. The other hand on Ianto’s hip slid down under the loose jeans to the underwear below and felt the hip bone under his fingers. He then slid the hand further round to grip Ianto’s butt cheek and squeeze the ample flesh that he had admired just the day before. Ianto moaned into his mouth at the pressure and he moved one hand back up Gareth’s body to pull his top down his chest so that he could lower his head and press alternating open mouth kisses and sucks to Gareth’s neck and collar bone. Gareth threw back his head to allow greater access and took advantage of the space that was now created between them to run his hand down Ianto, turning it so that it was resting on Ianto’s groin. When Ianto took his adam apple in his mouth and sucked, Gareth slid his hand slightly under to cup Ianto’s balls.

“Ahhhh,” Ianto moaned, “no, don’t do that,” he pleaded. Gareth rocked his hand back and forth gently. “Yes, harder,” Ianto breathed out. Gareth gripped stronger, pressing his palm upwards and rocking his hand again. “Yes, no not, quite like that,” Ianto gasped. He moved his hand to cover Gareth’s and showed him the right type of pressure. He moved the other hand up to slide his fingers into the waistband of Gareth’s jeans and moved them around to the front of Gareth’s body. As he neared the middle of Gareth’s waist he dipped his fingers lower and brushed them inadvertently over the top of Gareth’s cock, making it flinch, and the actor arched his back to press himself closer to Ianto’s wandering fingers. He dropped his head, seeking Ianto’s mouth again, and Ianto was only too happy to provide it, raising his hand from his own groin to cup the side of Gareth’s face to direct the kiss.

Gareth moved both his hands to the front of Ianto’s jeans, desperation making him fumble with the clasp of the belt. He got it undone after two attempts, popping the top button at the same time as he pulled the belt apart, he continued to pull the two sides away, the buttons falling away from their holes easily. He pushed the jeans away from Ianto’s bottom and let them fall, the oversized nature of them making them pool at his ankles, leaving Ianto in just his snug fitting black underwear. Gareth moved his hands back to Ianto’s waist, feeling for the edge of the underwear, finding it and pulling it away from his body with one hand while the other slipped in unerringly to grip his shaft at it’s base and slide upwards. He pushed the underwear down to rest underneath Ianto’s balls and gripped the shaft with both hands. One hand on the top and one on the bottom, Gareth moved them up and down, twisting slightly around the shaft, so they would meet in the middle before retreating away. Ianto gripped the back of Gareth’s head, pulling him closer and murmuring encouragements. His other hand had slipped into Gareth’s pants and was pulling in time with Gareth’s movements on his own cock. The two men heard a muffled banging over the sounds of their groans but continued recklessly towards the culmination they could both feel coming soon.

Jack burst through the front doors of the Centre at a dead run. As he ran across the marbled entry hall and turned into the side hallway that led towards the backstage areas he narrowly missed running into Tim, but the small sidestep he took to avoid Tim meant that he crashed into the wiry man who was in conversation with Tim. Jack managed to spin and grip him so that he stayed upright but it meant that Jack stumbled backwards, tripping on his coat and falling to the floor. He started to stand up again to continue his run towards the boys when he stopped and turned back in shock towards the two men gaping at him.

“Owen?” he asked.

“Who is this Owen? That’s twice in twenty-four hours,” Burn asked the world in general.

Jack shook his head, blinked and remembered the situation the boys were in, turned and continued his run, shouting, “sorry, need Ianto, talk later.”

“And that was?” Burn asked Tim, rubbing his arms where the tall man in the great coat had gripped him to stop him falling.
“Jack, he’s um, he’s with Ianto,” Tim replied, trying to figure out how not to say the two men were Special Branch agents, and watching as the coat flew around the corner theatrically.

“Bloody hell, Sara was right. Right stunner Ianto landed himself.”

“Hmm,” Tim responded, confused by Burn’s comments as they headed out to the main area.

“Oh, Gareth told us that Ianto had a boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend?”

“Christ, Tim, you should be able to pick ‘em! Should have seen him do a Tim Tam Slam, then again maybe not by the anxious look on his boyfriend’s face and the size of him. I wouldn’t want to threaten Ianto. Mind you, the lad seems able to take care of himself.”

The two men exited the Centre for the night, saying farewell as Burn headed back to his wife and child and Tim to his hired flat.

Jack had reached the door to the dressing room. He gripped the handle and tried to open it. It steadfastly refused to budge, clockwise or counter clockwise. Jack bashed on the door and called to Ianto. When he got no response, he leaned his ear to the door and could hear groans emanating from the room. He stepped back from the door and flipped open his wrist strap. Pressing a series of buttons, he aimed the strap towards the door. He gripped the handle and it still would not budge. He again tried a series of buttons, this time with a slight variation. A click could be heard and Jack leapt forward and wrenched the door open inwards, using his full body weight. It opened easily for the first part until it collided full force with the two men standing just inside the door, totally involved with each other. Both of them fell to the ground in a tangle of limbs. Jack quickly stepped inside and closed the door again, away from prying eyes. The blue cloud that had enclosed the two of them was now almost dissipated. Ianto felt his head beginning to clear; he removed his hands from Gareth and dropped his head back to the ground, covering his eyes with his hands.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Gareth swore as his head also began to clear. He too pulled his hands away quickly and scrambled across the floor away from Ianto and the now kneeling Jack. He backed into the wall with a bump and pulled his knees up to his chest.

Jack reached down and adjusted Ianto’s underwear a little more modestly. At the touch of Jack’s hands Ianto dropped his hands away from his face, and sat up. He pulled his jeans back up and only then raised his eyes to Jack. “Jack,” he whispered his lover’s name. Jack gripped Ianto’s face in his hands and kissed him, impressing all of his pent up frustration at not being able to get to him in time into the kiss. Ianto gripped Jack back and relaxed into the familiar sensation of Jack’s smooth mastery of his mouth.

“What the hell?” Gareth interrupted the two. “What the hell was that thing?”

“It’s a gas that heightens sexual desire,” Ianto told him quietly, after breaking away from Jack’s tempting mouth. “We had no control over ourselves. It can’t be withstood, it takes away your ability to choose and the only thing you can do is find release.”

“Green pills to cure hangovers and now sex gas. Next you’ll be telling me that alien’s exist!”

Gareth looked angrily at the two men who had just burst into laughter at his comment.

At the interruption of the third, the Cooakalin screamed its frustration within its mind. The two were still two and now a third had joined, taking the other from the primary. One was the only number. A choice needed to be made. A solution needed to be found.
Appeasement

Chapter Summary

Back to the plot, well the boys actually *gasp* talk to each other and sort out what happened.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gareth glared at the two men entwined on the floor by the door.

“Fucking cunts. Smug bastards.” Gareth ranted angrily. “It’s you bastards in the suits and that bloody coat. What do you think this is? Now you laugh at me.” Gareth had started to stand up, wanting to dominate over the other two, as they stayed sprawled on the ground looking at him with concern on their faces. That look of concern was too much for Gareth and he reverted back to the schoolyard welsh words that he learnt as a child. “Bunch of bôn herwyr. Dos i chwarae efo dy nain. You both - y coc oen.”

Gareth had started to walk towards the two as he mixed his English and Welsh, arms flying in the air as he continued to rant menacingly.

“You planned this! Think it’s funny to do this to someone? I liked you Ianto!” He pointed at his twin as he said this. “I don’t care if you are Special Branch, you shinachs! I swear I will get you for this.”

Jack had stood up as Gareth had started to approach the two of them. He reached down to Ianto to help him up just as Gareth told Ianto that he had liked him. He could feel the little tremor that Ianto tried to hide at those words. Ianto stepped forward from Jack’s arms towards Gareth, doing up the top button on his jeans, as he organised his thoughts from the attack from Gareth. By the time Gareth growled his final threat, the two of them stood face to face.

Gareth reached forward with both hands and pushed Ianto full in the chest. “Cer i grafu. Leave me alone! I don’t want to see you ever again!” He turned towards the door to leave.

Jack sprang forward to stand in his way just as Ianto cried out “Jack, don’t let him!”

Jack leant back against the door and folded his arms and looked at Gareth, daring him to try and make him move away from the door.

Gareth turned back to Ianto and opened his mouth to speak again, but Ianto beat him to it.

“I know you don’t trust us, but we didn’t set that up. We weren’t laughing at you.” He cajoled quietly. “I like you too,” he said calmly as he stared into identical eyes that reflected the sea during a storm.

Gareth snorted at the last statement, “Yeah I could feel how much you ‘liked’ me before. When I said I was ok with the gay stuff before, I didn’t mean for you to try and ‘turn’ me.”

“I didn’t. I’m not gay. It was the gas.” Ianto gently smiled at Gareth, knowing that he was still freaking out from the loss of control and was lashing out at the most available and easy target.
“Yeah, right. You just found an easy way to bustachu.” Gareth snarled, “sgleinio fel ceilliau ci! You’re not gay? Remember him?” he pointed towards Jack. “What do you call that in the big coat? A girl? I’ve seen you seduce his palm! Shagging the boss? What are the performance bonuses like in Special Branch? If you’re not gay, you are so lying to yourself. What was that girlfriend you mentioned earlier? She was just a convenience? You lot just like playing with people’s feelings!”

Jack started to step towards Gareth at the mention of his and Ianto’s relationship, growling a little under his breath and narrowing his eyes on the other man.

At the mention of Lisa, Ianto finally lost it and yelled back at Gareth. “I loved her! I lost her! She died. Horribly.” Ianto pushed Gareth back in the chest. “Jack’s the first man I’ve ever been with. I told you that. I’m not gay. I’m bi. I had sex with Lisa and it was good, I loved it and I loved her totally. Do you know what that is like? “Quaint categories” Jack calls them. Well, I hate them. I hate people that I have had to hide my feelings from because I don’t fit in anywhere. I’m never going to fit in. Anywhere! I fit in with him. I’m not interested in other people. I’m with Jack! Remember? My boyfriend you announced to the whole theatre! He’s enough to try and cope with twenty four hours a day and even then that’s not enough hours.”

By this stage Ianto had continued to push Gareth until he was backed up against Jack, who gripped the actor around the upper arms. “It was the fucking gas, neither of us had control.” He hissed into Gareth’s face.

“Enough, Ianto.” Jack quietly said.

Ianto threw his hands into the air in disgust and walked away from the two men who had caused, in his mind, such a tumult of feeling over the past couple of days. He ran his hands through his hair, messing up his normal coiffure. Jack quickly noted his distress and wanted nothing more than to go to him and soothe him. But they had a job to do, and they needed to keep Gareth in the room. Jack wanted to give Ianto what he needed, what Ianto instinctively seemed to know what he always needed. No matter what their personal feelings, they were Torchwood first and foremost. That last present was almost the final one.

Jack released his grip and gently turned the actor towards him.

“Gareth, we can make this go away. This memory can disappear, if you want?” he said with quiet consideration, looking deep into eyes that he had thought belonged only to one man on this planet.

Ianto spun back around. “We can’t Jack. He’s an actor. This is his job. The others have all seen me too. We can’t wipe the company’s memories. Not for the whole time and we would have to. We don’t have the resources for that sort of clean up anymore.”

Jack looked up at his beloved, who even though just moments ago showed a passion that he rarely allowed others to see, had gotten himself back under control within moments. Jack knew that later he was going to make sure that passion got released again. Ianto needed an outlet and Jack would be very happy to provide it.

“Just this moment, Ianto. Not the whole time.” Jack said. “I can rig one for very short term loss. You will both think I arrived in time.”

“What are you two talking about?” Gareth asked as he glanced back and forth between the two.

The two Torchwood men held each other’s gaze and seemed to Gareth to be communicating silently before Ianto turned to address him.
“Will you trust us? I know you have every right not to, but please believe me, we never wanted to hurt you.”

“I’ll listen” Gareth responded, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I know it went badly with the other pill.” Ianto held his hand up to stop Gareth from interrupting.
“Jack made a mistake. He is very sorry for it. That pill was old and hadn’t been used. This other pill though, called Retcon. We have used it before. It can remove a memory. It is safe, no side-effects.”

“What will it do?” Gareth asked cagily.

“It removes your memory of that time.” Jack informed him. “We can also put in a suggestion for what happened instead. I would change it to you and Ianto being in the room, and then I arrive. You can choose not to have this memory of what just happened. I know it was upsetting to you and I’m hoping that what you said before was just your anger.” Jack stepped away from the door as he continued. “Ianto is my employee, yes, but he is first and foremost my partner and you hurt him. He likes you and in our job we rarely have a life outside of our work. I liked seeing him with you, because he was relaxed and enjoying life. But if you meant anything of what you said, I will hurt you.” Jack finished with a piercing gaze of promise and retribution towards the actor.

“Jack!” Ianto exclaimed. “He won’t. He didn’t mean it, he’s blustering.” Ianto tried to correct what he saw as a blunder by Jack towards the actor.

“He’s not.” Gareth said, “and I can’t blame him. He’s right, I did hurt you Ianto and I’m sorry. Words can do a lot of harm. I should know in my profession.” He smiled wryly, glancing down at the floor before looking up again at Ianto. “Look, I was angry and scared and that was just so strange. I couldn’t stop what I was doing even though I knew it wasn’t really what I wanted. Sorry?” he asked as he held out his hand.

Ianto blinked and then reached forward with his own hand. “Sure”

The two men disengaged their hands and stood there looking at each other with reflected little smiles. It was only a moment while they stood there, but it felt longer to the two of them. Gareth was the first to look away before bringing back his eye line to Ianto.

“Are you going to take it?” he asked.

Ianto glanced at Jack, standing silently over Gareth’s shoulder. “No. I’ve no desire to lose any of my memories, no matter how painful. It causes nothing but trouble from what I have seen.” He spoke quietly while staring at Jack.

“But you are offering it to me?” Gareth queried, then a penny seemed to drop in his head and he turned to look over his shoulder at Jack. “What did you forget?”

There was a pause while Jack looked in surprise at the perceptive man in front of him and then all three realised what Gareth had said and burst into laughter.

“Oh god! What did you forget? How stupid was that question?” Gareth moaned around the laughter. “Right, now you can laugh at me.” He smiled at the other two.

The laughter died away and Jack quietly told Gareth, “Two years. I lost two years. It’s why we are asking you now, it’s your decision.”

Gareth looked towards Ianto again before replying to Jack. “No, I’m ok. If you are going to remember this, then I want to remember it too.” He paused before looking back at Ianto. “Are we
“ok?” he asked again.

Ianto nodded and replied, “Yes. See you tomorrow by the tower?”

“Yep. Hope you catch the bastard that did this soon.” He said as he nodded towards the canister.

The two agents looked at the canister and Gareth took the opportunity to slip between them and head to the door. Still a little perturbed and shaken by what had happened, he wanted nothing more than to leave the room and the memories.

“See you tomorrow.” He said as he opened the door and left the dressing room.

Jack walked over and picked up the small and now crushed canister. He turned to Ianto and mentioned the one word that they both felt within in each other’s presence.

“Home?”

“Home.” Ianto smiled back at him.

Chapter End Notes

**Welsh translations**

- ceri I grafu - go to hell
- bôn herwyr – bottom bandit
- *Dos i chwarae efo dy nain* - go play with your granny = fuck off
- *y coc oen* - lit. the lamb's cock = dickhead
- *Shinach* - sly bastard
- *Bustachu* - a bustach is a castrated bull so to bustachu is to have sex without danger of impregnating your partner
- *sgleinio fel ceilliau ci* – the dog’s bollocks
Chapter Summary

Jack & Ianto communicate in the way they know best.

Jack placed the canister on his desk and turned to face Ianto who was leaning against the door to his office.

“Jack, how did you know you needed to come over?” Ianto asked

“Ah…” Jack said as he glanced back at his desk and the canister. As he pushed some papers on his desk to avoid looking at Ianto he saw a note from Gwen. He picked it up and leant back on the desk to read it. A puzzled expression on his face, Ianto walked away from the door towards Jack. When he was standing just in front of Jack, Jack looked back at him and handed over the note for Ianto to read. Ianto joined Jack leaning back against the desk, the two men very comfortable to be in each other’s personal space. Jack picked the canister up while Ianto read Gwen’s note.

“Eight?” Ianto asked Jack.

“This makes nine,” Jack replied as he lifted the canister up to head height, moving it back and forth in his long fingers.

“So only one to go.”

“Yeah.”

There was a pause as both men considered the small canister. Ianto placed Gwen’s note back on the desk behind him. “How was the door locked? It didn’t budge at all when I tried to open it. It didn’t feel like a normal locked door.”

“It wasn’t locked normally. I had to use my manipulator to open it and the normal code breaking didn’t work the first time.” Jack put the canister back on his desk and lifted his arm back up to look at his vortex manipulator. He sighed and placed his hand back on the desk, his hand resting against Ianto’s hip. “Someone has to be within a range of 100 metres for that type of locking device to work.”

“So they would most likely have to be in the building?” Ianto asked. When Jack nodded, Ianto continued his thoughts “We would likely spot them on the CCTV as there were not many people around at that time. Most of the cast and crew had gone.”

Jack slid his hand off the desk and up and under the hooded top Ianto was wearing, seeking the warm flesh of Ianto’s back. Ianto smiled at Jack’s manoeuvre and his eye lids lowered as he looked up at Jack and leaned towards the other man raising his lips so that they were almost touching. When he was a hair’s breath away he asked the question again. “How did you know that the door was locked? There is no CCTV in that room.”

Jack leant in and closed the final bit of distance between the two of them, kissing Ianto gently on the lips, but chuckling quietly as he pulled away and stared into those eyes that followed him in his sleep.
“I know, you told me there wasn’t one in that room. I put one of Tosh’s little sneaky cameras in there when you finally got to sleep last night.” Jack explained while rubbing Ianto’s back with small circular movements of his hand that he knew Ianto liked. Jack was aware how effective his stroking was because Ianto’s eyes remained hooded and his lips were slightly parted. But if he thought he could distract Ianto’s mind, he was going to need something a whole lot more effective.

“Cheeky bastard. Can’t not watch me, can you?” Ianto smiled up at him.

Jack gave a full-bellied laugh and grinned at his partner, showing off his pearly whites. “Always,” he responded, and then, “tease,” when Ianto leaned in towards him again.

“Always,” Ianto mirrored back at him.

Jack titled his head back when a thought occurred to him. “What did Gareth call us in Welsh? I know one of them, but not all of what he said.”

“Jack, it doesn’t matter, he was angry.”

“It upset you Ianto, I want to know.”

“So you can what?”

“I just want to know.” Jack pressured; trying to impart that he wasn’t going to do anything to Gareth. He mused that it seemed that Ianto was still protective of the other man even after he had made him so angry earlier.

Ianto smiled.

“What?” Jack asked knowing that cheeky smile well.

“Well, he did call us bottom bandits at one stage.” Ianto chuckled. At Jack’s laugh, he continued, “The others were fairly standard, telling us to go to hell, to fuck off, although that one was more to go and play with our grandmothers, which, considering your age….” Ianto finished with a raised eyebrow.

At that insult, Jack pounced towards Ianto, who had anticipated the move and had swiftly moved off towards the hatch at speed at the first twinkle in Jack’s eye. Jack followed and reached out grabbing Ianto just before he could lean down and open up the hatch, spinning him back towards himself and pulling the younger man flush into his body.

“Brat,” he breathed as he lowered his mouth and kissed Ianto. Neither kept to the niceties, they each knew what the other liked and how to please. This kiss was about passion and promises. Hands roamed over each other eagerly, Jack’s stayed up around Ianto’s face, cradling his neck and face. Ianto’s hands took to skimming up and down Jack’s back before settling on his hips and bottom and pulling him close so they connected from chest to thighs. They backed towards the wall, neither really knowing who made the first move but both willing to use the wall to prop themselves up and continue the kiss.

Ianto bumped into the wall with some force; with his eyes closed he couldn’t judge the distance and had needed to rely on instinct. Jack always tied him up in knots whenever they started like this. He could never quite keep his wits about him, but he knew that Jack was often in similar straits. The passion between the two of them hadn’t dissipated since they started this.

“Bed,” Jack groaned around kisses. “Want the bed!” He flitted his hands down Ianto’s body, noting the feel of cotton and denim instead of the normal soft tailored suit. He slipped one hand onto
Ianto’s arse, pulling him closer even though there didn’t seem to have been any space between the
two of them before. Into the small gap he managed to slip his other hand and started to play at the
belt of Ianto’s jeans. The studded belt that he was very fond of.

“If you want bed, get your hand out of there,” Ianto murmured. “You need it to open the hatch”

Jack lifted his head from the open-mouthed kisses he had been giving to Ianto’s neck, tasting the
sweat, the faded aftershave and the roughness of the night stubble on his tongue. Tasting Ianto.

“What?” Ianto asked.

Jack slid his hand around to grasp at the front of Ianto’s jeans as he leant down and lifted the hatch
up to rest against the wall. As he bent back up again he pulled Ianto towards him and placed both his
hands underneath Ianto’s bottom at the juncture where his bottom became his legs. He lifted Ianto
upwards so Ianto had no option but to wrap his legs around Jack. His arms wrapped around Jack’s
neck as he looked at Jack in confusion, their noses centimetres from each other, blue eyes
smouldering.

“Don’t let go,” Jack growled as he tightened his grip on Ianto’s pert arse.

He stepped towards the hatch and Ianto’s brain finally kicked into gear. “No, we won’t fit,” he
claimed.

“Trust me, can’t let you go,” Jack groaned as he took the first step on the ladder, leaning his upper
body forward to compensate for stepping into the opening. He had to release his hands from Ianto’s
bottom with reluctance as their waists descended past the opening, then place them on the ladder. He
lifted his head slightly as he continued to step down the ladder carefully, connecting their lips
together again. “Can’t let you go,” he repeated against Ianto’s mouth. Ianto moulded himself as close
as he could get to Jack with all their clothes in the way, his long legs wrapping down around Jack’s.
Their progress down the ladder was slow as Jack gripped the rungs tightly and the two of them
continued their torrid kiss.

About halfway down Jack paused to push Ianto back into the ladder, his bottom resting on a rung
and their erections rubbing against each other. Jack lifted one hand off the ladder to grip the hooded
top and the t-shirt underneath in one. His other hand left the ladder to grip the other side of the tops
and pull it up Ianto’s body. Jack’s feet were hooked on the lower rung, using the grips of the soles of
his boots and his thighs pushing Ianto into the ladder to keep them balanced. Jack only cared about
getting Ianto undressed as quickly as possible. As he pulled the tops up the side of his ribs, Ianto
shivered at the touch of the hands and the feel of the cold metal against his back. He lifted his arms
up and way from where they had been wrapped around Jack’s neck and draped down his back,
breaking away from Jack’s lips briefly as the tops were lifted off and over his head.

Jack glanced down at the bare chest before him, the fine hair making his cock flinch in anticipation
of what he wanted to do to Ianto and what he wanted Ianto to do to him. He loved that hair, the feel
of it against his own chest, against his mouth as he kissed down. He lifted his head up again to seek
out Ianto’s lips, but taking a detour at the underside of Ianto’s neck that was revealed to him. He
dropped the tops, not caring where they landed. His arms reached back to grip the ladder and he
pressed their torsos together. Skin to shirt.
“One step,” Ianto whispered. The vibration of his neck as he formed those two words tickling at Jack’s mouth.

“Huh?” Jack asked as he lifted his head up to gaze uncomprehendingly at Ianto.

“One step to go,” Ianto chuckled and glanced down.

Jack also glanced downwards to discover Ianto was correct, they were on the bottom rung with only the floor beneath that rung awaiting them. Jack tilted his head back up and the two chuckled quietly, foreheads pressed together.

Jack stepped back onto the ground. Even though it was expected the slight feeling of uncertainty meant that they stayed clinging together tight as Jack spun them around towards the bed. Two steps and he flung them both down, Ianto’s limbs still clinging around Jack tightly. As the cot bounced slightly with their sudden weight, Ianto’s hands scrambled down Jack’s back to pull his shirt out of his pants. Jack tried to help as he shrugged off his braces.

They kept kissing any part of each other that came within the vicinity of each other’s lips and they tangled and pulled and undressed as quickly as they could. It wasn’t smooth and it wasn’t easy as they got in each other’s way, but they both exuded a quiet desperation to have skin-to-skin contact as soon as possible. Buttons flew off, and braces were stretched. When it came to undressing the lower half, Ianto’s jeans, underwear, shoes and socks were removed quickly even though he lay underneath Jack who didn’t like rising up away from the tempting body to help make it quicker. Ianto’s clever hands undid Jack’s pants swiftly with experience.

Before he could slide his hands between the pants and Jack’s buttocks to push them down, Jack rose up higher to take Ianto’s ear in his mouth, sucking and teasing with his tongue and his breath. Ianto threw his head back as that mouth moved behind the ear to the spot that sent goose bumps down his spine and caused him to press his groin up into Jack’s, pleading for attention. Jack had lifted up one leg and then the other to try and untie his boots without breaking contact with Ianto. He was still fumbling with the laces on the first boot when Ianto rose up and twisted them around so that Jack’s back was to the wall, he was straddling Jack and his hands moved up to pull Jack towards him so they could tangle their mouths together again. This position made it easier for Jack to bend forward and reach his boots. He pulled and tugged at the laces to remove them quickly while his mouth pulled and tugged at Ianto’s. He toed off first one boot, then the other. His socks followed quickly, before flipping Ianto back onto his back on the bed underneath him and Ianto removed his pants in one quick motion. Jack kicked them onto the floor, as uncaring about their final resting place as he had been of the rest of their clothes. His focus was totally on the man writhing underneath him.

Jack ran one hand down his side to grasp Ianto’s cock. At the involuntary indrawn hiss of breath from Ianto, Jack remembered the pain he had been in the night before. He lifted up to gaze at his lover, smiling slyly and sliding down Ianto’s body to press a gentle kiss on the head of Ianto’s penis. “I’ll kiss it all better,” he hummed as he gently enveloped the head in his mouth. Taking care to use gentle suction and lathing movements as he worked up and down the thick member. Ianto gripped the sheets, his back arching at the tender care being taken, but wanting more, needing more.

“J-jack” he pleaded, as one hand unclenched from the sheets on the bed to slide up and grip Jack’s luxurious thick hair. The other groped towards the side table, unerringly pulling open the top drawer and reaching in for the lube. As he dropped the lube onto the bed at his side, he reached for Jack’s head with his other hand.

Caressing Jack’s face, he got his attention to lift his eyes up to his. The sight of Jack sucking gently as he stared up at him was almost too much after the past two days. “Jack, your turn,” he said as he indicated the lube, “want you, need you, now!”
On that final word, the hand gripping Jack’s hair tugged upwards in conjunction with the hand on his face, making Ianto’s demands known physically as well as verbally. Jack could never really resist Ianto’s desires, no matter that he wanted to take it slow and carefully. What Ianto wanted, Ianto invariably got. He disengaged with a final flick of his tongue over the head as he slid back up Ianto’s body, collecting the lube on the way.

“Hand out,” he ordered quietly.

When Ianto lifted his hand, Jack rose up, pressing their groins together again and flicked open the cap with one hand and squeezed a generous amount onto the offered hand. He tossed the lube onto the ground out of the way. He slipped three fingers into the cold lube and moved that hand down Ianto’s body. He lifted away from Ianto’s groin so that he could slip the hand down past their sacks and curl the hand towards Ianto’s opening. The shock of the cold lube around his hole was always expected but without fail a shock none the less. Jack slowly prepared him, staring into Ianto’s face with a concentration that bordered on ferocious.

“Prepare me,” he whispered as he slowly entered one finger, working carefully to relax the muscles. Ianto moved his hand to Jack’s cock. Using the lube on the palm of his hand he slowly worked up and down, making sure every inch was covered in the lube.

Ianto’s own penis at this stage was starting to twitch and leak his excitement.

The two men continued to stare at each other as they prepared the other in silence. A familiar ritual for the two and one they knew needed to be done for maximum pleasure. By the time the third finger had entered Ianto, stretching him sweat was beading on both their bodies as they held back the desire to plunge into each other and bugger the pain.

Jack pulled his cock away from Ianto in one movement as he removed his fingers, sliding that hand underneath Ianto’s raised leg, forcing it higher. His other hand gripped Ianto’s shoulder as he nudged at the entrance he had thoroughly prepared. As he slid into Ianto, neither broke eye contact until he had plunged fully into Ianto, burying himself up to his balls on the third stroke. Ianto arched in ecstasy at the feeling of fullness and the unerring aim of Jack to hit his prostate. They held together for a moment, before Ianto wrapped his leg around Jack’s back and raised himself higher.

He looked into Jack’s eyes, his blue eyes radiating warmth and hunger. “Hard, fast,” he ordered.

“You sure?” Jack responded.

Ianto’s response was to wrap his arms tight around Jack and raise up to whisper in his ear, “Make me yours,” before licking the shell and then taking the lobe into his mouth and dragging it through his teeth.

“Always,” Jack responded as he started to move at the pace that Ianto demanded.

Skin slapping, grunts and groans filled the small space as the two men worked together towards completion.

Jack had suspected that he wouldn’t be able to last long at this pace and he was right. But it was what Ianto wanted. Ianto needed the frantic pace, the slightly off kilter rhythm as both fought and received. A battle was waged between the two bodies. A battle they both wanted to win for the other.

As Ianto neared orgasm, Jack recognised his telling signs. The arching of the back off the bed, the slight change in rhythm of his breathing, the little hitch every so often as he tried to hold it off, the
It was only four thrusts later that Ianto screamed his name as he buried his head back into the mattress, the friction between their bodies enough for his sensitive cock to release. Two thrusts later and Jack joined him with another guttural scream. The warmth of his seed throbbing its release into his body, as Ianto continued to shudder under him. Sweat dripped off Jack, down his nose onto Ianto. A drip landed near to Ianto’s lip.

His pink tongue darted out to lick Jack’s sweat off his skin and into his mouth. He opened his eyes to gaze at Jack.

“Mine,” Ianto whispered at him.

“Yours,” was the determined reply.

Jack leaned forward to kiss Ianto on the forehead as he gently slipped from his body. He smiled as he stood from the bed, untangling Ianto’s limbs from his body, looking at the chaos in the room. He walked quickly to the bathroom to collect a wash cloth. He cleaned himself quickly before heading back to clean up Ianto as sleeping in a wet patch is never comfortable no matter now much his legs felt like jelly.

Ianto’s eyes were closed as Jack wiped up the evidence of their pleasure, as small smile on his lips. The one Jack loved to see, it was wicked, secretive and happy all in one little turn up of the lips. His Ianto to a tee. He walked back to the bathroom to clean up the wash cloth before returning to the bed.

“Move,” he said as he gently pushed his man, who had slipped under the covers while he was in the bathroom, to make room for himself in the bed. Ianto turned his head and opened his eyes.

“Bring the vase over here,” he ordered Jack, indicating the night-stand. Jack smiled at Ianto and turned to do his bidding eagerly. He placed the flowers on the night-stand and slipped into the bed behind Ianto, who had moved over while he moved the flowers. He gathered Ianto into his arms, spooning together comfortably in the way of old lovers that know instinctively the best way to sleep together. Jack closed his eyes, knowing that sleep would be waiting for him because he knew that with that last request he was forgiven.
Rousing

Chapter Summary

The alien is discovered.

Ianto woke to the enveloping feeling of warmth. His back was secure and warm where Jack was pressed up against it. Jack’s head was snuggled in behind his, resting on the pillow and Ianto shivered at the little breaths that were flowing gently onto the most sensitive part of his neck. At his shiver Jack murmured in his sleep and gripped him tighter around the waist, bringing his body flush against Ianto’s.

“Oh, Jack,” Ianto snickered quietly as he felt the other man’s desire against his lower back. Even in his sleep the man was horny, Ianto thought to himself. Jack had started to move his fingertips across Ianto’s hip slowly in his sleep. Ianto glanced down at his own member that was springing to life eagerly. Ianto mused that it was often this way when the two of them woke up in the morning. The mutual desire had been there from the start, even though he tried to hide it from himself. Ianto knew that for those first weeks when he started at Torchwood Three his dreams at night revolved around a hard body underneath him, a long coat and mesmerising blue eyes. Those dreams kept his nightmares at bay, providing the only solace he had over those first harrowing months.

Ianto rolled over so that he was facing Jack. His free arm wrapping around Jack, the other sandwiched between their bodies sought Jack’s cock. As he wrapped his hand around it, he pushed Jack’s head up gently with his head so that he could nuzzle the underside of his chin. Ianto loved the feel of Jack’s face in the morning, the roughness before Jack started his shaving ritual and turned his face as smooth as a girl’s. Ianto knew that Jack loved it when he was slightly scruffy too, but he also appreciated the care Ianto took in grooming himself. But now was about the two of them, in the silent Hub. Myfanwy asleep, taking time and opportunity to grab a precious moment together, whether it was sleeping or letting their passion take over. Ianto wanted the passion. So, as he nuzzled Jack’s rough skin and slowly fist his cock up and down, he whispered his name. He knew when Jack was conscious of the sensations as his body tensed as he woke. Ianto had a brief second before Jack’s hands gripped tighter around his body and Jack’s mouth sought his.

“Good morning,” Jack mumbled around kisses.

“Better morning,” Ianto responded as he trailed kisses down Jack’s body, pushing Jack onto his back as he went and straddling his body. He dragged the covers down off the two of them as he went, the cold air hitting Jack’s body that Ianto had just been worshipping with his mouth, causing him to shiver in delight when the cold air flowed over the wet patches of his skin.

The two of them often woke each other up this way. Taking the time to find pleasure when and where they could, and when they knew there were unlikely to be interruptions. Jack had often mused about the aliens’ consideration in relation to early morning invasions. Every alien seemed to always be working the night shift.

Jack moaned as Ianto licked from the base of his shaft up to the head and then proceeded to blow gently down the path again. Jack loved that Ianto instinctively knew from the start what would drive him insane. The passion with which Ianto threw himself into things once he made a decision to follow through was all encompassing and Jack wouldn’t have it any other way. His coherent
thoughts dissipated when Ianto licked back up again and took the head into his mouth. Just the tip was all he took. He sucked and licked up and around and into the slit, causing Jack to breathe heavier and his eye lids to lower. The little movements of Ianto’s tongue making Jack want more and more. The little bumps on Ianto’s tongue as it glided over his shaft causing it to pulse. The contrast of his smooth heated skin and the rough tongue of Ianto a delight to Jack. He felt Ianto’s hands gripping into his thighs hard and he lifted one of his hands to close over one of Ianto’s to maintain that strong pressure. To let his lover know that the pressure was gladly welcomed and to continue to grip and squeeze. Jack lifted his other hand to Ianto’s sleep mussed hair to grip the dark brown locks tight. Jack felt Ianto open his mouth a little wider and then slip further down his shaft at the pressure on his head he was exerting. He wanted a faster tempo, and tried to use his grip on the silky locks to induce a faster pace, but Ianto continued the torturous slow movements of his mouth up and down. Jack could feel a nice bruise on his hip developing from the squeezing that was being done by both their hands, as their long fingers tangled together clutching at the sparse flesh underneath.

After a minute of the slow torture, although in Jack’s mind it was fifty nine seconds too long, Ianto increased the pace and depth. He was finally getting the pace that he wanted and his eyes closed fully to take concentrate on the feel of Ianto on his body. He felt him slip his free hand off his hip and trail those long fingers down and across his pelvis, leaving tingles and a feeling of heat and fire all along the path those fingers took. He brushed against the base of Jack’s shaft causing it to jerk involuntarily before he felt Ianto slip his clever fingers further down to apply pressure to his balls, squeezing and cradling the sacs.

Jack was brought to the precipice by the smallest of motions.

Ianto moved his hand to cup his balls with his palm allowing his fingers to drift around lower and over his perineum. Ianto applied stronger pressure with his palm and fingers combining it with strong suction from this mouth. Jack pushed his feet into the mattress, lifting his hips off the bed as he spasmed into Ianto’s warm welcoming mouth. Ianto took all that Jack had to give before slowly sliding off of him and sitting back on his haunches smiling at the state of Jack lying before him, sweaty and sated.

“You’re a right mess now,” he smirked, “almost as bad as the room!”

“You always leave me in a mess.” Jack smiled as he entwined their hands together and lifted them off his hip into the air. He played with Ianto’s hand, watching it as he moved it this way and that before suddenly lifting his torso off the bed and flipping Ianto underneath him.

“This is a better morning,” he growled into Ianto’s neck as he brought his other hand into play tickling Ianto in his most sensitive spots, causing the grown man to start squirming, giggling like a little school girl and pleading for him to stop.

Jack pushed Ianto further into the mattress to ensure that Ianto couldn’t respond in kind.

Laughing into his neck at the squeals and squirms emanating from underneath him he asked “Do you want this?” as he licked up Ianto’s stubbled neck, enjoying the feeling of the bristles against his tongue. “Or do you want this?” as he pushed his groin into the other mans.

Ianto couldn’t form words around his involuntarily giggles and the sensual onslaught that Jack was providing to his neck and groin. His only way of responding was to push his neglected cock into Jack’s letting him know what he wanted. At his movement Jack lifted his head and grinned fully down at his lover and stayed his tickling fingers. He waited for Ianto to turn his head and look him in the eye. When Ianto focussed onto those piercing blue eyes gazing at him with warmth and wicked promise, Jack ordered him not to move and disentangled his hands so that he could lean over and hunt for the lube that he had thrown on the floor the night before. He pushed clothes out of the way
before exclaiming in victory. “Aha!” he said as he lifted the lube triumphantly in one hand while with the other he braced himself on the floor. He turned to smile at Ianto who he noticed was staring at his raised arse.

He grinned harder as he tossed the lube onto Ianto’s stomach and pushed himself back onto the bed. Ianto pouted as he lost sight of the pert arse. Jack laughed at the childish pout and lifted up the lube and squirted out a generous amount into his hand. He tossed it back onto the floor as he lent forward to kiss that pout, swiping his fingers from his other hand into the lube. He started with a simple closed mouth kiss onto the pout before drawing slightly back, staring at Ianto and then leaning back in to take the choice bottom lip with his teeth and pulling it down and away from the top lip. He slipped his tongue into the gap he had made as he simultaneously slid his palm and the lube onto Ianto’s throbbing erect member. Ianto hissed into the kiss as he grabbed the sheets tightly taking pleasure in the thrusting motion of the kiss and the cool heat provided by Jack’s hand. Unbeknownst to Ianto, Jack slipped his fingers around behind himself and prepared his opening quickly as his desire was strong to slide onto Ianto. He slipped his fingers out and slid his other hand to the base of Ianto’s cock as he moved his legs to either side of Ianto, not once breaking the kiss.

“Yes,” hissed Ianto, elongating the ‘e’ even more than normal as he felt Jack position himself above him.

Jack wanted nothing more than to slide down fully and hard onto Ianto, but he knew he had to still be sensitive from the other night, so he slowly slid down and up, each time taking Ianto a little deeper into himself. He moved both lube covered hands up to cradle Ianto’s head, the lube tangling into his hair and mingling with the sweat from both their bodies. His elbows bracing his upper body off the bed and Ianto raising himself up as well so that they could both still maintain the kisses as Jack finally took Ianto fully into himself. On that downward thrust they both paused at the sensation for a brief moment before Jack groaned and started rising and dropping in an intense rhythm. Ianto braced his feet a little apart on the bed, untangling his feet from the discarded sheets so that he could provide a counter movement, his hands gripping the sheets tightly.

The two men filled the room with the sounds of their passion and the musky smell of sex. It was primal and hard, not gentle and romantic. Both working towards the same end, Ianto’s completion. Jack’s thighs started to quiver with the strain of the movements, Ianto gripped one thigh in one hand and reached around to pull Jack closer to himself with the other, his fingers digging into Jack’s hot flesh. At the feeling of the shaking occurring in Jack’s tensed muscles, Ianto moaned into Jack’s mouth and stabbed harder with his tongue.

The kiss turned violent in it’s passion as Jack could feel the shaking in Ianto as he arched his back, pushing further into Jack with each thrust and drop. Ianto broke the kiss to arch his head back and open his mouth on a silent scream. Jack’s eyes closed as he felt the tremors within him. He slid his legs downward, his muscles happy with the release in tension, so he ended up laying flush along the other man, knowing that Ianto could easily bear his weight. He tucked his head into the crook of Ianto’s neck, kissing that area softly, waiting for the other man to return to earth. Neither man noticing the cold of the room as they were both still glowing from their earlier exertions.

After a while Ianto’s breathing returned to it’s normal patterns and Jack could feel him softening inside him as he started to leak back onto the bed.

“Sticky,” Jack commented as he started to lift himself off of the other man.

“Disconcertingly sticky,” Ianto agreed, smiling slightly back.

Jack laughed. “Nothing a bit of warm soapy water can’t fix.” He waggled his eyebrows at the satisfied Welshman below him.
Ianto laughed and pushed at his chest. Jack slid up and off Ianto, rolling out of the bed to stand and offer his hand to the other man. Ianto took the hand and the two headed to the shower to make good use of some warm soapy water.

Later, after cleaning up themselves and their room, amongst more kisses and groping, the pair adjourned to Jack’s office for breakfast and to start to look at the CCTV to see if they could spot the Cooakalin. There had been no visuals ever recorded of a Cooakalin so they had to look for people or things that seemed out of place. Ianto had taken the time while in rehearsal the day before to memorise as many of the cast and crew as he could. It was a large company and he hoped that he could spot something out of place. Another issue was the placement within the Millennium Centre. Not only was the company rehearsing there, but there was the normal centre staff, tourists and visitors to sort through. They decided to back track from when Ianto and Gareth entered the dressing room at the end of the day. Jack wisely only brought up the camera in the hallway.

Ianto lifted his steaming cup of coffee to his lips as he watched the images of himself and Gareth walking backwards on the screen on the wall behind Jack’s desk.

Jack was lounged in his chair, keyboard resting on his lap as he typed in commands one handed and lifted his own steaming blue and white striped cup to his mouth. A plate of toast lay amongst the papers on his desk, resting next to the crushed canister, within reach of both men.

The vision continued backwards until they joined Tim and Burn outside the rehearsal room. Jack paused it as he turned to Ianto, concern in his startling blue eyes.

“He looks just like Owen,” he said as he pointed at the screen.

“I know, but it’s not,” Ianto said quietly as he looked up again at the screen, focusing on the twin of his not so recently deceased colleague. “It threw me when Gareth introduced me to him the first time. I called him Owen, too. His name is Burn, friendly, not snarky like Owen at all.”

Ianto glanced back down at his coffee, the loss of Owen and Tosh still so fresh and painful. Jack had started the vision again when something twigged in Ianto’s memory. He glanced back at the screen to see that Jack had followed their movements back into the rehearsal room just prior to them leaving for the day.

“Jack, stop there!” He exclaimed. He looked at the screen intently, noting himself, Gareth, Burn and Tim. “Go forward again, show both cameras before we leave the room.” Jack split the screen and pulled up the corridor camera a couple of minutes before the previous vision he had shown.

“Is that far back enough?” he asked Ianto.

“It should be,” was the confused reply. “Play them both,” he requested.

They watched in silence as there on the screen on one side was the four men talking and then leaving the room. Nothing entered or exited the room from the corridor camera until the four exited the rehearsal space.

“That’s not right,” Ianto said. “Go back to the rehearsal space. Keep tracking back.”

Jack pulled the rehearsal space back into full screen mode and kept it on wide vision of the room as he continued with it tracking backwards at a reasonable speed. Both men had placed their coffees on the desk, forgotten. Ianto was peering intently at the screen and Jack was flickering his vision between Ianto’s reactions and the screen.

“It’s not right,” Ianto muttered again a few minutes in. “Go back to the end again,” he asked of Jack.
Jack obediently flickered the action back to the point Ianto requested. He paused it and looked to Ianto expectantly.

“He was there, I know he was there,” Ianto said sotto voce as he looked at the screen, the image of the four men imbedded in his memory. Realisation dawned on his face as he looked at Jack. “It’s Davey!” he claimed.

“Huh?” Jack asked.

“Davey! He was there at the end with us and other times as well earlier but he’s not showing up on the vision.” Ianto pointed at the screen. “See the space between Tim and Gareth? That’s where Davey was. Play it and watch as they walk through the door. There’s a body there that isn’t showing up.”

Jack played the vision and watched closely as the men exited the room. Sure enough, just as Ianto claimed he could see the reactions of the others around the space indicated that something was there in that space.

“No wonder there are no visuals of Cooakalin’s, they don’t show up on film,” Jack stated.

“He’ll be there now,” Ianto said as he glanced at his watch. “Only one present to go, remember.”

The two men looked at each other for a moment before both sprang into action, Jack reaching for his coat and holster and Ianto running out of the room to his desk to grab his own weapon, stashing it into his jeans. As Jack left his office he glanced towards Ianto who was tucking his hooded top over his jeans and the concealed weapon.

“Lift,” he said as he moved towards it.

Ianto joined him on the lift. The two stood in close silence as it ascended up the Hub. As it locked into place on the Plas, the two men, not heeding anyone else around them took off at a run towards the Centre.

“Oi, slow down!” They heard. That familiar voice caused them both to stop in their tracks and spin towards it.

“Where the bloody hell did you two appear from so quickly?” Gareth asked as he wandered up towards the Tower.

“Found your stalker,” Ianto announced before looking at Jack, and at Jack’s nod they both took off for the Centre again at a dead run. Jack’s coat flowing behind him in the morning light, Ianto’s lean legs helping him keep apace with Jack.

Unknown to the two of them was Gareth following close behind them, unmindful of the possible danger to himself but eager to see the bastard caught that caused him such tumult yesterday.
Capture

Chapter Summary

All the ends tied up, hopefully. Gareth gets a bit of revenge too.

The two agents pushed open the double glass doors with some force, startling the older security guard standing just inside the door.

“Hi, Bill!” Jack yelled as he and Ianto ran across the smooth marble floor towards the rehearsal area without stopping. “Don’t mind us.”

Bill smiled at the man in the coat who regularly bribed him with divine coffee and Belgian chocolates for access to the roof of the Centre. As he turned back to the door, it was flung open again by one of the actors who hurried after the other two.

“Sorry Bill!” He yelled as he rounded the corner at speed.

Bill placed a hand over his heart and shook his head at the impetuousness of youth.

Ianto led Jack towards the rehearsal space, but as he burst into the room to the surprise of Tim and the two IT guys, he noticed that there was no Davey.

“Davey?” he asked Tim, while Jack hovered behind him.

“He was putting something in your dressing room,” The Australian director stated, a little unsure as to which man was standing in front of him, although the protective stance of Jack behind him made him strongly suspect it wasn’t his lead actor.

“Right,” Ianto stated as he turned around, and Jack stepped back into the corridor to allow him to lead the way to the dressing room. As Ianto stepped back into the corridor they met up with Gareth. Ianto scowled at him.

“No,” he said before Gareth could even open his mouth. “This is our job, stay out of it.”

“Stop me,” Gareth challenged

Before Ianto could respond in kind, Jack interrupted. “Boys? Stalker to catch!” When Ianto looked like he was about to speak again, Jack silenced him by giving some directions to Gareth. “You can tag along but stay out of the room. We do our job to catch him. Ok?” When there was no response from either of the glaring Welshmen he repeated himself more sternly. “Ok?”

Ianto threw his hands into the air and started to run towards the dressing room, closely followed by a mumbling Jack and an equally annoyed Gareth.

He reached the dressing room, thankful for once for the trainers which allowed him to run fast and quietly on the marble floors. He stopped just before the doorway and reached over to quietly push open the door slightly. Taking a deep breath to control himself, he peered around the corner into the room with just his head, as he drew his gun out from the back of his jeans and efficiently switched the safety off.
“Shit,” Gareth said quietly at the potent looking weapon in Ianto’s hand. He noticed that Jack had drawn his own weapon, which looked more like those from the old westerns he used to watch on TV. Ianto’s was the scarier looking of the two but Gareth didn’t want to be facing Jack when he had his weapon drawn. The determined look on his face was enough to scare Gareth before realising he had a gun in his hand.

Ianto motioned for Jack to move to the other side of the door, letting him know with one signal that their quarry was in the room as they suspected.

Jack silently moved over to the other side of the doorway and then nodded at Ianto, letting him take the lead into the room. The pair of them slipped in silently, Ianto keeping to the far left and Jack to the right, moving in tandem towards the young man who was looking confusedly down at Gareth’s dressing table.

At the click of the cocking of Jack’s gun and the pressure on his temple from Ianto’s on the other side of his head, Davey looked up in shock to find the other and the interloper with steely looks on their faces.

“Got a present for me?” Jack growled at him.

Davey’s eyes flickered towards Jack. “No, no present,” he said as his left arm moved slightly in front of his left leg.

Ianto noticed the movement and glancing down, saw the outline of an object in Davey’s coat pocket that he was familiar with from last night. He reached quickly, and pulled out the object with his left hand, the silver material gleaming under the fluorescent lights and revealing a canister just like the one from yesterday.

“Oh, that looks nice and pretty. You sure you don’t want to give it to someone?” Jack asked, his voice getting slightly more menacing as he spun Davey around to face him.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Davey protested again.

Jack growled and pulled him forwards and then spun him so that he was backed up against the wall. Meanwhile, Ianto deposited the object onto Gareth’s table, and then stepped forward again to provide support for Jack and pull Tosh’s PDA out of Jack’s coat pocket. He lifted up the PDA to hold it next to his gun and waited while it scanned the man in front of him.

It was a few seconds into scanning when Ianto smiled mirthlessly. “I don’t think this is a ‘Davey,’” he said.

Meanwhile, the not-quite Davey had been staring back at Ianto, and at Ianto’s words it started to mutter under its breath, so quietly that both Jack and Ianto had lean in closer to hear what it was saying.

“Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong,” the Cooakalin kept muttering.

At the word, Jack flinched and moved forward into the personal space of the Cooakalin. “What did you say?” he growled.

The Cooakalin’s eyes flickered up towards Jack. “It’s wrong,” he said pointing at Ianto.

“Oh, the scanner is right, it isn’t wrong.” Ianto responded

“No, no, you are wrong, two is wrong, you are wrong. Need to be one,” the Cooakalin continued its
litany against the other in front of him.

At his words Jack gripped the Cooakalin under the chin and lifted him further up the wall, pressing his body in close to prevent the alien from struggling. “What did you say?”

“He’s wrong, it’s wrong, shouldn’t be here, he’s wrong.” The Cooakalin kept repeating ‘wrong’ around Jack’s grip on his throat while its eyes flickered up and down at Ianto.

Ianto stepped forward, dropping the PDA to the floor uncaringly and assisting Jack to hold up the Cooakalin, the word ‘wrong’ resonating badly for both men.

“I am here,” Ianto hissed as he pressed his gun to the temple of the Cooakalin and mimicking Jack’s movements to coral the alien. “Does this feel wrong to you?”

“You, all your fault,” the Cooakalin hissed at Jack. “Would have been one last night if not for you.”

“You bastard!” Gareth growled at the Director’s assistant. He had entered the room unbeknownst to the three who were already within the room.

“Gareth, leave the room,” Jack ordered the actor.

“No, I want answers from this miserable twat about why he did what he did to Ianto and I last night.” Gareth stood his ground.

The Cooakalin interrupted the Mexican stand off between Jack and Gareth with words, bringing Jack’s eyes back to its face. “They would have been one if not for you, need to be one.” The second part was groaned out around Ianto squeezing harder on the Cooakalin’s throat.

“You sick fucker!” Gareth exclaimed as he stepped into the gap in front of Davey and lifted his knee towards the most vulnerable part of the other man.

Davey cried out in pain as Jack dropped his hand and pushed Gareth away from the alien.

“Out,” he ordered, shoving the man in the chest with one hand while his gun hand dropped to his side.

Ianto also let go and allowed the Cooakalin to drop to the floor in agony, but maintained his stance over the alien with his gun still firmly pointed at the threat.

“He deserved it,” Gareth cried as he pointed around Jack and started to take a step towards the man writhing on the floor.

“Out,” Jack repeated as he stepped to the side to place himself between the actor and the alien. “We’ll take it from here.”

Gareth stared at Jack for a moment, and then with a nod he agreed to leave the room. Although some of his pent up frustration had been relieved, he still felt the need to slam the door shut, some his petulance still remaining despite the physical outlet he had found by being violent towards the man writhing on the floor.

As Jack turned back towards Ianto, he pulled out a set of cuffs from an inside pocket of his coat and tossed them to him. He raised his gun again towards the whimpering creature on the floor in front of him. Ianto caught the cuffs one-handed and knelt down to the alien who was already in a foetal position making it easy for Ianto to pull its arms behind it and cuff them together, after he had placed his gun back into his jeans, switching the safety back on. He pulled the alien up and collected the
discarded PDA of Tosh’s. He tossed that back to Jack and as Jack caught it and moved towards the
door, he forced the still whimpering alien into walking forward. The Cooakalin was obviously very
vulnerable in the nether regions just as human males were, as his walking was very stilted and his
repeated litany of the word ‘wrong’ had finally been replaced with whimpers of pain.

Jack opened the door and ushered the Cooakalin and Ianto through it. Ianto directed the Cooakalin
back towards the front entrance, Jack following behind at a discrete pace with his gun still drawn.
Gareth was nowhere to be seen and as they drew near the rehearsal room, raised voices could be
heard.

“Take him around the corner, I will ‘explain’ to Tim,” Jack told Ianto. Ianto nodded and continued to
move the alien forward at the shuffling pace, knowing that getting it out of the possible sight of the
others was a good idea. None of the actors or crew would normally enter through the front entrance.
There was the issue of the general public however, and now Ianto was thinking a little clearer. He
wondered if guns and their physical presence alone was good enough to contain a Cooakalin who
doesn’t show up on CCTV. After all, they had minimal information on them in the Archives. Jack
was renowned for jumping into the fray without thinking, and Gwen had also undertaken it as her
normal battle plan A, but he was the cool head, the calm head. All he could think was that scene in
the dressing room the night before had impaired his judgement, and then when the Cooakalin had
said the word wrong it brought back memories of the word and how the Doctor had told Jack he was
wrong. Jack had blurted it out one night and Ianto had held him tight and resolved if he ever got to
meet the Doctor, he and Ianto were going to have some words about abandonment and consideration
of others.

Ianto had one hand on the alien’s cuffed hands and had reached to his back to collect his gun, which
he brought around to the front, but kept it concealed under the loose jumper he wore, just in case
there were people around. It was surprisingly quiet in the main hall, and more surprisingly the alien
had not offered any more suggestions on how wrong Ianto was. It had stopped whimpering in pain,
too. Ianto was suspicious and as such concentrated on the Cooakalin intently.

Jack joined him after a few minutes and Ianto tucked the gun back into his jeans as he noticed that
Jack had holstered his weapon.

“Office?” he asked Jack, indicating that he thought the lift was probably not a good idea.

Jack nodded and the two men pushed the Cooakalin in the direction of the front door and the outside
morning of Cardiff.

Gwen looked up from her computer as the cog door started to roll open. She was concerned to have
entered the Hub only to find no trace of Jack or Ianto and it not in lockdown mode. She had been
searching the CCTV and had seen Ianto running for his weapon and then joining Jack on the lift.
She had no idea where they had gone and neither had taken their comms with them. She was ready
to give the two of them a piece of her mind when she saw that they had a prisoner with them. She
wisely kept her mouth closed as they entered.

“Ianto, put him in the interrogation room and watch him,” Jack instructed.

Jack waited as the young Welshman walked with the Cooakalin out of earshot before turning to
Gwen and asking her to collect the recently returned Dethlian amos from the Archives and to bring
him the small tool kit as well.

Jack walked into the interrogation room to find the Cooakalin sitting with it’s head bowed and Ianto
standing guard by the door, doing his best bad cop impression, gun drawn and all.
Jack moved to the other side of the table and pulled the chair back, allowing it to grate along the floor.

The Cooakalin lifted his head and stared at the Captain.

“What do you do with the humans you kidnap?” Jack asked.

“Kidnap? Not kidnap,” the Cooakalin responded.

“What were you going to do to Gareth?” Ianto asked.

The Cooakalin’s eyes swivelled to Ianto. “The main, the primary, your half. Needed to be one and then here.” The Cooakalin pointed to itself on the word here.

“Here?” Jack asked, “You eat them?”

“No, No.” The Cooakalin shook its head violently. “The halves must be whole and then when whole joined.”

“Joined,” Jack mused. The enlightenment of a far off memory that had teased him back in the dressing room was confirmed and he looked to Ianto and repeated, “joined!”

“How old are you?” he asked the Cooakalin.

“Eight thousand and twenty-one in your primitive years,” it responded.

“You can’t reproduce with others of your kind, can you?” he asked. “I remember now about your planet being sealed off to all visitors. Rumours of joining with other races like a black widow spider.”

“Need others to be one, yes,” it agreed. “Choose one and court.”

“The gifts.” Ianto muttered.

Jack leaned back in his chair and smiled. “The Dethlian’s sealed off all access into and out of your system - the decision made to seal off your planet in the hope that your race would die off naturally.”

At the mention of the Dethlian race, the Cooakalin hissed. “Too many, not one, not right, wrong, can’t join. Need to join to live again.”

“Jack?” Gwen called from the little alcove above the interrogation room.

“Watch our friend here, I am going to get a present for him,” Jack told Ianto as he pushed his chair back and walked back up the stairs to Gwen.

Jack motioned for Gwen to move into his office, noting that she had the Dethlian amos in her hand and the tool kit as he had requested. The amos was a small shell shaped object, similar to the portable cell that Gwen had seen used on her first day at work. This was bronze in colour and didn’t have the lines like the other. It was smooth all over with no visible lines that she could see. Jack sat at his desk and opened the tool kit to take out a small pen shaped tool with a fine wire end. He held out his hand for the amos and Gwen placed it in there. A banging noise from the interrogation room caused the pair to look up at the screen on the wall and see Ianto leaning on the table hissing at an empty chair. Gwen breathed in deeply in shock.

“He’s not there!” she said.
“Cooakalin’s don’t show up on camera, so we discovered. I suggest you go and tell Ianto I need him up here. Don’t leave that room and don’t talk to it.” Jack brought Gwen up to speed.

Gwen hurried out of the office.

Jack brought his attention back to the amos and touched three seemingly random points on the top surface. Ianto walked up behind Jack as the amos opened up to reveal intricate internal circuitry.

“I thought that wasn’t working when you sent it to Two,” he said.

“It wasn’t, but it works fine if you know which buttons to press.” Jack smiled at the tense man beside him. He flicked the pen towards the internal and flicked at a wire that ran the length of the amos. He pulled it up and out and closed the lid of the amos back.

“Time to give our friend a little present of his own,” Jack said as he stood and walked back towards the interrogation room.

Jack entered the room to find Gwen standing with her arms crossed and the Cooakalin sitting still with its head bowed towards the floor. Jack walked behind the alien and placed one hand on its shoulder, applying a gentle pressure so that it lifted its head to look at Jack standing behind him.

“You like presents?” he asked the alien. “I have one for you.” With those final words he dropped the amos into the cuffed and cupped hands of the Cooakalin and took a step back.

“No!” The Cooakalin cried when he felt the shape and the pulse of the amos in its hand. It tried to drop its fingers towards the floor and drop the present Jack had given it but a coppery glow had started to emanate and in a blink and a flash the Cooakalin and the amos disappeared.

Ianto and Gwen started towards where the alien had been.

“What?”

“Where did he go?”

“Where it won’t cause anymore problems. Back to the Dethlian’s who will place it back on it’s planet, never to leave again,” Jack said to his two confused team members.

“Jack you just can’t send someone through space!” Gwen cried.

“He was one member of an alien race that mates with humans and other races to absorb them and their life-force in order to continue their own lives. We can’t detect them on a camera. You saw how many ‘abductions’ there had been that we were aware of. What did you expect we could do? The three of us? Let them keep taking humans virtually undetected?”

Gwen did her best guppy expression as she tried to form words to protest to Jack about jumping to conclusions.

Jack didn’t give her time to sort her thoughts out as he turned and left the room, stalking back up to his office, Ianto on his heels.

As Jack flopped into his chair, sighing as he sunk into the leather, Ianto motioned for Gwen to leave Jack for him to deal with. She acquiesced to his order and headed back out to the main area.

Ianto sat on the desk next to Jack’s chair, waiting for the other man to start to talk.

“I had to,” Jack said quietly as he looked up Ianto after a while.
“I know, but sometimes it is nice to let Gwen and I in on the plan.”

“No time, if it suspected anything or saw the amos it wouldn’t have touched it.” He reached for Ianto’s hand, twining his long fingers with the other man. “It was fixated on you and Gareth. I wanted it gone.”

Ianto looked down at their joined hands, smiling to himself he squeezed and raised a smile at his partner. He mused to himself that it was definitely one of the stranger days he had known while working at Torchwood and that the day had barely even started.

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