Rarely Pure and Never Simple

by Waldo

Summary

Torchwood Three, alcohol, camping and the brilliant idea to play Truth or Dare. This'll end well.

Notes

Written for: rounds_of_kink, prompt by deannawol - A bottle of alien Absinthe kink: truth or dare, no pairing specified.

Author's Notes: This is very, very, late. My apologies to ROK and to Deannawol, hopefully the fact that it's 8000+ words and full of sex will make up for that. :) Beta'd by a crew of thousands. Or at least 3. kyrdwyn, invisible lift and dr is in have all said this is safe to read. Title is from the Oscar Wilde quote "The Truth is rarely pure and never simple." And we all know Jack had to have done Oscar at some point. :)

Owen carried on loudly and crassly about his opinion on Jack dragging them out into the countryside once more. Gwen had tried to get into the spirit of the trip. No missing people, no case to investigate, just an honest-to-god camping trip. Ianto and Tosh just worked silently setting up tents and storing provisions. Neither was willing to give in to their fears and complain, but they weren't quite ready to embrace the wilderness yet either.
"For the last time, Owen, we're in a public camping park. Our cell phones work. There are flush toilets and hot showers in a little concrete building about five minutes that way," Jack hiked a thumb up the gravel road they'd traveled in on. "But we need to get out here again. The rift is getting larger and more active. We don't need to all be freaking out when we actually have to come back out here."

Tosh pushed her hair out of her face. "Well, in that case, maybe Owen's doing it right. Get all the pissing and moaning out now, so he won't be able to when we're stuck out further from civilization the next time."

"Grin and bear it, love," Gwen put in. "We're here. No point in grousing now."

"Besides," Jack said from where he was wrestling something out of his overnight bag in the back of the SUV, "I've brought something to make the trip a little less painful." He brandished a bright blue bottle that he estimated held about a liter and a half.

Owen dropped the mallet he'd been using. "You said no one could drink that! You said it wasn't fit for human consumption!"

"If I hadn't it would have been gone before I could get you out here."

Ianto tugged the last rope taut on his tent before locking it in place. "This is going to end well. A forest, a fire, Owen and alcohol." He headed to the SUV and grabbed his sleeping bag and Jack's and tossed them into the now erected tent.

Jack raised an eyebrow and bit his lip to keep from grinning too obviously, but it wasn't lost on Ianto. "What?" Ianto asked brusquely.

"I didn't tell you to put my stuff in your tent."

Ianto flushed under the collar of his Henley. "I just assumed… I mean, I figured… you weren't bothering to set up another tent…"

Jack grabbed the belt loop of Ianto's jeans and pulled him in. "That wasn't a complaint."

Ianto sighed against Jack's cheek. "You're taking the damn thing down and getting it back in that sack."

Jack smiled and nodded. "Fair enough. Here," he tossed Ianto his bag. "Put this in there too, yeah?"

Ianto stowed both their bags and came out to hear Owen griping that they better 'not wake the wildlife' with whatever they got up to in there.

"Don't mind him," Jack said playfully. "He'll feel better after a few glasses of this." He held the bottle up again.

"What's in there?" Gwen asked, brushing the dirt off her fingers.

"Booze!" Owen exclaimed, finally finding something good in the whole miserable adventure.

"Not just booze. It's the Sheftaxalian version of absinthe. Sneaks up on you and thumps you on the head like a mugger. But the best part? The Sheftaxalian homeworld has this tree and if you age alcohol in barrels made of this tree, the alcohol works, but you don't feel hung over in the morning. It's fabulous stuff."
"Gimme," Owen said making a grab for the bottle.

Jack pulled it out of reach. "After dinner."

Owen actually growled as he snagged his duffle and his sleeping bag and threw them into his tent.

"Gwen, we're done," Tosh shouted from behind her tent. "Grab our gear, will you?"

Gwen grabbed both overnight bags and a camping mat from the supplies in the SUV.

Jack leaned against the side of the car and watched as everyone finished setting up their gear. They had plans to be out there for an extended weekend as long as the portable rift monitor didn't give them a reason to head back to the Hub. He was keeping an eye on them all, but Ianto and Tosh especially and so far they seemed to accept that the reason for being out there was to see if they'd ultimately succumb to the panic they felt creeping around them as they'd left Cardiff in the rearview mirror.

Jack caught Ianto's hand as the other man emerged from their tent to grab another load of gear from the SUV. "How're you doing?" Jack asked casually.

"So far, so good," Ianto answered with a shrug. "Ask me again when it's dark out." He grabbed two mats and another sleeping bag.

Jack pulled him close again. "We'll just have to see that you're distracted tonight." He poked at the sleeping bag with one finger. "Let's start with zipping the sleeping bags together." He raised an eyebrow in question, waiting to see if Ianto balked.

Ianto just grinned. "If I didn't think sex in the tent was a brilliant idea to begin with, I'd do it just to annoy Owen at this point."

Jack pulled Ianto in for a long, wet kiss. "Don't poke the bear," he warned as they pulled apart.

Ianto grabbed the mats and a camp light and headed back to the tent, tossing a casual look over his shoulder. "It wasn't the bear I was thinking of doing that to."

Jack rolled his eyes and sagged against the SUV. It was going to be an interesting night.

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After the tents had been put up, they all began setting up the things they'd need for dinner. Jack let Owen play pyromaniac and didn't even object once when Owen insisted on using half a bottle of lighter fluid to start the campfire in the well-defined firescar. True to form, Ianto took the rake from the campground's tool shed and cleared out the space between the fire pit and the ring of large logs that had been set up around it. He even went so far as to take a rag and dust off the tops of the log-seats before sitting on one while Jack and Tosh set up the camp table and Gwen rifled through the cooler looking for the hot dogs.

The sun was setting by the time they'd managed to get a fire burning that didn't depend on gallons of combustible fluids and had actually cooked more hotdogs than they'd dropped into the flames. Jack, of course, had lived through wars and was used to roughing it and had cooked and eaten two before Gwen had managed one and was quickly put on cooking duty, heating up Owen's, Gwen's second and Ianto's while Tosh managed her own. Ianto had opened a bag of crisps and they'd made their way around the circle and once everyone had a plate of food, they'd all relaxed into the atmosphere of friends, clear skies and firelight. Jack sat next to Ianto, shoulder to shoulder, noticing that as the sun set, Ianto tensed just perceptibly and Jack knew that the Beacons were sitting on the
edge of his mind, keeping him from relaxing entirely. Jack balanced his plate on his knee and wrapped his free arm around Ianto's waist. He smiled when Ianto looked up first in surprise and then in gratitude. No words were spoken, but Jack could feel Ianto relax and was grateful.

Similarly Gwen and Owen had taken up Tosh's flanks, not sitting quite so close as Jack and Ianto, but close enough that Tosh kept glancing up through her fringe and giving them small smiles.

Once the plates were cleared and rinsed in a bucket full of water and sanitizer, Jack pulled out a handful of tin cups and fished the blue bottle from where he'd stashed it in the SUV. It was full dark now, but the blazing fire made it easy to see. Jack poured everyone half a cup and passed them out before sitting back on his log.

Ianto puttered around the camp table, finishing with the clearing up for a few more minutes. Jack wondered if Ianto thought he was expected to clean up after them even out here, or if it was just a part of Ianto's fastidious nature. "Ianto, leave it. Anything that would attract critters is sealed up in the coolers and locked in the SUV. We can sort the dishes and things later. Come have a drink."

Jack held out the cup he still held for Ianto.

Ianto finished stowing the camping cookery and came back to the fire. Jack grabbed his arm and pulled him down to sit on the ground between his knees and handed him his cup. Ianto sat where Jack maneuvered him to, but before he could even turn to ask why Jack had done so, Jack had set his cup down next to him and started a strong massage of Ianto's shoulders through his jacket and shirt.

"Oh… yes… thank you," he sighed, his eyes drifting shut, his head rolling forward as Jack squeezed and pushed and rubbed.

Knowing it was the eight-hundred pound gorilla around the campfire, Jack finally brought it up. "So… are we all doing better than the last time we tried to come out and camp?"

"I'm fine," Owen put in quickly. "Oddly, I'm better now that the sun's gone down. We weren't out there at night, everything went to hell in broad daylight," Ianto muttered to his lap.

Tosh was sipping cautiously from her cup. "Yeah, I was just thinking that too. If anything, this reminds me of when I was in the Girl Guides and we came camping every summer for a week."

Owen snorted. "You were a Girl Guide?"

"I'll have you know the Girl Guides are a very respectable organization. They teach girls not to take guff from the likes of men like you," Gwen chipped in.

"And how to camp, apparently," Owen mocked. "Very useful skill these days."

"I'm not the one who had to have Jack make my hotdogs tonight," Tosh said glaring at Owen.

But it was Gwen who replied, "Yes, well, my troop didn't camp. We just had slumber parties and badge classes and things."


Gwen laughed. "I didn't miss it."

"It was a week away from home mostly. Playing in the woods during the day and Truth or Dare
and I Never at night. It was fun." Tosh shrugged and went back to her cup.

"Truth or Dare..." Owen echoed. "I can just imagine the lot of us playing Truth or Dare tonight."

Gwen choked on her drink and Ianto's head went even further down as Jack continued to work on his neck.

"Could be fun," Jack said with a sly smile.

"Could be mortifying," Owen opined.

"Well, now we all want to know what you're hiding, Owen," Ianto put in without raising his eyes.

Gwen took a healthy swallow of her absinthe. "I'm in."

"I want to know what Owen's hiding," Ianto said, earning him a sharp poke in the ribs from Jack – a reminder not to poke the bear. "So I'm in," he said simply.

"You'll get yours, teaboy," Owen muttered with a dark look in his eyes, but a grin on his face. "Fine. I'll play."

Jack could feel Ianto chuckle under his hands and a lightbulb went on for Jack. This was a friendly rivalry. While he'd been gone, Ianto and Owen had not only learned to respect each other, but had developed something of a brotherly affection between them. Little pokes and all.

"Okay, since it was your idea," Jack said sipping his drink. "You go first, Tosh."

Tosh's eyes got huge, evidence that the drink had already started to work it's way between her synapses. "Oh... I um..." She took another sip before clearing her throat. "Ianto, truth or dare?"

Ianto looked from Tosh to Jack to where Owen was snickering into his cup. "Truth," he finally decided.

Ianto stared into the fire for a second before asking lazily, "If you hadn't been recruited by Torchwood, what do you think you'd be doing now?"

Ianto blew out a breath, relieved that she'd started with something so mundane. "I'd just finished my degree in information science when Yvonne's admin rang me up, so I suppose I would have wound up in a library or a museum somewhere."

"That's what you did in London?" Owen asked as he slouched further against his log.

Ianto nodded. "I was on the archiving team." He fixed Owen with as steady a gaze as he was capable of in light of the drink. "What did you think I did?"

"I thought you were the bloody admin," Owen admitted.

"Of course you did," Ianto said with a roll of his eyes.

"Okay, okay," Jack cut in before the discussion could deteriorate. "Ianto, your turn."

Ianto grinned through the fire at Owen. "Owen. Truth or dare?"

Owen knew he was screwed no matter what he chose. "Truth," he finally conceded.

"If you had to pick any member of the team that you haven't yet snogged, to make out with, who
would it be?"

Owen smiled back. "That's easy. It'd have to be Tosh, now wouldn't it?"

"Why's that?" Jack asked.

"'Cause if I say you, he beats the crap out of me, if I say him, you beat the crap out of me." Owen's hand flapped back and forth between Ianto and Jack.

Jack leaned down and kissed the top of Ianto's head. "You're smarter than you let on," he told Owen.

Tosh was giving Owen a sideways look and Gwen's jaw jutting out as if she was holding back a comment.

"What's your problem?" Owen snapped.

Tosh blushed in the firelight and turned away. Gwen, however, had no problem telling him when he was being a right git. "You seem to be forgetting something."

"Am not," Owen countered. "He said a member of the team I haven't - oh… Shit."

Tosh smiled the smile they all hated to see on her – the one that said she was hurt, but she'd pretend she wasn't for the sake of the other person's feelings. "It's not like that was a proper snog anyway. Just a quick peck between friends." She gave Owen a flat evil grin and slammed back her drink. "Tommy could take you on any day." She held out her cup and let Jack refill it.

"Well, then, there it is. If I had to give a proper 'snog' to someone I haven't, I'd pick Tosh," Owen said feeling vindicated. "Okay, my turn." Owen rubbed his hands together. He was having fun now.

"Gwen."

Gwen tossed back the rest of her cup. "Oh, do me," she said flamboyantly.

"I thought he already had," Jack interjected. Ianto giggled.

"Truth or dare?" Owen asked, deliberately ignoring Jack.

"Dare," Gwen said, willing to be the one to up the game's ante.

Owen fixed her with the kind of look she'd often associated with Weevils moving in for the kill. "Kiss Tosh. Properly."

Before Tosh could complain, Gwen stood up and moved directly in front of her. Without a word she managed to convey to the other woman that she ought not complain. She knelt in front of the other woman. "It'll serve him right if we get him all hot and bothered and then leave him in a state, wouldn't it."

Tosh giggled and Gwen moved in. Owen's eyes grew round and Jack's head tilted to the side as they watched the two women kiss each other breathless. Ianto's eyes kept darting from the girls to the fire and back to the girls. He knew they were doing it to be watched, but all the same he'd never felt comfortable intruding on what was generally regarded as a private act.

Finally they broke apart. Eyes still on Tosh, Gwen said huskily, "My turn." She moved back to her own seat, taking her time getting comfortable. "Jack."

Everyone assumed Jack would take the dare. There was so little he wouldn't do and he guarded his
personal truths so very carefully. So they were all amazed when Jack shifted, pulling Ianto back against his body, making them both comfortable and announced, "Truth."

Gwen knew she had to tread carefully. She could ruin not only the game, but the night if she went too far, but the chance to force Jack to pony up some personal information? She thought for a long minute, studying him in the firelight. "That Doctor of yours. Ever shag him?"

"That's… complicated…" Jack said.

"No weaseling, Harkness," Owen chided. "Yes or no."

"Not in his current incarnation," Jack answered, keenly aware of how Ianto's back had stiffened against him. He clarified, "The Doctor… He's not like me, but he doesn't die either. He regenerates. When the body he's in expires for whatever reason he creates a new one. Looks nothing like the old one, even has it's own mannerisms. But he has the Doctor's memories. When I first met the Doctor he was… very different. He had a brush cut, light brown hair, huge ears… We traveled together for a while and… yeah. I had a go. Or several. Then something happened and he left me somewhere rather inhospitable and then he regenerated and when we met up again… let's just say it wasn't the same."

He was relieved to feel Ianto's breath go out in a sigh as he relaxed back against him. Jack tightened his arms around him and kissed the top of his head. He gave Owen an evil grin. "Okay, Doctor Harper, truth or dare?"

"Dare," Owen said as he finished off his absinthe and held his glass out for more.

Jack reached over and poured him another half a cup. Jack gave Tosh a wink and a grin. "Go into the woods with Tosh. Come back with her bra."

It was a toss up as to whose eyes got wider. For a second Jack considered recanting his dare. He didn't want to upset Tosh with Owen's dare.

"Why is that I keep getting wound up in everyone else's dare?"

Jack saw the complaint for what it was. "Hey, I should be so lucky."

"No one wants your skivvies, Harkness," Owen opined.

Looking determined, Tosh took a swig of her drink and stood up, brushing her hands on her jeans. "Okay. Let's go." She picked up a torch from the pile of gear on the table behind her and strode off into the trees.

Owen's brain took a few seconds to catch up to his eyes and after a long pause he scampered after her, without a light.

The others lazed around the fire listening for anything that might give away what was going on a few dozen meters off in the trees. After five minutes had passed, Jack started yelling all kinds of obscene things after them. Gwen and Ianto both giggled into their hands when Jack yelled, "What? Trying to get her to part with the matching panties too? Don't bother, you'd look ridiculous in lace."

A few minutes after that Owen came out holding his prize above his head and spinning it around on his finger like a flag. Tosh was a few feet behind blushing and smiling and staring at her feet as she sat back down and stared into her cup.

Owen tucked Tosh's bra into his jacket and rubbed his hands maniacally. "My turn then, is it?" He
grinned. "Tosh."

"Truth. I'm not taking the chance I end up losing any more clothes out here tonight."

Owen reached over and put a casual arm around her shoulder. "Was Tommy as wholesome and naïve as he tried to make us think?"

Tosh laughed and fixed Owen with a steady gaze. "Not nearly. Not the first, second, third or fourth time."

"You're so full of shit," Owen said pushing her away.

"We had all night and he was a very young man. I don't need to make things up." Tosh sipped her absinthe and closed her eyes, smiling at the memories. "And it didn't take him three tries to undo my bra clasp."

Jack gave a wolf-whistle and Gwen yelled out, "Three? What, with all the practice you've had?"

"She might have told me the clasp was in the front," Owen objected.

"What fun would that have been?" Tosh asked, eyes on the fire, a wicked twinkle in them. "Okay, my turn," she said quickly before the game derailed. "Gwen."

"Truth," Gwen said quickly, as though she didn't fear anything Tosh could ask.

"Who's bigger, Owen or Rhys?"

Gwen choked on her absinthe, not expecting such a blunt question from her demure friend. "Are we talking length or thickness?"

Tosh waved her hand in a 'whatever' gesture, finally starting to feel abashed at her boldness.

"Well, Owen has length, but Rhys has… overall size," she said coyly.

"Good to know I've got something going for me," Owen mumbled, holding out his empty mug for Jack to fill.

Gwen looked at the group one at a time, weighing her options. "Ianto," she finally decided. "You're awfully quiet over there."

Ianto just raised an eyebrow at her.

"Truth or dare?" she prodded.

Ianto stared into his cup as if it held the answer. "Truth," he finally decided.

"What was your first blow job like?" Gwen said and settled back to watch him squirm.

"Giving or receiving?" Jack asked and was rewarded with a sharp elbow in his ribs.

"What? It's a fair point of clarification?" Jack retorted.

"You already know the answer to the former," Ianto murmured and swallowed the rest of his drink.

"Receiving," Gwen clarified, wondering why she felt like she felt awkward about the 'TMI' aside to a totally 'TMI' question.
Ianto sighed. "Her name was Heidi, I was seventeen –"

"Seventeen?" Owen interjected.

"Unlike some people I had some self-respect as a teenager."

Jack "Ooh"ed above Ianto's head and Owen sulked into his mug.

"Her name was Heidi, I was seventeen, we were in her bedroom and it was over before I knew what hit me." Ianto took Jack's cup and drained it. He turned around and fixed his lover with a steely look. "Truth or dare, Captain" Ianto challenged.

Jack chuckled while pouring them both some more absinthe. "Truth."

"What's the strangest thing you've ever put up your arse?"

Owen choked on his drink and Tosh emitted a small squeal.

"What? If anyone in this group needs to know the answer to that question, I think it's me," Ianto justified.

"If anyone in all of Wales needs to know that answer it's you and only you. But I'm not willing to go any further afield than that," Owen retorted.

Ianto was still staring at Jack waiting for an answer.

Jack turned his head up to stare at the stars and scratched his ear as he thought. After a minute he took a deep breath. "There was that guy from Frestines. He managed to get most of his arm in there…” Jack got a far-away look in his eyes and his eyebrows climbed up under his fringe.

"So you got fisted, that hardly sounds impressive for you," Owen snarked.

"Well, that's the thing about the Frestines. They don't have hands as we think of them. They have…” Jack trailed off, thinking. "Basically it's like a semi-sentient, semi-independent octopus on the end of their wrist."

Ianto's face screwed up. "I think I'm sorry I asked."

Everyone laughed at that.

"Owen," Jack said with a grin that made Owen nervous.

"Truth, what the fuck," Owen conceded.

"What's the greatest number of people you've ever been in bed with at one time and what genders were they?"


Jack decided to change things up. Besides, he wasn't entirely sure that his last truth hadn't made Ianto a little green around the gills, even if he'd asked the question himself. "Dare."

The look on Owen's face made Jack realize that Owen had been waiting for that opportunity. And that he was about to get payback in spades for the bra stunt.

"Take the teaboy into the woods," Owen said slowly, letting Jack know that he was about to get a
taste of his own medicine. "And don't come back out until he can't make eye-contact with the rest of us or get a smile off his face."

"Wait!" Ianto objected with a comical snap of his head as he looked up from the fire. "How'd I get involved in his dare?"

Tosh recognized the parroting of her own words, even if Ianto didn't. "Same way I got roped into Owen's," she explained somewhat sympathetically.

"You objecting?" Jack asked, his eyebrows bouncing.

"I suppose not," Ianto drawled, acting long-suffering, but accommodating. The truth was, his heart was already pounding and his pants were just a tad tighter than they'd been when he'd sat down. He let Jack slide out from behind him and took the offered hand, let Jack pull him up and followed Jack out into the trees.

They went far enough out that they could still hear Owen's cat calls and Gwen telling him to shut the hell up. Jack wanted a semblance of privacy, but he knew Ianto would feel better knowing someone was in earshot while they were in the woods.

Finding a suitable tree, Jack back Ianto into it. "Ever had sex in the woods before?"

"'Fraid I've never been much of an outdoors enthusiast," Ianto admitted.

Jack unbuttoned his greatcoat and unzipped Ianto's jacket. He pressed their bodies together, his greatcoat swinging around them both. "Something tells me we can get you a little more enthusiastic about being out in the woods," Jack whispered into Ianto's ear before tracing a path with his tongue from Ianto's ear to his mouth and kissing him senseless.

When they broke for air, Ianto realized that it was a damn good thing the tree was there to hold him up. "I suppose anything's possible if you put a little effort into it," Ianto mumbled, trying to act like he wasn't already half hard and mentally debating begging if it would get Jack to move things along just a little faster.

He felt Jack chuckle against his cheek, smelled the slightly sweet absinthe on his breath. When Jack's fingers gently skimmed the front of his jeans, Ianto's back arched involuntarily, following them as they moved. "You really should wear denims more often. I've been watching your ass all night."

"You do that no matter what I'm wearing," Ianto breathed into Jack's ear.

"Fair point," Jack conceded as he found the metal tag to Ianto's zip and lowered it slowly; the pull between his second finger and thumb so that he could drag the knuckle of his index finger down Ianto's underwear as the metal teeth parted and exposed them. "God, you're turned on already. That's got me turned on."

"They're over there listening, aren't they?" Ianto's head smacked back against the tree with a dull thump as Jack pulled his cock out through the fly in his briefs and the zip in his pants.

Jack whispered, "Yes," against Ianto's lips before sliding slowly to his knees, his eyes locked with Ianto's as he went. "So don't hold back. Let them know what they're missing. I agree with Gwen. We should get Owen as wound up as we can and then send him to his tent to sleep. Alone. While we go into our tent and fuck like wild rabbits."

Jack didn't wait for a reply as he took Ianto
completely into his mouth and sucked. Hard.

"Oh, Jack! Good god!"

Jack smiled around Ianto's cock, and didn't let up. Ianto was typically pretty reserved, even in bed. It wasn't that Jack was ever left wondering how Ianto felt about their encounters, but he wasn't the 'shouting to the rafters' sort. Jack felt his own dick jump at the sudden bit of exhibitionism Ianto was showing. He was going to let Owen stew in his own juices and Jack couldn't help but feel just a little bit of pride in his lover for that.

Jack applied all of his considerable talent and experience in giving Ianto reasons to keep shouting like he had. When he reached up and massaged Ianto's balls through his clothes Ianto screamed again, this time incoherently, but almost twice as loud. Jack found that he was enjoying himself more than he had in decades.

Jack pulled back slowly, letting the cold air hit Ianto's wet skin. He felt Ianto shiver and slackened his mouth enough that he wouldn't accidentally hurt him with his teeth, and then slowly moved back up over him, feeling Ianto sag as heat replaced cold and Jack's tongue made him see stars. When Ianto's hand fist in Jack's hair, Jack relaxed his throat and took Ianto all the way down, breathing through his nose as he swallowed over and over again as Ianto leaned back into the support of the tree and came, shouting Jack's name into the trees.

Jack gently released him and before Ianto could even pry his eyes open, Jack had tucked him back into his clothes and just as slowly as he'd undone the fasteners he did them back up and stood to pull Ianto into his arms. "Something tells me Owen will think twice before making that kind of challenge again."

Ianto leaned in Jack's embrace. "Hm. That's too bad for us."

Jack laughed and pulled him in for a kiss. "Ready to go see him squirm?"

Ianto leaned on Jack, and Jack kept an arm around Ianto's waist as they made their way back to the campsite.

Owen was sitting on his log giving them both a bemused look. The girls were nowhere to be seen. "I suppose you're going to tell me that he's always that… demonstrative," he said to Jack. "I'll have you know, you scared the girls right into their tent."

Jack sat back down in front of the fire and pulled Ianto into his lap, his hands around Ianto's waist, warming them against Ianto's skin under his untucked shirt. "Nah, he was just putting on a show for you. That's what you wanted after all, right?"

Ianto blushed and pretended to find the embers just fascinating.

"You're so full of shit," Owen retorted. "See, I was right. He can't make eye contact with anyone now. He wouldn't have made all that noise just for me. Not that that's what I wanted anyway…" Owen poked at the fire with a stick, not exactly sure how to dig himself out of the hole that was rapidly swallowing him.

Jack hooked his chin over Ianto's shoulder and kissed his ear. "Think what you like," he replied noncommittally.

Owen rolled his eyes before rolling to his feet. "I told Tosh this was a stupid game." He dusted off his hands on his jeans, thinking he was cleverly disguising the way he tugged his jeans into a more comfortable position. "I'm going to bed."
Jack and Ianto both laughed.

Jack worried Ianto's earlobe between his teeth. "Alone at last."


"Nah, we had an audience before. That wasn't really alone." Jack slid one finger down inside the waistband of his jeans to slide against the rise of Ianto's hipbone.

"And you got off on that," Ianto replied, resituating himself to give Jack better access.

"Not nearly as much as you did. I had no idea you had an exhibitionist side." Jack sucked on Ianto's ear again.

Ianto threw his head back, silently encouraging Jack. "Maybe just a little one," he admitted.

Jack laughed. "Oh, I'm definitely going to have to pursue this." He angled around to kiss Ianto on the lips. "What say we bank this fire and go to bed? I remember someone saying something earlier about sex in the tent being a brilliant idea." He gave Ianto an evil grin. "Unless sex in front of the fire..."

"I don't think that streak goes so far as to possibly terrorizing Tosh on her way to the loo or something." Ianto pulled out of Jack's grasp and began raking the coals and tamping them down into the ashes.

Jack laughed and let Ianto give him a hand up. He grabbed the bucket and began sprinkling just enough water onto the embers that they'd be safely out, but the firepit wouldn't be swamped and useless in the morning.

Once they were sure they wouldn't burn down half of Wales, Jack took Ianto's hand and led him to the tent. They kicked off their shoes at the door and Jack lit the kerosene lamp and hung it on its hook as Ianto tied down the flaps to the tent.

Without discussion or production, they both stripped off their clothes, folding them and setting them on their overnight bags, just in case they needed them in the middle of the night.

"Okay, now it's bloody freezing," Ianto said as he tucked his socks into his boots.

Jack shimmied into the joined sleeping bags. "Then get over here and let me warm you up."

Ianto moved as fast as dignity would allow him. Once he was between the covers, Jack wrapped his arms around Ianto and hauled him over until Ianto lay on top of him. "Truth or dare, Ianto Jones?" Jack asked with a soft kiss to Ianto's lips.

Ianto raised an eyebrow. "You still want to play this stupid game."

"Now it's just the two of us. It's a whole different game," Jack replied.

"Hm," Ianto considered the question. "Truth then."

"How far does that streak go?" Jack asked, one hand trailing down Ianto's spine to draw little circles where Ianto's back curved to become his ass.

"In terms of... what exactly?" Ianto asked.

"Would you... let me do what I did out in the woods on the invisible lift?" Jack's teasing touches
became a gentle massage.

"Only if we knew exactly where the rest of the team was. If they came by and saw? Because, you know, they'd know to look and…” Ianto made a face. "No thank you."

Jack laughed. "Okay, nowhere anyone we actually know would see us. What about a sex club? In London or Manchester or somewhere far away from people we know?"

Ianto didn't answer, but buried his face in Jack's shoulder.

"Oooh!" Jack said, wrapping his arm around Ianto's waist and hugging them together tightly.

"Okay, your turn. Truth or dare?" Ianto asked before Jack could remark any further on his 'streak'.

"I guess one good truth deserves another," Jack pulled Ianto in for a long hot kiss.

"You're trying to distract me," Ianto accused with a poke to Jack's sternum.

"Who me?" Jack asked with as much fake innocence as he could muster lying in a tent, naked with Ianto equally naked and squirming on top of him.

"Yes, you." Ianto kissed him quickly. "Is there anything left that you want to try, but haven't?"

There was an earnestness in Ianto's question that threw Jack off for a minute. He gently caressed Ianto's cheek. "Not so much for me, but there's always excitement of trying something with a new partner for the first time."

"Like what?" Ianto asked, his chin propped on one hand.

"Uh uh. That's another question. Save it for the next round. Truth or dare?"

Ianto scowled at being deferred. "Dare," he decided.

The corner of Jack's mouth screwed up as he thought. Then his eyes grew wide and bright. "Slide over for a second," he said tapping Ianto's thigh.

"That's hardly much of a dare," Ianto said with a wicked smile as he slid to lie on the camp mat.

"That's not the dare, smartass," Jack said as he rifled through his bag. He came out with a new tube of lube, he held it up for Ianto to see and then pulled the plastic safety wrapper off and handed over the tube and then unzipped the sleeping bag, pushing the top layer out of the way. "Open yourself for me. I want to watch."

Ianto's eyes got huge. "I- Are you- You're serious?"

Jack pulled his bag around and propped himself against it. "Very." He stretched his legs out and pulled on Ianto's arm until Ianto straddled his thighs. "I want to see you put your fingers in your ass and stretch yourself for me."

Ianto glanced down and could immediately see what just the thought of Ianto doing what he'd asked was doing to Jack.

Jack reached out and firmly massaged Ianto's ass. "I've been hard since we were out there putting a show on for Owen. But yeah, this is one of those things I've wanted to see you do for a long time," he whispered, his eyes locked on Ianto's.
Ianto wasn't sure there was much of anything he'd deny Jack when Jack spoke to him in such earnest, honest tones. He rose up, steadying himself briefly on Jack's shoulder. Jack took the tube back and popped the cap open, putting a large squirt on the hand Ianto held out and spreading it over his fingers.

Jack kept his hands on Ianto's waist, keeping Ianto centered as Ianto took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He started with two fingers, slicking the lube over his opening. He wanted to give Jack what he wanted but also slightly mortified at being so wanton and he wanted to get it over with. He tried not to analyze why he found the idea of Jack screwing him in front of a dozen strangers extremely arousing, but the idea of finger-fucking himself in front of Jack seemed so embarrassing.

He felt one of Jack's hands slide from his waist and around to grab Ianto's wrist, silently urging him to move on.

Ianto took a deep breath and pressed one finger into his body. It wasn't that he'd never done this before, he reminded himself. He'd just never done it in front of anyone else.

"Yes," Jack hissed, his hand sliding up to Ianto's arm and lightly tracing his bicep as Ianto slowly pushed his finger further in. "Does that feel good?"

Ianto's head dropped back as he realized that Jack really was turned on by what he was seeing, that Ianto was doing that for him. "Yeah," he whispered as he dragged his hand down again and then pushed back in faster.

Jack's fingers continued to roam over Ianto's arm as his muscles flexed as he teased himself. "Oh, Jack."

"God, if you could see your face right now," Jack said leaning in to kiss Ianto's chest, gently biting one nipple.

"Oh!" Ianto arched to press his chest against Jack's mouth.

"Use two fingers," Jack whispered as he again nipped at Ianto's hard nipple and he pressed his hand flat against Ianto's lower back, helping him stay in position.

Ianto took several short, sharp breaths before he shifted and did as Jack asked.

Jack's hand came up from Ianto's arm to trace over Ianto's face as he closed his eyes against the stretch. "Yes, god, you look so beautiful." The hand on Ianto's back slid down to hold Ianto's hand still, two fingers buried deep. "Okay, your turn. Ask me." Jack commanded.

"What?" Ianto asked, completely confused.


"I have two fingers up my arse and you want to go back to playing childish games?" Ianto stared down at Jack, blue eyes sparkling in the dim camplight.

"Nothing childish about this game. Go on. Ask me," Jack pushed.

Deciding that humoring Jack would be the fastest way to move this back on track, Ianto finally just asked. "Truth or Dare, Jack?"

"Truth," Jack told him quickly, like he already knew what he'd say.
Ianto realized that at this point there couldn't possibly be anyway for him to embarrass himself with a mere question, he smiled down at Jack. "If we went to this club of yours, what would we be doing? Tell me, in detail."

"You are just full of surprises tonight," Jack answered instead. He released Ianto's hand. "You keep doing that and I'll talk," he told him as Ianto began stretching himself again, fingers sliding slowly in and out.

"Would you let me tie you up?" Jack asked as Ianto's eyes closed again.

"You'd want to?" Ianto asked back.

"Yes," Jack said unequivocally. "You're getting better, but you still hold yourself so rigidly, so… properly. It's a lot easier to let go when you have no control. I think you'd enjoy it. I know I'd enjoy you letting me have that power. Knowing that you trust me that much?" There was just a hint of a question in the last sentence.

"I trust you, Jack. You know that, don't you?" Ianto stopped for a second and searched Jack's face.

"Yeah," Jack agreed, realizing Ianto was actually worried that Jack didn't assume the trust was there. They'd had to work to rebuild it after Jack had returned from his trip with the Doctor, but it was there now. Ianto needed to know that Jack felt it too. "Yeah, I know you do."

"Okay, then," Ianto agreed. "Once I was tied what would you do?"

Jack's eyebrows shot up. Ianto was agreeing to things far too easily. He wondered if it had simply been a matter of having never really asked what kind of kinks Ianto had or if some kind of corner had been turned that night in terms of what Ianto was willing to share with him. Of course, this was all theoretical. His tune could easily change when Jack told him to book a hotel for a long weekend in London for just the two of them.

He reached up and gently pulled Ianto's fingers away, replacing them with two of his own. Ianto gasped as Jack lightly brushed over his prostate. "First I'd strip you. Slowly. Letting you get used to being naked in front of a room full of strangers. I know you said you want it, but I think once you were actually there you'd resist a little." Jack reached around with his other hand, lightly teasing the tip of Ianto's cock, which was starting to show signs of having recovered from their romp in the woods. Jack leaned in and whispered directly in his ear. "It wouldn't be nearly as much fun if you didn't." He took Ianto's cock in his hand and tugged. Ianto gasped.

"You want me to fight you?" Ianto asked, eyes squeezed shut as Jack continued to stroke him inside and out.

"Well, that doesn't sound terribly romantic, but a little struggle can be fun. It's about power games and power exchange. Game's over if you just hand it to me, isn't it?" Jack brushed slowly and firmly against Ianto's prostate as he dragged his fingers out and positioned Ianto over him as he lay back. "You ready?" Jack asked as he gripped his own erection and spread the remaining lube over himself.

Ianto nodded and let Jack guide him with the hand on his hip, to sink back slowly over his cock. Once he felt the slightly uncomfortable stretch as the tip of Jack's cock pass, he rested his hands on Jack's shoulders and took control of his own movement. He stopped for a second as they got situated and then sat back on his heels, his body slowly taking Jack all the way to the root. This was new. Jack had fucked him plenty of times, of course, but at first it was with Ianto kneeling in front of Jack and then more recently with Ianto on his back. It wasn't that Ianto hadn't thought
about riding Jack's cock, or having Jack ride his, but he hadn't been able to suggest it. He wondered if this was simply a case of he and Jack having the same good idea at the same time or if he'd somehow unconsciously telegraphed this particular desire.

Once he was seated, Jack buried so far into him that he could feel the soft skin of Jack's scrotum against his ass, Ianto leaned down and kissed him. "What else would happen?" he asked, his lips brushing against Jack's as he spoke.

"Well," Jack picked up the thread, doing his damnedest to sound unaffected by the way Ianto's body was holding him, by the way Ianto's blue eyes shone in the low camplight. "If you struggled too much, I'd have to punish you. Put you on a St. Andrew's cross or bench and flog you. Spank you for talking back. Because I know you – you'll come up with some smartass comment or another."

Ianto let out a low moan at that as he rose up and sank back down on Jack, spurring him on, encouraging him to keep talking.

"You are far more kinky than I would have ever guessed under all those buttoned up suits. I seriously have to explore this more," Jack laughed as Ianto shifted again, squeezing a little as he slid back down.

"What else?" Ianto ground out, starting to increase his pace and change his angle to make sure Jack was hitting his sweet spot.

"God, all I can think of right now is that once your ass was red and glowing, I'd fuck you right there." Jack began to lift his hips to meet Ianto's movements.

"Yes," Ianto hissed. He pushed away from Jack's shoulders to sit up straighter and get a better angle.

Seeing what his words were doing, Jack decided to see what a little more practical application would do. He slowly traced one hand from Ianto's throat down his chest, keeping Ianto's attention focused there. The other slowly slid around to trace over Ianto's ass, the hard muscles and soft skin shifting with each movement. Jack pulled his hand back and brought it down in a sharp smack.

"Nnguh," Ianto babbled as his eyes shot open, less in shock and more in arousal.

Jack did it again and then pinched the offended flesh.

"Jack!" For the second time that night, Ianto came with Jack's name on his lips.

Ianto's body tensed around Jack's cock as Ianto rocked back and forth as his orgasm washed through him, causing Jack to grip Ianto's hip so tight that he knew there'd be fingerprints in the morning, as he came too.

When they could both see straight again, Jack helped Ianto shift to lie next to him on the sleepingbags. He grabbed his white t-shirt and cleaned them both up before throwing it in the corner of the tent.

They stared at each other for a long minute before Ianto blushed in the low light and looked away.

"You need to let loose like that more often." He gave him a peck on the cheek before hopping up to blow out the flame of the kerosene lamp and then slid back into the blankets, zipping the sleeping bags back together around them. "I learned a whole lot about you tonight," Jack whispered as he traced Ianto's ribs with his fingertips.
"I'm not going to live this down, am I?"

Jack shifted onto his side taking Ianto's hand in his own and weaving their fingers together. "Don't ever be embarrassed with me. I like knowing what you like, what you want."

"I suppose nothing shocks you any more, eh?" Ianto moved in to snuggle against Jack's chest.

"Not much," Jack agreed.

"Think Owen heard us?" Ianto asked as his eyes drifted shut.

"Would serve him right if he did. He started this whole thing." Jack traced Ianto's back as they snuggled in for the night.

"Tosh's silly game actually started it all. We should blame her."

"Or thank her," Jack suggested, kissing Ianto's cheek.

"Maybe. I'm not sure which would embarrass her more," Ianto muttered as he snuggled into Jack, burying his chilling fingers into Jack's sides.

"I'm not sure who'd be more embarrassed, you or her." Jack brought Ianto's hands up between their chests, tucking them between them, keeping him warm.

"Then perhaps we should just blame the absinthe. Yes, that must have been it. We were drunk. The lot of us."

Jack laughed and kissed Ianto's head. "Whatever makes you feel better," Jack agreed as they settled in for the night.

Deciding to blame the drink for his overly-affectionate state, Ianto leaned up and kissed Jack's jaw. "You make me feel better."

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