Final Wish

by evalentine99

Summary

Six months after leaving to be with the Doctor Jack returns to find the Torchwood team have a few things to say. And where is Ianto?

Notes

Final Wish - This story was inspired by a short story in the form of a letter 'Six Months' written by Ohinyan. Used here with kind permission. Ohinyan can be found on Fanfiction dot net, Live Journal and Archive or Our Own and has many excellent dark stories.

Jack smiled to himself as the main Hub door opened. He wasn't sure if he felt sad or just relieved they hadn't changed his password settings.

Moving across to his former office he knew he had only a small window of opportunity; the fake callout would only keep the team out for an hour. If he was quick they would never know he had been there.

All he needed was to pick up a couple of personal items. He hated loose ends and there was one loose end here he didn't want to face under any circumstances. Just his coral and his photos…that was it.

Opening his office door he saw the desk has been moved about and it was tidier, different…looked like Ianto was in charge, good for him.

Using his combination on the safe he clicked it round.
He heard movement behind him turning he saw it was Tosh pointing a blaster at him.

Tosh touched her earpiece. 'OWEN?

'Don't scream at me I bloody near crashed,' Jack heard on an open channel which echoed around the Hub.

'He's back.'

'Who?'

'Jack.' Tosh heard what sounded like a screech of tyres.

'You keep that bastard there! We are on our way back!' Owen screamed into her earpiece.

Ignoring the gun pointed in his direction he took the objects he had come for then turned.

'Tosh I'm just here to pick up a couple of things and be on my way.' Jack saw the gun was a disrupter ray.

'Seriously Tosh.' Jack threw her a look of contempt.

'I know this won't kill you Jack but it will slow you down.'

'Is he contained?' Owen asked

'He's not going anywhere,' Tosh told them.

'Good.' Gwen came online. 'Because there are a few things I want to say.'

'Look I knew this could be awkward …' Jack pointed out, 'but there is no need for this. I've got what I came for just let me leave.'

'Shit it, Jack'. Tosh stared him down.

A few moments later the Hub door rolled back.

'You mother fucking, cock sucking cunt wanker!' Owen spat out spittle flying off his lips as he ran towards Jack with Gwen by his side.

'YOU bastard!' Gwen shouted.

'You knew the Doctor had made me an offer…' Jack began to explain

'Six months! You said you would be back in six months!' Gwen said aiming her own gun now at Jack.

'Hey you look like you are all still all in one piece; see…my training paid off. You didn't need me here to hold your hands.'

'Do you want to know what his last words were Jack?' Gwen said through her teeth.

'What?' Jack said startled at the change of topic. 'Whose last words?'

'Oh that's right you weren't here so let me tell you…his last words were, 'tell Jack I'm sorry I was not stronger, tell him I can't hold on any longer.'
Jack shook his head. 'Who? What are you on about? Last words?' He looked at each of his former team members, one in turn.

'Every day we had to watch him melt away before our eyes...' Tosh said.

'And every day he asked the same question: \textit{Do you think Jack will come today?}' Owen burst out.

'Are you talking about Ianto?' Jack asked hoping he was not here in the Hub because he was the last person he wanted to see. Awkward in the extreme considering, he was the one who left. He was not going to be tied down; years he had waited and he didn't want to lose another day.

'We are raw Jack, so excuse us if we are angry on you running out and leaving him,' Gwen added.

'Is that what this is about?' Jack replied, disgusted. 'Look…what happened is between him and me; I ended it, that's life. Just because you worked together doesn't give you the right to take sides.'

'This is not about taking sides, you miserable fucker.' Owen took a breath.

'You couldn't stay six months…' Gwen glared at him. 'You couldn't give him six months of your worthless endless life and pretend. Instead, you have to throw him an empty promise. He knew it was hopeless; that no treatment could bring any remission. But because of that pathetic promise he chose to put himself through hell trying to extend his life by an extra day, hour, minute, second in the hope, he would last six months and see you one last time.'

'And he suffered Jack. We had to sit there holding his hand trying to comfort him…' Tosh interrupted.

'We did our best but the only person he needed was you!' Owen spat out. 'So take yourself out of here before we find a way to bury you deep in the bowels of this hell hole so you never see the light of day again.'

'He left you this.' Gwen pushed a box into his hands as Jack passed.

'Now fuck off!' Owen pointed to the door.

Leaving silently Jack took the box. Entering the TARDIS he went to his room and opened the box. In it were Ianto's stopwatch and a letter.

\begin{flushright}
\textit{Dear Jack,}
\end{flushright}

\textit{I am writing this on the day you have been away for six months. You promised me that you would be back by now and you are not. I suspect you will not be back for many more months, if ever.}

\textit{You accused me of being petty when I asked you to wait for six months before travelling with the Doctor again. Perhaps I was, I was certainly being selfish, but these could have been the most precious months of my life. And it's not as if the Doctor would have minded jumping forward to pick you up. I wish you had given me a chance to explain.}

\textit{As it is I have spent the last six months alone, waiting in vain for you. I quit Torchwood not long after you left. I couldn't keep up with the pace. Owen would have put me on desk duty anyway if I had stayed.}

\textit{The doctors didn't get things quite right. They said I would be fit for seven or eight months before things went downhill. It was more like four months. It won't be long now but I was determined to}
'Can I help you?'

'I'm looking for Ianto Jones,' Jack said as he approached the senior nurse on the oncology outpatient's ward.

'Sorry, family only.' The nurse went to bustle past him.

Jack flashed his physic paper.

Her eyes widened and began to speak. 'As you know he started the experimental chemo this morning and one of the side effects has caused him to have a bad reaction. He's a bit of a mess, we need to just get him cleaned up and established,' she told him.

He watched as she hurried off. Entering the room he took in a sharp intake of breath. Ianto was unshaven and sitting upright and wearing a baseball cap; Jack guessed Ianto has lost all his hair. He was half sitting, his eyes closed, a bowl being held close to his chest, a cannula in his hand attached to a drip.

Jack moved aside as a nurse entered with a small container filled with syringes and more saline.

'Doctor's on his way down, Ianto.' She pulled out a syringe and injected it into the saline pack followed by three others.

She pulled out a much smaller liquid pack and injected it directly into the port in his hand.

'This is morphine that should help with the pain and something to stop you vomiting.'

Keeping his eyes closed he gave a nod of understanding. She placed her hand on his.

'We'll get you feeling better,' she said kindly.

She left the room and Jack went over and picked up Ianto's hand.
'Jack,' Ianto croaked through cracked lips and Jack threw his arms around him.

Jack sat next to Ianto, encouraging him to eat. Now he had stopped all the treatment he was feeling a lot better. And he had gained a small amount of weight. Ianto thought it was because he had stopped the chemo. Jack knew the truth: he was being sustained by his life energy, giving Ianto some energy to ease and sustain him for however long Ianto had left.

But time was running out. He couldn't stop him dying, but there was just enough time to take him somewhere and pretend. Pretend he could do this; pretend he wasn't seeing what could have been. Allow the man who loved him more than he deserved something to take into the dark.

'Where you are whisking him off too?' Gwen asked Ianto and winked at Jack.

'All I know it off world.' Ianto smiled.

'Somewhere warm.' Jack picked up Ianto's hand and kissed the back of it. 'Just us.' Jack gave Ianto a gentle kiss.

Gwen leaned over and whispered to Jack as Ianto and Tosh began a discussion. 'Thank God you came back, Jack. He was putting himself through hell and none of us could stop it. Is there no way the Doctor can take him somewhere and find a cure?'

Jack looked haunted. 'There is nothing I can do to stop him dying. What I can do, I've done.'

Gwen looked at him curiously. 'You mean change the manner of his death but that means…'

'It means,' Jack replied softly, 'Ianto will die believing he was worth me coming back for. For what days remain I'm giving him the perfect me. The one without the flaws and selfishness. The me that Ianto loves.'

'And then you will be gone.'

'I will be gone,' Jack agreed.

'He only had one wish poor lamb.'

'I know,' Jack said sadly and Gwen looked at him curiously.

'You talk as if this is the past and the future and somehow the now. You knew because you came back didn't you? In the future?' Gwen asked after several moments had passed.

Jack looked at her. 'In my worthless endless life, this is the only gift I can give him for loving me.'

'You make it sound like a punishment.'

'Isn't it?'

'Love isn't a punishment, Jack. It's wonderful when people fall in love.'

'What if you realise that love only when you lose it?'

'We have to live with that I suppose,' Gwen said.

'As I said…in my worthless endless life, this is the only gift I can give him for loving me.'
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!