The Torchwood Drabble Files

by badly_knitted

Summary

A collection of Torchwood drabbles to be added to as I write them. Probably they'll mostly be funny and fluffy, but anything's possible. The plan at present is to update at least four times a week.

Notes

Closing in on 1000 drabbles and I'm still going! Most are still from the weekly prompts on the livejournal tw100 site, but there are a lot more extras than I'd expected; drabbling is addictive. Feel free to make suggestions, offer prompts etc., no guarantees but I'm always looking for ideas.
Annual Event

The harvest festival was in an uproar when Torchwood arrived. Fruit and vegetables bouncing between pews like rubber balls, tins rolling down the aisle, loaves of bread stacking themselves like building blocks.

The entire congregation was sprawled haphazardly about, laughing their heads off, and the vicar had a black eye from being hit in the face by a wayward bunch of celery.

The cause of the chaos sat blinking innocently beside the font.

Harmless. A Rigolian party favour.

Ianto switched it off; everything stopped moving except the giggling congregation.

“Chemical spill causes hallucinations?”

“Again?”

“They believe it every year.”

“True.”

The End
Season Of Mists

Chapter Summary

The weather causes an unanticipated problem or two for Jack and Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 252 - Harvest on tw100

Autumn. Harvest time. Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.

“They got the mist part right,” Ianto muttered, stumbling over another rut.

Here they were, at night, out in the middle of nowhere, retrieving alien tech from a field - already harvested, thank God. Suddenly down comes the mist and they can’t see past the ends of their noses. Bloody freezing, too. Finding the tech had proved easy. The SUV, on the other hand…

It had to be around here somewhere.

A loud thud and a muffled curse came from Jack.

“Found it! Ow. Think I broke by doze.”

Ianto winced.

The End
Ianto stared in horrified fascination. The Torchwood Three archives were a disaster area. In fact ‘archives’ was something of a misnomer.

Paper files were stuffed untidily in dozens of metal filing cabinets, packed so tightly they might burst, while alien artefacts and rift debris had been crammed on shelves until they were full, then piled on the floor wherever there was room.

A lesser man would have despaired, but Ianto Jones was made of sterner stuff.

How do you move a mountain? One rock at a time.

He took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and set to work.

The End
For Lisa

Chapter Summary

Ianto plans ahead.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 253 - Moving Mountains on tw100.

Spoilers for Cyberwoman.

Ianto dragged Lisa from the wreckage of Torchwood One, planning what he needed to do:

Get them both out without being seen. Steal a conversion unit. Rig it to serve as life support. Acquire whatever drugs Lisa needed. Cardiff would be their best chance; he’d need a van to transport everything.

Find somewhere to hole up until he could get a job with Three and smuggle Lisa inside.

He’d have to locate a cybernetics specialist to remove the implants, make Lisa human again.

The list of tasks seemed insurmountable, but it was for Lisa, and for her, he’d move mountains.

The End
A turbulent Rift storm had dropped yet another problem in Torchwood’s laps – a small and battered blue alien had been dumped unceremoniously in a field outside Cardiff.

“My name is…” It made an unpronounceable sound. “I believe the literal translation in your language would be ‘fortunate female’.”

“Fortunate?” The team stared at the mangled remains of the small being’s spacecraft.

She sighed heavily, “I suspect my progenitors were being ironic when they named me so. Fortune tends not to favour me.”

“At least you survived the crash,” said Gwen brightly.

“But now I am stuck here with no way home.”

The End
Cheater

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are playing naked hide and seek...

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for this week's challenge 254 - Lady Luck at tw100. A bit more cheerful than the last one!

“Aha! Found you! I win!” Jack cries triumphantly, pouncing into Ianto’s hiding place and dragging him out. “Looks like Lady Luck is on my side tonight!”

“Luck has nothing to do with it,” Ianto grumbles, “You’re cheating again!” He gestures to the scanner in Jack’s hand. “You didn’t even search, just let that lead you straight to me. In fact technically, you didn’t find me, the scanner did, so you lose.”

Jack can’t believe what he’s hearing.

“However,” Ianto purrs seductively, “if you do exactly what I say, you might still get lucky tonight.”

Jack’s knees go weak. “Yes, Sir!”

The End
Rain And Weevils

Chapter Summary

A little mishap while weevil hunting in the rain.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 255 - Sink or Swim at tw100

The weevil was strong; Jack could barely hold it away from his throat.

Ianto kept back, trying for a clear shot, but darkness and pounding rain obscured his vision. It would be too easy to hit Jack, or the injured and terrified woman behind him. The combatants kept staggering one way then the other, finally hitting the railing and toppling slowly into the bay.

Ianto ran to the railing and looked down. For a moment there was nothing, then Jack surfaced, spluttering.

“You okay?”

“It was sink or swim – it sank and I swam,” Jack grinned.

Ianto rolled his eyes.

The End
Final Chance

Chapter Summary

Getting a job with Torchwood Three proves difficult for Ianto.

Chapter Notes

This is the second of three drabbles I’ve written for Challenge 255 - Sink or Swim over at tw100. It was written at practically the same time as my friend timelordshines wrote her drabble Last Chance – in fact when I wrote it, I gave it the same title, I think we must be sharing the same brain. Anyway, she posted hers first so I changed my title, although part of me wanted to call it Last Chance: The Prequel because they just fit together so well - mind ends at the point where hers begins!

He’d stalked Harkness for weeks, waiting for the right opportunity to present itself. Rescued him from a weevil and got the brush off.

Stalked him some more, offered him coffee, which obviously met with his approval. Got the brush off again. What did it take to impress the guy? Something different, something new.

When he stumbled across the Pterodactyl, managed to lure it into an empty warehouse using chocolate, he knew it was his final chance because he’d never find something to top this!

Waiting by the road in the rain, he steeled himself. This was it. Sink or swim.

The End
Half Life

Chapter Summary

Owen’s not handling his death too well.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for this week’s challenge Sink or Swim over at tw100.

Owen ran, faster than he’d ever run when he’d been alive. Feet pounding, arms pumping, never tiring, he reached the end of the pier, leaping as far as he could, out over the cold waters of Cardiff bay.

He hit the surface with a splash and went under. No need to hold the breath he no longer had, no need to struggle or try to swim, no need to do anything but let himself sink deeper and deeper beneath the surface.

It changed nothing. He wasn’t alive, so he couldn’t drown. He was trapped, halfway between life and death. Forever.

The End
It Must Be Friday

Chapter Summary

Chaos reigns in the Hub - just a regular Torchwood Friday...

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 256 - Freaky Friday at tw100

This was tough to write!

When Ianto went out to pick up supplies, all was quiet in the Hub. He returned an hour later to complete chaos.

Jack was sitting at Tosh’s workstation, tapping frantically at her computer while prodding a piece of alien tech. Owen was scowling at Gwen’s phone, muttering under his breath. Tosh was stomping around the autopsy bay, swearing and kicking things, and Gwen was jumping up and down, saying, “Look at me! I’m Gwen! Wow, these babies really bounce!”

Ianto looked at Gwen. “Jack?”

Gwen beamed at him. “Yep!”

Ianto closed his eyes and sighed heavily. It must be Friday!

The End
A Weevilly Inconvenience

Chapter Summary

There's a slight Weevil-related problem...

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 256 - Freaky Friday at tw100

This is the first of a trilogy, looking at different aspects of the situation.

Owen skulked up from the vaults, shoulders hunched and arms hanging at his sides. He was walking oddly, almost shuffling with his knees bent.

Ianto watched him curiously. Something wasn’t right.

“Owen?”

Owen jerked around, snarled and backed away.

That was… odd.

“Jack? I think we have a problem.”

“What is it now?”

“You know Owen’s been running tests on Janet using that new piece of alien medical tech…”

“I vaguely recall something about that, yes.”

“I think he may have accidentally switched bodies with her.”

“Our medic’s a weevil?”

“Yeah, and I don’t think she’s very happy about it!”

The End
Feeling Weevilish

Chapter Summary

Owen's not having a very good day...

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 256 - Freaky Friday at tw100, and the second in the Weevil sequence, following 'A Weevily Inconvenience'.

This is Owen's point of view.

‘Okay, this feels weird,’ Owen thought, flexing his arms and legs. Or more accurately, Janet’s arms and legs. Weevil joints weren’t quite the same as a human’s, they bent differently and his centre of gravity was lower.

Movement caught his eye and he glanced up to see his body shambling towards the door.

“Hey! Where do you think you’re going with my body?” he yelled. At least he tried to; all that came out was a series of snarls.

Janet didn’t even look back.

‘Shit!’ Owen thought to himself, scrabbling at the toughened plexiglass cell door. ‘I am so screwed!’

The End
Finding Doctor Weevil

Chapter Summary

Owen's day gets even worse...

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 256 - Freaky Friday at tw100 and the third in the Weevil sequence, following 'Feeling Weevilish'.

Owen was hammering loudly on the cell door when Jack came down to the vaults twenty minutes later, accompanied by Ianto who had Owen’s handcuffed body on a leash.

“That’s a good look on you, Owen,” Jack smirked, leaning casually on the wall opposite the cell door. “Weevil suits you!” He looked entirely too smug.

Owen buried his head in his hands and groaned. Surely this day couldn’t get any more humiliating.

“Come on now, don’t be like that,” said Ianto. “Smile for the cameras!”

Owen looked up.

Sure enough, the CCTV camera was aimed right at the cell.

Crap!

The End
Chapter Summary

It falls to Jack to make the hard choices.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 257 - Between the Devil and the deep blue sea at tw100.

Vague spoilers for S1x05 - Small Worlds

Sometimes there just weren’t any good choices, only bad, worse or catastrophic, but that didn’t make such decisions easier to make or to live with.

He reminded himself she wasn’t really a child anymore, had ceased to be that when she was chosen. Not entirely human, no longer suited to this world. She wanted to go with them, where she belonged, where she fit.

But she still looked like a child; she had a mother who would grieve her loss.

In the end it wasn’t even a choice. Let this one go, or let the entire world suffer the consequences.

The End
For Love Of Family

Chapter Summary

Family means everything to Tosh.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 257 - Between the Devil and the deep blue sea at tw100

Spoilers for Fragments.

Tosh checks the blueprints, measures, snips pieces of wire and solders connections, feeling a sense of awe as she sees what she’s building take shape.

She shouldn’t be doing this, she knows she shouldn’t; it’s against the law, stealing blueprints to build a weapon. She doesn’t even know for whom she’s building it or why they want it so badly.

Deep down she knows she’s committing treason, knows she will pay for her crime. She can’t let that stop her though. Her mother’s life is at stake and family is everything.

She’ll do whatever it takes to save her mother.

The End
And Yet...

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s having conflicting feelings.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 257 - Between the Devil and the deep blue sea at tw100.

Vague spoilers for Cyberwoman, Fragments.

Torchwood Three wasn’t like One, it lacked the emotionless, unfeeling bureaucracy and red tape, the air of superiority.

These were real people, good people; not perfect but doing the best they could for the greater good. The people who’d dared stand up to Hartman, the thorn in her side.

Toshiko, Owen, Suzie… and Jack. He was using them, betraying them, and it was killing him inside, a little more each day.

They didn’t deserve to be used this way, but what else could he do? He had to put Lisa’s needs first. She should be all that mattered, and yet…

The End
Laying Ghosts To Rest

Chapter Summary

Owen couldn’t let it go.

Chapter Notes

My one and only drabble for Challenge 258 - Ghost of a chance at tw100. For me at least, this has been the hardest prompt so far. At least I managed to write one in the end!

Realistically, Owen knew there was little hope of solving the crime after so many years. Lizzie’s murder was long forgotten by anyone except her family and friends.

He’d felt it all though, her terror, her pain. Her death. He couldn’t let go, couldn’t forget, he needed to do… something!

The very least she deserved was for the truth to come out, even if he couldn’t bring her justice.

He had a name, Ed Morgan. That was a start. Maybe the bastard still lived.

It was the slimmest of chances, but even the ghost of a chance was better than none.

The End
Stranded On Halloween

Chapter Summary

Halloween’s a washout for the team.

Chapter Notes

Much to my surprise, I managed a second drabble for Challenge 258 – Ghost of a chance at tw100.

I think I should apologize...

In retrospect, attempting to drive though a river ford in pouring rain probably wasn’t one of Jack’s better ideas. As water poured in, the SUV’s engine coughed, spluttered and died.

The team scrambled out, quickly becoming soaked through by rain and river water.

With no hope of a phone signal this far out, they trudged through mud and rain to the nearest shelter, a spooky, abandoned house about a mile from the road.

“Some Halloween,” sighed Ianto.

Standing dripping in the hallway, Jack studied their surroundings and grinned.

“Look on the bright side, there’s always the chance of a ghost!”

The End
Torchwood Trick Or Treat

Chapter Summary

A bit of belated Halloween fun.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 259 – Queues at tw100. I was struggling with this prompt, so I've resorted to daftness!

Cardiff Council had organised a Halloween party for local children on the Plass, with a Trick or Treating route around local businesses.

The most popular stop was the Mermaid Quay Tourist Office, where long queues had quickly formed.

Groups of children were led into the spooky, cobwebby interior where a sheet-clad ‘ghost’ popped up suddenly from behind the counter, humming eerily and making them scream with delighted fear. Then a headless, handless man dropped candy into their bags before a handsome vampire ushered them out.

At the end of the evening, Ianto removed Nosy’s sheet.

“That was fun!”

Nosy agreed.

The End
For Torchwood, even the most mundane parts of daily life can sometimes take a step into the Twilight Zone.

My second drabble for Challenge 259 – Queues at tw100. I have no idea where this came from!

When Ianto found the small piece of alien tech while walking to work early one sunny morning, he thought nothing of it, just picked it up carefully, placed it in a bag and carried on walking.

Passing a bus stop he didn’t notice the small queue of people turning and following him. The same thing happened at the next bus queue. Everyone he passed immediately stopped what they were doing and followed him.

Reaching the Plass, he glanced back and stopped dead. The long line of people stopped too.

Ianto pulled out his phone.

“Jack? I’ve got a slight problem.”

The End
Like Brothers

Chapter Summary

Friendship takes many forms…

Chapter Notes

The first of several drabbles for Challenge 260 – Odd Couples at tw100. This is how I see Owen and Ianto.

An outsider watching them would think Ianto and Owen couldn’t stand each other, and to be fair, it was easy to see how their constant bickering and the snarky insults flying back and forth between them whenever they were in sight of each other, might be misunderstood.

Jack smiled as he watched them, knowing the truth; they would lay down their lives for each other in a heartbeat. For all their squabbling, they shared a bond even deeper than friendship. Although they’d been born to different parents, they were brothers in spirit and would always be there for one another.

The End
Chapter Summary

Just what the title says.

Chapter Notes

The second of a bunch of drabbles written for Challenge 260 – Odd Couples at tw100. This one's just a bit of light-hearted silliness, because when I saw the prompt, I knew this had to be written...

“Even by Torchwood standards that’s weird,” Owen muttered.

“What is?”

Owen almost jumped out of his skin, not having heard Ianto come up behind him. He gave Ianto a token glare, then pointed.

“Myfanwy and Nosy playing together! Since when did the bald budgie and the feather duster become friends?”

Ianto watched as with a flick of its head, Nosy tossed a frisbee across the Hub, Myfanwy diving to catch it, then swooping to drop it in front of Nosy again.

“Nosy likes playing and Myf likes catching things; friendships have been built on less.”

Owen grinned at Ianto. “True.”

The End
They come from different worlds, and with Torchwood that can be taken literally. She has her origins in the far future; he comes from a world that no longer exists.

They are so different from one another that they can’t even touch, there is no common language that unites them, yet there’s a strange sense of kinship between them. They share an understanding of the vastness of time and space that few here, in this time and place, could comprehend.

Mainframe watches over the hand in its jar and wonders if it feels as out of place as she does.

The End
Chapter Summary

Everything about Torchwood is weird…

Chapter Notes

The fourth of my drabbles for Challenge 260 – Odd Couples at tw100. Not sure if I should be apologising for this!

“I think it’s adorable,” Tosh said with a smile.

“You would! I think it’s bloody weird!” Owen grumbled.

“Everything about Torchwood is weird,” Gwen stated. “We should be used to it by now.”

“I just wish everyone could get along so well,” Andy mumbled from where he lay sprawled across the sofa.

They all turned to watch as Nosy slithered past again, humming cheerfully, Velvet the Shrodlet clinging to its back with her tiny paws. She looked like a little purple pimple amid the thick, green fur.

“If you think that’s weird, you should see her riding Myfanwy,” Ianto smirked.

The End
The Way To A Weevil's Heart

Chapter Summary

Janet's in love...

Chapter Notes

The first of two drabbles that start more or less the same way but then go in different directions, because I couldn't decide which way to go with it... The other one will be the next chapter.
Written for Challenge 260 – Odd Couples at tw100.

“I don’t get it. We went to so much trouble finding a suitable mate for Janet and they can’t stand each other! What’s the problem? They’re both weevils and Brad is quite the looker by weevil standards.” Jack couldn’t conceal his exasperation.

“To be fair, it’s not Brad’s fault,” Owen said wearily. “He fancies Janet, but she’s not interested. Her heart’s already taken.”

Just then, Ianto wandered in carrying several steaming mugs. “Coffee?”

Janet moaned softly, yearning towards the Welshman.

“Oh, you have gotta be kidding me!” Jack sounded shocked.

“Nope! She’s smitten.”

Ianto shrugged. “She really likes my coffee!”

The End
A Weevil In Love

Chapter Summary

Janet’s in love.... again!

Chapter Notes

The second of two drabbles that start more or less the same way but then go in different directions, because I couldn't decide which way to go with it... The other one is the previous chapter.
Written for Challenge 260 – Odd Couples at tw100.

“I don’t get it. We went to all that trouble finding Janet a mate and they can’t stand each other! What’s the problem? They’re both weevils and Brad is quite the looker by weevil standards.” Jack couldn’t conceal his exasperation.

“To be fair, it’s not Brad’s fault,” Ianto explained. “He fancies Janet, but she doesn’t want him. Her heart belongs to someone else.”

Owen ambled in. “So, how are the lovebirds getting along?”

“They’re not,” Jack grumbled. “Ianto thinks Janet loves someone else.”

“Like who?” Owen sounded puzzled.

Hearing Owen’s voice, Janet purred seductively.

“Does that answer your question, Owen?”

The End
True Love

Chapter Summary

True love always wins in the end….

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 260 – Odd Couples at tw100. It's been a lot of fun!

She knew the others looked at her oddly when she was with her beloved, but she didn’t care. They were just jealous! He’d had many lovers before her, but even though he never said the words, she was certain he felt the special connection between them; how could he not? It was just… complicated.

Still, she was confident all complications could be overcome; after all, true love always won in the end, didn’t it?

Janet sighed as she gazed at Owen. Yes, despite the obstacles they faced she knew they would find a way to be together. It was destiny!

The End
Fallen Hero

Chapter Summary

He used to be Gray’s hero, but now…

Chapter Notes

My only drabble for Challenge 261 - Relatives at tw100. This was a bit rushed as the deadline is approaching, so apologies for it being substandard – I’ve been rushed off my feet this week and haven’t even had time for drabbling, but I wanted to at least get one written. I had other ideas, but they just didn’t go anywhere.

They’d been inseparable as children. Wherever he went, Gray would follow and he’d never minded because he’d loved his little brother and Gray had looked at him like he was a hero.

Then the monsters came and he failed to protect his brother; suddenly he didn’t feel like a hero at all. He’d searched for years, but it was hopeless, the universe was too big and he was just one man.

Now Gray was back, blaming him for the hell he’d been through, wanting revenge, wanting his brother to suffer as he had. It was all Jack’s fault.

Jack agreed.

The End
The Search

Chapter Summary

A multi-storey car park is a big place to search…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 262 – Car Park at tw100. I don't know yet whether there will be any more this week, but at least I got one written quite quickly!

Ianto and Jack moved slowly through the dimly lit car park, looking around carefully, peering into dark corners. They made a full circuit of the level they were on then returned to the stairs, climbing to the next level and beginning their search anew.

It was a large area with a lot of ground to cover, but it was taking far too long and after searching five levels, Ianto was not in the best of moods. It had seemed funny to start with, but now…

“Why the Hell didn’t you take note of where you’d parked the bloody car, Jack?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh sits and thinks as the New Year begins.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 263 – Maybe This Year at tw100. It's a bit gloomy, sorry. I'll try to write another that's more upbeat if I can, but no promises.

Tosh stares at nothing, contemplating her empty life as the old year ends. Another year of coming home alone to an empty flat, of having her hopes dashed, of Owen ignoring her and leaving more scars on her heart with his thoughtlessness.

On TV bells chime, fireworks explode, marking a new year. She feels a tiny surge of hope; maybe this year will be different, maybe she’ll meet someone who appreciates her, even loves her. Maybe when next year arrives she won’t be alone. It’s not much, but hope is all she has to cling to and so she does.

The End
The Torchwood Buffet Mystery

Chapter Summary

There’s a thief in the Hub…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 264 – Holiday Food at tw100. I’ve been wanting to write something like this for a while....

Torchwood’s Christmas buffet was a thing of beauty, the entire team having pulled together, preparing and cooking the feast. Every kind of Christmas food imaginable was arrayed across tables that practically groaned under the weight.

Team and guests were in festive mood, filling plates and glasses, laughing and chatting merrily, until Owen’s indignant voice silenced them.

“’Ere, who pinched the twiglets?”

Everyone looked at each other until a suspicious scrunching sound was heard from under the tables. Ianto lifted the cloth.

“Think I’ve found the culprit.”

There was Nosy, its snout buried in the twiglet dish.

“Bloody typical,” Owen grumbled.

The End
The World Is Ending

Chapter Summary

Oh, the horror!

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 265 – Apocalypse at tw100.

There’s enough doom and gloom in the world right now, I simply couldn’t bring myself to take the prompt seriously!

The entire team jumped up as the cog door opened and Jack helped a very pale and shaky looking Ianto up to the sofa, where he slumped bonelessly.

As Jack hurried away to fetch a glass of water, the others crowded around.

“Ianto, what’s wrong, are you alright?” Tosh asked anxiously.

“Yeah, Teaboy, you look like you’ve seen a ghost!” added Owen.

“The world is ending,” Ianto mumbled, staring blankly in front of him.

Jack returned with the water.

“The Coffee Emporium has run out of his favourite blend and won’t be getting any more until after Christmas,” he explained.

The End
Ianto rushed into the Hub.

“What’s happening?”

“According to Jack, the world’s ending,” Tosh replied, sounding worried.

“What? How?”

“Not really sure. I checked Mainframe, but she’s not detecting anything dangerous and all I can get out of Jack is something about a Doomy Doom of Doom and that we should all flee the city and save ourselves.”

“That sounds bad. I’d better put some coffee on.”

“I’ll call the police, see if they’ve heard anything,” said Gwen.

“I’ll go and autopsy something.” Owen added cheerfully.

Ianto snapped awake and groaned. “That’s the last time I eat cheese before bed.”

The End
Unidentifiable Flying Objects

Chapter Summary

Rift alerts sometimes create more questions than answers.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 266 – Unidentified Flying Objects at tw100.

“What the hell are they?” Ianto gasped, ducking as another whizzed past his ear.

“No idea,” Jack replied. “They’re moving too fast, all I see is a blur!” Throwing himself to the ground as three more zoomed past, narrowly missing his head, he tugged at Ianto’s trouser leg. “Come on, it’s safer by the wall.”

Dropping to hands and knees, Ianto joined Jack, crawling quickly across the warehouse until they reached the wall.

“What now?”

Jack shrugged.

They watched bright blurs zipping back and forth at alarming speeds until…

PING

They vanished.

“Huh. Now we’ll never know.”

“Another Torchwood mystery!”

The End
What Now?

Chapter Summary

His dreams are shattered, what happens now?

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 267 – Starting Over at tw100. This is my first drabble of 2013!
My resolution this year is to write at least one drabble a week, so wish me luck!

Spoilers for Cyberwoman.

It was over. Lisa was gone.

He’d known for a long time, just couldn’t admit it, not even to himself. No choice now; his hopes and dreams were splintered beyond repair, his future unknown.

He looked at Jack.

“What do I do now?”

“That’s up to you. You have a month to think things over. After that, you’ll have a choice – retcon or Torchwood. A new life, or a fresh start with us.”

As Jack left the flat, Ianto sat on his couch and wondered if he had the courage to start over with people who no longer trusted him.

The End
Chapter Summary

After a year of torture, there’s only one thing Jack wants.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 267 – Starting Over at tw100.

Slight spoilers for Kiss Kiss Bang Bang, Doctor Who The Sound of Drums and Last of the Time Lords.

I wanted to write fluff. Instead I got this. Hope you like it anyway!

Jack knew he’d hurt Ianto badly, leaving the way he had, but he’d only expected to be gone a few hours, maybe a day.

Instead it had been months for Ianto, and over a year for himself. Not a good year, either. The Master tortured him relentlessly at first, but eventually grew bored and ignored the Freak for weeks at a time.

There’d been ample time for Jack to think about what he’d do if the Doctor’s plan worked, but as time passed he’d realised there was only one thing he really wanted: the chance to start over with Ianto.

The End
Second Chance

Chapter Summary

Jack apologises to Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 267 – Starting Over at tw100.

This is the other side of my earlier drabble ‘Another Chance’. It’s entirely tardisjournal’s fault for saying Jack probably didn’t have to grovel much to get Ianto to give him another chance.

“I’m sorry. I know I hurt you by leaving that way, but I never meant to be gone for so long. I thought I’d be back in a few hours, a day at most.”

“Why weren’t you?”

“Everything went wrong, we were captured by a madman; it’s been a year for me, a year of being held prisoner and tortured. All I could think about was you and what a mess I’d made of everything. I wanted so badly to get home to you. If you’ll let me, I swear I’ll make it up to you.”

“Promise?”

“Yes. Anything.”

“Okay.”
The End
Tosh is offered the chance to make a new start.

Then he came, so vibrantly full of life he was dazzling. He made her an offer – five years of service under his command in return for her freedom. Her criminal record would be erased.

There was only one answer she could give. Walking from the UNIT prison beside him, she felt as if she were being reborn.

The End (Or really, The Beginning for Tosh!)
Expecting The Unexpected

Chapter Summary

Ianto contemplates the sudden changes in his life.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 267 – Starting Over at tw100.
I finally managed to write something fluffy!

A new year and a new life; Ianto couldn’t get his head around how much had changed in the last few days.

First had come the New Year and with it, an unexpected question.

“Happy New Year, Ianto! Will you marry me?”

Then, just a few days later, had come an even more unexpected pronouncement.

“Ianto, I don’t know how to tell you this, but… I’m pregnant.”

Ianto glared at the tangle of yarn in his hands; he’d master this if it killed him. Unravelling the mess, he started casting on again.

How hard could it be to knit bootees?

The End
A Rabbit’s Tale

Chapter Summary

Alien tech strikes again…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 268 – White Rabbit at tw100.

I hope to continue this in my next drabble...

Everyone looked up as Ianto entered through the cog door, looking rather put out, with a containment box in one hand and a large, white rabbit tucked under the other arm. It was wriggling.

“Stop that,” Ianto told it crossly. “I’m not putting you down here. Myfanwy might decide you’d make a good snack.” The rabbit immediately went still, looking oddly worried.

Ianto put the containment box down beside Tosh. “Be careful with it, but try to figure it out. I’ll put Jack in his office and give him a carrot.”

Tosh stared at the rabbit. “Jack?”

Ianto sighed. “Yep.”

The End
A Rabbit’s Tale – Part Two

Chapter Summary

The continuing tale of Jack Rabbit. Ianto is not pleased with Jack.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 268 – White Rabbit at tw100. There will be at least two more parts to this, so watch out for them.

Ianto carried Jack rabbit to his office, putting him down on the couch.

“Right, stay there and try to keep out of trouble. I’ll be right back.”

Jack sat with front paws neatly together and twitched his nose innocently at Ianto.

Ianto glared. “Stop looking cute! This is entirely your fault. If you’d watched where you were going, you wouldn’t have stepped on that piece of tech and you wouldn’t be a rabbit!” He stalked out of the office.

Jack shrugged, sat up on his haunches, and promptly fell off the couch. Being a rabbit was harder than it looked.

The End
A Rabbit’s Tale – Part Three

Chapter Summary

The further trials of Jack the rabbit. It’s lunchtime. Jack is not impressed.

Chapter Notes

The third of my drabbles for Challenge 268 – White Rabbit at tw100.

Ianto sat beside Jack, setting Jack’s lunch on the couch between them and resting his own plate on his knees.

Jack eyed the carrot suspiciously.

“No what’s wrong? I washed it thoroughly, even put it on a plate for you. Not that you bother with plates most of the time anyway.”

The rabbit looked pointedly at Ianto’s lunch.

“No way! Rabbits don’t eat pizza. You’d never digest it.” Ianto had never seen a rabbit glare. He glared back. “You’re a rabbit. The scans prove it. Eat your carrot.”

Reluctantly, Jack started gnawing the carrot, holding it still with his paw.

The End
A Rabbit’s Tale – Part Four

Chapter Summary

Being a rabbit hasn’t changed Jack all that much.

Chapter Notes

The last of my drabbles for Challenge 268 – White Rabbit at tw100, and the last of Rabbit Jack until I get time to expand these snippets into a fic.

Ianto followed the others into the conference room, sitting Jack on his chair at the head of the table before taking his usual seat to Jack’s right.

All anyone could see of Jack were the tips of his ears poking up above the table.

“Right, any progress, Tosh?”

“Some, but I need to be careful. I don’t want to turn Jack into a human with the brain of a rabbit.”

Unnoticed, Jack had hopped down under the table and was busily humping Ianto’s leg.

Ianto buried his head in his hands and groaned. “I’m not sure I’d notice any difference.”

The End
The rift alert indicated something big - and from the readings, very nasty if Jack was any judge. The team geared up appropriately and headed for the site of the incursion, ready to deal with the monster.

On arrival, they leapt from the SUV, weapons at the ready, only to stop and stare.

“As monsters go, that’s a bit of an anticlimax,” Ianto stated.

Tosh checked her readings and shrugged. “I guess even something that well armoured doesn’t handle being ejected from the rift fifty feet above ground level too well.”

“It’s pancaked,” Owen agreed. “Better break out the shovels.”

The End
Snowfall

Chapter Summary

It’s been snowing and Jack is eager to play in it…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 270 – Snowflake at tw100. It took me a long time to come up with an idea for this week's challenge. Snow is the last thing I want to be thinking about!

When the first snowflake fell, Jack had been as excited as a child. He’d never seen snow until he first came to earth on Time Agency business, and he never tired of it.

Until now.

“Jack…” Ianto shouted as Jack bounded out of the house, eager to play in the snow that had fallen overnight.

Jack slammed the door behind him. “What?”

Ianto winced as all the snow cascaded off the roof in a miniature avalanche, right on top of Jack. He stood there, half buried in snow, looking like a poor attempt at a snowman.

“Don’t slam the door.”

The End
On Repeat

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s life is stuck on repeat…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 271 – Groundhog Day at tw100. Set post-Cyberwoman... Not sure this fits the prompt terribly well, and I apologize for it being so depressing and fluffless.

Alarm goes off, waking him. 6.30am precisely.

Turn it off, get up, shower, shave, dress for work…

Halfway through dressing he remembers. No work today. No work for the next four weeks. Lisa is gone.

He undresses, puts clothes away neatly and crawls back into bed, pulling the covers over his head.

.......................................

Alarm goes off, waking him. 6.30am precisely.

Turn it off, get up, shower, shave, dress for work… Then remembers and crawls back into bed.

.......................................

Alarm goes off, waking him. 6.30am precisely.

Turns it off, gets up, showers, shaves, starts to dress…

Remembers.

Sits on the bed and cries.

The End (or just the beginning…)
Jumping The Gun

Chapter Summary

Owen lands himself in a predicament…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 272 – Jump The Gun at tw100. No angst this time. I'm positively giddy!

Crashes and clatters sounded from the autopsy bay, accompanied by increasingly girly screams of “Get it off! GET IT OFF!” from Owen.

Ambling over to see what was happening, the team were treated to the unusual sight of Owen flailing about with the tentacled creature they’d found earlier wrapped firmly around his head.

After several minutes, Jack managed to prise the poor creature off, leaving Owen slumped on the floor, gasping for breath.

“I know I’m not the medical expert here, but I thought you were supposed to wait until something was dead before performing an autopsy,” Ianto commented mildly.

The End
Chapter Summary

The team are in trouble…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 273 – Loud And Clear at tw100.
I struggled with this prompt, couldn't think of anything so I just started writing and in 5
minutes I had this. The art of writing never ceases to puzzle me. I never write that fast
when I actually have an idea of what I want to write.

Ianto was not happy with Team Torchwood.

“Look at this mess! Has anyone actually thrown anything away in the last week? Or bothered to
wash a single dish? And Jack, I can’t even see your desk under all your unfinished paperwork! I take
a week off to help Archie catalogue the backlog of alien artefacts that have built up, and this entire
place goes to Hell! What have you all been doing while I was away?”

“We’re sorry.” Jack turned on the puppy eyes.

“You will be! Decaf instant until this place is tidy, understand?”

Everyone groaned.

“Loud and clear.”

The End
Feeding Time

Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood, you never know what you’ll find yourself having to do.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 274 – Meat at tw100. Not what I was going to write originally, but I got this idea and liked it better than what I’d planned.

Ianto picked up a bit of meat with a pair of long metal tweezers and poked it towards the nest.

“Here, have a bit of rat. Mmmm, juicy rat!”

It was quickly gobbled up.

“Have another bit of rat! Make you grow big and strong. Hopefully.”

That was quickly gobbled up too.

“More rat?”

“How’s it going?” Jack asked quietly, settling down beside Ianto.

“She’s eaten almost a whole rat,” Ianto replied. “You can do the next feed. Never thought we’d be foster parents to a de-aged pteranodon!”

“We got lucky. At least we’re not having to incubate an egg.”

The End
The Price Of Betrayal

Chapter Summary

Ianto counts the cost of the team’s actions.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 275 – Scent at tw100. It's a gloomy one, sorry, but I have another one for tomorrow that has a happier outcome - depending on your point of view.

Ianto clutched Jack’s coat to his face and breathed deeply. It smelled of Jack, that warm, tantalising aroma Jack had always said was 51st century pheromones.

Jack.

Tears stung Ianto’s eyes as grief threatened to overwhelm him. Jack had told them he couldn’t die, but now he lay lifeless in the morgue, the life force drained from him as he sacrificed himself to save the world.

It was all their fault. They’d let themselves be deceived by visions of loved ones long gone. Their betrayal had cost Jack his life.

Ianto’s half-healed heart shattered inside him.

He should’ve stopped them.

The End
On The Hunt

Chapter Summary

There’s something hunting in the Hub, look out!

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 275 – Scent at tw100. As promised, something rather less gloomy than the last one.

The creature slunk silently through the Hub, following the scent of its prey. It moved stealthily, keeping to cover wherever possible, freezing in place whenever someone came into view. It must not be spotted, the success of the hunt depended on the people around it remaining unaware of its presence.

Closer and closer, its prey was in view. It watched from its hiding place, waiting for the perfect moment to strike, coiled in readiness. Now!

One quick lunge and….

SLURP!

“Oi! Get your snout out of my coffee!”

“I warned you, Gwen. Never leave coffee where Nosy can get it.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s been waiting for so long.

Chapter Notes

The first of four drabbles written for Challenge 276 – Sound at tw100. The other three are humour, but I though I should try to do something canon compliant.

_Spoilers for: Captain Jack Harkness, End of Days_

It had been a rough few days, Jack thought. Dragged back to 1941 with Tosh, he’d thought they might be trapped there but they’d made it back, only for time to start splintering.

Rhys died, the team mutinied, Owen killed him and he’d revived as the Hub began to crumble, courtesy of the now dangerously unstable Rift.

Then he’d sacrificed himself to defeat Abaddon, returning to life days later, his team guilt-ridden over their betrayal.

He needed a vacation.

As if on cue, he heard the sound he’d waited over a century to hear.

Somewhere above, the TARDIS was materialising.

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy is behaving a bit oddly…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 276 – Sound at tw100. By popular request, a certain fluffy alien takes a starring role in this one.

I have two more drabbles for this prompt, both Ianto-centric.

It was a quiet day in the Hub. Mostly.
The team were busy at their various tasks, except Jack and Ianto, who were leaning on the railings outside Jack’s office, talking quietly.

Huff huff huff squeak.

Huff huff huff peep.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared as Nosy slithered past.

Huff huff huff peep.

“Why’s Nosy making that weird sound?” asked Tosh, looking concerned.

“Ah,” Ianto grinned, “Nosy heard me whistling to Myfanwy earlier. It’s been trying to copy me ever since, but I don’t think it’s quite got the hang of whistling yet.”

Huff huff huff peeeep.

The End
Silence Is…

Chapter Summary

Ianto is puzzled – and maybe a little worried.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 276 – Sound at tw100, the first of two Ianto drabbles. The other one will be posted tomorrow.

Ianto stuck his finger in his ear, wiggling it around. Something wasn’t right. Everyone was going about their work in complete silence.

Except… When he looked more closely, they were obviously chatting to each other, he just couldn’t hear them. Which was odd, to say the least.

He jumped and spun around as someone grabbed his shoulder. Jack.

Jack’s mouth was moving but Ianto had never thought to learn lip-reading.

Jack sighed, taking the small artefact Ianto was holding. Sound flooded back in. Ianto looked questioningly at Jack.

“It’s a personal sound-dampening field.”

“Oh. That’s good. Thought I’d gone deaf.”

The End
Not So Silent Night

Chapter Summary

Ianto just wants to sleep, but something is keeping him awake.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 276 – Sound at tw100.

Ianto was exhausted, head aching; he just wanted to sleep, but that sound was driving him insane.

Squeeeeee! Honk. Squeeeeee! Honk. All the bloody time!

He turned over, trying to get comfortable.

Squeeeeee! Honk. Squeeeeee! Honk.

Cursing, he rolled on his back. Nothing helped. There was no escape.

“You okay?” Jack asked from beside him.

“No. Is a bit of peace and quiet too much to ask for?”

“Sorry, can’t help you there.”

Ianto pulled his pillow over his head, but the sound continued.

Squeeeeee! Honk. Squeeeeee! Honk.

Why did his nose whistle so irritatingly when he had a cold?

The End
Mooching around Ianto’s bedroom while Ianto was making the bed, Jack picked up a rather tattered something he hadn’t previously noticed.

“What on earth is this?”

“That,” Ianto said with indignant emphasis, snatching the object in question from Jack’s hands, “is my teddy bear, Fred. I’ve had him since I was a baby.”

“You still keep your teddy?”

“Of course. He has great sentimental value.”

Jack snorted.

“21st century humans, getting sentimental over inanimate objects.”

“This from the man who keeps a bottled hand on a shelf and talks to it when he thinks no one can hear.”

Jack blushed.

The End
The Disappearance Of Agatha

Chapter Summary

Agatha Christie disappeared on Friday, December 3rd, 1926, and reappeared 11 days later. This is probably not what happened.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 278 – Women’s History at tw100. I'll post the companion piece to this one in a minute.

Thanks to my amazing f-list who came to my rescue when I couldn’t come up with a single idea for this prompt. This and its companion piece are courtesy of tardisjournal, who suggested that Jack, in all his time travelling, must have met a few historical women - so here’s one!

Agatha Christie met Jack Harkness only briefly. Stumbling from her car, still shaking from nearly hitting something, she was grabbed, there was a flash of brilliant light, and she was in the arms of a very handsome man.

He’d apparently been expecting her.

“Sorry about that. Let me buy you a drink.”

She never remembered her encounter, or knew what happened. One minute she was driving along a quiet lane in Surrey, the next she was checked into a Harrogate hotel under a false name, with no idea how she got there.

Only a handful of people knew the truth.

The End
Returning Agatha

Chapter Summary

Sometimes Time Agency work is very straightforward.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 278 – Women’s History at tw100 and the companion piece to The Disappearance Of Agatha.

I might write more for this challenge as it's running for two weeks - and I now have lots of ideas, courtesy of my amazing f-list!

Jack caught the famous author as she fell through the vortex. Other Time Agents were already dealing with the man who’d abducted her, planning to make his fortune by having her write novels he’d then pass off as his own.

“Sorry about that. Let me buy you a drink.”

Retcon had its uses. At least history was clear on when and where she would be found. All that was left was to put her in the Hydropathic Hotel and check her in – he knew the name to use and a bit more Retcon would deal with the staff.

Easy job.

The End
The Sandwich Mystery

Chapter Summary

Jack is puzzled. Ianto is Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 279 – Triangular at tw100. There will be at least one more, of dubious merit.

Apologies for the lack of drabbles the last couple of weeks. I couldn't come up with anything else for Women's History, and then last week's prompt failed to appear. I'll try to make up for it this week.

It was a gloriously warm, sunny spring day in Cardiff and they were determined to make the most of the good weather.

Jack leaned against the counter in Ianto’s kitchen, watching Ianto prepare food for their planned picnic, cutting the sandwiches diagonally into four neat triangular pieces.

“Why do you always do that?”

“Do what?”

“Cut sandwiches in triangles.”

Ianto stared at the prepared sandwiches, then looked at Jack, bemused.

“I have absolutely no idea.”

Cutting the next one in squares, he stared at it.

“That just doesn’t look right.”

He quickly cut each square diagonally.

“That’s better.”

Jack laughed.

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy is a fast learner.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 279 – Triangular at tw100. There will definitely be at least one more for this challenge.

Not sure about this one, I don't think it's one of my better drabbles.

“What are you two up to?” Ianto asked Tosh, who was talking animatedly to Nosy.

“I’m teaching Nosy about different shapes!” Tosh sounded rather pleased with herself.

Ianto raised an eyebrow. “Care to demonstrate?”

Tosh grinned. “Nosy, what shape is a wheel?”

Nosy squiggled around, nose to tail, until its body formed a circle.

“Very good!” She gave Nosy a grape. “What shape is an egg?”

More squiggling and Nosy settled into a rough oval, earning itself another grape.

“Impressive.”

“Bet you £10 it can’t do a triangle,” said Owen.

Nosy rearranged itself.

“Huh.”

“World’s first triangular Fluff!” Ianto smirked.

The End
It’s Not Unusual – For Torchwood

Chapter Summary

Rhys finds out about the peculiar hazards of working for Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

Written for biancaruth, for leaving the 100th review on my drabble collection at ff.net.
She wanted something with Rhys learning about Torchwood....

“Nothing to worry about,” Ianto said cheerfully.

Rhys stared at Gwen in stunned disbelief.

“Happens a lot, does it?” He sounded a bit dazed.

“This exactly? Not to my knowledge. But similar things? All the time.”

Rhys kept staring.

“Could be worse,” Ianto attempted to reassure the stricken man. “Jack was a rabbit for almost two weeks, and Owen… Well, let’s just say orange really doesn’t suit him. Gwen’s fine, just a little shorter than usual.”

“A little? She’s five inches tall!”

“Tosh will fix it. On the bright side, her clothes shrunk with her.”

Rhys sat down.

“ Bloody Torchwood.”

The End
Object Unknown

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto find a strange but interesting object that has fallen through the rift.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 279 – Triangular at tw100.

I just started writing with this one to see what would happen. I like the opening descriptions, but then I couldn’t think how to finish it and this happened. I’m considering a sequel…

It sat there, squat, grey and triangular, like an old, water-worn rock or a primitive sculpture. Jack poked it experimentally with a stick and the surface rippled, shimmering rainbow colours spreading in waves from the point of contact then fading to grey again.

“What is it?” Ianto asked, leaning back against the side of the SUV, hands in pockets.

“Damned if I know.” Jack prodded it again, watching the ripples of colour spread then fade. “Pretty though.”

He went to poke it again but an appendage unfurled, grabbing his stick.

“Stop poking,” the object rumbled, opening one large eye.

“Sorry.”

The End
Back at the Hub, Jack and Ianto set their burden down beside the rift pool.

“That came through the Rift?” asked Owen.

“Yes. Don’t poke it.”

“What would I want to poke it?”

“Because it turns pretty colours when poked,” Jack replied.

“Okay, so then why shouldn’t I poke it?”

“He doesn’t like it.” Ianto set a plate of pebbles beside the triangular lump.

“He? It’s alive?”

“Yeah, we only found out when Jack started poking him. Apparently sunlight makes him very sleepy.”

“What are the pebbles for?”

“Dinner,” their new guest rumbled, opening its single eye and grinning toothily.

The End
Nosewood

Chapter Summary

Nosewood, a secret team of alien-fighters with a fearless leader!

Chapter Notes

This is entirely the fault of owensheart, who put the idea in my head. ;)

Captain Nosy the Fluff, fearless leader of Nosewood, lay on its desk, sipping coffee and looking out over its domain.

It had been a hard day, battling the scum of the universe, and its brave team were battered and tired but safe. Captain Fluff had come to their rescue in the nick of time, tricking the vicious aliens that had its team surrounded. The humans had rallied behind their Captain, throwing themselves into the fray; their defeat of the foe had been swift and final.

Jack watched Nosy twitching in its sleep.

“I wonder what Nosy’s dreaming about,” he mused.

The End
Tosh knows she should never have listened to Mary in the first place…

It was her own fault really. She’d let Mary persuade her to wear the pendant – again.

“You need to go somewhere public, somewhere crowded.”

So she had and now she’d heard something she couldn’t ignore, something she had no choice but to try to prevent. You can’t overhear someone planning murder and just ignore it.

Now she was here, trying to stop a complete stranger from murdering his ex-wife and child. How was she ever going to explain this to the police – to Jack?

Why had she ever listened to Mary? She’d heard too much already, but she couldn’t stop…

The End
Elusive Butterfly

Chapter Summary

Catching the alien is sometimes a bit unpredictable…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100. This is based, loosely, on my own experience with a hitch-hiking dragonfly.

Just to be different, this time the Rift spat out the alien equivalent of a butterfly – 30cm across, four lacy, pastel coloured wings and tentacles for legs.

Chasing it proved exhausting and fruitless, until…

“Oh, well done! You caught it! I think it likes you.” Jack sounded half impressed, half jealous as he ushered Ianto into the SUV.

“Not a word from anyone, or you’ll all be on permanent decaf!” Ianto snarled stepping into the Hub a short while later, the alien perched at a jaunty angle on his head like an Easter bonnet.

Owen fell off his chair laughing.

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s the little things that are the scariest…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100, and the first of a pair. The second will be posted directly after this one.

I still have two more written for this challenge!

Owen was on overnight duty, tucked up in the bottom bunk while Nosy snoozed on the top one.

Jack and Ianto had gone out to dinner, arriving home after midnight and heading towards their quarters when a loud shriek and a series of crashes sent them racing for the Night Duty Room, drawing their guns.

The sight that met their eyes was not what they expected.

“What the hell happened?” Jack demanded.

Owen sat up on the floor, rubbing his sore head.

“Nosy saw a moth.”

A fluffy head poked cautiously out of Owen’s bunk.

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Scaredy-Fluff.”

The End
Night Fright – Owen’s POV

Chapter Summary

Owen's having a rough night.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100, and the second of a pair - the first is the chapter before this one.

Owen was sound asleep, snug in the comfy bottom bunk with Nosy snoozing above when there was an alarmed squeak from overhead and something fuzzy slid under his duvet, scaring the life out of him.

With a decidedly girly shriek, he scrambled away from the intruder, got tangled in his bedding and fell out of bed, hitting his head on the bedside table and knocking it over with a resounding crash.

“What the hell was that for?” He eyed the quivering, duvet covered mound on his bed as something soft fluttered around his head in the half-light.

“A moth? Seriously?”

The End
The alien butterfly flatly refused to shift. Clamped onto Ianto’s head firmly, yet painlessly, it seemed content to remain there permanently. Which was disconcerting, and a downright nuisance whenever the occasional shift of position caused its wings to cover his eyes. Catching sight of his reflection in one of the computer monitors, Ianto thought the damned thing resembled one of the fancy hats worn at Ascot on Ladies Day. It really didn’t suit him.

The others couldn’t look at him without giggling, and Jack seemed oddly envious.

On the other hand, all those legs gave a pretty good scalp massage.

The End
Chapter Summary

Looks can be deceiving.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100, and the only serious one. I'm quite pleased with the way it turned out.

They look so charming, delicate and innocent; pretty little fairy folk with butterfly wings, flitting about in the moonlit woods, playful, laughter like tinkling bells.

But it’s a lie, part illusion and part deception, a disguise for something dark, ancient and primal. Not entirely evil, just other; creatures from the oldest tales and nightmares, warped and wizened, their nature and motives beyond human comprehension.

Most of all, they’re dangerous. They take what they want, they can neither be reasoned with nor appealed to, and they must never be crossed. All of time is their playground, there is nowhere to hide.

The End
Impulsive Butterfly

Chapter Summary

Jack wants to reclaim Ianto – and gets an unexpected bonus!

Chapter Notes

Well look at that, I wrote another one! This is my sixth drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100, and a direct sequel to 'Adhesive Butterfly'. This saga will probably continue, because it's fun!

Jack felt he’d been patient long enough. The alien butterfly was monopolising his Ianto and while he though Ianto looked quite charming adorned as he was, enough was enough.

So, while Ianto waited patiently for the coffee to brew, Jack pounced, kissing him so thoroughly his knees buckled and he would have slid to the floor if Jack hadn’t been holding him up.

Finally separating several very enjoyable minutes later, they discovered that Jack was now wearing the butterfly. Apparently it had suddenly decided to switch perches while they weren’t paying attention.

Ianto smiled smugly. It was Jack’s problem now.

The End
Jack's finally got Torchwood's new addition all to himself…

Chapter Notes

This is, I think, my seventh drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100. In the absence of a new challenge, I figure this one is still fair game and I was planning to continue the series anyway, so here's the next one. It follows straight on from 'Impulsive Butterfly' and is the fourth (but definitely not the last) in the Butterfly Series.

Jack seemed delighted with his new headgear.

Ianto watched with amusement as his lover pranced about the Hub, checking out his appearance in every reflective surface.

"It suits me, don't you think?" Jack asked, striking a dramatic pose. "This would be the height of fashion on Zelmaxus IV."

"Yes, Jack, you look very pretty," Ianto agreed with a smirk, "Having an alien butterfly on your head might prove a trifle awkward if you have to go out on a Rift alert though."

Jack looked thoughtful.

"Maybe I could camouflage it."

Ianto wondered if the butterfly was regretting its rash decision.

The End
Transmissive Butterfly

Chapter Summary

The butterfly seeks a less energetic ‘perch’.

Chapter Notes

My eighth (I think) drabble for Challenge 281 – Lepidoptera at tw100, this follows straight on from 'Decorative Butterfly'.

For DarqueQueen7 over on ff.net. I couldn’t use the title she suggested because I wanted to keep to the theme I’d set with the earlier titles, but it fitted Tosh so perfectly I decided to use it in the drabble.

Thankfully, Jack had calmed down a bit by the time the Rift alarm went off a couple of hours later and the butterfly was sitting quietly on his head instead of fluttering agitatedly.

He strode over to Tosh’s station and leaned over her shoulder to look at her monitor.

“What have we got, Tosh?”

“Rift spike over by Central Station, looks like whatever came through is inanimate but fairly big.”

Jack straightened up and blinked. The butterfly was now perched, calmly preening, on top of Tosh’s head.

“Huh.” Jack glared at it then grinned. “Looks good on you, Madame Butterfly!”

The End
Everyone Has Them

Chapter Summary

Everyone has them, but all are different…

Chapter Notes

New prompt! Yay!

My first drabble for Challenge 282 – Parents at tw100. I couldn't think what to write for this one, then I got two ideas in quick succession. This one is my second idea, but I decided to post it first and leave the funny one for tomorrow...

Parents. Everyone has them.

Gwen’s are loving, caring, devoted to their only child.

Jack’s are long gone, yet at the same time haven’t even been born yet. As much a paradox as he is.

Tosh seldom gets to see hers; part of the deal made by Jack in order to free her from the UNIT prison.

Ianto’s are dead. A father too demanding and a mother too weak to shield him from his father’s temper.

As for Owen, he doesn’t even remember his father, and wishes he could forget the look on his mother’s face the day he turned sixteen…

The End
Night Feeds

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack struggle to satisfy a hungry infant.

This is either a sequel or a prequel to my drabble 'Feeding Time' - I can't decide.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 282 – Parents at tw100.

I have no idea if I'll write anything else for this week's challenge - I don't have any more bunnies for the prompt at the moment, but knowing the way they sneak up on me, it's always possible I'll think of something else before the deadline...

“Are you sure these night feeds are necessary?” Jack asked through a huge yawn.

“How the Hell am I supposed to know?” Ianto snapped peevishly, dragging himself from their bed.
“T’ve never been a parent before! Anyway, even if they’re not, how’s anyone supposed to sleep through that racket?”

He dragged himself wearily towards the source of the screeching.

“Alright already, I’m getting your food! Can’t you just be patient for a minute? I’ll kill Owen for this. He can feed you tomorrow night. Here.”

Baby Myfanwy flapped her stubby wings and snatched the meat scrap from Ianto’s giant tweezers.

The End
Sneak Thief

Chapter Summary

Nosy is curious about Owen’s odd habit….

Chapter Notes

Written For: Quiet Time, for leaving the 200th review on my ff.net drabble collection.

Nosy had noticed Owen often seemed to be chewing something, and was naturally curious. It had been watching for days, and now it saw Owen unwrap something from silvery paper.

“Owen, can you spare a minute?” called Jack from his office.

Cursing under his breath, Owen put down the paper and its contents.

“What is it now?” he grumbled, heading up the steps.

As soon as Owen had gone, Nosy slunk forward and sniffed. Minty! It delicately picked up the strange thing and started chewing.

A few minutes later, Owen returned to his workstation.

“’Ere, who’s pinched my chewing gum?”

The End
Chapter Summary

The Sneak Thief is identified…

Chapter Notes

A sequel to ‘Sneak Thief’, because I couldn't leave it there.

As Ianto emerged from the archives with some files for Jack, Nosy slithered past, chewing on something. Ianto watched for a moment, then shrugged and headed for Jack’s office.

Emerging thirty minutes later, he spotted Nosy by the couch, still chewing. Frowning in puzzlement, he continued to the kitchen to make coffee.

He passed Nosy, who was still chewing, on his way his way to hand out the coffees. Noticing that Owen was also busily chewing, something clicked.

“Owen, I think I know who stole your gum earlier.” He pointed at Nosy.

“Damn! Good thing it wasn’t bubblegum,” Owen muttered.

The End
**Accidental Parenthood**

Chapter Summary

An accident with alien tech creates a small problem…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 282 – Parents at tw100.

By popular demand, here is the prequel to my drabbles ‘Night Feeds’ and ‘Feeding Time’.

It all happened in a flash – literally.

Tosh was examining a piece of alien tech they’d retrieved. Owen dodged to avoid stepping on Nosy and tripped over his chair, knocking the tech to the floor.

A blinding flash of white light shot upwards, there was a startled squawk and suddenly Myfanwy was on the ground, glowing brightly and visibly shrinking.

Ianto thought later that if she had simply shrunk it wouldn’t have been too bad, but when the glow faded instead of an adult pteranodon there sat a small, newly hatched, hungry chick, convinced he and Jack were its parents.

Continued in ‘Night Feeds’
Ianto was relaxing on the couch, reading a file, when Nosy draped itself over his lap, humming disconsolately.

Still reading, Ianto dropped one hand to Nosy’s head to pet it, and encountered something unpleasantly sticky tangled in the silky fluff.

“What on earth…?”

Setting the file aside, he took a closer look. Several grey, sticky lumps were stuck in the fur on Nosy’s head. Ianto prodded one.

“Yuk! Owen, get over here!”

“Now what?”

“Care to explain why Nosy has chewing gum stuck in its fur?”

“I wondered where that kept disappearing to.”

“Well, now you know,” Ianto smirked evilly.

TBC in ‘A Sticky Situation’
Chapter Summary

Nosy is gummy, Ianto is displeased, Owen is in trouble…

Chapter Notes

The second part in my drabble mini-series, and the sequel To ‘A Sticky Problem’. There will be two more parts after this one.

Owen looked closely at Nosy. Yep, that was definitely chewing gum and since he was the only one who indulged (or at least the only one who stuck used gum under the nearest table), it was a safe bet that it was his gum. He was starting to get worried; Ianto had a decidedly evil smirk on his face.

“Well, since you admit it’s your gum, I guess you should have the pleasure of removing it from Nosy’s fur.”

“What? How do I do that?”

“Very carefully. Jack will not be pleased if Nosy starts looking like a motheaten rug.”

TBC in ‘A Sticky Solution’
A Sticky Solution

Chapter Summary

Owen de-gums Nosy.

Chapter Notes

The third in my drabble mini-series, sequel to 'A Sticky Situation'. There will be one more part, hopefully tomorrow.

“Have fun!” Ianto smirked. He patted Nosy, carefully avoiding the gummy bits, and sauntered off.

“Oh, great. Come on you.” Owen headed for the autopsy bay, Nosy slinking along behind him.

OoOoO

Arranging Nosy on the autopsy table, Owen draped surgical cloths around the gummy areas, and prepared to start work.

Grabbing a blob of gum with his forceps, he applied an alien solvent and carefully started teasing the fur away. It was slow, painstaking work, but he didn’t want to cut off big clumps of fluff. Ianto was right, Jack would notice and then Owen would really be in trouble.

TBC in ‘Unstuck’
Unstuck

Chapter Summary

Nosy is restored to fluffiness.

Chapter Notes

The final part of my drabble mini-series, sequel to 'A Sticky Solution'. I hope everybody has enjoyed it!

Owen dropped the last blob of gum into a dish, put down his forceps and uncovered Nosy.

“Now for the final part of the procedure.”

Fetching a bowl of warm water and the bottle of baby shampoo he used for his rats, he dampened Nosy’s head, added a drop of shampoo and worked up a good lather. A quick rinse, a spot of conditioner combed through the fluffy fur, and a thorough final rinse had Nosy looking… soggy.

“Better than being sticky, right?”

Nosy shook itself vigorously, soaking Owen, then slithered off the table and up the steps.

“You’re welcome!”

The End (I think)
Chapter Summary

Ianto still doesn’t like camping…

Chapter Notes

My only drabble for Challenge 283 – Out Of The Frying Pan, Into The Fire at tw100. I’ve tried all week to come up with something for this prompt, but I kept coming back to the one thing that immediately came to mind. Humble apologies...

Ianto gingerly poked a stick into the campfire, rolling a charred sausage towards him. When it was close enough, he stabbed it with a fork and deposited it on a plate with several other sausage-shaped cinders.

He glared at Jack.

“I hope you’re not expecting these to be edible.”

“Sorry.” Jack looked sheepish.

“What on earth possessed you to try flipping sausages?”

“I saw a chef doing it on TV. He looked really cool, tossing and catching them. I thought I could do it.”

Ianto groaned. “No more TV, you’re too easily influenced.”

“At least we still have the beans!”

The End
The Language Of Vegetables

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack have a conversation while shopping.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 284 – Floriography at tw100. When I say 'first' I mean 'only' - so far, anyway. I'll have to wait and see if inspiration strikes again...

Browsing the supermarket produce section with Ianto, Jack prodded at a lettuce.

“Back in Victorian times, lettuces symbolised cold-heartedness.”

If Ianto was surprised by Jack’s random comment, it didn’t show.

“So if you wanted to tell someone they were cold-hearted, you’d give them a lettuce?”

“Something like that I guess.”

“Bizarre. How about cabbages?”

“Profit.”

Ianto nodded sagely. “Sounds about right. Lot of money in cabbages.”

Jack laughed.

“So, if I were to give you this,” Ianto waved a cucumber at Jack, “What would that mean?”

“That I’m onto a sure thing tonight?” Jack sounded hopeful.

Ianto winked. “Could be.”

The End
Trash Or Treasure?

Chapter Summary

Trash or Treasure? It depends on your perspective.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 285 – One Man’s Trash Is Another Man’s Treasure at tw100. I'm hoping to manage more than one drabble this week, though I might write a random drabble rather than another for this prompt. We'll see. I have a week to decide!

Late one night, Ianto was busy collecting rubbish from around the Hub before switching everything to night mode.

Retrieving a mug from Owen’s messy desk, he headed for the kitchen, returning to find Nosy rummaging in the bag of rubbish.

“Nosy, what are you doing? Get out of there!”

Nosy backed out of the bag, something unidentifiable clutched in its mouth, and slithered towards its play area. Curious, Ianto followed, watching as Nosy carefully placed its rescued object on a narrow ledge, beside an array of similar objects.

Bottle caps.

Ianto smiled.

One man’s trash was treasure to a Fluff!

The End
A Rare Treasure

Chapter Summary

Jack thinks Tosh deserves much more than she gets.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 285 – One Man’s Trash Is Another Man’s Treasure at tw100. This was inspired by in_motu_proprio over on livejournal. Thank you! I wrote it in 5 minutes!

Jack watched Tosh carefully in the aftermath of Mary. It was so unfair. Time after time, she was tossed aside like yesterday’s newspaper, her heart broken by people like Mary who only wanted to use her, or like Owen who barely noticed she existed except when he needed her help with something.

Yet each time, she bravely picked up the pieces of her shattered heart and carried on, somehow keeping hope alive.

Brave, brilliant and beautiful, Jack knew she was a rare treasure, he just hoped that someday someone would see her true worth and cherish her as she deserved.

The End
**Blue Is The Colour…**

Chapter Summary

Jack is blue. Owen is amused.

Chapter Notes

My one and only drabble for Challenge 286 – True Blue at tw100. I struggled with this one, but I made it just in time. Not my best work, I don't think, it's a bit rushed, but at least I wrote something, so Yay!

Saving Cardiff from rampaging aliens wasn’t unusual for Torchwood, the Rift saw to that.

It wasn’t even that unusual for aliens to explode unexpectedly – earth conditions were hazardous to the health of many non-terrestrial species, so Torchwood had become adept at getting various kinds of alien gloop off clothing, pavements and people. Sometimes the gloop stained, but Ianto was amazingly good at stain removal. Usually.

Not this time though. Jack was bright blue and apparently there was nothing that could be done.

Owen, of course, found it hilarious.

“Guess you really are a true blue hero,” he sniggered.

“Bite me!”

The End
Not So ‘Super’ Man

Chapter Summary

Ianto watches Jack on a roof and ponders.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 287 – Superman at tw100. I think I like this prompt, so I'm hoping to write at least one more this week. We'll see if I actually succeed.

Tipping his head back, Ianto looked up at Jack, standing on the edge of one of his favourite roofs, coat whipping around his legs in the wind like a superhero’s cape.

Smirking, he imagined Gwen would see Jack as Superman, the pure and perfect hero, always saving the day. But there was a darkness in Jack. For all his immortality, he was merely a man struggling to do the best job he could of protecting his adopted city.

More like Batman really. Underground, cave-like base, standing on roofs at night…

Ianto paused, rolling his eyes.

“Guess that means I'm Alfred.”

The End
More Than He Seems

Chapter Summary

He stands in the background and studies his hero.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 287 – Superman at tw100. Not sure where this one came from. I'd hoped to get a couple of humorous drabbles written this week, but it hasn't happened, I've been too stressed to focus. So when the beginnings of this one popped into my head last night I scrambled to write it. Not entirely happy with the title or the last line, but I got what I was aiming for, I think, and it's the best I can manage without exceeding the word count.

Look at him, standing there staring out across his city, his home.

Tall, broad shouldered, standing straight and proud, head up as though scenting the air for trouble. A handsome man, dressed distinctively, his choice of clothing his armour against the world, a disguise to hide behind so that no one sees the real man.

There’s an air of mystery around him. He’s both more and less than he seems. Few people really know or understand him and he likes it that way.

Jack smiles. The world may only see Clark Kent, but looking at Ianto Jones, Jack sees Superman.
Mending Stuart’s Leg

Chapter Summary

Jack can’t keep his hands to himself; Ianto deals with the consequences.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. This one has potential - a good thing as it's running for 4 weeks! I have a bunch of good episode titles to choose from, and several vague ideas of what I might do with them.... This one was just irresistible!

“It’s not my fault!” Jack whined. “I just touched it and it came right off in my hand!”

“What were you doing touching it in the first place?” Ianto sounded exasperated. “You know Stuart’s off limits, on Owen’s orders. He’s very old and fragile. I told Owen he should be kept at home, but apparently he was putting girls off when he was in Owen’s bedroom. One even complained Stuart was leering at her.” Ianto considered Stuart for a moment. “She has a point.”

“What do I do? Owen will kill me!”

“Give me the leg, I’ll mend the skeleton.”

The End
Picking Up The Pieces

Chapter Summary

Owen is grumbling about the job. Again.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I'm working on several other ideas, so there may be more. There are such brilliant titles to play with!

“So some days I feel like a litter collector,” Owen grumbled, picking up another fragment of something that had been ejected from the rift with so much force it had shattered. “Might as well be pushing one of those bins labelled ‘Keep Britain Tidy’. I didn’t join Torchwood to be a janitor.”

“Quit moaning, Owen.” Jack teased a fragment out of a nearby wall. “It doesn’t look like much now, but if one tiny bit is found by the wrong person it could advance science prematurely by centuries, completing wrecking timelines. We’re not just keeping Britain tidy, we’re preserving the future.”

The End
Defrosting Day

Chapter Summary

Owen is being less than tactful, so Tosh sets him straight.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100 - and I have another one for tomorrow! Did I mention I rather like this prompt? I'm playing around with a couple of other ideas too, but I don't know if anything will come of them.

“It’s that day again,” Owen announced breezily, striding into the Hub. “Time to defrost Frozen Turkey guy. How time flies. Seems like we stuffed him back in the freezer only yesterday.”

Tosh was appalled. “He has a name, Owen; Tommy Brockless. You could at least try to show him some respect.”

Owen raised his hands in mock surrender. “Sorry, Tosh, just trying to inject some humour into the situation.”

“Well don’t. Tommy deserves more than cheap jokes. He only gets to live one day a year, it’s up to us to make that day worth living.”

Owen sobered.

“Yeah, okay.”

The End
Cheering Up Gordon

Chapter Summary

Owen is concerned about one of his charges.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I'm having a good drabbling week. I have a couple more that just need checking and polishing, they're not quite what I was aiming for, but about as close as I can get with the word limit. Still working on a final one and I've had to leave a lot of titles I would have liked to try, but next week will be a whole new batch of titles to choose from. I'm excited about that!

Wandering into the hothouse, Ianto found Owen standing near one of his plants, looking troubled.

“Problems?” he asked casually.

“I think something’s wrong with Gordon.”

Ianto didn’t bat an eyelash, having long since become used to Owen naming his alien plants. He moved to stand beside his colleague.

“How so?”

“Not sure. He just seems down.”

Truthfully, Gordon did look rather droopy.

“Maybe he just needs cheering up.”

“How do you cheer up a plant?”

Ianto shrugged. “Not my area of expertise. You’ll think of something.”

Owen thought then moved Gordon to the window overlooking the Hub.

Surprisingly, it worked!

The End
The Art Of Concealment

Chapter Summary

Vague spoilers for Cyberwoman.

Ianto considers strategies as he keeps Lisa hidden.

Chapter Notes

My... Um... 5th? drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I've done a final tune-up and I'm happier with it now, some of the phrasing was a bit clunky before. Still not perfect, but then again, sometimes I'm too picky.

In other news, the pit of gloom drabble is no more. I ditched the second half and re-wrote it so it's closer to what I originally wanted. It's quite a cheery, positive piece now and will be posted tomorrow. Then I have something quite daft and cracky for Monday.

It hadn’t taken Ianto long to realise the best way of keeping Lisa hidden was to make himself invisible.

Never one to draw attention to himself, he quickly learned to blend into the background, being indispensable while going about his tasks unnoticed.

It was simple. Most of the team barely noticed him as long as whatever they needed appeared when, or better yet, before they needed it.

Jack’s attention, however, proved impossible to avoid; different tactics were required.

So Ianto encouraged him, flirting, leading him on, diverting his attention.

Sometimes, he mused, the art of concealment is all about misdirection.

The End
In The Service Of Humanity

Chapter Summary

Summary: Jack thinks about the difference between Torchwoods One and Three. (After several re-writes, I managed to rescue this one from the pit of gloom it had sunk into, thanks to my good friend timelordshines. This version is much closer to what I wanted, and hopefully not gloomy.)

General spoilers for Fragments and Doctor Who Army Of Ghosts/Doomsday.

Chapter Notes

My 6th drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. There will be one more, to be posted tomorrow.

Torchwood One grew too big for their boots, its leaders forgetting the Institute’s true purpose – to protect earth from alien threats – in their greedy quest for more power over the rest of humanity, regardless of the cost. When Canary Wharf fell, Jack felt guilty for momentarily thinking they’d got what they deserved. So many innocent lives lost…

On taking charge of Three, Jack had declared they would cease following One’s lead. They would be better; loyal, brave, compassionate, eliminating threats while defending the innocent, regardless of species.

Now, despite being battle-scarred and broken by life, his team make him proud.

The End
The Domino Effect

Chapter Summary

It’s amazing how much chaos can be caused by one tiny mishap…

Chapter Notes

My 7th and final drabble for Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. Apologies for the tense this one’s written in, it refused to be written any other way!

The new challenge is up, same as last week's but using the titles from series 9 to 16 of the show as prompts. I'm spoiled for choice! I think I have 5 definite ideas so far, and about 30 potential titles.... I may do some at a later date, after this reverse-fandom challenge is over, because there simply isn't enough time to write something for all the ones I like the look of (plus there were several from last week's batch that I didn't get written but I'd still like to take a stab at them at some point.)

Have I mentioned how much I'm loving this challenge?

One quiet day at Torchwood, Ianto’s carrying a tray of coffee for the team’s afternoon caffeine fix, when he trips over Nosy.

Nosy squeaks and shoots forward, knocking Gwen off balance, sending her stumbling backwards. Tripping over her own feet, she lands in Tosh’s lap, her elbow hitting the computer keyboard and turning Tosh’s programming into gibberish.

Meanwhile, five mugs of coffee arc through the air, spraying their scalding contents over Jack, who staggers backwards, hits the railing above the autopsy bay and tumbles over, landing on Owen and the corpse he’s dissecting.

Ianto regards the chaos, wide eyed.

“Whoops.”

The End
Stop That Castle!

Chapter Summary

Another bunch of aliens are up to no good in Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Week 2 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100, this time using titles from series 9-16 as prompts. I have 4 written so far, so let's see if I can manage as many as last week!

Living on the Rift meant Torchwood were accustomed to peculiar happenings, from minor incidents all the way up to potentially world-ending scenarios, but to Jack’s knowledge, this was the first time aliens had ever tried to steal Cardiff Castle.

They needed to get it back, fast, preferably before anyone noticed it was missing. Tosh had set up a holographic projection so that from a distance it still appeared to be there, but if anyone got too close…

Four aliens, carrying the miniaturised castle, fled along the street, the Torchwood team in hot pursuit.

Stealing tourist attractions would not be tolerated.

The End
The Kiss

Chapter Summary

An old lady finds new inspiration for her romantic daydreams.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for week two of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100.

Mavis Poskitt had never married.

There had been suitors a-plenty back when she was young, but her beau had died in the war and none of the others could hold a candle to his memory.

She lived out her dreams of romance through the pages of lurid novels, full of manly men and maidens with heaving bosoms; until she moved house.

That’s when she first saw them, late one night, under a streetlight. Her handsome young neighbour and his dashing boyfriend, locked in a passionate embrace.

It set her old heart a-flutter!

Now her daydreams are all about that kiss!

The End
**Name-Dropping**

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto tell each other about famous people they’ve ‘met’.

Chapter Notes

I've lost count - is this my 3rd drabble for week 2 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100?

Anyway, for this one I used the episode title 'The Man Who Nearly Knew Pavarotti' as my prompt.

Browsing his record collection one evening for something to play, Jack turned to Ianto.

“Did I ever tell you I knew Pavarotti?”

“Really? What was he like?”

“Well, I didn’t really know him as such, but I met him. Once. In passing. Okay, I nearly bumped into him outside a restaurant in London.”

“Ah.” Ianto smiled. “So you knew Pavarotti the way I know Charlotte Church.”

Jack looked intrigued.

“Saw her once from behind when she was opening a summer fair. Could’ve reached out and touched her but a crowd was in the way.”

Jack laughed.

“Yeah. Exactly like that.”

The End
Come Back, Jack Harry Teesdale

Chapter Summary

The team get a brief glimpse into Jack’s post-war past.

Chapter Notes

My 4th drabble for Week 2 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100.

Tomorrow I will be posting a sad one - you have been warned.

Ianto came up from the archives chuckling, waving an old newspaper.

“You lot have got to see this!”

Gathering around him, they looked at the paper, The South Glamorgan Gazette, 20th August 1949.

The front page held a grainy photograph captioned ‘Jack Harry Teesdale of Cardiff displays his prize-winning leek at the South Glamorgan Agricultural Show.’

Jack, dressed in his usual attire minus the coat, beamed out at them from under a flat cap, holding up a gigantic leek.

Everyone giggled.

“Teesdale?” inquired Ianto.

Jack was unapologetic.

“Couldn’t use my real name. I won ten shillings for Best In Show!”

The End
Situation Vacant

Chapter Summary

In the aftermath of Exit Wounds, Jack roams the Hub late at night.

Chapter Notes

My 5th drabble for Challenge 288– Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100.

This is a sad one, folks. Spoilers for Exit Wounds.

On a brighter note, I still have three more (all more cheerful than this one) to post. That will make 8 for Week 2 of this challenge. There are two more weeks to go and I'm hoping to get at least 7 written for each week. Wish me luck!

All was dark and silent; Gwen had long since gone home and Ianto was sleeping fitfully in Jack’s bunk.

Jack couldn’t sleep; the events of the past 24 hours – or was it two thousand years? – whirling through his mind in an endless loop.

Pausing by Tosh’s workstation, he ran fingertips over her keyboard. The thought flashed into his mind: She’d never use it again.

Finally stepping into the autopsy bay, once Owen’s domain, he stopped. Ianto had cleaned, scrubbing until his hands were raw, but in his mind Jack could still see blood.

And empty places where friends should be.

The End
A Mystifying Phone Call

Chapter Summary

Ianto can’t help listening in on Jack’s phone call.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Week 2 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I still have two more to post here for this week o.O

Ianto hadn’t meant to eavesdrop on Jack’s phone call; it was unavoidable.

“That’s right.” A pause. “No, just the bottom. Extra reinforcement, heavy-duty if possible. It needs to hold up under rigorous use.” Another pause while Jack listened.

“What’s the largest size?” A brief silence, then, “Seriously? I think that might be a bit too big. What’s the next size down?”

Ianto was completely baffled by now.

“Sounds perfect. Can you have it ready by Friday? Splendid. See you then.”

As Jack hung up, Ianto asked, “What was that about?”

Jack smirked.

“Can’t tell you, it would spoil the surprise.”

The End
Once In A Moonlit Junkyard

Chapter Summary

Another night, another Weevil hunt…

Chapter Notes

Drabble number 7 for Week 2 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. There's still one more for Week 2 of the challenge and so far I have three written for Week 3. I'm off to a good start!

The long, exhausting chase ended in a rundown junkyard at the edge of town, their quarry cornered amid piles of rusting metal.

Moonlight shone down on proceedings, lending everything an ethereal glow.

The Weevil snarled, swinging its head from side to side, looking for a way out but not finding one. Even so, taking it down was no picnic.

When they finally had it sedated and restrained, Jack turned to Ianto, smiling softly. “Not exactly the romantic dinner I’d planned.”

Ianto smirked. “Romance is overrated. Right now I’d settle for chips and a beer.”

Jack laughed. “Sounds like a plan!”

The End
Chapter Summary

The sun’s shining, they have a day off, it should be heaven, shouldn’t it?

Chapter Notes

My eighth and final drabble for Week 2 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. That means tomorrow I can start posting my Week 3 drabbles here! There are 6 written so far...

Glorious weather on their day off had Jack and Ianto heading for the park to enjoy the sun. Apparently, most of Cardiff had the same idea.

People were everywhere, sunbathing, or playing football and Frisbee. Radios tuned to a dozen stations competed with raucous laughter and screaming children.

Jack sighed heavily.

“We should have gone to the beach.”

Ianto peered over the top of his sunglasses.

“The beach would have been just as crowded and we’d have been stuck in traffic getting there.

Jack huffed.

Ianto just rolled his eyes.

“Shut up and eat your Ice Cream before it melts.”

The End
A Chaise Longue Too Far

Chapter Summary

Ianto takes Jack furniture shopping…

Chapter Notes

The first of my drabbles for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I've actually lost count of how many I've written for this week...

Shopping with Jack was usually a pleasure, not to mention highly entertaining, but buying furniture for their new flat was turning into an exercise in frustration.

It wasn’t even that Ianto didn’t approve of Jack’s rather eclectic taste in furnishings, it was more a case of Jack wanting to buy everything they both liked. Ianto couldn’t seem to make him understand that there simply wasn’t enough room.

“We don’t live in a TARDIS, Jack! If we buy all of this stuff, there won’t be room for us!”

“You think the Chaise Longue is too much then?”

“Yeah, just a bit.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack reflects on Abaddon’s release as he goes to confront the beast. Spoilers for End of Days.

Chapter Notes

This is my second drabble for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. It's also my only canon-based drabble this week. Well, unless I write another. There's still time!

Abaddon the devourer, freed from his prison to walk the earth, bringing death wherever his shadow touched.

And it was their fault. His team, the people he’d picked, the ones he’d trusted the most. Somehow he couldn’t find it in himself to blame them.

They’d been used, manipulated, tricked into believing that only by opening the Rift could they save the world from certain destruction and get their loved ones back.

Manger had played them all, one monster bound and determined to release another.

Jack could only pray that his overabundance of life would be enough to defeat the beast.

The End
The Thing In Wesley’s Shed

Chapter Summary

A Cardiff citizen finds something strange in his shed one day.

Chapter Notes

Okay, this is the third of TEN drabbles I've written for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100, and I didn't even use all the titles I had ideas for. I'm saving some for later, I'm sure they'll serve me well when the prompt of the week isn't proving very inspiring.

One morning, Wesley found a thing in his shed. It hadn’t been there the night before, he was sure. It was green and purple, went ‘ping, ping, blip’ and bounced up and down.

Being the cautious sort, Wesley called the police.

A constable came, looked at the thing and then called Torchwood.

Two blokes arrived in a big black car. Wesley showed them the thing.

“Haven’t seen one of those in years!” said one. They thanked Wesley and left, taking the thing with them.

Wesley just shrugged.

“Can’t be having strange things in my shed, what would the wife think?”

The End
How To Create A Monster

Chapter Summary

The team discover that even Ianto’s patience has its limits.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I still have another 6 to post!

When he discovered Jack’s clothes on the floor, Ianto tutted and put them away.

When Owen spread goo all over the autopsy bay, Ianto merely rolled his eyes and started cleaning.

Even when Gwen, going to the archives for a file, left the contents of two cabinets strewn everywhere before remembering she hadn’t given it to Ianto in the first place, she only got a stern reprimand.

But when Ianto discovered someone had raided his stash and eaten the muffin he’d bought for lunch, he blew up.

“That’s it, you’re on decaf for life!”

Jack winced. “We’ve created a monster!”

The End
The Great Escape

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s had more than enough and decides to escape.

Chapter Notes

I think this one's my fifth drabble for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I'll post the sequel tomorrow.

The Hub was in chaos. Myfanwy had taken offence at something and was flapping and screeching, scattering papers everywhere, while Owen and Gwen were having a very loud argument about… Well, Ianto hadn’t bothered to listen so he had no idea what it was about, he just knew he didn’t want anything to do with it. Or with them.

He grabbed his coat and headed for the cog door, only to find Jack at his side.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m leaving home, forever. Might be back by teatime.”

Jack winced at a particularly loud screech.

“Can I come too?”

TBC in ‘Nowhere Particular’
Chapter Summary

Tosh joins the escapees in their bid for freedom.

Chapter Notes

My sixth (I think) drabble for Challenge 288, Week 3 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I'll be posting a pair tomorrow because they were both for the same prompt and they work best as a single story.

Strolling across the Plas, Jack glanced at Ianto. The stressed look on his face was fading as he started to relax.

“So, where are we going?”

“Hadn’t planned on anywhere in particular, I just wanted to be somewhere that isn’t the Hub,” Ianto admitted.

“Good call. If I’d had to listen to that racket much longer I’d have gone nuts.”

The rapid clicking of heels sounded behind them and a voice called out, “Wait for me!”

They stopped to let Tosh catch up.

Linking her arms through theirs, she asked, “Where are we going?”

“Nowhere particular,” they chorused.

“Sounds perfect.”

The End
Forewarned Is Forearmed

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood team receive bad news – the world is about to end.

Chapter Notes

Okay, this one’s a double drabble – or more precisely, a drabble and its sequel, posted together because they’re both for the same prompt and it’s less fiddly than posting them separately. They’re my seventh and eighth drabbles for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I still have two more to post for Week 3 and so far I’ve written five for Week 4. Writing them is easier than posting them!

Ianto looked up as the door to the Tourist Office opened and an elderly man walked in.

“Good afternoon, Mr Bickerdyke, how can I help you today.”

“Mr Jones, I am the bearer of grim news once again, I’m afraid. It appears the world will be ending next Thursday.”

Ianto’s brow creased with concern. “Thursday, you say?”

“After lunch.”

“That’s grave news indeed, Mr Bickerdyke.”

“So you’ll take care of it then?”

“I will indeed. The end of the world would be bad for the tourist industry.”

Mr Bickerdyke nodded. “Good day, Mr Jones.”

“Good day, sir, and thank you.”

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo

After Mr Bickerdyke departed, Ianto headed down to the Hub to deliver the news.

“Jack? We have a problem. According to Mr Bickerdyke, the world is ending next Thursday, after lunch.”

“That’s not good, gives us less than a week to prepare. I really wish he could be more specific.
Okay, kids, listen up. Something bad is coming our way next Thursday. Tosh, monitor the Rift. Gwen, liase with the police; anything out of the ordinary, I want to know about it immediately. Ianto, Owen, internet and news. We have to keep the world from ending. Let’s get to it!”

The End
Faithful To The End

Chapter Summary

Ianto bids farewell to his faithful protectors, fallen in the line of duty.

Chapter Notes

This is my ninth drabble for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. I'll post the final Week 3 drabble tomorrow, then I can move on to Week 4... I'll catch up to myself eventually, I'm sure.

They’d served him well since he joined Torchwood Three, faithfully protecting him through mud and mire, through slime and goo, through disgusting sewers and even through years of cleaning the cells and Myfanwy’s nest.

Now though, their faithful service had come to an end; they’d been defeated by a river of neon green, acidic gunge, bravely giving their last to keep his feet from being melted off.

The least he could do was give them a proper send off.

“Alas, poor wellies, brave to the last. I salute you,” Ianto murmured solemnly, then shrugged and tossed them into the incinerator.

The End
Gnome Is Where The Heart Is

Chapter Summary

There’s a situation up in the Tourist Office…

Rather pleased with this one - it was exactly 100 words with no need to edit! How often does that happen?

Chapter Notes

Here it is, my 10th and final drabble for Week 3 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. That means tomorrow I'll start posting my drabbles for Week 4. Right now I have no idea how many there are, I seem to have lost count...

Up in the Tourist Office, Ianto clicked on his Bluetooth.

“Jack? Can you come up here please? We have a bit of a situation.”

Not knowing what kind of situation, Jack took the Invisible Lift up so he could enter by the front door, stopping dead as soon as he was inside.

The whole office was swarming with foot-high, white-bearded little men and women, all chattering at once in surprisingly deep voices.

He looked questioningly at Ianto.

“Gnomes?”

“Yes, sir, the entire Cardiff population. Apparently they’ve had a very nice visit, but they’d like to go Gnome now,” he smirked.

The End
That Sinking Feeling

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s romantic weekend away turns into a bit of a washout.

Chapter Notes

Okay, here's the first of 8 drabbles written for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. By the time I get all these posted I'll be onto the next challenge, whatever that turns out to be. Hope it won't be quite so inspiring, I need to get caught up with my posting!

Ianto should have known a romantic weekend away with Jack at a hotel famous for their waterbeds was a recipe for disaster.

The first night was heaven. So was much of the first day, actually. Ianto found himself twisted into positions he never would have imagined possible, perfectly supported by the water filled mattress and was so inspired, he tested Jack’s flexibility to its limits too.

Everything was going swimmingly; a poor choice of words, in retrospect.

Jack’s ever-present Vortex Manipulator must have caught on the mattress, because suddenly they were sinking as water fountained over them.

Ianto groaned. “Fuck!”

The End
Watching The Clock

Chapter Summary

Jack waits as ten minutes to pass agonisingly slowly.

Spoilers for They Keep Killing Suzie.

Chapter Notes

The second of my eight drabbles for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. This is my only canon-compliant drabble this week.

Jack glanced at the clock. He’d been checking the time every few seconds since he’d left Ianto finishing up with Suzie in the morgue. Ten minutes had never seemed more like an eternity.

As soon as he’d reached the main Hub, he’d ordered everyone home. The events of the day had been so unsettling that even Tosh didn’t argue, gathering her things with one hand while turning off her computers with the other as if she couldn’t wait to escape.

Owen followed Gwen out, muttering that he needed a drink.

Jack checked the clock again. Still three minutes to go…

The End
Chapter Summary

One of Owen’s specimens has gone missing.

Chapter Notes

The third of my eight drabbles for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. There are two sequels to this one which will be posted tomorrow and Wednesday, barring unforeseen circumstances.

Owen stared in horror. The lid had somehow come off the specimen jar and, predictably, its erstwhile contents were nowhere in sight.

“Crap! That’s all I need! I’ll be looking for the little bugger for the rest of the day,” he groaned.

A thorough search of the autopsy bay proved fruitless. Honestly, how could something that small move so fast?

Owen sighed heavily. He would have to extend his search, and that meant telling the others. Not an appealing thought. There was no choice though; they couldn’t let it escape.

“Guys? We have a problem. I’ve lost the Peruvian Wart.”

TBC in ‘If You’re Not Careful’
Chapter Summary

The Peruvian Wart is not a pleasant creature – beware!

Chapter Notes

This is the sequel to yesterday’s drabble; the third and final part of the Wart Saga will hopefully be posted tomorrow. It’s also the fourth of eight drabbles written for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100, so there are four more to post before I can start posting other things. I’m slowly catching up.

“How the hell did that happen?” Jack was definitely not pleased.

“I don’t know! The lid was off its jar.”

“We can figure that out later,” Ianto reminded them. “Right now we just need to find it fast, preferably before it selects a host and latches on. Whatever you do, don’t let it come into contact with bare skin.”

“Yeah, I don’t want to try removing it if it attaches to one of you and starts reproducing!” Owen shuddered. “You’d probably be stuck with it permanently.”

The look of disgust on Jack’s face would have been funny in other circumstances.

TBC in ‘An Apple A Day’
An Apple A Day – Sequel To ‘If You’re Not Careful…’

Chapter Summary

The Peruvian Wart meets its final demise.

Chapter Notes

The fifth of my eight drabbles for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100, and the final part of the Wart trilogy.

Donning gloves and tucking trouser legs into socks, they began their search, armed with scanners for detecting the missing Wart and forceps for safe retrieval.

“When we find it, I want it destroyed,” Jack ordered.

Owen wasn’t inclined to protest. It was proving more trouble than it was worth trying to study it.

So no one complained when Ianto, spotting it scuttling across the floor, took it out with a well-aimed apple off Gwen’s desk.

“You know the saying, ‘An apple a day keeps the Wart away’.”

“I thought it was Doctor, not Wart,” said Tosh.

Ianto shrugged. “Same difference.”

The End
Get Out Of That, Then

Chapter Summary

Aliens invade and capture Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

Here’s the sixth of eight drabbles written for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. Two more to go, then I’ve got three drabbles to post for Challenge 289. Slowly catching up with myself!

They’d been captured by invading aliens. Again. Funny how that kept happening, Ianto mused.

Bound and gagged, they were locked up. In a tool shed.

Incompetent aliens then. Hadn’t even taken their weapons. Ianto would have rolled his eyes, but it wasn’t worth the effort.

It was the work of moments to find suitable tools, cut themselves free, then take the door off its hinges and escape. Jack was impressed with his ingenuity and promised suitable rewards. Later. They had an invasion to prevent first.

Which proved woefully easy.

The aliens, shocked that they’d escaped, promptly surrendered.

Another crisis averted.

The End
Chapter Summary

Not everyone is cut out to be a Torchwood operative.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Week 4 of Challenge 288 – Reverse fandom – Last of the Summer Wine at tw100. One more from last week's challenge to be posted tomorrow, then I'll get on to the three drabbles for this week's prompt. I hope by the middle of next week I'll have all five of my accounts up to date. Wish me luck!

As potential new recruits went, Harry Randolph didn’t get off to a good start.

At his first sight of Myfanwy, he shrieked like a girl and leapt into Owen’s arms, much to everyone else’s amusement.

He didn’t endear himself to Ianto either, loudly announcing that coffee was as bad as any drug and he’d only drink herbal tea or water. His strict diet meant he didn’t eat junk food either.

To cap it all, he passed out while observing an alien autopsy and cracked his head open.

At least the head injury provided the perfect explanation for his memory loss.

The End
Their first date hadn’t exactly gone to plan.

Jack had booked a table at a lovely restaurant, then they’d been late because he’d gone the wrong way down a one-way street and been stopped by the police.

Then Jack knocked the candle over and set fire to their table, making things worse when he tried to put it out with the brandy he’d grabbed from a passing waiter.

As they walked back to the car, Jack mumbled, “I wanted it to be romantic.”

Ianto stared at him, then burst out laughing.

“Romantic? No. Unforgettable? Definitely. It’s the thought that counts!”

The End
**Future Dreams**

Chapter Summary

Summary: Lisa and Ianto talk about their future one lazy weekend. Slight spoilers for Cyberwoman I suppose.

Chapter Notes

The first of three drabbles for Challenge 289 – Baby Names at tw100.

Sprawled on the grass, Ianto and Lisa enjoyed their weekend away. Lisa closed her eyes against the sunshine, smiling; Ianto had never seen anyone so perfect.

“What’re you thinking?”

“Just daydreaming.”

“About?”

“Our life after we’re married.”

Ianto chuckled. “I haven’t even proposed yet! Tell me.”

“We’ll have two kids, a boy and a girl, Michael and Lauren.”

“Don’t I get a say in their names?”

“Nope! You’d pick something Welsh that I can’t pronounce!”

“We’ve got all the time in the world to think about our future. Let’s just enjoy today.”

A week later, they ran out of time.

The End
“Jack, one of the new Weevils is pregnant,” Owen announced, relishing being the bearer of less than joyful news.

Jack looked more than a little surprised.

“Are you sure? I thought you told me you didn’t know how Weevils reproduced.”

“Well, yeah, I said that, but only because I’d never seen a pregnant Weevil. None of the Weevils I’d studied had any reproductive organs, but this one does.”

“Which one is it?”

“The one you named Brad.”

“Ah. Guess I’d better rename her.”


“I’m thinking Fred,” said Jack.

The End
Choosing Names

Chapter Summary

An overheard conversation puzzles Gwen.

Chapter Notes

The last of my three drabbles for Challenge 289 – Baby Names at tw100. I wonder what I shall post tomorrow...

Sorry it's a bit late, it's been an insane day.

Overhearing an odd conversation between Jack and Ianto had Gwen puzzled.

“I like Millie for a girl,” Ianto commented thoughtfully.

“How about Oscar for a boy?” Jack replied.

“Hmmm, okay. Or Oliver, Ollie for short.”

“No, I knew an Ollie once, he was an idiot.”

“How about Jasper then?”

“I like that. Maggie?”

“No way. I dated a Maggie once. She dumped me.”

Frowning, Gwen hurried over to Owen.

“Jack and Ianto are discussing baby names. Is Jack pregnant?”

Owen snorted. “Hardly. They’ve been arguing all morning over what to name their kitten and they haven’t even got one yet.”

The End
Safe Harbour

Chapter Summary

Sometimes Ianto feels adrift, but Jack is there for him.

Chapter Notes

Written for DarqueQueen7, for leaving the 300th review on my ff.net drabble collection.
I hope this is what you wanted!

I realise I'm a bit behind posting this, but the month-long challenge on tw100 took over my life for a bit.

Leaning on the railings, Ianto stared across the bay, wind ruffling his hair.

He shivered. Sometimes he felt like one of those boats out on the water, tossed relentlessly by storms, adrift, going where he was driven with no will of his own. It scared him. His life revolved around Torchwood and sometimes he wasn’t sure who he was anymore.

Warm, strong arms enveloped him from behind; soft lips brushed his cheek.

He closed his eyes and sighed, leaning into the embrace, anchored once more in the safe harbour that was Jack, knowing whatever happened, he wouldn’t face it alone.

The End
What Jack Wants

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, even Ianto has trouble understanding Jack.

Chapter Notes

The new drabble prompt was very late this week, so this might wind up being my only drabble for Challenge 290 – Mars at tw100. My brain insisted on this *rolls eyes*

Ianto poked his head into Jack’s office.

“Jack?”

“Mmf?” Jack replied, chewing vigorously.

“I’m just popping out to the shops. Anything you need?”

“Ffffumph mmmf mmfff ffff?”

Ianto rolled his eyes as chocolate dribbled from the corner of Jack’s mouth.

“I can’t understand a word you’re saying.”

Jack waved an empty bag at him.

“Mmmmmfff?”

Looking at it, Ianto raised his eyebrows.

“You’ve eaten them already?”

Jack gestured at his mouth.

“You know you’re not supposed to stick a whole Mars bar in your mouth at once, right?”

Jack looked sheepish.

“Mph.”

Ianto sighed. Jack’s pregnancy cravings were seriously odd.

The End
Craving Dangers

Chapter Summary

Ianto worries about Jack’s cravings.

Chapter Notes

I thought the drabble I posted yesterday would be my only one for Challenge 290 – Mars at tw100, but apparently my brain had other ideas and wanted to continue the story in bite-sized chunks, so here is the first of three sequels.

I worry about my brain sometimes...

Ianto winced as he watched Jack cram an entire Mars bar smothered with marmalade into his mouth.

Jack just gave a muffled groan of pleasure and started chewing, a blissful expression on his face.

“If you’re not careful, you’ll choke. Can’t you just bite bits off?”

Jack looked apologetic as he finally managed to swallow the last of his treat.

“They don’t taste right if I don’t eat them whole,” he explained.

Ianto sighed wearily.

“Your cravings are going to be the death of me!”

Jack gazed at him mournfully until Ianto kissed him.

“Don’t worry, I’ll figure something out.”

TBC in ‘Constant Cravings’
Constant Cravings

Chapter Summary

Ianto goes shopping to satisfy Jack’s pregnancy cravings.

Chapter Notes

The third of four drabbles for Challenge 290 – Mars at tw100, which means it's also the third part of the Cravings mini-series. One more part to be posted - hopefully tomorrow.

“Getting those for Halloween?” the cashier asked as Ianto piled two dozen bags of fun-sized Mars Bars on the checkout.

Ianto sighed heavily, shaking his head. “Pregnancy cravings.”

The cashier frowned.

“Aren’t you with that dashing American bloke?”

“I am. Friend of ours offered to be our surrogate.”

He emptied his trolley: six jars of marmalade, six of pickled onions, four tubs of strawberry ice cream, a steak pie and a bag of frozen chips.

“Now it’s Mars Bars and marmalade all day, pickled onions and ice cream for supper.” He grinned ruefully. “The pie and chips are for me.”

TBC in ‘Craving Dangers Solved’
Chapter Summary

Ianto finds a solution to Jack’s rather hazardous craving.

Chapter Notes

The fourth and final part of the Cravings mini-series, and my last drabble for Challenge 290 – Mars at tw100. Hopefully I'll be posting something different tomorrow, but I haven't decided what yet.

Ianto watched Jack smother a mini Mars bar with marmalade before stuffing it in his mouth and chewing experimentally.

“How does it taste?”

A brilliant smile lit up Jack’s face.

“Perfect! Even better than the big ones!” He pulled Ianto in for a strange tasting kiss. “You’re a genius, Ianto Jones, I don’t know what I’d do without you.” He wiped away a few tears as the pregnancy hormones kicked in, then unwrapped another Mars bar.

Ianto smiled. Jack was happy, and the mini Mars bars were less of a choking hazard.

Perhaps they’d both survive this pregnancy after all.

The End
Ianto ran through the dimly lit Hub, fleeing his pursuer, breathless but keeping far enough ahead to be out of immediate danger.

Ducking around a corner and up a flight of stairs, he took a second to check his weapon; as he’d suspected, he was out of ammunition. He had to keep moving, find somewhere to reload. His pursuer had him at a disadvantage.

Down a corridor, round another corner… Damn, he’d run right into a trap!

His pursuer fired, hitting him squarely, then fired again.

Ianto stood dripping, glaring at Jack.

“Cheat! You should only have one water pistol!”

The End
Breathing hard, heart pounding in her chest, Tosh stumbled on through the woods.

The uneven ground, littered with roots and fallen branches, was treacherous in the darkness and having her hands tied behind her back threw her balance off, but she couldn’t stop, didn’t dare look back. He was behind her somewhere, that evil man with his crazy eyes and sharp knife, intent on butchering her.

She was already exhausted, but Ianto was alone back there. He’d risked everything giving her this chance to escape. She couldn’t let him down.

Keep going; find Jack, save Ianto. Nothing else mattered now.

The End
On The Run?

Chapter Summary

The chase is on… or is it?

Chapter Notes

And here's a third drabble for Challenge 291 – On The Run at tw100. This one popped into my head last night and I just had to write it.

Jack was buying breakfast when he spotted a familiar figure running through the nearby park. Abandoning his plans, he set off in pursuit, ready to lend whatever assistance was needed, finally catching up when Ianto slowed to a stop.

“I don’t see anything. What happened, did we lose it?”

Ianto looked puzzled.

“Lose what?”

“What ever it was you were chasing.”

“I wasn’t chasing anything.”

“But you were running.”

“It’s called jogging, Jack. I do it to keep fit.”

“Oh. Well, I can think of a better way to get all sweaty.”

Ianto rolled his eyes, smirking.

“Of course you can.”

The End
Invasion

Chapter Summary

“They came without warning. We thought they’d pass over us, but they didn’t. Not that day.”

Spoilers for the flashback scenes in 'Adam'

Chapter Notes

Okay, this should be my last drabble for Challenge 291 – On The Run at tw100. I wasn't going to write it, but it refused to go away.

“Take Gray, keep him safe.”

There was no more time left for arguing, nothing he could do but obey his father. Gripping Gray’s hand in his own, he ran, dragging his little brother behind him, the hot sand dragging at their feet and slowing them just when they needed every ounce of speed they could muster.

Stumbling onwards, struggling to keep going despite the treacherous footing, he didn’t notice Gray fall, didn’t register the loss of the small hand he’d been holding. Not until he reached the edge of the beach did he realise that he’d failed.

Gray was gone.

The End
What Is It?

Chapter Summary

So what’s this that has fallen through the rift? Jack and Tosh can’t agree.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. No idea how many I’m going to write for this one; I have four so far and ideas for several others.

Arriving back in the Hub with the latest bit of flotsam tossed out by the Rift, Jack and Owen dumped it on Tosh’s desk.

“What is it?” Gwen asked, leaning over Owen’s shoulder to peer at the object.

“From the shape, I’d say it’s Caffronian,” Jack replied. “Look at the flanges.”

“I don’t think so,” Tosh disagreed, “It looks more like one of those cooking devices from the Riffix Nebula.”

Ianto strolled over with coffee for everyone. Picking the object up, he turned it over, examining it carefully.

“You’re both wrong,” he smirked, “Says right here, ‘Made in the USA’.”

The End

A/N: Song title used is ‘Made in the USA’
Chapter Summary

Jack is gone and Ianto is bitter

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. I've written six so far. This is the first canon-based one.

Ianto stared at the CCTV footage; there was no escaping the truth. Jack had left of his own free will, haring off to be with his Doctor, not a thought for his team.

‘Not a thought for me either, I didn’t even rate a goodbye. Owen was right; I was just the part time shag, filling in until Jack’s Doctor showed up.’

He hadn’t expected commitment or monogamy, but still, seeing the joy on Jack’s face was like a knife to his heart.

Jack was gone and Ianto couldn’t think of a single reason for him to ever come back.

The End
Red Nose

Chapter Summary

Ianto has a cold.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. I'm up to six, but I'd like to write at least two more since this challenge is running for another week.

A loud sneeze echoed around Jack’s office.

“Bless you.”

“Thag you,” Ianto replied with what little dignity he could muster.

Jack tried not to laugh.

Ianto’s cold was the result of an unplanned swim in the Taff, courtesy of a rampaging Hoix. Being a strong swimmer, he’d hauled himself out easily enough, but the chill water and even chillier wind had combined to lower his defences. Now here he sat, bundled in a duvet on Jack’s couch, with a nose that resembled Rudolph’s in all its scarlet glory.

Jack was staring intently at it.

“What?”

“Your nose matches your shirt.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Rhys thinks about the way his life has been turned on its head overnight.

Spoilers for Meat.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. I have several more written.

Yesterday, he thought his girlfriend was special ops; today he’d learned the truth. Gwennie worked for Torchwood, catching aliens! Rhys felt like his entire world had been turned upside down. It was… bloody brilliant, if he was honest. Well, apart from the bullet wound; could have done without that.

Aliens were real, and he’d seen one! A bloody great space whale, no less. Poor thing hadn’t had a good time on earth though, butchered alive like that. Rhys hoped he hadn’t eaten any of it. It was almost enough to put a man off meat.

Shame he couldn’t tell anybody.

The End
Sweater Weather

Chapter Summary

It’s winter, time to get out those sweaters!

Chapter Notes

How many is this? Five? I think so anyway. My fifth drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. I think I still have another five...

Jack flung open the curtains of his and Ianto’s bedroom and stared out the window. Everywhere was a fairyland of winter white, with big, fat, fluffy flakes drifting endlessly down. It was quite hypnotic.

Smiling, he stood watching the snow. Even after all this time it amazed him. He’d grown up in an arid, desert climate; never saw snow until he left Boeshane.

Ianto stirred in the bed behind him, drawing Jack’s attention away from the window.

“Rise and shine, gorgeous! Better bundle up, looks like sweater weather today!”

Ianto groaned and burrowed deeper beneath the covers.

“I hate winter.”

The End
Brave

Chapter Summary

Tommy doesn’t feel brave.

Chapter Notes

My Sixth drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100.

Tommy was scared.

He didn’t want to go back to 1918, knew he’d be sent back to the front and he couldn’t do that again.

Tosh said they were counting on him, that only he could save the world and all of time, save everyone.

She called him her brave, handsome hero, but he didn’t feel brave, didn’t want to be a hero. He just wanted to stay here, in the future, with her. Why did it have to be him?

But if it wasn’t him, he wouldn’t be here now, would never have met the beautiful Toshiko.

“Take me.”

The End
Red

Chapter Summary

Red is definitely Ianto’s colour.
This one deserves its T rating!

Chapter Notes

Drabble number 7 for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100.

Red. Without a doubt, it was Jack’s favourite colour on Ianto.

He looked gorgeous no matter what he wore; whether in jeans or a suit he was always immaculately
turned out. But red was definitely his colour. Whenever he wore one of his red shirts Ianto looked so
stunning Jack could hardly take his eyes off him.

But however good he looked in his clothes, there was no doubt in Jack’s mind that Ianto Jones
looked best like this: naked, sweaty and sated, sprawled bonelessly across the deep red sheets of their
bed in the afterglow of their lovemaking.

Perfection.

The End
Clarity

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds clarity as he thinks about the events leading to Lisa’s death.

Chapter Notes

This should be my eighth drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. Spoilers for Cyberwoman.

Lisa was dead, callously murdered.

Except that hadn’t been Lisa. Not because she’d stolen another woman’s body, but because not even her mind had been her own by then.

When had that changed? When had Lisa ceased being the woman he’d loved? When had she stopped fighting, fallen to the cybermind?

After Tanizaki helped her breathe on her own? Before? Had there even been anything left of her once the conversion began?

Ianto didn’t know.

One thing was certain; it hadn’t been Lisa rampaging through the Hub, but the thing that killed her.

He understood.

Not murder.

Neutralising a threat.

The End
LoveHate Thing

Chapter Summary

Tosh’s feelings are confused when it comes to Owen.

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100. That means I have one more for tomorrow.

There were times Tosh loved Owen so much that her heart would pound if he so much as looked at her.

Times when he could be so sweet and thoughtful that for a while she could actually believe he cared for her.

Then there were the times when he was dismissive, rude, crude and downright spiteful. When he seemed to take perverse delight in hurting her.

Times she hated him so much that she had to resist the temptation to shoot him.

Most of the time she just wished she could settle on one emotion. The Love/Hate thing was exhausting.

The End
Forever Love

Chapter Summary

The right person can make all the difference.

Chapter Notes

My tenth and last drabble for Challenge 292 – The Billboard Hot 100 at tw100.

Ninety years married and Ianto looks just as gorgeous now as the day they wed. Sometimes Jack still can’t believe how lucky he is.

It’s not all perfect. They have their fights, like any other couple. Sometimes Jack sleeps on the couch and gets served decaf. Sometimes Ianto gets snapped at or given the silent treatment.

They can never remain angry for long though. Doesn’t matter who makes the first move; one of them will, because there’s no one else for either of them. Never will be.

Jack’s no longer afraid of living forever, now that he’s found true love.

The End
Chapter Summary

The fearless Captain Fluff must tackle a dangerous adversary!

Chapter Notes

Written for I love Janto who left the 400th review on my ff.net drabble collection.

It had been a slow day at Nosewood, but now alarms were blaring.

Captain Fluff slithered from its office to see what was happening.

“Captain, something’s come through the Rift,” exclaimed Toshiko, “I’ve traced it to Splott.”

The Captain hummed approvingly, rallying its team to investigate.

OoOoOoO

A Very Bad Alien had come through. The team were brave, but the Captain knew it must deal with this threat by itself, to protect them!

Slithering silently up a tree, it dropped on the alien, coiling tightly around it until it was completely squished.

Everyone cheered. “Once again, Captain Fluff saves the world!”

The End
Greener Than We Thought

Chapter Summary

Is Nosy changing colour?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 293 – Going Green at tw100, the first half of a pair.

Jack found Ianto leaning on the railing outside his office, staring intently at something, a puzzled expression on his face.

“What’re you looking at?”

“Nosy.”

“Oh. Why?”

“Well, when we found it in all that dead bracken…”

“When you stepped on it you mean.”

“Whatever. It was really well camouflaged, rusty brown with a few green bits, just like the bracken it was hiding in.”

“What’s your point?”

“Is it just me or does it look a whole lot greener now?”

Jack took a long look at Nosy, who was mooching about the Hub.

“Huh, now that you mention it…”

TBC in ‘A Brighter Shade Of Green’
Chapter Summary

The boys try to figure out the reason for Nosy's colour change.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 293 – Going Green at tw100. There will now be a third part to this - my reviewers inspired me!

Still puzzling over Nosy’s colour change, Ianto turned to Jack.

“Maybe it blends into its surroundings, like a chameleon.”

Jack snorted. “It’s getting greener by the day! Unless it’s planning on spending its entire life in the hothouse, which I doubt, it’s going to be highly visible in here.” He gestured to indicate the complete absence of anything remotely green around them.

“Well, maybe it doesn’t feel the need to hide now so it’s reverting to its natural colour.”

“Maybe it’d faded due to poor diet,” suggested Owen, joining them.

“Is that possible?”

Owen shrugged.

“Good an explanation as any.”

A/N: This was going to be the end, but then I read everyone’s comments on the first part and I couldn’t resist writing just one more.

TBC in ‘It’s Good To Be Green’
Chapter Summary

Nosy’s colour change is the most interesting thing happening in the Hub…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 293 – Going Green at tw100 and the final part in the Green trilogy. Hope you all like it!

The team sat around the boardroom table, discussing Nosy’s colour change.

“Okay, what theories do we have?” Jack asked.

“It changes colour at will for camouflage.” Ianto was sticking with his original idea.

“Faded due to poor diet.” So was Owen.

“It fades in sunlight?” suggested Andy.

“In Wales?” Ianto’s eyebrows were getting a good workout.

“Maybe it’s moulting,” said Tosh.

“Doesn’t seem to be,” Mickey grinned. “I’m sure Ianto would’ve noticed.”

“It likes Sesame Street; maybe it’s copying Kermit,” Gwen giggled.

Under the table, Nosy listened, amused.

‘Green shows up. I don’t get stepped on,’ it thought with satisfaction.

The End
Fighting Back

Chapter Summary

The Hub is being invaded by a seemingly unstoppable foe…

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 293 – Going Green at tw100 and the first of a pair. Last one tomorrow.

Returning to the main Hub, Ianto tugged his overalls off and collapsed on the sofa with a groan, wiping his soot-streaked forehead with the back of one hand.

“How’s it looking down there?” Jack asked, handing him a bottle of water.

Ianto shuddered.

“No good, the alien mould’s spreading fast. The flamethrowers are keeping it confined to level nine for now, but we can’t hold it off indefinitely. If Owen doesn’t come up with something to kill it soon, the whole Hub will be green and fuzzy by the end of next week. Imagine what that’ll do to the archives!”

TBC in ‘You Solve One Problem…’
You Solve One Problem… - Sequel To ‘Fighting Back’

Chapter Summary

Owen comes up with an effective solution, but...

Chapter Notes

My fifth and final drabble for Challenge 293 – Going Green at tw100.

I'm going to try to keep up with challenges and posting, but my 82 year old mum had a stroke yesterday evening and is in the hospital, so things are a bit hectic at the moment. Please bear with me.

After thirty-six hours of fighting the encroaching mould, Owen finally had something he thought would work.

Thankfully the ventilation system for the lower levels was independent from the Hub’s main air-conditioning and had already been shut down to prevent the mould spreading through the ducts. Now they just had to flood the affected areas with herbicidal gas and that should fix the problem.

And it did. Sort of.

Staring at the resulting thick black slime, Ianto despaired.

Jack patted his shoulder sympathetically.

“Look on the bright side! At least now you don’t have to worry about your archives going green!”

The End
Everyone Needs A Teddy Bear – Sequel To ‘Treasured Possessions’

Chapter Summary

Jack’s curious about Ianto’s bear.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100. This one’s a sequel to one of my earlier drabbles, ‘Treasured Possessions’

“So,” ventured Jack, trying to get back into Ianto’s good graces after apparently insulting his teddy bear, “why’s this bear so important to you?”

“My grandparents gave him to me when I was born. He was my first friend and my confidante when I was growing up. I told him all my secrets. Didn’t you have anything like that when you were little?”

“No, not really.”

“I can’t imagine that. Everyone needs a teddy bear.”

“I don’t, I have you; you’re much better for cuddling.” He pulled Ianto into a bear hug.

“Daft sod,” muttered Ianto.

But he hugged back.

The End
Chapter Summary

In Ianto’s absence, Jack needs someone to snuggle with at night to keep the loneliness at bay.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100. No picnic again, and not even a teddy bear this time either - hope it's still allowed!

It was late at night and Jack was lonely. Ianto would be in London for three more days and somehow their bed seemed far too big without his Welshman to snuggle up to.

It wasn’t even the sex he was missing, just the companionship and having someone beside him if he woke in the night. Jack never used to have trouble sleeping alone, but being with Ianto had changed all that.

OoOoOoOoO

The next night, Jack found a solution.

“I think I finally understand about teddy bears,” he confided, snuggling up to the warm body beside him.

Nosy hummed in agreement.

The End
Have You Hugged Your Jack Today?

Chapter Summary

Jack has to wear a disguise in order to retrieve what’s come through the Rift.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100. I also have a fourth for (hopefully) tomorrow!

“Why am I doing this again?” asked Jack irritably.

“Because you’re infiltrating a costume party and you’re the only one the suit will fit,” Tosh replied, showing remarkable patience considering how many times she’d already answered the question.

“I know that, but why am I a teddy bear? It’s not exactly sexy. It’ll ruin my image!”

“You’re a bear because that’s all that was available. Anyway,” Ianto added brightly, “no one will recognise you and you can easily conceal the object once you find it. I think you look rather huggable.”

“Really? You can hug me anytime!”

“Perverts,” muttered Owen.

The End
The Gathering

Chapter Summary

Jack and the team observe some alien visitors.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100. I decided I should write something that fit the prompt a bit better…

“They’re not actually teddy bears,” Jack explained to his team in a low voice, “they just look similar.”

Truthfully, the creatures really did resemble oversized stuffed toy bears. There were around seventy of them, all shades of brown and grey, sitting in a circle in a woodland clearing.

“Are they having a picnic?” Gwen asked in an awed whisper.

“Clan gathering,” Jack replied. “Every year they choose a neutral planet and the clan leaders gather for a meeting; set up trade, exchange news, elect new leaders, that kind of thing. Don’t worry, they’re peaceful folk. By morning they’ll be gone.”

The End
Joining In – Sequel to ‘The Gathering’

Chapter Summary

Jack and the team join the ‘picnic’.

Chapter Notes

In the absence of a new prompt, here's another drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100.

Their voices were growly but good-natured and they greeted the Torchwood team warmly, inviting them to join the Gathering. Jack accepted on everyone’s behalf and they soon found themselves seated between various bears, being offered food and fruit juice.

It was a merry affair, casual and relaxed, business deals being set up between small groups in between general announcements.

As the sun set, the entertainment began, singing and dancing and the telling of stories, which lasted until the sun rose the next morning and the weary bears teleported back to their orbiting ships.

Equally weary but happy, Torchwood headed home.

The End
Another One

Chapter Summary

What has the rift dumped on Cardiff this time? Same as last time…

Chapter Notes

Still no new prompt, so here's another drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100. Not my best work, but hopefully better than nothing.

Arriving at the site of the latest rift alert, the team weren’t especially surprised to find a small, brown teddy bear with a sign around its neck reading ‘Please look after this bear.’

“How many is that now?” asked Owen.

“Seventeen,” Ianto replied. “I’m starting to think the rift has a rather peculiar sense of humour.”

“At least they’re not dangerous,” said Tosh, picking the bear up.

“Maybe Cardiff is hosting an intergalactic teddy bear convention,” Owen suggested.

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Maybe you’re a few bears short of a picnic.”

Owen grabbed the bear and threw it at him.

The End
Homeless Bears - Sequel to ‘Another One’

Chapter Summary

What will become of all the stray bears the team have collected?

Chapter Notes

Another drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100. This a sequel to the previous chapter.

Scans and tests proved the bears to be completely normal, so once the Rift energy had dissipated, Ianto bagged them up and took them home.

Now he stood smiling in satisfaction at the results of his labours; fifty-three freshly laundered teddy bears, in various colours and sizes, hung on the washing line in his small backyard, swinging gently in the wind.

“So,” asked Jack, “what will you do with them now?”

“Thought I’d take them over to Tŷ Hafan once they’re dry and looking presentable. I’m sure they can find room for a few homeless bears.”

Jack nodded approval.

“Perfect.”

The End
A Friend In Need - Sequel to ‘Alone’ by timelordshines on LJ

Chapter Summary

Tosh gets a surprise visitor.

Chapter Notes

When my lovely friend timelordshines over on livejournal wrote her drabble, she decided she'd like a fluffy sequel to it and asked if I'd have a go at writing it. So, with her approval, here it is – it makes more sense if you read her drabble first.

Curled on her couch, still hugging Ted, Tosh was woken by someone banging on her door.

Stumbling to her feet half asleep, she dried her face on her sleeve and opened the door. Owen stood there, looking awkward and uncertain.

“Owen, is everything alright?”

“I don’t know; is it? You took off so fast I didn’t get a chance to ask. After a day like today… I just wanted to make sure you were okay. You look like you could use a hug.”

She shrugged. “I have Ted.”

“Bears don’t hug back,” Owen said softly, hugging her, “but friends do.”

The End.
A Beary-tale – Sequel to ‘Have You Hugged Your Jack Today?’

Chapter Summary

Jack’s mission to the costume party was successful, but he’s developed a slight problem…

Chapter Notes

Everything seems to be getting a sequel! This is my absolutely final drabble for Challenge 294 – Teddy Bears’ Picnic at tw100.

“Calm down, Jack.” Ianto attempted to soothe his agitated lover. “Tosh assures me it’s not the costume; we’ll have you back to normal as soon as she figures out the tech you brought back.”

“Calm down? I’m a BEAR, Ianto! Bad enough I had to dress as one, but now I’m a walking, talking TEDDY BEAR! Why would I calm down?”

Jack waved his furry arms about, accidentally knocking Ianto over.

“Ow!”

“Sorry.” He bent to help Ianto up and… “Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr.”

“You growl when you bend over!” sniggered Owen.

Bear-Jack glared.

“Next person who giggles is fired!”

Silence.

“That’s better.”

The End
Boeshane Family Tree

Chapter Summary

Jack reminisces about life on the Boeshane Peninsula.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 295 – Family Tree at tw100. I do have a second drabble, but that will probably be it for this week - I'm lacking inspiration.

Jack approached Ianto, working busily at his computer.

“What’ya doing?”

“Researching my family tree.”

“On Boeshane, we had actual trees.”

Ianto looked up, intrigued.

“It was a desert world, trees were vital. Every family adopted one; watered and pruned it, hung tokens from it for those who’d died. Babies were taken to their family tree and a lock of their hair buried at its roots, binding child and tree together. Then on birthdays, we’d take gifts to our tree in thanks for surviving another year.”

Jack sounded wistful.

“Maybe we could plant a family tree,” Ianto suggested.

“I’d like that.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack reassures Ianto after Gwen’s wedding.

Chapter Notes

My other drabble for Challenge 295 – Family Tree at tw100. Inspiration and time were both lacking this week.

“It wasn’t what you were thinking, you know.” Jack spoke quietly into the silence as he drove Ianto home from Gwen’s wedding.

“What wasn’t?” Ianto was drowsy from the long day and the champagne.

“My dance with Gwen. It had nothing to do with me fancying her, or regretting that she’d chosen Rhys. I wanted, no, needed her to marry Rhys. It was such a relief to get them both through their wedding in one piece.”

“You’re not entirely making sense. Which isn’t unusual…”

Jack stopped the SUV outside Ianto’s home.

“They don’t marry, I don’t exist. They’re my ancestors.”

The End
The Rift In Autumn

Chapter Summary

Autumn in Cardiff can bring unanticipated hazards, as Ianto discovers.

Chapter Notes

The first of two drabbles for Challenge 296 – Autumn In Cardiff at tw100.

Ianto stomped into the Hub, muttering under his breath, with Jack trailing along behind him.

“Ianto, calm down! It was a work related accident, Torchwood will pay for the repairs.”

“What happened?” Tosh asked, looking concerned.

“The Rift’s gone mental, that’s what! I think it has a grudge against me,” Ianto groaned, shoving his hands through his hair, making it stick up in all directions and dislodging bits of leaf.

“It’s not mental, just seasonal,” Jack explained, patting him comfortably on the shoulder.

“Oh yeah? That’s no excuse for it to drop an entire bloody alien tree on my car!”

The End
Branching Out - Sequel to ‘The Rift In Autumn’

Chapter Summary

Never mind fallen leaves, the team have a fallen tree to deal with.

Chapter Notes

Not the other drabble I mentioned yesterday - I wrote more! These are my second and third drabbles for Challenge 296 – Autumn In Cardiff at tw100. They're not a double drabble, but a pair of drabbles posted under a joint title because it worked better than posting them separately.

Everyone was feeling sorry for Ianto, but no one was showing the poor tree any sympathy, so I’m doing it myself ;)

Back at Ianto’s car, the team surveyed the scene of devastation.

There were leaves and small branches scattered everywhere while a couple of larger branches were cracked and oozing. The main trunk lay half on the bonnet of Ianto’s car, half on the pavement.

Even as they watched, the tree stirred feebly. Owen was shocked.

“It’s alive!”

“It’s a tree, Owen, of course it’s alive. It’s also in pain. See if you can set its branches,” Jack snapped out.

“Never treated a tree before,” Owen muttered, setting to work.

“Think of it as just another displaced alien,” suggested Ianto.

“Right.”

OoOoOoOoO

The tree was a Rift victim just as surely as any alien plucked from its home and dumped on an unsuspecting Cardiff. This autumn, the Rift seemed particularly keen on botanical specimens, Ianto mused, although at twelve feet tall, it was the largest so far.

They hauled it back to the Hub where it was temporarily planted beside the Rift pool so that Owen could treat its damaged branches. Despite complaining he was a doctor, not a botanist, he worked hard splinting its limbs to help them heal. It would recover, though the chances of sending it home
were remote.

TBC in ‘Tree-Homing’
Tree-Homing - Sequel to ‘Branching Out’

Chapter Summary

What can you do with a stranded alien tree?

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 296 – Autumn In Cardiff at tw100, and the final part of the Tree-logy. (Sorry, couldn’t resist.)

Autumn was in full swing, leaves turning glorious colours before falling from the native earth trees, by the time the alien tree was fully recovered.

Despite his earlier protestations, Owen had thrown himself into caring for it; the alien plants in the hothouse were his responsibility so why not a tree? Besides, it was a living thing and Owen was, above all, a healer.

“What happens to it now?” he asked Jack, “It’s too big to stay in the Hub permanently.”

“Torchwood owns Flat Holm Island in the bay, we’ll plant it there.”

So they did, and there it remains.

The End
Autumn Temptation

Chapter Summary

Despite the hazards of working for Torchwood, you should never pass up the opportunity to have a bit of fun!

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 296 – Autumn In Cardiff at tw100, even though it was the second one written.

The Weevil they were hunting led them a merry chase before disappearing down an open manhole. It hadn’t harmed anyone, so they’d let it go; maybe it had just wanted a romp in the autumn air.

Which left Jack and Ianto a couple of miles from the SUV, trekking back through Bute Park in the early hours. The huge pile of fallen leaves they’d come across was just too tempting.

With no one around to see, they grinned at each other and dived in, tossing leaves around with abandon, filling the air with laughter.

Some immortals just never grow up!

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s adventure to be found everywhere for two immortals travelling the universe, but sometimes Ianto wishes Jack would just behave.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 297 – Seconds at tw100. I have a couple more written.

Jack was apparently capable of causing offence wherever they went.

“I demand a duel to the death,” hissed the orange skinned alien. “Name your second.”

“What are seconds?” Ianto murmured to Jack.

“They remove the dead body of the loser.”

“Ah.” Ianto stepped forward, “I’m his second. Jones.”

“Very well. I choose Chialabanch.”

A small alien stepped from the crowd, looking nervous.

“Are we ready?” Jack’s grin was a mile wide.

OoOoOoO

The fight was brief and brutal. Jack died quickly and the seconds carried his body to their ship.

“Stop offending people,” Ianto grumbled as Jack revived.

“But it’s fun!”

The End
Time has slowed to a crawl for Ianto.

My second drabble for Challenge 297 – Seconds at tw100. This one's rather angsty, sorry. I have two more to post - one angsty and one happy.

Time has slowed to a crawl. Each second lasts an eternity, ticking past so achingly slowly Ianto feels he could go insane between one tick of the clock and the next.

Sixty seconds a minute, three thousand six hundred an hour, eighty six thousand four hundred a day and it’s only been two days, one hundred and seventy two thousand eight hundred seconds.

“You’re on suspension, four weeks,” Jack told him.

Ianto doesn’t know how he can stay sane for another two million three hundred and thirty two thousand eight hundred seconds, or if he even wants to.

Lisa’s dead.

The End
Feeding Torchwood

Chapter Summary

What would happen if Rhys joined Torchwood?

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 297 – Seconds at tw100. One more angsty one to post - unless I think of another idea, lol!

Having Rhys join Torchwood and take over some of Ianto’s more mundane daily tasks, namely the cleaning and providing of food, was proving to be something of a mixed blessing.

On the one hand, it meant Ianto had more time for his other duties; fieldwork, maintaining the archives, tending to Jack…

On the other hand…

“Anyone for seconds?” Rhys asked jovially, his question immediately answered by a sea of raised hands.

“Bloody hell,” muttered Owen. “If we keep eating like this we’ll all be too fat to chase aliens!”

But he dug into his second slice of lemon cheesecake anyway.

The End
No Dominion

Chapter Summary

Jack, from death back to life.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 297 – Seconds at tw100. This one's a bit on the angsty side again. Also, spoilers for everything related to Jack's unique condition, and specifically vague ones for They Keep Killing Suzie and Dead Man Walking.

Nothing exists in the dark place; not sound, not light. Not time. It’s oppressive, an absence of everything, even of self. It should feel suffocating but with no physical form, breathing isn’t required.

He’s nothing, surrounded by nothingness, existing (if something that is nothing can be said to exist) in a timeless no-place.

Frozen between heartbeats, he waits until…

With shocking suddenness he’s dragged from the dark, his first breath tearing his lungs, infinitely more painful than birth, and time re-starts; seconds ticking into minutes ticking into hours.

Death cannot hold him.

Jack’s never sure if he’s relieved or disappointed.

The End
Waiting

Chapter Summary

Ianto waits for Jack to revive.

Chapter Notes

There hasn't been a new drabble prompt yet, so here, have another one for Challenge 297 – Seconds at tw100.

Slumped against a grimy wall in a rain-drenched, litter-strewn Cardiff alleyway, Ianto cradled Jack’s dead body in his arms.

At least there was no blood this time.

Jack had been killed by an alien wielding some sort of energy weapon; the creature responsible lay a few yards away, a neat hole in the centre of its forehead. Ianto had shot it just seconds too late to prevent Jack’s death.

Now he could do nothing but wait in the cold and the dark for Jack to gasp back into life.

Eyes closed, Ianto prayed his lover would return to him soon.

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh gets left behind to butterfly-sit.

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay, I got stuck on the next part of the Butterfly Saga so posting this one was held up. I want to get a few more written before I continue posting them but I'll try to have another one up soon.

Jack clapped his hands together, making the butterfly on Tosh’s head flutter a little.

“Okay, boys and girls, gear up, we have an unknown but sizeable object to retrieve!”

He glanced at Tosh.

“Sorry, Tosh, looks like you’ll have to sit this one out. Direct us from here and keep us informed.”

Turning away, he called out, “Mickey, we don’t know exactly how big this thing is so you’d better bring the van.”

Tosh sat and watched the team head for the garage, then turned to look at the butterfly reflected in her monitor.

“Well, just you and me now.”

TBC in ‘Reflective Butterfly’
Waking - Sequel to ‘Waiting’

Chapter Summary

Jack wakes from death again.

Chapter Notes

Not as fluffy as I’d hoped, but it’s what I ended up with. A pair of drabbles because it wasn’t fair to leave Jack dead and Ianto waiting.

A final fill for Challenge 297 – Seconds at tw100.

Between one second and the next, Jack jolted back into life, gasping for breath and clutching at Ianto like a drowning man.

“It’s okay, Jack, I’ve got you,” Ianto murmured in his lover’s ear.

“Ianto, you’re alright! Was scared you’d be killed too, didn’t have time to warn you.”

“I saw everything, dealt with the alien before it knew I was there.”

Jack breathed a sigh of relief, squirming around to face Ianto; the next few minutes were spent in very pleasurable kissing and groping as Jack checked for himself that all Ianto’s parts were attached and in working order.

OoOoOoOoO

Separating to catch their breath, Ianto leant his forehead against Jack’s and just breathed in his scent for a few seconds before finally pulling away.

The rain was coming down ever harder and they were now half-laying in a rapidly expanding puddle of freezing water, soaked to their skins. Funny how he hadn’t noticed that until just now.

“As pleasurable as this is, we should probably clean up the evidence,” Ianto gestured at the dead alien, “and get back to the Hub before we drown.”

Reluctantly, Jack let him go.

“You’re right. Work before pleasure. Later though?”

“Count on it.”

Definitely The End
Ignorance Is Bliss

Chapter Summary

Jack prepares to retcon the wedding guests.

Spoilers for Something Borrowed.

Chapter Notes

My first dabble for Challenge 298 – In Vino Veritas at tw100.

In vino veritas. In wine there is truth. Maybe that’s so, but not this time.

One little pill dropped in each glass and all this wine would hold was forgetfulness.

It was better that way. These were just ordinary people; they knew nothing of Torchwood and aliens before today. No one should have to live with the memory of homicidal, shape-shifting monsters on a day when the worst that should happen is a few guests drinking too much and getting a bit rowdy.

Tomorrow they would remember the perfect wedding; Tosh’s technical wizardry would ensure they had photos to match.

The End
Ianto swigged from the wine glass and continued the tale of his doomed romance with Emily Hughes when they were eight.

“Then her mam caught us playing doctor in Em’s Wendy house; dragged me home by my ear. We were never allowed to play together again,” he finished gloomily. “Don’t know what she was so mad at though, Em still had her knickers on,” he added indignantly.

Jack wiped tears of laughter from his eyes.

“You should get drunk more often. Wine loosens your tongue.”

“What’re you talking about? I’m not drunk.” Ianto brandished his glass. “This is cranberry juice.”

The End
Friendship

Chapter Summary

Tosh gets a little drunk and confides in her best friend.

Chapter Notes

My third and final drabble for Challenge 298 – In Vino Veritas at tw100.

“I love Owen,” Tosh confided in Ianto rather loudly, “but I have noooo idea why. He looks like a frog and he’s such a bastard! Sleeps with different women every night. He’s a… he’s a cad! I hate him!”

She threw her arms up in the air and nearly dumped the contents of her wine glass over her head. Ianto quickly took it away from her.

“Why doesn’t he want me, Ianto? Aren’t I pretty enough?”

“Owen’s an idiot. He’s not good enough for you.”

Tosh squinted myopically at her friend in awe.

“It’s true, you really do know ever’thing!”

The End
Playing Gooseberry

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are in a romantic mood, but they’re not as alone as they thought.

Chapter Notes

Written for Little Nerdling, for leaving the first review on my drabbles over at Teaspoon. I hope you like it!

This was meant to be just one drabble, but I couldn’t decide which idea to use so I wrote both – two drabbles for the price of one!

The romantic, candlelit dinner for two had been Jack’s idea. He set the table, lit candles, chilled wine; everything looked perfect.

With Ianto seated across from him, gorgeous in dark suit and red shirt, Jack served the starter. He smiled at Ianto, reaching to take his lover’s hand, when suddenly a fluffy head popped out from under the table and stole the avocado right off Jack’s plate.

Ianto almost fell off his chair laughing at the look on his captain’s face. Jack was speechless; mouth open, eyes comically wide with shock.

“Don’t worry, cariad,” he chuckled, “you can share mine.”

OoOoOoOoO

Some weeks later, after being run off their feet for several very long days, Jack and Ianto had sent the others home and settled down to watch a movie.

Ianto was nursing multiple bruises and a sprained wrist following a disastrous encounter with large and clumsy aliens, so Jack was intent on pampering him. Thoroughly enjoying all the attention, Ianto was snuggling close to Jack and hoping for a bit of post-movie fun.

Right up until a certain Fluff decided it wanted to watch the movie too and draped itself across their laps.

‘Sometimes,’ Ianto mused, ‘you just can’t win!’

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s an accident with some alien wine…

Chapter Notes

A final drabble for Challenge 298 – In Vino Veritas at tw100.

The team returned to a Hub in chaos and a very harassed looking Ianto.

“What happened?” Jack asked, looking shocked, “and what’s that all over the floor?” He gestured at pools of purple liquid splattered about.

“It’s wine of some sort, probably alien,” Ianto replied. “A vat appeared on the Plas and exploded when I was bringing it down on the invisible lift. Unfortunately, someone got to it before I could clean up.”

They heard a loud “Hic!” and watched as a very sticky purple Nosy slithered erratically past them.

“Do Fluffs get hangovers?” asked Owen

“God, I hope not!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy is hungover.

Chapter Notes

Okay, this is definitely my final drabble for Challenge 298 – In Vino Veritas at tw100.

Bathing a drunken Fluff had been an experience, but between them they’d managed to wash most of the wine off. There were some stains, mostly underneath where it had really soaked in, lending Nosy a purplish tinge but overall it wasn’t too bad.

Now though, Nosy was looking decidedly sorry for itself, lying limply by the sofa with an ice pack balanced on its head.

Owen sympathised, he’d been there only too often.

“Let that be a lesson to you,” he said, injecting Nosy with a hangover cure. “Too much wine isn’t good for you so don’t lay in it.”

The End
Spying - Quadruple drabble

Chapter Summary

Teenage Ianto likes being up trees, looking down on the world, especially when no one knows he’s there.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for Meirionwen, who left the 600th review on my drabble collection at ff.net. She asked for ‘Young Ianto in a tree. Bonus points for Jack. Ianto is seventeen.’ I tried to write a drabble, I really did, but it just wasn’t working, so here is a set of four drabbles.

Ianto spent his 17th birthday up a tree. This wasn’t exactly unusual, at least not for Ianto, who spent a great deal of time up various trees. So much so, his sister Rhiannon said he must be part monkey.

There was a lot to be said for being up high, looking down on the world, especially if no one knew you were there.

Being up a tree was like being in a different world. It was peaceful, private, a good place for thinking and an even better place for spying, which was what Ianto was doing right at that moment.

A man stood a short distance away. Ianto had seen him before; tall, dark haired, gorgeous if you liked that sort of thing, and Ianto rather thought he did. Just looking at him made his skin tingle.

Maybe it was the coat, retro military. He wore it like it was as much a part of him as his blue eyes, white teeth and film-star smile. Made him look like the dashing hero in those war movies he watched with his dad at the Electra, back when he was a kid. Before dad lost the shop and turned to the bottle.

Ianto watched the man surreptitiously. He seemed to be waiting for someone, or something.

There was a communication device in his ear; he keep reaching up to touch it and speaking in a voice too low for Ianto to hear what he was saying.

Ianto wondered if he was some sort of secret agent, like James Bond. That would be so cool!

Suddenly, the man tensed, pulling a gun from a holster at his hip. Ianto’s eyes widened and he held his breath as the man took off at a run, coat flying out behind him like a superhero’s cape.

Ianto watched until the man was out of sight before slumping against the tree trunk, panting,
unbelievably turned on by what he’d witnessed. There was something about the man that excited him in ways he’d never experienced before.

He liked girls, no doubt about that, and he was attracted to boys too, but this was different, stronger. He felt drawn to the man, like iron to a magnet.

Everything about him was perfect; his hair, that smile, the way he moved. That bloody glorious coat!

He was a mystery; Ianto didn’t even know his name, but someday, he’d find out.

The End
Bedtime Story

Chapter Summary

It's Owen’s night on duty.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 299 – Green Eggs and Ham at tw100. Don't know yet how many I'll write this week, I've got two so far...

It was Owen’s turn on night duty, so he’d come prepared.

Snacks, a handheld computer game for entertainment until bedtime, his iPod loaded with great music, and something else hidden at the bottom of his bag that he’d made sure no one else found out about.

The team had all gone home, Jack and Ianto were on a date and the Hub was quiet. Nosy slithered obediently into its bunk and Owen tucked it in.

“Ready for your bedtime story?”

Nosy hummed eagerly.

Owen pulled a book from his bag and settled down.

“Green Eggs and Ham, by Doctor Seuss…”

The End
Tasty Treats

Chapter Summary

Gwen can’t resist chocolates. That may be about to change...

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 299 – Green Eggs and Ham at tw100. I have two more to post.

The bag of chocolates sitting beside the coffee machine looked so tempting; Gwen was sure no one would mind if she had one.

Popping it into her mouth, she delighted in the chocolate and the crispy inside. Checking to make sure there were plenty left, she took one more, crunching it up quickly.

“Morning, Gwen, I’ll have coffee ready shortly,” Ianto said breezing into the kitchenette. “Ah, that’s where I left them.” He picked up the bag. “Myfanwy, loves chocolate covered scorpions.”

Gwen’s eyes widened and her face paled.

“Scorpions?” she squeaked, then fled.

Ianto frowned.

“What’s up with her?”

The End
Mystery Meat

Chapter Summary

Owen buys lunch for the team.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 299 – Green Eggs and Ham at tw100, and the one I like the least. No offence meant to animal lovers everywhere. Blame the prompt.

Returning to the Hub after a weevil hunt turned out to be a hoax, the team came across a bustling farmers’ market.

Stalls displaying fresh fruit and veg vied with those selling fancy cheeses, handmade chocolates or preserves. One section was devoted to meat of all kinds, from beef to buffalo, chicken to ostrich. Sausages and burgers sizzled on barbecues, filling the air with mouth-watering aromas that made their stomachs growl.

Approaching a stall, Owen bought burgers, handing them out.

Gwen took hers dubiously.

“What is it?”

“Reindeer.”

“I can’t eat Rudolph!”

“Just kidding.”

“Oh.”

“It’s kangaroo.”

“Bastard!”

Owen smirked.

The End
Snacking

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Tosh enjoy trying unusual snacks.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 299 – Green Eggs and Ham at tw100. (Unless we don't get a new prompt this week...)

Setting a steaming mug down beside Tosh, Ianto held out a bag.

“Chocolate covered ant with your Weasel coffee?”

“Oooh, yes please!”

Tosh took one, biting into it.

“Mmmm, lovely. Have you tried the grasshoppers?”

“Yes. I prefer the ants though, they have a nuttier flavour.”

“I think I’ll try the salt and vinegar grasshoppers next time. I eat far too much chocolate.”

Ianto pulled a catalogue from his pocket and flipped through it.

“I’ll get some toasted ants then. Owen, care for an ant?”

“I’ll pass. You two are seriously weird,” Owen muttered.

Ianto shrugged.

“No sense of adventure.”

The End
Ianto stared at the small group of aliens huddled together in the tourist office. They had endured an unimaginably long and perilous journey to reach Cardiff and now they stood before him, nervous yet hopeful that their quest had not been in vain.

“Let me get this straight. You travelled to Cardiff from the other end of the galaxy?”

Seven heads nodded in unison, round eyes blinking solemnly.

“Loooong way! Many danger. Much time pass.”

“All that way for…?”

“Great delicacy. We take back, we heroes, much praise, many females!”

“Wait here. I have to go shopping. For dog biscuits.”

The End
Different Tastes

Chapter Summary

Ianto reports recent events to the team.

Chapter Notes

Another drabble for Challenge 299 – Green Eggs and Ham at tw100. There will be one more, if we don't get a new prompt before I post it.

“They wanted what?” Gwen asked, gaping.


“Wait a minute, you tried one?”

Ianto looked surprised. “Of course. How else would I find out what other biscuits they might like? Sent them home with an ample supply and some samples.”

“Hold on,” Jack butted in, “Who paid for this bounty?”

“They did. Used my credit card though, didn’t think the supermarket would accept their currency.” He held out several flawless sapphires.

“They’re welcome back anytime.”

The End
Weirdest Foods

Chapter Summary

“What’s the weirdest thing you’ve eaten?”

Chapter Notes

This is probably my last drabble for Challenge 299 – Green Eggs and Ham at tw100. Unless inspiration happens to strike again or we don't get a new prompt this week.

Gwen had suggested another team bonding game.

“What’s the weirdest thing you’ve ever eaten? I’ve tried octopus. It was… rubbery.”

“I’ve had Rocky Mountain Oysters,” admitted Owen.

“What’s odd about oysters?” Gwen wondered.

“They’re not actual oysters, they’re deep fried bull testicles.”

“Oh. YUK!”

Owen sniggered.

“Tosh?”

“Roasted tarantula. It was good, quite crispy. What about you, Ianto?”


Looking disgusted, Gwen turned to Jack.

“I’m almost afraid to ask!”

“Dinosaur. No idea what kind though, they were pretty much pre-cooked after the asteroid hit.”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Should’ve guessed you’d win!”

The End
Pale Purple Leather

Chapter Summary

Tosh is too practical to splash out on something she doesn’t need, no matter how much she wants it.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 300 at tw100. I’m hoping to manage all nine, plus one extra because I accidentally wrote two for one prompt...

The bag was pale purple leather, butter soft to the touch, and Tosh coveted it the moment she saw it in the exclusive little boutique. It was also wickedly expensive, and being the practical sort, Tosh just couldn’t justify spending so much.

That didn’t stop her pausing to gaze longingly at it whenever she passed the shop window.

Until, one day she paused to look and it was gone.

Smiling sadly, she returned to the Hub.

OoOoOoOoO

Weeks later…

“Happy Birthday, Tosh.”

Seeing the joy on her face as she opened his present, Owen decided it had been worth every penny.

The End
Jack and Ianto skive off work to enjoy the sunshine.

The second of hopefully nine (or ten) drabbles for Challenge 300 at tw100.

Jack and Ianto lay on their backs in a sunny meadow, staring up at the sky, cloud watching.

They’d come out here on a Rift alert. Rather than sending the team, Jack had decided to handle it himself, with Ianto’s assistance.

All they’d found was harmless junk.

They should have gone straight back to the Hub, but the sunshine was too enticing, so…

Ianto pointed at a cloud.

“That one looks like a butterfly.”

“Oh yeah! That one over there could be a swan.”

“That is a swan, Jack!”

“Swans can fly?”

“How long have you been living on Earth?”

The End
Simple Logic

Chapter Summary

Jack and Gwen watch little Ianto drawing.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 300 at tw100. I have seven written now, two more prompts to write.

Jack sat quietly, watching the temporarily de-aged five-year-old Ianto drawing.

Ianto was concentrating hard, tip of tongue poking out and a little frown drawing his eyebrows together. He looked adorable.

“What are you drawing, pet?” asked Gwen, “Is it a duck? Why is it purple?”

Little Ianto rolled his eyes and replied with exaggerated patience, as if he were the adult and she the child.

“Not a duck, a swan. See the long neck? And it's purple ‘cause swans are white but so is paper; if I drew it white it wouldn’t show up.”

Jack beamed.

“Can’t fault that logic!”

The End
An Unforgettable Sight

Chapter Summary

One night in Northern Scotland, Ianto sees something he’ll never forget.

Chapter Notes

The fourth of hopelly nine drabbles for Challenge 300 at tw100. I've written eight, just need an idea for the last one.

Jack pulled off the coast road just north of Dunnet. Headlights off, the only illumination came from moon and stars; silence reigned but for the soft susurru of the sea.

Ianto gazed through the windscreen at the silvered seascape. He’d never been this far North, but Archie had needed help with a crashed spaceship so they’d driven up, leaving the rest of the team in Cardiff.

They’d been heading home; Ianto didn’t understand why they’d stopped until Jack pointed overhead. Curtains of scintillating light were shimmering across the heavens.

The Northern Lights

Ianto gasped, breathless at the sight.

“It’s incredible!”

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s Halloween, time to dress up, but what is Ianto wearing? Owen wants to know.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 300 at tw100. I have all nine written, plus a sequel to one and I'm planning at least one other sequel, just because ;)

The team were in costume for a Halloween party on the Plas.

“Why’s Teaboy wearing a purple curtain?” asked Owen, who was rather unimaginatively dressed as a doctor.

Ianto rolled his eyes, but it was Jack, dressed in a short white tunic and sandals, who answered.

“It’s called a trabea, Owen, a ceremonial toga worn only by the Emperor.” He placed a circlet of vine leaves on Ianto’s head to complete the outfit.

“Huh. So if Teaboy’s the Emperor, what does that make you?”

Jack winked lasciviously.

“Every Emperor needs a slave.”

“He gets to feed me grapes,” Ianto smirked.

The End
Illusive Alien

Chapter Summary

Some aliens prove harder to catch than others.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 300 at tw100. I've completed the challenge by writing all nine drabbles, and I've just started trying to write another nine, 'cause I'm a glutton for punishment, lol!

Torchwood had been chasing an alien through Cardiff’s streets for what felt like half the night, and probably was. It had eluded them numerous times, despite Tosh directing them via CCTV.

That was probably due to it constantly changing shape so they never knew what they were looking for, Ianto reflected.

He and Owen finally cornered it by the lake in Bute Park, quickly netting it before it could escape again.

“How did you know that one was the alien shape-shifter?” Owen demanded.

Ianto gave him a withering look.

“Is your eyesight that bad? Swans don’t usually have three legs.”

TBC in ‘Illegal Alien’
Leather Clad

Chapter Summary

Ianto is always gorgeous, but Jack wasn’t prepared for this!

Chapter Notes

I’ve lost count, how many is this? I think it might be the seventh drabble of my first set for Challenge 300 at tw100. Which means I have two more of this batch and seven of the second batch still to post. Just two more to write and I will have completed the challenge TWICE! I must be crazy... But you already knew that ;)

Jack couldn’t stop staring.

Ianto, his Ianto, sat before him astride a motorcycle, a vision in black and red leathers, eyebrow raised and a wicked smirk on that oh-so-tempting mouth.

“Whu?” Jack mentally shook himself and tried not to drool. A second attempt at speech was more successful. “Since when did you ride a motorcycle?”

“Since I was eighteen. Haven’t had one since London, but a friend was selling his, so… What do you think?”

Jack’s brain was mush. In his opinion, Ianto Jones was the sexiest being beneath the firmament, but all he could manage was a heartfelt “Guh!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto sees right through Jack’s act.

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 300 at tw100. I have now completed the challenge twice so I have 10 more drabbles to post, and one for the bonus challenge! Yikes, how will I fit in posting them all?

Ianto watched Jack showing off for the police, flirting and smiling the smile until they gave up, leaving the investigation to Torchwood.

“It’s all smoke and mirrors with you,” he observed, coming to stand beside his captain.

“What do you mean?”

“The Wizard of Oz hid behind a curtain to fool people into thinking he was some great and powerful being; you hide behind the coat and a flirty smile, playing the Big Damn Hero so people don’t see that you’re just like them. But I see you Jack, you don’t fool me.”

Jack looked into Ianto’s eyes.

“I know.”

The End
Deceptive

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s date night attire is having a dramatic effect on Jack, and Ianto knows it!

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 300 at tw100, which marks my first completion of the challenge. I still have another set of nine to post.

Jack stared admiringly at Ianto’s outfit – deep red shirt, open halfway down his chest, matt black leather trousers that looked like they’d been painted on, and matching waistcoat. He looked good enough to eat. There was just one thing worrying Jack.

“You look positively sinful, but are you sure you can breathe wearing those?”

“Trust me, Jack,” Ianto purred, winking, “I can do a whole lot more in these than just breathe. They’re not as inflexible as they look.” With that he bent over and touched his toes to prove it.

Jack’s jaw dropped and his brain left the building.

The End
Illegal Alien – Sequel to ‘Illusive Alien’

Chapter Summary

The swan impersonator is questioned.

Chapter Notes

The first in my second round of fills for Challenge 300 at tw100. Only ten more to post...

The alien, now in its natural form, sat forlornly in its cell.

“What do we do with it now?” Owen asked Jack.

“We find out what it's doing here, aside from pretending to be a native.”

“According to our records, it's a Flummel. They're peaceful scholars,” Ianto supplied.

“I did no harm,” the Flummel protested.

Jack frowned.

“Then why’d you run?”

“I am not authorized to visit your world.” It sounded sheepish.

“So you tried to hide.”

It nodded.

“Why a swan?” Owen demanded.

“They’re similar. I thought I would blend in.”

“And the third leg?” Ianto inquired.

“I miscounted.”

The End
Worth The Price - Companion piece to ‘Pale Purple Leather’

Chapter Summary

Owen sees Tosh gazing wistfully into a shop window and makes a decision.

Chapter Notes

The second drabble for my second completion of Challenge 300 at tw100. Seven more to post.

Headed back to the Hub, it took Owen a moment to realise Tosh wasn’t with him. Turning around, he spotted her looking into a shop window and trudged back to join her.

“You okay?”

”Hmmm?” She tore her gaze away from the purple leather handbag she was staring at. “I’m fine. We should get back.” She scurried off.

Owen glanced at the price tag, muttered “Ouch!” and followed, but he couldn’t get her wistful expression out of his head.

A week later, he exited the shop with a package and a significantly lighter wallet.

“Expense be damned, Tosh deserves it.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack contemplates his broken vortex manipulator.

Chapter Notes

Third drabble for my second completion of Challenge 300 at tw100.

Set pre-series. Slight spoilers for Fragments and Doctor Who Parting of the Ways.

The strap was old, its leather well worn and flexible where once it had been stiff and new, scuffed where it used to be shiny.

Back in his Time Agency days, and even after he turned rogue, it had been his ticket to adventure, all of time and space accessible at the touch of a few buttons. But not anymore; its circuits had burned out making the jump to Earth, leaving him marooned here, condemned to spending eternity in one place.

All he could do was stare at the heavens and pray that his Doctor would return for him soon.

The End
Chapter Summary

Gwen berates herself over her affair with Owen.

Chapter Notes

The fourth drabble in my second completion of Challenge 300 at tw100.

**Spoilers For:** Countrycide, They Keep Killing Suzie, Combat.

Standing at the bedroom window, Gwen stared between the curtains at the deserted streets, hating herself.

She’d lied to Rhys. Again. Told him she was working, when in reality she was here, with Owen.

What was she turning into? She kept telling her colleagues how much she loved Rhys, hated having to deceive him about the true nature of her job, but now she was doing something far worse; betraying his trust.

As much as she hated it, lying about her job was a necessary evil. But this was wrong. She knew she should stop.

She just didn’t want to.

The End
Transformed

Chapter Summary

Tosh shops for a dress for Gwen’s wedding.

Chapter Notes

I think this is the fifth of my drabbles for my second completion of Challenge 300 at tw100.

Spoilers For: Very slight for Something Borrowed.

Growing up, Tosh considered herself dowdy and rather plain. Not that she minded, she knew her brains made up for what she lacked in looks. Boys, though, tended to be intimidated by her intelligence. She often thought if she were only prettier then maybe they wouldn’t mind that she was brainy.

Older and wiser now, she still lacked confidence. She wanted so badly for Owen to notice her, but how could she compete with Gwen on her wedding day?

Slipping into a purple dress, she turned to the mirror and gasped. The ugly duckling had miraculously transformed into a swan.

The End
The sky was a bruised purple colour, indicating an approaching storm. Ianto threw back the curtains and stared out gloomily. The weather suited his mood.

He wished he could just go back to bed and hide from the world but that wasn’t an option. Since Jack disappeared, it was all hands on deck. Besides, the others couldn’t be trusted to clean up after themselves and no one else would think to feed Myfanwy and Janet.

He missed Jack.

With a heavy sigh he opened his wardrobe to select a suit. Time to don his armour for another day of work.

The End
Ianto and Jack enjoy their romantic interlude.

Seventh in my second round of fills for Challenge 300 at tw100. This one's a sequel to one of the drabbles from my first round of fills for this challenge and there will be third part, hopefully tomorrow.

Stretched out on the SUV’s bonnet, leaning against the windscreen, Jack and Ianto looked to the heavens, taking in the splendour of the Aurora Borealis, one of the most captivating spectacles earth had to offer.

As curtains of light danced across the sky, Jack tightened his arm around Ianto’s shoulders.

“I was hoping we’d be lucky enough to see this while we were here,” he admitted softly, “I wanted to share it with you.”

Ianto squeezed his hand.

“It’s breathtaking, Jack, thank you.”

“Guess I can do romantic dates when I try,” Jack teased.

“Never doubted it for a second.”

TBC in Stargazing
Ianto and Jack continue to enjoy their romantic interlude.

I think this is the eighth drabble in my second round of fills for Challenge 300 at tw100. One more left for this challenge and one for the bonus challenge, YAY!

The light show had ended, but still Jack and Ianto lingered in the pre-dawn stillness, gazing at a sky filled with more stars than could ever be seen over Cardiff. Jack had long since memorised earth’s constellations and now he pointed them out to Ianto, though he suspected his lover already knew their names.

“That’s Cygnus, the swan. One constellation, dozens of stars. Earth’s astronomers are only just learning how to detect planets around distant stars, but they’re out there, millions of them.”

“Do you miss it? Travelling among the stars?”

“Sometimes. Someday we’ll visit them together.”

“I’d like that.”

TBC in ‘Homeward Bound’
Deceived

Chapter Summary

The road to hell is paved with good intentions.

**Spoilers For:** Everything Changes, They Keep Killing Suzie.

Chapter Notes

Success! This is the last one, I've completed Challenge 300 at tw100 twice, that's eighteen drabbles, two for each of the prompts.

I have one to post for the bonus challenge and then I'll be posting random drabbles in between whatever I write for forthcoming prompts at tw100, in an attempt to post 200 drabbles in one year. The total number of drabbles so far this year is 169, so I have to post another 31 before midnight on December 31st 2013.

Prompts are welcome! Wish me luck!

It’s raining again; Suzie likes it. Fewer people on the streets and they keep their heads down, hurrying home. It simplifies things.

Target selected, she follows him down an alleyway, reaching into her bag. Her fingers brush the glove and she smiles, grasping the knife that lies beside it and plunging it into an unsuspecting back.

Swapping leather glove for metal, she reaches for her victim’s head.

Suzie believes she’s helping people, learning to conquer death. But the glove is twined around her mind, whispering lies, obliterating the line between right and wrong. She thinks she’s in control.

She’s not.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack visits Ianto while he’s on suspension and gets a shock.

**Spoilers For:** Cyberwoman I guess.

Chapter Notes

My drabble for Bonus challenge 300.1 at tw100.

Seeing inside Ianto’s flat for the first time came as a shock to Jack, though in retrospect it shouldn’t have. All Ianto’s time and resources had been poured into caring for Lisa when he wasn’t working, and sometimes even when he was. The flat was simply a place to keep things and to shower. Calling it Spartan was an understatement.

A sleeping bag on the bare floor, a radio, crates to sit on, boxes everywhere. There was no furniture whatsoever and the bare minimum in the kitchen, just enough for one person.

“Let me help you make this place home.”

The End
Homeward Bound - Sequel to ‘Stargazing’

Chapter Summary

After their romantic night, Jack takes the wheel for the long drive back to Wales.

Chapter Notes

I decided to write one more part to complete the tale of their romantic impromptu date in Scotland.

They stayed up all night, first watching the Aurora, then stargazing, and finally watching the sun rise in a cloudless summer sky. Ianto said it was the most romantic and magical night he’d ever known; Jack had excelled himself.

Driving down the motorway, remembering Ianto’s words and the smile on his face as they’d lingered over breakfast in a small village café, Jack was filled with a warm glow.

Glancing across at his lover, fast asleep in the passenger seat, he smiled softly.

Whatever the future held, Jack knew there was no one he’d rather share it with than Ianto.

The End
Chapter Summary

Gwen is shocked and Ianto is exasperated with Jack. Business as usual then.

**Warnings:** Use of a very bad joke.

Chapter Notes

Just a silly little one-off drabble, inspired by a prompt on comment_fic.

“Sorry to call you boys in on your night off,” Gwen apologised, “but I don’t think I can handle this by myself. Whatever came through the Rift is alive and pretty big.”

“It’s fine, Gwen, Ianto and I were just having a quickie at the café on the Plas,” Jack explained airily.

Gwen’s eyes widened comically as she stared at them, face turning scarlet.

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Quiche, Jack. How many times do I have to tell you it’s pronounced quiche?”

“I like my name better,” Jack smirked.

“You just like shocking people to see their reaction.”

“That too.”

The End
Sexbot

Chapter Summary

Jack’s delighted with the latest treasure from the Rift. Ianto’s somewhat dubious, with good reason.

Chapter Notes

The first of the drabbles prompted by my friends to help me reach 200 before the end of the year. I’ll post these in between fills for the tw100 prompts.

This one is or fanbot’s prompt ‘Sexbot’.

Owen glared at the thing.

“How come we never get anything good?”

Peering over Owen’s shoulder, Jack laughed delightedly.

“That’s not just good, it’s brilliant!”

“You know what it is?”

“Yep. It’s a sexbot!”

“What? But it has tentacles! And suckers! And what are those disgusting wiggly bits in the middle?”

“I never said it was a sexbot for humans.” Turning to Ianto, he whispered, “We’ll try it later; you’ll love it.”

Ianto nodded calmly.

“Very good, Sir. I’ll pack it for transport.” Under his breath he added, “I hope you’re right. The last ‘sex toy’ tried to eat us.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Alien tech does strange things to people.

Chapter Notes

Another of my prompted drabbles. His one's for angelsphonebox, who provided the prompt 'Knitting.'

Despite being used to the strange effects of alien technology, they all agreed this was among the strangest.

Tosh had started knitting and couldn’t stop.

As it was usually her job to figure out alien devices and reverse their effects, that was a bit of a problem.

Well, two problems really. Tosh only knew garter stitch and had no idea how to cast off, so just kept knitting while the others tried to work out how to turn the damn thing off.

‘On the bright side,’ thought Tosh, ‘it looks like I might break the record for world’s longest scarf!’

The End
The Scarf

Chapter Summary

Tosh wears her nice new handmade scarf, which gets admired.

Chapter Notes

Still for angelsphonebox’s prompt ‘Knitting’, but also for all the commenters and reviewers who said pretty much the same thing. I’m sure you can guess what I’m talking about, LOL! This one’s a double drabble.

After almost two days, the team finally succeeded in turning the device off.

Once the compulsion to knit wore off a few hours later, Ianto talked Tosh through casting off and they measured the finished scarf, which turned out to be just over 7 metres long.

Despite it falling far short of breaking any records, Tosh was still proud of her achievement. It was the first thing she’d ever knitted so she intended to wear it, even if it was rather long. Cardiff could get very cold in winter, but wrapped in her scarf she was sure to stay warm.

OoOoOoOoOoO

The following morning, Tosh grinned to herself as she wrapped her new scarf around her neck several times as protection from the bitterly cold Cardiff morning, before setting off to work.

Leaving her building, she hurried towards the bus stop and almost immediately ran headlong into a strange, tall man.

“I’m so sorry!” she exclaimed. “I wasn’t looking where I was going.”

“Nonsense, my dear, it was entirely my fault,” he replied. “Oh, I say, I do like your scarf. It’s just like mine!” He beamed at her approvingly, then dug in his pocket. “Would you like a jelly baby?”

The End
Childhood Memories

Chapter Summary

Ianto remembers his mother.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 301 - Frost at tw100.

Little Ianto stared in wonder at the frost making pretty patterns on the windowpanes. Coming up behind him, his mother wrapped her arms around him in a warm hug.

“That’s the work of elves you know,” she told him. “On winter nights they come and spin lace out of ice crystals to decorate the world and make everything beautiful.”

“Why do they only do it in winter?” Ianto asked.

“Because the rest of the year, the world is beautiful enough.”

OoOoO

Ianto smiled to himself. He knew better now, but frost on the windows would always remind him of his mother.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack are trapped by malicious aliens. This one’s a bit dark.

Chapter Notes

My second and final drabble for Challenge 301 - Frost at tw100.

Ianto snuggled closer to Jack, pulling the blankets tightly around them both as he watched fingers of frost spreading lacy patterns across the SUV’s windows.

Jack was cold, almost frozen solid by the aliens they’d been hunting, but in here with the emergency heat packs and thermal blankets, the doors securely locked and the windows tightly closed, they’d be safe enough.

Hopefully it wouldn’t be long before the rest of the team arrived with flame-throwers and heat grenades. Then Ianto would willingly join the fight against the ice demons who’d killed his captain for fun.

They were going to pay.

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh finds someone who needs a scarf more than she does...

Chapter Notes

Still for angelsphonebox’s prompt ‘Knitting’, a final part, just to tie up loose ends ;)

Years later, the scarf was still with Tosh. She even still wore it occasionally on very cold winter days, though she’d now made herself several shorter ones that fitted better.

One day while wearing it, Tosh came across a familiar looking figure wandering through Cardiff. He seemed bewildered and confused, not to mention rather cold.

“Here,” she told him, looping the scarf around his neck, “looks like you need this more than I do.”

“Oh, thank you very much! Yes indeed, that’s much better! I say, you don’t happen to know where I could get some Jelly Babies, do you?”

The End
At Sunset

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s brooding after a fight with Jack.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic. The prompt was this picture:

http://www.flickr.com/photos/a-lwin/11085776695/

It had been such a stupid fight. Ianto couldn’t even remember what had started it. All he remembered was yelling at Jack, getting yelled at in return, and storming out of the Hub to his car.

He’d just started driving, not caring where he was going, until he’d found himself here, at a rocky cove with the sun going down over the sea.

His bad mood gradually melted away as he sat on a rock, breathing sea air and watching the sunset.

Pulling out his phone he found a text from Jack.

‘I’m sorry. I love you. Come home. Jx’

The End
There’s nothing to do, so the team have a lazy day.

For the first time in living memory, team Torchwood had absolutely nothing to do.

All their paperwork was finished, all the filing done; cataloguing was up to date… There wasn’t even a corpse for Owen to dissect or one of Tosh’s programmes needing work.

“Now what?” asked Owen, throwing himself down on the sofa.

“Now we have a lazy day.” Ianto’s voice drifted up from where he lay on the floor, legs on the sofa, watching Myfanwy lazily circle the Hub on an updraft.

“Doing what?” Owen grumbled.

“Anything,” Jack replied, lying down beside Ianto. “Or possibly nothing at all.”

“Doing nothing suits me just fine.” Gwen flopped down beside Jack. “Been run off my feet planning the wedding. It’ll be nice doing nothing for a change.” She stared up at Myfanwy with a happy sigh.

Stretching herself out on the floor to Ianto’s other side, Tosh let out a huge yawn, setting everyone else off.

“I can’t remember the last time I felt so relaxed,” she admitted.

“You lot are weird,” Owen muttered, sliding off the sofa to lay down with them. “If you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em.”

Watching them from above, Myfanwy sighed. She’d never understand humans.

The End
Defrosting Jack – Sequel to ‘Cold Comfort’

Chapter Summary

Ianto waits for Jack to defrost and revive.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 302 - Thaw at tw100. The idea is for there to be two more to complete this story. I have one written, just got to write the final part.

When they’d left the Hub to track whatever had come through the Rift, Ianto never imagined that he’d wind up having to defrost his lover.

Unfortunately, it seemed unlikely that Jack would revive until he’d thawed out a bit, so with grim patience, Ianto endured the discomfort of cuddling the frozen man, determined to do what he could to warm him even if it meant risking a touch of frostbite.

It seemed like forever before Jack’s skin finally began to warm, the blue tinge turning to a healthier pink, but Ianto only relaxed when Jack finally took his first breath.

TBC in ‘Preparing For Battle’
Preparing For Battle - Sequel to ‘Defrosting Jack’

Chapter Summary

Jack revives and gets a situation update from Ianto.

Chapter Notes

The second of my drabbles for Challenge 302 - Thaw at tw100. At the moment I've lost count of how many drabbles left in this story. There might be three more, possibly four. The final one doesn't fit this prompt, but is needed to complete the story. One of the others is a bit tenuous, but I'm hoping I'll get away with it.

Gasping back to life, Jack found himself bundled in blankets and held tightly in Ianto’s arms.

“Hey,” he murmured, “how long was I gone?”

“About thirty minutes. Had to thaw you out first.” Ianto looked grim.

“How bad is it?”

“Ten of them, two of us. The team are on their way with weapons; we’ll be safe until then. Your playmates are getting frustrated, but at least while their attention’s on us they aren’t looking for victims elsewhere.”

“That’s some consolation I guess.” Jack pulled on the dry clothes Ianto handed him. “They’ll regret tangling with Torchwood.”

“Not for long!”

TBC in ‘Early Thaw’
Chapter Summary

The Ice Demons don’t stand a snowball’s chance in Hell!

Chapter Notes

You lucky people, here's a second drabble today!

My third drabble for Challenge 302 - Thaw at tw100, and the fourth part of this series. There are three more parts to this.

They’re Ice Demons, born on a frozen world, equipped for the cold. They don’t stand a chance against Torchwood’s weapons.

Jack thinks Ianto is being uncharacteristically vindictive but really, it’s just pragmatism. Jack’s only alive because he can’t stay dead. Anyone else wouldn’t have been so lucky. Ianto intends to make sure none of these creatures gets another shot at killing a human; he’ll take them on single-handedly if he has to, but they are going down.

Termination with extreme prejudice, if you like.

He’s not alone though, the team stands beside him. There’s going to be an early thaw.

TBC in ‘Victory’
Chapter Summary

The Ice Demons meet their end.

Chapter Notes

My fourth (I think) drabble for Challenge 302 - Thaw at tw100, and the fifth part of this series. There are two more after this.

It’s not an easy battle, but it’s mercifully short, although merciful for whom is debatable.

The Ice Demons showed Jack no mercy, they’re shown little in return, but at least they don’t have time to suffer the way Jack did. Ianto supposes that’s a kind of mercy.

Flamethrowers are brutal but efficient, lasers slice cleanly, fire grenades…

They only use one; they have more but they’re simply not needed. The Ice Demons misjudged humanity; thought them easy targets.

They found out too late they were wrong.

Victory brings Ianto no joy, just the grim satisfaction of a job well done.

TBC in ‘Cleanup’
Chapter Summary

The battle is over, all that’s left is to clean up the scene.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 302 - Thaw at tw100, and the sixth part of the series which started with 'Cold Comfort'. There will be one more part.

Cleanup is a subdued affair. Death should never be taken lightly, not even when it’s meted out in defence of the planet.

The invaders’ remains will have to be burned. Creatures with an affinity for ice are not something Torchwood wants in their cryo freezers. They’re almost certainly dead, but it’s still a chance none of the team are willing to take.

Besides, there’s not all that much left anyway. Ice melts, and beneath that protective covering they were smaller than they’d appeared. Ianto might have felt sorry for them, had he not seen how much they’d enjoyed Jack’s suffering.

TBC in ‘Aftermath’
Chapter Summary

Cardiff is safe again and Torchwood can rest.

Chapter Notes

Second drabble today, and the final part of the series that started with 'Cold Comfort'.

Battle over, cleanup complete, bodies disposed of. Another invasion thwarted and the people of Cardiff remain unaware. The news briefly mentions a localised pocket of freak weather, but there’re more important events to report.

It’s been a rough night and the rest of the team need no encouragement to head home to their beds. Whether any of them will sleep easily is another matter entirely.

Ianto and Jack fall into bed, clinging to each other for reassurance that all is right in their world. Jack dying always takes a toll on them both.

But they’re together, and that’s what matters.

The End
Enjoying The View

Chapter Summary

There’s a UNIT meeting in London, Jack and Ianto are meant to be there, but they got a little sidetracked…

Chapter Notes

This one’s for lexxiescott, for her prompt ‘Jack and Ianto on the London Eye’. Oh look, it’s a double drabble ;)

It was inevitable that Jack would take to the London Eye like a duck to water; high places were his thing, after all. So naturally, as soon as he could, he dragged Ianto across London for the sole purpose of taking a ride (or ten) on it.

Not that Ianto objected; he had no problem with heights and the views were breathtaking.

Jack was never still, moving around the car pointing out familiar landmarks to Ianto as the wheel slowly turned, apparently forgetting that the Welshman had spent five years living in the city.

Ianto just smiled, enjoying the view.

OoOoO

When his phone buzzed, breaking the tranquillity, Ianto pulled it from his pocket, checking the caller ID.

“UNIT again?” asked Jack

“Yep.”

“Never give up, do they?”

“Apparently not. We are rather late for our meeting; we should probably head over there before they send out search parties.”

“I suppose so,” Jack agreed reluctantly. Then he smirked, flipped open his Vortex Manipulator and pressed a few buttons. The wheel ground to a halt, with their car right at the top, “On the other hand, maybe you should call them, tell them we’re unavoidably detained.” He winked.

Ianto grinned.
“Yes, Sir.”

The End
The First Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100 and the first part of The Twelve Days of Riftmas. I haven't written them all yet, so wish me luck!

Warnings: Random insanity.

On the first day of Christmas, Torchwood got a call from the police. A pair of odd birds had got inside Mrs Partridge’s house and made themselves at home in her Christmas tree.

She hadn’t minded at first, they were pretty and seemed satisfied with the crumbs she fed them. Then they’d built a nest of tinsel and started courting.

“Can’t hear myself think over the racket they’re making,” she told the team when they went to investigate.

“Skreeeek! Skreeeek!” sounded from the living room, like fingernails down a blackboard.

“I see what you mean,” said Ianto, handing out earplugs.

TBC
The Second Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

**Warnings:** Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100 and the second part of ‘**The Twelve Days of Riftmas**’. Still don't know if I can do them all, but I've written the first 7.

On the second day of Christmas, Torchwood responded to a call for assistance by the Cardiff Harbour Patrol. It seemed there were two large turtles diving in the harbour.

“What does that have to do with us?” asked Gwen, “Shouldn’t they call the zoo?”

“Apparently they’re wearing scuba gear,” said Ianto.

Arriving at the scene, they found there were indeed two scuba-diving turtles.

“Sorry, guys, but the harbour is off limits,” Jack told them. “What are you doing anyway?”

“Diving for treasure!” said one, and they dove into the water again.

“I’m starting to see a pattern here,” Ianto commented.

TBC in ‘The Third Day…’
The Third Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

**Warnings:** Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 3 of ‘**The Twelve Days of Riftmas**’

On the third day of Christmas, the police called again. They’d picked up three very confused young ladies who claimed to have been in France only moments before.

Naturally, Owen volunteered to go and collect them.

Jack sent Tosh, who brought them to the tourist office.

“So, what seems to be the problem?” he asked.

“According to Sabine, Odette and Denise, they were at their friend’s hen party in Rouen,” said Tosh.

“Of course they were,” sighed Ianto.

“Anyway, there was a bright light and suddenly they found themselves in Cardiff. They’ve also jumped approximately 17 years into the future.”

TBC in ‘The Fourth Day…’
Deck The Hub

Chapter Summary

The team are decorating the Hub for Christmas.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for milady_dragon’s prompt ‘The Hub is decorated for the holidays’.

I have several other Christmas-themed drabbles that I want to post before Christmas day, so I'm interspersing them with 'The Twelve Days of Riftmas' whenever I can manage to post twice in a day.

“Deck the Hub with boughs of holly,” Gwen sang, completely off-key, as she strung tinsel around the catwalk railings.

“Not holly though, is it,” commented Owen.

“Shut up, grinch.”

“What if I don’t? You gonna decorate me?”

Jack poked his head out of his office.

“Children, behave! Some of us are trying to work!” And he vanished again.

“He’s trying to put the fake Christmas tree together,” Ianto smirked. “Last time I checked, he had the branches on upside down.”

“Aren’t you going to help him?”

“I will when he’s frustrated enough to make it worth my while,” Ianto winked.

The End
The Fourth Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

Warnings: Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 4 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’

Still only got the first 7 written, though I have ideas for most. 12 is still giving me trouble.

On the fourth day of Christmas, Cardiff Council contacted Torchwood, concerning a group of peculiar creatures that had been spotted wandering around the Pengam Moors Allotments in Splott.

Sure enough, when the team got there, they were confronted by an unusual sight; about a dozen bewildered bird-like creatures were milling about carrying heavy-looking garden implements.

At the sight of them, Ianto groaned and buried his head in his hands.

Owen just looked puzzled.

“[I don’t get it,” he confessed, “what are they?’”

“I think you’ll find they’re the fork-hauling birds,” Ianto told him wearily. “The Rift has clearly gone bonkers.”

TBC in ‘The Fifth Day…’
Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto go on a Christmas vacation.

Chapter Notes

This one's for star54kar's prompt ‘Icicles’.

“The better to spend our first Christmas out among the stars than the planet Winter?” said Jack as he brought their ship in to land at the spaceport. “You’ll love it here. The icicles chime like bells when the wind blows! There’s a roaring fire in every cabin, beautiful scenery and every kind of snow sport imaginable. We’ll hire an ice yacht to see the sights; frost caverns, snow sculptures, the frozen sea…”

Jack’s enthusiasm was infectious; Ianto felt excitement bubbling inside him like he was a kid again.

“Sounds amazing!”

“It will be,” Jack smiled, “because we’re here together.”

The End
The Fifth Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

**Warnings:** Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and also, Part 5 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’. I have all but the last two written now.

On the fifth day of Christmas, there was a phone call from the Vicar at St Edeyrn’s Church, Llanedeyrn. It seemed a strange, glowing ball with flashing lights had appeared in the church sometime during the night.

Mystified, the team set out to retrieve it.

The Vicar greeted them warmly and informed them that the object was up in the bell tower.

Ianto slumped into the nearest pew.

“Don’t tell me; all five bells have inexplicably turned into gold, haven’t they.”

“How did you know?” asked the Vicar in surprise.

Ianto winced.

“We were due five gold rings about now…”

TBC in ‘The Sixth Day…’
The Sixth Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

Warnings: Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 6 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’. I think I might finally have an idea for Day 12.

On the sixth day of Christmas, half a dozen hunky men suddenly appeared in the middle of the Plas, complete with a half-built section of brick wall.

“Now that’s more like it!” exclaimed Jack.

“You stay right there,” Ianto told him. “They’re confused enough already, the last thing they need is you flirting at them.”

“Spoilsport,” Jack muttered.

OoOoO

On returning, Ianto had some good news.

“At least they’re still in the right time. We just have to get them back to Cornwall.”

“I think I’m getting the hang of this,” said Jack. “Six guys a-laying.”

Ianto gave a pained smile.

TBC in ‘The Seventh Day…’
Musical Mystery

Chapter Summary

Something mysterious is going on in the Hub.

Chapter Notes

For angelsphonebox, for the prompt ‘I swore I turned it off!’
‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’ will return in a few days.

Coming up from the garage, Ianto could hear the faint, tinny sound of Owen’s novelty Santa singing Jingle Bells. He groaned. Even from a distance it grated on his nerves.

“You okay?” asked Jack.

“Could’ve sworn I turned that bloody Santa off before we went out!”

“Maybe Owen turned it on again to annoy you.”

Ianto shook his head.

“He left early to take Tosh out to dinner.”

Making their way into the Hub, Jack started to laugh.

“Mystery solved!”

There was Nosy, wiggling and jiggling about in front of Santa.

“What’s it doing?” Ianto asked, puzzled.

Jack shrugged.

“Dancing.”

The End
Hot Pursuit

Chapter Summary

Chasing Weevils is always dangerous, but in winter there can be additional hazards.

Chapter Notes

The second drabble of the day, and another one for angelsphonebox, who provided the prompt ‘Dashing through the snow.’

Racing headlong past a group of carollers, Ianto reflected that this probably wasn’t what they meant by ‘Dashing through the snow.’ Of course, where Torchwood was concerned, such things tended to be literal.

It was snowing heavily; visibility was poor and the footing was increasingly treacherous. Ianto prayed he wouldn’t break an ankle. Jack was just ahead now, charging downhill in hot pursuit of the weevil.

Suddenly Ianto slipped, crashing into Jack, sending them both skidding out of control. The weevil didn’t stand a chance.

Coming to rest on top of their quarry, Jack noted, “At least we caught it!”

The End
Torchwood Christmas Morning

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas morning for the Torchwood couples!

Chapter Notes

For Francine S, for leaving the 1200th review on my drabble collection at ff.net. She asked for: A Christmas morning story of either Tosh/Owen or Gwen/Rhys. Well, I couldn’t leave the boys out, so here you go, have all three couples! This one’s a quadruple drabble.

Yes, I know I haven’t posted the fics for 800th, 900th, 1000th and 1100th reviews, but this needs to be posted today because of the subject matter – I wasn’t even sure if I could get it written in time, but I just made it. Enjoy!

A Very Happy Christmas to all my friends, readers, followers and favouriters, I hope you all have a wonderful time!

Christmas morning in the Harper household was chaotic, mostly due to a certain young Fluff. Dizzy was still small enough to go home with them, provided it was kept out of sight of the neighbours.

Owen heated sausage rolls for breakfast, while his lovely new wife sat on the floor playing fetch with Dizzy. Dressed in her robe, bedroom slippers and without a trace of make-up, Owen though Tosh looked more beautiful than ever.

“Happy Christmas, love,” he said as he handed her a plate and a cup of tea.

When she smiled, Owen felt like the richest man alive.

OoOoOoOoO

“It’s the crack of dawn!” Rhys complained, tugging the blankets over his head.

“But it’s Christmas, daddy!” Anwen shouted, trying to pull the covers off again. He peeped out at his daughter.

“Is it now, young lady? Then we’d best go see what Santa brought you, hadn’t we?”

“Yay!” Anwen squealed, bouncing with excitement.

Gwen stood in the bedroom doorway, laughing at them.
“Not so long ago it was you dragging me out of bed at the crack of dawn to open presents,” she teased.

“At least we got to go back to bed afterwards,” Rhys said with a wink.

OoOoOoOoO

“Morning, gorgeous,” murmured Jack, sneaking up behind Ianto, still half asleep and trying to make coffee.

“Gorgeous? You need your eyes testing; I look like there’s a demented hedgehog on my head. Knew I should’ve got a haircut,” Ianto grumbled good-naturedly.

“I like it, gives me something to get hold of.” Jack tugged gently. Ianto rolled his eyes, but he was smiling.

“Happy Christmas, Jack.”

“Happy Christmas!” Jack fiddled with the belt of Ianto’s bathrobe. “Can I unwrap my present yet?”

“You never change, do you?” Ianto chuckled.

“Would you really want me to?”

“Guess not,” Ianto smirked, kissing him.

OoOoOoOoO

And in the Hub, Nosy slunk about with Velvet riding on its head, leaving small gifts and Christmas crackers at each workstation, humming along to the tinny-sounding novelty Santa on Owen’s desk.

Bob the alien sat in a corner, snoozing, a Santa hat perched on his apex.

George bustled about, distributing party hats and setting out the buffet ready for all the party guests to arrive.

The alien butterfly perched on top of the Christmas tree, impersonating a Christmas star, and Myfanwy presided over everything, checking the decorations and making sure all would be perfect for the Torchwood family Christmas.

The End
Snow Joke

Chapter Summary

It’s been snowing in Cardiff, but Ianto notices something’s not quite right…

Chapter Notes

This one's for mahmfic’s prompt ‘Snowman’.

The people of Cardiff had awoken to a blanket of snow covering the city is sparkling whiteness over a foot deep. Jack was completely enthralled, as he always was by fresh snow, but as they made their way to the Hub on foot, Ianto was troubled. His suspicions were confirmed when they finally arrived at the Plas.

“Jack, I don’t think this is normal snow.”

“What are you talking about? Snow is snow.”

“Usually you’d be correct, but don’t you think it’s the least bit odd that the snowmen are having snowball fights?”

Jack frowned.

“Now that you mention it…”

The End
The Seventh Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

Warnings: Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 7 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’

On the seventh day of Christmas, the team had the task of fishing seven very bedraggled beings out of the Taff.

It had to be said that as swimmers, they left a lot to be desired, but they were certainly giving it their best try.

“I’m no ornithologist, but I’m pretty sure these aren’t swans,” said Owen breathlessly, hauling one out of the water.

“Well spotted, Owen,” snarked a waterlogged Ianto. “What tipped you off?”

“Actually, they’re Melicans,” Jack explained, “They’re from a desert planet in the Swan Nebula.”

“That explains why they can’t swim,” Ianto muttered, wringing himself out.

TBC in ‘The Eighth Day…’
The Eighth Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

Warnings: Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 8 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’. I wasn’t happy with my first attempt, it was a bit on the bland side, so I tried again. I like this one better, but I’m posting my first attempt here too, so you guys can decide which one you prefer.

On the eighth day of Christmas, eight large cows were discovered in the Millennium Stadium. Ianto thought they certainly looked ready for milking. Not that he was an expert on cows or anything…

“Oh look!” said Jack cheerfully. “The Rift almost got it right this time!”

“Yes, Jack, because eight ready-to-milk cows are just what we needed.” Ianto rolled his eyes so hard they nearly fell out. “What am I supposed to do with them?”

“Call a farmer?”

“I was hoping for buxom milkmaids,” Owen groused.

Ianto sank into a seat. It was entirely possible he was losing his mind.

Alternate Eighth Day...

On the eighth day of Christmas, several crates appeared in a car park.

There was writing on them.

“Maiden’s Milk? What’s that? Some sort of booze?” Owen sounded hopeful.

Prising a crate open, Ianto pulled out a bottle.

“Sorry to disappoint you, Owen, it’s bath oil. ‘You too can have skin as soft as a maiden’s’,” he intoned solemnly. “You should try some.”

“Bite me!”
Ianto smirked.

“Right, let’s load ‘em. Hold on.” He glanced around. “There’s only seven. Where’s the eighth?”

They found it in a ditch, half buried in mud.

“Oh joy,” groaned Ianto. “The Rift hates me!”

TBC in ‘The Ninth Day…’
The Ninth Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood...

**Warnings:** Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 9 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’

For anyone interested, this is my 202nd drabble for 2013. I made it past 200, YAY!

On the ninth day of Christmas, Torchwood got a call about a disturbance in Asda; an entire checkout queue was doing the cancan.

Owen took one look and covered his eyes, saying something about being scarred for life.

Ianto had to agree. None of the ladies was under seventy; nobody needed to see *that* many pairs of bloomers on display!

Jack persuaded the dancers to form a conga line behind him and danced them into the staff area, while Tosh found the device responsible and switched it off.

All nine ladies agreed they hadn’t had so much fun in years.

TBC in ‘The Tenth Day…’
The Tenth Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

Warnings: Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My tenth drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 10 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’. Only two more days to go!

This is also my 203rd drabble of 2013. Not bad at all!

On the tenth day of Christmas, Tommy Lord found a twinkling cube in his greenhouse and took it indoors to show his wife.

By the time the team managed to trace what had come through the Rift, all ten members of the Lord family, including their two pet cats, had been turned into frogs.

Luckily, they were all inside at the time, otherwise Torchwood might never have found them. As it was, they spent two hours trying to catch the leaping Lords so Tosh could change them back.

Ianto wondered if it was too late to run away from home.

TBC in ‘The Eleventh Day…’
The Eleventh Day…

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas, and the Rift is apparently in a giving mood…

**Warnings:** Random insanity.

Chapter Notes

My eleventh drabble for Challenge 303 – Twelve Days at tw100, and Part 11 of ‘The Twelve Days of Riftmas’.

There are two again today. The first one I wrote wouldn’t go right, but I’ve included it as an alternate Day Eleven. I like the new one better as it shows the cumulative effect the last ten days have had on poor Ianto…

This will also be my last drabble posted this year. I'd originally hoped to write and post 100 drabbles over the course of 2013, but I flew past that total and aimed for 200 instead. The final number of drabbles posted over the year is 204. However, some were double or even quadruple drabbles, which brings the total up to 217. In 2014, I'll be aiming to post 250. Note that I'm not saying *write* and post this time. I still have almost 30 drabbles written in the last month for prompts from my friends that I simply haven't had time to post, so they'll get posted next year.

Happy New Year to all my readers!

On the eleventh day of Christmas, Torchwood found themselves dealing with eleven very irate pipe-layers and half a mile of the pipeline they’d been building in Texas.

Ianto took one look, threw both hands in the air and announced, “That’s it, I’m going home, somebody else can sort this one out.”

Jack looked at the muscular men for a moment, clearly wrestling with temptation, then chased after Ianto, catching up just as he reached the SUV.

“Ianto? Wait, please! I’ll be your slave for a week if you just help me sort this out!”

Ianto hesitated.

“My slave? Well… alright.”

Alternate Eleventh Day
On the eleventh day of Christmas, eleven blonde girls materialised in the Millennium Centre, all talking excitedly at once. Naturally, Torchwood were called to investigate.

After speaking to them, Ianto rejoined the team.

“Apparently they’re contestants in a Billie Piper lookalike contest.”

Owen frowned.

“Who’s Billie Piper?”

Ianto shrugged.

“Search me. Jack? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. They seem vaguely familiar, I just can’t think why.”

“Maybe it’s because they look alike.”

“Maybe,” Jack agreed, then brightened. “Tosh thinks she can send them home.”

“Thank God,” Ianto muttered, wandering away, “Just one more day and this insanity will be over.”

TBC in ‘The Twelfth Day…’
On the twelfth day of Christmas, Ianto had to admit he was pleasantly surprised.

After strange birds, gold bells, French girls, pipe-layers and bricklayers, frogs, turtles, cows, bewildered aliens and dancing pensioners, the steel drum band was a relief, bringing the sound of the Caribbean to wintry Cardiff.

Dancing around the Plas, held closely in Jack’s arms, Ianto reflected that all in all, Christmas was turning out to be quite pleasant after all. One good day made all the difference.

As for the Rift, it breathed a sigh of relief; finally it had succeeded in making its beloved Ianto happy.

The End
Winter Fun

Chapter Summary

The boys sneak out of work to enjoy themselves.

Chapter Notes

For jsks. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone thought Ianto and Jack had gone Weevil hunting, but they were wrong. The lovers had waited for weeks and finally conditions were perfect! A full moon in a clear sky provided more than enough light.

Wrapped up warmly against the winter chill, they trudged to the top of the hill and turned to admire the scene.

Pristine white snow stretched before them, completely untouched as it had only just stopped falling.

Settling comfortably, Ianto asked,

“Ready?”

Jack wrapped his arms around Ianto.

“Ready!”

One push and they were off, flying downhill, whooping with delight!

Sledding wasn’t just for kids!

The End

Chapter End Notes

For the prompt ‘Sledding’.
The Perils Of Boredom

Chapter Summary

Having a computer genius on the team comes with its own unique set of hazards.

Chapter Notes

For star54kar’s prompt ‘Toshiko gets bored and…’

There was a soft rapping at Jack’s office door and Tosh poked her head inside.

“Jack? Could you spare a minute?”

“Come in, Tosh. What’s up?”

“I think I may have done something terrible.” She wrung her hands together, looking worried.

Jack gestured for her to continue.

“I was bored, so I was hacking into various places, just to see if I could. I didn’t mean to do anything, but…”

Jack hardly dared ask, but he was her boss.

“What did you do?”

“I think I’ve accidentally taken over the world. Sorry.”

Jack shrugged.

“At least it’s in safe hands.”

TBC in ‘Empress Of Earth’
Empress Of Earth - Sequel to ‘The Perils Of Boredom’

Chapter Summary

Toshiko rules the earth…

Chapter Notes

A sequel for star54kar’s prompt ‘Toshiko gets bored and…’

There are two endings with this one, it’s up to you which one you believe!

Empress Toshiko the Bountiful, they called her, though she still preferred to be known as Tosh, especially by her many consorts.

Firm but fair, she worked hard to make the world a better place, free from hunger, hate and prejudice. The earth flourished under her reign.

It was the beginning of a new Golden Age, a time when they finally began to make official contact with alien races. Everyone agreed it was a great time to be alive!

OoOoOoOoO

Tosh sat up suddenly in bed.

“Good lord, what a weird dream! Maybe having sushi for supper wasn’t such a good idea!”

The End.

Alternate Ending

Tosh sat up suddenly in bed.

“What a weird dream! Never having sushi for supper again!”

A knock at the door.

“Empress?”

The End.
Ianto goes to Jack’s aid, and gets his reward.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for sendian1, who asked to for a sequel to Deck The Hub concerning ‘what Jack will do to make Ianto's efforts worthwhile’. It's a triple drabble.

Jack stuck his head out of his office again, and barked out,

“Ianto! My office! Now!”

Smirking to himself, Ianto obeyed his Captain’s order immediately. He’d been waiting for this all afternoon. As he passed them, he noted with amusement that the rest of the team were quickly gathering their belongings and heading for the exit.

“Something I can do for you, Sir?” he asked, closing Jack’s office door behind him.

Jack looked pathetically at Ianto, waving a Christmas tree branch.

“No matter what I do, I can’t make all the pieces fit together! Help?”

“You only had to ask.”

OoOoOoOoOoO

Ianto removed his Jacket and tie, rolling up his sleeves before getting down to business, which naturally involved plenty of bending over with his back to Jack. He could practically feel Jack’s eyes glued to his arse, following every movement.

Ten minutes later, the artificial tree was properly assembled, ready for decorating. He turned to Jack, smiling politely.

“There you go, Sir. Anything else I can help you with?”

He barely managed to finish the question before finding himself pressed against the nearest wall by a hot, sweaty and very eager Jack.

“I have a few ideas,” Jack replied huskily.
Ianto’s eyes rolled back in his head.

Oh yes, this was definitely worth waiting for!

A frustrated Jack was a force to be reckoned with, but Ianto gave as good as he got, stripping his captain even as his own clothes seemed to magically disappear. He spared a moment to hope they wouldn’t demolish the tree in their eagerness, then gave himself up to enjoying some very energetic stress relief.

When he was finally capable of coherent thought again, Ianto found himself on the floor underneath Jack. Seemed they’d missed the couch again.

“I should get you frustrated more often.”

The End
Competitive

Chapter Summary

There are mysterious things going on in the Hub!

Chapter Notes

For fanbot. Prompt at the end.

Everyone thought it strange that whenever the whole team went out together, there was always CCTV footage missing when they returned.

It was a complete mystery.

OoOoOoOoO

The moment the Hub was empty, George fetched the chessboard, setting it up on the coffee table in readiness for the players, who took up their positions on either side.

Silence reigned except for the muted click of the pieces being moved.

Being closely matched, complete concentration was required from both players. Time ticked slowly past, until…

“Hummmmm!” (Checkmate!)

“Squawk?” (Are you sure?)

“Hum,” Nosy confirmed. (See for yourself.)

Myfanwy huffed.

“Kaaaa!” (Smarty Fluff!)

The End

A/N2: For the prompt ‘Myfanwy vs. ...’
Out Of Step

Chapter Summary

Jack knows where he is, but has no idea when.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 304 – Time Zones at tw100. Don't know if I can write another one, inspiration is proving elusive for this prompt.

Jack stood in the Plas, alone and feeling exhausted. The Doctor and Martha had left, fading away in the TARDIS and he realised he had no idea what day it was, or even what time of day. He couldn’t even work it out from the position of the sun, currently hidden behind heavy clouds.

He’d travelled all over the universe, was accustomed to jet lag, but this was far worse than crossing time zones. He was out of step with the rest of the world. A whole year had ceased to exist; it never happened. He needed time to readjust.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto can be fiercely possessive at times.

Chapter Notes

For star54kar’s prompt ‘Gingerbread’.

Down in the archives, Ianto looked about cautiously, checking the coast was clear, before opening the secret panel and pulling a tin from its hiding place. Setting it on his desk, he opened it and selected two homemade gingerbread cookies shaped like Christmas trees, decorated with green and red glitter.

He’d just hidden the tin again and settled down to enjoy his cookies and coffee when Jack appeared.

“Oooh, cookies!”

Jack reached for one, only to have his hand slapped away.

“Hands off my cookies!”

“Sorry!” Jack retreated rapidly, chastened.

Ianto huffed.

No one came between him and his gingerbread!

The End
AAAAACHOOOOOOOO!

Myfanwy’s sneeze echoed through the Hub.

“Poor old girl,” Jack sympathised, “winter really doesn’t suit you, does it?”

The Pteranodon croaked feebly.

Ianto struggled into the nest, laden with duvets, and Jack helped him arrange them over their shivering friend.

“Do you think she has a fever?”

“I don’t know,” Ianto replied, “Owen refuses to take her temperature, he’s afraid he’ll lose his thermometer.”

“Oh. Understandable I guess.” Jack winced at the thought. “She seems to like the soup,” he added, pouring another cupful down Myfanwy’s throat.

“Homemade chicken soup cure’s everything.”

Myfanwy sighed contentedly. She felt better already!

The End
Chapter Summary

They’re both scarred.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Scarred Love’

They both have scars, physical ones from bullet wounds and emotional ones from… well, from life taking every opportunity to kick them in the teeth.

Lost loves, parental neglect, imprisonment; few people come to Torchwood undamaged and they’re no exception.

OoOoOoOoO

It takes almost dying to make Owen notice Tosh, see her clearly for the first time. And just as he starts to consider a relationship with her, she almost dies at Gray’s hands. Saving her life cements the bond between them.

At night they trace each other’s scars tenderly.

Without them, they might not be where they are now. Together.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto approves the sexbot.

Chapter Notes

I couldn’t help myself. A sequel, for fanbot’s prompt ‘Sexbot’ and also for red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘Sweat’

“What did I tell you?” Jack asked with a satisfied smirk.

Lying half on top of him in an exhausted, sated, sweaty heap, Ianto lifted his head briefly from where it rested on Jack’s chest before letting it flop back again. Moving took far too much effort.

“You were right, for once. Tentacles are very stimulating, not to mention versatile. And those wiggly bits… I never imagined they could do that!” Ianto sounded awed.

“I take it you approve then.”

“Oh yeah!” Ianto smiled dreamily. “We’re definitely trying that again! It’s going in our personal archives tomorrow.”

Jack just laughed.

The End
Duty First

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto have to work on New Year’s Eve.

Chapter Notes

I managed to write a second drabble for Challenge 304 – Time Zones at tw100! YAY!

This wasn’t how either of them had planned to spend New Year’s Eve, but the Rift had no respect for earth’s traditions, and Torchwood were obliged to deal with anything that fell through, regardless of where or when.

Or what, Ianto mused, dousing another of the slug-things with salt water and watching it shrivel away to nothing. The neon pink beasties were parasitic and lethal, but thankfully easy to track and neutralise.

Nearby, church bells chimed and Jack pulled Ianto into a quick but heated kiss.

“Happy New Year!”

“It’s only ten O’clock!”

“Really? Well, it’s midnight somewhere.”

“Fair point.”

The End
Soap Star

Chapter Summary

Ianto comes across a familiar face in an unexpected place.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 305 – Soap Operas at tw100. So far I have one more written.

It was one of the stranger and more innocuous items to fall through the Rift. Amused and intrigued, Ianto settled down with the old TV guide, flipping through it to see if there were any shows he recognised.

He soon realised it must have fallen through from an alternate universe. Some of the shows were familiar, but the casts were different.

Turning a page, he was suddenly confronted by a familiar face.

“Jack! Take a look at this!” he laughed, pointing to a cast photo for Titans, an American soap opera.

“He looks just like a younger version of you!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh takes the Doctor to buy sweets.

Chapter Notes

I know I said ‘Twisted Timelines’ was the final part, but DarqueQueen7 asked me to write one more with Tosh taking the Doctor to a sweet shop. How could I possibly refuse? It’s a little longer than planned, a set of 5 drabbles.

As Tosh looped the scarf around the man’s neck, he smiled at her, the manic yet infectious grin she remembered from so long ago. She was so caught up in remembering their last/first meeting she almost missed what he was saying…

“You don’t happen to know where I could get some Jelly Babies, do you? I have the oddest craving for them, but I can’t for the life of me recall what they are.”

Smiling back at him, she took his arm, guiding him along the street.

“As a matter of fact, I know just the place. It’s not far.”

OoOoOoOoO

Pushing open the door, Tosh led the way into an old-fashioned sweetshop, the kind with jars of sweets around the wall, waiting to be weighed out into bags.

Small independent shops had started making a return to high streets a few years previously. People had grown tired of the pre-packaged sweets, craving a taste of their childhoods, and enterprising businesspersons had quickly spotted a potentially lucrative opportunity.

Tosh had taken to buying herself some sweets here a couple of times a week. Somehow they tasted so much better from a paper bag, and Ernie stocked all of her childhood favourites.

OoOoOoOoO

“Morning, Ms Sato, what can I get you today?”

“Morning, Ernie. I’ll have half a pound of Sherbet Lemons, please, and my friend here will have a pound of Jelly Babies.” Tosh loved that Ernie had chosen to use pre-decimal weights. It added to the authenticity of the place.

Ernie fetched the jars and weighed out Tosh’s sweets, but just as he was about to weigh out the Jelly Babies, she stopped him.

“On second thoughts, could we buy the whole jar? My friend doesn’t live near a traditional
sweetshop.”
“No problem. That’ll be £27.50.”
Tosh paid with a smile.

OoOoOoOoO

With the plastic jar and a bundle of paper bags in a brown paper sack cradled in the Doctor’s arms, they set off back along the street.

“I feel rather bad. You gave me this lovely scarf and you’ve bought me sweets, and I haven’t done anything for you.” He dug in his pocket. “I don’t think I have the right currency to repay you.”

“That’s alright, Doctor. I’ve been expecting you for a very long time.”

“You have? You know who I am? Extraordinary!”

“Let’s just say we’ve met before. I know some of your later regenerations quite well.”

OoOoOoOoO

The Doctor and Tosh stopped outside an old 1960s police box, incongruously parked in the middle of a flowerbed. Tosh found it highly amusing that not one person amongst the throngs of shoppers gave it a second glance.

“Well, here we are.” The Doctor opened the door. “Would you like to come in for a cup of tea? It seems the least I can do.”

Tosh smiled.

“Thank you. I’d like that very much,” she said, stepping through the door he held open for her.

Morning tea in the TARDIS seemed like a very good way to start the day.

The End (and this time I really mean it!)
Like A Soap

Chapter Summary

Life with Torchwood is worse than a soap opera at times.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 305 – Soap Operas at tw100. I do now have a third one written.

It had been a hellish week, even by Torchwood standards.

A stranger accused Ianto of being the father of her unborn baby, despite the fact they’d never met and she wasn’t pregnant anyway.

Tosh had come face to face with her evil twin.

Owen found himself being sued for malpractice because someone had stolen his identity and injured a patient.

Jack had woken up in the city morgue, twice, and Gwen was at war with her in-laws over a recipe.

“Someone should make a TV show about us. It would be the most whacked-out soap opera ever made,” muttered Owen.

The End
Chapter Summary

Just another typical day on the Rift with Torchwood…

Chapter Notes

For red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘a horse carriage without a driver’

“Just got a report about a driverless horse and carriage in Bute Park,” Jack announced to the team.

“What’s that got to do with us?” grumbled Owen.

“Apparently, it appeared in a flash of light, going flat out, and nearly mowed down a family picnic. Sounds like one of ours to me. C’mon, people, let’s go round it up.”

OoOoOoOoO

Ianto frowned at Jack.

“I thought you said ‘carriage’.”

“That’s what I was told,” Jack shrugged.

“Humph. You’d think no one had ever seen a Roman chariot before,” Ianto muttered testily as he led the chariot and pair into a Harwood’s lorry.

The End
Soap Addicts

Chapter Summary

Jack is corrupting the Torchwood pets.

Chapter Notes

My third and last drabble for Challenge 305 – Soap Operas at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ianto watched in concern. Nosy and Myfanwy were motionless, gazing with rapt attention at the TV Jack had installed. It was a disturbing sight.

Eyes widening in horror as he heard the theme tune begin, he spun on his heel, storming off in search of Jack.

“Jack? How could you?”

“Huh? What did I do now?”

“Myf and Nosy are glued to the TV!” Seeing Jack’s look of alarm, he added, “Not literally, idiot!”

“Thank God. You had me worried there.”

“You should be worried! You’ve turned our pets into couch potatoes! Worse than that, they’re watching Home and Away!”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Apologies to any fans of the soap.
Chapter Summary

Jack helps Ianto feel better after a bad day.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s quote prompt:
“All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt.”
— Charles M. Schulz

It had been a rough day. An alien creature had fallen through the Rift; frightened and confused, it ran into the road and was hit by a car. The driver hadn’t even bothered to stop.

Ianto, arriving on the scene first, found the creature alive but badly injured. He’d called Owen, but despite the medic’s best efforts, it hadn’t survived.

Ianto took the loss hard, so Jack did what any good boyfriend would; took his partner home for some TLC.

“Better?”

“Much better, thanks.”

“See? All you need is love!”

“Clichéd but true,” Ianto agreed. “The chocolate didn’t hurt either.”

The End
Rhys had thrown his back out again, this time playing rugby.

Helping him into the car, Gwen tried to persuade him to see a chiropractor, but he refused.

“I’m not paying some overpriced sadist to torture me! I’ll be fine with a few days’ rest,” he insisted, but next day, he couldn’t even straighten up.

Gwen didn’t know what to do, so sought Ianto’s advice. After all, he did claim to know everything.

His answer was certainly unexpected.

“Ask Tosh, she has magic hands, and she knows acupuncture.”

Tosh was happy to help, and surprisingly, Rhys didn’t complain at all!

The End
Complex Calculations

Chapter Summary

Ianto had set himself a formidable task, but with some help from his and Jack’s friends, he’s come to a fitting conclusion.

Chapter Notes

First of five drabbles for owensheart, who prompted me with ‘Ianto discovers the actual date of Jack’s birthday and decides to surprise him with a little celebration.’

Ianto sat back, grinning; he’d finally done it!

It had taken him weeks. There’d been talks with the Doctor and the TARDIS, help with calculations from Tosh and mainframe, but he’d actually managed to convert Jack’s birthdate on Boeshane into the earth calendar and work out his birthday.

November 15th.

He snorted. That made Jack a Scorpio. Not that Ianto really believed in Astrology, he was too down-to-earth for that, but there was no denying it fit.

Forceful, passionate, exciting, magnetic, he was all of those. Also secretive, obstinate, jealous and resentful, but no one was perfect.

Not even Jack.

TBC in ‘What’s Going On?’
What’s Going On? – Sequel to ‘Complex Calculations’

Chapter Summary

Ianto has a surprise in store for Jack.

Chapter Notes

Second of five drabbles for owensheart, who prompted me with ‘Ianto discovers the actual date of Jack’s birthday and decides to surprise him with a little celebration.’

Ianto realised he’d figured out Jack’s birthday just in time. He had ten days to plan a birthday celebration for his lover, so he decided against a big party and arranged something for just the two of them.

OoOoOoOoO

Jack was puzzled when Ianto pulled up in front of a small hotel just up the coast from Cardiff. He was even more surprised when Owen dumped two bags out of the boot, jumped into the driver’s seat and calling out, “See you on Friday,” drove off with the rest of the team.

“Ianto? What’s going on?”

“Patience, Cariad, you’ll find out.”

TBC in ‘Happy Birthday, Jack’
Up in their hotel room, Ianto sat Jack on their bed and explained what he’d done before rummaging in the bags and presenting Jack with a beautifully wrapped gift.

“Happy birthday, Jack.”

For the first time in a very long time, Jack was rendered speechless; he just sat there, staring first at the gift in his hands, then at Ianto, then back at his gift in complete bewilderment.

“It’s my birthday?”

“Yes, Jack, and since we only have two days here you might want to open that before we have to leave.”

“Oh, right!”

Jack carefully peeled the wrapping away.

TBC in ‘Lost And Found’
Lost And Found - Sequel to ‘Happy Birthday, Jack’

Chapter Summary

Jack is amazed by his present.

Chapter Notes

Fourth of five drabbles for owensheart, who prompted me with ‘Ianto discovers the actual date of Jack’s birthday and decides to surprise him with a little celebration.’

I had no idea what Ianto could give Jack for his birthday, so special thanks to owensheart on this part for giving me the idea for the perfect gift, and for helping me work out all the details. I couldn’t have done it without her.

Jack gasped when he saw what Ianto had given him. Lifting the glowing globe in both hands, he stared as moving images came and went inside it.

“Ianto, where did you get this?”

“I found it at Torchwood House when I was helping Archie catalogue his archives.” Ianto pointed at the next image that appeared, a young boy, beaming widely as he held a toddler. “That’s you, isn’t it? I recognised the smile.”

Jack just nodded. He could barely speak past the lump in his throat.

“It was lost somehow when Boeshane was attacked. Thought I’d never see it again.”

TBC in ‘The Greatest Gift’
Chapter Summary

Jack is amazed by his present.

Chapter Notes

Last of five drabbles for owensheart, who prompted me with ‘Ianto discovers the actual date of Jack’s birthday and decides to surprise him with a little celebration.’

I had no idea what Ianto could give Jack for his birthday, so special thanks to owensheart on this part for giving me the idea for the perfect gift, and for helping me work out all the details. I couldn’t have done it without her.

Side by side they watched the moving images in the globe. Jack demonstrated how the slideshow could be paused on a chosen image, and drank in the familiar, much loved faces of his family and friends.

Images of his parents; of himself as a baby in his mother’s arms, as a toddler, and as a growing boy with his younger brother. Memories of his childhood on the Boeshane Peninsula he’d believed lost forever.

“Ianto, thank you, this is the best gift I’ve even been given!”

Ianto shrugged.

“I only returned what was already yours.”

“You gave me back my family.”

The End
One Hand

Chapter Summary

Jack’s thoughts when he first got the Doctor’s hand.

Spoilers For: Doctor Who: The Christmas Invasion, Torchwood: Day One, End Of Days.

Chapter Notes

For Zealith on AO3, who said: ‘I would love to see how Jack got a hold of the Doctor's hand or his reaction to first getting it.’ This is the short version, but I’m working on a longer fic written as a set of drabbles with an altered version of this as one section.

Jack stared morosely at the hand in its jar. Over a century of waiting for his Doctor and all he had to show for it was a severed hand. He didn’t know whether to feel hopeful or insulted.

On the one hand (the one in the jar), it would serve as a Doctor detector. On the other hand (the one still attached to the Doctor), he was no closer to finding out what had happened or why the Doctor had left without him.

He was trying so hard to be patient, but he needed answers only the Doctor could provide.

The End
Indelible

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s memory is too good.

Chapter Notes

Written for brewsternorth’s prompt ‘a good memory’ on dailyprompt

Growing up, everyone kept telling Ianto he’d been blessed with a good memory and that he should be grateful. They never seemed to understand that he had no choice but to remember, and no control over what he remembered either.

While other people could block out unpleasant memories, forget the worst moments of their lives, he couldn’t. Everything was indelibly printed on his memory in excruciating detail and the worse the memory, the more clearly he remembered.

He took to filling his head with useless trivia in an effort to block unwanted memories, but nothing worked.

Until he met Jack.

The End
Ianto sighed contentedly. Nothing beat a roaring fire on a bitterly cold day. While howling winds drove sheets of rain against the windows, he and Jack were snug and warm, basking in the flickering glow of the flames, soft music playing in the background.

Leaning back against Jack’s chest, a thought occurred to Ianto.

“You know what would make this even better?”

“Both of us being naked?”

Tilting his head back, Ianto peered at his lover.

“Actually I was thinking about hot buttered toast, cooked over the fire.”

“Toast is good. Can we be naked after?”

“I’ll consider it.”

The End
Tall Tales

Chapter Summary

Jack has an endless supply of amusing stories to tell.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Tales’

Jack was a spinner of tall tales, so his team took everything he said with a grain of salt. His claims were far too outrageous to be true, but they were fun to listen to so no one really minded.

Of course, most of Jack’s tales involved sex. There were stories of his sexcapades with boyfriends and girlfriends, humans and aliens; anecdotes about the historical figures he’d bedded during his many years on earth; long, rambling accounts of the hair-raising adventures he’d had with the Time Agency.

No one would have believed that his wildest tales were the absolute truth.

The End
Shopping For Dresses

Chapter Summary

There’s only one person Tosh would trust to help her choose her wedding dress; her best friend.

Chapter Notes

For jsks's prompt ‘Helping Tosh pick a wedding gown’

Tosh knew just who to ask for help choosing her wedding dress, which caused slight problems in the bridal shop.

“It’s bad luck for the groom to see the bride in her gown before the wedding,” the assistant told them, frowning.

That puzzled Tosh but Ianto just rolled his eyes.

“I’m not the groom, I’m the gay best friend.”

Apparently, those were the magic words. Before they knew what was happening, they were inundated with assistants showing them dresses. Tosh felt like a queen!

“Next time I go shopping, I’m taking you with me,” she joked. “I’ll get better service!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is less than pleased with Jack.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for milady_dragon. Prompt at the end

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After a long and tiring day at work, Ianto and Jack headed home, more than ready for an early night.

As he was sliding wearily into bed, Ianto froze.

Something was digging into his arse, and it wasn’t the pleasing something that usually dug into him when he shared his bed with Jack.

Reaching down carefully, he felt around and… Just as he thought!

“Crumbs! Jack, what have I told you about eating crackers in bed?”

“Ummmm, use a plate?” Jack mumbled.

“No, I think you’ll find that what I actually said was ‘Don’t’.”

“Sorry?”

“You will be!”

Jack winced.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘Jack gets cracker crumbs in bed and Ianto is not amused’.
Chapter Summary

Jack ponders on love and immortality.

Chapter Notes

For neverminetohold’s prompt: 'Jack (Ianto optional): the unbearable lightness of being.'
It turned into a double drabble!

As a child, Jack believed being immortal would be wonderful, but now he knew better: It was a curse he would never escape. Even death provided only a brief respite.

He was condemned to live forever, watching everything change while he stayed the same.

Worse, he would inevitably outlive everyone he loved, watching them age and die, leaving him behind.

Hard as he tried to keep people at arm’s length, it never worked. Someone always managed to sneak past his defences into his heart, making him care.

Just how many times could a heart break before it shattered beyond repair?

OoOoOoOo

But what was the point of life without love?

It didn’t bear thinking about.

A hollow, empty, existence devoid of companionship and that precious, unique connection to another living being would be even worse torture than loving and losing.

Although it was his greatest source of grief and pain, love was also the only thing that made immortality bearable.

Having someone to share experiences with meant making memories to sustain him after they were gone.

Despite the agony of loss, Jack couldn’t ever regret loving. He would carry his memories of each and every loved one with him, throughout eternity.

The End
Lurking

Chapter Summary

Something is lurking in the Hub.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 306 – Under The Sofa at tw100. I have another one written and a third not quite finished.

Something was lurking in the Hub.

It lurked in the shadows under the stairs, barely visible but Ianto knew it was there.

Later, he half saw it lurking behind a kitchen cupboard, almost but not quite hidden.

Jack spotted it lurking beneath his office shelves. Unable to concentrate on his paperwork, he went to bother Ianto in the archives.

It lurked under Tosh’s desk and startled Gwen into dropping the file she was reading.

And when they were eating lunch, there it was lurking under the sofa.

“Why’s Dizzy doing that?” asked Jack.

Ianto smirked.

“It’s hoping for cookie crumbs.”

The End
A Natural Mistake

Chapter Summary

Owen makes a mistake, with interesting consequences.

Chapter Notes

For KitandMip, who just happened to mention an image she’d got stuck in her head because of something I’d said.

Also for timelordshines, who wanted something silly, Janto-centric and featuring the whole team. Hope this is okay!

It was a perfectly natural mistake really; the alien tech Tosh and Gwen retrieved looked exactly like an ordinary ball, how was he supposed to know it wasn’t? And to be fair, he’d only bounced it once. Owen was sure Jack and Ianto would understand. Later. For now, it was probably a good thing the Rift pool was there. God knows where they could have been put otherwise.

They seemed to like it, judging by the splashing. They were…

Owen covered his eyes, but he’d already seen too much. Octo-Jack was doing thoroughly indecent things to merman-Ianto with his tentacles.

The End
Nice View

Chapter Summary

Even when you’re in a hurry, you should take a moment to appreciate the finer things in life.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 306 – Under The Sofa at tw100. I have one more written, and one more idea to write.

They’d overslept because the alarm hadn’t gone off, which had started their day badly. Now they were racing around, bumping into each other, trying to get ready for work in a hurry.

“Ianto, I can’t find my braces!”

“I think you tossed them over the TV last night.”

“Got ‘em, thanks. Have you seen my phone?”

“Try under the sofa, something fell on the floor when we were… busy.”

Jack scrabbled about beneath the furniture, arse in the air. Ianto watched, smirking.

“Nice view from here!”

Emerging, clutching his phone, Jack grinned.

“Well, I did win rear of the year!”

The End
Ianto awoke feeling somewhat confused. For reasons he couldn’t begin to fathom, he appeared to be underneath the sofa in the Hub.

He looked critically at the underside. He’d suspected for a while now that it had a broken spring. Apparently he’d been correct.

“Ianto? Is that you?” Jack’s voice came from underneath the coffee table.

“I think so. Why am I under here?”

“Not sure. Something weird is going on.”

Checking the CCTV, the reason became clear.

Two ferrets, one air-force blue, the other grey with red pinstripes, chased each other around the Hub.

“Ah. Guess that explains it!”

The End
Spring-Cleaning

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s spring-cleaning unearths a few things.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 306 – Under The Sofa at tw100.

Spring-cleaning for the first time since Jack moved in was quite an experience, especially when Ianto moved the sofa to clean underneath.

He discovered three odd socks, a pair of Jack’s boxers, a comb, half a packet of mints, Jack’s blue braces, which had been missing for over a month, a stocking… Ianto smiled dreamily, he remembered that night well; Jack had excellent legs!

Three squares of chocolate from another very enjoyable evening, £7.69 in change, seventeen sweet wrappers, a set of handcuffs, a blindfold and an alien porn magazine.

One thing was certain; life with Jack was never boring!

The End
Chapter Summary

The British weather has been causing problems for Torchwood too.

Chapter Notes

Inspired by the weather here in Britain.

It had been a tough few days, the Rift as unsettled as the weather. Multiple Rift spikes had sent the team out into torrential rain and gale force winds countless times, retrieving everything from broken alien toasters to unstable explosive devices and an invasion attempt by lizard-like aliens which failed miserably because being cold-blooded, they hadn’t the energy to fight.

The Rift had finally settled sometime during the night while the waterlogged team were trying to get dry. Now, as dawn broke over the bay, Ianto smiled as a ray of sunlight pierced the clouds. Torchwood had weathered the storm.

The End
Silly Lies

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are really good at lying.

Chapter Notes

For anastasisrick, who prompted me with the lyric: "my silly lies versus your silly lies". It’s about time I posted this, but I’m glad I waited because I’ve re-edited it, made it longer and now I’m much happier with it! This is a double drabble, 200 words.

They were both as good at lying to themselves as they were at lying to each other. Whenever they spoke in anger or in lust, the words they said were never those they wanted to say. Each was too afraid of his own feelings, and of how the other might react; lying was easier.

~~~~~~~~~

“You betrayed the team.” (Don’t I mean anything to you?)

“You killed Lisa, I hate you!” (Thank you for doing what I couldn’t.)

~~~~~~~~~

“I don’t do relationships.” (I could love you so easily.)

“Good, ‘cause I’m not looking for one.” (I think I’m falling for you.)

~~~~~~~~~

“Let’s just keep this casual.” (You’re all I want.)

“Fine with me! Friends with benefits.” (You’re all I need.)

~~~~~~~~~

“See you tomorrow, Ianto.” (I don’t want you to go.)

“Goodnight, Sir.” (I’d rather stay with you.)

~~~~~~~~~

Then Jack left, running off with the Doctor.

Ianto’s heart shattered.

And Jack? He discovered that what he’d waited so long for was nothing compared to what he’d left behind.
When Jack returned, he was no longer afraid to say what he meant, and neither was Ianto.

It was time to stop lying.

“‘I missed you so much!’”

“‘Me too. Never leave me again!’”

The End
Funfair Fun

Chapter Summary

In Torchwood, days off are rare and should be enjoyed to the full when they happen.

Chapter Notes

For angelsphonebox. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack and Ianto were spending a rare day off enjoying all the fun of the fair.

They’d already been on all the best rides, twice, had candyfloss and a toffee apple each, and were now exploring the sideshows and booths.

Ianto won a stuffed monkey on the coconut shy by throwing the ball so hard he split a coconut in half.

Then Jack’s marksmanship won him a balloon that looked like the earth seen from space.

Grinning, he grabbed Ianto, and danced off down the midway singing ‘I’ve Got the World on a String’ at the top of his voice.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘I've got the World on a String’.
Workplace Tension

Chapter Summary

Gwen and Owen are having a go at each other. Again. The others are not impressed.

Chapter Notes

My solitary drabble for Challenge 307 – Special Snowflake at tw100. Not my best work by any stretch of the imagination, but it’s all I can come up with for the prompt.

“You think you’re so special! Just because you have someone to go home to doesn’t make you better than the rest of us, just luckier,” snarled Owen.

“At least I have someone who loves me, I don’t have to get some stranger drunk just so they’ll sleep with me,” Gwen threw back at him.

Tosh sighed heavily and retreated to the archives, in search of more pleasant company.

“Hi, Tosh, what brings you down here?” Ianto asked, smiling.

“Our special snowflakes are squabbling. Thought I’d escape before they tried to drag me into it.”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Wise decision!”

The End
Valentines

Chapter Summary

Valentine’s Day is approaching. Jack and Ianto are busy.

Chapter Notes

For angelsphonebox. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sitting at his kitchen table, Ianto spread glue carefully in a heart shape then sprinkled red glitter over it. Jack liked glittery things. He hoped his captain wouldn’t find a homemade Valentine’s card ridiculously cheesy.

Across town, Jack sat at his desk. Reaching for the glue, he carefully stuck another heart on the card he was making, adjusting it until it was at precisely the right angle. It had to be perfect. He hoped Ianto would appreciate the effort he was putting into it.

Thinking of each other, the two men smiled as they poured their love into their creations.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘card-making’
Creature Feature

Chapter Summary

Torchwood never knows what will come through the Rift next…

Chapter Notes

For star54kar’s prompt, "It's a one eyed, one horned, flying purple people eater!"

They really should have been accustomed by now to the strange creatures the Rift took pleasure in dumping on an unsuspecting Cardiff.

However, the monstrosity now hovering in front of them had come as something of a surprise.

“It’s a one eyed, one horned, flying purple people eater!” Tosh gasped. “Whoever wrote that song must have seen one!”

“Sheb Woolley,” Ianto said distractedly.

“What?”

“The writer.”

“Oh.”

The one eyed, one horned, flying purple creature glared at them.

“I’ll have you know I most certainly do not eat people! That’s slander! I happen to be a vegetarian,” it said huffily.

The End
Chapter Summary

Sometimes loving someone isn’t enough.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Let Her Go’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Owen had only known her a few days, but he’d fallen head over heels for Diane. She was a remarkable woman, especially considering the time she was from, where women were still expected to be dutiful wives and homemakers.

She was different. Her self-confidence, independence and pioneering spirit drew him like a moth to a flame; it was inevitable that he’d get burned.

He loved her, and though she said she felt the same, it wasn’t enough to make her stay.

Despite begging and pleading, even offering to go with her, he had no choice but to let her go.

The End
Good Newts!

Chapter Summary

Torchwood has previously unnoticed residents.

Chapter Notes

For kul_breez's prompt 'conservation'

Coming down into the Hub on the invisible lift, Jack was treated to a very stimulating view of Ianto, on hands and knees, peering into the Rift pool.

“Loving the view, Ianto!” he grinned. “Mind if I ask what you’re doing?”

“We have Newts!”

“Oh. That sounds bad.” Jack frowned. “How do we get rid of them?”

Ianto looked horrified.

“We don’t! I’m pretty sure they’re Great Crested. Do you have any idea how endangered they are? We should consider ourselves lucky, they’re a protected species.”

“Really?” Jack peered at the Newts. “Looks like Torchwood’s branching out into nature conservation.”

The End
Raining Tears

Chapter Summary

Ianto watches the rain on the window and mourns Lisa.

Chapter Notes

For red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘Rain against the window’

Sitting by the window, Ianto watched raindrops chasing each other down the windowpane, the way he used to as a child on rainy days when he wasn’t allowed outside.

The weather matched his mood; it seemed like the sky was crying, grieving for Lisa too. He’d cried for her until he had no tears left, just a hollow emptiness inside him where his heart had been.

He’d vowed to save her, but he’d failed.

A traitorous little voice in the corner of his mind whispered that there hadn’t been anything left of Lisa to save.

He wished it was lying.

The End
Jack had always admired Ianto’s ability to multi-task; he was the master of doing several things at once, moving smoothly between tasks like a juggler spinning plates.

This, however, was bizarre.

A beam of light from their latest acquisition had hit Ianto while he was busily working through his ‘to do’ list and now, despite there still being only one of him, he was somehow managing to be in several places simultaneously, doing completely different things. Jack was getting dizzy just trying to look at him, but Ianto was delighted. He’d done a week’s work in a couple of hours.

The End
Unlucky In Love

Chapter Summary

Tosh thinks about the lack of love in her life.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Don't Let Me Be Lonely’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Tosh had become resigned to the fact that she was unlucky in love. Even before she joined Torchwood, she’d never had much luck with relationships. There were always reasons. She was too shy, too quiet, too smart, too studious.

It didn’t help that she often got crushes on boys who weren’t interested. History repeated itself with Owen in that respect.

She’d thought her luck had changed with Mary, who turned out to be using her, and then with Tommy, who returned to his own time.

Watching a falling star, she found herself wishing, ‘Please don’t let me be lonely forever.’

The End
Chapter Summary

The effects of the alien tech on Ianto may not be unwelcome to Ianto, but they’re seriously disorienting to everyone else.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 308 – Multitasking at tw100. I decided to continue with the idea from 'Keeping Busy'. There will be one more part to finish this one off.

Although Ianto was enjoying his new ability to do everything at once, it was freaking the team out.

He was impossible to look at or to interact with in any way since none of him was in any particular place at any given time. Just trying to look at him proved so disorienting that Jack eventually had to go and lie down. The others just kept their heads down, focussing on their own work to avoid seeing the fragmented, blurry image of their colleague flitting about the Hub like a disjointed ghost.

Everyone hoped the effect would wear off soon.

TBC in ‘Running Down’
Running Down - Sequel To ‘Fragmented’

Chapter Summary

The effects of the alien tech are finally wearing off.

Chapter Notes

My third (and fourth) drabble for Challenge 308 – Multitasking at tw100.

A final pair of drabbles to complete this story. Posted together because they work better that way and it saves me coming up with another title, both parts are exactly 100 words each.

Owen was the first to notice that Ianto was starting to look less fragmented and more… together. There seemed to be more of him existing in one place, as if the fragments were being pulled back together. Instead of just seeing a hand, there was a whole arm and shoulder visible and sometimes, both legs were in the expected place at the same time. If you didn’t look any higher than his knees, you could almost believe that all of Ianto was walking across the Hub. It seemed whatever the alien tech had done to him was gradually wearing off.

OoOoOoOoO

Soon it was clear that from doing a dozen things at once, Ianto was down to just two or three.

Tosh managed to scan Ianto in bits and confirmed that the strange energy he’d absorbed was dissipating. After almost seven hours, he was finally slowing, like a clockwork toy running down.

In due course, he ground to a halt and stood, wavering slightly, in the middle of the Hub.

“Well, that was different.”

“How d’you feel, mate?” Owen asked.

“Tired. Think I’ll join Jack for a lie down.”

Jack had never been more grateful to see just one complete Ianto.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto finds a way to do three jobs at once and save himself some work with some sneaky delegating.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 308 – Multitasking at tw100, and my 50th drabble posted this year! Only need to post 200 more to reach my goal for 2014!

Ianto had been cleaning the boardroom the last time Jack checked his whereabouts, but now the captain spotted his lover leaving the kitchenette with a bag of sprouts in one hand, a bundle of cloths in the other, and Nosy slithering along behind him.

Curious, Jack followed.

Back at the boardroom, Jack peeped inside and saw Nosy, with towels fastened around its body, slithering rapidly around the floor, chasing the sprouts Ianto tossed for it.

“What on earth are you doing?”

Ianto blushed.

“Multitasking? This way I can feed and exercise Nosy while polishing the floor at the same time.”

The End
What They Don't Know

Chapter Summary

The people of Cardiff are very good at ignoring things they don’t want to think about.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘They Don't Know’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

There are dangers to be found in the back alleys of any city: thieves, muggers and worse. Cardiff’s no exception, but on top of the expected dangers, it has its own unique set of hazards that most people somehow manage to remain blissfully unaware of.

It amazes Jack, the way Cardiff’s citizens go about their lives rationalising or ignoring things that would shock anyone else.

Creatures in boiler suits, rooting through dustbins are dismissed as kids in masks. Even blowfish driving sports cars are shrugged off.

It’s left to Torchwood to ensure that what they don’t know doesn’t hurt them.

The End
Repairs

Chapter Summary

Ianto gets called on to fix everything!

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Sewing’

“Shit, I’m coming unravelled!”
Owen’s sweater was trailing a long thread.
“Give it here.” Ianto pulled a needle case from his pocket.
“Thanks, mate!”

OoOoOoOoO

“Damn it, the button’s come off. Ianto, pet, could you…?”
“No problem, Gwen.” Out came the needle case again.

OoOoOoOoO

“Tosh, sticky tape won’t work, your hem needs sewing.”
“I know. I just didn’t like to ask.”
“It’s okay, won’t take a minute.”
“Thanks, Ianto.”

OoOoOoOoO

“Ianto?” Jack stood there looking forlorn, cradling his coat. “Can you fix it? Please?”
Sometimes Ianto wasn’t sure whether having a master tailor as a father was a blessing or a curse.
The End
Mislaid

Chapter Summary

Jack’s lost something important.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100. I have three more written, yay!

Jack had turned his room upside down; he’d searched under the bed, in the wardrobe, even in the laundry basket, to no avail. Where the hell was it? He knew he’d put it somewhere safe so he wouldn’t lose it, but he’d lost it anyway.

“Jack, what the hell are you doing? Look at this mess!”

“Sorry, sorry, I’ll tidy up, I promise.”

“What’re you looking for?”

“I got an overdue notice from the library, but I can’t find the book! I’ll be fined!”

Ianto held up a book.

“This one?”

“That’s it! Where was it?”

“On your bookshelf.”

“Oh.”

The End
The Library Vandal

Chapter Summary

Torchwood business takes Ianto to the local library.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100.

Libraries always reminded Ianto of his childhood. They’d been his refuge on wet afternoons, losing himself in tales of wonder and imagination to escape the drabness of council estate life.

He wasn’t about to have his happy memories wrecked by the Rift’s contrariness.

Stun gun in one hand, Weevil spray in the other, he stalked towards the ‘vandal’ the librarian had reported.

Hissing at him, the Weevil swept books off a nearby shelf and bared its teeth.

One book came to rest at Ianto’s feet and he glanced down.

Frankenstein. How appropriate.

Apparently, the Rift had a sense of humour.

The End
Ianto wandered happily around his local library, relishing the chance to pick out some fresh reading material.

It seemed like forever since he’d last read a good book; one of the downsides of working for Torchwood was that it rarely left much time for enjoying the simple pleasures of life.

He browsed the shelves slowly, reading the blurb on the back of the occasional novel, until he’d made his final choice, then cut through between the stacks to reach the desk.

The last thing he expected was to come across Jack, with his nose buried in a lurid bodice ripper!

The End
The Torchwood Library

Chapter Summary

Ianto has a favourite room in the archives.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100.

It’s a little known fact that Torchwood has its own library.

Deep below the Hub is a large room filled with shelves of dusty books; Ianto found it while looking for somewhere to hide Lisa, and it’s become his favourite part of the archives.

Here the books that fall through the Rift are stored. Shelves full of novels that have yet to be written, by authors as yet unborn. Great works of literature from unimaginable worlds, written in unknown languages. Alien poetry, guides to places never discovered, treatises on the flora and fauna of distant planets.

Ianto cherishes each one.

The End
Tony the Throat was a small-time hoodlum turned big-time London gangster. At least, that’s the way he thought of himself. No doubt others had a rather different opinion of him, but he was magnanimous enough to believe everyone was entitled to their own opinion.

He’d been doing well for himself until he’d got on the wrong side of some rather more powerful gangsters. Discretion being the better part of valour, he’d decided to make himself scarce until the fuss died down and a few misunderstandings were sorted out.

In retrospect, he might have been better off somewhere that wasn’t Cardiff.

Cowering among the dustbins in a back alley, he watched the monster advancing on him, teeth bared in a snarl. He was trapped, there was no way out unless he could get past the creature, and that seemed unlikely.

Just as death seemed inevitable, a big black SUV screeched to a halt at the mouth of the alley and several people leaped out brandishing weapons. They moved quickly and efficiently, spraying the monster in the face then throwing a hood over its head and tying it up. In a matter of minutes they had it stowed in the SUV’s boot.

Two men remained in the alley, one in a vintage coat, the other wearing a stylish suit easily matching Tony’s in quality.

The suited man approached him.

“Are you alright, sir?” he enquired calmly, then frowned. “Wait a minute, I know you.” He turned to the guy in the coat. “Better call in Detective Swanson, there’s a warrant out for this one. Tony Selby, self-styled gangster. Pulled a huge heist a few weeks ago.”

“What did he steal?”
Suit guy smirked.

“It was supposed to be high-end electronics, but this genius stole the wrong truck and got inflatable bananas instead.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto likes to keep in shape, but there’s one kind of exercise he favours above all others.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Isometrics and After’ , one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

As a Torchwood operative, Ianto knew the importance of keeping in shape. Fieldwork could be very physical; chasing Weevils, fighting hostile aliens, carrying all kinds of heavy objects. He did his best to keep to an exercise regime, but Torchwood’s irregular work hours made it difficult.

Still, he swam whenever he could spare the time, went running at least three times a week and even managed to fit in some weight training.

But this was undoubtedly his favourite fitness routine.

Breathing hard, body glistening with sweat, he collapsed in a heap beside Jack.

“Nothing beats sex for a full-body workout!”

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s long past closing time at the library, but something’s afoot.

Chapter Notes

Yes, it's another drabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100!

It’s well past midnight; the library is deserted, silent and still. The only light is from the moon shining through tall, arched windows, laying stripes of silver across the shadowed floor.

A door creaks gently, soft footsteps can be heard, then a thud.

“Ow!”

“Shhhh!”

“Stubbed my toe! It hurt!”

“Could you at least try to be stealthy?”

“I am trying to be stealthy! It’s not my fault I can’t see where I’m going!”

“You’re the one who said you didn’t need a torch, Jack! This is the last time I’m helping you sneak overdue books back into the library.”

TBC in 'Belated Realisation' (Chapter 1072)
Saved By The Library

Chapter Summary

What would we do without libraries?

Chapter Notes

In the absence of a new challenge, I'm just going to carry on with the one we've got, so here's my sixth dabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100.

The librarian smiled as she checked out the books Ianto had chosen.

“Good choice, your kids will love these,” she said with a smile.

“I hope so. Anything to keep them quiet for a while and get them to sleep,” Ianto replied. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, have a good day.”

Books in hand, Ianto got in his car and drove back to the Hub to be greeted by a frazzled-looking Jack.

“I got books!”

“Thank goodness! Okay, kids, story time!”

“Yay!”

Little Tosh, Gwen and Owen clustered around Jack, eager smiles on their faces, tantrums forgotten.

“Thank God for libraries.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Everyone loves a good book – even fluffy aliens!

Chapter Notes

Hmmmm, I think this is my seventh drabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Right,” said Ianto, “I’m off to the library, does anyone have any books to return?”

“I do!” yelled Jack, scrambling to fetch his books. “I’ve got a book reserved too. Just came in, could you collect it for me please?” He gave Ianto his best puppy dog eyes as he handed over his books and library card.

“No problem, Cariad.”

Nosy hurriedly slithered over, its toy cart laden with books.

“Hummmm?”

“Yes, Nosy, I’ll get you some more books.”

“Hang on, Nosy has a library card?” Owen was stunned.

“Of course it does,” Ianto smirked. “Under the name Neil Ayson.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Confused by Nosy’s alias? Try reading it backwards ;)

Bookworm
The Library Of Lives

Chapter Summary

Perhaps there’s a library where everyone’s life is written down…

Chapter Notes

My eighth (I think) drabble for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100.

Ianto scanned the vast, cavernous room; he was in an immense library. Shelves upon shelves of books stretched before and behind him, fading into distance; to each side were yet more. He’d never felt so insignificant. How would he ever find what he was seeking?

Checking the nearest shelf, he started walking. The books were in alphabetical order, one for every human who ever had or would exist. At least he was in the right section.

After walking for miles he found Jack’s life, shelves of books beyond number and beside them his own, equally numerous.

Smiling, reassured, he awoke.

The End
End Of An Era

Chapter Summary

Three avid fans watch the last ever final of their Sunday night treat.

Chapter Notes

A/N: My tribute to the end of the last ever series of Dancing on Ice. Sundays will never be the same.
A/N2: I do have one more Library drabble, but the new prompt went up before I could post it, so I'll post that one to my journals in a day or two.

Nosy lay, eyes glued to the television screen, entranced, just as it was every Sunday evening.

“You know this is the last week, don’t you?” asked Ianto.

Nosy sighed.

“I know,” Ianto agreed, “Sunday nights just won’t be the same. It’s the end of an era.”

“I’ll miss all the sequins,” said Jack.

“You and sparkly things.” Ianto shook his head. “Lines are open, time to vote.”

They reached for their phones while Nosy carefully dialled the landline.

“Who’d you vote for?” asked Jack.

“Ray of course.”

“Same here.”

“Humm!” (Hayley!)

“Traitor!”

They were going to miss Dancing on Ice.

The End
Ianto muses on being the team’s coffee provider.

Sometimes, it seemed to Ianto that his sole purpose in life was to keep the entire team functioning by the judicious application of caffeine, supplied in an easily absorbed liquid format.

Then he’d roll his eyes, mutter something about turning into a pretentious prat and get on with making the coffee. Still, the fact remained that he spent an inordinate amount of time doing just that.

It wasn’t that the others couldn’t make coffee; more that their coffee wasn’t drinkable, which meant the only sensible option was to make his own, and make theirs too.

He shrugged.

It was self-defence.

The End
Owen tries to explain Fluff reproduction.

My second drabble for Challenge 310 – Caffeine at tw100. I have two more written at the moment, but I’m hoping to write more.

“Let me get this straight,” said Jack. “You’re telling me that Fluff reproduction is tied to the amount of caffeine in their systems?”

“Sort of.” Owen looked thoughtful. “Look, it’s not like giving Nosy coffee will make it spontaneously start producing more Fluffs. It’s more that they can’t reproduce at all unless they have enough caffeine in their diets.”

“Then there’s not going to be a Fluff population explosion?”

“Let me put it this way. We’ve had Nosy more than five years and we only have one baby Fluff.”

“So that’s a no?”

“Right.”

“Pity. We could’ve made a fortune.”

The End
Secret Weapon

Chapter Summary

After an exhausting day, Ianto has a secret weapon to ensure the work gets finished.

Chapter Notes

Third of six (so far) drabbles for Challenge 310 – Caffeine at tw100.

YES! 100 words exactly, first try, no editing!

It had been a long and busy day for Team Torchwood, mostly spent out in the field chasing down a horde of harmless but very energetic aliens. They’d finally been persuaded to give up sightseeing and return to their spaceship; now all the team wanted to do was go back to the Hub, collapse, and preferably never move again.

Except, of course, they couldn’t.

There was still the police to appease, Retcon to administer and a general cleanup to be done.

Ianto felt it prudent to deploy his secret weapon and pulled out a large thermos flask.

“Anyone for coffee?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Aliens have come to Torchwood to arrange trade.

Chapter Notes

Fourth of seven drabbles for Challenge 310 – Caffeine at tw100.

Well, this was certainly an intriguing proposition. Not that aliens wishing to trade for valuable commodities was all that unusual; only last year there’d been a group of aliens who’d traded flawless gems for dog biscuits. That had been interesting, but this…

These beings were interested in trading for Jelly Babies. It seemed a strange visitor some years earlier had got them hooked on the sweet treat so they were seeking a supplier.

They’d chosen their trade goods well. Owen had done a full analysis, now Ianto tested the product.

“You have a deal.”

Premium grade coffee beans; caffeine heaven!

The End
Fuelled By Coffee

Chapter Summary

The whole of Torchwood seems to be addicted to coffee.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 310 – Caffeine at tw100. Two more to go. I might post another one today.

It was fair to say that Torchwood Three was fuelled by coffee.

It hadn’t always been that way; pre-Ianto, tea had been Torchwood’s beverage of choice. Jack had always preferred coffee though, even when he’d had to buy it from a nearby coffee shop in order to get a decent cup.

Things were different now. It was entirely possible that without caffeine the entire operation would just grind to a halt. It wasn’t only the team who were hopelessly addicted either.

Jack watched Ianto leave coffee on everyone’s desk then head for the hothouse.

Even the alien plants craved caffeine.

The End
Ianto was dozing and dreaming on the couch, enjoying a break from his hectic existence as general support.

In his dream, he was laying on a tropical beach, palm trees swaying in a gentle breeze, azure sea lapping against pristine white sand. It was paradise at first; then slowly it changed, the beach becoming a desert, the warm sunshine turning to blistering heat.

Two figures were dragging themselves across the baking sand towards him, gasping and reaching out weakly. Jack and Owen.

“Coffee, need coffee!”

Ianto woke with a start.

“Bloody hell! Can’t even escape their demands in my dreams!”

The End
Instant Coffee Blues

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack’s dinner date doesn’t end well.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 310 – Caffeine at tw100. Just one more to go.

Ianto was appalled. How could such a swanky restaurant be so backward in one vital respect? If he were a restaurant critic, he decided, he would definitely not recommend eating there.

The food had been excellent, the ambience pleasant and welcoming, the service faultless, the staff polite and the standards of hygiene beyond reproach. Even the prices were reasonable. He and Jack had thoroughly enjoyed their meals.

Then they’d made their one mistake; they’d ordered coffee.

It had been served in elegant cups, along with after dinner mints, but even beautiful presentation couldn’t disguise the fact that it was instant!

The End
Worrying Behaviour

Chapter Summary

Nosy is exhibiting strange behaviour, worrying Owen

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 310 – Caffeine at tw100.

Owen was concerned. He’s arrived early and found Nosy laying on the steps leading to Jack’s office, immobile and looking somehow deflated, as if it had just stalled halfway up. Prodding it failed to get any response at all.

“Jack, something’s wrong with Nosy. It’s just laying there, not moving.”

Coming out of his office, Jack looked.

“Oh dear. Ianto had errands to run this morning, so Nosy hasn’t had its caffeine fix yet. I think it’s run out of energy.”

Owen sat on the steps beside Nosy.

“I know just how you feel, mate. I’ve had days like that.”

The End
Ianto’s perfectly suited to his new undercover assignment.

As undercover assignments went, Ianto decided, this was about as good as it got. He smiled to himself as he looked around the shelves of books that constituted the private library of the respectable gentlemen’s club. Yes, he could see himself enjoying this task.

As librarian, he would have complete access to all the beautiful old books residing on the shelves, books that required proper cataloguing before being scanned into the computer. The club’s members didn’t use the library these days, but Torchwood would benefit from the information stored here.

Ianto was sure Jack wouldn’t mind him taking his time.

The End
Eyes Of Age

Chapter Summary

Ianto thinks about Jack’s eyes.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Eyes’. This is one of two very different drabbles I wrote for this prompt. This is the serious one...

Looking at Jack, most people would think he was somewhere in his thirties, a young-looking forty at the outside. Then again, most people wouldn’t look further than his handsome face, dazzling smile and easy charm.

Only when you really looked into his eyes was the illusion broken.

Jack had the oldest eyes Ianto had ever seen. Sparkling flirtatiously on the surface, their depths were swarming with shadows borne of pain, hardship, loss and bitter experience. They were the eyes of a far older man, one to whom life had been less than kind.

And they drew Ianto to him irresistibly.

The End
Leprechaun Logic

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Owen try some alien alcohol, with unusual results.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 311 – Leprechauns at tw100.

Owen had tested the alien alcohol, pronouncing it safe for human consumption, so he and Ianto had tried some. Then a bit more, and another glass… It really was very good. Maybe a bit too good. Giggling and clinging to each other, they staggered through the Hub, searching for something.

Jack watched them, baffled.

“What’re you looking for?”

“Pots of gold,” Ianto grinned dopily.

“S’right!” Owen said solemnly. “Can’t be Leprechauns without pots o’ gold.”

“Leprechauns?”

Ianto nodded so hard he fell over.

“Gotta be Leprechauns on Paddy’s Day! It’s patriotic!”

“You’re Welsh!”

“Welsh Leprechaun!” Ianto agreed.

Jack gave up.

The End
High Fliers

Chapter Summary

Jack’s worrying about Nosy again.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for milady_dragon. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Called in to work on his night off, Owen stopped just inside the Hub and rubbed his eyes.

“I must be way drunker than I thought. Could have sworn I just saw Myfanwy fly past with Nosy on her back.”

“You’re not seeing things; I wish you were.” Jack shoved both hands through his hair, leaving it standing on end. “Nosy was napping on Myf when the Rift alarm went off. It startled her, she took off and somehow Nosy managed to hang on, but now she won’t come down. I don’t know what to do! Ianto will kill me.”

OoOoO

Ianto stepped into the Hub from the garage just in time to catch Jack’s last words.

“And why will I be killing you this time?”

Jack’s eyes widened in panic; Owen just pointed.

Ianto looked up, tilted his head to one side and raised an eyebrow.

“Well, that’s certainly not something you see every day,” he commented mildly. “Is this why we were called in?”

“No. There was a Rift alert. This is more of an accidental side effect.” Jack explained what had happened.

“Nosy does like to nap in odd places.”

“It must be a Torchwood thing,” Jack muttered.

OoOoO
After watching the Pteranodon circle the Hub a couple more times with her unlikely passenger, Ianto turned to his team mates.

“Did anyone try to tempt Myf down with chocolate?”

Jack brightened.

“I didn’t think of that!”

“Of course you didn’t.”

Rolling his eyes, Ianto headed for the kitchenette, returning moments later with a bar of Myfanwy’s favourite dark chocolate. Whistling to get her attention, he waved it in the air.

“Come on, old girl. Got your favourite here!” he coaxed.

With an ear-splitting screech, their mascot swooped down, coming in to land a few feet in front of him.

OoOoO

While Ianto fed Myf her treat piece by piece, Jack and Owen hurried to check on Nosy, who hadn’t moved at all.

“Nosy? Are you okay?” Jack sounded frantic with worry.

“You’re safe now, you can get off,” Owen added.

Nosy just lifted its head and glared at them.

Gulping down her last piece of chocolate, Myf turned her head and squawked at Nosy, who hummed back and held on. Before anyone could move, the Pteranodon had launched herself into the air again.

“Ianto, do something!”

“Why? Seems to me that Nosy likes flying. They’ll come down when they’re ready.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Prompt was ‘Nosy takes a ride on Myfanwy’
Lost Property

Chapter Summary

The Rift’s latest gift gets a less than enthusiastic reception from Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 311 – Leprechauns at tw100. There will ve one more, a sequel to this one.

Life with Torchwood was seldom boring, even if the team sometimes wished otherwise. The Rift could be counted on to toss out all kinds of flotsam and jetsam, some of it fascinating, some deadly, some completely pointless as far as anyone could tell.

Now they stood staring at the latest object to fall through.

“Is that what I think it is?” asked Owen.

“Looks like an old pot full of gold coins to me,” Jack replied.

“Wonderful,” Ianto muttered sarcastically. “Guess we should expect a visit from a very pissed off Leprechaun in the near future.”

“Oh joy,” grumbled Owen.

TBC in ‘Reclaiming Property’
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s not going to just hand the gold over to the first Leprechaun who happens along!

Chapter Notes

My third and final drabble for Challenge 311 – Leprechauns at tw100.

“Give me back my pot ‘o gold, ya thief!”
Ianto folded his arms across his chest and glared down at the little man standing in front of him.

“Can you prove it’s yours?”

The little man glared right back at him, drawing himself up to his full height; all of two foot six.

“I’m a Leprechaun!”

“I’m not disputing that. But if this turns out to be some other Leprechaun’s pot of gold and I’ve already given it to you, then I’m going to be in trouble with the real owner.”

“Alright, damn ye, I’ll sign the paperwork!”

“Thank you.”

The End
Voices

Chapter Summary

Jack hears voices on the wind.

Chapter Notes

Double drabble. This one’s for red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘voices in the wind’.

There were voices in the wind. That was one reason Jack spent so much time in high places. He could hear them more clearly there.

He knew them all.

They were his family, long gone and yet unborn. The friends who’d passed on and the lovers he’d left before he had to watch them grow old and die while he remained the same.

They were the people he’d failed; those he couldn’t save and those who would have been better off if he hadn’t.

They were the ones whose lives he’d taken with his own hands. He remembered every one.

Through his childhood on Boeshane, his years with the Time Agency, and the centuries since Rose had saved and cursed him with a single act, he had loved and lost so many good people.

Through work and war he’d been responsible for more deaths than his conscience could bear. They haunted his dreams

But there remained one voice that would never become an echo on the wind; that of the man who stood beside him now, as unchanging as Jack himself.

He would be eternally grateful for the sacrifice Ianto had made in order to stay by his side forever.

The End
Strange Invention

Chapter Summary

Tosh is making something, but what on earth is it for?

Chapter Notes

This one’s for KitandMip, who came up with the idea.

Tosh had been tinkering with the device on and off for days, whenever she had a few free minutes, but the others couldn’t even begin to imagine what it was.

There was something that looked like an Alice band, which had tiny built-in speakers on each side. Then there was a soft, stretchy fabric belt with a small pouch attached to it. Coiled wires like phone cords connected the two.

It was most peculiar.

Finally, Tosh announced it was finished.

“What is it?” asked Ianto.

“It’s a music player for Nosy,” Tosh replied, slipping it on their pet. “An iFluff!”

The End
Owen knows he’s a pain in the arse; a cynical, lazy, sarcastic bastard and he’ll make no apologies for that. He has his reasons and those who need to, know what they are. Everyone else can take him as they find him or get stuffed, and quite frankly he couldn’t care less which.

But for all his cynicism and bitterness, first and foremost he’s a doctor, and God help anyone who gets in the way of him doing his job.

Human or alien, doesn’t matter; if they’re hurting he’ll fix them, or bust a gut trying.

He has no choice.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack test out an educational toy.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Experiment’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack knew what the device was; he’d seen them before though he’d never had the opportunity to try one. It was a sort of educational toy, popular on a distant planet where the people enjoyed learning through being. The effects were temporary, typically wearing off in a couple of hours. He explained what he knew to Ianto.

Ianto raised an eyebrow.

“So if I press that button I’ll turn into something else?”

Jack nodded.

Smirking, Ianto reached for the device and suddenly, instead of Ianto there was a ferret.

Jack grinned and triggered the device himself. Now for some fun!

TBC in ‘Ferreting About’
Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack experience ferret-hood.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Day of the Welsh Ferret’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. This one’s a double drabble

A tiny corner of Ianto’s mind that still thought like a human registered that being a ferret was fun! The Hub was full of interesting smells to sniff at, especially the odd sock he found under a desk, which smelled very good indeed. Almost as good as the other ferret did!

The ferrets played tug o’ war with the sock for a bit, then went romping across the vast expanse of the Hub, which seemed so much bigger to a ferret. They chased each other round and round, up and down stairs, in and out of rooms and under furniture.

Becoming more adventurous, they found ferret-sized holes to explore, wriggling sinuously through air ducts and cable conduits before returning to the open area, where they pounced on each other.

Wrestling the other ferret was exciting! Rolling over and over they nipped at each other, tugged on tail tips and ears, pawed and chewed each other all over. The intoxicating scent of the blue-grey ferret made Ianto-ferret feel quite giddy and licking it, he discovered it tasted as good as it smelled. The other ferret seemed to agree, so they turned their attention to grooming each other enthusiastically. It was bliss!

TBC in ‘Goodnight Sweet Ferret’
**Chapter Summary**

The ferrets have worn themselves out, it’s time for a nap.

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**Chapter Notes**

For the prompt ‘Goodnight Sweet Ferret’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Although it was fun being a ferret, it was also tiring. After all the chasing, wrestling, exploring, grooming and… other things, both ferrets were growing weary. They’d slowed from their earlier mad scampering to a more sedate pace, just ambling about, sniffing here and there, slowly wending their way back to where their adventure began.

Creeping under the sofa, they snuggled up together for a nap, licking each other sleepily.

A while later, the blue-grey ferret awoke; it licked the striped ferret’s head, then driven by an instinct it didn’t understand, moved away, curling up under the coffee table, alone.

TBC in Chapter 273: ‘Weird Awakening’
Some days, Tosh swears the universe is out to humiliate her.

My first drabble for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100. Hopefully I will come up with a few more ideas for this challenge.

Some days, Tosh was certain the universe was having a laugh at her expense.

Despite a brisk breeze, Ianto had decided he’d fetch lunch for the team, inviting Tosh to accompany him. Now she wished she’d said no.

She wasn’t sure what happened, but somehow her wrap-around skirt had got caught on Ianto and suddenly she was skirtless. Turning bright pink, Ianto hastily untangled the wayward skirt from his arm, handing it back and averting his eyes.

“Um, I’ll just pretend I didn’t notice that, shall I?” he asked.

“Good idea.”

Tosh really hoped that hadn’t been caught on CCTV!

The End
“Owen, your flies are undone,” said Ianto.

“Haha, Teaboy, pull the other one. I know what day it is, you'll have to work harder than that if you want to fool me,” Owen grouched, breezing past him and stalking out of the Tourist Office.

Watching him go, Ianto shrugged.

“Suit yourself,” he muttered to Owen’s retreating back. “Just don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Up on the Plas, Owen sauntered up to a group of young women.

“Lovely day, ladies,” he greeted.

They sniggered.

“Aren’t you a little drafty?”

He looked down.

“Shit!”

Of all the days to go commando…

The End
The evening had gone surprisingly smoothly, unlike all their previous dates. Nice restaurant, great food, just enough wine to ensure conversation flowed easily. Perfect.

The bill paid, they finished their coffees and rose to leave when Ianto’s cufflink snagged on something. Without thinking, he jerked his arm.

A collective gasp rose from the other diners followed by applause, and Ianto glanced back to see their table centrepiece and coffee cups sitting on the table while the tablecloth dangled from his wrist.

As Jack started laughing, Ianto handed the tablecloth to a waiter and hurried out.

Their dates were definitely jinxed!

The End
Chapter Summary

Just as Jack thinks things can’t get any worse, they do.

Chapter Notes

Hmmm, my fourth for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100. I think.

He’d thought the day couldn’t get any worse. Turned out he’d been wrong.

A routine raid on a warehouse believed to be housing alien artefacts had resulted in the entire Torchwood team being knocked out by some sort of gas. They’d regained consciousness handcuffed together, their ankles tied and their comms gone.

That had been bad enough, but while they were trying to work out how to get free, the doors burst open and in walked the police.

Jack plastered on his best smile, inwardly cursing fate.

“Detective Swanson! Looking as lovely as ever!”

Swanson smirked.

“Oh, this is priceless!”

The End
Mobbed

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto try a simpler kind of date, trying to escape the jinx.

Chapter Notes

Ummm, fifth drabble (I think) for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100.

Thanks to NinjaGirlRebecca who gave me part of the idea for this one!

“Right,” said Jack, “restaurant dates keep going wrong, so let’s try something simpler. We’ll get takeaway, a six-pack, and find a secluded rooftop somewhere so we can enjoy the view without interruption. What do you say?”

“Sounds good,” Ianto agreed with a smile.

Both of them casually dressed, they queued for their food then stepped out of the chip shop to be confronted by a clamouring mob, begging Jack for his autograph.

Ianto sniggered behind his hand.

“I’ve always thought you looked a lot like him,” he teased helpfully as Jack tried to explain that he really wasn’t John Barrowman.

The End
Aftereffects

Chapter Summary

The effects of the transforming device have worn off by morning. Mostly.

Chapter Notes

This should be my sixth drabble for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100. It's little coda following ‘Weird Awakening’ because I just couldn’t resist…

Waiting to start the morning briefing, Jack sniffed the air. Ianto was approaching!

The rest of the team, settling into their seats at the boardroom table, were startled when Jack suddenly jumped to his feet as Ianto entered with the coffee. The moment the tray was set safely on the sideboard, Jack pounced, sniffing Ianto and licking his face enthusiastically. Ianto immediately started licking Jack’s ear.

Everyone was staring.

“That’s it,” Owen yelled, covering his eyes, “I’m scarred for life!”

Ianto and Jack froze, mid-lick.

“Umm, I think we might be experiencing some residual ferret behaviour.”

Jack nodded.

“Apparently so.”

The End
Foot In Mouth

Chapter Summary

Gwen’s upset and Rhys is tactless. He realises too late that sometimes it’s better not to say anything!

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100, yay!

Storming into the flat, slamming the door behind her, Gwen slumped onto the sofa, coat still on and hood up.

“Not taking your coat off, Gwennie?” Rhys asked cautiously.

“No!” Gwen snapped.

“Um, why not?”

“There was an accident at work.”

“Are you hurt?”

“No.”

“Then why…?”

Gwen whipped her coat off. She was bright orange.

“Nobody knows how long I’ll be like this! I look like a pumpkin!”

Rhys scratched his head.

“Good thing it’s nearly Halloween.”

A deathly hush fell as he realised he’d said the worst thing possible. Maybe one day he’d learn to think before speaking.

The End
Snickered

Chapter Summary

Jack has to head to the rescue when the rest of the team find themselves in a sticky situation.

Chapter Notes

This one is entirely the fault of missthingsplace, who happened to mention that the word Snickered made her think that someone was attacked by a Snickers bar... Of course, my brain just had to take that thought and run with it. So, here it is – a quadruple drabble.

**Warnings:** Eating or drinking while reading is not advised.

The team had headed to the shops, investigating a Rift alert. Jack had followed soon after, listening on comms. as he drove. The sounds he heard were disturbing.

“What the Hell’s happening?”

Ianto’s voice came through clearly.

“The chocolate is revolting!”

“Why? What’s wrong with it?”

“It’s revolting! Gwen’s under attack by a horde of Snickers Bars, Owen is trying to fend off the Curly Wurlies, Tosh is in a pitched battle with some Twix... They’re twice the trouble!”

“What about you?”

“Aero is not as light and fluffy as you might think!”

“I’m on my way!”

“You’d better hurry!”

OoOoOoOoO

When Jack arrived, joining the fray, he found himself pelted by a hail of Maltesers, so ducked to safety behind a nearby shelf. He had a feeling his trusty Webley would be useless in this situation. Ianto crawled over to join him. He had chocolate smeared all over his face. Jack resisted the temptation to lick it off. Now was not the time.
“Any idea what’s causing this?” he asked as Ianto swung a French stick like a baseball bat, sending a small army of chocolate bars flying across the shop to collide with the wall.

“Alien tech, what else?”

OoOoOooOoO

It had been a stupid question, Jack reflected. When it came down to it, alien tech was behind most of Torchwood’s more unusual problems. Whatever fell through the Rift had apparently animated everything containing chocolate, and the sweet treats clearly weren’t too happy with humans.

Jack couldn’t remember ever being bitten by a Yorkie before. Not the chocolate kind anyway. He stamped on the chocolate bar in retaliation then wished he hadn’t. It was like stamping on a rock.

“How do we fight confectionary?”

“With fire!” snarled Owen, lighter in one hand, aerosol can in the other. “Melt the suckers!”

OoOoOoOoOoO

The rest of the team armed themselves and went to work, spraying everything that moved with flaming liquid. Soon, floor and shelves were littered with pools of melted chocolate and toffee; nuts and biscuit pieces crunched underfoot as the sought the cause of the mayhem.

Finding it was almost anticlimactic; it looked like nothing more than a gaily-painted Easter egg, but Tosh’s scanner confirmed it as the radiation source.

It exploded in a very satisfying manner when Jack shot it.

“I never want to see another chocolate,” said Gwen, picking peanuts out of her hair.

The others had to agree.

The End
Unwelcome Visitor

Chapter Summary

Jack’s thoughts on John Hart’s unwelcome visit.

Chapter Notes

**Spoilers For: Kiss Kiss Bang Bang**

For the prompt ‘Bad’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack wasn’t pleased to see John Hart. Having him turn up in Cardiff would never have been a good thing, but his timing couldn’t have been worse.

He’d never been exactly stable; a loose cannon on his good days, when the mood struck he made most psychopaths seem as harmless as Sunday school teachers by comparison.

There’d been a time when Jack had been just as bad, and he hadn’t had the excuse of being a borderline sociopath with nonexistent impulse control.

Hart was a reminder of a part of Jack’s life he would sooner forget.

Jack wanted him gone.

The End
Jack and Ianto have a slight misunderstanding over breakfast.

For red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘Honey’.

Jack sat at Ianto’s kitchen table, reading the paper over breakfast.

“Sugar?”

“Yes, honey?” he looked up to see Ianto offering the sugar for his cereal. “Oh, sorry, I thought we were trying out endearments. Thank you,” he added, taking the sugar and sprinkling some on his cornflakes.

“Endearments? Not that I’m aware of. And even if we were, I wouldn’t call you ‘Sugar’.”

“Why not? Aren’t I sweet enough?” Jack batted his eyelashes.

Ianto snorted.

“Only when you want something.”

“So what would you call me?”

“A pain in the arse?”

Ianto kissed Jack’s pout away.

“You’re my Captain.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is losing his patience with Jack…

Chapter Notes

Okay, here's my eighth drabble for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100.

With Jack away in London, Ianto had thought the several hundred miles between them would allow him to get through some of the filing that had piled up. He’d been sadly mistaken.

He’d made good progress at first, but then the phone calls started. Jack was bored, and when he was bored he got horny. Repeated phone calls from a horny Jack were not conducive to getting work done, so when his phone rang yet again, Ianto snatched it up without checking caller id.

“No, Jack, we are not having phone sex!” He blanched. “Your Majesty, I’m most dreadfully sorry…”

The End
Identity Crisis

Chapter Summary

Jack needs to pay more attention…

Chapter Notes

This makes nine for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100.

Strolling through Cardiff with Jack one warm spring day, Ianto decided ice cream would be a good idea.

“Be right back, I’ll get you your usual.”

Jack, who was in the middle of a long, rambling anecdote, didn’t hear and just continued along, chatting animatedly, waving his hands about, oblivious to the odd looks he was getting.

Waiting to cross the street, he draped his arm around the man beside him.

“This makes a nice change.” Turning to his companion he found his arm was around a complete stranger.

“You’re not Ianto!”

The stranger grinned.

“I almost wish I was.”

The End
Supermarket Shock

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s feeling let down…

Chapter Notes

Right, so this is my tenth for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100.

As Ianto checked his shopping list, a diminutive young woman approached him.

“Excuse me, could you pass me a packet of those crackers from the top shelf, please?”

“No problem.”

Naturally, the crackers were right at the back of the shelf. Despite his height, even Ianto had to stretch up on tiptoes to reach them. As he did so, he felt a strange twanging sensation. He couldn’t think what it might be, until he became aware of a sudden draft as his trousers dropped around his ankles.

His belt had snapped.

“That’s why I wear braces,” Jack commented unhelpfully, smirking.

The End
Mistaken

Chapter Summary

Jack lands himself in a spot of bother.

Chapter Notes

My eleventh drabble for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100, inspired by comments on one of my other Awkward Moment drabbles, ‘Mobbed’

Jack was surprised to see Ianto leaving a pub. He’d told Jack he would be at his sister’s tonight, babysitting so she and Johnny could have a night out. Jack had planned to go over there in a bit with a rented movie. He wondered if he’d got his days mixed up. Ah well, he’d just go say hi and find out.

“Hey, gorgeous, wanna go have some fun?” He gave Ianto a little grope.

That got him punched.

“Mind who you’re groping, I’m a married man!”

“Ianto?”

“Ah, no. I’m Gareth. Ianto’s my cousin. Everyone says we look alike.”

The End
Help!

Chapter Summary

Owen is not too pleased to get called to the Hub in the early hours, but it really is an emergency. Honest!

Chapter Notes

My twelfth drabble for Challenge 312 – Awkward Moments at tw100.

“Thought you said there was an emergency,” Owen grumbled, entering the Hub at three in the morning to find both Jack and Ianto clearly unharmed, if a bit frazzled.

“There was. Is, I mean,” Jack muttered.

“You both look fine to me.”

“We are. It’s Myf who’s the problem,” Ianto explained sheepishly. “I was throwing pieces of chocolate for her and she missed one. She went after it, but she got a bit… stuck.”

Ianto gestured to where Myfanwy lay spread-eagled on the catwalk, her beak jammed in the grating.

“We need another pair of hands to pull her out.”

The End
Unnatural

Chapter Summary

Jasmine’s stepfather finds her unnerving.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 313 – Open at tw100. Prompt used is Creepy Child.

Spoilers For: Small Worlds

I probably won’t manage 12 drabbles for this challenge, but I already know I love it – all those wonderful old prompts to choose from. I’m almost spoiled for choice, I have a short list of 25 that I’m going to choose from, let’s see how many I manage to do.

There was something unnatural about Jasmine. Sometimes she’d look at you with a blank, emotionless expression on her face and it would make your blood run cold. For all that she was just a child, her eyes said otherwise. She gave Roy the creeps.

A little voice in his head whispered ‘changeling’, but that was just myth and superstition. Still, he didn’t like being alone with her these days. Deep down he was afraid of her, though he’d never admit it. What could an adult have to fear from a small girl?

He discovered too late, changelings aren’t a myth.

The End
Fear Of Falling

Chapter Summary

Jack doesn’t fear falling. Or does he?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for tw100's Open Challenge week. I'm aiming for one a day for as long as the challenge lasts, since there's no shortage of prompts to choose from.

This one's for the prompt 'Falling'

Jack loved high places; you could see forever if you were high enough. He had no fear of falling from them because really, what was the worst that could happen? He’d smash himself up, die and come back healed. Or mostly healed anyway. Sometimes he came back before everything was completely fixed, which could be unpleasant, but not to the extent that he feared it.

Besides, if the building was tall enough, falling was actually quite enjoyable, at least until he reached the ground. No, falling from a building was fine.

It was falling in love that he really feared.

The End
Locked In

Chapter Summary

Jack accidentally triggers a lockdown.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for tw100's Open Challenge, this time using the prompt 'Locked In A Room'

Jack groaned, tempted to bang his head repeatedly on the wall. Of all the rotten luck… Today just wasn’t going his way.

The Hub had gone into lockdown, sealing him in the archives. To make it worse, it was his own fault; he’d opened a vial of fragrant oil, the Hub’s systems had decided it was unrecognised and possibly dangerous, and had initiated security protocols. It was actually harmless; the scent simply stimulated one’s senses.

A faint sound made him turn. There stood Ianto.

“Locked in are we?”

“Apparently so.” Jack smiled. Maybe things weren’t as bad as he’d thought.

The End
Spring In Cardiff

Chapter Summary

As a patriotic Welshman, spring is Ianto’s favourite season.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. I plan to post one a day for as long as the challenge lasts. This one is courtesy of the prompt 'Yellow'

Spring had finally arrived in Cardiff.

It was Ianto’s favourite time of year; the air was almost balmy, the sun sometimes peeped through the clouds and people started to shed their dull and heavy winter clothes in favour of something colourful. They even smiled at each other and called out cheerful greetings. It was a vast improvement over dreary winter.

Then there were the flowers. Shy snowdrops gave way to the white, purple and gold of crocuses then almost overnight the daffodils appeared, carpets of sunshine yellow dancing in the breeze.

It was a sight that always gladdened his heart.

The End
Resentment

Chapter Summary

Owen resents Suzie’s replacement.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for the Open Challenge at tw100, this time using the prompt 'Replacement'

Suzie was barely gone and Jack had already hired her replacement, some naïve, still wet behind the ears rookie police constable with no experience or useful skills. Probably never even held a gun.

So she’d tracked them to their secret base, so what? And yeah, ordering pizzas under the name ‘Torchwood’ probably hadn’t been his brightest idea but no one was perfect. Suzie sure as hell hadn’t been. She’d had a dark side, haunted by her own demons, damaged just like the rest of them, but she’d belonged in ways Gwen never would.

Owen was determined to break PC Cooper.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto has plans for Jack.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for the Open Challenge at tw100. The title is the prompt used.

Jack tried the door and wasn’t really surprised to find that it was locked. He looked over at Ianto who was lounging in a chair, watching him with an amused expression on his face.

“You didn’t think it would be *that* easy, did you? I’ve hidden the key somewhere you’ll never find it. There’s no way out Jack; you’re trapped. You’ll stay here until I decide you’ve been punished enough. Just us, in this room, for as long as it takes.” Ianto winked and Jack felt a delicious shiver run down his spine.

He hoped it would take all night!

The End
Blossom Time

Chapter Summary

The trees are in blossom all over Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for the Open challenge at tw100, this one's for the prompt 'Blossom'. I should have noted which prompts the others were for, but I forgot. Maybe I'll go back and add that information sometime.

Everywhere Tosh looked, there were trees and shrubs in blossom; white, pink, purple, yellow, they looked beautiful, a sure sign that spring was here to stay.

Lilac and magnolia, forsythia and laburnum, cherry, apple, pear and plum; every garden she passed on her way to work had at least one, petals showering down around it every time the breeze stirred the delicate flowers. In the park, the bigger trees bore their own insignificant, all-but-invisible blooms, but Tosh knew they were there.

She sneezed for the umpteenth time. Walking to work had been a seriously bad idea. Bloody tree pollen allergy!

The End
Moving On

Chapter Summary

It’s time for Jack and Ianto to move on with their own lives.

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for the Open Challenge at tw100. Today's is for the prompt 'Life After Torchwood'

Today was the day. Jack and Ianto stood together, looking across the Hub one last time.

The new team was fully trained, confident in their abilities. Their leader had earned their trust, loyalty and respect. She would do a fine job of policing the Rift and protecting Cardiff’s residents.

There was nothing left for them to do.

Gwen and Rhys had left years ago to raise their family.

Tosh and Owen followed a few years later.

Now it was time for Jack and Ianto to discover their own life after Torchwood.

This wasn’t the end; it was just the beginning.

The End
Rhys was puzzled. He couldn’t shake the feeling that he’d forgotten something important, but for the life of him he couldn’t think what it might be.

The previous evening was a blur. Gwen said she’d come home late and found him passed out on the sofa; he must have had a few too many. That was odd to start with. He didn’t remember going out with the boys, and he only ever drank that heavily on nights out. There hadn’t been much booze in the flat anyway, and most of it was still there.

Why would Gwen lie to him?

The End
Fallout – Sort of sequel to ‘Suspicion’

Chapter Summary

Rhys gets his memory back.

**Spoilers For:** Combat. This is completely AU for consequences though.

Chapter Notes

My tenth drabble for this prompt. You lucky people, you’re getting a second drabble today because I had this idea for a sequel to the last one =)

“I can’t forgive you.”

“What?” Gwen looked up from her cereal to see Rhys standing by the breakfast bar.

“I remember everything, Gwen. You cheated on me with some bloke at work, drugged me so you could make yourself feel better without ‘aving to deal with the fallout. Only your fancy amnesia drug wore off or something, ‘cause I remember you cryin’, beggin’ me to forgive you. I can’t though. I need time to think, so I’m leavin’. Maybe I’ll call you, but don’t hold your breath.

Then Rhys was gone, leaving Gwen stunned and lost.

What had she done?

The End
Another Confrontation

Chapter Summary

Gwen won’t listen, much to Jack’s frustration.

Spoilers For: Adrift

Chapter Notes

My eleventh drabble for the Open Challenge at tw100. Prompt used is Challenge 90: Beatles Titles. I chose ‘Let It Be’

It wasn’t that Jack disliked Gwen questioning his orders; he neither expected nor wanted blind obedience from his team, was always willing to listen if they had a better idea.

The problem was the way she chose to do it. She always had to be so confrontational, loud and aggressive, in front of everyone. It was unprofessional and undermined his authority.

The others questioned him privately; listened to what he told them as he listened to them. But Gwen didn’t and now she was at it again, demanding answers instead of trusting him.

Why couldn’t she just let it be?

The End
Crossed Wires

Chapter Summary

It’s amazing how much confusion one word can cause.

Chapter Notes

My twelfth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. So, to celebrate reaching 12 again, I’ve written two linked drabbles. They're for the prompt leek/leak.

Because I have so many written, and because I have a doctor’s appointment first thing tomorrow, I’m posting another one now, otherwise I'll never get them all posted before the end of the challenge.

Ianto, being a good Welshman, was very partial to leeks, so when he spotted some very nice ones in the local greengrocers, he bought one. It would be the perfect final ingredient in the casserole he planned to cook for dinner.

He was halfway through preparations when the phone in the lounge rang, so he abandoned his leek on the edge of the sink in order to answer it. He was still talking to his aunt when Jack arrived home, and interrupted his call briefly.

“Jack, if you go in the kitchen, watch out for the leek in the sink.”

OoOoOoOoO

Jack frowned as Ianto returned to his phone conversation. The sink was leaking? Ianto didn’t sound like he was talking to the plumber.

That was odd to start with; if there was any form of domestic disaster, Ianto could always be counted on to sort out the problem immediately, yet he seemed completely unconcerned.

Well, maybe he’d already dealt with it as best he could and was waiting for the plumber to arrive. Jack decided to see if he could do anything to help.

He entered the kitchen, approached the sink and burst out laughing.

Oh, leek.

That explained everything!

The End
Something To Hide

Chapter Summary

Jack is suspicious of people who claim not to know anything.

Chapter Notes

My thirteenth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Another for Challenge 90: Beatles Titles. Thought I’d give this one a go, just because it’s such a crazy song title.

The man Jack had been questioning claimed he had no idea what had been going on in his warehouse, but Jack didn’t believe him.

“I don’t trust him, he knows something and I wanna know what. Put him under surveillance, run a full background check, see if he has a record.”

“He might be innocent,” Gwen objected.

Jack shook his head.

“There’s an old saying on Boeshane, no idea where it came from originally. Translates as ‘Everybody’s got something to hide, except me and my monkey’.”

Ianto snorted.

“What?”

“I know where that came from, it’s an old Beatles song.”

The End
Gone Fishing

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood team spend a relaxing afternoon enjoying their job for once.

Chapter Notes

My fourteenth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 154: Heroes Gone Fishing.

It wasn’t how they’d expected the afternoon to go, but really, there were worse things to be doing.

Ianto waved to Tosh and Owen in their boat across the other side of the pond.

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

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“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“How many have you got?”

“Heartwrenchingly,” cried Jack triumphantly, “We’re winning; this makes thirty eight!” He upended his fishing net and dropped another glowing disc in the bottom of the boat he shared with Ianto. “Steer left, Ianto, I see three more over there.”

Ianto smiled and started rowing. Who else went fishing for alien data discs but Torchwood?

The End
In The Shadows

Chapter Summary

You never know what the shadows might be hiding.

Chapter Notes

My fifteenth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 12: Shadows.

When you’re Torchwood, you learn to watch the shadows; anything could lurk in the concealment they provide.

Dark alleys are favourite haunts for Weevils, keeping them hidden while they stalk the unwary, but there are other threats on Cardiff’s streets. Aliens of all kinds slip through the Rift, from small, scuttling spider-mice, to hulking Hoix… and worse.

Shadows aren’t all bad though; sometimes their dark depths shelter the alien hunters rather than the aliens themselves.

“You know, I have a perfectly good bed at home,” muttered Ianto.

“Where’s the fun in that?” Jack replied, getting down to business.

“Can’t imagine…”

The End
A Dangerous Job

Chapter Summary

Jack knows that Torchwood agents are likely to die young.

Chapter Notes

My sixteenth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 122: The Fallen.

Working for Torchwood was dangerous. Everyone knew that. Few Torchwood agents lived into their thirties; living long enough to draw their pensions was a distant dream.

Each mission could be their last; it was something they’d learned to live with. The only one who could count on being alive tomorrow was Jack, yet despite the danger they all knew they were right where they wanted to be, doing a job that mattered, and that made it okay.

Jack understood how they felt, but at the end of each day he thanked the gods that his team hadn’t joined the fallen.

The End
The team think it's funny, but Ianto is not amused.

My seventeenth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 156: Team Pet.

Ianto sat on the desk, glaring at the team. He was aware that it wasn’t a particularly intimidating glare, but thought it was a pretty good attempt under the circumstances.

The others just grinned back at him.

“Awwww! You’re so adorable, Ianto!” Gwen cooed.

He would have growled, except he was almost sure it would have come out as a squeak.

It was embarrassing enough being turned into a chipmunk in the first place, but if Owen made one more crack about him being the new team pet, the medic would find out just how sharp rodent teeth really were!

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto has some fun at Owen’s expense. Could be subtitled ‘Revenge Is Sweet’.

Chapter Notes

My eighteenth drabble for tw100’s Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 161: Bugs.

“I hate bugs!” Owen whined, batting ineffectually at the swarming insects.

“You hate everything,” Ianto replied, rolling his eyes. “They probably sense that. Or they’re attracted to that godawful aftershave you use, could be either.”

Owen glared, opened his mouth to deliver what would have been a particularly scathing retort, and immediately started choking as he swallowed one of the insects.

Ianto smirked.

“How do they taste?”

Coughing, spluttering and cursing, Owen snarled, “Get the fucking things off me!”

“As you wish.”

Ianto picked up the hose, smiling, and turned it on full, soaking Owen to the skin.

“Better?”

“Bastard!”

The End
“Would you care for some coffee?” Ianto enquired politely, “Or perhaps you’d prefer tea? I have a particularly piquant Japanese green tea.”

“Most kind of you,” the dragon replied. “Green tea would be delightful.”

Ianto inclined his head graciously and poured for them both.

“I regret that there’s no time available to perform a proper tea ceremony,” Ianto apologized.

“Understood. When matters of some urgency arise, such pleasantries must necessarily be set aside for another time.”

Sipping their tea, the two got down to the business of preventing the dragon’s damaged spaceship engines from blowing a large crater in Cardiff.

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy’s nosiness gets it into a spot of bother.

Chapter Notes

My twentieth drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 240: Curiosity Killed The Cat.

Nosy was, as its name would suggest, somewhat nosy. Whatever anyone was doing, sooner or later the curious alien would have to investigate.

Usually, Nosy simply watched, finding even routine things fascinating. It would peer over Tosh’s shoulder at her computer screen or hang over the railings watching Owen performing an autopsy.

One day, poking around on Gwen’s desk, there was a zapping sound and suddenly Nosy’s fluff was standing on end. It gave a startled squeak.

“Let that be a lesson to you,” Ianto said sternly, retrieving the errant Taser. “Curiosity kills the cat, but it frazzles the Fluff!”

The End
Still Not Amused - Sequel to ‘Not Amused’

Chapter Summary

At least Jack is treating Ianto normally. More or less.

Chapter Notes

My twenty-first drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 168: Drabble Missing Scene.

Jack held his arm out to Ianto.

“Just ignore them, they’re not worth the effort of biting. Let me take you away from all this. I have some nuts in my office if you’re hungry.”

Ianto gave Gwen a final glare, bared his teeth menacingly at Owen, and scampered up Jack’s arm to perch on his shoulder, flicking his tail dismissively at his colleagues.

“You’d think they’d never seen a chipmunk before. Have I ever told you how good you look in stripes?”

Jack stalked off to his office, Ianto on his shoulder, leaving the others staring after them, speechless.

The End
Bird Trouble

Chapter Summary

There’s an intruder in the Hub, and Ianto’s at a loss as to how to deal with it.

Chapter Notes

My twenty-second drabble for tw100's Open Challenge. Prompt used is Challenge 191: Avian.

Occasionally, a pigeon would blunder in through the gap left by the invisible lift. They never lasted long, Myfanwy seemed to view them as mobile snacks, usually snatching them from the air before they could even land.

This intruder was more of a problem though. Ianto hadn’t realised gulls could get so enormous, never having been quite so close to one before. Even Myf seemed intimidated, eyeing the bird warily. He doubted she’d attempt to eat it.

Which left Ianto with a problem. How the hell was he supposed to evict a Great Black-backed Gull from the Hub by himself?

The End
Marking Time

Chapter Summary

Jack’s life is on hold while he waits for the Doctor.

**Spoilers For:** Slight CoE for characters

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s quote prompt:

“To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.”
— Oscar Wilde

Over a century on earth, waiting for his Doctor and it never occurred to Jack that he wasn’t really living, just marking time.

Oh, there were moments he felt alive, like when Lucia told him she was pregnant, or the first time he held their daughter in his arms, but they were like flickers of lightning, there and gone almost before he could register them. A match struck in the night, giving a moment of light before the darkness rushed in again.

Day after day he drifted, merely existing, until an unassuming Welshman brought him to life with a kiss.

The End
Ianto returns to earth far into the future.

_Spoilers For:_ CoE, House of the Dead radio play.

Standing among weeds in an overgrown cemetery, Ianto stared at the gravestone. It was disconcerting to see his own name carved in marble, along with the dates of his birth and death, and a simple inscription.

_Beloved brother and uncle_

He’d been buried here almost five hundred years ago, yet thanks to a combination of Syriath, Jack blowing up the House of the Dead, and the Rift finally spitting him out again, he was standing here alive and immortal, a living paradox.

But he didn’t belong here anymore; everyone he knew was long gone.

Now he knew how Jack felt.

The End
Green Invaders

Chapter Summary

Ianto faces yet another of his annual Torchwood tasks.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 314 – Weeds at tw100. I might possibly have thought of another idea, but I'm not sure yet...

Ianto frowned and glared accusingly at the small green frond. He didn’t know where they came from, but every spring it was the same. One day there would be nothing but bare concrete, the next day little green shoots would have appeared overnight, peeping out of cracks and crevices around the Rift pool.

It didn’t matter how inhospitable and unsuitable a place might seem, there was always some kind of plant that would find a way to grow there.

Sighing, he fetched a kneeling pad and his tools. Weeds. They’d end up taking over the Hub if they weren’t stopped.

The End
Weed Control – Sequel to ‘Green Invaders’

Chapter Summary

Ianto gets on with the weeding while Jack watches.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 314 – Weeds at tw100. I decided to continue with the Hub weed invasion, because really, Jack was bound to be watching.

This is actually a pair of drabbles. I could have posted them separately, but I’m lazy today and I have another possible idea for tomorrow anyway. I just need to write it.

Jack stood leaning on the railing, watching Ianto painstakingly digging small weeds out of crevices in the concrete floor and walls.

“You could lend a hand, you know, instead of just standing there watching,” Ianto commented dryly, not even bothering to look up from his task.

“But I far prefer the view I’m getting from here,” Jack told him innocently.

“That’s what I thought. You’re staring at my arse again, aren’t you?”

“It’s well worth staring at,” Jack replied with a leer. “Although I can think of better things to do with it than just stare.”

“That doesn’t surprise me.”

OoOoOoOoO

Ianto listened with amusement and a healthy dose of lust as Jack detailed all the things he’d like to be doing with Ianto’s arse.

“As much fun as that sounds, and believe me it really does sound like fun, I need to get this weeding finished before we get taken over by rampant vegetation.”

“Which begs the question, why don’t you just use weed-killer and be done with it?”

“Oh, let’s see now: Nosy, Myfanwy, Velvet… Need I explain further?”

“Ah. I see your point.”

“Yep. This is the safest way if we don’t want to risk poisoning our pets.”
The End
Like Weeds

Chapter Summary

Jack muses on Torchwood’s purpose while he watches over the people of Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My fourth, and probably final, drabble for Challenge 314 – Weeds at tw100.

Thanks to asia27 who gave me the idea for this one.

Jack gazed down from the roof of the building he stood on, watching people coming and going, busy with their lives, unaware of how close they’d come to losing everything.

The latest alien threat had been stopped, but just barely in time.

Aliens were like weeds. You dealt with one lot and more popped up, some worse than others.

Jack chuckled to himself. That made Torchwood the gardeners, dealing with the weeds so that the less robust plants, humanity, could flourish. He’d have to remember to tell Ianto that; he had a feeling the analogy would appeal to his lover.

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh improves Torchwood’s mobile phones.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The New Mobile Trio, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Tosh was a genius. Anything involving computers and circuit boards was child’s play to her.

So, when Jack charged her with creating a mobile phone network for Torchwood that couldn’t be hacked, she threw herself into the task with enthusiasm.

Adapting the phones was simple, so she went further, creating devices that plugged into the mobiles, converting them into hand-held scanners capable of taking and storing a wide range of readings. Then she added a final innovation.

She called the new phone the Trio.

When Jack asked why, she grinned.

“Because it’s a phone, scanner, and sonic screwdriver in one!”

The End
Little Weed!

Chapter Summary

Some days, weirdness becomes the norm if you’re Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

A last pair of drabbles for Challenge 314 – Weeds at tw100. I'm in a silly mood today and this idea popped into my head, so I quickly wrote it. Hopefully it'll make people smile =)

“Allo, mate!”

The voice came from behind Ianto and he spun around, looking for its source but not seeing anyone; the park was deserted this early in the morning.

The Rift alert was minor, but Jack had decided they’d better check it out anyway. They hadn’t found anything obvious so had widened their search area, separating to cover more ground, to no avail. Still nothing, except for that mysterious voice.

Something tugged at his trouser leg.

“Down ‘ere!”

Looking down, Ianto raised an eyebrow and spoke into his comms.

“Jack, there’s a weed talking to me.”

“I’ll be right there.”

OoOoOoOoO

To Jack’s credit, he didn’t ask if Ianto had been drinking. Ianto almost wished he had been, even though it wasn’t even 8 am yet.

“You’re a weed.”

“Am not! I’s flower!”

“Whatever. Why’re you talking to me?”

“No one else ‘ere. Which way to castle pleez?”

“Why d’you want to know?”

The weed waved a flyer at him.
“Sez ‘ere, visit Cardiff, see castle! Millennium Centre! Norwegian Church! Cardiff Bay! Bute Park! Found park, very nice, now castle!”

Jack jogged up.

“What’ve we got?”

Ianto shrugged.

“Lost tourist, apparently.”

Which was how Ianto became tourist guide to a flower.

The End
Watching The Storm

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack watch a storm.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Forked Lightning’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

From the shelter of the tourist office, Ianto stared out through pouring rain, watching a storm over the bay. Thunder boomed, forked lightning flashed and he relished the raw splendour of the scene playing out overhead. The howling wind drove waves before it and his heart beat faster at the sight. He’d always loved storms, even knowing the damage they could cause.

Strong arms wrapped around him from behind and a chin rested on his shoulder.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?”

“Storms always make me feel more alive,” murmured Ianto, leaning back against Jack’s chest.

“You make me feel alive,” Jack whispered.

The End
Chapter Summary

Myfanwy thinks about her capture and relocation.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Chocolate’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

The wingless one gave her strange brown food. She didn’t know what it was but it tasted good and took some of her sadness away.

She started looking forward to his visits. He seemed as sad as she felt. She wondered why he didn’t eat the brown food himself. He’d feel less sad if he did.

He always came alone, until one day another came with him. Fearful, she took flight, felt a sharp pain, and everything went dark.

She woke in a new place, but it was alright; her wingless one was there too. She knew she was safe.

The End
A New Dream

Chapter Summary

He’d waited for the Doctor, only to find he no longer belonged.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Stay’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

He’d waited over a century for the Doctor to come, imagining how it would be, travelling through space and time again with the two people he loved most, his Doctor and Rose.

Only it wasn’t like that. The Doctor came, but not for him. It wasn’t his Doctor, Rose was gone, and he spent a year chained and tortured, his dream turning into a nightmare.

So he dreamed a new dream, of his Cardiff home, and of Ianto, his beautiful Welshman, who loved him despite his faults.

And he promised himself if he made it home, he’d stay there forever.

The End
Chapter Summary

A sort of sequel to ‘A New Dream’. Jack returns home and seeks Ianto’s forgiveness.

Spoilers For: End of Days, Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Just Give Me A Reason’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack knew that despite Ianto agreeing to a date, the Welshman was still angry with him for leaving without a word.

“I’m sorry, Ianto. If I could do things over, I’d make sure I left a message so you’d know I would be back. I’d just waited so long; I couldn’t miss the chance. I didn’t know if I’d ever get another one.”

“I understand that, Jack. I do. But it doesn’t change the fact that you abandoned us. Abandoned me. Just give me one good reason why I should forgive you.”

“Because I love you.”

It was reason enough.

The End
One Hell Of A Life

Chapter Summary

A lot can change in fifty years, but some things just get better.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Helluva Life’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

They sat side by side on the park bench, an elderly couple enjoying the warm summer sunshine as they watched children play. Many years ago they’d done the same thing, but back then the children had been their own sons and daughters.

Cardiff had changed dramatically in the last fifty years, but Bute Park remained a green oasis in the heart of the city; it had always been one of their favourite places.

Tosh squeezed Owen’s hand.

“What are you thinking about?”

He smiled at his wife.

“We’ve had one hell of a life, but I wouldn’t change a thing.”

The End
Alfresco

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto go on an unusual date.

Chapter Notes

For angelsphonebox’s prompt ‘Sitting by the fire’

Ianto poked another stick into the fire and watched sparks fly up into the night sky. Even though it was early summer, the night air was still a bit chilly and the heat from the fire was pleasant.

Dumping another armload of dry driftwood nearby, Jack dropped to the sand beside him.

“Is it hot enough to start cooking yet?”

“Almost, I think. Better get the food from the car.”

Jack leant in for a quick kiss.

“Be right back!”

Ianto smiled. When Jack asked him on a date, a cookout on the beach was the last thing he’d expected!

The End
New Toy

Chapter Summary

Tosh and Ianto have created a new toy for Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

The first of a series of drabbles for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. There are three so far, not sure how many more I'll write, just got to see where it goes.

“It’s a drone,” Tosh explained, showing off the device she and Ianto had invented. “It’ll let us see what’s come through the Rift before we get there. We enter the coordinates of the Rift spike, the drone takes the shortest route and relays hi-def video to the Hub and SUV, along with other data, radiation levels, temperature, composition and so on.”

“And if a living creature comes through, the drone can follow and keep track of it for us,” Ianto added.

Jack grinned.

“I've said it before, you two are geniuses! This is gonna be invaluable. Can we test it?”

TBC in ‘First Test’
First Test – Sequel to ‘New Toy’

Chapter Summary

Time to give the drone a test run, but they’ve overlooked something important.

Chapter Notes

Part Two of the Drone series for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100.

They really should have known Jack would want to test the new toy immediately. He had a boy’s love of gadgets, Ianto thought it kind of cute the way his eyes would light up and he’d practically bounce with eagerness to try out something new.

Tosh decided to do the drone’s first fully operational trial run inside the Hub, so they could observe how it responded when flown by remote control as well as on autopilot.

Everything went perfectly, until Myfanwy caught it in midair, carrying it to her aerie. Ianto had to bribe her with chocolate to retrieve it.

TBC in ‘Second Test’
Chapter Summary

Better luck second time? Well, sort of…

Chapter Notes

Part three of the Drone series for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. I have two more parts written, and there will be at least one more after that.

They took the precaution of shutting Myfanwy in her aerie before re-testing the repaired drone. It hadn’t been badly damaged, but the bent propeller would have caused steering problems and she’d managed to knock the flight rotor off. Tosh and Ianto redesigned the mount to make it stronger.

This time, everything was going well until Jack tried using the manual controls without switching off the autopilot.

The poor drone, confused by conflicting instructions, spun around in circles for a moment, then crashed into the wall, bending the propeller again.

Everyone winced.

Despite that, Tosh declared the test successful. Sort of.

TBC in ‘Third Time Lucky’
Chapter Summary

Is it a case of third time’s the charm?

Chapter Notes

Fourth Part of the Drone Series for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. I have two double drabbles written and there will be at least one more part after that, so I MIGHT post the next part later today. No promises though.

“You have to turn off autopilot before trying to fly it manually,” Tosh explained patiently. “Then it won’t crash like that.”

“Don’t bet on that,” Owen piped up. “We’ve all seen how Jack drives.”

“He’s an experienced pilot, I’m sure it’ll be fine.” Tosh had confidence in Jack’s abilities even if no one else did.

Truthfully, Jack was better at piloting than driving and this time the Hub test went beautifully. The drone was soon zipping about, pausing to hover over various items, collecting and transmitting data.

Everything went so well Tosh decided they were ready to start field tests.

TBC in ‘I Spy’
I Spy - Sequel to ‘Third Time Lucky?’

Chapter Summary

Jack tests the drone’s spying capabilities.

Chapter Notes

The fifth part of the Drone series for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100.

Naturally, once the decision was made to field test the drone, the Rift decided not to cooperate. There wasn’t so much as a hiccup from it for five long days; the team was left twiddling their thumbs, waiting for something to happen.

Jack was happy though, practising with the manual controls. Not that he actually needed the practice. Ianto suspected that was just a convenient excuse to spy on the team, or rather, on Ianto himself. He refused to give Jack the satisfaction of startling him and kept track of the drone’s whereabouts at all times.

Or so he thought.

OoOoOoOoO

Ianto stripped off his overalls after cleaning the cells and stepped into the shower; the alien they’d brought in last week smelled dreadful, it would be a relief to wash away the stink.

The shower room door was locked for privacy, the noise of the water cascading over him effectively drowned out other sounds; knowing that no one would hear him, Ianto started singing.

Belting out his favourite song, he turned around and there was the drone, hovering outside the shower.

Fuck! Jack must have flown it down here before Ianto arrived!

He was SO going to pay for this!

TBC in ‘Field Testing Begins’
Before Ianto could plan his revenge, the Rift decided to wake up.

Alarms started blaring while he was dressing and the drone headed for the door, jiggling impatiently to be let out.

Ianto rolled his eyes, reminding himself that it was just a machine; the impatience was all Jack’s, desperate to finally try his new toy in the field. Well, Jack could wait for him to put his shoes on; there was no way he was walking to the main Hub barefoot.

When he finally opened the door, the drone zipped out, heading for the stairs with Ianto trailing behind.

OoOoOoOoO

Once the drone was programmed with the Rift spike’s coordinates, Ianto placed it on the invisible lift, sending it to the surface before joining the others in the SUV.

By the time he climbed into the passenger seat, Tosh already had their new toy airborne and was tracking it on her computers.

It was performing well so far, taking the most direct route possible, navigating smoothly around obstacles at an altitude of thirty metres. Already halfway to its programmed destination while they were barely underway due to the early evening traffic, Tosh said it should arrive well ahead of them.

TBC in ‘Identified’
Chapter Summary

The team are less than delighted by what the Rift has dumped in their city.

Chapter Notes

Part seven of the Drone Series for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100, which means I’ve run out and need to get the next part written. This is another pair of drabbles.

The SUV was still approximately twenty minutes away from their destination when Tosh reported that the drone was approaching its programmed coordinates. It had made good time having only been airborne for seven minutes.

“Let me see if I can zoom in on whatever it was that came through.” Tosh’s fingers flew over her computer keys, sending instructions to the drone’s onboard processors, commanding it to hover and scan the area with its high-resolution cameras and sensor array.

Pictures started to come in, but what the team saw in living colour on their screens was a less than welcome sight.

OoOoOoOoO

A familiar figure dressed in a red jacket and grubby jeans leant idly against a wall, smoking a cigarette, a few metres from where the Rift had opened. Even as they watched, he looked up at the drone and gave a jaunty little wave.

Captain John Hart.

“Bugger,” Ianto commented succinctly.

Jack smirked.

“Better not let Hart hear you say that; he’ll take you up on the offer.”

Ianto gave Jack a filthy look.

“In his dreams! If I get my hands on him, I guarantee he won’t enjoy the experience. Two of my friends almost died because of him.”

TBC in ‘Taking Hart’
Taking Hart - Sequel to ‘Identified’

Chapter Summary

The team arrive on the scene to take Hart into custody.

Chapter Notes

I think this is the eighth part of the Drone Series for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. I have one more part written, which means I need to write some more...

“Tosh, when we modify the drone we’re adding a laser, maybe a machine gun,” Ianto told his friend as he glared at his screen.

Tosh kept her head down, hiding her smile.

“The laser’s a possibility; a machine gun wouldn’t be practical, it would add too much weight.”

“Pity. How long ‘til we get there?” That question was aimed at Jack who was driving, staring grimly ahead.

“Five minutes. Hang on to your seats, this could get a bit rough,” Jack replied, hitting the flashing lights and stamping on the accelerator.

No one complained; they all had scores to settle.

OoOoOoOoO

The SUV screeched to a halt and the team piled out, surrounding Hart, their guns aimed at various parts of his anatomy. Hart didn’t seem the least bit perturbed.

“Well, if it isn’t team Torchwood, been wondering when you’d show up. Figured that must be yours.” He pointed up at the drone, where it was still hovering above, recording the scene, then turned to Tosh. “Nifty little toy, you make it?”

Tosh nodded.

“With Ianto’s help.”

“Eye Candy? Huh, never figured you’d have brains as well!”

Jack shoved Hart against the wall.

“Owen, frisk and cuff him. Don’t be gentle.”

TBC in ‘Questions’
Questions - Sequel to ‘Taking Hart’

Chapter Summary

The questioning begins, but Hart’s answers aren’t what the team were expecting.

Chapter Notes

What's this, the ninth part of the Drone Series? Well, anyway, it's another drabble pair for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. The neverending story continues...

With Hart relieved of the weapons the drone had detected and securely cuffed, Jack holstered his Webley, standing before his nemesis, arms folded over his chest.

“What d’you want, Hart? Didn’t I make myself clear enough last time you were here? You’re not welcome in my city, Cardiff’s barely recovered from your last visit.”

“Hey! I already said I was sorry; wasn’t exactly given a choice y’know. Thought we’d made our peace over that.”

“Only on the understanding that you’d leave and never come back,” Jack snapped. “What’s important enough to bring you back to earth?”

“Back? I never left!”

OoOoOoOoO

“Never left? What’re you talking about? We got a Rift alert, and here you are.”

“Oh, I’m here alright. Picked up the alert on this.” Hart held up his wrist strap. “Thought I’d stop by, see what was goin’ on, maybe lend a hand. Got here just ahead of your busy bee there.” He gestured in the general direction of the hovering drone without bothering to look.

“You didn’t come through the Rift?” Tosh asked.

“Nah, don’t need the Rift for short hops planetside, the teleport function’s enough.”

“So if it wasn’t you, what caused the Rift spike?” asked Ianto.

TBC in ‘Answers’
Hart smirked at the team; Ianto resisted the temptation to rearrange his face a little.

“I asked you a question.”

“Oh come on, lighten up! All business all the time; it’s not a good look on you.”

Ianto gritted his teeth, praying for patience.

“What came through the Rift?”

“Don’t know, didn’t see. Whatever it was, it had already gone when I got here.”

“Gone where?”

“If I knew that, I’d have gone after it. Figured your doohickey could track it.” Hart glanced towards the drone.

“Tosh?”

“On it; scanning for Rift residue.” She paused. “Okay, I have a trail.”

OoOoOoOoO

With Tosh and their drone leading the way, Torchwood set off tracking the mysterious new arrival.

Hart went with them; he wasn’t given any choice in the matter, frogmarched along between Owen and Gwen. Not that he seemed to mind; in fact he looked like he was thoroughly enjoying himself. Jack found his attitude annoying.

“Why exactly are you here, John?”

“I was bored, alright? Earth’s not exactly the Vegas Galaxy. Thought maybe if I did something useful, you’d let me stick around for a bit.” He shrugged awkwardly.

“If you’re so bored, why not leave earth?”

“Because I can’t.”
TBC in ‘Revelations’
Revelations - Sequel to ‘Answers’

Chapter Summary

The team find out a little of what Hart has been up to – and why.

Chapter Notes

The eleventh part of the Drone Series, written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100.

Jack stopped so suddenly, Ianto walked straight into him.

“A little warning would have been nice,” Ianto complained, rubbing his nose.

“Sorry,” Jack apologized, wincing in sympathy.

Everybody else stopped too, the drone hovering overhead. Jack turned to Hart.

“What the hell d’you mean you can’t leave?”

Hart’s shoulders slumped.

“Gray must’ve done something to my Vortex Manipulator, set a booby-trap. When I tried to leave earth, most of the main circuits got fried. The teleport still works for short-range jumps, I can just about travel from one end of this quaint little island to the other, but that’s it.

OoOoOoOoO

As revelations went, that was surprising. Gwen had to ask.

“What have you been doing for the last few months then?”

“Sightseeing mostly.”

“I can imagine the kind of sights you’ve been seeing,” Ianto muttered.

“Hey, be nice, Eye Candy! I’ve stayed out of trouble. Mostly. You lot would’ve heard about it otherwise.”

“How’d you get money?”

“Gambling, mostly. And before you ask, no, I didn’t cheat. Won fair ‘n’ square. Just picked easy marks.”

Just then, the drone started beeping madly.

“Whatever came through the Rift is heading our way!” said Tosh.
“We’ll discuss this later,” Jack told Hart.

TBC in ‘Brief Visitor’
Brief Visitor - Sequel to ‘Revelations’

Chapter Summary

What came through the Rift is finally revealed. Briefly.

Chapter Notes

Part twelve of the Drone Series. Written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. There is an end to this series somewhere, I just haven't found it yet, so forgive me for droning on...

“Can you tell what it is yet?” Jack demanded impatiently.

“No, sorry, but it’s close, we should be able to see it.” Tosh frowned at the drone’s sensor data on her PDA. “It must be invisible!”

Looking around, Hart groaned.

“Oh, you have got to be kidding! Here I was hoping it would be something dangerous, so I could be all heroic, save your lives and earn your undying gratitude. Or something.”

“What? Do ya see it?” Jack turned slowly in circle, right hand on his Webley.

“Over there.” Hart nodded towards some bushes where something was hovering, shimmering softly.

OoOoOoOoO

They watched the hazy creature drifting lazily among the roses in someone’s garden while the drone filmed it.

“What is it?” asked Tosh.

“People call them Wisps. They’re harmless wanderers, plant collectors, mostly energy. It’ll take specimens then leave, that’s what they always do. Legend has it they’re from another dimension, where every plant that ever existed flourishes. Load of bollocks if you ask me.”

“We didn’t ask you!”

Even as they watched, the Wisp snipped cuttings from the bushes then winked out of existence.

“Well that was kind of anticlimactic,” Ianto commented.

“I thought it was beautiful,” Tosh sighed.

TBC in ‘Field Tested’
Field Tested - Sequel to ‘Brief Visitor’

Chapter Summary

The field test is over, but they still have Hart to deal with.

Chapter Notes

Um, part thirteen of the Drone Series, written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. I swear this will end sometime, I'm just not sure when. Or how...

“What a waste of time,” Jack grumbled.

“Not a complete waste. At least now we know the drone’s effective in the field,” Ianto pointed out. “There’re some modifications we might want to add…”

“We’re still not installing a machine gun,” Tosh told him.

“I was thinking more along the lines of some kind of stealth capability so it won’t be spotted by the wrong people.” Ianto looked straight at Hart.

“I’m hurt.” Hart attempted a wounded puppy expression. It was nowhere near as effective as Jack’s.

Jack glared at him.

“Shut up. Haven’t decided what to do with you yet.”

OoOoOoOoO

With the Wisp gone and nothing left for the team to do, they made their way back to the SUV, taking Hart along with them. None of them trusted him left to his own devices; it seemed altogether safer for all concerned to have him where they could keep a close eye on him.

Tosh landed the drone, powering it down before loading it in the boot. She was pleased with the field test; it had gone better than she’d hoped and they’d even collected data on a previously unknown alien.

The only fly in the ointment was Captain Hart.

TBC in ‘Options’
Options - Sequel to ‘Field Tested’

Chapter Summary

Time to discuss what to do with Hart. They don’t have a lot of practical choices.

Chapter Notes


The team watched Jack pacing back and forth in front of their prisoner.

“What’re our options?”

“We can’t let him go, there’s no telling what he’d get up to,” Ianto sighed. “On the other hand, I doubt any of us like the idea of keeping him around.”

There were murmurs of agreement.

“If I can fix his VM, we could send him off-world,” Tosh suggested, glancing away from the drone’s readouts.

“We could lock him in with Janet, I’m sure she’d enjoy the company,” said Owen.

“Or I could just shoot him and be done with it.” Ianto sounded hopeful.

OoOoOoOoO

Hart listened intently as the team discussed his fate. It wasn’t encouraging.

“Hey, don’t I get any say in this?”

Jack spun around, glaring at his ex-partner.

“No, I don’t trust you as far as I could throw you.”

“But I’d make a great Torchwood agent!”

“What part of ‘I don’t trust you’ don’t you understand?”

“I could be useful! I’m fluent in alien languages, what I don’t know about weapons isn’t worth knowing, and I can teleport, reach Rift events even before your drone. I’d be an asset!”

“More like an ass,” muttered Owen.

“Come on, you need me!”

TBC in ‘Booted’
Booted - Sequel to ‘Options’

Chapter Summary

Some discussions probably shouldn’t be held in public. Time to return to base.

Chapter Notes

If I’m counting correctly, this is part fifteen of the Drone Series, written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. I do have a destination in mind now...

Jack was astounded.

“Need you? Yeah, about as much as I need a hole in the head! At your best, you’re a loose cannon. We have a shaky enough relationship with the local police as it is; with you on the team, we’d all be in jail before the week was out!”

“So I have a few issues with authority, who doesn’t?”

Jack actually growled.

“Tosh, see that the drone is secure, we’re going back to the Hub.”

“What about Hart?” asked Owen. “It’ll be a bit cramped with four in the back seat.”

“Then shove him in the boot.”

OoOoOoOoO

The drive to the Hub was punctuated by loud and inventive curses from the boot.

Tosh had done as Jack asked, securing the drone so it wouldn’t get damaged; it was a delicate piece of machinery after all. No one had bothered to do the same for Hart though, and Jack was driving with more than his usual recklessness. Ianto suspected it was a kind of revenge.

The team suffered the jouncing with their usual stoicism, they were all well used to Jack’s driving. If Hart wound up with the odd bruise or broken bone, well, he probably deserved it.

TBC in ‘Ideas & Invites’
Ianto and Hart sat around the coffee table sipping from steaming mugs of Ianto’s best brew, while their ‘guest’, chained to the nearest convenient railing, continued to annoy them.

Ianto had grudgingly offered Hart coffee too, so now they were having to endure moans of appreciation even more pornographic in nature than Jack’s tended to be. It wasn’t easy to ignore Hart, but they did their best while discussing the drone’s need for some kind of stealth capability to prevent it drawing undue attention.

“A perception filter would be ideal,” Tosh commented.

“And I know just where to get one,” Jack smirked.

Since The Year That Never Was, the Doctor had gradually come to accept Jack’s abnormality. While he still wasn’t comfortable in the immortal’s presence, he bore his discomfort silently for the sake of their friendship. After all, Jack was one of the few people who would actually outlive the Doctor; it would be foolish to reject his friendship over something that was beyond his control.

So when the Captain phoned to request the Doctor’s assistance in adding a perception filter to a reconnaissance drone the brilliant Ms Sato had invented, he set the TARDIS controls for a visit to Torchwood.

TBC in ‘Welcoming Visitors’
At the now familiar sound of the TARDIS materialising, the team wandered over to greet their visitor.

The last couple of times the Doctor had stopped by, he’d been alone, but now it seemed he’d acquired a new companion.

“Bloody hell! What is this place? Looks like the Bat Cave or something!”

“Donna Noble, welcome to the Torchwood Hub!” the Doctor said, grinning manically as he bounced on the balls of his feet. “Brilliant, isn’t it? They even have a Pteranodon!”

“You’re ‘aving me on!”

“Nope! Jack, Ianto, good to see you! Ah, Toshiko! Now, where’s this drone of yours?”

OoOoOoOoO

“Hang on a mo, Spaceman, how about some proper introductions before you swan off?”

The Doctor ignored her, heading over to Tosh, eager to see her new invention.

“Drone! Isn’t that a great word? Droooooone!”

Jack and Ianto shared a look then turned to Donna.

“Ms Noble?”

“Hello, handsome!”

“I’m Captain Jack Harkness. This is my partner, Ianto Jones, Dr. Owen Harper, Gwen Cooper, and Toshiko Sato, resident genius.”

Tosh waved then turned back to the Doctor.

Donna eyed Jack and Ianto.

“Typical. The pretty ones are always gay or taken. So why’s there a bloke chained to your railings?”
TBC in ‘Interesting Offers’
Interesting Offers - Sequel to ‘Welcoming Visitors’

Chapter Summary

With the Doctor occupied, something else capture’s Donna’s interest.

Chapter Notes

My 150th drabble post this year! (It’s probably closer to 170 individual drabbles what with all the double drabbles I’ve been posting, but I’m only counting the number of times I’ve posted one or more Torchwood drabbles.)
This is also Part 18 of the Drone series! Written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100.

N.B. The second drabble of this pair sort of switches to Hart’s POV.

Jack scowled at Hart.

“That’s keeping him out of trouble. He’s an unwanted visitor; we can’t decide what to do with him. Excuse me, there’s something I need to ask the Doc.” Jack strolled over to where his friend was rhapsodising over Tosh’s drone.

Ianto turned to Donna

“Would you like a coffee?”

“Oooh, please! I’m parched. The Doc makes a mean cuppa, but he can’t make coffee to save his life.”

“Oi, Eye Candy!” Hart yelled, holding up his mug. “Do I get a refill?”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“What did your last slave die of?”

“Hey! Chained here!”

OoOoOoOoO

As Jack’s visitor droned on in the background, the redhead turned to Hart. He stared back appreciatively.

She wasn’t the most beautiful woman he’d ever seen, but she was feisty. And that red hair! She’d be a real handful.

Sauntering towards him, she stopped just out of reach, looking him up and down.

“Well you’re a bit of alright.” She offered her hand. “Donna Noble, and who might you be?”
Hart took her hand, kissing it gallantly.

“Captain John Hart, at your service. And believe me, Red, I wouldn’t say no to servicing you!”

“Cheeky! I think I like you!”

TBC in ‘Begging’
Jack seeks the Doctor’s help, and he’s not above begging.

**Spoilers:** Very slight for Fragments/Exit Wounds and Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

Part Nineteen of the Drone series, written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. I’m hoping to get Part Twenty up later today, if I can fit it in.

“Doc, I know you’re busy with the drone, but could you spare a minute?”

“Jack! What can I do for you?” The Doctor grinned toothily.

“See the guy over there?”

“I wanted to ask about that. Why’s he chained up? That’s a bit harsh don’t you think?”

“Trust me, it’s warranted. He was my partner at the Time Agency. Came looking for me, hurt my team, almost destroyed Cardiff… I thought he’d left earth, but apparently his Vortex Manipulator burned out and he’s stuck here. I want him gone, kinda hoped you could drop him in the nearest black hole.”

“OoOoOoOoO

“You’re joking about the black hole, I hope?” The Doctor frowned.

“I suppose, but honestly, I wouldn’t care what you did with him if you’d just take him somewhere that isn’t here. Doc, please, I’m begging you!”

“Hmmm. You said he used to be your partner?”

“Yeah.”

“Is he as much trouble as you were?”

“Worse.”

“Really?”

“Hart’s a borderline psychopath with no impulse control. No rehab has ever worked on him. I used to have some control over him, but not anymore.”

“Why don’t you tell me everything while I help Toshiko integrate this perception filter with her
drone."

TBC in ‘Confessions’
Chapter Summary

Jack and the Doctor talk about Hart and related topics.

**Spoilers:** Fragments/Exit Wounds, maybe Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

Chapter Notes


Jack told the Doctor the whole story: his past history with Hart, the incident with the ‘cluster bombs’, Hart’s return and the devastation of Cardiff at Gray’s orders. He admitted his guilt over what had happened to Gray and explained that the punishment his brother meted out on him was justified.

“I deserved it. I let go of his hand.”

“Oh Jack, you are so wrong about that. Your father should never have placed responsibility for protecting your brother on your shoulders. You were still a child yourself; he should have protected you both. I’m so sorry, for all your losses.”

OoOoOoOoO

When work on the drone was completed, the Doctor grasped Jack’s shoulders.

“Forgive yourself, Jack. It’s time you let go of the past. Remember when Rose convinced me to let you stay on the TARDIS?”

Jack smiled.

“Those were good times, Doc; some of the best. You turned my life around, ya know. Whatever good I’ve done is because you and Rose believed in me.”

“I wasn’t sure but Rose, she was convinced that you were a good man. You just needed a little help to see that in yourself. She was right. She always saw more clearly than me.”

TBC in ‘Attitude Adjustment’
Ianto is astounded by the remarkable effect Donna seems to be having on Hart.

Part Twenty-One of the Drone series. In an attempt to get to the end a bit faster (this challenge is bound to end soon) this one’s a triple drabble.

As the coffee brewed, Ianto glanced over to where the Doctor was working on the drone. Jack was talking, no doubt filling his friend in on all things relating to Hart. Ianto just hoped Jack could convince the Doctor to give their unwanted guest a lift off world. It would be the best solution.

He turned back to the machine as it beeped, pouring coffee for the Doctor’s companion. When he took the mug over to the redhead, he found her chatting away to Hart, who was hanging on her every word. The sight was… disturbing, to say the least.

“Looks like the drone’s finished.” Ianto commented quietly. “Here’s your coffee, Miss Noble.”

The lady in question turned her attention to him.

“Oi, none of that, mate. It’s Donna, alright?”

Ianto couldn’t help smiling.

“If you insist.”

“I do. Ta very much.”

Donna took a careful sip of her coffee.

“Oh. My. God! This is the best coffee I’ve ever tasted!”

Ianto inclined his head politely.

“I try my best.”

“Hey, where’s mine?” Hart demanded.

“Mind your manners, Johnny Boy,” Donna snapped.

Hart sat up straight.

“Yes ma’am. Sorry. May I have another cup of your delicious coffee please, Ianto?”
Ianto stared at Hart in stunned disbelief, then turned to Donna and raised a quizzical eyebrow.

“I don’t know what you’ve done to him, but I definitely approve.”

Donna shrugged casually.

“He’s no problem, just needs a firm hand is all.”

“Oooh, yes please!” Hart looked up at her hopefully and Donna laughed.

“We’ll see, sunshine, maybe if you learn to behave you’ll get lucky. I don’t take no nonsense from anyone, mind. Ask Space Boy over there, he’ll tell ya.” She pointed towards the Doctor, who waved back, grinned and pointed to the drone, giving them the thumbs up.

TBC in ‘Considering’
Chapter Summary

The Torchwood team and the TARDIS crew discuss what to do with Hart.

Chapter Notes

Part Twenty-Two of the Drone series. Written for Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. Here’s another triple drabble. There’s one more part after this.

“That drone really is a remarkable piece of engineering, especially considering what you and Toshiko were working with,” the Doctor told Ianto as he and Jack joined the little group clustered around Torchwood’s prisoner, who was now sipping a fresh coffee.

“The design is mainly Tosh’s,” Ianto replied, typically modest. “I just made suggestions and sourced raw materials. Can I get you a coffee Doctor? Or perhaps you’d prefer tea?”

“Coffee please. When in Rome!” He turned to Hart. “Now, what are we going to do about you? Can’t leave you here on earth to cause more trouble, can we?”

Hart sighed.

“I only came back here looking for a little help and consideration, but they care more about that drone than they do about a fellow human in need!”

“Spare us the sob story, flyboy!” Donna folded her arms across her chest. “I’ve met your kind before. Probably been treated better than ya deserve.”

“They tossed me in the boot!”

“Really? I would’ve tied ya to the roof, ya smell a bit ripe, could do with a shower.”

“Yeah, well, no one offered.”

“That’ll ‘ave to change if you’re comin’ with us then. We are takin’ ‘im, right Doc?”

The Doctor looked at Hart.

“Well now, I don’t know. Strictly speaking, I was only invited over to provide Torchwood’s new drone with a perception filter. No one said anything about picking up passengers.”

“Well, can’t leave ‘im ‘ere. Ianto has enough to do without ‘avin’ another inmate to feed. Besides, I
kinda like ‘im. Needs some work, but I’m pretty sure I could whip ‘im into shape.”

Hart’s eyes lit up.

“I like whips!”

Donna laughed.

“You would.”

“Weeeeeeell,” the Doctor drawled, “travelling on the TARDIS didn’t do Jack any harm and I do like a challenge. Alright then.”

TBC in ‘Departure’
Departure - Sequel to ‘Considering’

Chapter Summary

It’s time for the Doctor, Donna and their unexpected passenger to depart. But they’ll probably be back someday.

Chapter Notes

Part Twenty-Three of the Drone series, Challenge 315 – Drone at tw100. Here’s the final triple drabble. There might be some little epilogues at a later date, but for now, after no less than 45 drabbles, this is done.

“What about my weapons?” Hart demanded as he was bundled towards the TARDIS.

“You won’t need those on the TARDIS,” Jack told him blithely. “The Doc would only confiscate them so really, I’m just saving him the trouble. They’ll stay here, locked in secure archives along with our spare drone. Maybe one day you’ll be responsible enough to have them back without endangering half the known universe. Have a good trip,” and Jack shoved him unceremoniously through the door.

“Hey, don’t I get a goodbye… Whoa! Bigger on the inside! Neat! So, Red, how about showing me to your room?”

OoOoOoOoO

Jack hugged the Doctor.

“Don’t be a stranger, Doc, you know you’re always welcome here.”

“I’ll stop by for a coffee next time I’m in the neighbourhood,” the Doctor assured him. “Don’t forget what I told you, Jack. Let go of the past, otherwise it’ll keep you from appreciating everything you have here and now.”

Jack smiled faintly.

“I’ll try.”

“That’s all anyone can ask. Great seeing everybody again. Toshiko, good luck with the drone. Ianto! Take good care of Jack. I know you will! Allons-y!”

With those final words, the door closed, and a familiar sound filled the Hub.

OoOoOoOoO

Just as the TARDIS faded away, the Rift alarm started to blare and Tosh turned her attention to her computers, tapping at her keyboard and bringing up the coordinates of the latest Rift flare.
Jack bounded across to peer over her shoulder.

“Oh look, it’s in Splott! What a surprise!”

Ianto snorted with amusement.

“Forty-two percent of all Rift events are in Splott, Jack.”

“Seriously?”

“Yep! The Rift must have something against the people of Splott.”

Jack clapped his hands.

“Well, what d’you say we take advantage of serendipity by giving the drone another field test?”

“Sounds like a plan!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Exactly what is a man supposed to say when mistaken for someone else?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Title used was ‘I’m Not That Guy’

Fish and chips in hand, Jack stared at the crowd of women surrounding him. They were jostling each other, holding out bits of paper and pens.

“Please, Mr Barrowman, could we have your autograph?” the spokeswoman for the group asked.

He dimly registered one of the other women murmuring something about him being even better looking in person, but the sound of Ianto sniggering behind him was drowning out her comments.

“I’m sorry, ladies, I’d love to help you out, but I swear I’m not the guy you think I am!”

How the hell did he get into these situations?

The End
Shelter

Chapter Summary

It doesn’t look like much, but in Jack’s opinion, it’s ideal.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Tirle used is 'Shelter Island'

It was an unprepossessing island, stuck out in the Bristol Channel, exposed to the elements and frequently battered by storms. Small, windswept, barren of trees, the only things that seemed to thrive there were the hardiest of plants and several species of gull.

But it was isolated, not easily accessible, and still had some more or less intact buildings that could be restored for use. In short, it was just what Jack needed.

With the blessing of the Crown, Flat Holm Island became a sanctuary for the victims of the Rift, their shelter from a world that wouldn’t understand them.

The End
The Note

Chapter Summary

At least Ianto left a note...

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Prompt at the end.

Spoilers For: End Of Days/Kiss Kiss Bang Bang maybe.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack plucked the note from his desk; it was from Ianto.

Jack,

The Doctor invited me to go travelling with him.

Ianto

Sitting down heavily, Jack felt lost. Ianto had left? Well, why wouldn’t he? Hadn’t Jack done the same not long ago? At least Ianto left a note. Jack’s heart plummeted; would he ever return?

He was still sitting there staring at nothing when a mug of coffee appeared in front of him. There stood Ianto, looking exactly the same.

“Ianto! You’re back!”

“I never left.”

“But the note…”

“He asked. I refused. Now you know how I felt.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘Now We’re Even’
Out Of Milk

Chapter Summary

There’s no milk. Ianto is not happy.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Title used is, unsurprisingly, 'Milk'

They were out of milk. Again.

Of course they were. Jack was drinking so much right now it might be cheaper to buy a cow.

It was so unfair! He was exhausted after a long day at work; all he wanted was a cuppa, but there was no milk left. Tea wasn’t as soothing without milk. Besides, Jack would bitch if there wasn’t any for his cereal. Which meant Ianto had to put his coat on again and trek to the shops instead of collapsing in front of the TV with a hot drink.

Sometimes, Jack being pregnant really sucked.

The End
Old Favourite

Chapter Summary

Jack notices something that makes him happy.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Prompt at end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jack glanced up from his report as the cog door rolled open, accompanied by its usual alarms. It had to be Ianto; he was always first to arrive.

His suspicions were confirmed moments later when the familiar slim figure came into view, heading for the coffee machine. Good. Coffee was just what he needed.

Suddenly, Jack’s head snapped up. Ianto was no longer in sight, but Jack simply *had* to know if he’d seen what he thought he had. Abandoning his paperwork, he wandered into the kitchen.

There was Ianto, resplendent in red. Jack smiled.

“I’ve really missed that shirt.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘Return Of The Shirt’
Ianto was so busy putting the Hub into night mode that the quiet ‘clink’ from up in Jack’s office went almost unnoticed.

That is, until it was followed by a thud, an almighty crash, the sound of breaking glass, and cursing that would have made a sailor blush.

Dropping everything, Ianto ran upstairs to find Jack lying on his office floor amid the wreckage of his shelves.

“What the hell happened?”

“I dropped my lucky penny. When I tried to pick it up I hit my head on the shelves.”

“Looks like that penny’s not as lucky as you thought.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen and Maggie watch the lightshow created by the Pulse.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

**Spoilers For:** A Day In The Death.

They’re a strange pair, a living dead man who’d lost hope and a woman who’d lost her reason to live. Yet here they stand, on a rooftop at night, thinking maybe they *can* go on after all.

Life’s not all darkness and despair; hope can be found in the unlikeliest of places. The future’s looking brighter for both of them, all because of a mysterious alien device; a message they can neither decipher nor comprehend.

It sings to them, a symphony comprised of ribbons of light, more beautiful than anything they’ve ever experienced, and it fills their hearts with wonder.

The End
Late Night Alert

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto have a late night Rift alert to deal with.

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Just after two in the morning, the deafening sound of the Rift alarm dragged Jack and Ianto from a deep sleep.

“Bugger. That’s all we need after the day we’ve had,” Ianto muttered, dragging himself from the bed and going to check the coordinates. Jack followed with their clothes.

OoOoOoOoO

Three hours later, they trudged back into the Hub, covered in mud from chasing several dozen three-legged aliens around Bute Park in the pouring rain, trying to get them back into their spaceship.

“We should’ve stayed in bed,” Ianto grumbled. “I could’ve told you nothing good ever happens after 2 am.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘Nothing Good Happens After 2 am’
Ianto and Jack try to decide what to do on their day off.

I’ve lost count again. Ids this my ninth drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

“So, what’re we gonna do with our day off?” Jack asked, stretching luxuriously on his side of the bed.

Ianto yawned.

“Dunno, haven’t thought about it. Stuff.”

“What sort of stuff?”

“The kinds of stuff people usually do on days off.”

“Such as?”

Ianto was silent for several minutes. Finally…

“I have no idea. Haven’t had a day off in so long, I don’t remember. Chores I suppose. Cleaning, shopping.”

“Sounds boring.”

“Yeah.”

“Not really a fun day off.”

“Nope.”

“We could try some other stuff?” Jack groped Ianto experimentally.

Ianto grinned.

“Oh yeah! I like that kind of stuff!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack finally comes to realise something.

Chapter Notes

Umm, is this my tenth drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100? Must be somewhere around there anyway.

Spoilers: Tiny for Fragments.

It had been so insidious, Jack hadn’t even realised it was happening until it was already far too late.

Little things had combined to devastating effect. The good looks, enticing Welsh vowels and flirty behaviour had started it, compounded by finely tailored suits, coffee best described as an orgasm in a cup, and a deliciously dry sense of humour.

The gift of a pteranodon hadn’t hurt either.

Seemingly effortless efficiency, a keen intellect and a razor-sharp wit had certainly contributed to the overall effect.

Jack smiled wryly, finally admitting to himself that he was hooked, hopelessly addicted to Ianto Jones.

The End

A/N2: Title used was ‘Hooked’
Chapter Summary

Just another day for the Torchwood team…

Chapter Notes

If I’m counting right, this one might be my eleventh drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

Torchwood had been called to deal with a disturbance at the castle. The reason wasn’t clear, the police were oddly reluctant to go into detail, but when the team arrived it quickly became obvious.

Jack approached the pair of tourists with a stern expression on his face.

“You shouldn’t be here, you’ll have to leave.”

“Oh dear! Terrible sorry, not mean to bother folks. We not from here.”

“Yeah, I got that.”

The blue skin and tentacles were a dead giveaway.

“This not Rigellia?”

“No, it’s Earth.”

The alien glared at its companion.

“See? Wrong turn!”

“Map upside down. Sorry.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘We’re Not From Here’
Mystery Box

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds a mysterious box.

Chapter Notes

Completely lost count now, but it's still for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Entering the Tourist Office, Ianto came to an abrupt halt; a box sat on the counter, tied with a red ribbon.

That certainly hadn’t been there when he’d gone to fetch breakfast.

He approached the counter warily. Being a Torchwood agent meant never taking an unexpected box at face value; anything could be in it.

“It won’t bite you.” Jack came through the bead curtain.

“What is it?”

“Open it and find out.”

Shrugging, Ianto did as Jack suggested. Inside the box sat a Red Velvet cupcake.

“My favourite!” He smiled at Jack. “Thank you!”

“You’re welcome, you deserve it.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

The title used was ‘Cupcake’
Coming Back

Chapter Summary

Jack thinks about the pain of resurrection and the one thing that can make it less of an ordeal.

Chapter Notes

I give up - here's another one for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

Title is the prompt.

Coming back was as painful as getting killed in the first place; Jack always likened it to being dragged across broken glass, but that didn’t do the searing agony justice. It never got any easier.

He’d grown accustomed to enduring the pain, to making wisecracks that concealed how much he suffered each time. He’d had to, there were too many occasions when he’d resurrected only to confront whoever had killed him. Showing weakness was never a good idea.

But he’d finally found the one thing that made coming back better: waking up in the arms of the man he loved.

The End
Ianto glanced up with a smile as the team returned from collecting whatever had fallen through the Rift this time. Then his head snapped up again in a classic double take and he burst out laughing. The rest of the team glared at him; at least he assumed the vision before him was his colleagues. They were wearing the same clothes they’d had on when they left, although they didn’t fit quite as well.

He forced himself to assume a serious expression.

“Sorry, took me by surprise. Right, I’ll look up how to turn gorillas back into people, shall I?”

The End

Title used was ‘Life Among The Gorillas’
First Day

Chapter Summary

Ianto meets the rest of the team for the first time.

Chapter Notes

Yep, I wrote another one for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I'll probably keep going until a new challenge shows up, there's so many good prompts to try in this one.

Spoilers: Slight for Fragments. Set pre-series.

“Report for work first thing tomorrow,” he’d been told.

Ianto straightened his tie, stepping into the Tourist Office. Harkness was waiting for him.

“This way, Jones.”

Along a corridor, down in a lift, through a cog-shaped door and he was in.


Hard, suspicious eyes. She might be a problem. Only time would tell.

Ianto smiled politely.

“Yes.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘How I Met Everyone Else’
Ear, Ear

Chapter Summary

Owen really shouldn’t play with dead things.

Chapter Notes

Another one for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. This is what happens when I try writing drabbles late at night – my brain slips over to the Twilight Zone. Apologies in advance.

Summary: Owen really shouldn’t play with dead things.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The creature had been D.O.A. and Jack had naturally wanted to know why; the species wasn’t in Torchwood’s database, so presumably this was the first of its kind to fall through the Rift.

Owen hadn’t taken long to determine cause of death; the poor thing simply hadn’t been able to breathe earth’s atmosphere. Instructed to collect data before cremating it, he’d soon grown bored and started mucking about, leading to a rather awkward situation.

The alien’s ear was stuck to Owen’s forehead and wouldn’t come off.

“Why does this shit always happen to me?” he whined.

Ianto just smirked.

“Karma.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘Karma’
Wedding Daze

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s wedding is a bit unorthodox.

Chapter Notes

This is the last one I’ve got written for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Guess that means I’d better write some more...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Their wedding wasn’t a complete disaster, but it was certainly… different. It hadn’t been intentional, but Torchwood had a bad habit of throwing a spanner in the works on such occasions.

Jack had wanted doves to be released, but his best man had other ideas.

“Doves are boring! Everybody has doves! On Berellis 9 they use squinches to represent fidelity.” Ianto wasn’t sure how that translated to them having a flock of flamingos, but they’d been nice. Until they’d stampeded through the guests.

“At least it was memorable,” Jack sighed. “Never should’ve asked the Doctor to be my Best Man.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘The Best Man’
Moving Day

Chapter Summary

Jack’s moving in with Ianto.

Chapter Notes

And yet another drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. This is a little coda to my bingo fic ‘Flattery will Get You Everywhere’, just because the prompt fit.

The title is the prompt used. This one came in at 100 words first try.

Last night, Ianto had asked Jack to move in with him officially. Jack had said yes, so they’d told the team they were taking the day off. After all, moving was a big job.

OoOoOoOoO

Ianto stared at the two boxes and the small trunk in bemusement.

“That’s it?”

Jack grinned.

“Yep! All my worldly goods!” He looked at the small pile and frowned. “Well, those are all the things I can take out of the Hub anyway. My clothes are already at your place.”

“Huh.” Ianto picked up the boxes. “This is going to be the easiest moving day ever!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto thinks about recent events.

Chapter Notes

I managed to get a couple more written for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Here's today's and I have one for tomorrow too.

Sitting on the SUV’s tailgate, mind whirling and body aching, Ianto was almost glad of the pain; it reminded him he was alive. He was surprised to be glad about that.

When Lisa died, he’d believed he had nothing left to live for. Now he was starting to think he’d been wrong about that, and a lot of other things too.

Jack wasn’t a monster after all, just a man dedicated to defending his team and humanity from alien threats.

Perhaps the real monsters were humans themselves, the ones who preyed on their own kind.

It was a sobering thought.

The End
Stepping into Jack’s office early one morning, Ianto found his lover watching CCTV on his computer and grinning.

“What’s got you so happy this damp and dreary morning?”

“Come and see this!”

Ianto joined Jack and leant over his shoulder. The screen showed a nearby building site, where a load of sand had been delivered the previous day. The builders were standing around it scratching their heads, bemused and unsure how to proceed. Sometime during the night, someone had got past site security and turned the building sand into sandcastles.

Ianto laughed.

“Bored last night, were you?”

“Couldn’t resist it!”

The End

A/N2: Title used was ‘Sandcastles In The Sand’
Chapter Summary

Everybody makes mistakes…

Chapter Notes

Ummm, about what I said yesterday… Another drabble snuck in and I couldn’t just leave it, so here it is. Enjoy! One last drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jack wandered over as the cog door opened; Ianto and Owen were just returning from checking out a minor Rift spike. Scowling, Owen stomped straight down to the autopsy bay. Ianto completely failed to keep a straight face.

“Okay, out with it, what did you find?”

“Oh, nothing really,” Ianto chuckled. “Seems to have just been a hiccup. Nothing dangerous to be seen, was there, Owen?”

“Shut up, Teaboy! I thought it was an alien!” Ianto was never going to let him live it down.

Jack waited patiently for an explanation.

“Not to worry, Jack. Owen shot the vicious pineapple.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘The Pineapple Incident’
Running Bare

Chapter Summary

There’s a situation that Ianto thinks should be checked out, but where’s Jack?

Chapter Notes

And regular drabble service resumes...

Here’s another one written for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ianto had his TV on low for background noise, but turned it up when he heard the local news reporting a streaker running through Cardiff. That was unusual enough to warrant investigation. Picking up his phone, he pressed speed dial one to call Jack and when that failed to get an answer, tried his bluetooth.

“Jack? There’re reports of a streaker. Do you want me to investigate?”

Jack replied, sounding out of breath.

“No need. Ianto, you know that retrieval I said I could handle alone?”

“Yes?”

“I could use a hand. And some clothes…”

Should’ve guessed.

“On my way.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘The Naked Man’
The Naked Truth – Sequel to ‘Running Bare’

Chapter Summary

Jack tries to explain how he ended up naked.

Chapter Notes

A sequel to my last drabble, written for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I have no idea how many I’ve written for this challenge, but I have two more written to complete this story.

Prompt used = title of drabble.

“So, exactly how did you end up naked on a simple retrieval?” Ianto enquired, raising a graceful eyebrow and trying to keep a straight face as Jack struggled into the clothes Ianto had brought with him.

“I wish I knew. Everything went so well at first. I arrived at the coordinates and found what came through, an animal a bit like a wallaby. I went to net it, tripped on something, the wallaby-thing started bouncing away, I chased it and a few moments later my clothes vanished and I was running down the street naked. That’s the truth, I swear!”

TBC in ‘Of Course’
Of Course – Sequel to ‘The Naked Truth’

Chapter Summary

One problem leads to another, Jack’s had quite a night already!

Chapter Notes

My 24th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I have one more for tomorrow, don't know if I'll get any more written. We'll see.

“Where’s this wallaby thing now then?”

Jack sagged.

“I don’t know. I tried to keep it in sight, but it’s hard to run in bare feet and it was going pretty fast. Then I think I scared an old lady walking her dog, she dropped the lead and the dog took off after me. I was so busy trying to keep from getting my ankles bitten that I lost sight of the creature. Sorry.”

Ianto sighed.

“So now we have a mystery creature bouncing around Cardiff, and something that evaporates clothing lying about somewhere? Of course; it must be Thursday.”

TBC in ‘Disaster Averted’
Chapter Summary

The cause of Jack’s unintentional nakedness is located.

Chapter Notes

My 25th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. There will be another three parts to this story at least.

Finding the cause of the vanishing clothes was the easy part, they just returned to the original coordinates and thankfully it was still there, little light winking merrily. Ianto recognised it right away, a basic reversible defabricator; they had one in the archives that he and Jack sometimes played with. Jack stripped and Ianto re-fabricated what he’d been wearing, Coat and all, much to Jack’s relief. Potential disaster averted.

But if the defabricator had come through the Rift, where had the wallaby-thing come from?

Turning on the SUV’s radio answered that question.

Well, the zoo could catch its own wallaby!

TBC in ‘Zoo Or False’

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know I said this would be the last one, but have you ever tried to get rid of a stray wallaby? I thought I had it dealt with, but it bounced back. They’re as bad as boomerangs!
Zoo Or False? – Sequel to ‘Disaster Averted’

Chapter Summary

Just when they thought it was over and they could go home…

Chapter Notes

My 26th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I've got my second wind, lol!

They dropped the defabricator, now safely switched off, back at the Hub and left the SUV there too before heading home in Ianto’s car.

As Ianto pulled into his driveway, Jack nudged him.

“Ianto?”

“What?”

“There’s a wallaby eating your flowers.”

Ianto turned his head so fast he nearly gave himself whiplash and he just managed to avoid driving into the wall.

“Oh crap! Where’s the net?”

“In the SUV.”

“Typical. Throw your coat over it!”

They got it at the third try; the front yard was too small for it to escape.

Wallaby or alien? That was the question.

TBC in ‘Identifying The Impossible
Chapter Summary

Just what have they captured?

Chapter Notes

My 27th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I think I only actually have two more after this. I miscounted, LOL!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Trussed up wallaby tucked under one arm, Ianto stomped into the Hub. This was not the ‘evening off’ he and Jack had planned. At least they’d managed to have dinner before their evening took a turn into The Twilight Zone.

Plonking the wallaby on the autopsy table, he reached for a scanner, determined to find out for certain what they were dealing with. It did look like a wallaby. Mostly anyway.

The scanner showed it was nearly a wallaby. Ianto shook it, tried again, same result. He showed Jack.

“That’s impossible!”

Jack grinned.

“No, it’s a Possimpible!”

That was new!

TBC is ‘The Possimpible’

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Something New’
The Possimpible - Sequel to ‘Identifying The Impossible’

Chapter Summary

Jack explains, which doesn’t really help much.

Chapter Notes

My 28th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. There are two more, I think I've finally licked the complicated calculation, lol!


Jack laughed.

“Possimpibles are things that’re mostly what they should be, but partly not. It’s an occasional side effect of living so close to the Rift. Almost everyone around here is a tiny bit not what they are, but in most cases it’s like 0.00001%, practically undetectable, you’d never know. Some creatures attract more of what they aren’t though, and they become Possimpibles. This one seems to have picked up nearly 8% of Not Wallaby. That’s high, must've been very near a few Rift events.”

“Is it dangerous?”

“Nah. Just kinda weird.”

TBC in ‘Un-zoo-table’
Chapter Summary

What do you do with an impossible Possimpible?

Chapter Notes

My 29th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. There is definitely one more, but I'm not sure if there will be more. It's possible.

Ianto seemed troubled.

“If it’s not all wallaby, then what’s the 8% that isn’t?”

Jack shrugged.

“Who knows? A bit of this, a bit of that, not enough of anything in particular to cause real problems. They cease to exist if they attract too much of any one thing.”

“You mean they die?”

“No, they just blink out of existence, like they never were.”

Frowning, Ianto stared at the Possimpible Wallaby. It stared back.

And smiled.

Freaky.

“What do we do with it now?”

“Could send it back to the zoo.”

“Not with that smile.”

Jack looked.

“Oh. Point taken.”

TBC in ‘What’s In A Name?’
Title used is ‘Say Cheese’
Chapter Summary

Ianto names the latest member of Torchwood’s menagerie.

Chapter Notes

My 30th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. There are now two more parts to this. Oops! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As the scans didn’t register anything harmful, Ianto unwrapped the Possimpible, plonking it on the floor. It smiled up at him and went bouncing around the autopsy bay. He watched carefully to make sure it didn’t get into trouble. It was surprisingly well behaved, and had rather a nice smile really.

“I think I’ll call her Daisy.”

“Why?”

“That’s what she was eating when we caught her.”

“Ah. Good choice. I guess that means we’re keeping her?”

They followed Daisy into the main Hub, where she was putting rubbish in the bin.

“We can always use another pair of hands.”

TBC in ‘Seeing Things?’

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Daisy’
Chapter Summary

A hung-over Owen comes across something weird in the autopsy bay.

Chapter Notes

Drabble number 31 for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. This one and the next one are sort of two sides of the same scene – Owen’s POV, then events from Ianto and Jack’s POV. I’ll try to get both posted today. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Slumping at his desk in the autopsy bay, Owen put his head in his hands, groaning. He shouldn’t have had that last pint; his head was killing him. He wished he’d stayed home in bed, but he’d left a test running the night before and needed to check the results.

A noise nearby made him look up, hoping Ianto was bringing a much-needed coffee. It wasn’t Ianto.

Usually when he was drunk or seriously hung-over, Owen expected to see pink elephants like everyone did, maybe the odd purple giraffe. That was fine. This though…

A wallaby was smiling at him.

TBC in ‘Not Seeing Things’

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Purple Giraffe’
Owen doesn’t know what’s worse – hallucinating or not hallucinating.

When Ianto saw Owen arrive at the Hub that morning looking more than a little hung-over and immediately make his way to the autopsy bay to suffer in peace, he looked over at Jack and winked.

“Wait for it…”

A moment later, Owen’s voice drifted up from his domain, sounding rather uncertain.

“Ianto...?”

“Yes, Owen?”

“Either I’m hallucinating or there’s a wallaby down here.”

“Oh, that’s just Daisy, she won’t hurt you.”

“O-kay. Why’s it smiling at me? That’s seriously creepy!”

“She’s just saying hello.”

Owen stared. Daisy smiled.

“I hate this place!” Owen muttered.

Daisy patted his shoulder consolingly.

TBC?
Title used is ‘Wait For It’
Owen had taken charge of examining Daisy thoroughly. She’d been a very cooperative patient, unlike most of the team. Once everyone had gathered in the boardroom, he reported his findings.

“Scans confirm a young adult wallaby, female, with some minor Rift influenced genetic alterations, a mix of DNA fragments from seven different alien species, as well as dog, chimpanzee and approximately 0.4% human, resulting in slightly increased intelligence, opposable thumbs, and some empathic awareness from the alien bits. Basically, she’s a healthy, evolutionarily advanced wallaby, slightly smarter than a chimp, mentally and emotionally adapted to being precisely what she is.”

TBC in ‘One Giant Leap’
Owen explains evolution by Rift.

Tosh looked thoughtful.

“So, there’s nothing wrong with her?”

“No, not a thing. Maybe Daisy was once a regular wallaby, but we’ll never know for sure. The Rift’s alterations are retroactive. When something becomes changed, if the result is viable, those changes ripple backwards through time so that what a creature becomes is what it’s always been. As far as Daisy’s concerned, she’s never been anything else. It’s natural to her. She’s not broken, she doesn’t need fixing; she’s simply made an evolutionary leap to become a more advanced wallaby. Without such leaps, we’d still be amoebae.”

That actually made sense.

TBC in ‘Tidy-Minded’

Title used is ‘The Leap’
Daisy has chosen her own role on the team.

Chapter Notes

My 35th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100, and we're back to the fun (I hope) after the scientific stuff. Have I ever mentioned how much I LOVE reverse fandom prompts? So many tempting titles to choose from...

Daisy, it seemed, had a mind of her own and did whatever she wanted to, which wasn’t as bad as it sounded. She appeared to be blessed with an abundance of common sense, unlike some of the human team, and derived a strange kind of satisfaction from keeping everything clean and tidy.

Ianto tried to keep a straight face, really he did, but the sight of Daisy, hands on ‘hips’, tutting over Owen’s untidiness as Owen stood there shuffling his feet like a naughty schoolboy was just too funny. Owen glared at him.

“Laugh it up, Tea Boy,” he snapped.

TBC in ‘She Shoots, She Scores!’
Chapter Summary

Daisy is really becoming one of the guys, at work and at play!

Chapter Notes

Here we are, drabble number 36 for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

I’m running out of prompts that I can make work for this series, or my brain is running out of ideas. One or the other. I do have one more written, but in my head it skips forward a few years.

Much to everyone’s amusement, Daisy eagerly joined in the team’s favourite leisure activity. Watching a wallaby play basketball was an education.

Owen naturally complained that she had an unfair advantage, being able to bounce as well as the ball. Daisy just smiled and scored again, the ball rebounding off the backboard to drop neatly through the hoop.

Mickey whistled and cheered; after all, Daisy was on his team along with Ianto and Tosh, playing against Jack, Owen, Gwen and Andy.

“And the Rebound Girl scores again! We’re whipping your arses!”

Jack laughed.

“Now this is what I call team bonding!”

TBC?
The Torchwood Nannies

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood Team have the best Nannies in the universe.

Chapter Notes

My 37th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. This one is set a few years into the future from the previous one.

Jack and Ianto watched Meriel and Gwen’s daughter Anwen playing happily under the watchful eyes of their Nannies.

“We really are lucky, aren’t we?” Jack said with a smile, wrapping his arms around Ianto.

“We really are. What other family has the services of such great Nannies?”

“No one on this planet, that’s for sure.”

Meriel was crawling all over Nosy, giggling happily while Anwen played a clapping game with Daisy.

George sat off to one side, rocking Tosh’s baby daughter in her cradle.

“It’s reassuring, knowing our kids are in good hands when we’re busy with work,” Tosh agreed.

The End
Adrift

Chapter Summary

Jonah’s harrowing experiences after being taken by the Rift.

Chapter Notes

Here's my 38th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He’d been hardly more than a child that night, heading home from football practice, looking forward to a home-cooked meal. Next thing he’d known he was someplace else. He’d thought it must be hell.

How long he was there, he didn’t know. Time passed differently somehow. Day and night became meaningless concepts; there were only the flames and the burning. He thought sometimes, when he could think at all, that maybe he was slipping in and out of time.

Then the scream found him and he was trapped, one scream joining the next like links in an endless chain.

Forever.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘The Chain Of Screaming’
**Eternal Love**

Chapter Summary

A little coda to my fic ‘Fixed Points’, but will stand alone just fine.

Chapter Notes

My 39th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I still have two more written, and I might try to write another one later, maybe more than one. I'll just keep going until a new challenge comes along.

Since becoming immortal, Jack had found himself dreading the eternal life that stretched out before him. It had seemed an utterly bleak prospect, filled with nothing but loss and loneliness; he couldn’t imagine anything worse.

He’d taken to trying not to think beyond today; if he had to live forever, perhaps it would be easier to just take it one day at a time.

But now everything had changed. Thanks to the Doctor, he wasn’t the lone immortal; he was one of a pair.

He and Ianto were two halves of a whole, sharing a love that would last forever.

The End
Stories At Bedtime

Chapter Summary

Jack tells Meriel a bedtime story, while Ianto watches.

Chapter Notes

Drabble number 40 for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100! Not quite a record, there were more in the 'Drone' series, I think. Still, it's pretty good!

Ianto loved watching Jack tell their daughter bedtime stories. Meriel gazed at her daddy, wide-eyed with excitement. A fluffy green creature lay coiled at the end of the bed, listening with equally rapt attention. Nosy loved Jack’s stories as much as Meriel did; Ianto had to admit he enjoyed them too.

“What happened then, Daddy?” Meriel asked breathlessly.

“Well now, just when all seemed lost, brave Captain Fluff arrived and quick as a wink, it tickled the evil alien so much he jumped into his spaceship and never came back.”

“Bravo Captain Fluff!” Meriel smiled sleepily. “Night, daddies.”

“Goodnight, Princess.”

The End
A collective groan echoed around the boardroom as Jack uttered the team’s most dreaded phrase.

“Right everybody, dress casually, pack for a couple days, we’re going on a field trip!”

“How can he sound so bloody cheerful?” groused Owen. “Doesn’t he remember what happened on our last field trip? We almost ended up on the menu!”

“Yes, Owen,” Ianto butted in, “I’m sure none of us need reminding about that, thank you.”

“I’m just sayin’.”

“Well don’t.” Tosh shuddered.

“Don’t look so worried; we’re not camping this time! It’s a minor incident involving stranded, peaceful aliens. What could go wrong?”

TBC in ‘What Could Go Wrong?’
Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto find themselves in a bit of a predicament.

Chapter Notes

My 42nd drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. Hopefully there will be a new challenge next week, this one is great but I've already used most of the best prompts, or at least the ones I can come up with ideas for.

“What could go wrong?” Ianto muttered. “Why the bloody hell did you have to go and say that, Jack?”

“Would it help if I apologised?”

“Under the current circumstances? No.”

“Oh. I am sorry though.”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“I know, Jack. You always are. Unfortunately, your being sorry doesn’t make us any less LOST!”

“Maybe if we could spot a landmark…”

Ianto stopped dead.

“Jack, look around us; we’re surrounded by trees. Nothing but trees. And I’m sorry, but they all look alike to me. We could be walking in circles for all I know.”

Jack sagged in defeat.

TBC in ‘No Harm Done’
No Harm Done – Sequel to ‘What Could Go Wrong?’

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto aren’t lost anymore, but where were they?

Chapter Notes

My 43rd drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100. I do have two more written, but as I’m supposed to be going out tomorrow, they might not get posted until the next open round.

Ianto blinked, rubbed his eyes, and blinked again. He was propped against the side of the SUV in broad daylight. Jack stood a few metres away, talking animatedly with Tosh, but much to Ianto’s bemusement, there wasn’t a tree in sight. Weird.

Alerted by Tosh, Jack spun around.

“Hey! Welcome back!”

“Huh? Back from where?”

“Umm, that thing the aliens gave us as a thank you gift? Tosh thinks it’s a sort of virtual reality game. We weren’t lost at all! See? No harm done!”

“Speak for yourself; I think I’ve got virtual blisters from all the walking,” Ianto grumbled.

The End
The Stopwatch

Chapter Summary

Ianto distracts himself by thinking about his stopwatch.

Chapter Notes

Just in case I go out tomorrow and I’m not able to post before the current challenge ends, have another drabble – my 44th for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

Prompt used is ‘Something Old’

**Spoilers:** Vague for They Keep Killing Suzie.

It was an antique, precision engineering at its most intricate, at least for the time in which it was made; cogs and springs and burnished metal, all combining to make as elegant a timepiece as had ever been invented.

Watches had come a long way since this one had been made, even passing through a phase of digital monstrosities, which Ianto considered abominations.

The stopwatch ticked on, second by second, measuring elapsed time rather than the time of day.

Ianto moaned in ecstasy.

He was sure it hadn’t been designed for the uses he and Jack were putting it to!

The End
Christmas Delivery

Chapter Summary

Christmas morning delivers an early gift.

Chapter Notes

My 45th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

A bit unseasonal, but that's how the bunnies bounce sometimes. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the early hours of Christmas morning, Tosh reached over to shake Owen.

“Owen, wake up!”

He stirred and rolled over, blinking blearily at his wife.

“Huh? Whassamatter? What time’s it?”

“I don’t know, after three I think.” Tosh gasped suddenly and groaned.

Owen was immediately alert and worried.

“Tosh?”

“I’m pretty sure that was a contraction. The baby’s coming.”

“What, now? But you’re not due until the New Year!”

“Tell that to your daughter, she doesn’t want to miss Christmas!”

Tosh was right; their baby wasn’t waiting around. As Christmas bells rang out, Lily Harper came into the world.

The End

Chapter End Notes
Title used is ‘How Lily Stole Christmas’
Lunchtime Disaster

Chapter Summary

Jack is not happy.

Chapter Notes

Still no new prompt, so here’s my 46th drabble for Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ianto handed out the team’s lunches then headed to the kitchenette to make coffee. It was a quiet day, so everyone was busy with their own projects.

Leaning against the kitchen counter, waiting for the coffee to brew and thinking ahead to his date with Jack that evening, Ianto’s thoughts were interrupted by a loud explosion, and Jack’s yell.

“Dammit, Owen! Put the Singularity Scalpel away! You exploded my lunch!” Jack stood in the middle of the Hub, clutching the remains of his meatball sub and looking annoyed. “I’d been looking forward to that all morning!”

“Oops!” Owen smirked unrepentantly.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘The Exploding Meatball Sub’
The Rift’s latest gift has created a cleanup dilemma for Ianto.

New Prompt! Here’s my first drabble for Challenge 317 – Mammoth at tw100.

It hadn’t been an easy task, not by any stretch of the imagination. It had taken the entire team half the night, and a great deal of ingenuity, to drive the immense, lumbering beast across Bute Park and back through the Rift portal that had dumped it in Cardiff.

Considering how long the portal had remained open, they’d been lucky only one creature had found its way through.

Finally, they could begin cleanup.

Tosh would handle the CCTV, erasing visual evidence, but Ianto was flummoxed.

However would he explain away the mammoth footprints in Cardiff council’s freshly laid concrete footpaths?

The End
A Mammoth Problem

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s not letting Jack keep what’s come through the Rift this time!

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 317 – Mammoth at tw100. No idea if there will be any others, I’m out of ideas at the moment.

Ianto paced back and forth, talking to Jack on comms., occasionally stopping to check something on the computers. He wished he was out there with the team, but someone had to remain behind to monitor the situation, especially since Tosh and Owen were taking time off with their new daughter.

“Jack! Jack, listen to me… No! We can’t keep the baby Mammoth! Baby Mammoths don’t stay little; they grow into bloody huge adult Mammoths! No! It would not make Myf feel more at home!”

Ianto groaned; he was getting a headache.

Why couldn’t it have been a puppy for once?

The End
Cardiff's police had got into the habit of calling Torchwood in for anything out of the ordinary; the mysterious organisation were experts when it came to weirdness. So, when strange bones were discovered while digging foundations for a new office block, their medical expert was asked for his opinion.

Dr Harper studied the bones carefully.

“Well, they’re not human.”

The police constable rolled his eyes.

“We guessed that much.”

Harper smirked.

“Judging by size and shape, I’d say early elephant. Maybe even Mammoth. Better call the Natural History Museum. They love old bones. Not our jurisdiction. Have a nice day.”

The End
Like Father, Like Daughter

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto take Meriel to the local summer fair.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 317 – Mammoth at tw100. Not what I was going to write next, but this idea popped into my head out of nowhere, so I wrote it.

Visiting the summer fair with two-year-old Meriel, Jack and Ianto decided to try their hand at some of the games.

Meriel cheered as Jack threw darts at balloons, trying to burst enough to win her a stuffed animal. Not that she needed more ‘teddies’.

Triumphantly handing his daughter a fluffy grey toy, Jack grinned.

“There you go, sweetheart, an elephant!”

Hugging the creature tightly, she shook her head.

“Mammoth!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yep!”

Jack sighed.

“Two years old and she knows the difference between an elephant and a mammoth. She gets that from you!” he accused Ianto.

Ianto smiled proudly.

The End
Ianto has finally done it!

My fifth drabble for Challenge 317 – Mammoth at tw100, and it’s one of those rare ‘100 words first try’ successes – Ianto would be so proud! =D

Ianto set the last box on the final shelf and stepped back, dusting his hands off and smiling in satisfaction. It had taken him nearly two years of working every minute he could spare, but the mammoth task he’d begun when he first joined Torchwood Three was finally finished.

Every alien artefact and time-displaced object was labelled and in the correct place on the shelves, every paper report was cross-referenced, scanned into the computer system and properly filed. The archives were finally in order.

Grabbing a carefully hoarded bottle of champagne, he headed to find Jack; celebrations were in order.

The End
Monstrous Beastie

Chapter Summary

Jack is confronted by something horrible and needs rescuing.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 317 – Mammoth at tw100. This is probably my last for this challenge, I don't have any other ideas.

“IANTO!” Jack’s voice came through the comms., sounding more than a little panicked.

“Jack? What’s up?”

“I could really use your help here!”

“On my way.” Ianto drew his gun and set off at a run. “What is it?”

“Don’t know, but it’s big! No, huge, enormous, immense, massive, humongous, of mammoth proportions…”

“Okay, okay, I get the picture.” Ianto just hoped his handgun would be enough firepower to deal with this monster. He skidded to a halt beside Jack, looking around. “Where is it?”

“There,” Jack quavered, pointing.

Ianto looked and burst out laughing.

“Jack, it’s a stick insect!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Gwen doesn’t get puns.

Chapter Notes

My seventh (and final) drabble for Challenge 317 – Mammoth at tw100. This one’s a bit of a stretch. Apologies!

Over lunch, Gwen regaled the team with the tale of the moth that had got into her flat last night.

“It was horrible, fluttering around the lights, bumping into walls. I was scared it would get caught in my hair! It took Rhys nearly half an hour to catch it and put it outside. I really hate moths, especially the big ones, and that was the biggest one I’d ever seen. I’m not joking; it was huge!

“Maybe it was a mam-moth,” Ianto teased.

Gwen just looked at him, frowning.

“What?”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Never mind, bad pun, sorry.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack realises he’d better tell Ianto about the case of mistaken identity, before he finds out from Gareth.

Chapter Notes

A double drabble for serial blogger, who wanted a continuation of 'Mistaken'.

Jack drove over to Rhiannon’s house with takeaway and a bottle of sparkling fruit juice, knowing Ianto wouldn’t drink alcohol while babysitting.

Ianto was delighted to have company, not to mention good food, so they ate their dinner before Jack decided he’d better own up to his earlier unfortunate encounter. Ianto was bound to find out anyway; if Jack didn’t tell him it would look like he was hiding something.

“I, um, ran into your cousin Gareth earlier; I thought he was you.” Jack blurted the words before he could change his mind.

Ianto promptly choked on his drink. When he finally stopped spluttering, he looked at Jack with a mixture of dread and avid curiosity.

“Oh God! What did you do this time?”

Jack tried not to look guilty, which was difficult under Ianto’s piercing gaze.

“Well, I… um, I might have groped him. Just a bit though. A very minor grope, more of a friendly squeeze really…” Jack trailed off, looking at Ianto worriedly.

Ianto was silent for a long moment, just staring at him, waiting.

“And?”

Jack shifted uncomfortably.

“And that’s when he punched me.”

Ianto laughed so hard he fell off the sofa.

The End
A Merry Heatwave

Chapter Summary

Jack decides there’s a bright side to be found to anything, if you look at it the right way.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘A Merry Heatwave’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Cardiff was sweltering in an unexpected, un-seasonal heatwave. It was so hot even the Weevils were keeping to the sewers, where it was cooler. The Rift was still spitting out random objects though, meaning the team couldn’t stay below ground in the relative cool of the Hub all the time.

They were all hot, tired and irritable as they trooped back to the SUV lugging the latest piece of Rift debris, part of a spaceship navigation system. It weighed a ton.

“When we get back, I’m taking a long, cold shower,” Ianto muttered.

Jack grinned.

Maybe things were looking up!

The End
Awkward Question - Sequel to ‘Owning Up’

Chapter Summary

Small children can be counted on to ask awkward questions.

Chapter Notes

A double drabble for biancaruth, who wondered about Mica and David's reactions. I'm thinking David was probably upstairs playing computer games or listening to his iPod, but Mica likes being with her uncles, even when she's not supposed to be.

Hauling himself back onto the sofa, Ianto wiped tears of laughter from his eyes as Jack pouted at him.

“A little sympathy would’ve been nice.”

“You got what you deserved, Jack,” Ianto smirked. “I just wish I’d been there to see it.”

“If you’d been there it wouldn’t have happened,” Jack reminded him.

“That’s true I suppose. I wonder if Tosh could pull up the CCTV…”

“Don’t you dare!” Jack looked horrified at the very idea.

Before either of them could say anything else, they were interrupted by a small figure creeping up between them on the sofa.

“What’re you doing up, young lady? You should be asleep.”

“I’m not sleepy. Uncle Jack, what does ‘groping’ mean?” asked Mica.

Jack turned to Ianto, seeking help, but Ianto just shrugged.

"You're on your own with this one. You said it, you get to explain it."

“Um…” Jack wracked his brains for a child-friendly definition. “It sort of means feeling around for something, like if it’s dark and you can’t see.”

“Why did Uncle Gareth hit you?”

“Ah, I accidentally grabbed him in an uncomfortable place.”

“Oh. Did you say sorry?”

“Good question. Did you, Jack?”

“He hit me. I don’t remember.”
TBC?
Conversing Cousins - Sequel to ‘Awkward Question’

Chapter Summary

Ianto gets a phone call from his cousin.

Chapter Notes

Another double drabble for biancaruth. Not quite what Gareth thought about the encounter, but this is what I got when I tried to write that.

It’s the morning after Jack’s awkward encounter with Ianto’s cousin, and Ianto’s fixing breakfast for the two of them when his phone rings.

“Jones.”

“Hey, Ianto!”

“Hey, Gar! Calling to tell me your side of the story?”

“I take it your friend told you what happened?”

“That you punched him for groping you on the street? Yep, he told me. Probably figured he’d get in less trouble that way.”

“Did it work?”

“More or less. When I finally stopped laughing.” Ianto was grinning again at the thought.

“When I told Gemma, she about fell off the sofa!”

“I did. Literally.”

“Bet that went down well.”

“You haven’t lived until you’ve seen a grown man pout.”

Gareth chuckled.

“So, you and him…?”

“Yeah.”

“How d’you put up with him?”

“Oh, he has his good points.”

Walking into the kitchen, Jack looked questioningly at Ianto.
“Your cousin?”
Ianto nodded.

“Don’t forget to tell him I’m amazing in bed!”

That earned him an eye roll.

“Did you hear that?”

Gareth was laughing.

“I heard. Is he for real?”

“Oh yeah,” Ianto sighed dreamily. “That’s why I put up with him. Trust me, it’s not an idle boast.”

“I’ll take your word for it.”

The End
Jack had spent most of his time on earth hopping from one warm body to the next, never getting attached, never getting involved. Love ‘em and leave ‘em, have some fun and get gone before they started expecting him to stay. That was how it had to be.

He’d stayed too long with Estelle; leaving had been almost unbearable.

For a while with Lucia, he’d almost let himself believe having a family was possible. Then it fell apart.

He’d vowed never again, but somehow this man had broken through his defences.

Ianto Jones could never be just another warm body.

The End
Lot Number 8

Chapter Summary

Items of alien origin turn up in the oddest places.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Lot Number 8’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

The Rift had existed for many years, happily dropping strange bits and pieces on an unsuspecting Cardiff. Torchwood did their best to collect everything, but even so, there would always be the occasional item that slipped through unnoticed.

One of Ianto’s favourite tasks was to check the various places such items might come up for sale; today, he was at a local auction, having spotted a suspect lot in their latest catalogue.

Lot Number 8 was described as an old-fashioned flatiron, but was really an alien data-storage device. Ianto smiled and raised his paddle. Tosh was going to love it!

The End
Fulfilment

Chapter Summary

Tosh finds fulfilment working for Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Doin' What She Likes’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: For Fragments. Set pre-series.

Tosh knew Jack worried about the hours she put in. Ever since he’d rescued her from the UNIT prison, he’d been trying to persuade her to take time off, have fun, live a little. But she felt exposed on the streets of Cardiff without him, as if UNIT might swoop in and drag her back to her cell.

Besides, she loved being in the Hub, surrounded by Mainframe’s soothing hum, studying alien artefacts and technology. What was there out in the world that could better the feeling her job gave her?

She was doing what she liked best of all.

The End
Father’s Day

Chapter Summary

Father’s Day means something different for each of the team.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Variations on a Theme of Father’s Day’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: Mild for most of the show, including CoE (vague references to characters only).

Father’s Day means different things to different people.

Gwen took the day off to visit her parents. It was always a special day for her; she loved her dad and knew he adored her.

Tosh made time to phone her father, wishing him a happy day.

Owen ignored the whole thing. He’d never known his father anyway.

For Ianto, it was a day of conflicting emotions. As a small child, his dad had been his hero, but as he’d grown older, their relationship had been soured by alcohol-fuelled bitterness.

And Jack? He thought of his daughter and felt only regret.

The End
Nostalgia

Chapter Summary

Jack didn’t always dress the way he does now…

Chapter Notes

For fanbot’s prompt ‘70's fashions’.

Sprawled on the sofa, Jack and Ianto leafed through some old photos Ianto had found in the archives.

“Ah, nostalgia!” Jack sighed. “I remember those days well.”

“What the hell are you wearing there? It’s hideous!”

“Hey! They were very popular in the seventies. Everyone was wearing them.”

Ianto stared at him in disbelief. Jack shrugged.

“You had to be there.”

“Thankfully, I wasn’t born yet!”

“Pity. You would have looked cute in a leisure suit.”

That earned Jack a glare.

“Over my dead body! I have good taste.”

Jack kissed him.

“You do taste good!”

“Not what I meant!”

The End
Rainstorm

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are stuck in the SUV during a rainstorm.

Chapter Notes

For star54kar’s prompt ‘Rainstorm’.

Torrential rain pounded the SUV’s roof, so loud it would have been deafening if Ianto weren’t in the habit of carrying earplugs everywhere. As it was, Jack could only hear a distant rumble.

He watched the sheets of rain sweeping across the road, driven by near gale force winds. The weather across the whole of Britain was some of the worst he’d ever seen. Between the rain and the leaden clouds, visibility was so bad he’d been forced to pull off the road to wait it out.

Warm inside the SUV, Ianto asleep beside him, Jack didn’t mind at all.

The End
The new parents are captivated by their baby daughter.

Written For Challenge 316 – Reverse Fandom – How I Met Your Mother at tw100, although this one is too late to post for that challenge. I was going to save it for the next open round, but I decided to post it now while people still vaguely remember 'Christmas Delivery' (Chapter 439).

This is another one that came out at 100 words first try! I’ve lost count of how many that is! Prompt at the end.

Sitting up in bed, cradling their newborn daughter, Tosh couldn’t take her eyes off her baby’s face.

“I can’t believe she’s really here,” she murmured, voice filled with wonder.

“Her’s beautiful, she looks just like you.” Owen’s voice was hardly more than a whisper, as if he was afraid to disturb the magical scene. After a moment’s thought, he added, “Probably a good thing she doesn’t look like me.”

“Oh, but she does!” Tosh insisted. “She has your chin. And your ears!”

“You think so?”

Tosh nodded.

The baby yawned, opening brown eyes.

“Hello, Lily. We’re your mum and dad!”

The End

Title used is ‘Mom And Dad’.
Royal Invitation

Chapter Summary

Jack manages to shock the team again.

Chapter Notes

For star54kar. Prompt at the end.

I got the idea for this one from reading cjulina’s brilliant drabble ‘Formal Attire’.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jack was chatting with the team about his and Ianto’s invitation to Royal Ascot.

“Ianto’s going in his birthday suit,” he informed them cheerfully.

Gwen immediately choked on her coffee, while Tosh eyed Ianto appraisingly with a sly grin.

Ianto just shook his head in despair.

“I worry about you lot sometimes. I’m wearing the suit Jack gave me for my birthday, not going in the nude.”

“Thank God,” said Owen, “I can do without those mental images.”

“I can’t attend nude,” Ianto continued blithely, “I’d have nowhere to put my betting slips.”

Gwen promptly choked on her coffee again.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘Birthday suit’
Camping

Chapter Summary

Lisa had loved camping.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Happy Camping’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: For Cyberwoman.

Ianto had never liked camping, but Lisa loved it. Every weekend they had off from Torchwood, she’d load the tent in her car and drag him to a campsite somewhere. He always went along without complaint because he loved her and wanted to make her happy. If that meant doing something he disliked, it was a sacrifice he was willing to make.

As Annie spoke of his and Lisa’s last camping trip, Ianto’s heart ached at the memories her words evoked. He wished he could take Lisa camping one more time. Even though he’d hated it, he’d never been happier.

The End
A Sight To Behold

Chapter Summary

Jack watches Ianto, working in the archives.

Chapter Notes

For red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘Sweat’

Standing in the shadows, Jack watched Ianto. Jacket and tie off, shirtsleeves rolled above his elbows, he was shifting heavy boxes, stacking them for sorting. His top three shirt buttons were undone, revealing damp wisps of chest hair; sweat glistened on his face.

As Jack watched, a bead of sweat trickled down the back of Ianto’s neck, disappearing beneath his collar. Licking his lips, Jack longed to lap it up and taste Ianto, salty on his tongue.

He was broken from his reverie by an amused voice.

“You going to lurk there all day or lend a hand?”

Caught! Damnit!

The End
Just Us

Chapter Summary

Jack enjoys a day of freedom from Torchwood, with Ianto by his side.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘We Were Us’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. I wrote this one backwards. I knew the ending I wanted, so I started there.

Hand in hand with Ianto, strolling along the beach, barefoot and enjoying the sunshine, I felt at peace. These were the days I lived for.

Tomorrow, we’d be back at work, protecting Cardiff from the flotsam and jetsam of the universe with no idea what we’d be facing next. It could be anything from a full-scale invasion by hostile aliens to an assortment of odd socks; the Rift was unpredictable enough that anything was possible.

But for now, we weren’t Captain Jack Harkness and Torchwood’s general support officer; we were just us, Jack and Ianto, enjoying a rare day off.

The End
Ianto relaxes, listening to the birds singing.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘birds’

Ianto lay flat on his back in the grass, listening to birdsong.

A skylark, so high above him it was almost invisible, trilled its sweet song while swifts swooped low across the meadow, shrilling their call and snatching up the insects buzzing around him.

In a copse a short distance away, he could hear crows and magpies squabbling, a dove cooing. Nearer to hand, in the hedgerow a few metres away, the ticking of a robin sounded surprisingly loud.

All was silent, except for the birds.

The aliens were long gone.

He hoped Jack would come and untie him soon.

The End
No Worries

Chapter Summary

Ianto gets an accidental dose of an alien substance.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Ain't Worried About Nothin’’, one of the prompts I didn't get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Despite all their precautions, the odd-looking pod that had fallen through the Rift had exploded unexpectedly, splitting the containment unit it had been placed in and showering Ianto with a fine black powder, sending him into a sneezing fit.

Owen had hurriedly scooped up a sample of the powder for analysis, concerned about what effect it might have on the Welshman.

Ianto wasn’t worried though. Not about anything. Everything was good. Better than good, really. He grinned goofily at Jack.

“You’re all sparkly!”

“And you’re high as a kite!”

Owen made a mental note to sample the powder himself later.

The End
Hearing the vacuum cleaner running, Jack headed down to the boardroom, hoping to sneak up on Ianto for a crafty grope, but the sight that met his eyes wasn’t at all what he expected.

Ianto was there, but what on earth was he doing?

“Run it lightly along, head end to tail end, smooth strokes... That’s right, you’re getting the hang of it now!”

Jack shook himself and cleared his throat.

“Ianto? Care to explain?”

“Just teaching Nosy to use the vacuum cleaner.”

”On itself?”

“Gets rid of all those loose hairs.”

“Of course it does. What was I thinking?”

The End
A Bit Tied Up? - Sequel to ‘Birdsong’

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s missing, so Jack goes in search of him.

Chapter Notes

For everyone who wondered how Ianto got tied up and what Jack would do when he found him. Probably not what you were expecting, sorry! This ended up as a triple drabble.

The aliens had been rounded up and sent on their way, their contraband confiscated; they wouldn’t be back. It had been a surprisingly successful mission, everything had gone smoothly, except for one thing; Ianto seemed to be missing. He’d been sent to the other side of the copse to prevent the aliens slipping out that way, had contacted Jack to say he was in position, but hadn’t been heard from since. Sending the rest of the team back to the SUV, Jack set off in search of his missing Welshman.

Twenty minutes later, he rounded a hedge and there was Ianto, stretched out on his back in the sunshine, looking quite peaceful, considering.

“Ianto?”

“Jack! Finally! Do you have any idea how long I’ve been lying here?”

“Not really. What exactly are you doing? We could’ve used your help.”

“What am I doing? What does it look like I’m doing? The aliens tied me up!”

“Ah. Well, no, actually they didn’t.”

“What are you talking about? Of course they…” Ianto trailed off as he realised something.

“Oh. That’s weird. I was tied up a minute ago.”

“Um, no, you weren’t. You only thought you were. That’s interesting.” Jack sat down beside him as Ianto sat up.

“Why’s it interesting?”

“Those particular aliens have some rudimentary telepathic powers, just enough to project a pretty convincing illusion. But it only works if the target has psychic abilities. I can see I’m going to have to teach you to block telepathic projections.”

“I’m psychic?”

Jack nodded.
“What about the rest of the team?”

“Oh, they don’t need training. Not a trace of psychic ability in any of them. I didn’t think you had either, but I guess I was wrong!” Jack beamed at Ianto proudly. “You never cease to surprise me, Mr Jones!”

The End
**The Loser**

Chapter Summary

John wanted to win Jack back, but he just drove his former lover further away. He only has himself to blame.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘When I Was Your Man’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

**Spoilers:**

John kept hidden, watching the ragged remains of Jack’s team lay their friends to rest.

He was mostly to blame for their losses. He’d let himself get conned, all because he’d wanted to return Jack’s lost brother to him; maybe win Jack back in the process. By the time he’d realised he was being played, he was trapped, a bomb bonded to his arm, compelled to help Gray carry out his insane vendetta.

Once upon a time, Jack would’ve turned to John for comfort; now Eye Candy had taken his place.

There was nothing left for him here.

He’d lost.

The End
Precious Memories

Chapter Summary

Little things can mean a lot.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Treasure’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Often it’s the little, seemingly worthless things that people treasure the most.

A pressed flower Katie had worn in her hair on Owen’s first date with her.

A beer mat Owen had scrawled ‘Happy Birthday, Tosh, Love from Owen xx’ on when the team had gone out to celebrate her birthday.

The ticket stubs from the concert Gwen and Rhys had been to the night he asked her to move in with him.

A post-it note Jack had left on Ianto’s coffee machine one morning, that just said ‘You make me happy.’

Precious memories are worth far more than gold.

The End
Overdue

Chapter Summary

Gwen is tired of being pregnant.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100. This was the obvious first choice for the new prompt.

“Mornin’, sweetheart,” Rhys greeted Gwen as she waddled into the kitchen. “How’re you today?”

“How am I? I’m two weeks overdue and I feel like a bloody beached whale, that’s how I am!” Gwen groaned, easing herself down into a chair. She was exhausted and it was a waste of time trying to find a comfortable position because there wasn’t one.

“Can’t be much longer now, love,” Rhys reassured her, handing her a cup of tea.

“I’ll tell you right now, Rhys Williams, this baby is going to be an only child. No way am I goin’ through this again!”

The End
Jack cornered Ianto in the archives, looking desperate.

“Ianto, I need your help tonight. I have to break into the library.”

“Why?”

“I just found a book I forgot to return. It’s kinda overdue, I don’t want to get fined.”

“Suck it up, Jack; we all have to pay to pay our fines, why can’t you?”

“This book is *really* overdue, and the new librarian scares me.” Jack made puppy dog eyes.

“Exactly how overdue are we talking here?”

“Umm, 73 years?”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Only you. Fine, I’ll help. But if we’re caught, you can do the explaining!”

TBC in 'After Hours Visit' (Chapter 297)
Facing A Long Wait

Chapter Summary

Jack’s got a long wait ahead of him.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100. Thanks to ‘I Love Janto’ for the idea for this one!

**Spoilers:** Jack’s section of Fragments.

“The century will turn twice before you find each other again,” the Tarot girl tells him.

Her words hit Jack like a physical blow, a punch to the gut that almost takes his breath away. More than a hundred years before he’ll find his Doctor again? How will he bear it, existing day to day for another century? He already feels he’s lived too long.

But what choice does he have? None whatsoever if he’s honest, he’s waited so long, giving up isn’t an option. One day the Doctor will come and then he’ll finally get some long overdue answers.

The End
Act Of Mercy

Chapter Summary

Lisa’s final end was long overdue.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100.

Spoilers: For Cyberwoman.

Lisa was gone.

If he was brutally honest with himself, Ianto had suspected she was gone long before the team had killed her. From the moment the conversion had started, the cyber implants had been chipping away at her mind, her personality, everything that made her human. They’d gradually consumed Lisa, leaving behind only a shell inhabited by a soulless, emotionless mockery of the warm and wonderful woman he’d loved.

But he couldn’t let her go.

Instead of hating his colleagues, he should be thanking them for doing what he should have done months ago; they’d finally ended her suffering.

The End
Taking A Break

Chapter Summary

It’s been a very long day for Jack and Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100.

Jack and Ianto’s long day of saving the world yet again from invading aliens had ended with them hunting a rogue weevil in the early hours. Trailing back to the Hub, battered and bloody, they dumped Cyril the new Weevil in a cell across from Janet and dragged themselves to the kitchenette for a revivifying cup of coffee before showering.

Slumped on the sofa sipping the heavenly brew, Ianto looked at Jack and sighed.

“We should take a few days off, let the rest of the team deal with everything. We’re long overdue for a holiday.”

“Sounds good to me!”

The End
Dressed in his finest suit, Ianto proudly watched his husband as Jack stepped up and knelt before the King. The whole day was surreal, almost like a dream.

Torchwood and the purpose for its existence were common knowledge now, ever since an alien race had made peaceful first contact with humanity three years earlier.

Now, Jack was finally to get the recognition he deserved for all he had done over his many years of service to the crown, defending Earth. He was here to receive a Knighthood in the King’s New Year’s Honours.

Ianto thought it really was about time!

The End
Happy Belated Birthday, Ianto

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s birthday falls at a bad time for the team.

Chapter Notes

Because I didn’t get anything written in time for Ianto’s Birthday this year, here’s a slightly belated offering. Happy Birthday, Ianto Jones!

Ianto’s birthday went by practically un-remarked due to an insanely overactive Rift, several invasion attempts, five time-displaced people and a party of alien tourists who caused mass panic among the locals. The others wished him a happy birthday when their paths happened to cross, but that was it. Ianto understood, but it was still something of a letdown.

Weeks later, when things finally settled down, Jack called Ianto to the boardroom.

As he stepped through the door, the whole team chorused “Happy Birthday, Ianto!”

There were decorations, gifts, even a cake!

“Better late than never, right?” Jack grinned.

Ianto agreed!

The End
Suspension - Sequel to ‘Act Of Mercy’

Chapter Summary

Jack gives Ianto four weeks off.

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100.

Spoilers: Sort of for Cyberwoman.

In all the official paperwork, Ianto knew his time off would be referred to as a four-week suspension, but that was just to comply with protocol. Jack had explained it to him rather differently.

“I know you’d probably prefer to work, but you need time to come to terms with your loss and to grieve. Besides, the rest of the team could use the breathing space, so I’m putting you on compassionate leave. You have family locally, don’t you? Go visit them.”

That was a good idea. He hadn’t seen Rhi since returning to Cardiff. A visit was long overdue.

The End
Historic Moment

Chapter Summary

It’s a day that will go down in history.

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100.

I’m not too sure if this one really works, but I did the best I could with the idea I had.

Jack and Ianto sprawled on their sofa, eating dinner while watching the evening news, something they seldom got to do; it made a pleasant change. Not that the news was universally good or anything, but still…

“This is an historic day,” Jack told Ianto. “Someday we’ll tell our grandkids exactly where we were when we first heard the news.”

“What are you talking about?”

Jack gestured at the TV as the newscaster announced the vote had been passed to allow same sex couples to marry.

“Finally! This is the day that marks humanity’s first step towards long overdue full equality.”

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s taken Owen a long, long time to get around to something he should have done years ago…

Chapter Notes

My tenth drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100.

Tosh could scarcely believe what she was hearing. She looked at Owen uncertainly.

“I’m sorry, Owen, would you mind repeating that? I’m not sure I heard you correctly.”

“Oh, um, well, I said, uh, I was just wondering, would you like to have dinner with me Friday night? Provided the Rift doesn’t fuck everything up and the world’s not ending, I mean. Unless you have other plans. Shit, I’m useless at this! I knew I’d...”

“Owen,” Tosh broke in, “I’d love to have dinner with you.”

“You would? Really?”

Tosh nodded, smiling.

“I was beginning to think you’d never ask.”

The End
Ianto Is Late!

Chapter Summary

Where’s Ianto? He’s late for work!

Chapter Notes

My eleventh drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100. I don't have any more written, I need more ideas!

Jack paced his office, worry creasing his forehead. Ianto was late. Ianto was *never* late! He paced some more, checked his watch again. How long overdue did someone have to be before it was acceptable to send out a search party?

Something must have happened; otherwise he would’ve phoned to say he’d been delayed. Maybe he *had* phoned! Jack checked his phone was on. Of course it was. No missed calls either. He went back to pacing.

Finally, the cog door rolled back.

“You’re late!”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Only by seven minutes, Jack!”

“Where were you? I was worried!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Torchwood brings a hideous crime spree to its end.

Chapter Notes

I managed to squeeze out one more drabble for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100, but it’ll probably be my last, I’m out of ideas unless anyone has a suggestion or two. Still, twelve is a pretty good score, I’m happy with that!

**Spoilers:** Countrycide.

They’d come all the way to the Brecon Beacons, hoping to solve the mystery of lone travellers going missing without a trace. Even though the area was far beyond the reach of the Rift, they’d automatically assumed that aliens were somehow involved; they couldn’t have been more wrong.

How long had this band of cannibals been preying on the unwary? How many generations of these inbred ghouls had been treating their fellow humans as cattle, a convenient source of food?

Well, no more. Long overdue it might be, but these monsters would finally get what they deserved for their crimes.

The End
**Babysitting Blues**

Chapter Summary

Tosh is stuck babysitting her friends’ children.

Chapter Notes

Written for jsks’s prompt ‘Helping Tosh babysit’.

Set about a month before my drabble ‘Christmas Delivery’. I forgot I’d written this, it’s been lurking amongst a bunch on drabbles waiting to be posted.

Tosh, heavily pregnant with her and Owen’s first child, had been lumbered with babysitting duty because Jack claimed it would be good practice for her.

Anwen was three and into everything, while Meriel, at ten months, was alternating between high-speed crawling and rather precarious attempts at walking, all of which was making Tosh feel rather frazzled.

Just as she was beginning to wonder if she’d be able to cope with looking after her own child, due in less than two months, help arrived.

Settled on the playroom couch, sipping tea, Tosh could finally relax.

Fluffs, it seemed, made excellent babysitters!

The End
Nightmares

Chapter Summary

He’s haunted by nightmares every time he closes his eyes.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Wake Me Up’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

He’d witnessed so much horror in his life, only to relive it every night in his dreams. He’d seen friends and loved ones die while he continued on, fought aliens whose only goal was to destroy humanity, seen the very worst things humans could do to each other. It was bitter irony that he couldn’t even escape the memories in sleep.

As horrific visions woke him, wild-eyed in the darkness, heart racing, he found himself wrapped in a warm embrace.

“Just a bad dream. You’re safe, go back to sleep.”

In his lover’s arms, he found sanctuary from his nightmares.

The End
Even in his wildest dreams, Ianto had never imagined so many flavours of ice cream existed. Jack had told him this shop sold every flavour in the universe; judging by the list, he was right.

Choosing wouldn’t be easy, but Ianto Jones never backed down from a challenge.

After carefully considering different combinations, he made his choice.

“I’ll have the triple chocolate fudge choc chip coffee ripple, please. What are you having, Jack?”

Turning, he found Jack staring at the list, a devastated expression on his face.

“Jack? Are you okay?”

Jack gave a despairing wail.

“They don’t have vanilla!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Normally the Fluffs keep the kids out of trouble, but not this time…

Chapter Notes

For a Guest’s prompt ‘What about the fluffs with the kids? how much trouble could that be . . . .’

Stepping into the Hub after a retrieval mission, the team were confronted by chaos. Children and Fluffs were hurtling about, laughing, screaming, humming, knocking into things and sending them flying, adding to the mess they’d already created.

Tosh stood by her desk, wringing her hands helplessly.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” she wailed, “I was working on a new programme, they got into the cookies and ate the lot while I wasn’t paying attention!”

“Wonderful, now the little monsters are hyped on sugar! Just what we need,” grumbled Owen.

“Lighten up, Owen. One of those monsters is yours,” Ianto reminded him.

The End
Withdrawal Symptoms

Chapter Summary

It’s never a good thing when the coffee runs out, but some occasions are worse than others.

Chapter Notes

Written for dailyprompt 11-01-2014: ‘out of coffee’.

Getting stuck in the Hub during lockdown hadn’t seemed a problem at first. It was just the two of them since the rest of the team were out on a retrieval and it was nice having the place to themselves for once. Even the Rift was quiet; only one alert which the others easily dealt with.

But twenty hours into a forty-eight hour lockdown, they’d run out of coffee. Ianto’s behaviour had been getting steadily more erratic ever since.

Headaches, mood swings, irritability… Ianto going through caffeine withdrawal was no fun at all.

Now Jack was suffering from Ianto withdrawal.

The End
Sock Trouble

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s having sock trouble.

Chapter Notes

Written for dailyprompt 30-12-13: ‘the significance of socks’. This one’s a double drabble.

Ianto was somewhat perturbed to realise he couldn’t find a pair of socks. Or put more accurately, he couldn’t find a pair of his own socks. There were socks aplenty, his sock drawer was half full of them, but all of them were Jack’s.

“Jack, where the hell are all my socks?”

“In your sock drawer?”

“No, those would be your socks.”

“Socks are socks, can’t you just wear a pair of mine?”

“No. Yours are too thick; my shoes won’t go on over them. I can’t believe I’ve run out of socks! I didn’t think I was that far behind with the laundry.”

“Oh. Sorry.”

“Why are you apologising.”

“I’ve just been grabbing the first pair of socks I find every morning. Didn’t think it mattered.”

“You’ve been wearing my socks?”

“Well, yeah. Isn’t that what people do when they live together? Wear each other’s clothes?

“Not their socks!”

“Oh.” Jack reached for his foot, “Do you want this pair back then?”

Ianto looked horrified.

“Not when you’ve been wearing them!”

“What’s wrong with that? My feet have been intimate with yours plenty of times.”

“Good point. Give ‘em here. And wear your own socks in future!”
“Yes dear.”

The End
Tug Of War

Chapter Summary

Jack is no match for Myfanwy...

Chapter Notes

For fanbot’s prompt, ‘Myfanwy vs. …’

Jack pulled at his sock with all his strength, leaning backwards to get leverage with his bare feet against the cement floor. The sock stretched to a ridiculous length but Myfanwy refused to let go; she had a good grip on the toe and it took little effort for her to hold on. Jack, however, was puffing and panting, straining every muscle.

Leaning against the railings, Ianto chucked. Something would have to give soon, and it wouldn’t be Myf.

“It’s your own fault, Jack. I warned you not to toss your clothes everywhere. You’re lucky she only got your sock!”

The End
Earnshaw Strikes Again

Chapter Summary

Some people are magnets for trouble; others just attract the weird.

Chapter Notes

I said I wanted to post 250 drabbles this year – well, here it is, number 250! Not that I have any plans on stopping now, I just thought people might like to know.

For the prompt ‘Earnshaw Strikes Again’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. This one ended up as a triple drabble.

Perry Earnshaw had become a minor nuisance to Torchwood since he’d first arrived in Cardiff three years earlier. It wasn’t that he was a bad person; he just seemed to be a magnet for anything alien in his vicinity.

Even that wouldn’t have been so bad if he hadn’t also been impossible to Retcon. They’d tried the first couple of times, but it just didn’t take. The only solution each time was to convince him that he didn’t see what he thought he saw.

On the plus side, he wasn’t terribly bright and seemed to believe anything he was told.

So, when Ianto informed him that there were worrying readings coming from Earnshaw’s home, which Torchwood kept under permanent surveillance, for obvious reasons, Jack wasn’t too concerned.

That lasted until the team arrived at Earnshaw’s modest little cottage and saw what was causing the latest disturbance.

There was a small spaceship parked in his back garden, surrounded by fuzzy aliens that resembled dish mops on legs. Perry was sitting cross-legged on the lawn, chatting to them.

Owen groaned.

“The curse of Earnshaw strikes again. How do we handle this?”

Perry looked up and smiled.

“Hi, guys! Look what I found!”
The aliens had been pulled off course by the Rift and needed some assistance re-calibrating their systems to compensate for the distortion effect it caused. Tosh was happy to help while Perry served tea and biscuits to everyone.

“Mr Earnshaw, about what you’ve seen here…” Jack started.

Perry just waved his hand dismissively.

“Don’t worry about it, they’re just aliens. Get a lot of them here in Cardiff, more than where I used to live. They’re no trouble. Anything I should know?”

“Uh, no. Just don’t tell anyone.”

“No point, nobody would believe me. It’s our secret.”

And he winked.

The End
**Bond In Cardiff**

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Torchwood get an unexpected and very famous visitor thanks to the Rift.

Chapter Notes

This is for angelsphonebox’s prompt ‘Ianto meets James Bond’. It ended up being a quadruple drabble.

The man in the tuxedo smiled and extended his hand towards Tosh.

“The name’s…”

“Bond,” said Ianto, approaching the two. “James Bond, 007 to be precise.”

Bond raised an eyebrow.

“How do you know that? Who are you? And where exactly am I?”

“Ianto Jones, at your service. Sorry to have to tell you this, Mr Bond, but you’ve fallen through a Rift in time and space into an alternate universe.”

“Seriously?”

Ianto nodded.

“Afraid so. In our universe, you’re a fictional character.”

Bond frowned.

“Fictional? As in…?”

“Novels and a popular movie series.”

Bond looked mildly perturbed,

“How odd.”

oOo

“Well, that explains the bright light and rough landing. Q has always insisted alternate universes exist, if only he could discover how to access them. The old boy will turn green with envy when
I…” He trailed off. “He’ll never know, will he? This is confoundedly inconvenient; I was in the middle of a rather urgent assignment, now I’m stuck in… Where did you say this is?”

“Cardiff. Don’t worry, we’ll get you home, Miss Sato here is a genius, our version of Q you might say.”

Bond took Tosh’s hand, kissing it.

“Enchanted to make your acquaintance.”

Tosh blushed.

oOo

At the Hub, Bond met Jack and was subjected to his best flirting.

“Is he always like that?” Bond asked Ianto.

“No, he’s usually much worse.”

“How do you put up with it?”

“I threaten him with decaf.”

Bond sipped his coffee appreciatively.

“Yes, I can see how that would be effective.”

Gwen was star-struck, giggling and blushing at Bond’s comments. Owen was his usual grumpy self.

“Interesting people you work with.”

“Don’t let appearances fool you, they’re actually quite competent.”

“That’s comforting to know,” Bond commented dryly.

“Tosh will call when we’re needed. Meanwhile, let me show you around.”

oOo

Bond found the tour fascinating.

“I wonder if my universe has a Torchwood.”

“Wouldn’t surprise me at all. I wonder if I work for Torchwood there.”

“If you don’t, I intend to have you employed at MI5.”

“You’re too kind, Mr Bond,” Ianto smirked.
“Think nothing of it, Mr Jones.”

Just then, Tosh called them over.

“Rift spike in fifteen. You’ll just have time to return to your arrival point.”

.....

In the alleyway, Bond shook Ianto’s hand.

“It was a pleasure meeting you, Mr Jones.”

“Likewise. Safe trip, Mr Bond.”

With that, Bond stepped into the Rift portal, and vanished.

The End
Letters Home

Chapter Summary

Jack gives Tosh a gift beyond price.

Chapter Notes

New prompt! So, here's my first drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100!

Jack agrees to the conditions for Tosh’s release without any real intention of sticking to them; what UNIT doesn’t know won’t hurt her.

He’s instructed to allow only limited contact with her family via postcards, but the first thing he gives Tosh is an elegant and expensive set of the finest stationery. The paper is pale lilac, thick but supple, the envelopes delicate ivory. It seems almost a crime to mar them with writing.

Tosh does so anyway, writing long letters in Japanese, the kanji flowing from her brush with increasing fluidity as she practices.

She can’t thank Jack enough.

The End
Ianto’s seriously delayed on his way back from London.

My second drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100. Not that I can post it to the community, because LJ is buggered up and my update page won't work! *fumes*

Ianto hated traffic jams. He didn’t know what was causing the hold-up, but he’d been stuck on the motorway returning from London for almost thirty minutes; all lanes were at a standstill. It was maddening; he’d already witnessed several incidences of road rage, but wasn’t about to succumb to the frustration himself. Instead, he pulled out his phone and called Jack.

“Sorry, cariad, I’m going to be late, I’m stuck in traffic.” He glanced at the stationary cars surrounding him and sighed.

“I know a way to pass the time,” Jack replied.

“No, Jack, we’re not having phone sex!”

“Spoilsport.”

The End
Requesting Supplies

Chapter Summary

Jack needs some office supplies.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100.

“Ianto!” Jack called.

“Yes, sir?” The voice came from right behind him, making Jack jump.

“Oh, there you are. I’ve run out of printer paper.”

“Probably because you’ve been making paper aeroplanes. I’ll fetch you some more, shall I?”

“If it’s no trouble. And some post-its, black biros and paperclips?” Jack looked hopeful.

“Anything else?”

“No, I think that’s all, thanks.”

“You could just get them yourself. You know where the stationery cupboard is, don’t you?”

Jack looked blank.

“We have a stationery cupboard?”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“Of course. Where’d you think I get all this?”

“Um, the shops?”

The End
Puzzling Problem

Chapter Summary

The Rift has outdone itself.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100.

According to Tosh, whatever had come through the Rift was big, heavy and stationary; that was all she could determine from the Hub, so Jack, Ianto and Owen had gone to investigate. Now they stood staring at their new acquisition and wondering what the hell they were going to do with it.

Jack was the first to speak.

“It’s a nice bridge. Very well made.”

“Not much use in the middle of a field though, is it?” said Ianto.

“I dunno,” Owen smirked. “Maybe the sheep will enjoy it.”

“How do we explain it to the farmer?”

“Drunken student prank?”

The End
Ianto’s In Demand

Chapter Summary

Gwen wants Ianto’s help. Again.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100. I have three more written and another one planned.

Ianto was chatting with Jack when Gwen sheepishly approached.

“Ianto? Sorry to bother you, but I need your help if you’re not busy…”

Ianto sighed.

“Again? Alright, I’ll be there in a minute.”

“Thanks so much, you’re a love!” Gwen bounced away happily.

“Aren’t you pleased she values your opinion?” Jack teased, laughing.

“It’s not my opinion that matters! I’ll be right back.”

OoOoO

“What was it this time?” Jack asked on Ianto’s return.

“She wanted my advice on wedding stationery. I’m considering getting business cards printed: Ianto Jones, Wedding Coordinator. At least then I could charge her for my services!”

The End
Hell On Earth

Chapter Summary

Ianto will use any means possible to avoid detection during the Battle of Canary Wharf.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100. This one's kinda dark and grim. Sorry.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman

Unmoving, still as death, motionless, Ianto shut his eyes and prayed to a God he wasn’t sure he believed in anymore. Hell had come to earth, complete with blood and flames and the screaming of souls in torment.

The air stank of smoke and burning flesh, the stench almost choking him and he tried not to breathe as heavy metallic footsteps approached his hiding place. By some miracle, they passed by, the metal monsters apparently unaware that an unconverted, living human lay among the bodies of the slaughtered.

As the robots departed, he finally moved. He had to find Lisa.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack goes hunting for the stationery cupboard..

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100. There will be two more parts to this.

Jack really hadn’t been aware that the Hub housed an actual stationery cupboard, but now he knew it existed, he was determined to find it. He could have just asked Ianto where it was, but where would be the fun in that?

It was three days before he had time to spare, but as soon as he did he checked the CCTV, backtracking from when Ianto had delivered the supplies he’d requested to his office. Then he went exploring.

The ‘cupboard’ turned out to be a walk-in closet, lined with shelves full of office supplies. To Jack, it was heaven!

TBC in ‘Cupboard Plans’
Cupboard Plans - Sequel to ‘Cupboard Hunt’

Chapter Summary

Well, now Jack’s found the cupboard, what will he do?

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100. Looks like ten will be my limit this time. I have two more to post, one for this sequence and an odd one.

Lots of office supplies, plenty of space, no CCTV cameras in the cupboard or the corridor outside… Why had Ianto never mentioned this place before? Did he have no idea how perfect it was?

Jack mooched about, examining the contents of the shelves and forming a plan.

A week later when Ianto was busy in the archives, Jack phoned him asking for some stationery items. Hanging up, he hurried to the cupboard, arriving before Ianto and shutting himself inside.

When Ianto entered a few minutes later, Jack pounced, pinning him to the shelves.

“Ready to have some fun?” he leered.

TBC in ‘A Cupboard Made For Two’
A Cupboard Made For Two - Sequel to ‘Cupboard Plans’

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto in a stationery cupboard – but just whose idea was it?

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ianto’s smirk broadened into a grin.

“What took you so long? I thought you’d have discovered this place days ago. I was beginning to think all my careful planning had been for nothing.”

“Planning?” Jack was confused.

“Look at this place, Jack; desk, photocopier, filing cabinets, abundant office supplies… There are plenty of much smaller cupboards I could’ve used for our stationery stockpile, but I thought you’d like a bit more room for manoeuvre.

“So you set all this up for us to…?”

“Indulge in some cupboard love? Well, it’s about time we explored your office fetish, don’t you think?”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Anyone who would like to try their hand at writing an innovative stationery/office smut follow-up to this, feel free to do so. I just can’t think of a thing they could do with office supplies. Clearly, my brain is just not kinky enough.
Like A Statue

Chapter Summary

Jack stands silently on a rooftop after a tough day.

Chapter Notes

My tenth (and most likely final) drabble for Challenge 319 – Stationery/Stationary at tw100.

Jack stands so still on the rooftop he could be mistaken for a statue if not for the wind stirring his coat. Not that anyone would spot him up there, a slightly darker shadow against the night sky. Ianto can only see him because he knows Jack’s there. He was there too just a short while ago.

He’d been trying to persuade Jack to come down, but the immortal had remained motionless and silent, staring at nothing. Failing to save someone always hit him hard.

Ianto wishes he could do something, anything, other than leave Jack to his lonely vigil.

The End
Five Thousand Years

Chapter Summary

Millennia pass by, but their love remains as strong as ever.

Chapter Notes

The 500th chapter in my drabble collection! YAY! (Okay, so it’s actually my 501st posted drabble, but I can’t count the first drabble I posted because I posted it separately. If I’d added it to the collection I might have lost the lovely reviews it received…)

Written for the prompt ‘Still Into You’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Five thousand years of marriage seemed to pass in the blink of an eye.

They raised children many times, watched their grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and countless generations marry and raise families of their own. They renewed their vows in every joining ceremony they came across and Jack joked that if they had to wear all the tokens of their commitment to each other at the same time they wouldn’t be able to move.

There were fights and make-up sex, joys and tragedies, but through it all their love for each other never wavered.

Two bodies, two hearts, sharing a single soul.

The End
Wonderful News!

Chapter Summary

Tosh gives Owen some wonderful news.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at end.

Owen’s only half-listening to Tosh; he’s tired, he was up half the night dealing with an emergency after Andy got himself stuck full of quills trying to corral the alien equivalent of a porcupine, so his brain’s in sleep mode. But when she says ‘Baby,’ suddenly he’s wide-awake, all his attention centred on his wife.

“What?” Okay, not the most intelligent response ever.

Tosh grins that wicked grin.

“I said; we’re going to have a baby.”

“You’re sure?”

She nods and suddenly Owen’s on his feet, spinning her around.

“I’m gonna be a dad!”

Funny how he’s not tired anymore.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘When She Says Baby’.

Funny how I seem to be telling Lily’s story backwards.
Chapter Summary

Cardiff’s not quite like other cities.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Beware’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Cardiff’s not your average city.

Oh, it looks normal enough, pretty much like any other British city. Similar shops, pubs here and there, restaurants and nightclubs, offices and blocks of flats. There are even parks, and because it happens to be on the coast, a marina for those wealthy enough to own a boat.

Holidaymakers flock to the area because of the castle and other tourist attractions. By day it’s delightful.

But if you venture out after dark, beware. Keep to the busy areas, the brightly lit streets, and stay out of the alleyways.

Because the shadows here have teeth!

The End
Love Vs Lust

Chapter Summary

A look inside Gwen’s head as she compares Rhys with Jack.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Everything I Shouldn't Be Thinking About’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

No specific spoilers.

Gwen loved Rhys, she really did. He was kind, caring, supportive, funny and a great cook. He put up with her long working hours and strange moods, and she knew he would do anything for her because he loved her.

But he wasn’t Jack.

Jack was gorgeous, sexy, confident, charming, larger than life, an immortal hero full of outrageous tales of unlikely exploits. He was exciting and dangerous where Rhys was comfortable, ordinary, maybe even a little dull.

She loved Rhys, but she lusted after Jack; he was everything.

Everything she shouldn’t be thinking about.

She just couldn’t help herself.

The End
Coming Unfluffed

Chapter Summary

Nosy is exhibiting a strange symptom, causing Jack to panic.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for milady_dragon. Thought you could do with a little boost considering everything you’re dealing with right now!

I really should have posted this one before ‘Personal Grooming’ (Ch. 465), which is kind of the sequel.

Prompt is at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ianto!” Jack ran from his office, eyes wide with panic.

“Jack? What’s wrong?”

“Nosy’s going bald!”

“What?”

“It’s not my fault, I was just stroking it and all its fluff started falling out!” Jack sounded frantic, holding up a handful of green hairs. “Look!”

Ianto tried very hard not to laugh, but failed.

“Jack, it’s okay. Nosy’s just shedding its winter coat, it won’t go bald.”

“Oh. Are you sure?”

“Quite sure,” Ianto replied ruefully, watching Nosy slither past leaving a trail of green fluff in its wake.

“I really should teach Nosy to use the vacuum cleaner,” he sighed.

The End

Chapter End Notes
Prompt was ‘Nosy starts shedding’.
Chapter Summary

Some of Cardiff’s motorists have run into a spot of bother.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Variations on a Theme of Road Rage’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

The alien was nine feet tall, covered in shaggy brown fur. Ianto thought it resembled the descriptions of the legendary Bigfoot, except that its face was like a bulldog’s.

It was also in a foul mood.

Appearing out of nowhere in the middle of a major road during rush hour, the creature had immediately brought traffic to a standstill. People had fled in panic, leaving their vehicles behind to be systematically pulverised by huge, hairy fists.

“That takes Road Rage to a whole new level,” commented Owen.

Ianto had to agree. There were going to be some interesting insurance claims.

The End
Jack had spent most of his time since he became immortal building fences around his heart, in a futile attempt to protect himself from the pain of loving and losing.

It never seemed to work, and yet he couldn’t keep from trying, always hoping that this time would be different.

Over and over, he told himself that love was a luxury he couldn’t afford. It made him vulnerable, affected his judgement, and anyway, it was pointless since he’d soon be leaving with the Doctor.

But the heart wants what the heart wants; no amount of fences can pen it in.
Chapter Summary

Jack is worried about his expanding waistline.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Waist Land’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack stared in the mirror, frowning, and poked his middle. There was no doubt about it; he’d put on weight, an unwelcome side effect of avoiding dying so often. He knew Ianto appreciated him being more careful, but worried his husband would lose interest now he’d gained weight.

“Ianto, d’you think I’m getting fat?” he asked hesitantly.

Ianto snorted, and Jack glared at him.

“It’s not funny!”

“Yes it is; I was about to ask you the same thing! Maybe we should stop eating junk food and exercise more.”

Jack dragged Ianto onto the bed.

“Good idea! Let’s exercise now!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto thinks about the Pizza delivery girl Lisa killed.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Sweet Annie’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: For Cyberwoman.

She was a lovely girl, bubbly, outgoing, friendly and funny. She’d always pause to chat when she delivered Pizza to the Tourist Office, telling Ianto he worked too hard and should remember to have fun occasionally, that he was too young to be so serious all the time.

He knew she lived with her parents, had two married older brothers, two little nieces and a cat called Moe. She was studying to be a teacher and she wanted to travel the world.

And now she was dead, and it was his fault.

Sweet Annie didn’t deserve to die like that.

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s Tosh’s wedding day and Jack is giving the bride away.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Toshiko was a vision of loveliness in her wedding gown; she’d never looked more radiant. Jack hoped Owen appreciated how lucky he was. He offered his arm to the bride as the Wedding March began and they made their entrance.

It was magical, every head turned to watch as the beautiful bride seemed almost to float down the aisle towards her husband to be and Jack caught his own husband’s eye, where Ianto stood as Best Man beside Owen.

As they reached the altar, Jack wiped away a tear. Somehow he’d never quite learned how not to cry at weddings.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘How Not to Cry at Weddings’
Suzie can’t get enough of the Glove.

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The glove thrummed in Suzie’s hands, singing to her, filling her body with raw energy that ran through her veins like electricity. The feeling it gave her was unlike anything she’d ever encountered and she couldn’t get enough of it. She didn’t let anything show on her face though; outwardly she was calm and analytical, discussing the alien device’s possibilities with Jack.

“Testing is going okay, I’m optimistic that with practice the revival time can be extended beyond 30 seconds. It’s just a case of refining technique.”

Bringing the dead back to life, however briefly, was the ultimate power trip.

The End

Title used was ‘Power Trip’
Chapter Summary

Sometimes, Owen thinks Jack and Ianto get into such situations just to torture him.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Do I Wanna Know?’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Arriving at the Hub early one morning, Owen was greeted by a sight he could have done without.

There was water everywhere.

Jack hung by his braces from the catwalk, his trousers so shredded they left nothing to the imagination. Ianto, on the other hand, seemed to have lost his clothes and was naked except for a strategically placed tea tray. Both men were covered in scratches; Ianto had a black eye and Jack’s nose looked swollen.

“Do I even want to know what happened?” Owen asked, covering his eyes.

“Baby Weevils really don’t like being bathed,” Ianto replied wearily.

The End
Goodbye Town

Chapter Summary

Ianto starts on the journey that leads him to Torchwood One.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Goodbye Town’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Ianto felt like a heavy weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

The funeral was over, his father was gone and he was free at last. There was nothing left to hold him here on the estate; finally he could escape, spread his wings and fly. He already knew where he’d go.

London beckoned, a place no one knew him; he could start over, reinvent himself and become something more than an estate kid. He had dreams, ambitions. He’d make something of his life; prove everyone wrong.

His only regret on leaving his hometown was that he hadn’t left sooner.

The End
Chapter Summary

Torchwood are out in the countryside again, much to one person’s displeasure.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Howard and the Great Outdoors’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Since Torchwood doesn’t have a Howard, I though Owen would be a fitting substitute ;)

Owen was grumbling again.

“I hate the countryside!”

“We know.” Ianto rolled his eyes. “You’ve told us enough times!”

“Come on, Owen, lighten up,” said Jack cheerfully. “Feel the sunshine. Breathe that air! It’ll do you good. No traffic fumes our here.”

“Exactly. It’s too clean; it’s disgusting. There’s nothing out here! This is no place for civilised people, it’s all grass and mud and sheep!”

With Owen’s next step, there was a rather unpleasant squelch from beneath his foot.

“Shit!”

Ianto smirked.

“Yep! Looks like there are cows out here too.”

“Bloody countryside! Next time, I’m staying in Cardiff!”

The End
Barbecue Weather

Chapter Summary

Everyone’s gathered for a barbecue: what could go wrong?

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Where There’s Smoke, There’s Barbecue’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

It was a glorious summer day; hot and sunny, cloudless blue sky, and a light breeze keeping the heat from becoming stifling. The perfect weather for a barbecue, according to Jack.

So here they all were, in Jack and Ianto’s back garden; the team and their significant others plus Ianto’s family, sipping iced drinks while the kids played. Jack and Rhys were handling the cooking, until they got into a heated debate over rugby versus Jack’s new obsession: American Football…

Ianto did his best to rescue the meat and disperse the smoke; he hoped everyone liked their steaks well done!

The End
Priorities

Chapter Summary

The team are happy to have Ianto back at work.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Come & Get It’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

After three weeks off with a leg injury, Ianto was finally back at work, so happy to be around people again that he hardly minded not being able to get down to the archives. It had been lonely at home.

Once he was sure he could get around the Hub on crutches, he’d begged to be allowed back. Jack had finally caved, although he’d put Ianto on restricted duties, which meant he’d be sitting at a computer all day.

First things first though.

“Coffee’s ready, come and get it!”

He didn’t think he’d ever seen the team move so fast!

The End
The Same Love

Chapter Summary

Jack muses on equality.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Same Love’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Even after living on earth for well over a century, watching as attitudes gradually changed and people became more tolerant, there were times Jack still despaired.

For all the progress society had made, especially in recent years, there was still so much hatred, discrimination and prejudice. How much longer would it take before all people were considered equal?

How long before everyone accepted that it didn’t matter whether it was a man and a woman, two men or two women, didn’t matter if their skin was brown, white, yellow or rainbow coloured.

The love that united couples remained the same.

The End
Hindsight

Chapter Summary

They’d had some fun ‘dabbling’, but the aftermath was proving a lot less fun!

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

In hindsight, Ianto thought, he should’ve known something like this would happen.

He was as kinky as the next man, assuming the next man was Jack, and readily agreed when Jack suggested handcuffing him to the Hub railings for some late-night fun.

And it certainly had been fun, Jack was a considerate, talented lover, always making sure they were both completely satisfied. All had gone swimmingly until Jack went to un-cuff him and dropped the key.

Now Ianto was still cuffed to the railing while Jack searched for it.

Next time, he’d tie the damn key to the railing first!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘The Lost Key’
I Can See Clearly Now

Chapter Summary

Owen has a moment of clarity.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Clarity’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Sometimes you can work with someone for years, even think of them as a friend, yet never really see them.

Then one day, you look at them, really look at them. And maybe the light is hitting them from a different angle, or they’ve done something to their hair, or maybe it’s just that for once you’re not hung over.

Whatever it is, for the first time ever you actually see her. In a moment of clarity you realise how amazing she is, and wonder how you could have been so blind for so long.

And that’s how love begins.

The End
The Man

Chapter Summary

A waitress has a crush on one of the diners.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt 'The Man’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

She doesn’t know his name; she’s too shy to ask. When she thinks of him, it’s just as ‘the man in the suit’. Sometimes she curses her shyness. If she were more outgoing she’d ask his name, start a conversation. Not that such a gorgeous, well-dressed man would ever be interested in a mousy waitress. Instead, she just approaches his table to take his order.

He smiles at her, and he’s just about to order when another man arrives, sitting down with a dazzling smile for the man.

“Sorry I’m late, love.”

Oh. Well, she never stood a chance anyway.

The End
Lashing Out

Chapter Summary

All Ianto’s plans are coming unravelled.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tanizaki was supposed to help Lisa; now he’s dead and Ianto’s panicking. Everything’s falling apart, all that planning for nothing. He hides the body, even though there’s little point.

Lisa’s out of control, everyone knows, and Jack has a gun to his head. The day can’t get any worse. Why should he keep quiet any longer?

“I clear up your shit. No questions asked and that’s the way you like it. When did you last ask me anything about my life?”

It’s a low blow, but it hits its mark; they all look guilty.

It only makes him feel worse.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used is ‘No Questions Asked’
Who Are You?

Chapter Summary

Jack muses over the man who’s just ‘rescued’ him.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

**Spoilers:** Fragments

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Slinging the Weevil over his shoulder, Jack walked away from his rescuer without looking back, not even when the deliciously Welsh-accented voice called after him.

“By the way; love the coat.”

‘Sure you do,’ he thought. ‘So who are you, Jones, Ianto Jones? Rent boy maybe?’ He could certainly pass for one in that outfit, but something about him didn’t fit. Anyway, how come he’d been in exactly the right place, at exactly the right time to be of assistance? There was more to Ianto Jones than met the eye, Jack was certain, and he intended to find out what.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used is ‘Right Place, Right Time’
Cardiff In Wartime

Chapter Summary

Tosh and Jack are stuck in 1941.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Time Travellers’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: Captain Jack Harkness.

All they’d done was visit the Ritz Dancehall to check out reports of music, and now they were stuck in 1941! She should be in London, celebrating her grandfather’s 88th birthday, not stranded among American servicemen living like there was no tomorrow. For some of them there might not be; that was life in wartime.

Jack fitted right in, dressed in his usual WWII era clothing, but Tosh had never felt so out of place or so vulnerable.

All she could do was hope and pray their colleagues could find a way to get them back to their own time.

The End
Out Of Time

Chapter Summary

Three people have fallen through the Rift.

Chapter Notes

For ‘The Time Travellers’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: Out Of Time.

Anything at all could fall through the Rift, from past, present or future and from anywhere in the universe. Jack suspected things could fall through from other universes too, though he hadn’t yet been able to prove it. Even so, this was something he’d never seen before; three people in a small plane, plucked from their own time and dumped more than fifty years in their future.

They were just regular people, nothing out of the ordinary. A shopkeeper, a young woman, a female pilot… Now the inadvertent time travellers were stranded out of time.

They could never go home.

The End
Victorious

Chapter Summary

Torchwood have survived another battle.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Sunrise’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

It had been a long, difficult battle. The band of Krillian mercenaries who’d fallen through the Rift had been heavily armed and out for blood; whose blood hadn’t seemed to matter.

Battered, bloody and weary to the bone, the Torchwood team slowly limped their way back to the SUV just as dawn was breaking.

Ianto, who was leading the way, stopped suddenly, pointing as the sun rose above the horizon.

“Sun’s coming up, and we’re all still alive,” he said cheerfully. “It’s going to be a beautiful day.”

They smiled at each other, weariness forgotten. They’d saved the world again.

The End
Mud And Bother

Chapter Summary

Of all the places the Rift could drop something, it had to pick one of the worst.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

First in a four part drabble mini-series.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Whatever it was that had come through the Rift this time, it had landed in the boating lake, and must have made quite a splash judging by how much mud there was around the lake’s edge.

There had been no rain for a couple of weeks, everything had been dry, but now the team were squelching about in wellies, ankle deep in mud, using scanners and long sticks, trying to pinpoint exactly where whatever it was had come to rest.

It was hopeless; there was only one thing for it.

“Looks like I’d better break out my wetsuit,” Ianto sighed.

TBC in ‘The Treasure Of The Deep’

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used is ‘From Wellies To Wet Suit’
Ianto’s always wanted to go diving for sunken treasure on an old wreck somewhere. That was why he and Lisa had taken up scuba diving in the first place, planning to take a diving holiday one day to see what they could find.

Of course, he’d always thought it would be somewhere tropical, with sparkling clear water, coral reefs and brightly coloured fish.

Instead, here he was in a cold, murky boating lake in Cardiff, trying to find… something. So far they’d hauled out three bicycles, a lawnmower, an old pram, most of a bed, a washing machine, five saucepans, two radiators, four TVs, part of a spiral staircase, a filing cabinet, and a barbecue. All carried faint traces of Rift energy, but none had actually fallen through the Rift. Ianto was getting frustrated. Whatever had made the splash had to be around here somewhere! The lake wasn’t all that big, though it was obviously deep enough for people to dump their unwanted junk. Still, at least he could console himself that he was carrying out a public service.

When he did finally find what he was looking for, it certainly wasn’t the chunk of debris he’d been expecting…
Chapter Summary

Just what is it that they’ve caught?

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

This one’s a drabble and a half because it came out at exactly 150 words. I couldn’t bring myself to ruin that! Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had taken some work and the SUV’s winch to pull it out, but at last it was on the bank. They were standing around the large, rather dented ovoid staring at it when Rhys joined them, having just arrived with a lorry for transportation.

“What’s that then?” he asked Jack, who was crouched beside it, running his hands carefully over the surface as if feeling for something.

“It’s an escape pod.”

“What, y’mean from a space ship?”

“Exactly that; I just need to find the control panel… Ah!” There was a click and a previously invisible panel slid to one side. Jack used his VM to activate the opening mechanism and with a slight puff of escaping air, the top of the battered craft slowly swung up to reveal two small, anxious-looking humanoids staring out at them.

“Hi!” Jack held out his hands. “Captain Jack Harkness, welcome to earth!”

TBC in ‘Who Made A Bit Of A Splash?’

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used is ‘Welcome To Earth’
Who Made A Bit Of A Splash? – Sequel to ‘Catch Of The Day’

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s made some new friends, but they can’t stay.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Who Made A Bit of a Splash in Wales Then?’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. This one’s another double drabble. (I’m not really happy with the last line.)

Their guests turned out to be wealthy honeymooners on a luxury cruise whose lifepod had accidentally been jettisoned during a safety drill. They’d been getting low on air and had thought themselves doomed, so were very grateful to be rescued.

Back at the Hub Owen examined them, pronouncing them healthy despite their ordeal, though rather giddy from breathing an atmosphere with higher oxygen content than their own.

Ianto could’ve told him that. The aliens were currently dancing around him, apparently their species’ way of expressing gratitude. Ianto thought it looked exhausting, but they’d been dancing for almost thirty minutes with no sign of tiring. Maybe giving them coffee hadn’t been the best idea.

Fortunately, Tosh managed to contact the spaceliner, which sent a shuttle to collect the lost passengers. They arranged to meet it on a hill outside Cardiff.

Ianto wasn’t particularly surprised when the ship’s captain insisted on performing the dance of gratitude. What did surprise him was the bag of star sapphires he was given as a reward, and being told the couple intended to name their firstborn after him.

As the shuttle departed, Jack grinned at Ianto.

“Hard to say who made the bigger splash,” he teased.

The End
Holding On To Hope

Chapter Summary

Jack’s gone, but Ianto is holding on to hope.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Cups (Pitch Perfect's When I'm Gone)’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack was gone, vanished without trace. Was he taken or did he just leave? It was a shock, but Ianto had to admit he wasn’t really surprised. He thought he knew who Jack had left with; what hurt was that he hadn’t cared enough about them to say goodbye.

He looked at the extra cup of coffee he’d fetched. What a waste.

Still, all the time Jack was gone, Ianto found himself reaching for Jack’s mug whenever he made coffee. At the back of his mind, a little voice kept telling him ‘Don’t give up hope; Jack will come home.’

The End
Buffet Lunch

Chapter Summary

There’s a new buffet bar in Cardiff…

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ianto had known that the whole team going out to the new buffet bar for lunch was a terrible idea, but he’d suggested it anyway, just because he really wanted to go and the rest of the team would bitch and moan if he went on his own and didn’t tell them.

So here they were, seated around a table, plates filled with their selections, ready to tuck in when Jack finally arrived with a massively overloaded plate.

“What on earth have you got there?” exclaimed Tosh.

“Oh, I just thought I’d try a little bit of everything,” Jack beamed.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Little Bit Of Everything’
Radioactive

Chapter Summary

Jack reflects on John Hart’s unwelcome visit.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Radioactive’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Apologies for the lateness – I’m having the day from Hell. And a bad migraine.

Spoilers: Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

Radiation cluster bombs, that’s what Hart claimed were scattered throughout Cardiff. Deadly dangerous if the radiation leaked. Jack had his doubts, but he couldn’t take the chance that for once his ex-partner might be telling the truth. Gallling as it was, he had no choice but to mobilise his team to help track them down.

What did it get them? Tosh beaten, Owen shot, Gwen poisoned, Ianto held at gunpoint… Hart threw Jack himself off the roof in a fit of pique. And of course the radiation cluster bombs were nothing of the sort.

The only danger was Hart himself.

The End
The Pendant

Chapter Summary

Tosh considers Mary’s pendant.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Locket’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: Greeks Bearing Gifts.

It was such a pretty, innocuous little pendant, unless you were wearing it; then there was nothing innocent about it. No one should be able to hear the innermost thoughts of the people around them. She’d thought her colleagues were her friends; now she wondered if she knew them at all.

Gwen’s thoughts alternated between pitying Tosh and lusting after Owen, Owen thought about Gwen and how pathetic Tosh was, and Ianto’s thoughts were mired in pain and loss.

No, there was nothing innocent about the pendant; it was better destroyed, Tosh decided as she ground it beneath her heel.

The End
Squeezing In

Chapter Summary

How do you fit six adults in a small car?

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

Spoilers: Fragments.

They’d survived the bombs, but it would take a miracle to get them back to the Hub in the only vehicle they had at their disposal.

“How the fuck are six of us supposed to fit in that sardine can?” Owen demanded.

Rhys was not too pleased with Owen’s insult.

“What’re yer on about? There’s plenty of room in the back.”

“It’s fine, Owen. Ianto can sit on my lap.”

”Like hell, Jack! I’d be jammed against the roof and you’d get… overexcited. Tosh can sit on my lap, Owen in the middle.”

“You take the fun out of everything.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used was ‘Plenty of Room in the Back’
It was a bizarre sight, to say the least. Myfanwy clucked and cooed, bobbing her head, acting coy and flirtatious; it was quite obvious she was smitten. While Ianto could quite understand the lonely Pteranodon wanting a mate, he couldn’t help feeling that perhaps the object of her affections might not be the best match for her.

Of course, finding another Pteranodon on earth was highly unlikely, even allowing for the vagaries of the Rift, so the chances of her finding her ideal mate were slim at best.

Still, why’d she have to fall in love with an inflatable banana?

The End

For the prompt “Myfanwy lays an egg and/or becomes enamoured of...”
Birthday Girl

Chapter Summary

It’s Tosh’s first birthday since she joined Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for darcy58 who asked for something with Jack and Tosh. It ended up as a double drabble.

**Spoilers:** Hints at Fragments; set pre-series.

Five months after joining Torchwood, Tosh arrived at the Hub early one morning to find her workstation transformed.

A huge bouquet of yellow and white roses in a blue vase stood in front of her monitors, with a small and beautifully wrapped parcel and an equally beautiful cake beside it. An envelope was propped against the vase, her name written neatly on the front.

Tosh was so busy staring she didn’t even hear Jack come up behind her.

“Happy birthday, my beautiful Toshiko!”

She gasped and spun around.

“But I didn’t tell anyone…”

“It’s in your file,” Jack told her.

Tosh reached out, caressing the velvety rose petals.

“They’re beautiful. Thank you, Jack.”

“You deserve everything. Go ahead; open your present. I have another surprise for you before the others get here.”

With trembling hands, Tosh unwrapped her gift, a delicate silver bracelet set with amethysts.

“Oh Jack, you shouldn’t have. It’s too much!”

“Nonsense. Toshiko, you are a gem beyond price. I believe in you, you just need to believe in yourself. Now, come on, your mother’s on the phone.”

Speechless, tears in her eyes and a smile on her face, Tosh hugged Jack tight. She felt truly blessed.
The End
Memories Of Katie

Chapter Summary

Owen mourns Katie.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Young, beautiful and so full of life, Katie had been everything to Owen; his reason for living, the only person who loved him just the way he was, though he never understood what she saw in him. She said he was honest; he cut through the bullshit and took no nonsense from anyone.

Now she was dead, killed by an alien in her brain, and he was in Cardiff, working with a bunch of weirdos who hunted aliens.

He picked up the whiskey bottle. All he had left was Katie’s memory; he planned on drinking to it all night long.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Drink To That All Night’
Chapter Summary

After losing everything during TYTNW, Jack returns home needing to reassure himself that his friends are safe.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Safe And Sound’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

The Master took everything from Jack during The Year: his liberty, his dignity, his life over and over again. His faith in humanity was stripped away and for a while, even his belief in the Doctor wore thin.

Cardiff, his home on Earth, was destroyed while Jack was forced to watch but worse, his team, his friends, were taken from him one at a time.

Returning to a Cardiff undamaged by a year that never happened, Jack sought his team, finally able to breathe easily when he found them in peril but still safe and sound, and most importantly, alive.

The End
Life Goes On

Chapter Summary

Ianto comes to a shocking realisation.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘It's Never Ten Years’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. This one’s a double drabble.

**Spoilers:** Cyberwoman, To The Last Man, possibly Fragments.

Ianto checked the date and froze. That couldn’t be right. Surely it hadn’t really been ten years? He grabbed the nearest chair and dropped heavily into it.

“Ianto? Are you alright?” Tosh turned to her friend, concerned.

“I’m okay. I just… Time’s gone by so fast; I don’t know when I lost track. It’s ten years to the day since Canary Wharf. How could I have forgotten? So many people died that day; friends, colleagues… Lisa. I don’t even know how long it’s been since I last thought of her.”

“Life goes on, Ianto. You can’t dwell on the past all the time. We all have to pick up the pieces and rebuild our lives after bad things happen. It doesn’t mean we’ve forgotten; some things can never be forgotten, we live with them for the rest of our lives. But we don’t have to think about someone every day to remember them; they’re always with us.” Ianto knew she was talking about Tommy. “Lisa would have wanted you to move on, wouldn’t she?”

Ianto nodded.

“She would’ve been furious if I’d just spent the rest of my life mourning her.”

“Then remember her with love, but live for yourself.”

The End
Blurred Lines

Chapter Summary

When he’d vowed to do whatever it took to protect Lisa, he didn’t know what it would cost him.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Blurred Lines’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

Sleeping with Jack started out as a means to an end, a way to keep the man distracted; it kept Jack’s attention away from things Ianto didn’t want discovered.

He knew Lisa’s life was at stake, had no illusions about what Jack would do if he found her, so he used whatever means necessary to protect her.

But somewhere along the way, the lines had blurred. He found himself craving the intimacy, the touch of another person, all the things Lisa couldn’t provide in her condition.

The guilt was killing him. He loved two people, but was betraying them both.

The End
Owen’s Plan

Chapter Summary

Owen makes a proposal for re-modelling the old boardroom. Set between End of Days and Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Greenfingers’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. This is a double drabble.

Ianto was incredulous; surely he must have misheard.

“You want to turn the old boardroom into what?”

“A hothouse,” Owen repeated, arms folded defensively across his chest. “You know, for plants.”

“Why?”

“Because we don’t have anywhere to keep the alien plants that come through the Rift. Look. Right now, most of them don’t survive; we can’t provide the right conditions for them, so we end up tossing them in the incinerator. It’s a waste. Some of them could have valuable medicinal properties, but we’ll never know if we can’t keep them alive long enough to run tests on them.”

Ianto had to admit Owen was right.

“Okay, you have a point. But who’s going to look after them? I’m already overstretched with Jack gone, and anyway, I’m not exactly green-fingered.”

“No problem, it’ll be my project. I like plants, they don’t complain about the way they’re treated.”

Ianto snorted.

“No, they just wilt and die if you get it wrong.”

“That the voice of experience speaking?” Owen smirked.

“Yep. These hands have committed herbicide countless times.”

“So, do I get my hothouse?”

Ianto nodded.
“Make a list of what you need and I’ll see you get it.”

“Thanks, mate.”

The End
Daydreaming

Chapter Summary

Jack’s daydreaming about the night before.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Thinking About You’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack’s mind was wandering. He knew he really should be concentrating on the paperwork in front of him, but he had other, more interesting things to think about. Such as the gorgeous Welshman he could see through his office window, gliding gracefully through the Hub below, distributing files to his co-workers and collecting completed reports with quiet efficiency.

Jack smirked, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes, remembering the previous night when his lover had been anything but quiet.

“What’re you smirking about?” Ianto asked, dumping a pile of reports on Jack’s desk.

“Oh, just thinking about you!”

The End
Some things are special because of the memories they hold.

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Poking about Ianto’s living room one evening while Ianto made coffee, Jack found something that surprised him. As Ianto turned from setting their drinks on the coffee table, Jack gestured towards the novelty Welsh dragon ashtray on the shelf.

“Didn’t know you smoked.”

“I don’t, not anymore. Used to back in London. Quit after I almost set fire to Lisa’s bed with a late-night fag.” He picked up the ashtray. “I should probably throw it out but… Lisa gave it to me as a joke a couple of months after we started dating.”

“Sentimental value?”

Ianto nodded, smiling.

“Happy memories.”

The End

Prompt used is ‘The Ashtray’
Ianto apologises to Lisa.

Written for the comment_fic prompt ‘I'd like to blame it on the alcohol, but I knew exactly what I was doing’.

Set pre-series.

Despite his hangover, Ianto remembered everything that happened the night before.

“Lisa, I’m so sorry about last night, I shouldn’t have done that, especially not right in front of you.”

Lisa smiled ruefully.

“It’s okay. You were drunk, you didn’t know what you were doing.”

Ianto shook his head.

“Wish I could blame it on the booze, but I knew exactly what I was doing. I love you, you know that, but I’m attracted to guys too. I’ve just never acted on it before. I shouldn’t have kissed him.”

“Probably not,” she grinned, “but it was seriously hot to watch!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack is caught doing something he shouldn’t.

Chapter Notes

For asia27, who happened to mention that ‘Jack being nosy has such potential...’ So of course, I had to see if she was right!

Walking into his bedroom, Ianto caught Jack snooping about in his drawers.

“What exactly do you think you’re doing?” he asked, annoyed.

Jack glanced over his shoulder with a completely unrepentant grin.

“Just seeing what you’re hiding in here.”

“You do realise it’s the height of bad manners to go rummaging in other people’s drawers, don’t you?”

That earned Ianto a decidedly lascivious smirk.

“I’d rummage in your drawers anytime!” Jack assured him.

“God help me!” Ianto rolled his eyes heavenwards. “You’re one of the nosiest people I’ve ever met!”

“Am not nosy! It’s just healthy curiosity,” Jack pouted.

“Whatever.”

The End
Something In The Dark

Chapter Summary

Something’s moving in the dark

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

Spoilers: Tiny for They Keep Killing Suzie, Reset.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

No matter how Jack dies, he always goes to the same place, a black limbo where he waits to be dragged back into life. The emptiness is profound, yet he always senses he’s not alone.

Sometimes he hears faint whispering, and it’s a terrible feeling to know something’s nearby and to wish with every fibre of his being that he’ll be gone before it can find him.

He doesn’t know what it is, doesn’t really want to know, but he’s certain of one thing: whatever haunts the dark on the other side, it’s not something he ever wants to meet.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘The Other Side’
Chapter Summary

The sight of Ianto in his new shirt is doing unspeakable things to Jack.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for milady_dragon. HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!
Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Red was Ianto’s colour. He looked hotter than sin in his red shirts, and as for the UNIT cap… Whenever he wore it, Jack’s brain blew a fuse.

But Ianto simply wasn’t playing fair.

He’d bought a new shirt, not red but hot pink.

Jack couldn’t take his eyes off his lover; suspecting he might be drooling, he surreptitiously wiped his mouth, hoping no one had noticed. He’d never live it down.

Glancing up at Jack’s office, Ianto actually winked at him! The little hussy!

Oh yeah, he knew exactly what he was doing to Jack.

And Jack loved it!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt is ‘Jack really likes Ianto in pink’
All Dressed Up

Chapter Summary

The team get dressed up for a costume party.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Waiting For Superman’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Ianto adjusted his Batman cape and struck a dramatic pose.

“How do I look?” he asked Tosh, slinkily seductive in her Catwoman outfit.

“Very Dark Knight,” she grinned, fanning herself. “Did the temperature just go up in here?”

“See?” said Gwen, dressed as Wonder Woman, “Told you Rhys’ superhero costume party would be fun!”

“We’re not even there yet,” grumbled Owen, a rather weedy-looking Spiderman. “What’s the hold up?”

“We’re waiting for Superman,” sighed Ianto. “He can’t get his hair right.”

“Probably admiring himself in the mirror.”

“Can’t rush perfection!” smirked Jack.

Owen paled.

Jack in tights looked positively indecent!

The End
The Monster

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood children are hiding from a monster.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Monster’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Meriel and Anwen hid behind the sofa, trying to stay quiet as mice so the monster wouldn’t find them. They knew it was looking for them, they could hear it moving around the room. They held each other’s hands and stayed as still as possible. Maybe it would give up soon.

Just when they thought it had gone, a head poked around the back of the sofa, big eyes staring straight at them. They’d been found!

“Hummmm!”

Giggling and squealing, they dashed out and pounced on their monster, hugging it tight.

“You win, Nosy! Now it’s your turn to hide!”

The End
Lying on the roof of the Millennium Centre, staring at the sky, Ianto watched clouds roll in from the sea. One by one, the stars winked out, eclipsed by the approaching storm as if someone was turning out the lights of heaven.

Soon, there wasn’t a star to be seen; they might have never existed. He wondered if there were worlds out there that had never seen starlight.

As the wind strengthened, howling eerily like the voices of a thousand lost souls, Ianto retreated to the shelter of the stairwell and returned to his vigil, praying Jack would return soon.

The End
Finding Ianto

Chapter Summary

When Ianto is taken by the Rift, Jack must find him and bring him home.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Hold On, We're Going Home’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Here be a triple drabble! I might expand this into a proper fic at some point.

When Ianto was snatched away by the Rift, Jack knew only one thing: he was going to get his lover back, no matter what it took. Failure simply wasn’t an option.

So while Tosh did what she could to trace where the Rift spike had taken his Welshman, Jack worked day and night to fix his Vortex Manipulator. He’d tried to contact the Doctor, but hadn’t received a reply to any of his messages. It didn’t surprise him. He’d have to do this by himself.

VM fixed, Tosh’s coordinates programmed in, Jack punched a button and teleported to the rescue.

OoOoO

The planet was actually quite pleasant. Breathable atmosphere, comfortably warm, and inhabited by friendly natives who seemed very excited to see him. Jack thought they looked a lot like Wombles.

Two of the smaller Wombles grabbed Jack by his hands, chattering incomprehensibly, and practically dragged him along until they reached a settlement. They were stronger than they looked.

There, sitting in front of a hut, surrounded by several dozen Wombles, was Ianto. He appeared to be trying to teach the natives to speak Welsh. They were doing quite well, much better than Jack had when Ianto tried to teach him.

OoOoO

“Jack!” Ianto leaped to his feet, throwing his arms around his captain. “God, I’ve missed you! I was beginning to wonder if I’d ever see you again!” Ianto pulled back slightly, wiping his eyes on his sleeve, looking a bit embarrassed. “Sorry. It’s been a while.”
Jack returned the hug with interest.

“Missed you too,” he said in a choked voice. “How long has it been for you?”

“Almost two years. The natives are nice, but I’ve been lonely.”

Jack grinned.

“Let me take you away from all this! Hold on,” he added, pressing the button again, “we’re going home.”

The End
Telling The Team - Sequel To ‘Wonderful News’

Chapter Summary

Tosh has an interesting way of announcing her pregnancy.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Once Owen’s calmed down a little, he and Tosh have some important decisions to make. One in particular is weighing on Owen’s mind.

“How’re we gonna tell the others?”

Tosh grins that cheeky grin again.

“I have an idea.”

Later, after the daily briefing, Jack looks around at his team.

“Okay, any questions?”

“I have one,” says Tosh, trying to look serious. “Who wants to be a Godparent?”

It takes a minute for her meaning to sink in, but when it does, she and Owen are inundated with congratulations and offers. Their baby’s going to be overloaded with extra godparents!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used is ‘Who Wants To Be A Godparent?’
Closing Down

Chapter Summary

The recession is biting hard.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Everything Must Go’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

‘Closing Down Sale – Everything Must Go!’ the sign outside the small shop read. With the whole country in a recession, signs like that had become commonplace; it made Ianto sad, seeing small businesses shutting down. Soon, only superstores would remain. Ianto had always preferred smaller shops, with their individuality and variety; this had been one of his favourites.

“I can’t believe you’re closing!”

“Can’t afford to keep going any longer, the overheads are beating us.”

The following morning, the shop’s owner discovered an anonymous donor had paid all the bills for a year. The note simply read ‘Don’t give up.’

The End
A Distant World

Chapter Summary

Ianto visits an alien world for the first time.

Chapter Notes

Written for For mahmfic’s quote prompt:

“Everything you can imagine is real.”
— Pablo Picasso

Stepping out of the TARDIS onto the surface of an alien planet for the first time, Ianto stared about himself in awe.

Deep blue trees and tall turquoise grasses swayed gently in a breeze that smelled of cinnamon. Yellow flowers like tiny sunbursts were everywhere, lacy insects flitting from one to another, scraps of gossamer shimmering in the light of the two suns.

“It’s so beautiful, I feel like I must be imagining it.”

Slipping his arms around Ianto from behind, Jack rested his chin on his husband’s shoulder.

“The universe is infinite. Everything you can imagine is real, somewhere.”

The End
Strange Morning

Chapter Summary

Morning brings some unanticipated confusion.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. The first in a silly little five-part drabble series. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He groaned, opening his eyes and blinking in the dimly lit room. It was obviously a bedroom, but he wasn’t sure whose it was. He didn’t think it was his own, but then again, he wasn’t certain; he couldn’t seem to remember what his bedroom looked like. Still, he assumed he must have one somewhere, even if this wasn’t it.

There was a groan from beside him; looking, he discovered another man in bed with him.

“Hi!” said the other man. “Do I know you?”

“No idea, but we’re naked and sharing a bed; there’s a good chance we’ve met.”

TBC in ‘Problem Solving Strategy’

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Do I Know You?’
“Okay, I don’t remember you, or where I am or how I got here.” The man frowned. “I don’t even remember who I am. This could be a problem. What do you remember?”

The other man looked thoughtful.

“You’re surprisingly cheerful for someone with amnesia!”

“I just woke up next to a gorgeous naked man, I figure that’s a good start to my day!”

The first man blushed.

“Right, let’s be logical. We have a mystery; we need to find out what happened last night in order to solve it.”

TBC in ‘Finding Clues’
Finding Clues – Sequel to ‘Problem Solving Strategy’

Chapter Summary

The two men set about figuring things out.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. The third in a silly little five-part drabble series. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were clothes scattered around the bed, two distinct outfits, so they each dressed in what fit best.

“Right, how do we go about solving this mystery?”

“I suppose we should search for clues. What’s in your pockets?”

“Loose change, keys, and some breath mints. Yours?”

“A handkerchief. This must be my place.”

“How d’you figure that?”

“I must have emptied my pockets; why would I do that in someone else’s home?”

Makes sense. What now?”

“Look for anything with names on, or photos, or a mobile phone.”

“On it!”

This was one challenge they couldn’t afford to turn down.

TBC in ‘Deductions’

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Challenge Accepted’
Chapter Summary

The two men set about figuring things out.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. The fourth in a silly little five-part drabble series. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fifteen minutes later, they met up in the kitchen with what they’d found.

“Do we use our powers of deduction, like Sherlock Holmes?”

“We don’t know our own names but we remember Holmes. Doesn’t that strike you as odd?”

The American shrugged.

“No odder than waking with amnesia. I found bills, addressed to Ianto Jones; that must be you. And, I found these!” He held out some photos, pointing to one of the men pictured. “That’s you.”

“And that’s you! Looks like we know each other rather well. I found a diary, presumably mine.”

He flipped to the last page...

TBC in ‘Mystery Solved’

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘The Final Page’
They read the last words in the diary.

‘If you’re reading this, don’t panic.’

“Well, that’s comforting.”

“Someone’s been reading Douglas Adams.”

The American gave him a funny look.

‘Your names are Ianto Jones and Jack Harkness.’

“Hello, Jack.”

“Hi, Ianto!”

‘You haven’t lost your memories.’

“Could’ve fooled me!”

‘Not permanently. It’s a temporary side effect.’

“Of what?”

‘You accidentally downloaded an alien database into your heads; the human brain can’t hold that much data. Your memories will return in a few hours, take the day off.

The Doctor.’

“Huh! What now?”

“We could go back to bed?”

“Good plan!”
The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Last Words’
Failed

Chapter Summary

Jack mourns the space whale’s fate.

Chapter Notes

**Spoilers:** Meat, DW Last of the Time Lords/The Sound of Drums.#

For the prompt ‘Burn’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack stood watching the warehouse burn.

They’d failed, he had failed, and it tore him up inside. He was supposed to protect the helpless, but an innocent creature had been captured, chained and tortured. Exploited as a source of meat, carved up while it still lived.

He’d empathised with it. Not long ago he’d been the one in chains, tortured for someone else’s benefit. True, in his case it had been to entertain an insane Time Lord rather than for profit, but still…

He’d wanted so badly to save this one, but instead they’d been forced to end its suffering.

The End
Only In The Countryside!

Chapter Summary

Jack encounters one of the hazards of the countryside.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rift alerts in the country presented their own unique set of problems. When the Rift dumped something in the streets of Cardiff, locating it wasn’t necessarily simple but with the help of the city’s CCTV network, they could often pinpoint its location fairly accurately.

In the countryside, it was a case of searching the old-fashioned way.

“You check along the road,” Jack told Ianto, “I’ll hop over into the field and look there.”

Five minutes later, there was a yell from Jack.

“Ianto! Help?”

Looking over the fence, Ianto had to laugh; Jack had been cornered by a territorial goat!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘The Goat’
Chapter Summary

Why do mornings have to be so early?

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Morning’

Mornings. In Ianto’s opinion, they always arrived way too early and winter mornings were by far the worst. Plus his alarm clock always sounded so bloody cheerful he just wanted to smash it. Of course he’d have to find the damn thing first.

Sticking one hand out into the chilly air of his bedroom, he flailed about a bit, only succeeding in knocked the annoying thing onto the floor. Well, at least that shut it up. Pulling the covers further over his head, he resolutely hid from the day.

Beside him, Jack laughed.

“Really not a morning person, are you?”

The End
A Cunning Plan

Chapter Summary

Team Torchwood have come up with a cunning plan to solve a tricky problem.

Chapter Notes

Written for dailyprompt 2010-10-08: I've almost finished digging my hole.

Jack tapped his earpiece.

“Ianto, how’s it going?”

“I've almost finished digging my hole. Give me five more minutes to set the trap up and we’ll be good to go. Are the rest of the team in position?”

“I checked in with them a minute ago, they’re awaiting my signal.”

“Good. Make sure you give me the heads up when they start moving in. I don’t want to still be in my hole when our guest drops in.”

“Will do.” Jack signed off with a satisfied grin. They were going to catch this damned elusive alien this time for sure!

The End
His Last Chance

Chapter Summary

Ianto has one last chance to convince Jack to hire him.

Chapter Notes

Written for dailyprompt 30-1-14: ‘I can’t fail’

Ianto buttoned his shirt, tied his tie and slipped into his jacket. His only suit; he hoped it looked smart enough.

This was probably going to be his last chance to get a job with Torchwood Three. Harkness was running out of patience with him, so now it was literally do or die; his persistence would either get him hired or killed. His knees turned to jelly at the thought, but then Lisa whimpered and Ianto gathered up the shreds of his courage. He’d come too far to give up.

“This has to work, I can’t fail you, not now.”

The End
First Anniversary

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto celebrate their first wedding anniversary.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for red_day_dawning. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On their first wedding anniversary, Jack had outdone himself. Ianto had arrived home to candlelight, a romantic home-cooked meal, expensive wine, red roses on the table and soft music playing in the background. Dessert was a deliciously decadent chocolate cake from their favourite bakery.

Jack had even given Ianto a traditional first anniversary gift – a first edition copy of Dr No.

Full of good food and wine, slow dancing wrapped in each other’s arms, Ianto leant in to kiss Jack, licking the taste of wine from his husband’s lips.

“Thank you, Jack. Happy Anniversary.”

“The first of many, I hope.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘the taste of wine’.
Early that morning, Ianto had emptied a packet of chocolate-chip cookies into the biscuit tin. He clearly remembered doing so.

It wasn’t even 11am and already the tin was empty, not so much as a single chocolate chip left, just a few crumbs scattered in the bottom.

It was a mystery he fully intended to solve.

Ianto would have suspected Jack, if he hadn’t left for Flat Holm before the tin had been filled.

Following the trail of crumbs, Ianto found the culprit under the sofa, a suspiciously round-looking Flufflet.

“Caught you! Nosy, your offspring’s been at the cookies again!”

The End
All That Glitters…

Chapter Summary

Ianto discovers something while helping Jack move in.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was a big step, but they’d talked it over and agreed they might as well move in together officially since they already seemed to be living together unofficially. With that in mind, Jack and Ianto were sorting through Jack’s belongings, deciding what should be moved into their flat and what should just be stored at the Hub.

Ianto was digging through an old steamer trunk when he found it, white and sparkly and extremely distinctive.

“Jack? Isn’t this one of Elvis’s stage outfits?”

Jack beamed.

“I’d forgotten I had that! Elvis gave it to me when he left earth.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘All That Glitters Is Not Elvis’
Chapter Summary

Rhys loves Gwen, despite her faults.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rhys knows with every inch of his being that Gwen’s the only one for him, although he doesn’t always know why. He’s not blind, he knows she has a roving eye, has seen her checking out that flash boss of hers and is painfully aware he doesn’t measure up in comparison.

She’s not perfect. She can be shallow, self-involved, hypocritical and oblivious, but she’s also loving, caring and compassionate, and that’s the Gwen he cherishes.

After all, he’s not perfect either.

So tonight he’ll go down on one knee, say: “Gwennie, will you marry me?” and hope she says yes.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used was ‘Marry Me’
Chapter Summary

The Cardiff police never stop trying.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Can't Hold Us’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack’s confident as ever, facing down the coppers trying to arrest them for breaking and entering. They’ve done neither, but Ianto doesn’t think this pair will believe that they were actually breaking out.

You’d think by now the entire Cardiff PD would know that trying to arrest Torchwood is a waste of time and taxpayers’ money; the charges never stick. Somehow though, they always run into newbies who haven’t got the message yet.

“You’re wasting your time, boys; we’re Torchwood, you can’t hold us. We answer to the crown.”

The cops can’t hold them, but they still get arrested.

Typical.

The End
A Soothing Sound

Chapter Summary

Ianto lies in bed listening to the rain.

Chapter Notes

For red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘Rain against the window’ a second, more cheerful fill for the prompt.


Lying in bed, snug and warm, Ianto could hear rain against his window. There was something strangely soothing about rain at night. Well, there was when you didn’t have to be out in it.

Against the backdrop of the rainfall, he could hear gentle breathing beside him. Since Jack returned from travelling with the Doctor, he’d been spending more and more nights at Ianto’s flat. It was strange to realise just how natural it felt having him there.

Jack stirred beside him.

“Can’t sleep?”

Ianto smiled in the dark.

“Just listening to the rain. I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me too.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto enjoys teasing Jack.

Chapter Notes

This started out as something for comment_fic a few months ago, but I wasn’t getting anywhere with it so I turned it into a drabble instead.

“I know you’re watching me, Jack. I can feel your eyes on my arse.”

“Can you blame me? It should be illegal for you to dress like that.”

“I’m wearing a three piece suit!”

“Exactly! You know what that does to me. If I can’t have my hands all over you, at least let me undress you with my eyes.”

“Well, when you put it that way… Carry on, sir,” Ianto replied, hiding a smirk and bending over again to reach a low shelf.

Jack moaned, quite indecently.

Ianto chuckled; it was too easy to get Jack hot and bothered!

The End
Climbing The Walls

Chapter Summary

Small aliens are hard to catch!

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Fences’

Ianto felt like he was tackling an army assault course.

He scrambled through a hole in a hedge, scaled a brick wall, hurdled children’s toys strewn across a lawn, then vaulted a wooden fence, just missing the pond on the other side.

Ducking under a washing line, he could see his quarry disappearing under another fence, but knew he’d never squeeze through the gap; he’d have to go over, which would take longer. Damn it!

Small and agile, the alien kept just ahead of him through the row of backyards. It was winning… until it ran straight into Jack’s net!

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s powers of persuasion win again…

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jack grinned at Ianto, eyes sparkling.

“Are you ready for this?”

Ianto tightened his grip.

“Probably not,” he replied, caught somewhere between wild excitement and abject terror, “but let’s do it anyway, before I change my mind!”

“Trust me, you’re gonna love it!”

“I’ve heard that before.”

As one they started to run down the slope, matching stride for stride, until suddenly, between one stride and the next, they were swooping smoothly upwards, the hillside receding beneath them. Ianto almost forgot to breathe; they were flying and the view was breathtaking!

Jack was right; he was going to love hang-gliding!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘Here We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder’
Home Wreckers

Chapter Summary

Ianto is less than pleased when he comes home to a mess.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Home Wreckers’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 316 earlier this year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Ianto stood, hands on hips, glaring stonily at the two miscreants.

“Look at this mess! I can’t believe it, I leave you alone for an hour and this is what I come back to!”

Furniture was overturned, cushions scattered about, the rug was crumpled against the skirting board, dirty dishes and crumbs were strewn across the floorboards… It looked like a small tornado had swept though the house.

“What do you have to say for yourselves?”

Jack and Nosy hung their heads in shame

“We’re sorry, but there was this really big spider…”

Ianto just sighed and rolled his eyes.

The End
Truly, Madly, Bradley

Chapter Summary

A piece of alien tech falls into the wrong hands, leading to an unusual problem.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Sadly, Madly, Bradley’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. This one ended up as a triple drabble.

Bradley Evans was pretty much like most other teenaged boys. He was passionate about rugby, like any sensible Welsh bloke, found girls both fascinating and baffling, which was why he hadn’t found the courage to ask Amy Fisher out yet, and he’d far rather goof off than do homework.

So, he was a perfectly normal boy until the day he found a strange object on his way home from school. It was sort of like a Rubik’s cube but not. It had nine sides with nine flashing lights on each side and its shape made it difficult to look at.

OoOoO

Naturally, Bradley was immediately hooked. He sauntered down the road, pressing different combinations of buttons, until suddenly the thing beeped, all the lights turned blue, and looking up, Bradley fell head over heels in love.

Across town, Torchwood had picked up a small Rift spike and set out to investigate. Anytime the Rift deposited something in a populated area, there was a chance it would be discovered by an one of Cardiff’s citizens, and that was clearly what had happened on this occasion as when the reached the coordinates of the Rift spike, the object was nowhere to be found.

OoOoO

It took precious time to track their target from its point of arrival to its current position, so when they caught up with Bradley it was already too late.

“Oh dear,” said Jack, caught between concern and amusement, “we may have a slight problem.”
“Why? What is it?” asked Gwen.

“Nifty little device. It’s used to store emotions and play them back, but they’re very sensitive. If you press the wrong combination of buttons, the effects can be unpredictable.”

“No kidding,” groused Owen. “Any suggestions on what to do with a kid who’s fallen in love with a lamp post?”

The End
Finding Happiness

Chapter Summary

It hasn’t been an easy road for Jack and Ianto, but it’s certainly been worthwhile.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Happy’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

It had been a long road for them both. There’d been pain and heartbreak, loss and loneliness, anger and betrayal on both sides, but they’d never given up on each other even though they’d come close a few times.

Nothing truly worthwhile ever came easily. Relationships were hard work, requiring patience and commitment, but the rewards were worth the effort they’d put in.

They’d overcome every obstacle that had been thrown in their path to reach this point, and as they stood before family and friends, vowing to love each other forever, Jack and Ianto knew they’d found true happiness.

The End
Ianto was feeling hard done by, not to mention rather sore and itchy.

It shouldn’t have happened. Under normal circumstances, he was prepared for any eventuality, but somehow this time he hadn’t been and now he was paying the price.

The Rift alarm had gone off mid-morning, so he and Jack had headed out of Cardiff, under overcast Welsh skies, to find whatever had fallen through. Whatever it had been, it hadn’t survived the trip. As they’d trekked back and forth gathering scraps of debris, the sun had come out, so Ianto had removed his jacket, leaving just his shirt.

That turned out to be a big mistake. Whatever had possessed him to put on a black shirt that morning? Wandering around bent double, searching for any stray fragments, the sun had been beating down on his back the entire time, but he didn’t realise until he straightened up that it had scorched him right through the thin cotton.

Now he looked like a cooked lobster.

Owen was enjoying his predicament way too much; he’d find himself on decaf for the foreseeable future if he wasn’t careful.

But honestly, this was Wales, who would have imagined needing sunscreen in October?

The End

Prompt was ‘Ianto gets a sunburn’
The Waif

Chapter Summary

Gwen finds a homeless waif.

Chapter Notes

For kul_breez’s prompt ‘Gwen gets a kitten’, and also for Francine S who wanted something nice with Gwen and Rhys. I hope this is suitable. It’s a quadruple drabble.

Gwen was on her way home, on foot because her car was in the shop, when she heard a muffled mewing coming from the alley she was passing. Going to investigate, she found a small grey kitten with its head stuck in a box.

She carefully lifted the little creature and eased the box off its head, tossing it into a nearby dumpster, then placed the kitten back on the ground.

“There you go. Try to be more careful in future,” she told it as she turned to leave. She’d promised Rhys she would be home at a decent time.

OoOoOoO

As she reached the end of the alley, Gwen heard a scampering sound coming from behind and then the kitten was in front of her, looking up and mewing.

“Sorry. Cute as you are, I don’t need a kitten. I work long hours, I wouldn’t have time to look after you.”

The kitten patted at her dangling bag handle then as she moved away, it started stalking her foot, pouncing clumsily on her toe. Worried she’d step on it, Gwen was forced to stop. A little grey face peered up at her, blinking big yellow eyes. It was certainly persistent.

OoOoOoO

“Sorry I’m late, sweetheart,” Gwen called as she stepped through the door. “I got waylaid.”

“Oh aye?” said Rhys, coming to meet her. “By work again, was it?”
“I don’t think so, but I’m not completely certain,” Gwen admitted, frowning.

“Is that a kitten?” Rhys could hardly believe his eyes as a small grey head popped out of his wife’s bag.

“Looks like one, doesn’t it?” Gwen’s eyes were wide with innocence, just like the kitten’s.

Rhys grinned.

“Cute little fella, isn’t he.” He scratched the kitten’s head, earning himself a loud purr.

“I think it’s a girl,” said Gwen.

OoOoOoO

Owen checked his scanner.

“Nope, no Rift energy. What you have here is one hundred percent genuine earth kitten. Scraggly little thing isn’t it? Looks like rat bait.”

“Owen!” Gwen cried, horrified.

“’Ere, don’t talk about her like that!” Rhys held his big hands over the kitten’s tiny ears. “She’s very sensitive.”

Owen snorted disparagingly.

“It’s just a cat,” he muttered, slamming the door behind him.

“So,” said Gwen, peering up at Rhys from under her fringe, “can we keep her?”

Rhys scratched the kitten with one big finger.

“I reckon we don’t have any choice.”

The kitten just purred.

TBC in ‘A Playmate For Nosy’
A Playmate For Nosy - Sequel to ‘The Waif’

Chapter Summary

Nosy gets a new playmate.

Chapter Notes

For kul_breez’s prompts ‘Gwen gets a kitten’ and ‘Where do you take a restless Nosy to burn off some energy?’ It’s a quintuple drabble. I think I got a bit carried away.

Torchwood Three’s abandoned storage warehouse had been converted by the team into an indoor play park so Nosy could burn off excess energy.

Mickey, Andy and Ianto had constructed a sort of cross between a jungle gym and a dog agility course, with hanging tyres, pipes to slither through, slides, poles to weave between and all manner of obstacles to climb over, under and through. There was even a dust bath to help Nosy keep its fluff in good condition.

Nosy loved it.

Twice a week, it was driven across town for exercise.

Then one day, it got a playmate.

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Gwen’s kitten, now half grown, was a ball of energy. With no garden to play in, she had started to tear around the flat so fast that at times she was actually scampering along the walls like one of those motorcycle riders on the wall of death.

Rhys was terrified she’d hurt herself. Gwen was more concerned about the shredded curtains and claw marks on the walls and floors. Then there was the damage to their clothes…

Pre-kitten, she’d thought that only dogs chewed shoes.

In desperation, Gwen loaded Tribble (Rhys’ idea) into her carrier and headed for the warehouse.

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Thursday was one of Nosy’s exercise days; when Gwen arrived, it was having fun slithering at high speed around its specially constructed track.

Gwen was a bit nervous. Nosy was so big and Tribble, for all her energy, was still only small. But as Ianto had reminded her, Velvet was even smaller and Nosy was always very careful with her.

Nosy slithered over with Ianto and Jack to see what was going on, so Gwen set the carrier on the floor in front of it. The two creatures sniffed at each other. Nosy hummed softly and Tribble started purring loudly.

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Once Gwen was sure it would be safe, she opened the carrier and let Tribble out. The kitten immediately licked Nosy’s snout, then crouched, waggling her bottom and pouncing on her new playmate.

Nosy tried to copy her, waggling its own tail, but quickly found that Fluffs aren’t really designed for pouncing. Not that it mattered. The pair were soon chasing each other around, climbing over everything, as if they’d always played together, although Ianto objected quite loudly when Tribble decided to climb up his leg.

The humans retreated to a bench against the wall and watched their pets play.

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After playing together all afternoon, it was time for Nosy and Tribble to part company.

Gwen picked up the weary kitten, stuffing her unceremoniously back in her carrier where she soon fell asleep.

“I hope she’s worn out enough not to cause mayhem for a few days,” she said with a grin. “I don’t think Rhys’ heart can take much more of her daredevil act! Same time on Sunday?”

“Rift permitting,” agreed Jack. “It’ll do Nosy good having a playmate. Velvet is too old to scamper around these days.”

With Nosy trailing behind them, they headed back to their car.

The End
Adventures In Kitten Sitting - Sequel to ‘A Playmate For Nosy’

Chapter Summary

Ianto, Jack & Nosy are kitty-sitting.

Chapter Notes

A final instalment to Tribble’s story. It's another quintuple drabble.

Jack and Ianto were kitten sitting while Gwen and Rhys were away on holiday. It would be their last chance to go away as a couple before their baby was due in a few months, so they’d wanted to make the most of it.

Tribble wasn’t really a kitten any more; she was about a year old and had calmed down quite a bit, thanks to her twice-weekly play-dates with Nosy, which burned off a lot of her excess energy. She’d grown into a sleek, elegant and very affectionate cat who was always curious about whatever her humans were doing.

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As with a lot of curious cats, that got her into a few predicaments but so far she’d managed to avoid any really serious accidents, mostly due to Gwen and Rhys’ constant vigilance.

Ianto was starting to understand why Rhys had warned him to double-check all appliances for unexpected cat before switching them on. He’d just removed her from the tumble drier for the second time and the night before, Jack had only just managed to grab her before she tried to get in the oven, presumably to see what was cooking.

Affectionate though she was, she wasn’t very bright.

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Jack and Ianto had moved out of the Hub a few weeks earlier. Their new apartment had once been the upper floors of the warehouse which housed the Fluff Gymnasium, as they’d taken to calling Nosy’s play area.

During construction, they’d made sure to include an underground garage, so Nosy could go home with them every night. It had its own room, with access to the gym via a spiral staircase, so it could play down there whenever it wanted, and because Nosy was considered relatively sensible, Tribble was allowed to play down there too, under the Fluff’s watchful eye.

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However, while everyone was at the Hub during the day, the cat had to be restricted to a couple of rooms, for her safety and everyone else’s peace of mind. She was always eager to greet them on their return from work, rubbing around Jack and Ianto’s legs and head butting Nosy, purring loudly.
The two unlikely friends played happily together while dinner was prepared, and every night, after their meal, Tribble would set about her self-appointed task of trying to wash Nosy. It was amusing to watch one small, grey cat valiantly licking away at the long, fluffy alien.

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Despite the long-suffering looks it threw at its humans, Nosy was very tolerant of Tribble’s attentions, lying still while it was enthusiastically groomed until the small cat gave up and fell asleep, draped over the Fluff like a grey fur stole.

So things went throughout the two weeks their houseguest remained with them.

When Gwen and Rhys got home, they immediately went to collect their pet; they’d both missed her.

“Hope she’s not been any trouble,” said Rhys.

“No more than expected,” Ianto replied wryly, making Gwen laugh.

As Tribble was carried away, Nosy sighed with relief. Peace at last!

The End
Chapter Summary

All they wanted was a quiet drink after work…

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘A Quiet Drink’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

After a long but boring day of paperwork, Jack had invited Ianto out for a quiet drink.

They’d headed for their favourite pub, where the atmosphere was friendly and they could relax and chat without needing to shout to make themselves heard.

The evening had started out fine; they’d settled at a table, sipping beer and sharing a plate of chips. Then a stag party on a pub-crawl staggered in and everything had devolved into chaos as a bar fight broke out.

Wading in to separate the combatants, Ianto rolled his eyes at Jack.

So much for their quiet evening.

The End
Naughty Or Nice?

Chapter Summary

Jack takes role-play to a whole new level.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 320 – Bad Santa at tw100.

Ianto was working busily in the archives, filing, when two red-clad arms wrapped around him from behind and white whiskers tickled against his ear.

“Ho ho ho,” a sexy American-accented voice whispered as a hand slipped lower to groove him.

“What do we have here, a gift for Santa? Tell me, have you been naughty or nice this year?”

“Seriously Jack? Are you planning on corrupting every childhood memory I have?” Ianto turned to see ‘Santa’ pouting.

“Just thought it might be fun.”

That pout got him every time. Ianto sighed then smirked wickedly.

“Oh, I’ve been very bad, Santa!”

The End
Shakespearience

Chapter Summary

An alien device is giving Owen a major headache, even though he’s not the one who’s affected.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘The Ice Cream Man Cometh’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Apologies for the mangled medieval English!

“Hark! Dost thou hear? The Ice Cream Man cometh!” Ianto proclaimed grandly.

“Forsooth!” Jack replied. “Methinks thy ears dost not deceive thee, verily, the Ice Cream van approaches!”

“Wouldst thou mayhap partake of the good man’s wares?”

“Aye, certes! Let us forthwith go thither…”

“Stay right where you are!” Owen’s tone brooked no argument. “If you want ice cream, I’ll get it. You’re not goin’ out there sounding like medieval pones!”

“Zounds! Thou art aright. Let us abide, Ianto.”

“Tosh, please tell me the effects of that bloody device will wear off soon! Otherwise I’ll be forced to kill them!”

The End
A Bit Of A Snag…

Chapter Summary

Jack and the team have hit a bit of a snag and need Ianto’s help.

Chapter Notes

For the one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ianto! You there?” Jack’s voice came through the comms. loud and clear.

“What’s up?”

“We’ve hit kind of a snag, could use a hand.”

“Right, on my way. Need me to bring anything?”

“Um, yeah. Retcon. And a ladder?”

“Okay, mind explaining? What happened to the Hoix?”

“Bagged, but there’s a witness.”

“That explains the Retcon, but I’m getting the feeling you’re not telling me everything. Why d’you need a ladder?”

“Ah, well Mrs Dewhurst saw the Hoix and panicked. Not quite sure how she managed to get that far up a fir tree, but…”

“Ladder. Got it.”

“Thanks, Ianto.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used was ‘And A Dewhurst Up A Fir Tree’
Covert Activities

Chapter Summary

The three men carry out a covert plan to impress their significant others.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are ya sure this is a good idea?” Rhys sounded dubious.

“Trust me,” Ianto replied confidently. “Our partners will be impressed that we’ve made the effort. This is important. We don’t want to show them up on the big night. Not in front of UNIT’s top brass.”

“And that’s the only reason I’m doin’ this,” Owen grumbled. “Tosh is nervous enough already, without me letting ’er down.”

“So we’re agreed?”

“Let’s do it.”

Six weeks later, at UNIT’s New Year Ball, the three friends proved their dancing lessons had been worthwhile, as they showed of moves worthy of Fred Astaire.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used was ‘The Three Astaires’
Chapter Summary

Something is puzzling Ianto…

Chapter Notes

For angelsphonebox’s prompt ‘Stars’

Ianto rolled onto his back and lay staring up at the stars.
Something wasn’t quite right, but for a minute he couldn’t work out what. Then it came to him.
Stars.
How the hell could there be stars when he was in bed in Jack’s bunker?
He poked Jack in the ribs.
“Jack?”
“Mmmmph?”
“Stars!”
Jack peered up, smiling sleepily.
“Pretty.”
“There shouldn’t be stars underground!”
“S’okay, they’re not real.”
Ianto frowned.
“What d’you mean?”
“That thing we found is a projector. I finally got it working, wanted to surprise you. Don’t you like it?”
Ianto thought, then smiled.
“Pretty.”
The End
Forever In Blue Jeans

Chapter Summary

Ianto is tormenting Jack without even being aware of it.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They were just an old pair of jeans, the colour washed out and the once-stiff denim softened by frequent wear. There were rips here and there, one rear pocket was missing and the seat had been patched a few times, but they fit comfortably, perfectly moulded to Ianto’s arse and Jack was unable to look away. It was driving him crazy!

Ianto seemed oblivious to the effect he was having on his lover as he painstakingly weeded his back garden. Every time Ianto bent over, Jack had to stifle a groan. Those trousers should be registered as a deadly weapon!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Title used is ‘Ordeal By Trousers’
Caught Unawares - Sequel to ‘Forever In Blue Jeans’

Chapter Summary

Ianto gets a surprise!

Chapter Notes

Because of the comments I got on the previous drabble, I was inspired to write this one. It’s a double drabble.

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

His first day off in a month was warm and sunny, so Ianto decided to take advantage of the weather to do a spot of gardening. He’d been neglecting his little garden and the weeds were taking over. Pulling on his gardening trousers, a pair of patched and faded denims he would’ve thrown out long ago if they hadn’t been so comfortable, he popped his earphones in, turned up the volume, and stepped out into the sunshine.

Weeding was relaxing and Ianto was lost in his own little world when suddenly a hand grabbed his arse. With a yelp, he leapt up, the point of his elbow colliding with something solid, and spun around to find Jack sprawled on the lawn, clutching his eye.

“Fuck, Jack, are you trying to give me a heart attack?” Ianto removed his earphones.

“Owowow! What was that for?”

“You grabbed my arse!”

“You were wriggling it about, I thought you wanted me to!”

“I didn’t even know you were there, I had my earphones in! What’re you doing here, didn’t you have a meeting today?”

“It got cancelled so I thought I’d surprise you.”

“Congratulations, you succeeded!”

“Sorry.”

“Apology accepted. You okay?”

“I’ll live.”
The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used was ‘Beware of the Elbow’
A Slight Emergency…

Chapter Summary

Ianto has a possible emergency situation.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 321 – It’s Snowing Where? at tw100.

Alone in his office, Jack was actually trying to make some headway with his paperwork when his phone started ringing.

“Hello! What can I do for you? Please tell me there’s an emergency so I can take a break from trying to make sense of Owen’s expenses.”

“You have no idea how much I need a break.”

“Possibly. I think I know what that thing we found yesterday is.”

“Oooh, do tell!”

“It appears to be some kind of localised weather control device.”

“How’d you figure that out?”

“Well, I bumped into it, it lit up, and now it’s snowing in the archives and I can’t turn it off! Help?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh ponders over Torchwood’s new guest.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to musicaluvr for nudging me about this series; I have a couple of instalments written, but I’m a bit stuck to continue. Have to give it some attention when I can find the time.

With little to do while waiting for the team to arrive in the vicinity of the Rift spike, Tosh found herself sitting quietly, watching her reflection in her monitors as the butterfly on her head calmly preened. It really was very soothing, she mused. Ianto had been right about the scalp massage too.

She let her thoughts drift, wondering where the butterfly was from. Was it intelligent? Did it understand how it had come to earth?

It was so much larger than earth butterflies. What sort of world did it come from? Maybe everything there was on a bigger scale.

TBC in ‘Communicative Butterfly’
Chapter Summary

What do you do with a machine that’s causing snow in an inconvenient place?

Chapter Notes

Ianto was getting upset about the snow in the archives damaging sensitive artefacts and ruining paperwork. He wanted something done about it, and you know I can never say no when he begs so sweetly…

Jack frowned at the bulky, heavy device they’d manhandled down to the archives the previous day. Tosh’s tests had indicated it was inoperative, but there it sat, glowing happily as snow fell around it. He folded his arms and frowned at Ianto.

“I hope you realise I don’t know how to turn it off either.”

“Figures. But yeah, I guessed that. I just need help moving it somewhere the snowfall won’t cause damage while we figure it out.”

“Now that I can do.”

oOo

Two hours later, Owen came haring up to Jack’s office.

“Jack, it’s snowing in the bloody showers!”

The End (I’m almost sure this time).
In Jack’s opinion, this was pretty close to heaven. Stepping through the doors he looked around with a huge smile on his face.

“Focus, Jack. I know how you get in these places but we’re only here for some essentials, so please try to restrain yourself,” Ianto reminded him in an amused tone.

“But there’s so much here! And it’s all so tempting! Oooh, we have to have some of these!” Jack picked up a packet and waved it in Ianto’s face.

Ianto sighed and shook his head.

“I knew I shouldn’t have brought you to an office supply store!”

The End
A Fezzy Tale

Chapter Summary

Ianto spots something a bit strange in the Hub.

Chapter Notes

This one’s for KitandMip. Prompt at the end

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ianto was busying himself around the Hub when he spotted something odd. He was so busy looking that he would’ve walked into the wall if Jack hadn’t stopped him in time.

“Whoa there, eyes front when walking! What were you looking at?”

“Hmmm? Oh, Nosy. Is that a Fez it’s wearing?”

“Huh. Looks like it. That’s odd, wonder where it found a Fez.”

“Who knows?”

“It rather suits Nosy, don’t you think?”

Ianto looked thoughtful.

“Strangely enough, yeah.”

Nosy slithered past, humming happily.

It really liked the new hat the man in the bowtie had given it. Fezzes were cool!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘Someone wears a Fez’
Cardiff has its own Christmas invasion.

Written For: Challenge 322 – Feast at tw100. You didn’t really expect me to write about Christmas dinner, did you?

They hadn’t come through the Rift, which was odd but not unprecedented; they’d just appeared. Dozens of spiky, ping-pong ball sized creatures, with one thought on their tiny minds. ‘Feast! Feast! Feast!’

With Team Torchwood in pursuit, they swarmed through central Cardiff in the pre-dawn hours, devouring every scrap of tinsel in the municipal Christmas decorations and growing to the size of tennis balls. Then with a popping sound, one after another they vanished, leaving devastation behind.

Ianto surveyed the remains of the decorations.

“How do we explain that to Cardiff Council?”

Jack shrugged. “Think they’d believe it was Gremlins?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen’s been out taking recon photographs…

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jack was studying the photos Owen had taken of a warehouse they suspected was being used by alien smugglers.

“I can’t make this one out. I can see that one’s the corner of the warehouse, and this one is the top of a bus, but this one I can’t make head or tail of.” He waved a photograph in front of Owen’s face.

Owen grabbed Jack’s wrist to hold the picture still.

“It’s upside down. It might be my foot.”

Jack turned it around. “Oh yeah!” He looked at Owen, frowning. “Guess you haven’t quite grasped the art of photography.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used was ‘The Art of Photography’
Jack’s Wheely Bad Day

Chapter Summary

Jack is in serious trouble this time!

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phone clasped to one ear, Ianto stalked through the Hub, grabbing his coat and the SUV keys.

The others couldn’t help overhearing his side of the conversation, mostly because he was yelling rather loudly.

“What d’you mean the wheel’s come off? I loaned you my car for a simple recon, because you said my Audi was less conspicuous! What the hell were you doing?” He paused, listening to Jack. “I don’t care whose fault it was, you’ll get it fixed or you’re a dead man!”

“I wouldn’t wanna be Jack,” Owen muttered as Ianto stormed out.

“Me neither,” Tosh agreed.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt Used was ‘Look Whose Wheel’s Come Off’
Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are out buying Christmas cards for family and friends…

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘should we send a card to...’

Ianto picked up a Christmas card to see if it was suitable for Rhiannon and Johnny. Too flowery and sentimental; he picked up another.

“Jack, should we send a card to Her Majesty? She did send us on that wonderful honeymoon cruise aboard her yacht.”

“Definitely,” Jack agreed, looking at the card Ianto was holding. “Not one of those though, a funny one. Something like this.” He held up a rather rude joke card and laughed at Ianto’s shocked expression.

“Hey, Lizzie may be Queen but she’s got a wicked sense of humour. It’s why we get along so well!”

The End
Christmas In The Sun

Chapter Summary

Ianto wants to go away for Christmas.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Christmas in a tropical location.’ Okay, so Australia may not technically be tropical, but it’s where Ianto decided he wanted to go.

“What’re these?” Jack gestured at the stack of colourful magazines.

“Holiday brochures. I thought we could go away for Christmas this year. We’re not really needed at Torchwood these days, it would be good to get away for a bit,” Ianto explained.

Jack flipped through the brochures.

“You want to spend Christmas in Australia? Why?”

“Because I never have. I want to know what it’s like to have a Christmas barbecue, laze around on the beach and for once not freeze my arse off in wet, windy Cardiff.”

Jack thought about Ianto in shorts and smiled.

“When do we leave?”

The End
Torchwood On Ice

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood team go ice-skating.

Chapter Notes

For angelsphonebox’s prompt ‘Ice Skating’ I got a bit carried away – have a set of 5 drabbles.

Tosh had never tried ice-skating before. Technically, she still wasn’t; she was frozen to the spot, clinging to Owen like a fuzzy limpet in her fluffy coat.

“Tosh, sweetheart, you need to relax. I won’t let you fall.”

“Promise?”

“I promise. Don’t you trust me?”

“I don’t know.”

“Wonderful, I’m marrying a woman who doesn’t know if she trusts me!”

She glared at him.

“I don’t like ice, it’s slippery!”

“Yeah, well, that’s kind of the point! Come on, I’ve got you; slide your foot forward.”

Reluctantly doing as he asked, she wondered how Owen talked her into these things.

OoOoOoOoO

Skating past, hand in hand with Rhys, Gwen smiled at Tosh’s tentative first attempts at skating.

“Remember the first time you took me skating,” she asked, hugging his arm.

“Oh aye, I remember! Had bruises all up my arms for weeks from where your fingers dug in,” he chuckled.

“I was terrible, wasn’t I, even worse than Tosh,” Gwen giggled, remembering. “Fell over so many times, my arse was black and blue!”
“But you always got up and tried again. Had to drag you off the ice in the end, wouldn’t quit until you’d got it. You made me proud.”

OoOoOoOoO

Out in the middle of the ice, Jack and Ianto were chasing each other, laughing and showing off with small jumps and spins. Ianto hadn’t skated since he was in his mid teens, but it was apparently one of those things that once learned, you never forgot. He was a bit rusty, but being on the ice again made him feel as carefree as it used to ten years before.

Jack couldn’t stop smiling; it was good to see Ianto having so much fun. Sometimes even Ianto seemed forget how young he was, weighed down by the pressures of work.

OoOoOoOoO

Ianto skidded to a halt in front of Jack.

“You look happy!” he commented.

“I was just thinking the same about you. You should smile like that more often.”

“It feels good to be doing something just for fun. I’d almost forgotten what that felt like. This was a good idea, Jack. I think the others are enjoying it too.”

“We’ve all been working too hard lately, we need to make time to enjoy life.”

“You won’t get any argument from me. Come on, race you round the rink, loser buys the drinks!” Laughing, Ianto raced off, Jack right behind.

OoOoOoOoO

Andy and Mickey looked at each other and shook their heads.

“Work with a right bunch of nutters, don’t we,” said Andy.

“Makes life interesting though, don’t it,” Mickey replied.

“True enough. You ever skate before?”

Mickey shook his head.

“Nah. But if Captain Cheesecake can do it, how hard can it be?”

Stepping onto the ice, Mickey’s feet shot off in different directions and with a yelp he collapsed in a heap.
Smothering a laugh, Andy offered him a hand up.

“Okay, maybe not as easy at it looks.”

“Guess I finally get to teach you something,” Andy smirked.

The End
Chapter Summary

You’d think by now Torchwood would be used to the unexpected, but some things are more unexpected than others…

Chapter Notes

For star54kar. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Sorry, Jack,” Ianto said apologetically as they waited for the ambulance, “I guess this means we won’t be going on our skiing trip after all.”

“You have nothing to apologise for. This wasn’t your fault. If anyone’s to blame, it’s me.”

“Where d’you get that idea? You didn’t break my leg.”

“You wouldn’t even be here if it wasn’t for me.”

“Chasing Weevils is part of our job. Besides, I volunteered, I wasn’t forced.”

“I know, but still…”

“It was a freak accident,” Ianto said firmly. “No one could have predicted I’d get run down by a bobsled in Cardiff.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was ‘bobsled’
Unexpected Visitors

Chapter Summary

Unexpected visitors; they’re a fact of life for Torchwood, but that doesn’t mean they’re welcome.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 323 – Unexpected Visitors at tw100.

When you live on a Rift in time and space, unexpected visitors are the norm. Any time, any day, aliens or misplaced humans can get dumped in Cardiff’s streets and you just never know what it’s going to be next. Some are friendly, some are bent on invading the earth, some are simply lost, but Torchwood is responsible for dealing with them all. That doesn’t allow for many days off.

So when Ianto does eventually get a day off, all he wants is to relax and have a lie in. And what does he get?

Unexpected visitors of course.

Typical.

The End
Happy Christmas

Chapter Summary

Jack’s alone and lonely on Christmas Day – but not for long!

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘volunteering on Christmas’. Well sort of anyway. This one’s a double drabble.

Slumped at Tosh’s workstation, Jack wallowed in the unfairness of life.

Christmas Day. The one day a year he could guarantee he’d be spending alone. His team were off with loved ones, or willing strangers, just as every team through the years always was on December 25th.

Not that he begrudged them the time with their families and friends, but even when he’d had a family to spend time with he’d been expected to work over Christmas. Torchwood’s indentured servant, obliged to do as he was told or suffer the consequences. Lucia had never understood that it wasn’t his choice.

OoOooOoOoO

His maudlin thoughts were interrupted by the cog door opening. Looking up, he saw an overburdened figure struggling through. Pretty much all Jack could see was a pair of long, jeans-clad legs and sturdy boots.

“Jack, if you’re there, I could use a hand with this lot.”

There was no mistaking those delicious Welsh vowels. Jack hastened to unload his partner.

“Ianto? What’re you doing here? I thought you’d be spending Christmas with your sister.”

“Where’d you get that idea?”

“You said Christmas was for spending with family.”

“It is. You’re my family too, Jack. Happy Christmas.”

And it was.
The End
Jack and Ianto were sprawled on the couch at their house, too stuffed with Christmas dinner to even think of moving.

“Did you celebrate Christmas on Boeshane,” Ianto asked idly.

Jack shook his head.

“No. By then earth traditions had practically died out. When humans started travelling beyond earth, their traditions mixed with those of the alien cultures we ran into until no one really remembered the old ways anymore. All that remained were jumbled up bits and pieces that made no sense. Each colony developed its own celebrations to fit themselves and the worlds they lived on,” he explained.

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“It seems weird to think of a future with no Christmas,” Ianto said sadly. “To me it’s like a ray of hope during the darkest part of winter.”

“Most planets, those with seasons anyway, developed their own midwinter celebrations. On Boeshane, ours was called the Festival of the Trees.”

“I’m guessing that had something to do with your family trees?” Ianto raised an eyebrow.

“You guess right! On the shortest day, families gathered at their tree and decorated it, then held hands in a circle around it and each said what they were thankful for. Like Christmas and Thanksgiving combined.”

~~~

“Sounds lovely. You know, we should do that with our tree!” Ianto said with a smile.

“There’s only two of us though.”

“Well, it’s only a small tree. Besides, every family has to start somewhere. We might only be two people with a very small tree, but our tree will grow with our family.”
“True. We’d better go easy with the decorations this year though, don’t want to overburden it.”

Ianto levered himself up off the sofa.

“We have some leftover tinsel and the pinecones David and Mica decorated with glitter.”

“Perfect! You find those while I get our coats.”

~~~

Twenty minutes later, wrapped in coats, scarves and woolly hats, they stood in their backyard, either side of their little tree, festooning it with tinsel and pinecones. Ianto made a mental note to get something less gaudy for next year.

When the decorations were hung, they joined hands around the sapling, smiling at each other through its slender branches.

Ianto spoke first.

“I’m thankful for my family, friends and the chance to spend eternity with the man I love.”

Jack swallowed hard.

“I’m thankful for the love of this amazing man; because of him, I don’t dread the future anymore.”

The End
A Traditional Boxing Day

Chapter Summary

Doesn’t everyone get unexpected visitors at Christmas?

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 323 – Unexpected Visitors at tw100.

Jack and Ianto sprawled on the sofa, watching some daft movie while dinner was cooking. It was Boxing Day, the day when there’s still more than half the turkey left, but that’s fine because no one’s tired of eating it yet.

Christmas was perfect this year, just the two of them enjoying a few days off and being traditionally festive, with crackers, paper hats and bad jokes.

The peace was abruptly shattered by a familiar sound as the TARDIS materialised and the Doctor burst out, his latest companion in tow.

“Merry Christmas!”

Ianto raised an eyebrow. “You’re a day late!”

The End
Tropical Vacation

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto escape to the sun.

Chapter Notes

For mahmfic’s prompt ‘Christmas in a tropical location.’ Okay, so I have the tropical location, but without Christmas. *shrugs* Close enough!

Summer in Cardiff had been abysmal, cold and rainy with barely a glimmer of sunshine. Ianto had been starting to feel as dull and grey as the weather when Jack had surprised him with plane tickets and a brochure showing an idyllic beachside cabana in the Caribbean. He’d needed no persuasion to pack.

Less than forty-eight hours later, here they were in a tropical island paradise, well basted with sunscreen, stretched out side by side in beach chairs, sipping cold fruit juice and listening to the shushing sound of waves against the white sands.

Life didn’t get better than this!

The End
Communicative Butterfly – Sequel To ‘Reflective Butterfly’

Chapter Summary

Tosh begins to learn about the butterfly.

Chapter Notes

Have another instalment in the Butterfly Series!

As Tosh continued to muse over the butterfly, images started to enter her mind.

Vast, open plains full of gigantic blossoms in vivid colours, three suns in a violet sky and air that smelled like ripe peaches.

She could feel the gentle warmth of the suns. All were at greater distances from the planet than Sol was from earth, but their combined heat made it feel like summer.

A shining city rose from the plains in the distance and everywhere the air was filled with fluttering wings.

The butterfly on her head remained motionless as it showed her its world.

TBC in ‘Distractive Butterfly’
Ianto and Jack go food shopping with their daughter, but someone is misbehaving.

Ianto was already regretting taking Jack and their two-year-old daughter shopping with him.

“Put that back where you got it,” he said sternly, earning a pout and beseeching, wide blue eyes. He was unmoved. “That doesn’t work on me. Put it back, you know what you get if you don’t do as you’re told.” The giant bag of chocolates was reluctantly returned to the shelf. “You eat far too many sweets anyway. We’ll get some fresh fruit.”

“Don’t want fruit.”

“Tough luck!”

Ianto looked at his daughter.

“Can’t take your daddy anywhere, can we?”

Meriel shook her head.

“Naughty daddy.”

The End

ladymadariaga asked for Ianto suffering a childish Jack. Hope you like it!
The Greener Option

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s not too sure about the transportation Jack has acquired for his family.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 288 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Jack, that’s a tandem.” Ianto stared in bewilderment at the bicycle Jack had just wheeled into Torchwood’s garage. “Is that a child seat at the back?”

“Yep!” Jack grinned happily at his husband. “Isn’t it brilliant? I thought this way the three of us could go to the park without worrying about finding a parking spot!”

“You’re mad! Can you even ride a bike?”

“It’s been a while, but like they say: you never forget how. Plus it’s environmentally friendly!”

Ianto sighed. He was starting to regret suggesting to Jack that Torchwood should be doing more to protect the environment.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt used was ‘A Bicycle Made For Three’
Stuffed

Chapter Summary

Team Torchwood are even more stuffed than the Christmas turkey was!

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 324 – Ate Too Much at tw100.

“I hope there aren’t any Rift alerts,” Tosh sighed. “I’m so stuffed I don’t think I can move.”

“We look like a bunch of beached whales,” Owen agreed. “Why’d we let Rhys cook our Christmas dinner?”

“Because I volunteered?” Rhys cracked open one eye.

“That and you’re a fantastic cook,” Ianto smirked.

“I try. You lot are doin’ the washin’ up though.”

“Later.”

“Ah, Christmas; that special time of year when everyone eats too much and spends the afternoon sleeping it off. I love old Earth traditions!” Jack smiled; he looked like the cat that had eaten the whole turkey!

The End
Resolutions

Chapter Summary

It’s New Year’s Day at Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

Apologies to my readers, but I’m not going to be posting a drabble every day this year. I no longer have a vast stockpile of them to post, so I’ll mostly just be posting the ones I write for the tw100 prompts and odd ones I write in between. This is because I have over 40 fics and ficlets in four different fandoms waiting to be posted and posting two pieces of fiction a day leaves me no time for reading, or much of anything else. I’m aiming for two Torchwood drabbles a week unless a prompt inspires me to write more, plus a FAKE drabble or two, and a couple of the fics, so we’ll see how that goes. I hope everyone will still enjoy what I write!

“Happy New Year everybody!” Gwen called out cheerfully, bounding into the Hub and throwing herself into her chair.

“You’re disgustingly chipper after last night,” Owen muttered, scowling.

“Well, unlike some people I could name, I drank sensibly. It’s my new year’s resolution,” she informed Owen with a smug smile. “So, anyone else make resolutions?”

“I resolved not to strangle annoyingly cheerful colleagues. Wish I hadn’t now,” Owen groused. Gwen stuck her tongue out.

“I resolved to never make resolutions ever again,” said Ianto, distributing coffees.

“That’s the most sensible resolution I’ve ever heard! Cheers mate!” Owen grinned, raising his mug.

The End
It Must Be Spring

Chapter Summary

Some of the team have a problem staying still.

Chapter Notes

For one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use. Prompt at the end.

**Warnings:** Eating or drinking while reading this may not be a good idea.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Entering the Hub, Jack and Ianto were met by the unexpected sight of Owen, Gwen and Andy pogoing about like demented Jack-in-a-boxes.

“*It must be spring,*” Jack commented, amused.

“You can wipe that smirk off your face, Harkness,” Owen gasped, bouncing past. “*We can’t stop!*”

“*This gadget seems to be the cause,*” said Tosh, working frantically at her desk, “*but I can’t figure out how to turn it off!*”

Ianto strode over, took the device, pressed all the buttons at once and the three pogoers dropped to the floor, panting.

“*Don’t leave your toys lying around in future, Jack!*”

“*Sorry.*”

The End

Chapter End Notes

**Title used was ‘We Can’t Stop’**
Too Much Of A Good Thing

Chapter Summary

Certain Torchwood members have been overindulging during the festive season.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 324 – Ate Too Much at tw100.

Jack frowned as he watched Nosy and Dizzy slink slowly and laboriously past.

“Is it my imagination, or do they look a bit… umm…”

“Fat?” Ianto suggested.

“Well, yes, I didn’t like to say it, but they are looking on the round side.”

“You can talk.”

“Hey!” Jack glared indignantly at Ianto.

“You stuffed yourself over Christmas, Jack, and what you couldn’t manage you fed to them. Is it any wonder they’re overweight? How many chocolates did you give them?”

“I wasn’t counting!”

“Well, you’re all starting a new fitness regime. Diet and exercise!”

“You’re a cruel man, Ianto Jones!

The End
Starting Over

Chapter Summary

Ianto wants to leave his past behind and start afresh.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100.

He’d grown up an estate kid with a bad reputation and a police record for shoplifting. He’d been careless the first time and got caught, but that had only served to make him more cautious. He’d never slipped up again.

Not that he’d been some criminal mastermind or anything; he’d nicked smokes, sweets, the occasional CD or bit of cheap jewellery for a girlfriend.

Moving to London was his chance to leave the past behind, reinvent himself. No one need ever know who he’d been before. He could wipe the slate clean and start over. Ianto couldn’t wait to escape.

The End
Taking Over

Chapter Summary

Through disaster, Jack finds himself the head of the Torchwood Institute.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100

Spoilers: DW The Empty Child/The Doctor Dances, Army of Ghosts/Doomsday, Torchwood, Fragments.

Meeting the Doctor had turned Jack’s life around. He’d gone from rogue Time Agent and conman to saviour of the universe. It seemed only fitting that he should do something for the Doctor in return.

He’d worked his way through the ranks of Torchwood, enduring the abuse, slave labour and everything else they threw at him.

He’d hoped to change Torchwood from within, guide it into the new millennium from behind the scenes. Instead there’d been a massacre at Three, and Armageddon at One. Through its own actions, Torchwood had wiped itself out, leaving a clean slate.

Time to rebuild.

The End
Earning Redemption

Chapter Summary

Tosh gets an offer she can’t refuse.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Tosh had sacrificed everything for her mother. Her reward had been a barren cell: no hope, no freedom, no future.

Then he’d come, all flappy coat and flashing smile.

“Give me five years, I’ll get them to wipe your record clean.”

There’d only been one answer she could give.

Now here she was, her life signed away for the next five years in exchange for a clean slate. But that was okay. Five years was nothing compared to the rest of her life. She’d work hard, earn her freedom and redemption, then leave without looking back

It would be simple.

The End
A New Start

Chapter Summary

Ianto wants to leave his past behind and start afresh with Lisa.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman, Fragments.

The third of three chapters tonight!

All that mattered now was Lisa.

Ianto had done everything he could, rescuing her from the conversion unit, getting her out of Torchwood Tower, transporting her to Cardiff and securing a safe place to hide her until she could be cured. The hardest part was over.

Dr Tanizaki would arrive in three days. Ianto wasn’t sure how long it would take him to fix Lisa, but everything was in place for afterwards. As soon as she was well enough, they’d simply disappear.

He’d created new identities for them both; they’d start over with a clean slate.

It would be perfect.

The End
A Chance To Fight Back

Chapter Summary

Owen’s not making a new start, just trying to put the pieces back together.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100

As with yesterday, this is the first of three drabbles for this challenge. The new prompt will be up tomorrow so I have to get these posted today or they won’t count. I was tied up with other writing earlier in the week because the deadline for that challenge was the 10th, so I only got back to the drabbles yesterday. Cue the mad dash, lol! So much for making things easier on myself this year

Spoilers: Fragments.

Losing Katie broke something deep inside Owen; he knew he’d never be the same. She’d been his life, his future, his whole reason for living and now she’d been ripped away from him by something he couldn’t understand.

An alien incubating in her brain? It made no sense; none of it did.

He railed at the man in the coat, kicking and punching until he exhausted himself, then let Harkness take him to Cardiff. At least there maybe he could fight back against monsters he’d never known existed.

It wasn’t exactly starting with a clean slate, but it would do.

The End
Suzie’s plan has worked; she’s getting a whole new life.

Written For: Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100.

Spoilers: Everything Changes, They Keep Killing Suzie.

The second of my three drabbles today!

Her plan has worked like a charm, even though it had meant being dead for a time. That part hadn’t been pleasant, but it was worth it.

She’d taken her revenge against her father, stealing away what little life he had left; now she’d take someone else’s.

Cooper slumped in the seat beside her, life slipping away second by second. Suzie felt it filling her to the brim. Jack would be after her, but he’d be too late.

The coast, the ferry, then hello new life! Death had wiped the slate clean; she could be whoever she wanted to be.

The End
Where There’s A Fluff, There’s A Way

Chapter Summary

Jack buys the Fluffs a new toy.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 325 – Clean Slate at tw100.

My third drabble for today, and my seventh for this challenge. I feel like I’m finally starting to get back into the swing of drabbling after only managing to squeeze out one or two for each of the last few prompts. Admittedly it’s a bit harder now that I’m juggling a bunch of writing challenges, but I love writing drabbles so I’ll find the time somewhere.

Jack, genius that he was, had bought the Fluffs a blackboard and easel, setting it up in their play area. Once he’d managed to persuade little Dizzy that the chalk was NOT for eating, they’d taken to it like… Well, like Fluffs took to most things. That is to say, with a great deal of enthusiasm and mixed results.

They’d drawn wonky pictures over every inch, and when it was covered they’d cleaned it off so they could start again.

Jack looked at the spotless blackboard, then at the mucky, chalk-dust covered Fluffs.

“Board cleaner! I knew I’d forgotten something.”

The End
Position: Impossible

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s injured, so of course Jack calls Owen.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100.

“This better be good, Harkness!” Owen grumbled as Jack let him in. “I was busy when you called!”

“Sorry, it’s an emergency! I can’t leave Ianto like this! He can’t even straighten out!” Jack led the medic to Ianto’s bedroom, where the man in question was curled up on the bed, whimpering.

“What the fuck did you do to ‘im?”

“We were trying a new position,” Jack wailed, “I think I broke him!”

Ianto groaned, mortified.

A quick examination later:

“Just a groin strain; ice, rest and painkillers. And teaboy? Don’t ask ‘im to kiss it better!”

“Up yours, Harper!”

The End
Accidental Emergency

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack are seeking medical help elsewhere.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for: Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100.

“Don’t know why we had to come here,” Jack moaned as they sat in the waiting room at A&E. “We have a doctor on staff.”

“Correction, we have Owen, which is precisely why we’re here,” Ianto replied tartly. “He still hasn’t stopped teasing me about the time I got groin strain when you wanted to experiment with different positions. No way am I seeing him about this; I’d never hear the end of it!”

“Mr Jones, if you’ll come this way.”

Ianto followed the nurse towards the treatment area, Jack close beside him.

“You’re explaining how we got glued together!”

The End
Expecting

Chapter Summary

It’s time for Tosh’s first scan.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100.

Despite being a doctor himself, as soon as he’d been told they were expecting, Owen had insisted on Tosh having regular appointments with a specialist. After all, he wasn’t an obstetrician and he wanted his wife and baby to have the best possible care from the beginning.

Today they’d reached their first big milestone, Tosh’s first ultrasound, and they were both nervous and excited at the same time.

Tosh squeezed Owen’s hand, smiling at him as he looked at the screen. Seeing the tiny blob that was their child, Owen’s eyes filled with tears.

“I’m going to be a dad!”

The End
The Worst Patient

Chapter Summary

Owen needs a doctor. Ianto and Jack find that amusing.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100.

My fourth drabble for this challenge.

Driving across Cardiff, Ianto couldn’t contain his glee.

“Never thought I’d be taking our medic to the doctor’s; this is an historic occasion!”

“Should I take photographs?” asked Jack, sounding equally happy.

“Tosh already did,” Ianto assured him.

“Should’ve known!”

“Wankers!” Owen’s voice floated from the back seat. “You wait ‘til you need treatment!”

“We would’ve helped you!”

“You’re not gettin’ near my arse!”

“It’s your own fault. I said keep your head down, not stick your ass in the air! They couldn’t miss!”

“Shut up! Buckshot fuckin’ hurts!”

Ianto sighed. “I guess doctor’s really do make the worst patients!”

The End
Visit From An Old Friend

Chapter Summary

Jack’s expecting a very special visitor and asks Ianto to greet her.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100.

Spoilers: Reset.

“Ianto, can you spare a few minutes?”

“Of course, sir.” Ianto made his way over to Jack. “What’s up?”

“I need you to man the Tourist Office this afternoon, I’m expecting a visitor, an old friend from UNIT. I don’t know what time she’ll arrive, but I’d like you to be there to meet her and bring her down to the Hub.”

“No problem. I’ll do some paperwork while I’m waiting.”

OoO

Paperwork long finished, Ianto was flipping through a magazine when Jack’s visitor finally arrived.

Doctor Martha Jones was definitely not what he’d imagined when Jack had said ‘old friend’!

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s fun times are interrupted.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100.

Yes, I’ve done it again: too many drabbles to post one a day. So, here’s the first of three…

There was nothing like a spontaneous game of Naked Hide and Seek to get the blood pumping, among other things. Jack had found Ianto easily enough, but catching him was a different matter.

With a wicked grin, Ianto had shouted, “Catch me if you can!” and taken off at high speed. Not that Jack minded; the chase was half the fun.

So there they were, stark naked, running around the Hub…

Just as Jack finally caught Ianto and prepared to claim his prize, the TARDIS materialised and out stepped the Doctor.

“Oh! Is this a bad time for a visit?”

The End
When Ianto’s panicked call had come in, Owen had dropped everything, grabbed his medical bag and hared out of the Hub in nothing flat. He didn’t even remember the drive.

“Shit, shit, shit! Why now? I’m not ready for this! I may never be ready for this!” Still, he was glad he’d had the foresight to set up everything they’d need in a spare room in Jack and Ianto’s spacious apartment.

He ignored the lift, just ran up the stairs and straight through the open door. Panting, he tried to regain his composure.

“All right, you two. Ready to become parents?”

The End
What The Doctor Ordered

Chapter Summary

It’s been a rough day; they both need something… or someone.

Chapter Notes

My eighth? drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100. Might have lost count somewhere along the line... Anyway, this is the last of today's three. Tune in for more tomorrow.

It was late and someone was hammering on the door; she’d half expected it, maybe even been waiting for it after the day they’d had.

“I know you’re there! You lettin’ me in or not?”

Sounded like he’d been drinking, but that was okay. So had she. There was never any question of not letting him in, but she liked the feeling of power she got from keeping him waiting.

Finishing her wine, she sauntered over and opened her door, smirking at Owen.

“I don’t remember calling a doctor.”

“Fuck you, Suzie!”

“No, I think you’ll find that’s your job.”

The End
Night Visit

Chapter Summary

A strange sound wakes Tosh.

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100, and the first of three for today.

It wasn’t really unexpected; in an odd sort of way, these days it was never not expected, somewhere in the back of her mind, even in the middle of the night.

Waking to a strange sound should have been alarming, but Tosh just smiled, reached for her robe and went into the lounge, where a blue police box sat in the corner, like it had always been there.

In the kitchen, she filled the kettle and fetched two mugs.

“Hello,” the man in the scarf greeted her with a manic grin.

“Hello, Doctor, would you like a cup of tea?”

The End
Reliving The Present

Chapter Summary

Jack watches the events of Boom Town on CCTV.

Chapter Notes

My tenth drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100, and the second of three today.

Spoilers: Doctor Who, Boom Town.

This day had been marked in red on Jack’s mental calendar for years, now he sat in his office listening to the sound that haunted his dreams.

He’d sent his team off a few hours ago on a wild goose chase up in the Beacons, investigating UFO sightings. Well, more like he’d let them go after ‘trying to dissuade them’. The more he’d said it was nothing, the harder they’d insisted on checking it out.

So, they were far away where they couldn’t interfere while the Doctor, Rose and his still-mortal self visited Cardiff.

He wished he’d gone with them.

The End
Emergency Situation

Chapter Summary

Owen rushes to Jack’s aid in an emergency…

Chapter Notes

My eleventh and final (probably) drabble for Challenge 326 – Doctor’s Visit at tw100. That should be all for today!

Owen scowled at Jack; the medic was definitely not happy.

“When you phoned me I thought there was a medical emergency!”

“There is!” wailed Jack from where he lay in Ianto’s bathtub, his toe stuck firmly up the tap. “If Ianto catches me like this, he’ll kill me!”

“I’m a doctor, not a bloody plumber! Why’d you stick your toe up there anyway?” Ask a stupid question…

“I just wanted to see if it would fit!” And you get a stupid answer, should’ve known.

“Jack?” Ianto was glaring from the doorway. “Didn’t I tell you not to try that?”

“Sorry.”

The End
Final Anniversary

Chapter Summary

Ianto tries to figure out the date of a very important anniversary.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100. This is a sad one.

**Spoilers:** Cyberwoman, Doctor Who: Army of Ghosts/Doomsday.

Lisa was always the one to remember anniversaries; three months since their first date, six since their first kiss, a year since their first date… she treated each milestone in their relationship as a celebration. Ianto had laughed the first time, until she’d told him that he made her so happy, she wanted to celebrate everything.

What Lisa wanted, Lisa got, because she made him feel that way too.

But Lisa’s gone, and now Ianto has to figure out the most important anniversary himself. Did she die a year ago at Canary Wharf, or seven months later at the Hub?

The End
Gwen’s Special Occasion

Chapter Summary

Gwen gets all dolled up for a special occasion.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

Gwen had disappeared from her workstation shortly before quitting time, only to reappear twenty minutes later all glammed up in an elegant dress, understated jewellery and flawless make-up. Jack wolf-whistled.

“Look at you, Mrs Williams, all done up to the nines! Hot date?”

“It’s Rhys and my wedding anniversary.” She grinned her gap-toothed grin. “He’s taking me to that new restaurant.”

“I thought your anniversary was last week,” Ianto put in.

“Well, yeah, but I was sort of shrunk at the time, so we postponed it.”

“That’s Torchwood, expect the unexpected!” Jack laughed.

“If the world’s ending, don’t call me!”

The End
Anniversary Scratched

Chapter Summary

Tosh and Owen’s anniversary plans have to be cancelled.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

“Tosh, I’m so sorry,” Owen said miserably. “This wasn’t how I wanted our anniversary to go, especially after we had to work last year.”

“We’re Torchwood, Owen, we all know stopping an alien invasion takes priority over personal plans.”

“But I wanted this year to be perfect!” Owen sounded so mournful, Tosh wanted to hug him, but that probably wouldn’t be the best idea. She slapped at a straying hand.

“No scratching!”

“But it itches!”

“I know; that’s what this lotion is for!”

Just their luck that Lily had come home from preschool with chicken pox and infected her father!

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh is celebrating an important day.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

*Spoilers:* Tiny for Fragments.

As usual, Tosh arrived at the Hub early. She knew she didn’t have to, but she was always eager to continue with whatever she was working on. If Jack didn’t send her home every evening and make her take an occasional day off, she’d probably never leave.

Today was special though. Sitting down, she arranged her purchases on her workstation: a potted orchid, a vanilla latté and a cream cake. It was self-indulgent, yes, but she was celebrating. Even if no one else remembered, it didn’t matter. Twelve months at Torchwood, an unexpected year of freedom. It was worth commemorating.

The End
Ianto had only worked at Torchwood for five months when Jay, one of the guys in his department, intercepted him as he was leaving for the night.

“Bet none of the other jerks told you, they’re pissed off because Hartman seems to like you. Better get in good and early tomorrow or you’ll land yourself in trouble.”

“Why? What’s happening tomorrow?”

“It’s the 125th anniversary of Torchwood’s founding, everyone’s expected to be in early for the official commemoration. It’s a big deal. Someone gets chosen to read the charter; it’s considered an honour. Word is, this year Hartman’s picked you!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack takes Ianto to an expensive restaurant for dinner.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

“Go home,” Jack had told Ianto earlier that afternoon. “Put on your favourite suit, I’m taking you out to dinner!”

Jack had looked so happy at the prospect that Ianto had willingly done as requested, and here they were, on their first night out in three months.

The restaurant was romantic and intimate, the food delicious and the waiters unobtrusive. It was perfect, except…

“What’s the occasion?”

Jack took his hand. “Happy Anniversary, darling!”

“That’s sweet, but our anniversary isn’t until next week!”

“I know, but everywhere was fully booked. Getting married on Valentine’s Day probably wasn’t our brightest idea.”

The End
Millennium Plus One

Chapter Summary

New Year’s Eve 2000.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

New Year’s Eve 2000, exactly one year since Alex murdered his team and killed himself; Jack was no closer to understanding why. After he’d taken care of the bodies, he’d looked inside the locket himself and seen… nothing. Maybe it only worked once, maybe the atrocity Alex committed had changed the future, who knew? Jack certainly didn’t.

He’d spent a year trying to come to terms with the events of that night, trying to run Torchwood alone. He’d died so many times. Now here he was, his first anniversary as director of Torchwood Three.

Maybe it was time to rebuild.

The End
A Time To Heal

Chapter Summary

The anniversary of Katie’s death has always been unbearable for Owen…

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

Every year since losing Katie, Owen had skipped work to spend the anniversary of her death getting plastered. It wasn’t a day he could ever imagine getting through sober.

As the fateful day approached, he’d get increasingly bad tempered, taking his rage and pain out on anyone who so much as spoke to him. How dare they be cheerful when his heart and soul were being torn apart?

But this year… He checked the calendar; that couldn’t be right! Katie’s anniversary had been last week and it hadn’t even crossed his mind! Did that mean he was finally moving on?

The End
Unhappy Anniversary

Chapter Summary

Jack’s marriage to Lucia didn’t last very long.

Chapter Notes

I miscounted. Here's my ninth drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.
There's still one more!

Just before their first anniversary, they’d discovered Lucia was pregnant. They’d been thrilled and excited, making plans for their family. By their second anniversary, they’d been parents, their baby daughter the most important person in either of their lives.

By their fourth anniversary, they were fighting most of the time. Lucia had always been spirited and fiery, but now everything he did or said seemed to make her angry, no matter how hard he tried.

But when he finally made it home on their fifth anniversary, laden with flowers and gifts, all Jack found was a note that said: “Goodbye.”

The End
Change Of Plans

Chapter Summary

Jack wants to take Ianto on a date.

Chapter Notes

My tenth and final drabble for Challenge 327 – Anniversary at tw100.

Jack sidled up to Ianto at the coffee machine and leant against the counter.

“So, tonight, you and me, I was thinking dinner at this little Italian place I know, maybe a stroll in the moonlight, what d’you think?”

“Sounds lovely, but I can’t tonight, sorry.”

“What? Why not?”

“I have a prior engagement.”

“Who with? Are they prettier than me?”

Ianto snorted. “Prettier? No, but definitely younger.”

Jack looked crestfallen.

“I’m having David and Mica for the night. It’s Rhi and Johnny’s anniversary.”

“Oh! Can I come over? I could bring food.”

“Pizza. I’ll expect you at seven.”

“Yay!”

The End
Day Of Dread

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s wakes one morning feeling refreshed, until he realises what day it is.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 328 – National Day or Holiday at tw100.

Ianto yawned, stretched, and reached out to the other side of the bed, finding it empty and cold.

“Jack?” Where’d he disappeared to? The answer came in the form of distant clattering from the kitchen. Ah, Jack must have woken up hungry and decided to make breakfast; maybe if Ianto stayed put he’d be treated to breakfast in bed.

That thought lasted until he smelled what was cooking. He bolted from the bed, suddenly remembering what day this was, but it was too late.

SPLAT!

“Damn it! Lost another one!”

Ianto cringed, visualising the mess. How he hated Pancake Day!

The End
Arriving at work one day in the middle of March, Ianto stepped into Jack’s office, stared at Jack in horrified fascination, and quickly shut his eyes before the image could sear itself into his brain.

“What the hell are you wearing?”

Jack stood before him attired entirely in green: tunic, indecently tight leggings, and a hat with a feather, perched at a jaunty angle on his head.

“D’you like it? It’s St Patrick’s Day, so I thought I’d dress appropriately as the good saint himself!”

“Jack, that’s a Robin Hood outfit.”

“Really? Darn, I always get those two mixed up…”

The End
Support Your Local Dragons

Chapter Summary

Ianto is in a bad mood; Jack wants to know why.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 328 – National Day or Holiday at tw100.

Ianto had retreated to the archives as soon as he’d delivered the team’s morning coffees. Puzzled when he didn’t reappear at lunchtime, Jack went down to investigate and found his lover stomping about and muttering under his breath in Welsh as he busied himself with a backlog of filing.

“What’s put you in such a foul mood?”

“It’s April twenty-third,” Ianto replied.

“So?”

“St. George’s Day.”

“England’s patron saint?”

Ianto nodded curtly.

“And that’s bad because…?”

“Only the English would venerate a dragon slayer!”

“Ah, so you’re being righteously angry on behalf of Welsh dragons?”

“Exactly!”

“Good work! Carry on!”

The End
January 25th

Chapter Summary

Jack’s feeling gloomy, but perhaps Ianto can lift his spirits.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 328 – National Day or Holiday at tw100.

Jack had woken feeling gloomy. The Rift was in one of its hyperactive phases, spitting out sundry items across Cardiff and the surrounding countryside. As if that wasn’t bad enough, the weather was foul, with pouring rain and gale force winds, and the Weevils were revolting.

Truth be told, Weevils were always revolting, so no change there.

He was slumped at his desk, feeling the weight of the world on his shoulders, when Ianto entered, bearing coffee, doughnuts, and a single red rose.

Naked.

“Dydd Santes Dwynwen Hapus, Jack!”

Jack smiled. Maybe it wasn’t such a bad day after all!

The End
The Harkness-Jones family are celebrating, whether Jack likes it or not!

My fifth drabble for Challenge 328 – National Day or Holiday at tw100.

Ianto lifted Meriel from her cot; five months old, she was wide-awake, gurgling happily and apparently trying to eat her left foot.

“Big mouth,” he teased her. “You know, I’m sure that can’t taste good. Let’s get you dressed up all pretty and surprise Daddy, shall we?”

Changed and dressed in a pretty blue dress that matched her eyes, Ianto scooped his giggling, wriggling daughter into his arms and carried her into the master bedroom. Jack was just waking up.

“Morning, Cariad!” Ianto kissed him.

“If you say Happy Mother’s day, I’ll kill you!”

Ianto laughed.

“Happy Birth Parent’s Day!”

The End
Two Fathers’ Day

Chapter Summary

Meriel has a surprise for her daddies.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 328 – National Day or Holiday at tw100.

“Today,” Meriel’s new teacher announced, “we’re going to make Father’s Day cards for our daddies.”

Meriel raised her hand.

“Please Miss, I have two daddies, can I make two cards?”

“Yes, of course, if that’s what you want.”

Satisfied, Meriel set to work.

The teacher had bought lots of cutout shapes for them to use and Meriel found a flying dinosaur sort of like Myfanwy, even though it was red. She stuck that on Taddy’s card, and a blue spaceship on Daddy’s.

OoOoO

“Happy Father’s Day!”

Jack and Ianto looked at their cards and smiled.

“Thank you, sweetheart, these are perfect!”

The End
Easter Sunday

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s had an interesting morning.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 328 – National Day or Holiday at tw100.

Ianto wasn’t a big churchgoer, but he still liked to attend on Easter Sunday when Torchwood allowed.

“So, how was the service?” Jack asked him when he returned to the Hub.

“It was nice. Different. The new vicar ate a daffodil. The flower, not the bulb.”

“Oh. Why? Alien influence?”

“Don’t think so. He was making a point about how you can never predict what people will do next.”

Just then, Tosh got up, walked over to Owen and tipped her cup of tea over his head.

“Huh. Well, we already knew that.”

Ianto nodded. “Lunch?”

“I’ll get my coat.”

The End
Transmuted

Chapter Summary

Owen undergoes a change…

Chapter Notes

My first Drabble for Challenge 329 – Chiffon at tw100.

This is what happens when I read Fullmental Alchemist while trying to come up with a drabble idea for the new prompt…

“‘It’s a transmuter!’” Jack exclaimed, studying the object. “Fantastic!”

“What’s a transmuter?” Owen wanted to know.

“It changes one substance into another.”

“What, like turning lead into gold?”

“Nothing that dramatic,” Jack replied. “No, this transforms fabrics, so you could change your clothes from cotton into silk for a night out, you just select colour and fabric. The effect is temporary, lasts a few hours.”

Owen picked it up, pressing buttons at random. Before Jack could stop him, there was a flash, and Owen was dressed head to foot in neon pink chiffon. He looked down at himself.

“Oh shit!”

The End
Ianto was being completely self-indulgent on his rare day off. Recently, he’d managed to keep up with laundry, cleaning and all those other annoying chores that usually took up his free time. For once the whole day was his to do whatever he pleased.

Today, that meant baking. He had a hankering for homemade cakes; the store bought kind were all very well, but nothing beat home baking.

When Jack arrived that evening, the entire house was redolent with mouth-watering aromas.

“You’ve been busy! What smells so good?”

“Lemon Chiffon Cake, my favourite. Want a slice?”

“Thought you’d never ask!”

The End
Frippery

Chapter Summary

Tosh longs for a beautiful dress.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 329 – Chiffon at tw100.

It was foolish frippery, the kind of dress Tosh would likely never have occasion to wear, yet she couldn’t take her eyes off it. Floating layers of chiffon in several shades of purple flowed from a simple bodice to sweep the floor. It was made for dancing. Sighing, she turned away, putting it out of her mind, until Jack told her they’d been invited to UNIT’s New Year party.

Stepping into the ballroom, skirts drifting weightlessly around her legs, she felt like a princess.

Frippery it might be, but it was worth everything to see the look on Owen’s face!

The End
Festooned

Chapter Summary

A Rift alert results in something a bit different.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 329 – Chiffon at tw100. Quite pleased with that, it's a tough challenge!

A Rift alert had led Jack and Ianto to Bute Park just as the sun rose. The sight that met their eyes was certainly not what they’d been expecting.

“Well that’s… different.” Jack cocked his head to one side, appraising the view.

Hands in pockets, Ianto nodded. “Looks like we’ve got some climbing to do. Suddenly I’m very glad I pulled my old jeans on.”

The trees before them were festooned in brightly coloured streamers of gossamer fabric, like there’d been an explosion in a chiffon factory.

“At least it makes a change from being showered with odd socks.”

“True.”

The End
Useful Gift - Sequel to ‘Festooned’

Chapter Summary

Jack has ideas for making use of the Rift’s latest gift.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 330 – All Tied Up at tw100.

It was lucky that Ianto loved tree climbing; removing the streamers of alien fabric from everywhere the Rift had dropped them took some time. Jack sensibly remained on the ground, untangling what he could reach and collecting the silky lengths Ianto lowered to him, stowing them in a containment box.

The colourful pieces ranged in length between two and six feet, and Jack was soon getting ideas. When Ianto finally came back to earth, Jack smirked at him.

“No more ruining your ties.” He held up a strip of red. “These are much better for tying each other up with!”

TBC in ‘Fit To Be Tied’
Chapter Summary

Ianto wants to be sure their new accessories are safe.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 330 – All Tied Up at tw100.

“Are you sure these are safe?” Ianto was still a bit dubious about using the lengths of silky fabric the Rift had deposited in Bute Park as props for their off-duty activities.

“Tosh examined them, they’re a future derivative of Chiffon and now that the Rift energy’s dissipated, they’re perfectly harmless. Much safer to use than your ties. They’re almost frictionless, so they won’t chafe or get too knotted to easily undo. Stop worrying and tie me up already!”

“Well, if you’re sure.” Ianto tied blue silk around Jack’s wrists, securing them to the headboard. “Blue is definitely your colour.”

TBC in ‘Tied Up’
Chapter Summary

Ianto has Jack right where he wants him, barring interruptions.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 330 – All Tied Up at tw100.

Blue silk around his wrists, purple securing his ankles to the bed frame, Jack was spread out on the bed most invitingly. Ianto smirked down at him.

“Don’t go away, I just need something from my jacket.” He headed up the ladder to Jack’s office.

Everyone should have been long gone, but just as Ianto found what he needed, Gwen poked her head through the doorway.

“Ianto, have you seen Jack?”

“Sorry, he’s tied up at the moment. Literally.” He grinned wickedly. “Was there something you needed?”

Her eyes widened. “It’ll wait until tomorrow. Goodnight.” She hurried away, blushing furiously.

TBC in ‘Undone’
Undone – Sequel to ‘Tied Up’

Chapter Summary

Jack has introduced Ianto to all manner of delights.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 330 – All Tied Up at tw100.

Ianto hadn’t been into bondage before he’d got involved with Jack. It had never crossed his mind that being tied up, or tying someone else up, could be a turn-on.

To be honest, there were lots of things that had never crossed his mind before meeting Jack. His eyes had been opened, his horizons expanded and his inhibitions systematically obliterated by his lover; the only thing he regretted was that he’d not tried these things sooner.

A few silken restraints, a tube of tingling lube, and Jack was completely undone, begging for release. Ianto was only too happy to oblige!

TBC in ‘Sweet Release’
Sweet Release – Sequel to ‘Undone’

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s teasing and Jack’s reduced to begging…

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 330 – All Tied Up at tw100.

Despite being more than happy to give Jack what he wanted, Ianto wasn’t above taking his time and drawing things out a little. Or even rather a lot.

Teasing touches, licks and nibbles set every nerve in Jack’s body vibrating with exquisite sensation, and tied up as he was, Jack was helpless to do anything but feel, until he was certain that he couldn’t take any more.

“Ianto, please, need you now!”

Well, since he asked so nicely…

The air in the tiny room filled with their moans and cries of pleasure as they moved as one, seeking sweet release.

TBC in ‘Untied’
Chapter Summary

The trial run was a success; Ianto approves their new playtime accessories.

Chapter Notes

My sixth and final drabble for Challenge 330 – All Tied Up at tw100.

Completely spent, Ianto collapsed on top of Jack, panting, heart pounding. He could feel the rapid beat of Jack’s heart echoing his own; seemed they were both in a similar state.

Reaching up with the last of his energy, Ianto tugged one end of the silken fabric binding Jack’s wrists, feeling the knots come undone easily with just a gentle pull. Wrists freed, Jack wrapped his arms around his lover.

“See? They’re much better than your ties,” Jack mumbled against Ianto’s hair.

“Know-it-all. We’re definitely doing that again, but next time, you’re tying me up.”

“I can live with that.”

The End
Worms

Chapter Summary

Tosh tells Ianto something shocking.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 331 – Worms at tw100.

“Ianto,” said Tosh one day as they chatted over coffee, “did you know Jack’s got worms?”

Ianto almost choked, staring at her in shock.

“Worms?”

“Yes, I found out yesterday, completely by accident. Maybe I shouldn’t have said anything; I just thought you probably knew. He said he usually doesn’t tell people because of how they react. No idea why it would bother anyone; I think they’re fascinating.”

“You find Jack’s worms fascinating?”

Tosh nodded. “He keeps them in this glass tank thingy.”

“It’s called a wormery, Tosh,” Jack said, joining them.

Ianto breathed a sigh of relief. “Oh, earthworms.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto meets Jack’s worms.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 331 – Worms at tw100.

Ianto was extremely relieved to discover that Jack’s worms were of the earthworm variety, although Jack explained they weren’t actually from earth, which was why they were in a wormery in the first place.

“They’re from Veltaxis,” he explained, showing them to Ianto. “They’d thrive here, but regular earthworms would probably be wiped out; they’d be unable to compete.”

The Veltaxis worms were longer and fatter than earth’s worms, strikingly striped black and white, and very sinuous. Ianto could see why Tosh found them so fascinating; they were almost hypnotic.

“I watch them for relaxation,” Jack admitted. “It’s very soothing.”

The End
Fluff In A Huff

Chapter Summary

Owen annoys Nosy.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 331 – Worms at tw100.

“Argh! Gerrof! Help!” Owen’s yell echoed across the Hub, bringing Ianto out of Jack’s office.

“What are you doing?”

“Shouldn’t you be asking your furry worm that? I’m the victim here, if you hadn’t noticed!”

“You must’ve done something, or Nosy wouldn’t be doing that.”

Nosy was firmly wrapped in coils around Owen, glaring at him.

Ianto smirked. “What did you do?”

“I might have muddled up Nosy’s bottle-cap collection.”

“Better apologize. If you mean it, Nosy might let you go.”

“Okay, sorry, I won’t do it again!”

Nosy huffed and released him.

“Don’t mess with the Fluff,” Ianto grinned.

The End
Mystery Worm

Chapter Summary

There’s a lurker in the Hub’s lower levels.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 331 – Worms at tw100.

They didn’t know much about it, just that it was alien and lurked in the lower levels. It had been there since before Jack was ‘recruited’.

Torchwood’s records said it had been captured back in the 1880s, and had escaped shortly after being brought back to the Hub. No one had ever been able to re-capture it, though many had tried over the years, laying various kinds of traps. It was rarely seen, and mostly forgotten about.

Ianto smiled as he watched the glowing blue three-foot long worm sipping coffee from a saucer. Jack was never going to believe this!

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen has a very unusual patient.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 331 – Worms at tw100.

Jack and Ianto had returned from a retrieval with a misplaced alien. Owen was rather taken aback when they laid her carefully on the autopsy table. She was alive, but obviously not in the best of health.

“This is Soom, of the Forest of Cheem,” Jack introduced her.

“She’s a tree?”

“I am,” Soom replied in a mellow voice. “Can you help me, doctor?”

“I’ll do my best.”

OoOoO

Up in his office an hour later, Jack looked at Torchwood’s medic.

“Do you know what’s wrong with her.”

Owen nodded. “I hope she’s not allergic to earth chemicals. She’s got woodworm.”

The End
Objections

Chapter Summary

Jack has planned a team outing, but he’s meeting with some resistance.

Chapter Notes

My sixth and final drabble for Challenge 331 – Worms at tw100.

“Ugh!” said Tosh, staring at the wriggling tangle of worms. “No way I’m doing that!”

“Me neither,” Gwen agreed. “It’s disgusting!”

“But it’s fun!” whined Jack, looking around at the rest of the team as his carefully laid plans began to crumble.

“I’m in!” said Owen. “A relaxing afternoon is just what the doctor ordered.”

“That’s two for and two against. Ianto, yours is the deciding vote. Yes or no?”

“I think you misunderstood, Jack,” Ianto said. “No one’s objecting to the idea of fishing, just to the use of live worms as bait.”

The girls nodded. “That’s heartless cruelty!”

The End
Out Of Sight

Chapter Summary

Gwen isn’t all there. Neither is Ianto.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 332 – Gwen Cooper at tw100.

Gwen glared at her husband. “Stop looking at me like that!”

“Sorry, love, I can’t help it. You just look… well, not yourself.”

“Of course I don’t look like me! That stupid thing made my nose invisible!”

“Invisible? It’s still there?” Rhys reached out to feel. “Oh yeah, so it is!”

Gwen shoved his hand away. “Enough with the prodding!”

“The good news is,” Tosh butted in, “it should wear off in a few hours. You’re lucky; only your nose is invisible. I keep mistaking Ianto for George.”

Gwen looked towards headless Ianto. Tosh was right; she’d got off lightly.

The End
Her Father’s Words

Chapter Summary

There’s a fine line between curiosity and snooping.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 332 – Gwen Cooper at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Everything Changes.

“I love you, duckling,” Gwen’s father told her when he caught her snooping where she shouldn’t. “But there’s a big difference between being curious and being nosy. One of these days, you’ll put your nose somewhere it doesn’t belong, and you’ll get in real trouble.”

Peering down through the pouring rain from the multi-storey car park, watching ‘Special Ops’ bring the murder victim back to life, she remembered her dad’s words.

“Maybe there’s no right way of doing it,” the leader said before looking straight up at her. “What do you think?”

Fleeing the scene, she thought, ‘Dad was right.’

The End
No Hero

Chapter Summary

She wanted to be a hero.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 332 – Gwen Cooper at tw100.

Working for Torchwood wasn’t what she’d expected. She’d thought she would be a hero, saving the day, protecting earth from extraterrestrial threats.

She’d been wrong.

There were days of drudgery, searching for small, seemingly insignificant objects that had fallen through the Rift. There was endless paperwork, and when an extraterrestrial threat appeared and the team went into action, there was blood and horror and fear. They saved everyone they could, but so many died.

She railed at Jack, telling him they should do more, but deep down she knew they were doing all they could, and something broke inside her.

The End
Taste Test

Chapter Summary

You either love it or you hate it. The trick is to have a lover with the same tastes.

Chapter Notes

Written For: Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.

Warnings: Possible squickishness.

Ianto’s morning had been very normal, until now. He’d showered, shaved and dressed, made coffee and breakfast, and had just finished eating when the front door opened and Jack bounded in.

“What’s up?”

“Rift alert. Thought it would be quicker to just swing by and pick you up rather than phone and wait for you at the Hub.”

“Any idea what came through?”

“Not yet. You look gorgeous.” Jack leant in for a quick kiss, which turned into a much longer kiss. “Yum, you taste gorgeous too.”

Ianto laughed. “I didn’t know you liked Marmite.”

“Neither did I!” grinned Jack.

The End
Punished

Chapter Summary

Ianto has devious ways of punishing Jack.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.

Tosh looked up, frowning, as Ianto strode past, Jack trailing woefully along behind him.

“I’m sorry, I won’t do it again, I promise!”

“Looks like Jack’s in the doghouse,” Owen smirked. “Wonder what he did this time.”

Ignoring Jack’s pleas, Ianto headed for the kitchenette, leaving Torchwood’s leader standing forlornly in the middle of the Hub.

“What’s wrong, Jack?” Tosh asked sympathetically.

“Ianto’s mad at me. I borrowed his car without asking and he had to take the bus. Now I’m being punished.”

“So what punishment works on you?” Owen asked cheekily.

“I don’t get any kisses,” Jack replied mournfully.

The End
Mistletoe Kisses

Chapter Summary

Jack loves Christmas and mistletoe.

Chapter Notes

I seem to remember someone else doing a similar fic, fairly recently, but I don’t remember who. Not surprising, given current circumstances. Hopefully it’s sufficiently different.

Written for Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.

Christmas and mistletoe; Jack was in his element.

Calling Tosh to his office, he pounced as she stepped through the door, kissing her on the forehead.

“Merry Christmas!”

“Thank you, Jack!”

He caught Gwen stepping through the cog door, dipped her almost to the floor, pecking her on the nose, leaving her giggly for the rest of the morning.

Ianto was efficiently caught in every doorway, twice, and thoroughly kissed. Which wasn’t unusual.

Owen proved tricky, but finally…

Jack grabbed him as he entered the boardroom, planting a kiss on top of his head.

“Argh! Gerroff, you twat!”

Full house!

The End
Big Moment

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto get their perfect day.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.

The day had turned out to be perfect in every way.

Jack had awoken to blue skies, sunshine, and a gentle, cooling breeze. He’d showered and dressed leisurely, checked in with the people manning the Hub, had breakfast, then put the finishing touches to his outfit. By the time his ride arrived, he was completely ready.

The venue looked beautiful, Ianto was predictably gorgeous, everyone was smiling happily. Finally, the big moment came.

“I now pronounce you husband and husband; you may now share your first kiss as a married couple.”

Jack didn’t need telling twice.

The cheers were deafening!

The End
Wedded Bliss - Companion piece to ‘Big Moment’

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s perfect day, from Ianto’s POV.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.
For penguincrazy, who suggested I write Ianto’s POV. Hope you like it!

Having left his curtains open the night before, bright sunlight woke Ianto before his alarm went off; the perfect start to the big day.

He’d allowed plenty of time for preparations, so by the time the car arrived to collect him he was ready and waiting, sipping a cup of coffee.

The ceremony went by in a happy haze, until he heard the words “you may now share your first kiss as a married couple.”

After that, he was lost in a different kind of haze as Jack made the most of the moment. He never even heard the cheering!

The End
It’s Meriel’s bedtime. Say goodnight!

The first of (hopefully) two drabbles tonight. I know there aren’t drabble deadlines anymore, but I don’t know how long I’ll be out tomorrow.

Written For: Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.


“But I didn’t finish my Lego house!”

“It’ll still be there tomorrow, you can finish it then,” Ianto told her.

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

“Okay.” Jumping to her feet, Meriel headed upstairs.

A little later, dressed in her pyjamas, Meriel sat on her bed.

“Goodnight, Daddy. Goodnight, Taddy,” she said, hugging them. Turning to her best friend, she kissed its fluffy snout. “Goodnight, Nosy, sweet dreams.”

Heading downstairs, Jack sighed. “How come the Fluff gets more kisses than we do?”

Ianto shrugged. “Because it’s cuter than us?”

“Yeah. That’s probably it.”

The End
Lip Service

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s mind isn’t on the meeting.

Chapter Notes

Written For: Challenge 333 – Kiss at tw100.

I might not get anything posted tomorrow as it’s Mum’s funeral, so have a second drabble, just in case.

Ianto sat at the boardroom table, only half-listening as Owen droned on about the dead alien he’d been studying. His eyes were fixed on Jack, or more precisely, on Jack’s lips, as the captain asked questions about Owen’s findings.

Jack had the most perfect lips, full, plump, and kissable. Ianto could lose himself forever just kissing him, and he tasted as good as he smelled.

When the meeting finally wound down, Ianto waited until the others had left, then rising to his feet, he stalked towards Jack and pinning his lover against the table, proceeded to make his daydreams reality.

The End
Red Sky

Chapter Summary

After a horrible day, there’s a ray of hope.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Written For: Challenge 334 – Red at tw100. I’ve got four written so far, and plenty of other ideas.

All day, rain had been falling heavily, and while that wasn’t exactly unusual for Cardiff, the constant wetness and cold had got the whole team down, mainly because they’d all been out in it most of the day. As afternoon turned to evening, the torrential rain finally stopped, the heavy cloud started to break up, and low on the horizon, the sun broke through.

Ianto looked up and started to smile; the sky was ablaze in vivid shades of red.

“How about that for a sunset?”

Jack smiled too. “Red sky at night… Looks like we’ll have good weather tomorrow!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is definitely not happy with Jack right now.

Chapter Notes

**Spoilers:** Sleeper.

My second drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Jack’s back, his shirt bloody and torn; Ianto’s definitely going to have words with him about that. It’ll wait for now though. The Sleeper cell’s raid on the nuclear storage bunker has been thwarted, but Torchwood’s only won the first battle, not the war. Cell 114 is still out there.

Making his way to the garage to clean up the SUV, Ianto finds something that makes him even unhappier than Jack’s latest death. Jack duct-taped an aerial to the SUV’s wing-mirror, making everything disconcertingly sticky! That’s something he can’t ignore; Ianto sees red.

“Bloody Harkness! You’re in big trouble now!"

The End
Looking over yet another report full of bad spelling, worse grammar and non-existent punctuation, Ianto decided enough was enough. It was past time that the others took responsibility. Reaching for a red pen, he set to work.

A couple of hours later, he left the proofread documents on the relevant desks and waited for the team to return from a Rift alert.

He was in the kitchen making coffee when the team barged in waving folders at him.

“What’s this for?” Jack asked, frowning.

“I’m tired of re-writing everyone’s reports for them. From now on, you can do it yourselves.”

TBC in ‘Could Do Better’
Chapter Summary

The team aren’t happy about having to re-do their reports.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

“I can’t believe Ianto’s correcting our reports and making us re-write them!” Jack whined to the rest of his team as they sat around the boardroom table, busily writing.

“I know!” said Gwen. “He gave me three out of ten for mine.”

“Hah!” Jack was jubilant. “I got five out of ten! What about you, Owen?”

“I got a two,” the medic muttered gloomily.

“So why isn’t Tosh here?” Gwen asked.

“She’s teacher’s pet. Teaboy gave her full marks. And a gold star.” Owen pushed his chair back and stood.

“Where are you going?”

“To hide his fucking red pen!”

The End
Red Paint

Chapter Summary

The Origin of the Hub’s wall art.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Standing on the catwalk, Tosh dipped her brush in red paint and swept it across the bare wall. She tuned out the quiet sounds of the Hub in night mode, her entire concentration focussed on the image slowly taking shape before her. It was as though it already existed beneath the concrete’s surface; she was merely making it visible.

Dragons appeared in both Welsh and Japanese mythology, symbols of strength and power, yet elusive and mysterious. It seemed an appropriate emblem for Torchwood, an organisation as legendary and secretive as the winged creature. Perhaps it would bring them good fortune.

The End
Flustered

Chapter Summary

Tosh sees something she’s not expecting.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Tosh had been getting ready for bed when she’d been hit with a brainwave concerning an alien device she’d been studying. Too excited to wait until morning to test her theory, she’d thrown some clothes on, grabbed her bag and headed back to the Hub.

With all unessential systems powered down for the night, the place was full of shadows. She was halfway to her workstation when a pale figure loomed before her, nearly scaring her to death until it spoke.

“Tosh! I thought you’d left!”

She stared at Ianto, naked and blushing all over. Red really did suit him!

The End
Souped Up

Chapter Summary

Ianto becomes the victim of a freak accident.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Ianto looked down at his formerly white shirt with a sigh; it was completely ruined. The only consolation was that he hadn’t been wearing his jacket or waistcoat, and the tourist office counter had protected his trousers.

In Torchwood, you quickly learn to expect the unexpected, but even so, some things are just impossible to anticipate. Who in their right mind would expect a pigeon to fly through the door and crash-land in their tomato soup? He hadn’t even had a chance to eat any yet, and now he was covered in it.

Jack grinned.

“Well, red is your colour.”

The End
What’s Red And Fluffy?

Chapter Summary

There seems to be something not quite right with a certain Fluff…

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Something was wrong with Nosy, the normally green Fluff was no longer the colour of grass; for some unknown reason it had turned bright red all over. Everyone was concerned, and Owen was running tests, trying to determine what had caused the dramatic change.

“Well?” Jack paced impatiently back and forth in front of Owen. “What’s wrong with it?”

“Beats me,” Owen admitted, scratching his head. “All the tests are coming back completely normal. Apart from being the wrong colour, Nosy seems to be in perfect health.”

‘Silly humans,’ Nosy thought to itself. ‘Don’t they know it’s Red Nosy Day?’

The End
Red Faced

Chapter Summary

Owen is looking decidedly flushed.

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Tosh glanced up as Owen and Ianto returned from a stakeout.

“Owen? Are you alright? You look flushed.” She had good reason to be concerned; the medic’s face was a startling shade of red.

“I’m fine,” Owen snapped, stalking towards the autopsy bay.

Behind her, Tosh could hear Ianto chuckling; she turned to look at him, puzzled.

“What happened?”

Ianto shrugged. “He told me he didn’t need to use sunblock, but after eight hours on a rooftop with the sun reflecting off windows all around us, guess who got sunburn?” He winked. “Wait until you see him without his sunglasses.”

The End
Warning

Chapter Summary

To anyone else, it would just be a rose petal.

Chapter Notes

My tenth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

Spoilers: Small Worlds.

Even now, after so many years, the sight of a red rose petal on his desk chills Jack to the bone.

It’s the Fae; he knows it as surely as if he’d seen them place the petal there themselves. The memory of the day they killed his whole squad to avenge the death of their chosen one is as vivid now as the day it happened. It’s something he’ll never forget.

Whatever is happening, the petal is a warning not to interfere, a reminder that no one can hide from their vengeance.

It’s a warning he’s not about to ignore.

The End
Real Food

Chapter Summary

Ianto craves a good meal.

Chapter Notes

My eleventh drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100.

With sincere apologies to my vegetarian readers. Blame the prompt and the characters!
This one came out at 100 words first try.

They’d been subsisting on takeaway for nearly three weeks, and Ianto had decided enough was enough. According to Tosh, it looked like the Rift would be relatively calm for the next seventy-two hours or so; he planned to take the opportunity to whip up a home-cooked meal for himself and Jack.

A couple of juicy steaks, that would be just the thing; red meat for red-blooded men, and a nice red wine to wash it down with. Maybe strawberries and cream for dessert, that was always fun.

Smiling in anticipation, Ianto steered his shopping trolley towards the fresh meat section.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s dead again.

Chapter Notes

My twelfth drabble for Challenge 334 – Red at tw100. This one's kind of bleak to match my mood.

Jack was still and cold to the touch, his face too pale while his clothes were dark red with blood. Ianto didn’t need to check for a pulse to know for sure that his lover had once again died in the line of duty.

It broke his heart whenever Jack died, and angered him when death could’ve been avoided, but that hadn’t been the case this time. Jack had sacrificed his life protecting a child, and Ianto knew he would’ve done the same, even knowing that unlike Jack, he wouldn’t come back from death.

Some things were worth dying for.

The End
“You’re having an allergic reaction,” Owen informed Ianto.

“I’m well aware of that,” Ianto replied, his calm tone at odds with his restless fidgeting as he fought the urge to scratch the itchy red spots covering his body. “How about telling me something I don’t know? Like what I’m allergic to and how to stop it itching!”

Owen was enjoying the situation way too much.

“Isolating the allergen could take days,” he smirked

“Don’t mess with me, Harper, I have the power to make your existence a living hell,” Ianto reminded him.

Owen went pale.

“Give me half an hour.”

The End
Huntress

Chapter Summary

Rhys loves Tribble, but she has some character traits that he finds less endearing.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

Tribble was growing fast. She’d gone from small grey fluffball to slender, long-legged, half-grown cat in a matter of weeks, always greeting her humans on their return home with a loud purr. Rhys couldn’t imagine life without her.

Not that she was perfect; her wall of death stunt was terrifying to watch, but the worst thing was her love of hunting. She was fearless, stalking her prey, pouncing, and killing with biting teeth and slashing claws.

“If you put your socks in the laundry basket, they wouldn’t get shredded,” Gwen told him as he gloomily held up another unfortunate victim.

The End
A Cat’s Life

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s feline pretty good...

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

Being a cat, Ianto decided, really wasn’t bad; at least he got to catch up on his sleep. Jack’s lap was surprisingly comfortable and the way he scratched Ianto around his ears was sheer bliss. Jack had always been good with his hands.

Even the food was first-class, no tinned cat meat for this kitty. It was chicken fillets, tuna fish and minced beef all the way, best of everything.

The only annoying thing was the way the rest of the team kept treating him like a cat. As if he’d stoop to chasing bits of string. It was undignified!

TBC in ‘Catty’
Chapter Summary

Being a cat has its downsides.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

Ianto watched Tosh, wishing he could ask her how much longer he’d have to remain a cat. He knew she was doing her best, but it was frustrating being unable to help or even enquire how things were going.

He still couldn’t say he really minded being a cat, Jack was taking very good care of him, but he really missed coffee. Good coffee, not the stuff the others brought in.

He was also feeling rather useless. Still, if Owen suggested once more that he earn his living by hunting mice, he’d find out just how sharp Ianto’s claws were.

TBC in ‘Licked’
Licked - Sequel to ‘Catty’

Chapter Summary

There are some things that are too much even for Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

Ianto had been a cat for two days and was becoming increasingly aware that while his situation had some pleasant aspects, there were downsides too.

Personal hygiene came top of that list. He flatly refused to wash in the traditional cat manner, making it clear that licking himself was simply not going to happen. Jack seemed to understand, grooming him until he looked immaculate, but it wasn’t the same as having a shower.

Although his cat self wasn’t fond of water, he patiently suffered through Jack washing his paws, face and… intimate places with a damp cloth.

“Mrow.”

“You’re welcome.”

TBC in ‘Friends’
Friends - Sequel to ‘Licked’

Chapter Summary

Ianto learns that true friends don’t care about how you look.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

For the first couple of days, Ianto kept to Jack’s office and the little room beneath, but soon started to feel restless and curious about what was happening. Watching from the window of Jack’s office was all very well, but he was separated from the team.

Venturing out of his safe place was nerve-racking. His biggest concern was that Myfanwy wouldn’t recognise him in his cat shape; becoming a convenient snack for the pteranodon wasn’t on his to do list. He needn’t have worried though. Flying down beside Jack, she looked at Ianto curiously and purred in greeting.

Friends forever.

TBC in ‘De-Clawed’
De-Clawed - Sequel to ‘Friends’

Chapter Summary

The end of Ianto’s catification.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

‘How much longer?’ Ianto painstakingly typed on Tosh’s keyboard with one paw.

“I think I’ve almost figured it out, but first I want to test it on something that’s not you. I don’t want to make things worse.”

Purring, Ianto rubbed his head affectionately on Tosh’s arm. He’d be seriously embarrassed about that later. ‘You’re a true friend,’ he typed.

“I try.”

Ah hour later, testing complete, Tosh pointed the device in Ianto’s direction and pressed a sequence of buttons. There was a bright flash and then everyone got a flash of Ianto Jones.

Blushing, he fled, dignity gone again.

TBC in ‘Back To Normal?’
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s himself again. Mostly.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

Ianto had taken refuge in Jack’s bunker, hiding his blushes.

“Sorry about that,” Jack apologised. “Maybe I should’ve had a blanket available for when you changed back.”

“You think?” Ianto pulled on the robe Jack held out to him.

“In my defence, you were dressed when you turned into a cat.” Jack wrapped his arms comfortably around Ianto. “I sort of assumed your clothes would come back too.”

“You assumed wrong.” Ianto leant against Jack, who was rubbing the back of his neck. “That feels good.”

“I gathered that. Are you purring?”

“Say one word to anyone and you’re dead!”

TBC in ‘Just Desserts’
Just Desserts - Sequel to ‘Back To Normal?’

Chapter Summary

Owen really shouldn’t have teased Ianto…

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the hell?”

Owen looked at his swollen hand; it had been fine the night before. Wincing, he finished dressing and headed for the Hub.

“What’s wrong with your hand?” Tosh asked.

“No idea.”

“Wait, isn’t that the hand Ianto scratched last week?”

Owen frowned. “Damnit! I can’t have Cat Scratch Fever! Ianto wouldn’t be seen dead with fleas! Jack made sure of that!”

“Then again, I spent a lot of time with Myf, and she does occasionally have fleas. Maybe that’ll teach you to be more respectful. ‘Catch mice’ indeed. I do that the humane way,” Ianto smirked.

“Fuck.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

For SV, who asked: “Hmm, on this set of prompts, can you do something on cat scratch fever?”
Cat-napped

Chapter Summary

Tribble has vanished and Rhys is worried.

Chapter Notes

My ninth and last drabble for Challenge 335 – Feline at tw100.

Tribble was missing.

Rhys had searched the flat from top to bottom, knowing she had to be there somewhere because she wasn’t allowed out. Affectionate though she was, she wasn’t the smartest cat ever and it just seemed sensible to keep her away from traffic and other hazards. But there was no sign of her and he was becoming frantic.

He’d checked the oven, washing machine, laundry basket, underneath all the furniture… then an idea hit him. Pulling open a drawer, he looked inside and there she was, curled among his socks, fast asleep.

He smiled fondly; she was safe.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is concerned about Torchwood’s eating habits.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 336 – Junk Food at tw100.

Frowning, Ianto gathered up yet another stack of empty pizza boxes destined for the recycling bin.

“We’ve all been eating way too much junk food lately,” he commented. “If the trend keeps up, we’re going to start looking like pizzas.”

“Round and delicious?” Jack asked.

“No; crusty and cheesy with too much fat.”

Jack looked down at himself, suddenly worried. He’d gone up a notch on his belt recently; that was probably from excess pizza.

“Okay, point taken. I guess a healthier diet couldn’t hurt.”

“Good, that’s settled. And Jack?”

“Hmm?”

“You can break the news to Owen,” Ianto smirked.

The End
Meat Dreams

Chapter Summary

Ianto is being a supportive partner.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 336 – Junk Food at tw100.

Burgers and chips, meat feast pizzas, pies, hotdogs… Ianto’s dreams were filled with chorus lines of heavenly treats and he woke up every morning, mouth watering, longing for a good, solid, greasy fried breakfast.

Then he’d look over at Jack, sleeping beside him, looking like he’d swallowed a small whale, and he knew his dreams were destined to remain just dreams, at least for a couple more months.

Poor pregnant Jack couldn’t even bear the smell of cooked meat, so Ianto, being the supportive partner he was, had bravely gone vegetarian too.

Their baby was worth any amount of sacrifice.

The End
Doughnuts

Chapter Summary

Do doughnuts constitute a threat?

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 336 – Junk Food at tw100.

Jack set a box of ordinary-looking doughnuts on the boardroom table.

“Whatever you do, don’t eat these.”

“Why not?” Gwen asked.

“They came through the Rift. Owen took them to run tests; now he’s vanished and there’s an extra doughnut.”

“Owen might be a doughnut?”

“Possibly.”

The team eyed the doughnuts uncertainly.

“Become what you eat,” Ianto said slowly. “Mam used to warn me about that. I never believed her.”

They were still warily watching the doughnuts when Owen walked in. Everyone jumped up, hugging him.

“You’re not a doughnut!” exclaimed Tosh.

Owen stared at them, baffled. “You’re all nuts!”

The End
Chapter Summary

A healthy diet should allow for occasional treats…

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 336 – Junk Food at tw100.

Healthy eating made sense, Jack understood that; he and Ianto had been eating healthily for two weeks now and it was starting to have the desired effect. They were both feeling fitter and more energetic, and Jack’s trousers were no longer pinching. The food even tasted pretty good, with lots of fresh fruit and vegetables, lean meat and wholegrain cereal.

But tonight was movie night, and raw veggies weren’t going to cut it.

“What d’you say we take the evening off from our new, healthier lifestyle?”

“Well, we did have a very healthy dinner,” Ianto grinned. “I’ll get the popcorn!”

The End
Nosy liked to think it could do just about anything a human could, but after ten minutes of careful thought and experimentation, it had to accept there were some things Fluffs just couldn’t manage. The only thing left to do was to ask for assistance.

Owen was up to his elbows dissecting something. No help there.

Tosh was so busy on her computer that she didn’t even look up.

Jack was yelling at someone down the phone.

Nosy approached Ianto, looking hopeful.

“Hummm?”

“You eat too much junk food,” Ianto sighed, but he opened the bag of cheese puffs anyway.

The End
You never know what will get left in the SUV.

It was a good thing, Ianto mused, that he’d got into the habit of cleaning out the SUV regularly. Otherwise, there wouldn’t have been any room for passengers, considering the amount of junk that got left in it.

It wasn’t just rubbish, either; there were pieces of equipment, articles of clothing, notebooks… He’d even found a dead alien in the boot one time when they’d been so busy it had accidentally been overlooked.

This was the last straw though.

“Who the hell left a half-eaten hamburger under the driver’s seat?”

“Oops,” Jack grinned sheepishly. “I wondered where I’d put that!”

The End
Home From The Fair

Chapter Summary

Meriel and her daddies bring some treats home from the funfair.

Chapter Notes

My seventh and final drabble for Challenge 336 – Junk Food at tw100.

The funfair had been wonderful. Meriel had several new ‘teddies’ thanks to the skills of her parents, and had ridden merry-go-rounds, dodgem cars, and the ghost train.

She’d won prizes for catching rubber ducks, and for throwing balls into buckets, and they’d eaten hotdogs, and ice cream. They arrived home tired and happy.

Taddy got everything out of the car, while Daddy ran her bath; it was almost ready when Taddy suddenly shouted.

“Oh no!”

“What’s wrong?” asked Daddy.

“Nosy got into the candyfloss.”

Sure enough, there was a very sticky-looking Fluff.

“Now Nosy needs a bath too!” Meriel laughed.

The End
Easter Surprise

Chapter Summary

The Hub is ground zero for a population explosion.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

There were rabbits everywhere, hopping around the Hub, sitting on workstations, popping out of desk drawers and filing cabinets… Ianto even pulled one out of the coffee machine. Brown rabbits, white rabbits, dark rabbits, light rabbits, big rabbits, little rabbits and everything in between. Every time they blinked, there seemed to be more.

Picking his way through the swarm, careful not to tread on anything fluffy, Jack made his way to Tosh.

“Please tell me you know what’s causing this!”

Tosh nodded. “You remember the Easter Eggs you picked up cheap? They’re hatching.”

“I knew that offer was too good!”

TBC in ‘Hatching Like Rabbits’
Hatching Like Rabbits – Sequel to ‘Easter Surprise’

Chapter Summary

There are more bunnies than they know what to do with; something has to be done.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

Bewildered, Gwen stared at the ever-increasing horde of rabbits.

“Don’t be daft, rabbits don’t hatch from eggs!” she said indignantly.

“Try telling these rabbits that,” Ianto grumbled as the golden egg he was holding cracked open and a pair of bunnies hopped out, scampering away to mingle with the others.

Scowling, Jack headed gingerly towards the cog door.

“Wait! Where are you going?” Ianto yelled at his retreating back.

“To find the idiot who sold me the eggs before Cardiff gets drowned under a sea of bunnies!”

Ianto glanced around then hurried after him. “I’ll go with you. For backup.”

TBC in ‘At The Source’
At The Source – Sequel to ‘Hatching Like Rabbits’

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto seek out the source of the invasion.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

“Why aren’t we taking the SUV?” Ianto asked as he followed Jack across the Plass.

“Because I left some of the Easter Eggs in it. It’s probably full of rabbits now.”

“Ack!” Ianto winced, thinking of what the little buggers could be doing to the leather upholstery.

“Anyway,” Jack continued, “it’s not far.”

Sure enough, a few minutes later Jack slipped through the door of a shabby little shop, closely followed by Ianto. It was crammed full of rabbits, and one terrified little man, cowering in the corner.

“Please help me!” he begged. “I didn’t mean to do any harm!”

TBC in ‘Apprehended’
Chapter Summary

The culprit is captured.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

Having managed to reach him through the sea of rabbits, persuading their captive to confess proved easy. Much as the guy loved rabbits, he was overwhelmed by the chaos he’d inadvertently wrought and just wanted it to stop. Pet rabbits were one thing, but several dozen freshly hatched, fast-growing bunnies were another matter entirely.

As Jack commented, infallible get-rich-quick schemes have a habit of blowing up in your face. If something seems too good to be true, it usually is.

Promising not to press charges if he handed everything over, Jack and Ianto were led to a cottage in Splott.

TBC in ‘Not Quite Rabbits’
Chapter Summary

Discovering the cause of the problem doesn’t really solve it.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

Turned out the chaos was caused by a replicator, hidden away in the shed where their unsuccessful entrepreneur kept his rabbits.

Hoping to make some money, he’d tried to replicate rabbits to sell as pets, but when that hadn’t worked, he’d decided to try making Easter Eggs instead.

Given new data, the machine, which had still been working on the complicated process of making a rabbit, had become confused and created the first ever chocolate-based life form. They looked like rabbits, behaved like rabbits, they were alive and even had fur, but biologically, they had more in common with confectionary.

TBC in ‘Goodbye Bunnies’
Chapter Summary

What to do with bunnies that aren’t bunnies?

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

It took all day to collect the pseudo-rabbits and contain them in the Hub’s cells, for their own safety as well as for the team’s peace of mind. After a quick count, Ianto worked out that they had two hundred and ninety-seven of the creatures, plus forty-three still un-hatched eggs.

Despite everything, no one wanted to harm the new lifeform, so Jack did the only thing he could; he called the Doctor.

A week later, the choco-bunnies were on their way to a remote moon, where they could live in peace.

Jack gave everybody bags of sweets for Easter instead.

TBC in 'Bunnymoon'
Bunnymoon – Sequel to ‘Goodbye Bunnies’

Chapter Summary

The team takes a trip.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 337: Unloved Prompts at tw100, using Challenge 233: Rabbits.

Easter had come around again, and the Torchwood team had an unexpected visitor.

“Doc, what brings you back to Cardiff? Need our help with something?” Jack was surprised, but pleased to see his old friend.

“I was thinking of taking a short trip, thought you lot might like to join me.”

“Where to?”

“It’s a surprise.” The Doctor bounced on his heels smiling. Intrigued, the team followed him into the TARDIS.

On a remote little moon, they stood and watched the happy choco-bunnies; they were flourishing in their new home.

“In time they’ll evolve. Who know what they might achieve.”

The End
Jones, Ianto Jones

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s first meeting with Jack Harkness doesn’t quite go as planned.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 338: Bond.

Whacking a Weevil with a stick isn’t a sensible thing to do. It doesn’t harm the Weevil, just pisses it off so it turns on Ianto. On the bright side, it stops trying to rip Harkness’s throat out, which was why he intervened in the first place; Ianto needs the leader of Torchwood Three alive.

On the downside, Ianto’s now wrestling a Weevil, and losing ground until Harkness manages to subdue it.

“And you are?”

“Jones, Ianto Jones.” Ianto mentally kicks himself. ‘Oh, well done, you moron! Great first impression! Now he’ll think you’re some sort of James Bond wannabe.’

The End
Eternal Bond

Chapter Summary

Eternity together is a scary thought.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 338: Bond.

At first, Ianto found the thought of being immortal and living forever rather daunting. What if Jack got tired of him? What if he got tired of Jack? What if they wound up hating each other?

Eternity together was a scary thought, but eternity alone… That had been Jack’s fate until the Doctor intervened; as Ianto recalled, Jack hadn’t been happy at the prospect of watching everyone he cared about age and die. Forever.

Ianto needn’t have worried.

Not that it was always perfect, they had their fights, but the bond between them only grew stronger as the centuries passed.

The End
Being A Team

Chapter Summary

They don’t have much in common, but they stand together.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

They were five people with very little in common besides working for the same organisation. The differences in their personalities, their ways of thinking and their behaviour towards each other frequently caused friction, while their attitudes towards the things they encountered were often at odds. Most of the time they couldn’t even agree on what to have for lunch, never mind anything else.

But when the chips were down, they stood shoulder to shoulder, defending the people of Cardiff, and protecting each other.

At the end of the day, they were a team, and the bond they shared was unbreakable.

The End
Lucky Day

Chapter Summary

Jack’s got mail.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

Ianto was flipping through the mail that had just arrived. It was mostly circulars, which he binned, but at the bottom of the stack was an official-looking envelope, addressed to J. Harkness. Frowning, Ianto locked up and headed down to the Hub.

“You got a letter.”

“Huh? A letter?” Jack looked up from his computer, surprised.

“Yep! Looks official.” Handing it over, Ianto perched on the edge of the desk, watching as Jack ripped open the envelope and read the contents.

“I don’t believe it!”

“What is it?”

“One of my Premium Bonds came up, I’ve won a hundred pounds!”

The End
Chapter Summary

As far as Nosy is concerned, Jack and Ianto are its family.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

Fluffs, the team had discovered, were somewhat empathic. In the absence of other Fluffs, to be healthy, happy and well-adjusted, a Fluff needed to bond with someone of another intelligent species, and since other species weren’t as long-lived as the average Fluff, they tended only to bond with a couple or a family unit. That provided stability through generations of the same family.

Although Nosy loved all the team, from the moment it had met them, Jack and Ianto had become its chosen family.

Ianto said it was like having a small child and a large dog rolled into one.

The End
Jack and Ianto’s bundle of joy has arrived.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

Their daughter’s birth was a huge event for Jack and Ianto. Bonding with their tiny pink miracle was an experience neither of them would ever forget. Ianto had been worried that he’d be awkward and clumsy with her, scared that he’d drop her, but when she was placed in his arms it felt so completely right that his doubts melted away.

Jack sat up, the caesarean incision already almost completely healed, and gazed in wonder at his husband and child, the expression on his face mirroring Ianto’s dopey grin.

“I can hardly believe she’s really here at last,” he admitted.

TBC in ‘Fluff Bonding’
Fluff Bonding - Sequel to ‘Family Bonding’

Chapter Summary

Nosy meets Jack and Ianto’s new daughter.

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

The birth was a huge event for a certain Fluff too. The moment the door to the room Owen had prepared for the delivery was opened, Nosy slithered in before Owen could stop it, humming excitedly.

Pausing just inside the door, it took in the scene before slinking quietly over to its family and plunking its head in Ianto’s lap, goggling adoringly at the newborn.

“Looks like we won’t have to worry about the family pet being jealous of the baby,” Jack smirked.

“We’ve got our very own readymade babyminder,” Ianto agreed. “They’re going to be inseparable.”

“A lifelong bond.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s found a way to solve an annoying problem…

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

Ianto was busy cleaning Jack’s office, but when he reached the desk and tried to push it out of the way, it wouldn’t budge.

“That’s odd.”

“What’s odd?” Jack had wandered in to… well, get in the way, most likely.

“Your desk won’t move.”

“Ah, yes, I’ve been meaning to mention that…”

“Jack, what did you do?”

“Well, you know how last time we were having fun on it we ended up on the floor because it moved? I solved the problem!”

“Dare I ask how?”

“I found this stuff called Super-Bond…”

“You glued your desk to the floor?”

“Yes!”

The End
Watching Bond

Chapter Summary

Nosy has a new obsession.

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100. I still have one more, but I'll have to post that tomorrow.

Off work with a bad cold, Ianto was spending his time on the sofa in his and Jack's new flat, watching his favourite James Bond movies.

Nosy, being a loyal Fluff, had stayed home too, as nursemaid and hot water bottle, snuggling with Ianto in between fetching bottles of water, boxes of tissues, and anything else its friend needed. Mostly though, it watched the movies too.

As Ianto dozed, Nosy kept its eyes glued to the TV screen, entranced, its dreams of Nosewood forgotten. This was so much better. From now on, it would be Fluff, Nosy Fluff, Secret Agent!

The end
Bond Of Blood

Chapter Summary

Young Jack’s not happy with his parents’ news at first.

Chapter Notes

A little late, but here's my tenth and last drabble for Challenge 338: Bond at tw100.

When his mother said she was having another baby, Jack wasn’t happy. He wondered if his parents were replacing him, maybe he wasn’t good enough and they hoped the new baby would be better.

He knew he should work harder at lessons, but there was so much to do that was more fun.

Soon he’d have a rival. Everything would change.

When Gray was born, he was proved right; everything did change, but not as he’d expected. When his baby brother was placed in his arms, he felt an instant bond, and vowed to protect him forever, no matter what.

The End
Chapter Summary

Something’s not quite right...

Chapter Notes

My first (and so far only) drabble for Challenge 339: Green at tw100. Hopefully I’ll come up with some other ideas soon.

Ianto blinked myopically; he was almost certain the sky wasn’t supposed to be that particular deep green colour. Turning his head slightly, he could see trees a short distance away, their pink trunks topped by lush blue foliage.

On the third attempt, he managed to get one hand far enough off the ground to rub his eyes and promptly punched himself in the left one. His coordination seemed to be a bit off.

“Jack?”

“Ngh?”

“Why’s the sky green?”

“Green? Huh. Looks blue to me, but it smells like chips! I think when that thing exploded, it scrambled our senses.”

The End
Green Blues

Chapter Summary

Owen’s not a happy camper…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 339: Green at tw100.

Spoilers: Counycide

They’d driven for hours to get here, the middle of nowhere, far from the comforts of civilisation, and now Jack said they were going to camp. As in, set up tents and sleep on the bloody ground. Why couldn’t they just book into a hotel or something?

Not that there were any convenient hotels in sight of course. Everywhere he looked, there was grass and trees and moss. Everything was green; it even smelled green. It was disgusting.

Bloody countryside, why’d Jack have to drag them all to the arse end of Wales anyway? Torchwood chased aliens, not missing people.

The End
Budding Gardener

Chapter Summary

Meriel loves flowers.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 339: Green at tw100.

Meriel loved flowers with their bright colours and wonderful scents, so Ianto and Jack had given her a patch of garden all her own; Jack had helped her dig the ground and Ianto had shown her how to sow seeds.

She’d watered the bare brown earth every day and after a week, like magic the first tiny green shoots had come through.

By the time summer arrived, the plants were fully-grown. Pink, yellow, blue, orange, red and purple, their flowers looked like a rainbow fallen to earth, scattered among green leaves.

They were the prettiest things Meriel had ever seen.

The End
Ianto’s been neglecting things at home…

My fourth drabble for Challenge 339: Green at tw100.

It had been a busy few weeks at Torchwood; Ianto had barely seen his home, dashing back only long enough to grab some clean clothes and water his plants.

With a lull in Rift activity forecast, Jack had sent him home the previous afternoon with instructions to get some rest. For once, he’d been tired enough not to argue, heading straight to bed and sleeping until the following morning.

Feeling refreshed, he made himself a cup of coffee and stepped out the back door, only to be confronted by a wall of green.

“Huh. Looks like the lawn needs cutting.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s under the weather and not inclined to be appreciative of his friends’ efforts to make him feel better.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 339: Green at tw100.

Lying in bed, looking around his bedroom, Ianto felt as if he was living in a florist’s. Why was it that people always sent flowers as a Get Well Soon message?

It wasn’t that he didn’t like them, they were lovely, but in the two weeks he’d been laid up, covered in green spots because of an alien virus, so many people had sent them that he’d run out of vases. The last three bunches had to be crammed in a bucket.

He vowed that the next person who brought flowers was going to get them rammed up their arse!

The End
Green Fluff

Chapter Summary

Leaving a toddler unattended is a bad idea, even if you have a Fluff as a childminder.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 339: Green at tw100.

Ianto followed the trail of green fluff through the apartment with increasing concern. Nosy shouldn’t be moulting, and anyway, it always cleaned up after itself. Ianto suspected that it sometimes shed deliberately just because it liked using the vacuum cleaner.

Hearing a whirring noise he followed it, passing more clumps of fur, until he reached Nosy’s room, where the tattered, frazzled Fluff had taken refuge on its top bunk.

Meriel sat on the floor, clutching Jack’s razor. With her intended victim out of reach, the eighteen-month-old was busily shaving the carpet.

Ianto closed his eyes. “I’m going to kill Jack!”

The End
Critters

Chapter Summary

A vicious alien species is menacing Cardiff; Ianto Jones to the rescue!

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

Jack called them spiders because they had eight legs and scuttled. Ianto was of the opinion that they were more like mobile tennis balls with teeth. So he was on a mission, a one-man crusade to rid Cardiff of the alien menace, and he’d found the perfect weapon for the job.

Stalking through the pre-dawn mist of Bute Park, he spun around at the sound of scuttling legs and swung his hockey stick. It made a very satisfying thwack as it struck the vicious little bugger, flattening it. Score! That one would never again take a bite out of anyone!

The End
Timely Arrival

Chapter Summary

The team are in peril, but rescue is at hand.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

This was Jack’s worst nightmare made reality. Captured and trussed up by giant alien spiders, his skin crawled as he watched them scuttling around, binding the rest of his team with their webs. Paralysed by spider bites, they were helpless and seemingly doomed, until with an ear-piercing screech the cavalry arrived.

Myfanwy swooped low, her beak stabbing at the spiders, her talons slashing. They tried to bite her, but her leathery skin was too tough for their mandibles to penetrate; they couldn’t produce their web fast enough to cocoon her.

Never had Jack been so glad to see the Pteranodon.

The End
In The Tub

Chapter Summary

Jack needs Ianto to rescue him again.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

“Ianto?” Jack’s plaintive voice drifted from the bathroom.

Ianto sighed, putting his book down. “What? I thought you were having a bath.”

“I was, but… There’s a big spider in the bathtub.”

Rolling his eyes, Ianto hauled himself to his feet; he’d had a hard day and just wanted to relax. Honestly, Jack could be such a baby about spiders; it was probably tiny. Grabbing an empty milk container, he went into the bathroom.

“Oh.” He stared at the spider, then at the container he held. It would never fit. “I need something bigger.”

Jack nodded. “I’ll get the Tupperware.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack has fallen foul of an alien therapy device.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

“It’s supposed to help people deal with their phobias,” Jack said, sounding peeved.

“Become that which scares you the most and you lose your fear of it. I can see how that might work. On some people, anyway.” Ianto studied the giant spider in front of him curiously; Jack’s face stared mournfully back at him from the spider’s ‘head’. “So what’s it feel like?”

“Really weird. I’ve got too many legs, I keep tripping over my own feet.” He tried to walk forward, got all his legs tangled and toppled over at Ianto’s feet. “See?” he whined. “I hate spiders!”

TBC in ‘Spider-Man 2’
Spider-Man 2: Jack’s POV – Sequel to ‘Spider-Man’

Chapter Summary

Jack knew he was never going to make a good spider.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

Coordinating eight legs wasn’t easy; Jack quickly realised he was never going to learn to scuttle in the accepted spidery way. The best he could manage was a sort of lopsided lurching gait that resulted in him ending up in an undignified heap on the ground more often than not.

Ianto was being nice about it, helping him untangle his legs and get back on his feet with barely a smirk. Sadly, the same couldn’t be said for the others, who were falling about laughing.

It wasn’t fair. If he could only make spider-web, he’d be able to get revenge!

TBC in ‘Spider-Man 3: Searching The Web’
Chapter Summary

Jack tries to find out more about his current body.

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100

Stepping into Jack’s office, Ianto watched Spider-Jack working at his computer, using his front legs to tap at the keys like a two-finger typist. His abdomen rested awkwardly on his chair, the rest of his legs arrayed around him, feet on the floor.

Jack was quite proud of himself for managing to manoeuvre himself into his seat. He swivelled slightly to look at Ianto.

“How’s it going?”

According to this, I have a gland back there,” he pointed one leg at his rear, “that makes spider-silk. Just need to figure out how it works.”

“No instructions?”

Sadly not.”

“Figures.”

TBC in ‘Spider-Man 4: Jack’s Revenge’
Chapter Summary

It’s payback time!

Chapter Notes

My seventh drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

Jack had spent hours, in the privacy of his office, learning how to produce spider-silk. It was a bit hit or miss, or as Ianto had tactfully pointed out, rather more miss than hit, but still a success. The next person who laughed at him was gonna get it!

He didn’t have long to wait. Leaving his office, he lurched into the main Hub to see if any progress was being made regarding turning the device off, and unsurprisingly toppled over.

Owen howled with laughter. Jack glared.

SQUIRT

SPLAT

Owen hit the deck, tangled in spider-web.

“Take that! Who’s next?”

TBC in ‘Spider-Man 5: Bedtime Blues
Chapter Summary

Bedtime proves problematic for Spider-Jack.

Chapter Notes

My eighth drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

After a long day, Jack needed to get some rest. He’d squeezed down the manhole to his bunker, but then hit a snag.

“I hate spiders in my bed. Now I am the spider in my bed,” he sighed, shuffling around, searching for a comfortable position. After a few minutes, he stopped, belly on the mattress, legs awkwardly folded around him. “It’s hopeless, my legs keep sliding off the edge. How am I supposed to relax?”

Taking pity, Ianto fetched a pile of duvets and made a spider-nest. Jack settled himself, legs sticking out in all directions.

“Better?”

“Yes. Thanks.”

TBC in ‘Spider-Man 6: Acts Of Kindness’

Chapter End Notes

A/N: If you’ve seen the Garfield cartoons where Garfield flattens a spider, that’s pretty much how Jack looks stretched out on the duvet, just a bit more three-dimensional…
Good morning, Spider-Jack, rise and shine!

Chapter Notes

My ninth drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

“Morning,” Ianto greeted from Jack’s cot as Spider-Jack shrugged off his duvet cover and levered himself to all eight feet. “Sleep well?”

“Not bad, considering.”

Up in his office, Ianto served breakfast; soup for Jack, in deference to his spider digestion and porridge, which Jack didn’t much like, for himself.

Slurping his soup through a straw, Jack frowned.

“No coffee?”

“I don’t think spiders drink coffee.”

“You do though.”

“Yeah, but it wouldn’t be tactful to drink it in front of you.”

“You’re a good man, Ianto Jones.” Jack manoeuvred a leg around Ianto in an awkward hug. “Thank you.”

TBC in ‘Spider-Man 7: Back To Jack’
Chapter Summary

Jack just wants to be himself again.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the rushed ending. Here's my tenth drabble for Challenge 340: Spiders at tw100.

Jack had been a spider for six days and was heartily tired of the whole situation. He just wanted to be himself.

“Everything indicates that you’ll change back when you lose your fear,” Tosh explained apologetically.

“Fear of what? Spiders or constantly falling over?” Jack grumbled. “If it’s the first then I’m doomed; I loathe spiders more than ever now. Stupid therapy device.” He struck it with a leg, light surrounded him, and when it faded, there stood Jack.

Naked.

“Hey, look! I’ve got all my parts back!”

“So you have,” Ianto replied, and dragged Jack away to his bunk.

The End
Comfort Food

Chapter Summary

Ianto turns to comfort food to get through an annoying day.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble (hopefully) for Challenge 341: Pies at tw100.

Ianto was having one of those days; nothing was going right, so at lunchtime he left the others to fend for themselves, slipping away to shamelessly indulge in his comfort foods of choice.

His favourite chippie was crowded, but he didn’t mind. Joining the queue, he waited patiently, ordering chicken and mushroom pie with extra chips when he reached the counter. Food in hand, he headed to the park to eat.

Halfway through his meal, Jack showed up.

“Thought I’d find you here.”

“What d’you want, Jack?”

“I brought dessert to make up for this morning.”

Ianto smiled. “Apology accepted.”

The End
All the physical activity has given Jack an appetite...

Peckish after several rounds of very enjoyable horizontal exercise, Jack left Ianto snoozing, sprawled across their bed, and headed for the kitchen to find something to eat. Returning to bed with his snack, he leant back against the pillows and picked up his plate.

“Don’ get crumbs inna bed,” Ianto mumbled, cracking open one eye and peering balefully at Jack.

“I’ll be careful.” Jack bit into his treat with a moan of pleasure. “Ooh, that’s tart!”


Jack smirked. “I stand corrected.”

“Blackcurrant?”

“Yep!”

“Gimme!”

“Get your own!”

“Meanie.”

The End
“What’re you messing about at?” Owen asked, poking his head into Jack’s office. “Aren’t you finished yet? Don’t know what’s takin’ you so long; those things are easy as pie to put together.”

Jack glared at Owen from where he sat on the floor, bits of flat-pack cabinet scattered around him, instructions clutched in one hand and screwdriver in the other.

“If it’s so simple,” he snapped, tossing the screwdriver towards Owen, “you do it!”

“Fine!”

An hour later they studied their handiwork. It didn’t look right and they had some extra pieces.

“We should’ve waited for Ianto,” Jack muttered.

The End
Rhubarb

Chapter Summary

Jack cooks up a treat.

Chapter Notes

My fourth - and probably final - drabble for Challenge 341: Pies at tw100. This one has two versions, the official drabble and the extended 150 word version, which I prefer.

Drabble version

Strolling through ASDA, doing the shopping, Jack stopped so suddenly that Ianto walked smack into him.

“Ow! Watch where you’re going!”

“Wasn’t my fault, you shouldn’t have stopped. Why did you?”

“Rhubarb,” was Jack’s helpful answer.

“Of course,” Ianto replied, deadpan.

OoOoO

Hours later, Ianto watched Jack take the rhubarb pie out of the oven and cut into it, letting out clouds of steam and an enticing aroma. Waiting for it to cool enough to eat was torture.

When he finally sampled it, Ianto decided he must be in heaven.

“Delicious! I must admit, this was one of your better ideas!”

The End

Extended version
Strolling through ASDA, doing the shopping one relatively lazy day, Jack stopped so abruptly that Ianto, who was walking behind him studying his shopping list, walked smack into him.

“Ow!” Jack yelped. “Watch where you’re going!”

“Wasn’t my fault, you shouldn’t have stopped without warning. Why did you?”

“Rhubarb,” was Jack’s helpful answer.

“Of course,” Ianto replied, deadpan.

OoOoOoO

Later that afternoon, sitting in their cozy kitchen, Ianto watched as Jack took the freshly baked rhubarb pie out of the oven and cut into it, letting out a cloud of steam and a mouth-watering aroma. Waiting for it to cool enough for them to eat was sheer torture.

When he finally got to sample it, Ianto decided he must be in heaven.

“Delicious! I have to admit, this was one of your better ideas!”

“There’s nothing to beat a homemade rhubarb pie,” Jack agreed. “More custard?”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

The End
That Special Smile

Chapter Summary

Jack’s smiles are famous, but there’s one Ianto loves best of all.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Crooked Smile’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Jack was well known for his dazzling, mega-watt smiles, revealing perfect white teeth. He used them to disarm and charm everyone from the police to the elderly owner of the local newsagents.

He was equally well known for his patented line in lascivious leers and seductive smirks. More than a few people in the bars and clubs of Cardiff had succumbed to their promise over the years.

But in Ianto’s eyes, Jack’s best smile was the crooked little one he saved for Ianto alone, the one that said, “I know I’m not perfect, but I’m trying my best for you.”

The End
Worst Behaviour

Chapter Summary

Ianto doesn’t get much work done on the days when Jack is behaving badly.

Chapter Notes

For the prompt ‘Worst Behaviour’, one of the prompts I didn’t get around to using for tw100’s challenge 292: Billboard Hot 100 last year. I’ve dug them out again to supplement the prompts I got from my f-list, just because there are still loads I wanted to use.

Some days Jack was just a complete menace. On those days, getting any work done at all was nearly impossible for Ianto. Jack would sneak up behind him in the kitchen for a crafty grope, or stalk him through the archives and pin him against a filing cabinet for something more thorough.

Lewd gestures, suggestive remarks, leers and wolf whistles were par for the course. So were the pornographic doodles that would turn up in the stacks of reports to be filed.

Ianto would never admit it, but he secretly loved the days when Jack was on his worst behaviour.

The End
Rebuked

Chapter Summary

Jack lands himself in Nosy’s bad books.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 342: Foreign Language at tw100. Now I just need to come up with another few ideas...

Despite living in Cardiff for the best part of a century, Jack had never really got to grips with the language. However, even though he failed at speaking it, he did understand a fair few words.

It had been a relatively quiet day, and with nothing better to do, Jack was trying to juggle. He was doing quite well until he fumbled a catch and the balls went everywhere, knocking over the wooden block tower Nosy had been building.

Annoyed, Nosy glared at Jack and pointedly lined up six blocks.

TWPSYN

Jack frowned. “Ianto, have you been teaching Nosy Welsh?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s surprised that Nosy really is learning Welsh.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 342: Foreign Language at tw100.

“You really are teaching Nosy Welsh?” Jack was astonished; he hadn’t expected Ianto to admit it.


“Yeah, but… Shouldn’t you be teaching it English instead of a foreign language?”

That earned Jack a withering look.

“First of all, we’re in Wales, so technically, Welsh is not a foreign language here, it’s our native language. Secondly, Nosy is an alien from another planet; it only speaks Fluff. As far as it’s concerned, all earth languages could be considered foreign, and that includes English.”

Jack winced at Ianto’s disapproving tone. “Good point.”

The End
Owen was concerned. Ianto and Tosh had returned from a simple Rift retrieval apparently empty-handed.

That wasn’t what was bothering him though; something fishy was going on. Gun in hand he approached them.

“Hands where I can see them.”

“Owen?”

“Do it!” When they complied, he continued, “Okay, who are you and what have you done with Tosh and Ianto.”

“Owen, what’s got into you? Did you lose your contacts again?”

“You look like my friends, but you’re not. I heard you, talking in your alien language.”

Tosh giggled. “Owen, we were speaking Japanese! I’m teaching Ianto.”

“I knew that.”

The End
Blue

Chapter Summary

Torchwood aren’t always cheerful and up.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 343: Blue at tw100.

Life had its ups and downs for everyone at Torchwood, no one knew that better than Jack. Some days were just… gloomy. They’d had a tough week and now nothing was going on to distract them from thinking about it.

Wandering through the Hub, hands in pockets and a frown on his face, Jack noticed something and stopped dead, staring.

“Everything alright, Jack?”

He glanced around to see Ianto at his elbow.

“I think Nosy’s feeling kinda blue.”

“What makes you say that?”

Jack pointed at the distinctly blue coloured Fluff slumped in a corner.

“Oh. Yep, Nosy’s blue alright!”

The End
**Singing The Blues**

Chapter Summary

Owen is right; Weevils do have telepathic connections with each other.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 343: Blue at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Combat.

Two versions again, the official drabble and a 150 word extended version.

**Drabble version**

Janet threw back her head, wailing a song of sorrow and suffering. She felt everything the other felt; its desperation to escape, its fear and its rage, but most of all she felt its agony.

It was dying slowly, brutalised by the strange beings of this world, so far from its own home. Caged as she was, she couldn’t help it, but she could share the burden of its pain.

“What can you feel? What do you know?”

Looking into blue eyes, she wished she could communicate with the man.

‘I know your people are hurting mine, and I grieve.’

The End

**Extended version**

“What d’you think it’s doing?” one asked quietly.

“I think it’s weeping.”

Janet threw back her head and wailed, a song of sorrow, loss and suffering. She felt everything the other felt, experienced each blow that was struck as if it were landing on her own body. She felt the other’s desperation to escape, felt its fear and its rage, but most of all she felt its agony.

It was dying slowly, inch by inch, brutalised by the strange beings of this world, so far from its own home. Caged as she was, she could not reach the other to help it, but she could ease the pain it felt by sharing it.
“What can you feel? What do you know?”

Looking into blue eyes, she wished she could share what she was feeling with these people, make them understand.

‘I know your people are hurting mine, and I grieve.’

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s been a slight mix up; Owen isn’t impressed.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 343: Blue at tw100.

“Harkness, I’m gonna kill you!”

Jack looked up from his paperwork, confused, as Owen slammed a piece of alien tech down in front of him.

“And you’re threatening homicide why?”

“You told me this… thing was a medical diagnostic machine! I turned it on and found myself watching blue movies!”

“Still not seeing the problem.”

“Gay alien tentacle porn, Harkness! There’s not enough brain bleach in the universe!”

Jack looked at the device.

“Oops, my bad. Gave you the wrong one. Sorry, try this one.” He handed Owen a similar device.

“That’s it? Sorry?”

“It was an honest mistake!”

“Bastard!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack has an unexpected idea for a sunny day.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 344: Fish at tw100.

“You want to do what?” Ianto managed to sound both horrified and incredulous at the same time; his eyebrows took refuge in his hair.

“The Rift’s quiet, the weather’s perfect; I thought it would be relaxing, lounging by a lake in the shade, casting our lines into the water, waiting for a nibble. Just us, alone with nature.”

Ianto wanted to protest that neither of them had a clue about fishing, but the more Jack spoke about it, the more appealing he made it sound.

“I must be insane, but I suppose there’s no harm in trying to catch fish.”

TBC in ‘By A Shady Pool’
Chapter Summary

The boys find their perfect fishing spot.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 344: Fish at tw100.

One good thing about working for Torchwood was that whatever you needed, you stood a pretty good chance of finding something suitable in the archives. The fishing rods and tackle box weren’t new but they were serviceable, and the book about freshwater angling would come in handy.

Ianto packed a picnic lunch and some tempting oddments to try as bait, and by mid-morning they were setting up their camp chairs on the shady shore of a small, picturesque lake.

Following the book’s instructions, they baited their hooks, dropped them into the water, and waited for the fish to start biting.

TBC in Just Fishin’
Just Fishin’ - Sequel to ‘By A Shady Pool’

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s fishing is interrupted.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 344: Fish at tw100.

The lake they’d picked was in the Beacons National Park, so neither of them should’ve been surprised when a Park Warden approached them.

“Excuse me, but what’re you doing?”

“It’s such a lovely day, we decided to do a spot of fishing,” Jack said with his best smile. He dug in his pocket for the psychic paper he carried with him. “I think you’ll find our permits are in order.”

The Warden checked and nodded. “Everything looks fine, but… Are you aware there aren’t any fish in this lake?”

“Perfect!” Jack replied cheerfully. “We’re here to fish, not to catch.”

TBC in ‘I Got A Bite!’
I Got A Bite! - Sequel to Just Fishin’

Chapter Summary

Ianto appears to be having a bit of beginner’s luck.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 344: Fish at tw100.

Ianto was half drowsing when he felt a sharp tug on his line.

“Uh, Jack? Didn’t that warden say there were no fish in this lake?”

“Mmm. Why are you asking?” Jack cracked open one eye to squint at Ianto.

“Well, either my line is snagged on something, or I just got a bite.”

Jack sat up, suddenly excited.

“What are you waiting for then? Reel it in!”

“What? Oh, right!” Ianto grabbed for the handle of his fishing reel and started winding, pulling back on his rod to bring the line up…

There was definitely something attached to it.

TBC in ‘What’s The Catch?’
What’s The Catch? – Sequel to ‘I Got A Bite!’

Chapter Summary

So, if there aren’t any fish, what has Ianto caught?

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 344: Fish at tw100.

They stared at what was slowly rising above the surface of the lake.

“Fish don’t have tentacles, right?”

“Not that I’m aware of. Not on earth anyway.”

“Just checking. So that’s probably not a fish then.” Ianto kept reeling his line in, along with the attached tentacle, until a one-eyed, greenish grey head emerged from the water and glared at him.

“Okay, I think that’s about enough fishing for today.” He let go of the handle, watching as his line unwound and the creature submerged again.

“At least now we know why there aren’t any fish in there,” Jack commented.

TBC in ‘Dilemma’
Now what are the boys going to do?

My sixth drabble for Challenge 344: Fish at tw100.

“There’s an alien squid in our lake instead of fish!” Ianto was indignant.

“We don’t know it’s alien…” Jack started, but was silenced by Ianto’s glare.

“How many giant freshwater terrestrial squid have you heard of? Besides, it only has one eye, that’s not earth-normal!”

“Okay, fine, it’s alien,” Jack grudgingly conceded.

“So what’re we going to do about it?”

“Nothing? It’s not bothering anyone, and I don’t think it’ll fit in the SUV, even if we could get it out of the lake.”

“I’m not trying to catch it again!”

“That’s settled then. It can stay where it is.”

TBC in ‘Done Fishing’
“The novelty of fishing has definitely worn off for me,” Ianto commented, suspiciously eyeing the deceptively placid lake surface. It didn’t seem quite so idyllic now he knew what lurked in the depths.

“We should probably collect our gear,” Jack agreed.

“Can’t. It still has my hook and most of my line. Excuse me!” He raised his voice. “I don’t suppose I could have my fishhook back…?” Silence. “Guess not.”

Moments later a tentacle emerged and tossed the neatly coiled line at Ianto’s feet.

“Thank you.”

“Let’s have our picnic somewhere else, preferably away from water,” Jack suggested.

“Good idea.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto returns to be greeted by the disaster that is Jack and Owen’s attempt at constructing flat-pack furniture.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 345: Cake at tw100.

Walking into Jack’s office, Ianto took in the sheepish expressions on Jack and Owen’s faces then turned his attention to the lopsided wooden… object in front of them. Calling it a cabinet would have been too generous.

“What on earth did you do to it?”

“Ummm, we must’ve gone wrong somewhere,” Jack muttered, avoiding Ianto’s eyes.

“Out, both of you! I’ll see if it’s salvageable.”

They didn’t need telling twice.

Twenty minutes later, Ianto emerged.

“Did you save it?” Jack asked nervously.

Ianto nodded. “I don’t know what’s wrong with you two. Putting those together is a piece of cake.”

The End
A bake sale is doing strange things to Jack and Ianto’s family life.

Somehow, Jack and Ianto had been conned into baking for the cake stall at Anwen’s school. Rhys was going to do it, but one of his drivers had broken his leg so he was filling in.

Every evening for the past week, the two of them had been slaving over the oven once Meriel was in bed. Scones, cookies, muffins, fairy cakes, cupcakes, flapjacks, coffee cake, lemon cake… The house looked and smelled like a bakery.

Arriving home, Jack was greeted by an excited Ianto.

“Meriel said her first word!”

“What was it? Daddy? Taddy?”

Ianto shook his head. “Cake.”

The End
First Birthday

Chapter Summary

It’s Meriel’s first birthday, but not everything goes to plan.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 345: Cake at tw100.

It was Meriel’s first birthday; all her family and friends were gathered to help her celebrate. Rhys had done himself proud with the party food and everyone was having fun with dancing and party games.

Meriel was almost buried under all her gifts, happily tearing off the paper and waving it around, giggling. No doubt she’d play with her new toys later, once the crinkly novelty of their wrapping wore off.

Finally, the big moment came.

“Time to cut the cake!”

Jack made his first cut, the table tipped, and the cake slid off, right on top of Nosy.

“Ohp!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Oh no! What can be done about the cake disaster?

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 345: Cake at tw100.

With typical quick thinking, Ianto plunked Meriel on the floor, grabbed up two plates and managed to rescue the top half of the cake before it could connect with either floor or Fluff.

“Maybe I should have moved the cake to somewhere more stable before trying to cut it,” Jack muttered by way of an apology.

“Could’ve been worse, at least there’s some left.” Rhys was determinedly cheerful.

“I’ll clean up the mess,” Ianto sighed.

“No need,” Jack grinned, pointing.

Meriel sat beside Nosy, shoving handfuls of cake in her mouth while Nosy ate the rest.

“Cake!” she giggled happily.

The End
The whole team, plus the team Fluff, are all trying to fit in the SUV. I have no idea why.

My first drabble for Challenge 346: Fold at tw100

Ianto watched Nosy slither into the rear foot well of the packed SUV. There was so much of it, but it had no trouble getting settled and looked quite cosy. He sighed and climbed in after it.

“You know, sometimes I envy Nosy. I wish people could be more like Fluffs.”

“You mean innocent, friendly, and full of love for everybody?” asked Jack

“Well, that too, but I meant flexible and able to fold themselves up to fit comfortably into any available space,” Ianto replied, pushing a sharp elbow aside as he awkwardly squashed himself in and slammed the door.

The End
Much to Owen’s displeasure, he’d been sent with Ianto out into the countryside to retrieve a mysterious object that had appeared in a farmer’s hayfield during the night.

As if that wasn’t bad enough, halfway there the SatNav had gone wonky and after they’d been directed in circles for twenty minutes they’d been forced to resort to more primitive methods of finding their way.

When they finally returned, Jack was surprised when only Ianto emerged from the garage.

“Where’s Owen? Did you leave him behind?”

“No, he’s still in the SUV, trying to fold the map up again,” Ianto smirked.
Live-In Help

Chapter Summary

Ianto decides he quite likes having Jack living with him.

Chapter Notes

I managed to squeeze out a third drabble for Challenge 346: Fold at tw100. A bit late, but that's okay!

There were, Ianto decided, quite a few perks to having Jack living with him. For one thing, he was very nice to snuggle up to on winter nights, never complaining about Ianto’s cold feet.

Surprisingly, Jack hadn’t needed a lot of persuasion to help with the chores; he willingly dried the dishes while Ianto washed them, loved mowing the lawn, changed light bulbs with a smile…

True, he left the lid off the toothpaste and his clothes all over the floor, but nobody’s perfect.

Best of all though was having someone there on laundry day to help fold the sheets.

The End
Contemplation

Chapter Summary

Torchwood has saved the world again.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 347: Silver at tw100.

It’s been a long day, dragged out of bed before dawn to prevent the end of the world. Again. Not that the citizens of Cardiff, or the rest of the world, have the slightest inkling just how close they came to complete destruction. Lucky them.

Sometimes, Ianto’s amazed that the five of them are enough to deal with threats of that magnitude. Okay, so this time they had a little backup from UNIT, but Torchwood took point, as always.

Leaning on the railings, he stares out at the bay, moonlight turning the water to silver. They won.

Life goes on.

The End
The Rift has gifted Torchwood with something… unidentified.

My second drabble for For: Challenge 347: Silver at tw100, and the first of a short series.

The Rift was well known for dumping strange, unidentifiable objects on Cardiff. This time it was thirty-seven silver balls, slightly bigger than marbles.

“So what do you think they are?” Tosh asked.

“Beats me. Never seen anything like them,” Jack admitted. “They’re warm, and kinda pretty.”

“That how you want me to catalogue them?” asked Ianto in a dry tone. “Pretty little warm balls?”

Jack smirked. “It’s as good a description as any. Tosh, run some tests, see if you can learn anything.”

“No need,” said Ianto looking in the box. “They’re eggs.”

“How’d you work that out?”

“They’re hatching.”

TBC in ‘Hatchlings’
Chapter Summary

The eggs have hatched, but Ianto’s not too happy.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 347: Silver at tw100.

Ianto was becoming convinced that Torchwood, the Rift, or possibly the universe in general, had something against him. Dignity, it seemed, was something that happened to other people; his was long since shredded beyond repair.

All he could do was stand there, with thirty-seven miniature silver lizardy things perched on his head, fluttering their tiny wings and beeping happily, as the rest of the team made fun of him. Try as he might, he couldn’t imagine what he’d done to deserve this!

“You were the first thing they saw after they hatched; they must think you’re their mother,” Jack chuckled.

TBC in ‘Mummy Ianto’
Mummy Ianto - Sequel to ‘Hatchlings’

Chapter Summary

Ianto starts to adjust to his role as surrogate mum.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 347: Silver at tw100.

‘Great! Now I’m mummy, with thirty-seven hungry mouths to feed!’ Ianto thought with a sigh. His scalp tickled from the brood’s little feet. He’d need to persuade them to stay in some sort of nest; he couldn’t carry them around on his head all the time.

A heat-lamp over a box containing one of his t-shirts did the trick. It smelled of him and was cosy to snuggle into, silver scales shimmering in the lamplight.

The babies were already quite independent, able to flutter out and feast on the mealworms Tosh had provided. Maybe being surrogate mum wasn’t so bad.

TBC in ‘Fledglings’
Fledglings – Sequel to ‘Mummy Ianto’

Chapter Summary

The babies are growing.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 347: Silver at tw100.

The creatures had voracious appetites and grew fast. In a week, they’d doubled in size, three-inches long, stalking mealworms as they learned to hunt. They resembled miniature dragons, with iridescent silver scales and delicate wings.

Three weeks and they’d doubled in size again; mealworms were still devoured eagerly but weren’t sufficient challenge for the little hunters. Ianto bought crickets and locusts, watching proudly as the fledglings learned teamwork in order to catch their prey.

The human team adjusted to being used as convenient perches to launch hunts from, and took to checking each other for hitchhikers before leaving the Hub.

TBC in ‘Still Growing’
The Silverlings have found a new role model.

My sixth drabble for Challenge 347: Silver at tw100. Only one more part to go. This one has an extended version as well. I had to cut it down to meet the 100 word limit, but I like the long version better.

“How big will they get?” Ianto asked Owen, who was measuring the Silverlings. They were a month old, eight inches long, and growing more slowly.

“No idea. Without knowing how long it takes them to reach maturity I’d just be guessing.”

“Well I hope they stop growing soon,” Jack said, leaning on the railing, a Silverling on his head. “It’s starting to get crowded!”

It was; the little creatures seemed to be everywhere, flying around the Hub and climbing the walls, searching for insects.

“At least they’re company for Myfanwy,” Tosh smiled.

“She’s a much better mum than I was,” Ianto agreed.

“How big do you think they’re going to get?” Ianto asked Owen, who was measuring one of the little Silverlings. They were a month old now and their growth rate had slowed down.

“No idea,” Owen admitted. “They’re all around eight inches in length now, but without knowing how long it takes them to reach maturity I’d just be guessing.”

“Well I hope they don’t get too much bigger,” Jack said, leaning on the railing, one of the little creatures perched on his head. “It’s starting to get crowded in here!”

It was true, the little lizards seemed to be everywhere, flying around the Hub and climbing the walls on sticky feet in search of insects.
“At least they’re company for Myfanwy,” Tosh smiled.

“She really likes them, and she’s a much better mum than I was,” Ianto agreed, watching Myf glide around the water tower, Silverlings fluttering around her.

TBC in ‘All Grown Up’
All Grown Up – Sequel to ‘Still Growing’

Chapter Summary

The Silverlings are fitting in well.

Chapter Notes

My seventh and final drabble for Challenge 347: Silver at tw100.

By the time the Silverlings were three months old, they ranged between twelve and fifteen inches long and everyone could tell them apart. They were growing so slowly now that Owen was sure they were almost full-sized.

They were also much more independent, ranging through the Hub’s many levels in search of food, tackling everything from small insects to rats, which they joined forces to hunt. Ianto was pleased; the archives tended to attract vermin but he seldom needed to resort to traps now.

Jack hadn’t seen a spider in weeks!

For once the Rift had done Torchwood a favour.

The End
Alley Encounter

Chapter Summary

On an evening Weevil hunt, Jack and Ianto find something unexpected.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 348: Weevil at tw100.

Jack and Ianto were out Weevil hunting, for actual Weevils for once. Truthfully, it was more of a patrol; during the breeding season, the males could get very territorial and it was safer for everybody if trouble could be prevented. That mostly involved herding wandering Weevils back to the sewers, and tranquillising them when necessary.

The alley was dark and there were suspicious sounds of scuffling, so they advanced cautiously, Weevil spray and guns at the ready.

They didn’t find Weevils, but the way the courting couple took off, looked like they’d avoid alleys in future.

Jack couldn’t stop laughing.

The End
Janet Meets George

Chapter Summary

Janet is used to being fed by Ianto, but today someone else has taken over the job.

Chapter Notes

Someone once requested Janet’s reaction to George, but I forget who. Still, as I’ve been asked for more George, and the prompt is Weevil, it seemed a good time to try it!

My second drabble for Challenge 348: Weevil at tw100.

Janet sniffed the air; it was time, he was bringing food. That was good, there was always food here; life was easy and comfortable.

Footsteps approached, a figure appeared. Janet cocked her head on one side. That wasn’t the one who usually brought food, or one of the others either.

She sniffed again, smelling food but not man. This one looked something like the food man, but where the man’s head always was, there was nothing. She made a questioning sound, watching him set the food inside her room.

This place was strange; you never knew what you’d see next.

The End
Masked Bandit

Chapter Summary

Janet is causing unexpected problems.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 348: Weevil at tw100.

Another one where I’m posting an extended version as well as the 100-word drabble.

Sending Janet the Weevil back into the sewers hadn’t exactly gone to plan.

Owen had decided to tag and release her to track her movements. While not exactly tame, she was judged safe around humans, so no one had been worried. That had been before they’d started getting calls from the police.

It seemed someone in a mask was staging a daring series of muggings. Members of the public were peeved at having their purchases snatched right out of their hands.

“We’d better get her back,” Jack decided, frowning at Ianto. “Why’d you have to get her addicted to coffee?”

Extended version

Releasing Janet the Weevil back into the sewers hadn’t exactly gone to plan.

Owen had decided it would be a good idea to tag her then set her loose to track her movements around the city. It would give him a better idea of Weevil habits in the ‘wild’. While not exactly tame, she was judged not to be a threat to humans anymore, so no one had really been worried. That had been before the calls had started coming in from the police a few days later.

It seemed someone in a mask was staging a daring series of… well, not exactly muggings, no one was really being hurt according to the cops, but members of the public were peeved at having their purchases snatched right out of their hands.

“We’d better get her back,” Jack decided, frowning at Ianto. “Why’d you have to get her addicted to coffee?”

The End
Weevil Welfare

Chapter Summary

Torchwood, providing free Weevil care since 2000.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 348: Weevil at tw100.

One of Torchwood’s ongoing projects was to tag as many Weevils as they could to track and identify them. Whenever time could be spared, they’d round up a bunch, check their health, catalogue them, inject trackers and return them to the sewers.

Weevils were unpredictable; the team could never be sure whether they would attack or try to escape when they were approached, but this was new.

Coming across a group of three adults, instead of attacking, the Weevils had approached, two of them helping the third, which was injured.

Maybe their project was having a positive effect after all.

The End
Tosh is feeling left out.

My first drabble for Challenge 349: Banana at tw100.

100 words exactly, first try! Yay! And for the record, I share Tosh’s problem, so I can empathise.

Tosh stood off to one side of the Hub, sipping her rum and coke, watching as the Doctor and the rest of the Torchwood team toasted each other with banana daiquiris. She felt left out, isolated from her friends, which was stupid; she’d done as much as anyone to help save the day, and she knew she wasn’t being deliberately excluded from the celebrations, it was just…

She sighed and sipped her drink again, wishing she could have what everyone else was enjoying. Why did the Doctor have to be so enamoured of the one fruit she was allergic to?

The End
Improvising

Chapter Summary

Tosh objects to Jack and Ianto’s use of certain weapons in the Hub.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 349: Banana at tw100.

“Jack,” Tosh protested late one evening when she returned to the Hub to collect her phone, “If you and Ianto are going to play games around the Hub, don’t use water pistols! Who knows what could happen if water got inside the equipment? I’m confiscating these.”

“She has a point,” Ianto agreed regretfully. “We could accidentally short something out. Sorry Tosh, I wasn’t thinking.”

“That’s okay. See you tomorrow.”

As she left, taking the pistols, Jack drooped. “How can we have a shoot-out without weapons?”

Ianto looked around then reached for the fruit bowl, pointing a banana at Jack. “Bang!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack continue their game using safer ‘weapons’.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 349: Banana at tw100. I just had to continue from the last one.

Chasing Jack around the Hub, shouting “BANG, BANG!” as he ‘fired’ his gun substitute, took Ianto back to his childhood. Jack, not to be outdone, had grabbed a banana too, and was returning fire, although as usual he was cheating.

“RATATATATATATAT!”

“Hey! No fair! How come you have a machine gun and I’ve only got a pistol?” Ianto glared at his banana in disgust.

“I’m the bad guy.”

“Figures.”

Finally tiring of their game, they collapsed on the sofa.

“One good thing about this type of gun,” Ianto commented.

“What’s that?”

Peeling his banana, Ianto took a bite. “They’re edible.”

The End
Losing Herself

Chapter Summary

Katie wishes she could believe Owen’s promises.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 350: Unloved Characters at tw100.

Katie’s scared. One minute she’s perfectly normal, knows who she is, remembers everything; the next, she can’t even remember how to make tea. What’s happening to her? She’s losing more of herself every day; how can he still want to marry her when half the time she can’t even remember his name?

But he holds her tight, keeps telling her everything will be alright, he loves her, wants to marry her. So she clings to him, wanting to believe him, but knowing deep down that whatever’s doing this to her, there’s no way to fix it; his promises are lies.

The End
New Recruit

Chapter Summary

Ianto is headhunted.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 350: Unloved Characters at tw100.

Spoilers: Set pre-series, character spoilers for Doctor Who Army of Ghosts/Doomsday.

The woman, blonde haired and elegantly dressed in a business suit, had introduced herself as Yvonne Hartman. Ianto thought she was quite attractive, in an ice-queen kind of way. She smiled a lot, but it didn’t reach her eyes.

“I’m director of a top-secret government think tank; a smart young man like you is wasted serving coffee, you have untapped potential and I think you’d be an excellent fit in my organisation. Regular office hours, varied and interesting work, and you’ll easily quadruple what you’re earning here. Interested?”

Which was how Ianto came to work for Torchwood One. Serving coffee.

The End
July Fourth

Chapter Summary

There’s something different about Nosy...

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 351: Stars / Stripes at tw100.
This idea popped into my head less than an hour ago, and I had to write it!

“Um, am I seeing things, or…” Jack rubbed his eyes and looked again.

“It’s American Independence Day.” As explanations went, Ianto’s left something to be desired.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but we’re in Wales, right?”

“Yep.”

“That’s nowhere near America.”

“True, but you try explaining that to Nosy. It’s being patriotic.”

“To a country it’s never visited.”

“Britain and America; same colours.”

“That explains the red, white and blue stripes, but the white splodges?”

“Guess it couldn’t get the stars to go right.”

Jack watched the multicoloured Fluff slither past.

“This place just gets weirder every day.”

“I noticed.”

The End


Seeing The Stars

Chapter Summary

Jack always keeps his promises, just not always in a good way.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 351: Stars / Stripes at tw100.

Another one that hit 100 words exactly, though this time I did have to substitute a couple of words after I finished because I typed something wrong. Sheer carelessness.

“One day,” Jack had told him, as they lay together earlier that night on the narrow cot in Jack’s little cubbyhole, “I’m going to show you the stars. We’ll get out there in space and I’ll show you things you’ve never dreamed of.”

Ianto had smiled drowsily. “I’d like that.” He didn’t believe it would ever happen, but still it was a lovely fantasy.

Of course, that had been earlier, before they’d fallen asleep.

Now Ianto was awake, and he wasn’t happy anymore.

“Ow! Damnit, Jack!”

He was seeing stars now alright; Jack had accidentally pushed him off the bed.

The End
Rhys doesn’t have a thing to wear for an important event.

“But it’s stripy!” whined Rhys.

Gwen gave a long-suffering sigh. “What’s wrong with stripes?”

“Make me look fat, don’t they.”

Sometimes, Gwen wished she could roll her eyes like Ianto. “That’s horizontal stripes. Vertical stripes are slimming.”

“You sayin’ I’m overweight?”

“Rhys! You’re always tellin’ me I take forever to get ready, but you’re just as bad! Pick a shirt or we’ll be late!”

“I want to look nice!”

“Meriel’s two! As long as you bring her a birthday present, she won’t care what you wear to her party! Jack’s dressing as a teddy bear.”

Rhys beamed. “Stripes it is!”

The End
In The Dark

Chapter Summary

Jack searches for something in the darkness.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 352: In The Dark at tw100.

Jack crept slowly and cautiously through darkness so thick you could cut it with a knife. The storm had blanketed Cardiff in heavy cloud, blocking out the meagre light from stars and moon. It had also caused a power cut, plunging the whole city into a blackout, reminding Jack a bit of the Blitz.

Thunder still rumbled distantly, but the occasional brief flicker of lightning was now too far away to aid visibility. Still, Jack knew it was around here somewhere.

*Thump.*

“OW!”

*Crash.*

“Oof! Damnit, Jack!”

“Sorry!” Crawling over Ianto, he flopped down beside him.

He’d found the bed.

The End
Rainy Night

Chapter Summary

The Rift has spat something out, now Ianto and Jack just have to find it.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 352: In The Dark at tw100.

Sometimes it seemed this was all his life consisted of; running around in the dark, chasing whatever new thing the Rift had chosen to dump on them. Ianto couldn’t understand why it so often chose to spit out living creatures in the middle of the night, when sensible people were tucked up warm in their beds, sleeping.

That was where he and Jack had been before the damned Rift alarm had dragged them out into the cold and rain.

As he scooped up a sodden, once fluffy creature, he reconsidered. Missions of mercy were always worth getting a bit wet.

The End
Ianto set the creature down and took the towel Jack held out.

“Any idea what it is?” he asked.

Jack looked at it critically.

“Mostly soggy.”

“Oh, that’s helpful. You’re supposed to be the expert!”

“I can’t be expected to know every species in the universe!”

“So we’re in the dark on this one?”

“Looks that way. Seems harmless though.”

“Yeah, well let’s just hope getting it wet doesn’t change that.”

“I don’t think it’ll dissolve.”

“Not what I meant. Haven’t you seen Gremlins?”

“You’ll have to be more specific; there’s a lot of different species.”

“Forget I said anything.”

TBC in ‘The New Pet’
Chapter Summary

They may not know what it is, but Ianto is willing to let it stay.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 352: In The Dark at tw100.

Once it was dry, Jack and Ianto studied their new acquisition.

Shaped like a fat two-foot-long sausage, blunt at both ends and with four little feet underneath, it resembled an oversized guinea pig, except for the tufted antennae at what seemed to be the front. Ten minutes of grooming revealed a pink, twitching nose and two black eyes previously hidden beneath floppy lemon yellow and mint green fur that trailed down its sides to the floor.

“Think I’ll call it Dougal,” Ianto decided.

“Why?”

“The Magic Roundabout?”

Poor Jack. Once again, Ianto’s pop culture references left him in the dark.

The End
Party Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Parties are fun, but who gets stuck with the cleaning up?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 353: Birthday at tw100.

Everyone at Torchwood, human or alien, got to celebrate their birthday. If the exact date wasn’t known, Ianto just picked a suitable day and henceforth it was celebrated once a year; after all, it only seemed fair.

For most of the aliens, that meant celebrating their finding day, but Dizzy was the exception. Everyone knew the date it had first appeared because it was the same as Nosy’s Finding Day, so this year, for Dizzy’s first birthday, they’d had a joint party for the Fluffs.

The Hub looked like a bomb hit it.

Sighing tiredly, Ianto started to clean up.

The End
Birthday Boy

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s Birthday is starting off in the best possible way.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 353: Birthday at tw100.

“Happy Birthday, Taddy!” Ianto was awoken by a small, warm person clambering over him on the bed. He could hear Jack at their bedroom doorway chuckling.

“She wanted to be the first person to wish you happy birthday, so I told her she could wake you up.”

Ianto smiled lazily and stretched, mentally thanking the Rift for choosing to take the day off on his birthday so he could have a lie in.

Best of all, it looked like he was getting breakfast and presents in bed with his two favourite people, his daughter and his husband.

Best birthday ever!

The End
Chapter Summary

Wales offers a wide variety of flavours for the discerning palate. Jack likes some better than others.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 354: Welsh Delicacies at tw100.

Jack had been living in Wales for over a century; unsurprisingly he’d tried just about every kind of traditional Welsh cuisine there was, from Welsh Rarebit all the way to Laverbread, which was an acquired taste Jack had never quite managed to acquire.

He had a thing for Welshcakes, especially when they were fresh off the griddle and still warm, and he loved a bowl of Cawl on a cold day. He even enjoyed cockles.

But as he slowly licked the length of Ianto’s cock, he had to admit that as Welsh delicacies went, this was by far his favourite.

The End
The Scent Of A Ianto

Chapter Summary

Jack stalks his prey.

Chapter Notes

For red_day_dawning. Prompt at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jack stalked his prey, sniffing the air; Ianto was nearby.

Whenever they played naked hide and seek, Ianto would accuse Jack of cheating, and to be fair, he often did. What Ianto didn’t realise was that Jack didn’t need to cheat. He could track his lover by scent alone.

Ianto’s pheromones weren’t as strong or as distinctive as Jack’s, but that didn’t matter. His scent was a subtle blend of aftershave and vanilla body-wash, overlaid with the aroma of coffee and…

“Found you!”

“You cheated!”

“Did not!”

Burying his nose in Ianto’s hair, Jack inhaled the fresh scent of apples.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Prompt was “the fresh scent of apples.”
Ianto stared at the box of puppies by Jack’s desk.

“Jack?” he yelled. “What’s this?”

“Puppies!”

“I can see that! What’ve I told you about bringing strays to the Hub?”

“I couldn’t just leave them! They’ve been abandoned! Anyway, how d’you know it was me?”

“You just admitted it. Besides, it’s always you.”

“Ha! Not so! That time with the chicken? Nothing to do with me; that was Owen.”

Ianto frowned. “Why would Owen bring a chicken to work?”

“He won it in a poker game.”

“Who bets chickens?”

“The local farmers’ club. You’re lucky he didn’t win the goat.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s friend has been with him a long time.

Chapter Notes

My drabble for Challenge 355: Old Friends at tw100. I didn't have time enough or inspiration to write more this time.

They’d been close from the moment they met, hanging out together and sharing everything; adventures, nights out, fights, dates, and everything in between.

Not that it had always been fun. They’d had their share of bad times over the years, both of them winding up worse for wear after various scuffles and alien encounters. Jack always healed quickly enough, but his companion had often needed stitches. Even so, they still looked remarkably good together despite their ages, and they attracted plenty of admiring glances.

Jack smiled. People might think it was just a coat, but it was his best friend.

The End
A Life In Boxes

Chapter Summary

In front of Jack is a life packed in boxes…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 356: Boxes at tw100.

Dozens of boxes were all that remained in the otherwise empty apartment. Each was carefully labelled: Books, CDs, DVDs, Kitchen stuff, Crockery, Socks, Towels… A whole life reduced to a series of cardboard containers, carefully stacked with the heaviest at the bottom, and the lightest on the top. Several were labelled Fragile and Jack was being particularly careful with those, leaving them for last.

He picked up a couple more, carrying them out to the SUV and loading them in the back. Maybe he should’ve rented a van.

Moving Ianto into the Hub was a bigger job than he’d expected!

The End
Sorted

Chapter Summary

Ianto finally has the Torchwood archives exactly how he wants them.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 356: Boxes at tw100.

It had taken Ianto years to sort out the archives, but everyone agreed that the end result was worth it.

The filing cabinets were neatly ordered, all files properly labelled and in the correct places. The shelves were clean and tidy, the artefacts residing on them bagged and tagged with all necessary information visible at a glance.

Signs on storage room doors declared what was inside, packed away in stacks of boxes, wooden crates, tubs and barrels. Everything was listed on the archive database, giving its precise location.

Ianto smiled in satisfaction. “If anyone messes it up, I’ll kill them.”

The End
Mysterious

Chapter Summary

Unpacking a delivery, Ianto sees something strange.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 356: Boxes at tw100.

Apologies that this one is similar to one of m_findlow’s this week. I just had to do it. It was too long to start with, so I shortened it but left the longer version intact too, so you get both.

Drabble Version

Ianto caught movement from the corner of his eye as he unpacked artefacts from Archie in Glasgow. He glanced at the array of boxes. Everything was still; must have been a trick of the light.

Turning back to his task, he continued then turned quickly, just in time to see a box slither a few inches across the floor.

That wasn’t normal. What had Archie sent them?

Approaching cautiously, he lifted the box and started laughing. There was Dizzy, looking ruffled and confused. An empty box must have fallen over the poor Flufflet and it couldn’t find its way out!

The End

Extended Version

Ianto caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye as he worked steadily, unpacking a shipment of artefacts that had arrived that morning from Archie in Glasgow. Pausing in his task, he glanced across at the array of boxes. Everything was still; it must have been his imagination or a trick of the light.

Turning back to the box on the table in front of him, he carefully slit it open, then turned quickly, just in time to see one of the other boxes slither a few inches across the floor.

Okay, that wasn’t normal. What had Archie sent them?

Approaching cautiously, he lifted the box and started laughing. There was Dizzy, looking ruffled and confused. An empty box must have fallen over the poor Flufflet and it couldn’t find its way out!

“Sorry, Dizzy, but I’ve told you before to be careful where you nap!”
The End
Unexpected Sight

Chapter Summary

Late one evening, Ianto sees something he never expected to see in Cardiff. Or anywhere else.

Chapter Notes

My first of four drabbles for Written For: Challenge 357: Dinosaur at tw100. This one came out at 100 words on the first try!

Ianto tapped his comms. “Jack? We’ve got a problem.”

“What kind of problem?” Jack was mystified; Ianto had only left the Hub fifteen minutes earlier to pick up dinner for the team as they were having to work late.

“You know the dinosaur exhibit at the Natural History Museum?”

“The one we’re supposed to be going to see at the weekend?”

“That’s the one.”

“What about it?”

“One of the dinosaur skeletons has gone walkabout. Literally. I just saw it striding down Bute Street, snapping at people.”

“Ah, that doesn’t sound good. We’ll be right there.”

“Better bring the nets.”

TBC in ‘Planning Ahead’
Planning Ahead – Sequel to ‘Unexpected Sight’

Chapter Summary

They haven’t even caught it yet, but Ianto already has an idea for how to cover-up of the dinosaur incident.

Chapter Notes

My second of four drabbles for Challenge 357: Dinosaur at tw100.

The whole team stared at the… Creature wasn’t the right word; the dinosaur was basically just a bunch of wired-together fossilised bones that had somehow come to life and decided to take a stroll through Cardiff.

Times like this, it was easy to tell the Cardiff natives from the holidaymakers. The people who were accustomed to living in the city on the Rift were running for their lives; the visitors were snapping photos.

Ianto was rather glad there was a new Jurassic Park movie coming to the local cinemas. With luck he could pass this off as a publicity stunt.

TBC in ‘Jack’s Request’
Jack’s Request – Sequel to ‘Planning Ahead’

Chapter Summary

Jack’s in for a disappointment.

Chapter Notes

My third of four drabbles for Challenge 357: Dinosaur at tw100.

While the others were busy getting the nets ready to catch the errant dinosaur skeleton, Jack sidled up to Ianto.

“That is so cool! When we catch it, can we keep it?”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “No, Jack, it’s not a toy, it’s a priceless collection of fossils and it belongs to the museum.”

“Spoilsport,” Jack pouted.

“One of us has to be a responsible adult. Anyway, shouldn’t you be trying to figure out why it’s mobile?”

Jack waved a hand dismissively. “Already know that.”

“That’s nice. Care to enlighten the rest of us?”

“I will when we’ve caught it.”

TBC in ‘Mystery Explained’
Chapter Summary

Jack explains what caused the skeleton to go on the rampage.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 357: Dinosaur at tw100.

The dinosaur nets worked beautifully, capturing the rogue skeleton quite handily. Once it was safely restrained, Ianto turned to Jack.

“Okay, you said you’d explain once we caught it, so spill!”

Grinning, Jack approached their captive, plucking a small, previously unnoticed object from one of its legs.

“What’s that? Tosh asked.

“They’re used for moving heavy objects easily; basically, they make the object move itself. But they’re not designed for use on previously living things because they make them think they’re alive again.”

“Nifty,” Ianto said, then sighed. “Shame we can’t use it to return the dinosaur to the museum.”

The End
Revenge

Chapter Summary

Ianto wants revenge for Lisa’s death.

Chapter Notes

My only drabble so far for Challenge 358: Revenge at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

Drabble Version

Alone in his flat, Ianto dreams of revenge. He wants the team to pay for killing Lisa, imagines all the ways he can make them suffer.

His thirst for revenge keeps him going for a week. They executed Lisa, and they deserve what’s coming to them.

Except they didn’t, not really. They shot Annie, with Lisa’s brain in her head. By then even Lisa’s brain wasn’t her own. While he’d kept her hidden, she’d lost her battle against the cyber-implants.

Revenge was futile. What the team had killed hadn’t been Lisa but the monster she’d become, and he was glad.

The End

Extended Version

Sitting alone in his dark and empty flat, Ianto dreams of revenge. He wants the whole Torchwood Three team to pay for what they did to Lisa, and he plays out scenarios in his head, imagining all the many ways he can make them suffer.

His thirst for revenge keeps him going for the first week of his suspension. They killed the woman he loved, executed her without mercy, and they deserve what’s coming to them.

Except, of course, they didn’t, not really. They shot Annie, the pizza girl, with Lisa’s brain in her head, and by then even Lisa’s brain wasn’t entirely her own. Somewhere during the long months he’d kept her hidden, his Lisa had lost her battle against the cyber-implants.

Revenge was futile. What the team had killed hadn’t been the woman he’d loved but the monster she’d become, and he was glad that they’d done it.

The End
Revenge, Fluff Style

Chapter Summary

Nosy has been woefully neglected, so it takes revenge on the team.

Chapter Notes

Yay! I wrote a second drabble for Challenge 358: Revenge at tw100.

Nosy was peeved. The day had been very hot, and while it knew the team had been busy, there were some tasks that should never be overlooked.

If Ianto had been there, this would never have happened, but he was in London, visiting the Queen.

‘Should’ve gone with him instead of staying here and being neglected,’ it thought to itself.

Seven people were working around the Hub and none of them had thought to refill Nosy’s water bowl.

Time for revenge.

As Rhys delivered cold drinks to everyone, Nosy followed, draining every glass dry. See how they liked being thirsty!

The End
Ball Trouble

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s not happy with Jack. What’s he done now?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100.

“No, Jack, my BALLS! Are you even paying attention?” It was shouted loud enough that every head in the Hub turned towards Jack’s office.

Gwen, who’d just taken a sip of coffee, spat it out again rather spectacularly, then busied herself cleaning up the mess with a tissue, cheeks aflame.

At her workstation, Tosh ducked her head, her hair hiding her face, her shoulders shaking with suppressed laughter. Owen blanched, scurrying down to autopsy.

Ianto stalked out of Jack’s office, shaking his head. “He’s the one wanted to play tennis; now the idiot’s lost the bloody balls!” he announced, exasperated.

The End
Balls! – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Whatever is Ianto shouting about?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100, and the first part in a short series.
I don't know yet exactly how many parts there will be, but probably at least four.

It had been a routine retrieval, until Ianto shot from an alleyway, running flat out.

“Balls!” he yelled, heading towards Jack.

Jack looked down at his trousers, just in case he’d forgotten something.

“No, twpsyn, balls!” Ianto snapped exasperatedly, pointing behind him and sprinting past Jack as though the hounds of Hell were at his heels.

Puzzled, Jack turned his attention to the alley Ianto had been investigating just as several large, menacingly spiky balls emerged from it. They hesitated briefly before rolling towards him, rapidly picking up speed.

With an audible gulp, Jack bolted after Ianto.

“Wait for me!”

TBC in Part 2
Chapter Summary

The rest of the team think Ianto and Jack are behaving rather strangely.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100 and the second instalment in a six part story.

Tosh, Owen, and Gwen had drawn a blank. Whatever it was that had come through the Rift, they hadn’t found it, so they set off to see if Ianto and Jack’s luck had been any better.

Rounding a corner, they saw their boss and teammate running towards them.

Jack was yelling something that sounded like “Balls!”

“Run!” Ianto added as he swept past them, Jack hot on his heels.

Gwen and Owen stared at them as if they’d both gone nuts.

Tosh looked in the opposite direction then grabbed the others and pulled. “Balls!”

Owen glanced over his shoulder.

“Crap!”

TBC in Part 3
Chapter Summary

They’re running for their lives, but what next?

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100.

“Why are we running?” Gwen asked breathlessly.

“Balls!” Owen snapped at her. “Great big spiky bloody balls!”

“Shouldn’t we try to catch them?”

“Right now I’m more concerned about them catching us!” Jack had slowed down to bring up the rear and protect his team if necessary. “First we stay alive. Then we can figure out how to deal with our spiky friends.”

They kept going, running flat out until they reached the SUV then wrenching the doors open and diving inside. With the doors locked behind them and Ianto driving, they led the balls away from the city centre.

TBC in Part 4
Balls! – Part 4

Chapter Summary

At least the balls can’t bother anyone here.

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100.

Some areas of Bute Park were almost always deserted, being off the beaten track and not boasting seats, a playground, manicured lawns or flowerbeds. It was to one of these wilder areas that Ianto, with the SUV in four-wheel drive, led their visitors. At least it got them away from the general population.

One positive thing could be said about the spiky balls; they were very efficient litter-collectors. By the time they reached the park, their spines had accumulated an impressive amount of discarded paper, and even a few empty cans.

“Maybe we should offer them a job,” Ianto quipped.

TBC in Part 5
Chapter Summary

It’s time to take a stand against the alien balls…

Chapter Notes

My sixth drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100. One more part to this one.

“What do we do now?” Ianto wanted to know. He had the SUV turned to face the approaching balls, with its engine idling.

“We could try running over them,” Gwen suggested.

“Don’t be daft!” Owen sneered. “Look at ‘em! They’d shred all our tyres! I vote we shoot ‘em!”

Ianto shrugged. “Worth a try.” He turned to Jack and raised an eyebrow.

Jack nodded. “Do it.” He stepped out of the SUV, the others following his lead, spreading out either side of the SUV. They were five against four balls. They raised their weapons, took careful aim, and opened fire…

TBC in Part 6
Chapter Summary

Can the balls be defeated? Who will win the fight?

Chapter Notes

Here it is, my seventh drabble for Challenge 359: Balls at tw100, and the final part of the Balls! saga.

Hostile and menacing though the spiky aliens were, they were no match for Torchwood’s firepower and marksmanship; their seemingly unstoppable advance was met with a hail of bullets. The first few shots merely splintered spines, but as their armour was obliterated, the balls slowed, stopped, and finally exploded, sending spines in every direction like shrapnel, along with all the litter they’d collected. Five people dived for cover behind the SUV.

When it was safe to emerge, they surveyed a scene of utter devastation.

“Looks like we’ve got some cleaning up to do,” Jack sighed.

“Balls!” Ianto said succinctly.

Everyone agreed.

The End
Chapter Summary

All Jack knows is that he must not blink.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 360: Blink at tw100.

It was late; the Hub was silent, computers and lighting powered down. Most of the team had left for the night though he knew Ianto was somewhere nearby.

Jack sat on the sofa beneath the Torchwood sign, staring fixedly ahead, teeth gritted, eyes all but watering from the effort. No matter what happened he had to keep them open, he couldn’t afford not to.

He forced himself to keep staring directly at the figure in front of him, all the time willing himself not to blink, until Ianto approached, shaking his head.

“Give it up, Jack, you'll never out-stare Nosy!”

The End
Blink – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Something’s happened to Ianto, now the team has to figure out what.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 360: Blink at tw100, and the first part of a three-parter.

Most Rift retrievals were routine, but occasionally something went wrong. The team had split up, searching for what had come though; Ianto must have found it. The others heard a yelp through their earpieces then silence.

When they reached Ianto, he was propped against a wall, stiff as a plank of wood, unable to move anything but his eyes.

“Ianto!” Jack gasped. “Can you hear me? Blink once for yes and twice for no.”

Ianto rolled his eyes.

“What does that mean?” Jack asked, confused.

“That you’re a moron,” Owen scoffed. “Ianto, if you can hear me, blink once.”

*blink*

TBC in Part 2
Chapter Summary

Despite his condition, Ianto provides helpful information.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 360: Blink at tw100.

“Okay,” Owen sighed. “Now we can do the one for yes, two for no bit. Were you attacked by an alien?”

“Did it bite or sting you?”

“And some kind of weapon?”

“Did you see which way it went?” Jack butted in.

Ianto’s eyes swivelled to the left.

“Okay, Gwen and I will go after it. Tosh, you take Ianto and Owen back to the Hub then come back here.” Jack looked intently at Ianto. “We’ll fix this, Ianto, you know that, right?”

Planting a quick kiss on motionless lips, Jack took off after the alien.

TBC in Part 3
Chapter Summary

They caught the alien, but how do they fix Ianto?

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 360: Blink at tw100, and the last part of the Blink trilogy.

Woohoo! Another one that came out at exactly 100 words, no editing required! Someday maybe I’ll work out how many of those I’ve written.

“I didn’t hurt him!” the alien whined. “I was just defending myself!”

“Didn’t hurt him?” Jack sounded incredulous. “Look at him, he’s all stiff! And not in the good way.”

Ianto rolled his eyes at that.

“How do we fix him?” Owen wanted to know.

“You don’t. You can’t. The effects should wear off soon.”

Ianto looked beseechingly at Jack, who seemed to understand, lifting his stiff boyfriend and laying him on the sofa.

“That better?”

blink blink blink

“You’re welcome.”

An hour later, Ianto unstiffened.

“Oh thank God. I have a whole new respect for store mannequins,” he groaned.

The End
Early To Bed

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood workday may be over, but a new day is just beginning.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 361: Sunrise at tw100.

Ianto’s had a long day and an even longer night; anyone who thinks working for Torchwood is glamorous and exciting must be insane. It’s no cushy nine-to-five job with weekends off, that’s for sure; working twenty-four hour days isn’t unusual.

Still, the latest apocalypse has been averted and the Rift’s quiet; they might actually get some downtime. Jack says they should go home; nobody needs telling twice.

Ianto reaches his flat at sunrise and feels a pang of regret. Looks like it’ll be a beautiful day, but he won’t get to enjoy it. The only place he’s going is bed!

The End
Sunrise Vigil

Chapter Summary

Some things just never get old.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 361: Sunrise at tw100.

Jack and Ianto sprawled on their backs in the yellow grass, breathing deeply of air that smelled like vanilla and popcorn, a strange but not unpleasant combination of aromas that rose from the ground beneath them as it warmed.

A gentle breeze made the drooping stems rustle softly, as though the whole world was sighing with contentment.

Looking upwards, they watched in silence as the stars faded from view and the indigo sky grew progressively lighter.

Sunrise was different on every planet they visited, but the one thing that never changed was the wonder they both felt at witnessing it.

The End
Chapter Summary

Love makes people do crazy things.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 362: Love at tw100.

Love; it can make people do crazy things. It was love that had made Ianto hide the metal monster Lisa had become in the mistaken belief that he could still save her. He’d risked the world and everyone in it because he couldn’t accept that she was already gone.

Equally, it was love that had kept him believing Jack would return after he’d left with the Doctor, despite all evidence to the contrary.

And it was love that kept him here now, painstakingly repairing the coat because Jack would be lost without it.

No coat had ever been loved more.

The End
First Loves

Chapter Summary

You never forget your first love.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 362: Love at tw100.

“So,” Ianto murmured, sprawled bonelessly beside Jack in their dimly lit bedroom. “Who was your first love?”

“You expect me to remember after all this time?” Jack asked, chuckling.

“Yep. You never forget your first love.”

“Who was yours?”

“Kirsty Williams, the girl next door. She could do cartwheels and I thought she was the most wonderful girl ever. I was five and she was six. You’re avoiding the question.”

“His name was Berris. He was so beautiful I followed him everywhere. Raiders took him when I was seven.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. You’re right though; I’ve never forgotten him.”

The End
Falling…

Chapter Summary

Love is in the air, among other places.

Chapter Notes

I have a sweet little two-parter for Challenge 362: Love at tw100. Part 1 today...

It’s a glorious spring day, and love is in the air. In trees and hedgerows, birds are pairing up, while in the shadows other creatures are no doubt also seeking mates.

Everywhere Tosh looks, there are couples holding hands, laughing, kissing, enjoying each other as much as the beautiful weather. She tries not to be envious. She’s so distracted she doesn’t even see the other woman until they collide and she’s knocked to the ground.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry I wasn’t looking where I was going,” her accidental assailant babbles. Their eyes meet, and Tosh’s heart skips a beat.

TBC in ‘… In Love’
...In Love – Sequel to ‘Falling…’

Chapter Summary

Sometimes fate steps in when you least expect it.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and probably final drabble for Challenge 362: Love at tw100.

Years later, they laugh about how they met, each too busy envying all the couples in love that neither of them was watching where they were going.

That first moment, when their eyes met and they’d felt a spark between them is re-lived every time they look into each other’s eyes, and the love they feel for each other grows stronger with every passing year.

Tosh had thought she was destined never to find love, but she’d been wrong. On a street corner in Cardiff, one spring day, fate had smiled on her, dropping her at her true love’s feet.

The End
Love Story

Chapter Summary

The story of Jack and Ianto in one hundred words.

Chapter Notes

I had a last-minute idea, so here's one last drabble for Challenge 362: Love at tw100.

Minor spoilers for Cyberwoman, End of Days, Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

In the beginning, it’d been a way to distract Jack so he wouldn’t see what Ianto was hiding. But after months of being starved of human contact, Jack’s attention and open affection had been like a drug Ianto craved constantly.

After Lisa, they’d slowly rebuilt trust, until by the time Jack left with the Doctor, Ianto had known he was in love, though he never expected Jack to feel the same.

When Jack returned, something had changed. He needed Ianto as much as Ianto needed him; love grew strong.

From a shaky start, they built something that would last forever.

The End
Other Uses 1

Chapter Summary

Owen’s lost something. Ianto can explain…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 363: Missing at tw100.

Delivering the morning coffee, Ianto could hear Owen cursing down in the autopsy bay.

“Damnit, where the fuck is it? I know I left it on the tray last night!”

“Problems, Owen?”

“Yeah, my ultrasound gel’s gone missing!”

“Ah, sorry, I had to hide it from Jack.”

“I’ll probably regret asking this but… why?”

“He’d stripped naked, spread it all over himself and was sliding around on the floor.”

“Okay, even for Jack that’s weird.”

“Hey, don’t knock what you haven’t tried!” Jack grinned, leaning on the railing. “It’s even better than baby oil and much easier to clean up!”

The End
Other Uses 2

Chapter Summary

Jack’s lost something, but Ianto can explain…

Chapter Notes

Here’s a second drabble for Challenge 363: Missing at tw100.

Jack popped his head up from his bunker, a puzzled look on his face.

“Ianto, have you seen my grey braces? They seem to have gone missing.”

“Ah, sorry about that. I borrowed them while you in London last week.”

“Well, I’m sure they looked very good on you.” Jack leered and waggled his eyebrows.

“Oh, no, not to wear! Owen and I needed to make a giant slingshot to throw a net over the bat creature that’s down in the cells. Your braces were the only stretchy things we could find that were strong enough.”

“MacGyver would be proud!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Gwen’s lost something, but Jack has an explanation.

Chapter Notes

A third drabble for Challenge 363: Missing at tw100.

“Owen, where’s my bra?” Gwen stormed up from the locker room.

“How should I know?”

“What’s up?” asked Tosh.

“I got blood on my blouse and bra from that weevil victim, so I rinsed them under the shower and hung them to dry, but now my bra’s missing!”

“Sorry, Gwen,” Jack said, “I had to borrow it to save lives.”

“You what?”

Jack opened his shirt to reveal he was wearing Gwen’s bra, two small creatures nesting in each cup against his chest.

“They need body heat to survive; this seemed like the best way.”

Gwen’s anger vanished.

“They’re adorable!”

The End
Missing Jack

Chapter Summary

Jack has gone and Ianto is left behind.

Chapter Notes

One more drabble for Challenge 363: Missing at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman, End Of Days.

Even when they’d got back together after Lisa, Ianto had managed to convince himself that it was just a casual thing. He and Jack were both men after all, and men have needs.

When Jack had died, the pain Ianto had felt would have surprised him if he hadn’t been too sunk in grief to really notice it, but his miraculous resurrection had swept the grief away on a tide of relief; for a while Ianto had been happy.

Now Jack had vanished, and Ianto was missing him more than he’d believed possible. He couldn’t lie to himself any longer.

The End
Gone Missing

Chapter Summary

Dizzy the Flufflet has gone missing. Again.

Chapter Notes

And yet another drabble for Challenge 363: Missing at tw100.

Tosh was worried. “Has anyone seen Dizzy?”

Ianto smiled sympathetically. “Gone missing again, has it?”

“Yes, and I’ve looked everywhere.”

“Dizzy by name, Dizzy by nature,” Owen added. “Manages to get itself into more trouble than Jack!”

“Speaking of…” Ianto grinned as Jack strode into the Hub. “Thought you had a meeting with Detective Swanson.”

“I do, but I’ll have to be late. Found I had a hitchhiker.” He dug in his pocket and pulled out something purple, black and fuzzy. “Did someone lose this?”

“Oh, Dizzy!” Tosh sighed. “Why do you have to pick such silly places to nap?”

The End
Missing Out

Chapter Summary

Torchwood doesn’t leave time for normality.

Chapter Notes

One last drabble for Challenge 363: Missing at tw100.

Working for Torchwood meant leaving any hope of a normal life far behind. Being permanently on call left little time for a social life, and because he couldn’t tell people what he did for a living, Ianto had drifted away from his old friends. He didn’t have much in common with them these days anyway.

The same was true for his family. Rhi would invite him for Sunday dinners, Birthdays, Christmas, but even when he said yes he often had to cancel.

Sometimes he felt he was missing out on life; even so, he couldn’t regret the choices he’d made.

The End
Blanket Hog

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s attempt to get a share of the covers doesn’t go to plan.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 364: Tear at tw100.

Two grown men really didn’t fit in Jack’s cot, although it was undeniably cosy, squashed together on cold nights. Well, it was if one of them didn’t hog the covers, Ianto thought grumpily. Jack needed a decent duvet to replace his thin blankets, not to mention a bigger bed.

Shivering a little in the chilly bunker, Ianto grabbed the edge of the blanket and pulled. Instead of getting more of the covers, he was dismayed to hear a ripping sound.

“You didn’t have to tear the blanket in half; I’d have given it to you if you’d asked,” Jack mumbled.

The End
The Final Test

Chapter Summary

It’s time for his final test, but Ianto’s ready.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 364: Tear at tw100.

It was a momentous day for Ianto. Months of lessons at Torchwood One’s private facility, long hours of practicing, sleepless nights spent cramming for the written exam… Everything had been leading to this moment.

His friends in Research were quick to tell him he’d drawn the toughest examiner of the lot, which did nothing to calm his nerves, but he was determined not to let anything affect his performance; he’d been waiting a long time for this.

At the end of the test, there was silence. Then…

“Congratulations, Mr. Jones, you’ve passed.”

Ianto couldn’t wait to tear up his L-plates!

The End
A Big Step

Chapter Summary

It’s Meriel’s first day at school.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 364: Tear at tw100.

Meriel gripped her daddies’ hands, swinging herself along between them, trying to make them go faster. Blonde hair in pigtails, looking smart in her new school uniform, shoes polished to a shine, she was full of excitement about finally starting school.

“I’m going to make lots of friends and learn everything,” she told her fathers. “Hurry up, Taddy, I don’t want to be late.”

Ianto picked up the pace, aware that he’d been dragging his heels, oddly reluctant for his daughter to take this big step. Surreptitiously he wiped away a tear. Their little girl was growing up so fast.

The End
Chapter Summary

With Meriel at school, her daddies are feeling a bit lost.

Chapter Notes

A Sequel to yesterday's drabble for Challenge 364: Tear at tw100.

Leaving Meriel at school was a wrench, but she ran off quite happily, chatting to some of the shyer children, telling them they’d be fine. Ianto felt a surge of pride at that; Meriel had a bright, bubbly, outgoing personality, much like Jack.

Still, he and Jack made the short trek home in silence, lost in their own thoughts. It wasn’t until they closed their front door behind them that Jack launched himself into Ianto’s arms, a single tear rolling down his cheek.

“My baby’s all grown up!” he sniffed. “What do I do now?”

“Have another one?” Ianto suggested.

The End (For now)
Torn

Chapter Summary

There’s an unfortunate casualty during the latest Weevil hunt.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 364: Tear at tw100.

The Weevil lunged, slashing at him, and Jack twisted to one side. He almost got clear, but a claw snagged in the heavy wool of his coat and his heart sank as he felt the fabric tear. He would almost have preferred those talons to have sunk into his own flesh; at least he knew he’d heal.

Back at the Hub, the rogue Weevil safely stowed in the cells, Jack watched Ianto examining the rip.

“Can you fix it?”

Ianto smiled reassuringly. “Leave it to me, I’ll have your coat almost as good as new in no time.”

“My hero!”

The End
Unwanted

Chapter Summary

Jack’s not wanted on board the TARDIS.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 365: Rejected at tw100.


At the sound of the TARDIS, Jack was full of hope. After more than a century, his long wait was finally over, he could get back out among the stars with Rose and his Doctor, shake the dust of earth from his feet, be free again. No more responsibility of leadership, sending good people into danger, he’d be a follower once more, a role he felt far more suited for.

But the TARDIS tried to run from him, Rose was gone, and the Doctor, in a new and unrecognisable incarnation, rejected him for being ‘wrong’.

He no longer belonged there.

The End
Rejection Revenge

Chapter Summary

John Hart doesn’t handle rejection well.

Chapter Notes

My second and last drabble for Challenge 365: Rejected at tw100.

Spoilers: Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.

John Hart was furious. After all he and Jack had been to each other, after all he’d done to reach this backwater planet and locate his former lover, Jack had the nerve to treat him like he didn’t matter!

He’d been willing to give Jack everything, take him away from here, back out among the stars, where they both belong. They could have gone anywhere, taken whatever they wanted whenever they chose. But no, Jack had flat-out rejected him. That wasn’t on.

To make matters worse, he dropped the canister off the building. Hart made sure Jack followed it.

Whoops.

The End
Cornered

Chapter Summary

Weevil hunting doesn’t always go as planned.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 366: Escape at tw100.

This wasn’t the first time Ianto had been cornered by a Weevil, and unless things went very wrong in the next few minutes it probably wouldn’t be the last. Jack had sacrificed his life to give Ianto time to escape, but that had been when there was only one Weevil. Now there were two.

He had his gun, but Weevils weren’t easy to disable with bullets. The canister of Weevil spray and his secret weapon were a safer bet.

By the time Jack revived, the Weevils were trussed and ready for transport.

Never underestimate a man with a stun gun.

The End
No Escape

Chapter Summary

Try as she might, Meriel can’t escape.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 366: Escape at tw100.

There’s no escape, Meriel has tried everything; she knows she’s doomed. She hid under her bed, but was soon found, so she ran as fast as her little legs would carry her, dodging from room to room. It was hopeless; there was only one of her and two of them.

As strong arms pluck her up, she wriggles and squeals, kicking with her feet. “No, no, no, please! Put me down!”

Her captor does, but not as she wants. She’s dumped in a chair, held in place.

Screwing her eyes shut, she gives in. She hates having her hair cut.

The End
Chapter Summary

What’s going through Ianto’s mind as he picks out a replacement wedding dress for Gwen?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 367: Dress/Undress at tw100.

Holding up the wedding dress in front of a mirror so he could better judge the length, Ianto wondered how he’d let himself get roped into picking out Gwen’s replacement dress. Although, who else was there really? Tosh had excellent taste, but she didn’t have his practiced eye for estimating sizes, and the idea of either Jack or Owen dress shopping… He shuddered.

Not so long ago, he’d thought it would be him and Lisa getting married, talking about wedding dresses, guests, flowers… She would’ve looked so beautiful.

The shop assistant’s interruption was an almost welcome distraction from his thoughts.

The End
What To Wear?

Chapter Summary

Whatever will Jack and Ianto wear for Halloween?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 367: Dress/Undress at tw100.

Gwen and Rhys’s annual Halloween fancy dress party was less than a week away, but Jack and Ianto had been so busy they still hadn’t got around to choosing their costumes.

“We’re not wearing the same as last year,” Jack decided. “Half the fun is coming up with something different.”

“Most of the costume shops have already sold out, we won’t get much choice now.”

“I have an idea. Trust me.”

“Every time you say that, I get worried.”

On the night, Ianto arrived dressed as a masked highwayman. And Jack? Who knew he’d look so good in a dress!

The End
Deciding to surprise his lover, Ianto had installed the new, much bigger bed in Jack’s bunker while Jack was away from the Hub. Now he was stretched out on it, completely naked, awaiting the other man’s return.

The cog door alarms sounded stridently and a few minutes later, Ianto heard Jack calling him.

“Tanto? Are you still here?”

‘I’m in your bunker.’

The quick text to his captain’s phone was all it took. Moments later, Jack slid down the ladder.

“Surprise!”

Jack’s eyes widened and a huge smile lit up his face.

Ianto had never seen anyone undress so fast!

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto takes care of something that matters to Jack.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 368: Episode Tag at tw100.

Everyone has gone home, even Gwen; Jack’s finally managed to persuade her to leave. He was under the impression that Ianto had left too, but apparently he was wrong about that.

“What are you still doing here? Don’t you have somewhere else to be?”

Ianto shrugs. “I thought someone should fix this for you.” He indicates the hand, now in a new containment jar, the fluid bubbling merrily.

“Why?”

“Because it’s obviously important to you. Things that matter to people need to be cared for.” Ianto smiles faintly; Jack has his hand, Ianto has Lisa. Maybe they’re not so different.

The End
New Perspective

Chapter Summary

Almost dying has made Ianto see things more clearly.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 368: Episode Tag at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Countricide

Ianto’s silent all the way back from the Beacons. He stares out the SUVs window, but doesn’t see anything, too deep in thought.

Back at the Hub, Owen treats everyone’s injuries; Jack tells his team to go home, rest for a few days, take time to heal. He’ll deal with anything that comes up.

Gwen gets a ride from Owen, Tosh waits for Ianto, but there’s something he needs to say to Jack first.

“After Lisa, I thought I wanted to die. Now I know I want to live. Thanks for saving us.”

Jack accepts the peace offering.

“You’re welcome.”

The End
Inventive

Chapter Summary

Ianto wasn’t serious about the stopwatch, but Jack was!

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 368: Episode Tag at tw100.

Spoilers: They Keep Killing Suzie.

Sprawled on Jack’s tiny bunk, they’re both naked, sweaty, panting, and thoroughly sated; it’s a good feeling. Ianto raises the hand still clutching the stopwatch and studies it bemusedly. He’d been half-joking about its many uses, but it seems he was right. The last few hours have proved quite a revelation, not to mention an education; Jack is quite astonishingly inventive, some might even say avant-garde.

“You okay?” Jack’s voice breaks into Ianto’s thoughts as fingers stoke his thigh.

“Oh yeah!” Ianto flashes a smile in the dimness. “Never better! I have a whole new respect for the humble stopwatch!”

The End
I Spy…

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s fiendish plan goes a bit pear-shaped!

Chapter Notes

First of four standalone drabbles for Challenge 369: Awkward at tw100.

This was too long to start with, so I shortened it, then extended the first draft into a double drabble because I just couldn’t leave Ianto like that…

Drabble Version

Best game of Naked Hide and Seek ever! Jack would never find him this time, which meant for once he was going to win.

Ianto had made straight for the archives, then doubled back as soon as he’d lured Jack down there. Good thing it was a warm night, he decided as the invisible lift stopped beside the water tower. He’d give Jack long enough to get bored, then go claim his prize.

“Excuse me, I couldn’t help noticing you’re naked. Are you okay?”

Ianto stared at the girl in horror. How could she see him? Talk about awkward moments.

The End

Extended Version

Tonight’s game of Naked Hide and Seek had been epic! Ianto was busy patting himself on the back, because no way was Jack going to find him this time, which meant he was going to win for once. It really was about time.

Ianto had made a beeline for the archives, then silently doubled back as soon as he’d lured Jack down there with a few crafty clues. Good thing it was a fine and warm night, he decided as the invisible lift locked into place beside the water tower. He’d give Jack long enough to get bored, then go down and claim his prize.
“Excuse me, I couldn’t help noticing your lack of clothes. Are you okay?”

Ianto stared at the girl in horror, face heating up. How could she see him? Talk about awkward moments.

“Yes, I’m fine, thank you. Um, nice night, isn’t it? I should be going.” With that, he turned tail and bolted for the Tourist Office, knowing he couldn’t risk using the lift in front of someone who could see through the perception filter.

Damnit! Streaking through Cardiff really hadn’t been part of his fiendish plan to finally beat Jack. He just couldn’t win.

The End
Stay The Night

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds Jack’s suggestion surprising, for more than one reason.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 369: Awkward at tw100.

As Ianto got up and started dressing, Jack propped himself up on one elbow and watched, a wistful expression on his face.

“You could stay the night you know, you don’t always have to go home.”

“Stay?” Ianto raised an eyebrow. “Jack, have you taken a good look at your bed recently? We just about make it work for sex, but when it comes to sleeping there’s barely enough room in it for one, never mind both of us!”

“So it’ll be cosy.”

“More like awkward and uncomfortable.” Ianto sighed and started undressing again. “Oh what the hell. Budge over.”

The End
Gwen’s Foot In Mouth

Chapter Summary

Gwen just can’t mind her own business.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 369: Awkward at tw100.

Another one with two versions, the official drabble and a 150 word extended version. Apologies to Gwen fans, but she does tend to interfere.

Drabble Version

Gwen was surprised to see Ianto having dinner with a woman, especially since she knew Jack was doing paperwork back at the Hub. She should have minded her own business, but she couldn’t ignore it, no matter what Rhys said.

“Ianto! I’m surprised to see you here! I thought you’d be with Jack!” She turned to the woman with a sweet smile. “Ianto and his boyfriend are practically inseparable, you know.”

The woman nearly choked on her wine.

Ianto glared at Gwen. “Thanks, Gwen. You just outed me to my sister. Happy now?”

“Oh, oops, sorry. This is a bit awkward…”

The End

Extended Version

Gwen was more than a little surprised to see Ianto having dinner with a woman, especially since she’d just left Jack doing paperwork back at the Hub. As usual, instead of minding her own business, she just couldn’t let it go, despite Rhys begging her to stay out of it and just enjoy their first night out together in a month.

“Ianto! I’m surprised to see you here! I thought you’d be with Jack!” She turned to the woman with a sweet smile. “Ianto and his boyfriend are practically inseparable, you know.”

The woman’s eyes widened and she nearly choked on her wine.

her about Jack and I yet. Congratulations, you just outed me. Happy now?”

“Oops, sorry, Ianto. Oh dear, this is a bit awkward…” Rhys was right; she should’ve kept quiet.

The End
Optimism

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, capturing the alien doesn’t go to plan.

Chapter Notes

Written For: Challenge 369: Awkward at tw100.

Really, Ianto thought, they should all be used to this kind of thing. They’d been in this job long enough to be well aware that Torchwood and dignity didn’t mix. Nevertheless, somehow they were never really prepared, they still had this kind of blind optimism where they thought that this time, everything would work out just fine.

It almost never did.

Which was why they were now in this awkward position, covered in goo and hanging upside down from a signpost in the middle of Cardiff.

Some aliens should not be made angry.

“We’ll get it next time!” Jack promised.

The End
Death Of An Agent

Chapter Summary

There are a lot of ways for a Torchwood agent to die, but old age isn’t one of them.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 370: Old Age at tw100.

Summary: There are a lot of ways for a Torchwood agent to die, but old age isn’t one of them.

Torchwood agents don’t die of old age; that’s something newcomers learn pretty fast. There’s no pension to pay into because once you’ve signed up for the world’s most dangerous job, your life expectancy drops drastically. Few agents make it much past thirty; that’s just the way it is.

When you’re protecting the earth from aliens, there are so many things that can kill you: Weevils, Blowfish, brain-eating parasites, innocuous pieces of technology that turn out to be weapons, or explosives, or canisters of lethal toxins… The list goes on.

Owen’s not bitter, just surprised. Bullets are still just as deadly.

The End
Feeling Old

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, life with Torchwood ages you.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 370: Old Age at tw100.

“You okay?” Jack asked as Ianto flopped onto the sofa beside him with a heartfelt groan.

“I’m fine, just feeling my age.”

Jack snorted. “You’re twenty-five, that’s hardly the depths of old age.”

“Okay, then I’m just feeling your age.” Ianto glared at Jack balefully.

“Ouch! Thanks a lot! I may be old, but I’m very well preserved.” Jack leered at his lover and waggled his eyebrows. “Not a single grey hair, and I’ve still got all my own teeth!”

“Only because they grow back when they get knocked out,” Ianto muttered.

“Yeah, well, being immortal does have some advantages!”

The End
Undimmed

Chapter Summary

Some people age gracefully.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 370: Old Age at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Small for Small Worlds.

Everyone grows old; Jack had seen it happen so many times and it always saddened him, watching strong young bodies and minds wither as time took its toll.

Some people stood the test of time better than others; to Jack, Estelle was still as beautiful and vibrant as when they’d met, and her mind remained sharp as a tack.

It was so hard lying to her, telling her he was his own son when in truth, the passing years that had brought her to old age hadn’t left a single mark on him. Would she hate him if she knew?

The End
Bad Timing

Chapter Summary

Alien technology doesn’t always cause problems at convenient moments.

Chapter Notes

My last drabble for Challenge 370: Old Age at tw100.

Torchwood’s latest brush with alien technology had resulted in Owen and Gwen being de-aged. It was unfortunate timing as Tosh was in Japan visiting her family.

“Look, we’ve seen things like this before,” Jack told them. “Tosh always makes comprehensive notes on all technology she studies. You’ve got nothing to worry about, I’ll soon have you both back to normal.”

Famous last words.

An hour later, Jack had managed to reverse the de-aging, resulting in two of his agents becoming old age pensioners somewhat prematurely.

“Oh well. At least they’re not kids anymore,” Ianto sighed. “Back to the drawing board.”

The End
Ianto just wants to sleep…

Ianto didn’t often have hangovers these days, mostly because now he was immortal he could handle his liquor better. The night before though, he must have overindulged on a grand scale judging by the pounding in his head.

It was only just dawn, so he rolled over without opening his eyes. Maybe he could sleep it off.

Ten minutes later he groaned. He loved his home most of the time, but one thing he could do without was the incessant twitter of the birds that woke at first light. He wished he had a mute button to shut them up.

The End
Shirking

Chapter Summary

Owen’s shirking instead of working.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 371: Twitter at tw100.

“Owen, have you finished that report yet?” Jack called out.

“No, and it won’t get done any faster if you keep asking for it every five minutes,” Owen replied from the autopsy bay.

“Well, get it done fast as you can. I need to know what we’re dealing with.”

“Fine. Just leave me alone.”

Sighing, Jack went back to his office. Half an hour later, still no report. Marching over to the railing he looked down at Owen, who definitely wasn’t working.

“Owen, so help me, if you don’t get off Twitter and finish that report I’ll confiscate your phone!”

The End
Trending

Chapter Summary

Torchwood uses every resource available to them.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 371: Twitter at tw100.

“Never let it be said that Torchwood doesn’t move with the times,” said Ianto as he entered Jack’s office, smartphone in hand.

“What have you got?” Jack looked questioningly at his lover even as he pulled open his desk drawer to retrieve his Webley.

“I was checking what was trending on Twitter, came across a flood of tweets about a mysterious fog in Splott.”

“What’s mysterious about fog?”

“Apparently it’s purple, it glows, and so far it’s melted the tyres off two bicycles, three cars, and a bus.”

“Ah. Guess we’d better check it out then.”

“I’ll get your coat.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Planning the wedding is getting to Rhys.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 371: Twitter at tw100.

Rhys loved Gwen, really he did, and he couldn’t be happier that she’d agreed to marry him, but now she was driving him crazy. The wedding plans had her all a-twitter. Every conversation they had was about the wedding; flowers, photographers, band or DJ? Guest list, seating arrangements, place settings, buffet or sit down meal?

Then there were the discussions about the colour scheme, the bridesmaids’ dresses, whether or not to have hymns during the service…

As much as he loved Gwen, tonight Rhys was going out with his friends to have a few drinks and talk about rugby instead.

The End
Aggravation

Chapter Summary

Owen is being aggravating.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 372: Party at tw100.

Set during Season One.

Ianto was fuming. Owen could be so childish sometimes.

“Give that back!” He’d got a letter at work, a personal and private letter, which Owen had snatched out of his hand and was trying to read. Not that he’d have much luck; it was in Welsh.

“Make me!”

“You think I won’t?”

“You don’t have the guts.”

Well, Ianto would set him straight on that. He grabbed Owen, twisting him into an arm lock as the smaller man kicked and struggled, which was when Jack walked in.

“Boys, boys, is this a private party or can anyone join in?”

Typical.

The End
Party Crashed

Chapter Summary

Birthday parties at Torchwood don’t always go to plan.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 372: Party at tw100.

Everyone at Torchwood gets a party on their birthday; it’s traditional. Of course, some go better than others.

They hadn’t even got to the present opening, never mind the food, when the Rift alarm sounded. By the time they got back, dirty, sweaty and exhausted, all anyone wanted was a coffee and a chance to take the weight off their feet. Instead, they found the Hub in complete chaos.

The party buffet, what was left of it, was strewn everywhere and the gifts shredded.

“But I locked Myf in her aerie!” Ianto whimpered.


The End
Stag Do

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s coerced into having a stag party.

Chapter Notes

My third of four drabbles for Challenge 372: Party at tw100.

Ianto hadn’t even wanted a stag party, but Owen and Rhys had insisted. It was weird to think of those two collaborating over anything; Ianto suspected Gwen had put them up to it.

So here he was, surrounded by drunken men, half of whom he didn’t even know. Some were Rhys’ friends, always happy to go out on the lash if someone else was paying. Andy was there too, and Johnny. Mixing family and work colleagues was a bad enough idea, but a strip club?

“Just so you can see what you’re givin’ up by marrying a bloke!” Owen teased.

The End
The Late Uncle

Chapter Summary

Ianto accidentally breaks a promise, among other things.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 372: Party at tw100.

“It’s Mica’s party tomorrow,” Rhiannon reminded Ianto over the phone. “You’ll be there won’t you? She’s really looking forward to seeing you.”

“I’ll be there. Three o’clock, right? I hope she’ll like her present.”

“If it’s from you, I’m sure she’ll love it.”

OoOoOoO

Three o’clock came and went with no uncle Ianto. Mica hid it well, but she was disappointed. Just after four, the doorbell rang. Rhi pulled it open ready to let rip, but…

“Oh my God! What happened?”

“Sorry I’m late. Broke my ankle, been in casualty getting it plastered.” Ianto looked sheepish. “I tripped over Mica’s present.”

The End
Woeful Weevil

Chapter Summary

Janet seems to be under the weather.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 373: Spotted at tw100. I’m blaming m_findlow for this ;)

Ianto came running up from the vaults, where he’d been feeding the residents.
“Owen! You need to have a look at Janet!”
“What’s up with her?”
“How should I know? You’re the doctor.”
“Well what’re her symptoms?” Owen grabbed his kit and followed Ianto.
“She’s grumpier than usual, restless, and it looks like she’s got spots.”

Down in the vaults, Owen studied the patient from a distance. Janet was fidgeting uncomfortably; she was definitely spotty, all over her head and probably under her boiler suit too.
“Well, that’s a first! She’s got chicken pox, must have caught it from Jack.

The End
In Sympathy

Chapter Summary

Oh dear, what’s wrong with Nosy?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 373: Spotted at tw100.

“Owen,” Tosh asked, sounding worried, “can Fluffs catch human diseases?”

“Not as far as I know, their biology is completely different. Why?”

“Well, see for yourself.”

Owen looked over at Nosy. It seemed perfectly fine and happy, slinking about and tidying the Hub, but its green fluff was speckled with pink spots.

“That’s… weird.”

“What’s weird?” Ianto came out of Jack’s office to join them.

“Nosy’s all spotted,” Tosh told him.

“Oh, don’t worry about that, I think it’s just Nosy’s way of sympathising with Jack. Either that or it thinks spots look pretty; hard to tell with a Fluff.”

The End
Spotted Ianto

Chapter Summary

Ianto has spots. Jack is understandably worried.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 373: Spotted at tw100.

Jack took one look at Ianto and shouted for Owen, grabbing his lover by the arm and dragging him towards the autopsy bay.

“Jack, let go! What’re you doing?” Ianto tried to pull himself free as Owen appeared, summoned by the yelling.

“Ianto’s got Thalaxian Measles! He’s covered in blue spots!” Jack’s eyes were wide with worry.

Sure enough, Ianto’s face was spotted with tiny blue dots.

“Don’t think there’s anything to worry about unless it infects clothes too.” Owen pointed at identical dots on Ianto’s shirt.

“My pen exploded,” Ianto explained. “I only came down to change my shirt.”

The End
Myf Spotted

Chapter Summary

Myfanwy has come home in a bit of a state.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 373: Spotted at tw100.

Ianto looked at Myfanwy, puzzled and confused.

“When you said Myf had been spotted, I thought you meant someone had seen her, not… this. What is it?”

Their pet Pteranodon was splattered all over with coloured splodges and looked rather put out.

“Not sure, I scraped some off; Owen’s running tests.”

“Nothing to worry about; it’s only paint, non-toxic, the kind used for paintballing,” Owen said, emerging from the autopsy bay.

“Didn’t a new paintball venue open recently just outside Cardiff?”

Ianto nodded. “It was on the news.”

They looked at each other and Owen winced. “I’ll get the Retcon.”

The End
Christmas Gloom

Chapter Summary

Jack wants to make his room look Christmassy.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 374: Bare at tw100.

Jack looked gloomily around the cubby-hole beneath his office. The rest of the Hub had been decorated for Christmas, but down here looked rather bare. It needed a little something, just a few small, tasteful decorations here and there to make it more festive, so it fitted in with the rest of the place.

Humming to himself, Jack went to rummage through the boxes the decorations were kept in. Surely there’d be enough left over to add some Christmas cheer to his bedroom. No such luck, there wasn’t so much as a strand of tinsel to be found.

“Bah humbug!”

The End
Empty Spaces

Chapter Summary

Jack looks around Ianto’s empty flat one last time.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 374: Bare at tw100.

The empty rooms echoed hollowly as Jack walked slowly through Ianto’s flat, checking that nothing had been missed. Opening the kitchen cupboards one by one, every shelf was as bare as the floorboards beneath his feet. The tins and packets were gone, along with the bottles of cleaning products from under the sink, the cutlery from the drawers, the plates, mugs and pans.

Take away everything that makes a house a home and all you’re left with are walls, ceilings and floors. It’s lonely.

Time to go. They still have everything to unpack into their new, bigger, equally empty flat.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s new flat needs decorating.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 374: Bare at tw100.

Jack frowned at the wall in front of him. Their new flat was finally finished, but this wall, like all the others, was still bare plaster. Before Ianto had left to fetch the last few things they needed for decorating the place, he’d spread dustsheets across the floors and left Jack to get started on the painting.

He had all the tools he needed, but what he didn’t have were overalls. Ianto would kill him if he got paint on his clothes.

There was only one thing to do. Stripping himself as bare as the walls, he set to work.

TBC in ‘All’s Bare’
Chapter Summary

Ianto gets a surprise when he returns to the flat.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 374: Bare at tw100.

“Jack! What on earth are you doing?” Ianto arrived home with the final decorating supplies to find his partner halfway up the stepladder, bare ass naked, with a paint roller in his hand.

“I’m painting; what does it look like I’m doing?”

“Where are your clothes?”

“Painting’s messy, and I didn’t have any old clothes I could wear. This seemed like the best solution. When I’m done I can just hop in the shower and get clean.”

Ianto couldn’t fault Jack’s logic. Shrugging, he shed his own clothes and picked up a roller.

If you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em.

The End
Ianto bustled around the supermarket, loading supplies for Christmas into his trolley. Sprouts, parsnips, spuds, carrots, mince pies, Christmas pudding, custard powder, cheesy biscuits, sausage rolls, a turkey, stuffing mix, Christmas crackers… One by one he crossed items off the very comprehensive list he’d written the night before.

Jack trailed behind him, looking bemused and occasionally adding something that wasn’t on Ianto’s list; crisps, chocolates, a couple of bottles of really good white wine. He stared at the item Ianto had in his hand.

“Ianto? Why do they call it cranberry sauce when it looks like a jar of jam?”

The End
Chapter Summary

The team are taking a well-earned break from Christmas preparations.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 375: Sauce at tw100.

Two in a row to come out at exactly 100 words! That’s a little scary, in a good way!

Christmas was only a week away and frantic preparations were under way at the Hub. Putting up the decorations had been a joint effort; everyone had worked so hard that Ianto decided to reward them with freshly made eggnog.

As they relaxed, sipping from their glasses and admiring their handiwork, a certain Fluff slithered past from the kitchen, weaving erratically from side to side.

Owen snorted in amusement. “Looks like Nosy’s been on the sauce!”

Ianto jumped up, nearly spilling his drink. “Oh God! I left the eggnog out!”

Jack sighed. “I think you might have to make another batch.”

The End
Jack and Ianto had spent several hours dealing with aliens who hadn’t believed they were on earth, instead of the Hydrofax pleasure dome. Now it was late, they were starving, but they were finally back at the Hub.

Ianto slumped wearily onto the old sofa while Jack set out Chinese takeaway. As they helped themselves and started to eat, Torchwood’s Pteranodon fluttered down to join them.

“Jack? Why is Myfanwy looking at us like that?”

“Ah.” Jack looked at his food. “I ran out of her barbecue sauce last week and used Soy sauce instead. I think she liked it.”

The End
Finishing Touch

Chapter Summary

Jack’s taking great care in creating his perfect dessert.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 375: Sauce at tw100.

Jack upended the bottle of chocolate sauce and carefully drizzled it over the confection before him. It looked delicious. Carefully arranged slices of fresh peach, halved strawberries, plump raspberries, and a scoop each of vanilla, chocolate and strawberry ice cream. The sauce was the finishing touch.

His mouth watered; he’d been looking forward to this all day and he wanted it to be perfect. “Maybe I should add some sprinkles, or a couple of those wafer biscuits they put in sundaes.”

“Jack, will you just hurry up and eat? The ice cream is freezing my fucking balls off!” Ianto complained.

The End
Boxing Day Cleanup – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Christmas Day was fun, but someone has to deal with the aftermath, and we all know who that will be.

Chapter Notes

The first of a four-part series written for Challenge 376: Rubbish at tw100.

Christmas at the Hub had been a merry occasion, good food, good company, just enough booze, and an abundance of presents to unwrap. Lit by strings of fairy lights and adorned with decorations, the Hub itself had looked delightfully festive, more like Santa’s grotto than a secret underground base.

But now it was Boxing Day, and while the decorations remained pretty, the mess left over from the day before certainly wasn’t. There were empty plates and glasses on every surface and abandoned wrapping paper all over the floor.

Ianto sighed. Why was he always left to clean up the rubbish?

TBC in ‘Boxing Day Cleanup – Part 2’
Boxing Day Cleanup – Part 2

Chapter Summary

Ianto tackles the mess.

Chapter Notes

Second part of a four-part drabble series written for Challenge 376: Rubbish at tw100.

Ianto knew if he waited for the others to show up and help with the cleaning he’d be waiting all day, so hanging up his jacket, he got stuck in. First he collected the plates and glasses, loading them in the dishwasher and setting it going.

Next he tackled the wrapping paper, bundling together everything that could be recycled and putting it in bags.

Burst balloons, foil paper and plastics went into another rubbish sack, destined for the dustbin, while the rest of the detritus was swept up for burning in the incinerator.

Two hours later, the Hub looked spotless.

TBC in ‘Boxing Day Cleanup – Part 3’
Ianto tied the top of the last bag and set it aside, turning to admire his handiwork. Everything looked just the way it should; all that was left was to cart the bags of rubbish and recycling up to the bins and down to the incinerator, and he’d be finished.

Then Tosh came running in.

“Ianto, have you seen Dizzy? I can’t find it anywhere.”

“Oh no.” Ianto stared at his neat row of black bags and groaned. Now he’d have to empty them all to make sure he hadn’t accidentally gathered up the missing Flufflet. “I hate my life.”

TBC in ‘Boxing Day Cleanup – Part 4’
Chapter Summary

The search for Dizzy is underway.

Chapter Notes

The final part of my four part drabble series for Challenge 376: Rubbish at tw100.

“You really think Dizzy’s in one of those bags?” Tosh asked, wide-eyed.
“I don’t know, but we’ll have to look.” Ianto’s shoulders slumped. “I only just got this place tidied.”
“I’ll help,” Tosh assured him. “We’ll go through one bag at a time.”
“Thanks, Tosh.”
When they were halfway though, Jack appeared. “What’re you two doing?”
“Dizzy’s gone missing, we’re checking it didn’t get bagged up with the rubbish,” Tosh explained.
Jack grinned. “It didn’t.” He pointed at the tree.
There was Dizzy, dangling amid the tinsel, sound asleep, oblivious to the panic it had caused.
Ianto sighed. “Of course.”
The End
Sometimes the Rift brings Torchwood wonderful things, and sometimes… it doesn’t.

A fifth drabble for Challenge 376: Rubbish at tw100.

Wow! Another one to come out at 100 words first try! That’s three in just over a week!

Jack and Ianto trailed back into the Hub looking grubby and dishevelled after going out to investigate a Rift alert. Tosh, always eager to investigate the gifts the Rift bestowed on them, smiled in anticipation.

“What did we get this time?”

“A load of rubbish,” Jack grumbled, heading up to his office.

“I know a lot of what comes through is broken or damaged, but that doesn’t mean it’s not interesting,” Tosh objected.

“It was a literal load of rubbish, Tosh,” Ianto explained. “Complete with rubbish bin. Jack’s just a bit cranky because it dropped on his head.”

Tosh giggled.

The End
Unsurprised

Chapter Summary

Jack’s efforts to give Ianto a birthday surprise or two aren’t terribly successful.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 377: Surprise at tw100.

“It’s the thought that counts,” Ianto reminded himself, hanging up the phone after confirming the reservations Jack had made at a very nice restaurant.

“Jack’s trying.” He smiled at the double meaning as he confirmed with the baker the decorations on the birthday cake Jack had ordered.

“This is all very thoughtful,” he mused as he dutifully signed for the tickets to the rugby match that the courier was delivering.

It was nice to know that Jack had remembered his birthday and was taking such pains to make it special. It just wasn’t going to be much of a surprise.

The End
Cake Surprise

Chapter Summary

Ianto should have known Jack would pull a stunt like this.

Chapter Notes

A second drabble for Challenge 377: Surprise at tw100.

Blame m_findlow for this – I’d already written my four drabbles for this week, then I read her drabble ‘Birthday Surprise’ and this happened.

Seeing the massive cake in the middle of the Hub, Ianto hung his head and groaned. Trust Jack to do something like this! Ianto knew exactly what would happen next.

Having the team witness this humiliation would have been bad enough, but Jack had invited Martha, Tom, the Doctor, Rhiannon and her family too.

“Ready for your surprise?” a voice beside him asked.

Ianto glared at Jack, about ready to kill him, then stopped. If Jack was there, who was in the cake?

“Happy birthday, Ianto!” everyone shouted.

Out of the cake burst Nosy!

A much nicer surprise than expected!

The End
The life of a Torchwood agent is full of surprises.

Working for Torchwood meant that every day was a surprise. There was never any way of knowing what the Rift would bring them next, or when. Sometimes they’d have to hunt for it and other times they were the hunted, fighting for their lives.

Some days were surprisingly boring and slow, nothing happening worth mentioning, while others were so busy they barely had time to catch their breath before the next crisis had them running for the door again.

But as every Torchwood agent soon learned, the biggest surprise each day was still being alive at the end of it.
Surprising Ianto

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s not prepared for what he finds when he returns to work after being injured.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 377: Surprise at tw100.

Something was definitely, seriously wrong.

This was Ianto’s first day back at work after injury forced him to take two weeks off; now here he was, back at the Hub and… it was spotless.

No used mugs and plates scattered everywhere. No overflowing rubbish bins. No sticky rings on the workstations and coffee table. No piles of files teetering on the edges of desks. No pizza boxes and takeout cartons crammed into corners…

As he stared in shock, the team suddenly burst out of hiding.

“Surprise! Welcome back, Ianto! We cleaned up so you wouldn’t have to.”

Best surprise ever!

The End
Surprised

Chapter Summary

It’s not the surprise Ianto was expecting…

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 377: Surprise at tw100.

Ianto groaned. He should’ve known Jack would do something like this. He’d said he didn’t want a birthday party, just a quiet evening at home after the madness of the last month. Jack had even sent him home early, saying he’d join him later.

Then he’d got the phone call from Owen saying there was an emergency and he was needed back at the Hub.

He’d expected a surprise party, but instead…

“I’m sorry, Ianto, I was baking your cake!” Jack moaned. “I wanted to surprise you.”

“I’m surprised,” Ianto admitted.

The cooker had exploded; now Jack was completely bald.

The End
When he was little, Ianto had loved surprises. Sometimes his tad took them on surprise outings, or his mum would surprise him with sweets or small toys.

As he’d grown older though, he’d found not all surprises were good, like his sister announcing she was marrying Johnny Davies, or coming home and finding his tad drunk.

Working for Torchwood meant surprises every day. Some were pleasant. Most had sharp teeth, deadly weapons, or exploded unexpectedly. Surprising, yes, but not exactly fun.

This, however…

“Surprise!” shouted Jack, throwing his coat open. Ianto blinked and grinned.

Unexpected Naked Jack was always good!

The End
Seeing Red Again

Chapter Summary

Ianto is greeted by a macabre sight when he enters the Hub.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 378: Blood at tw100.

Spoilers: Countrycide.

Arriving back at the Hub, Ianto was confronted by a grim and disturbing sight.

The scene looked like something out of a slasher movie; splashes of dark red spattered across the wall, floor, coffee table and sofa… It took Ianto right back to the farmhouse in the Beacons, a place of blood and cannibals, and his mouth went dry. He hadn’t been gone long, what the hell had happened?

“Jack?”

The man in question emerged from the kitchen, carrying a bundle of rags.

“It’s okay, it’s not blood.” He looked sheepish. “Had a bit of trouble with the ketchup bottle.”

The End
In His Blood

Chapter Summary

Why does Ianto stay with Torchwood?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 378: Blood at tw100.

Spoilers: Slight for Cyberwoman.

When Ianto started work at Torchwood One, it was just a job, a chance at earning a good wage and setting himself up for the future instead of living hand-to-mouth the way he had been. He'd wanted to make something of himself and he was finally succeeding. Meeting Lisa had been the icing on the cake.

Then everything went to hell in the space of a single day; protecting Lisa had become his only purpose.

When he lost her, the smart thing would’ve been to leave, start over, but Torchwood was in his blood. It was all he had left.

The End
Useful Talents

Chapter Summary

Ianto has developed some unusual skills through working for Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 378: Blood at tw100.

Ianto’s learned a lot since joining Torchwood Three; every day is an education. For instance, he’s become an authority on the care and feeding of not only Pteranodons, but also several species of alien.

Jack’s given him extensive training in firearms of both the human and alien variety, as well as hand to hand combat, so he’s no longer just Hub support but a competent field agent. He’s also improved his computer skills under Tosh’s tutelage.

And somewhere along the line, he’s learned how to get bloodstains out of just about anything. Sometimes he thinks that’s his most useful talent.

The End
Overprotective

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s injured and Jack’s concerned.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 378: Blood at tw100.

“Jack! Don’t make such a fuss!” Ianto was torn between exasperation and amusement. He knew Jack worried, but this was ridiculous.

“But you’re injured! There’s blood and everything!”

“Everything?” Ianto arched an eyebrow.

“Well, blood anyway. You need to apply pressure to stop the bleeding!”

“I need to wash the blood off and find a plaster.” Ianto headed for the kitchenette where he kept a basic first aid kit so nobody had to bother Owen with trivialities.

“But you might need stitches!”

This time Ianto rolled his eyes. “Jack, it’s a paper cut!”

“Can I at least kiss it better?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s not happy about his current condition.

Chapter Notes

This drabble series seemed unfinished, so here’s a drabble and a half to continue ‘Jack’s Beary Tale’. Follows Chapters 152 & 158.

Being a living teddy bear was annoying enough in the first place, but while Tosh was busy trying to figure out how to turn him back into himself, Jack was at a bit of a loose end.

His short teddy bear legs didn’t bend in the middle, so negotiating stairs was a bit awkward, and his butt was too big for any of the chairs. The only place he could sit was on the sofa, with his legs sticking out. He felt ridiculous.

Worse, his paws were too big and clumsy to use a computer keyboard, never mind hold a pen, so he couldn’t even do the paperwork that had piled up on his desk recently. As much as he hated the clerical side of his job, right at that moment he would have welcomed the distraction of boring reports and forms.

He was bored out of his fuzzy skull.

TBC in ‘Unbearable’
Chapter Summary

Being a living teddy bear is nowhere near as much fun as it sounds.

Chapter Notes

Another drabble and a half, part four of ‘Jack’s Beary Tale’. Follows previous chapter.

Teddy-Jack looked on sadly as Ianto handed out coffee to the team. He wished he could have some, but Owen’s scans had shown he had no internal organs, just stuffing and a growler, so drinking and eating were out of the question. He sighed heavily; something a creature with no lungs shouldn’t have been capable of. Everything was screwed up! Surely the day couldn’t get any worse.

Then there was a Weevil alert and the rest of the team hared off to deal with it. Jack had to stay behind at the Hub; for his own safety, Ianto had said. After all, who knew what would happen if he got the stuffing ripped out of him? Teddy bears aren’t indestructible. It was a fair point, but it didn’t make Jack feel any better. Now he was not only bored, but lonely too.

He was a bear who needed a hug.

TBC in ‘Bear Hug’
Chapter Summary

Jack is finding being a teddy bear increasingly frustrating.

Chapter Notes

A double drabble, part five of ‘Jack’s Beary Tale’.

Jack had seldom been happier to see his team return from a mission; they seemed to have been gone for hours. All he’d been able to do while they were away was pace worriedly and growl. He hadn’t liked not being out there with them; Weevils were dangerous and unpredictable, anything could’ve happened to them. Not knowing what was going on had only made him fret more; he hadn’t even been able to keep in touch via comms.

When the team finally straggled back into the Hub, looking tired and grubby but mercifully undamaged, Jack swept them all into a bear hug, ignoring Owen’s complaints as his face was crushed against Jack’s furry chest.

“I’m so glad you’re all back and safe!”

“We’re glad too, Jack,” Ianto assured him, patting a fluffy arm. “That was a wily Weevil, it escaped into the sewers, but not before running us ragged across half of Cardiff. Could’ve used your help out there.”

Jack squeezed Ianto tighter. “I’m useless like this,” he growled mournfully. “Please just make me human again and I’ll be good. I’ll even do my paperwork!”

“I’ll believe that when I see it!” Ianto chuckled, but he hugged Jack back anyway.

TBC in ‘Bear No More’
Bear No More - Sequel to ‘Bear Hug’

Chapter Summary

Now that he’s human again, Jack needs to get his priorities straight.

Chapter Notes

Another double drabble, the final part of ‘Jack’s Beary Tale’.

The first thing Jack did when Tosh finally succeeded in changing him back into himself was to grab Ianto and kiss him as if they hadn’t seen each other in months. Then when they eventually had to come up for air, he begged for coffee, claiming to be so caffeine deprived he might wither away on the spot. Ianto rolled his eyes at the melodramatic statement, but made the longed for coffee anyway. He never could resist Jack’s puppy-dog pleading.

After his third mug of coffee, Jack told the rest of the team to go home and without even waiting for them to leave, dragged Ianto towards his office and the little bunker beneath, which served as his bedroom.

“Didn’t you tell me that when you were human again you’d do all your paperwork?” Ianto raised an eyebrow enquiringly.

“I did, and I will, I promise. But I just got all my parts back; I need to check everything’s in working order. You’ll help me with that won’t you?”

How could he possibly say no to that? Jack as a teddy bear was warm and cuddly, but Ianto had to admit he’d missed Jack’s parts as much as Jack had!

The End
A DI’s Tale – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Detective Swanson finds herself in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Chapter Notes

The first drabble in a seven part series written for Challenge 379: Cardiff Constabulary at tw100.

Being a cop in Cardiff was different to being a cop anywhere else; Kathy had realised that shortly after transferring to the city as a newly promoted Detective Inspector. She had a friend in the London Constabulary who claimed they saw a lot of weirdness there, especially around Christmastime, but Kathy was sure that Cardiff had London beat.

For instance, her friend had never said anything about sharp-toothed monsters lurking in London’s alleys.

Kathy stared at the monster.

It stared back… and growled.

For the first time, she wished that police in Britain carried guns, like they did in America.

TBC in ‘A DI’s Tale – Part 2’
Kathy was pretty good at staring contests; there wasn’t much that could intimidate her. She’d earned the respect of her colleagues in the Cardiff Constabulary by proving herself as tough as any man, able to stare down the most hardened rapists and murderers.

But this was different, this wasn’t some low-life human, wasted on drugs; in fact it wasn’t human at all, she’d bet a year’s wages on that.

And yet, it was no animal either; the creature’s eyes held a feral hunger, but also intelligence.

Nothing had ever scared her like this thing did; it didn’t belong on earth.

TBC in ‘A DI’s Tale – Part 3’
A DI’s Tale – Part 3

Chapter Summary

It’s stalemate, and Kathy doesn’t dare move.

Chapter Notes

Part three of my drabble series for Challenge 379: Cardiff Constabulary at tw100.

She’s frozen to the spot, not able to move, hardly daring to draw breath, her eyes locked with those of the monster. Her radio is in her pocket, she could call for backup, but she’s got a horrible feeling that if she even twitches, the creature will be on her before she can scream.

Images flash through Kathy’s head, crime-scene photos from unsolved cases, murder victims, their throats torn out. Her colleagues in the Cardiff Constabulary would have people believe the mutilation was caused by foxes post-mortem.

She’s almost certain that now she’s face to face with the real killer.

TBC in ‘A DI’s Tale – Part 4’
Chapter Summary

Rescue is at hand! Something Kathy has mixed feelings about.

Chapter Notes

Part four of my drabble series written for Challenge 379: Cardiff Constabulary at tw100.

“Detective Swanson, fancy meeting you here!” The cheery American-accented voice that broke the silence was as incongruous as it was unexpected.

Kathy wanted to reply with something scathing, or at least a warning, because although she disliked and resented Harkness and his Torchwood team, she didn’t want to see anyone torn to shreds right before her eyes.

Aware that her next move might be her last, she remained unmoving as Harkness swept past in his ridiculous coat, spraying something in the creature’s face. As it collapsed, he turned, flashing her his best smile.

“Always happy to assist the Cardiff Constabulary!”

TBC in ‘A DI’s Tale – Part 5’
A DI’s Tale – Part 5

Chapter Summary

Being saved by Torchwood hasn’t improved Kathy’s mood

Chapter Notes

The fifth part of my drabble series writte for Challenge 379: Cardiff Constabulary at tw100.

Smug bastard! Harkness may have just saved her life, but that didn’t mean she had to like him.

“What is that, and what did you do to it?” she demanded, her voice fainter than she would have liked.

One of the Torchwood team, a guy in a suit, calmly walked past her, put a hood over the creature’s head, injected it with something, and hoisted it over his shoulder. He’d clearly done this before.

“Weevil,” Harkness explained. “They’re not from around here. With all due respect to Cardiff’s finest, you’re not equipped to deal with them. Leave them to us.”

TBC in ‘A DI’s Tale – Part 6’
Chapter Summary

Kathy wants an explanation or two.

Chapter Notes

Part six of my drabble series written for Challenge 379: Cardiff Constabulary at tw100.
One more to go.

“How can these things exist without anyone seeing them? How many people have they killed?”
Kathy had so many questions she hardly knew where to start.

“Lots of people see them, but who’d believe such a crazy story? They’re usually dismissed as people wearing masks. They live in the sewers, mostly do no harm. Occasionally one goes rogue, and sometimes someone gets killed. We do our best, but Weevils are the least of our problems. There are worse things.” For once, Harkness looked serious. “Your police deal with human criminals; let Torchwood deal with the aliens. That’s what we do.”

TBC in ‘A DI’s Tale – Part 7’
A DI’s Tale – Part 7

Chapter Summary

Now Kathy’s eyes have been opened, she understands Torchwood – and Jack – better.

Chapter Notes

Final part of my drabble series written for Challenge 379: Cardiff Constabulary at tw100.

“What now? Do I sign the official secrets act or something?”

“Do you want to?” The smirk was back. Kathy just glared and Harkness sighed. “Go on with your life, try to pretend tonight never happened, call us if you see anything weird. Or you can forget tonight, if you want.” He held out a small pill. “I can make that happen.”

“No. I don’t want to forget what I saw.”

Harkness shrugged. “Your choice. I antagonise the police for a reason, Kathy. It makes you steer clear of us. You’re safer that way.”

Kathy nodded, finally understanding. “I know.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s looking even smarter than usual.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 380: Fancy at tw100.

Owen glanced up as Ianto placed a mug of coffee on his workstation then did a double take. While Ianto always looked smart in his suits, he didn’t usually wear a tux to work.

“Look at you, all done up to the nines. What’s with the fancy outfit? Not exactly practical for mucking out the Weevils.”

“No, not that. Jack and I are going to the opening of the new art gallery,” Ianto smirked. “And since you volunteered, you’ll be mucking out the Weevils tonight.”

With that, Ianto strolled away, leaving Owen speechless.

The End
Ianto had been to the bakery to pick up afternoon snacks. Really the team should be eating more healthily, but with all the running around they didn’t seem to be putting on weight. Besides, they all knew they were more likely to die from something alien related rather than high cholesterol anyway.

“Ooh, cakes!” Gwen bounced over then frowned. “Where are the cupcakes?”

“We always have cupcakes,” Ianto replied. “I felt like a change, and these looked really good.”

Jack grinned, selecting a cake. “You know what they say, ‘A little fondant fancy does you good’!”

Ianto didn’t correct him.

The End

For those who don’t know, the real saying is ‘A little of what you fancy does you good.’
Middle-Aged

Chapter Summary

The years are catching up to Gwen.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 380: Fancy at tw100.

Looking in her mirror, Gwen sighed. She couldn’t deny it any longer, she had definite wrinkles and her once dark brown hair was flecked with grey. She was a middle-aged frump.

“What’s up, love?” Rhys came up behind her and slipped his arms around her no longer trim waist, chin resting on her head.

“I’m getting old, wrinkly and fat. Look at me!” She gestured at her reflection in the mirror.

“You’re bloody gorgeous, Gwen Cooper-Williams, I’ll always fancy you.”

“Even when I’m old and my hair’s white?”

“Course I will!”

Gwen knew without a doubt that he meant it.

The End
Suitable Attire

Chapter Summary

Owen is not happy about having to look smart.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble written for Challenge 380: Fancy at tw100.

“Why do I have to get dolled up?” Owen grumbled. “This thing’s stranglin’ me.” He tugged at his tie and Ianto slapped his hands away before straightening it again.

“Leave it alone or I’ll strangle you myself.”

“Oh yeah? You and whose army?”

“What’s your problem, Owen?” Jack strode over, resplendent in his own suit. “Nobody else is complaining.”

“It’s alright for Ianto, he’s used to wearing fancy suits and ties, and the girls love getting’ dressed up, but this isn’t me!” Owen gestured at the suit.

“You’re not wearing jeans and t-shirt to meet the Queen and that’s final!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Time can pass too slowly when you’re waiting for something.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 57: Anticipation at tw100.

Spoilers: They Keep Killing Suzie.

Ten minutes had never passed so slowly. Ianto had finished Suzie’s paperwork in less than two minutes. It would take hardly longer than that to return to the main level of the Hub. What was he going to do with himself for the remaining five minutes or so? Willing time to go faster never worked.

He was nervous, excited and still a bit shell-shocked that he’d propositioned Jack over the body of their former colleague, but he wanted this, wanted Jack, more than ever before.

Since Lisa, they’d barely touched; now the anticipation of what lay ahead was killing him!

The End
Eyes

Chapter Summary

Ianto is being followed.

Chapter Notes

Written for mahmfic’s prompt ‘Eyes’.

Ianto looked up from filing and nearly jumped out of his skin. A pair of eyes was staring at him from the wall. This was beyond a joke.

All afternoon, wherever he went, the eyes followed him; it was downright disconcerting. Whenever he turned around, there they were.

Of course, if you worked for Torchwood long enough, you became accustomed to the weird, but even so…

Ianto stopped halfway down the corridor, turned and glared at the eyes. They blinked innocently back at him.

“For God’s sake, Jack, will you turn that bloody camouflage field off? You’re creeping me out!”

The End
Lost Or Strayed?

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s busy putting his laundry away, but there’s a problem.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 381: Pair at tw100. This is part one of six.

Yes, I have taken leave of my senses. It’s the return of the sock! This is the first part of a six-part drabble series. It’s complete so I’m hoping to post one part a day for the rest of the week.

Jack calls it being finicky, but to Ianto it’s just common sense. When the laundry is dry, he carefully pairs up his socks so that in the morning when he grabs clean underwear from his drawer, he can be sure of getting two socks that actually match.

That’s what he’s doing now, but he’s hit a snag; there are only thirteen socks. Six pairs are neatly matched up ready for the sock drawer, but what use is half a pair? The odd sock seems to glare at him accusingly for daring to lose its mate.

“Don’t worry, I’ll find it.”

TBC in ‘Wandering Sock’
Wandering Sock - Sequel to ‘Lost Or Strayed?’

Chapter Summary

The years of working for Torchwood seem to be taking their toll on Ianto’s sanity.

Chapter Notes

Second part of my drabble series written for Challenge 381: Pair at tw100.

Working for Torchwood can have very strange effects on a man. You know you’ve got serious problems when you start talking reassuringly to your socks.

“I must be going loopy. You’re just a sock, and anyway your other half shouldn’t have wandered off, then it wouldn’t be lost.”

Picking up the paired socks, he arranges them neatly in the drawer and closes it. The odd sock is put back on the bed and ordered to stay while Ianto goes in search of the other half of the pair. Just how far could a single sock get on its own anyway?

TBC in ‘Sock Hunt’
Sock Hunt - Sequel to ‘Wandering Sock’

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s starts looking for the lost sock.

Chapter Notes

Part three of my Drabble series written for Challenge 381: Pair at tw100.

Ianto decides the most logical place to begin his search is the tumble drier, but feeling around inside fails to reveal the missing sock. Ditto for the washing machine, and there’s nowhere the sock could have been dropped en route from one to the other since they’re standing side by side. Just to be sure, he scans the utility room floor, but its clear.

No stray sock.

His next thought is that maybe it’s still lurking in the laundry hamper, but on checking, the only socks there are the last pair he took off.

The missing sock is proving elusive.

TBC in ‘The Loneliness Of A Single Sock’
Chapter Summary

One sock alone is a sad sight.

Chapter Notes

Fourth part of my drabble series written for Challenge 381: Pair at tw100.

The single sock on the bed looks sad and lonely. Ianto knows that feeling all too well, it’s the one he had after Jack left without warning. But Jack returned to him and took the loneliness away; the least Ianto can do is find his sock’s lost mate. It has to be around here somewhere.

Maybe he’s being daft, but he can’t give up; his sock hunt has become a mission of mercy, he simply has to reunite the pair.

Thus begins a painstaking search of the house, starting down in the utility room and backtracking along the laundry’s route.

TBC in ‘Little Lost Sock’
Chapter Summary

The sock is found!

Chapter Notes

Part five of my drabble series written for Challenge 381: Pair at tw100.

It takes Ianto nearly an hour of diligent searching, through the kitchen, hallway, staircase, landing, and bedroom, before he finally tracks his little lost sock to the en suite, where he discovers it lying dejectedly underneath the bathroom stool. There are a few dust bunnies under there too; maybe they abducted the sock.

He picks the fluff off and triumphantly returns the sock to its mate, setting it down alongside the one he’d left on the bed, but if he’s expecting a joyful reunion, he’s disappointed. Single socks look sad, but two just look like a pair. Maybe they’re shy.

TBC in ‘A Pair Again’
A Pair Again - Sequel to ‘Little Lost Sock’

Chapter Summary

The saga of the socks comes to a happy ending.

Chapter Notes

The final part of my series written for Challenge 381: Pair at tw100.

Now Ianto has one clean sock and one dirty sock; that’s a dilemma. Should he separate the pair again? Put the clean one away and the dirty one in the hamper? That seems cruel. Scooping them up, he drops both in the hamper for washing; a second wash won’t do the clean one any harm.

“Ianto, what’re you doing out of bed?”

Jack’s home.

“Reuniting lost socks. They were sad and lonely but they’re okay now.”

“That’s good. Now back to bed with you. You’re meant to be resting, doctor’s orders.”

Ianto doped up on flu medicine is just adorable.

The End
Morning Sun

Chapter Summary

Another day dawns for Ianto and Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 382: Gold/Golden at tw100.

The sun was rising, a golden ball slowly separating itself from the horizon, embarking on its daily voyage across the heavens. It did the same thing every day, just usually there were clouds blocking the view.

Not today though, for once the sky was a cloudless blue, a welcome change after the high winds and rain that had been battering the whole of Britain lately. If it weren’t so cold, Ianto thought it would be rather pleasant, but he was currently freezing his arse off after a night spent chasing aliens.

Shame nobody appreciated Torchwood’s efforts to keep Cardiff safe!

The End
Golden Ring

Chapter Summary

Tosh is captivated by a beautiful piece of jewellery.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 382: Gold/Golden at tw100.

Staring into the box, Tosh is stunned by the delicate beauty of its contents. The ring seems almost fragile, its finely wrought band made up of three strands of gold woven together in a complex piece of Celtic knot-work.

Set into the widest part is a diamond, not huge but not tiny either, the ideal size to impress without overwhelming. The central stone is flanked by the rich purple of a marched pair of amethysts, and Tosh thinks she’s never seen anything more beautiful.

“Toshiko Sato, will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?”

“Yes, Owen. I will.”

The End
Not Home

Chapter Summary

Jack is reminded of where he was born.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 382: Gold/Golden at tw100.

Spoilers: Slight for Adam.

This bit of Welsh coast always reminded Jack of the Boeshane peninsula. Beyond a stretch of scrubland, tall dunes held together by coarse grasses bordered a wide, sandy beach. Surf broke constantly on the shore, the waves sending up plumes of spray, and the salty sea breezes had made vegetation sparse, the few hardy bushes and small trees stunted and twisted.

Walking down to the water’s edge, memories assailed his senses, he almost expected to hear Gray laughing, calling for him to wait.

But it’s not home; the sand is golden instead of white, and his brother is long gone.

The End
Precious Metals

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto compare the merits of precious metals.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble written for Challenge 382: Gold/Golden at tw100.

“I’ve always found gold a bit gaudy for my tastes,” Ianto admitted. “I prefer silver.”

“Silver’s nice, but it tarnishes so badly it always seems to need cleaning,” Jack replied.

“That’s true.”

“There’s always platinum.”

Ianto shook his head. “Too expensive.”

“We can afford it.”

“I know, but it still feels like an unnecessary extravagance.”

“Isn’t unnecessary extravagance what romance is all about?”

“There’s such a thing as overdoing it.”

“Okay, so how about white gold? Best of both worlds.” Jack pointed to a display of white gold rings.

“Perfect!”

Who knew picking out wedding rings could be so complicated?

The End
Lovelorn

Chapter Summary

Janet the Weevil is feeling blue.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 383: Unrequited at tw100.

Jack hadn’t had time to visit Torchwood’s inmates for a few weeks, so what he found when he finally ventured down to the cells concerned him.

“What’s wrong with Janet?”

The Weevil in question was huddled dejectedly in the far corner of her cell, moaning piteously.

“She’s fallen in love,” Ianto replied. “Unfortunately, the object of her affections doesn’t reciprocate her feelings.”

“Ah, poor old girl. Unrequited love sucks. So who’s the cad being so mean to our poor girl?”

Jack glanced around at the Weevils housed in nearby cells.


Jack shrugged. “Close enough.”

The End
Rhys sighed sadly. Ever since Gwen had joined Torchwood, things had changed between them. He still loved his girlfriend as much as ever, maybe more because of her willingness to put her life on the line to protect the civilian population, but he could feel her drifting further away every day.

She spent most of her time at work now; sometimes he didn’t see her for days, and Rhys knew she had a thing for that flashy boss of hers, the one with the perfect teeth.

All he could do was pray that her feelings for the man were unrequited.

The End
Bitter Thoughts

Chapter Summary

Tosh watches Owen and Gwen together.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 383: Unrequited at tw100.

Spoilers: Greeks Bearing Gifts.

Tosh was an old hand when it came to unrequited love. Owen was far from being her first crush, but even back in school, the boys preferred girls with curvaceous figures and little in the way of brains.

She bit her lip, surprised and ashamed by her bitterness and the petty nature of her thoughts. It was just that Gwen was the sort of woman who could have pretty much anyone she wanted. She already had a boyfriend she went on about all the time, so why did she have to have Owen as well?

It just didn’t seem fair.

The End
Head-Over-Heels

Chapter Summary

One way in which Ianto might have met Lisa.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 383: Unrequited at tw100.
Set pre-series.

On his first day at Torchwood One, Ianto had fallen head-over-heels for a girl in his department. She was stunning: tall, willowy, with a fantastic figure, perfect skin, and a mane of red hair. She was also completely oblivious to his very existence, especially since he couldn’t even manage to string two words together in her presence.

He pined over her for weeks. Even knowing his feelings for her would forever remain unrequited didn’t dampen his ardour.

Then he tripped, falling at her feet, and she laughed. A lovely dark-skinned girl helped him up and Ianto forgot his crush completely.

The End
Chapter Summary

Dinner time is approaching and Ianto’s hungry.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 384: Restaurant at tw100.

The workday was winding down and the Rift was quiet, so the others had already gone home.

Ianto was in the archives filing the last of the day’s paperwork and thinking about what to have for dinner when Jack appeared, looking for him.

“I was wondering where you’d got to.”

“Some of us have work to do.”

“You work too hard. Anyway, you know that new restaurant by the bay?”

Ianto smiled; he’d been wanting to try it. “Matter of fact I do.”

“Good. Grab your coat, there’s a Hoix there needs dealing with.”

Ianto sighed. So much for dinner!

The End
Out To Lunch

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto decide to have lunch out.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 384: Restaurant at tw100.

There was nothing like lunch in a nice restaurant, Ianto thought. Too bad this restaurant wasn’t nice. He and Jack had driven out to Swansea to investigate reports of mysterious lights in the sky, but had found nothing. Getting hungry, they’d found a restaurant that didn’t look too busy and ordered something to eat.

Turned out there was a good reason the place was half empty; everything was overdone and tasteless, a good trick considering they’d only ordered sandwiches.

“Next time, we should pick a busy restaurant and wait for a table,” Ianto decided.

Jack nodded. “Let’s do that now.”

The End
Chapter Summary

A quick bite to eat turns into something more.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 384: Restaurant at tw100.

“Owen, go to the hospital, interview the victim. Tosh, go with him, get scans if you can.” Jack was in Captain mode.

Grabbing their gear, the pair did as they were ordered, hoping to get more information on a series of attacks by an unknown creature.

The interview didn’t take long and as they left the hospital, Owen’s stomach growled. “Want to get something to eat?” he asked Tosh.

“Sure.”

The restaurant was cosy, the food and company excellent; before they knew it three hours had passed.

“We should do this more often,” Owen smiled. “Have dinner with me tonight?”

The End
Jack had promised Ianto dinner at a nice restaurant to make up for having to work on his day off, but this wasn’t what he’d expected.

“How’d you get a table here at such short notice?” The restaurant was the most exclusive in Cardiff; Ianto was glad he’d changed into a suit before heading to the Hub when he was called in. He would never have been let in otherwise. Even Jack had swapped his usual style for something more appropriate.

“The manager owed me a favour for getting him the job. He’s an alien.”

“Always good to have connections.”

The End
Leaping

Chapter Summary

Jack has unexpectedly developed an impressive new talent.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 385: Leap at tw100.

Jack leapt gracefully into the air, landing lightly only to leap again in another perfect grand jeté. Ianto had to admit he was impressed.

Round the Hub Jack bounded, swapping grand jetés for cabiolés, throwing in a few barrel turns, and a truly spectacular Saut de Basque that had Ianto on his feet, applauding.

“Bravo! Magnificent!”

Jack might as well not have heard for all the attention he paid, he just carried on leaping.

“This will wear off, right?” Owen asked, deeply disturbed.

“According to Tosh it should. The only question is whether or not he’ll wear himself out first.”

The End
Leap Of Faith

Chapter Summary

Ianto is facing almost certain death. What can he do?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 385: Leap at tw100.

He’d reached the edge, there was nowhere else to run; Ianto realised he was either going to get ripped to shreds, or fall to his death. Neither option appealed to him. He’d hoped to buck the trend for Torchwood agents and actually survive into his thirties, but here he was, only twenty-seven, three years from his goal, and it looked like he was doomed.

“Ianto!”

Ianto smiled. If Jack’s voice was the last sound he ever heard, he’d die content.

“Jump! I’ll catch you, I swear!”

Drawing a deep breath, Ianto closed his eyes and took a leap of faith.

The End
Possible Doom

Chapter Summary

Ianto thinks Jack is being overly paranoid.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 385: Leap at tw100.

As they hurried out of the café after lunch, Ianto looked at Jack, amused. “How’d you get from ‘I’ve accidentally left my wallet at the UNIT conference and can’t pay the bill’ to ‘we’re doomed, we have to get back to the Hub before the forces of evil invade and take over’? That’s rather a melodramatic leap even for you!”

Jack picked up speed, almost running across the Plas. “My Torchwood swipe-card is in it! UNIT could get inside and lock us out!”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Only if they have your access codes too.”

“I’m not taking any chances!”

The End
Unusual Suspect

Chapter Summary

Jack has caught an alien. Maybe.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 385: Leap at tw100.

“Jack? Why are you holding a frog at gunpoint?” Ianto was used to Torchwood weirdness, but some days seemed extra surreal.

“It’s not a frog, it only looks like a frog,” Jack explained. “In reality, it’s a Gursian Sneed. They’re masters of disguise. I tracked it here.” Jack waved the arm his VM was strapped to.

“How’s it disguising itself as a frog then?”

“No, they’re around our size.”

“Small things are they, Sneeds?”

“After it!” Jack yelled, and off they went, leaving the frog to leap back into its pond.

The End
The Menagerie

Chapter Summary

Ianto has an idea.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 386: Admission at tw100.

Ianto stood on the catwalk outside Jack’s office, surveying the Hub. Nosy and Dizzy were chasing each other, Daisy was shooting hoops with Owen, and Velvet was perched on George’s shoulder while he went about the Hub collecting empty mugs.

To the left, Bob, the rocklike alien, was drowsing, or thinking; it was hard to tell. The alien butterfly sat on his ‘head’, preening, and far above, Myfany was circling.

“It’s like an alien petting zoo in here; we could charge admission.”

“But then we’d have to Retcon all the visitors,” Jack replied.

Ianto sighed. “Another great idea shot down.”

The End
Guilty Conscience

Chapter Summary

Jack has a confession to make.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 386: Admission at tw100.

“Alright, I admit it, I did it!”

Looking up from the files he was sorting, Ianto frowned as Jack burst into the archive file room.

“What?”

“It was me, I’m the one who broke your pen-holder in the tourist office. It was an accident; I was trying to swat a fly and knocked it off the counter. I’m sorry, I’ll buy you a new one!”

“I wasn’t aware it was broken. Why are you telling me?”

“You didn’t bring me coffee, I thought you were mad at me!”

“Sorry, lost track of time.”

“Huh. Well, that was a wasted admission.”

The End
Easy Way Out

Chapter Summary

Gwen decides to confess to Rhys about her affair with Owen.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 386: Admission at tw100.

Spoilers: Combat.

Whatever she’d had with Owen was over; it had just stopped. Gwen wasn’t sure how she felt about that. It seemed something had been going on between Owen and Diane, and she hadn’t noticed although everyone else had.

It didn’t matter though, she still had Rhys, but perhaps she should come clean with him now the affair had ended. She doubted her admission would go down well with him but she needed to clear her conscience.

The answer was so simple: Retcon. She could tell Rhys everything, get his forgiveness, and wipe the slate clean.

He wouldn’t remember a thing.

The End
Ianto and Jack shuffled forward in the queue. They were gradually getting closer to the doors, but it felt like they’d been queuing forever.

“Whose bright idea was this anyway?” Jack grumbled. “It’s freezing out here!”

“Says the man with the big coat.” Ianto would have been amused if he hadn’t been so cold. “And it was your idea.”

“Oh, yeah, you’re right.”

They finally reached the front, showing their VIP passes and being granted admission to the venue. It was a relief to step inside out of the biting wind.

Jack gazed around, grinning. His first Star Trek convention!

The End
Sneaking up behind Ianto, Jack snagged the younger man’s steaming mug from the kitchen counter and took a healthy swig, gulping it down before the taste registered properly. He frowned at the mug in confusion then looked at Ianto, who was trying not to laugh.

“That’s not coffee, it’s tea!” Jack almost sounded offended. “Why’re you drinking tea? You always drink coffee!”

Ianto snorted with laughter. “Not if I want to sleep I don’t.” He smiled wryly. “Coffee will always be my beverage of choice, but tea does have its place. It’s soothing; you should try it.”

“I just did!”

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s more to Jack’s water habit than mere hydration!

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 387: Drink at tw100.

“Why do you almost always drink water when we go to the pub?” Gwen asked, puzzled.

Jack shrugged. “It’s important to stay hydrated,” he explained. “Especially in our business, with all the running around. Alcohol dehydrates. You should drink more water, Gwen Cooper!”

“That’s not the whole story though, is it,” Ianto commented later, when it was just the two of them.

“No. Where I grew up, it was very dry, almost a desert; we had the ocean on our doorstep, but fresh water was scarce and essential to our survival. I still marvel at how plentiful it is here.”

The End
“I’d kill for a cup of Ianto’s coffee right now!” Owen informed his teammates.

“While I’m flattered, that would be a bit extreme,” Ianto replied. “Besides, who would you kill?”

“Jack of course, the moron who got us into this mess.”

“Ah, in that case you’ll have to wait a bit, he’s already busy being dead. I should point out that if you were to kill him when he revives, it wouldn’t get you a cup of coffee, but it would lead to you drinking decaf for the foreseeable future. Just so you know.”

“Forget I said anything.”

“Smart decision.”

The End
Chapter Summary

The Hub’s overheating; Ianto has a temporary solution.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 387: Drink at tw100.

“Please tell me that’s not coffee,” Owen groaned, fanning himself in an attempt to keep from melting. “The last thing I need right now is a hot drink!”

The Hub’s automated heating system had gone berserk and Tosh was trying to locate the source of the problem, with help from Jack and Ianto, but it was taking a while so Ianto had decided refreshments might help.

“That’s not what you were saying the other week. To answer you’re question; yes, it’s coffee, we need the caffeine, but it’s certainly not hot. Here, have a coffee ice-lolly!”

“Teaboy, you’re a genius!”

The End
Inappropriate

Chapter Summary

Jack sees innuendo in the most innocent conversations.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 388: Innuendo at tw100. Not sure how good these will be, I struggled with this prompt as I'm not very good at figuring out what constitutes innuendo.

Everyone’s accustomed to Jack’s automatic use of innuendo, even in the most inappropriate situations. It’s got to the point where they usually either ignore it or groan because after all, he’s not likely to change any time soon, the habit is too deeply ingrained.

Sometimes it’s impossible to have a normal conversation anywhere near him.

“Hurry up,” Owen gasped, “it’s leaking!”

“Stick something in it!” Tosh squeaked.

“I have, but it’s not big enough!”

“Try mine,” Ianto joined in. “It’s bigger.”

“I can testify to that!” Jack grinned.

“Shut up, Jack! Help plug this hole before the bloody boat sinks!”

The End
Sausage Envy

Chapter Summary

Owen is disappointed with his share of dinner.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 388: Innuendo at tw100.

It was an uncharacteristically lazy day at Torchwood. The Rift was quiet, all essential work had been done, so the team had been playing games and just relaxing.

Delicious smells were coming from the kitchen area where Ianto and Jack had decided to cook something up for dinner instead of resorting to takeout again.

“Dinner’s ready,” Jack called, starting to dish up the sausage casserole.

Owen frowned at their plates. “How come Ianto always gets the biggest sausage?” he demanded.

Jack smirked. “You had your chance, Owen, but you turned me down.”

“God, it’s always innuendo with you, isn’t it?”

The End
Rhys is trying to help Gwen out of a sticky situation.

My third drabble for Challenge 388: Innuendo at tw100, the first half of a two-parter.

“Shove it in, Rhys! Harder!” Gwen pleaded, groaning.

“I’m trying, love, but it’s too big for the hole!” Rhys sounded frustrated.

“See?” Tosh said triumphantly. “I told you Ianto’s would be too big. Try Owen’s, the end is much smaller.”

“Only because he’s always chewing it,” Gwen grumbled.

“I don’t know, it still looks too big,” Rhys said dubiously.

“For heaven’s sake, Rhys, just try it, please, this is killing me!”

Rhys did as he was told, but it still didn’t help.

Jack appeared at the railings. “Hey, kids! Sounds like you’re having fun, can I play?”

“No!” snarled Gwen.

TBC in ‘Finding Release’
Chapter Summary

Where Rhys fails, Ianto succeeds.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 388: Innuendo at tw100. The mystery is solved!

Jack looked down into the autopsy bay, disappointed. “Huh. From all the noise, I thought we were having an orgy.” He glared at Gwen. “Didn’t I tell you not to mess around with those alien handcuffs?”

“Sorry! You should’ve told me the release mechanism only works with wood!”

“You lot are idiots, pencils are too fat, let me try this.” Ianto approached, chopstick in hand, and jabbed it into the small hole. With a click the handcuffs fell off.

“Thank God!”

“I hope you’ve learned your lesson,” Jack winked, smirking. “If you want something poked into a hole, ask Ianto.”

The End
Lost…

Chapter Summary

Owen’s lost something important, but finding it might not be easy.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 389: Rats at tw100. First of a two-parter.

“Owen, why are you crawling around on the floor?” Ianto sounded amused but slightly wary. Odd behaviour among team members could be an indication of a serious, alien-related problem.

“One of my lab rats got out.”

That was reassuringly normal at least. “Which one? I’ll keep a look out for it.”

“Won’t help, it’s the one I was testing that invisibility ray on.”

“Ah. Well, if it’s invisible, how do you know it’s escaped?”

Owen looked at Ianto as if he was an idiot. “Because I accidentally left the cage door open.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Of course you did.”

TBC in ‘…And Found’
Chapter Summary

Invisible rats are just as smart as visible ones.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 389: Rats at tw100. Sequel to yesterday’s drabble.

“So there’s an invisible rat somewhere in the Hub?” Jack asked Ianto, frowning.
“According to Owen.”
“I suppose we’d better look for it then.”
Gwen stared at Jack, aghast. “How are we supposed to find something we can’t see?”
“We could set up humane traps,” Tosh suggested.
Jack nodded. “Do it.”

Looking thoughtful, Ianto went over to the open cage and stuck his hand inside; feeling around, his fingers found something warm and fluffy.

“Don’t bother searching,” he called to the others. “Owen, next time check the cage before starting a panic. Rats know home is where their food is.”

The End
Help Wanted

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack have to be very careful in selecting Ianto’s new assistant.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 389: Rats at tw100.

With him doing so much fieldwork, Jack had decided Ianto needed an assistant, someone to handle the general day-to-day running of the Hub, cleaning, and routine clerical work.

With that in mind, half a dozen suitable candidates had been selected and approached, and interviews were underway.

Jack and Ianto had made a list of requirements for the job, such as excellent spelling, familiarity with filing systems, and basic handyman skills as there were always repairs that needed doing, but as their latest interviewee fled screaming from the room, Ianto picked up the clipboard and added one more.

Must like rats.

The End
Ianto strolled along the street towards the Hub. It was a beautiful spring day so he’d decided to walk instead of taking the bus since it wasn’t far. Normally he would have driven, but he’d left his car at work the night before because he and Jack had driven straight to his house after an unsuccessful weevil hunt instead of stopping at the Hub first.

“Ianto!”

Turning, Ianto smiled at PC Andy. “Morning Andy!”

“Why’s there a rat on your head?”

Ianto reached up and lifted Murray from his perch. “Ah, that would explain the funny looks I’ve been getting.”

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s someone to see Jack.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 390: Ten at tw100.

An AU crossover with Doctor Who.

“Jack?” Owen yelled, stomping into the Hub late one morning.

“What?” Jack poked his head out of his office.

“There’s some guy up on the Plas wants to see you.”

“Some guy? Well that’s enlightening.”

“Claims he’s that Doctor of yours.”

“Which one is it?”

“I thought there was only one,” Gwen interrupted.

“There is,” Ianto said, “but at Torchwood One’s last count there were ten versions of him.”


“Oh yeah,” Jack grinned. “And time travel means you can meet him for the first time when he’s already known you for years!”

The End
Hands

Chapter Summary

Ianto is being observed.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 390: Ten at tw100.
Set pre-series.

Standing silently in the shadowy archives, Jack watched his newest recruit at his workbench, sorting through a box of miscellaneous objects that had probably come through the Rift years ago.

Each item was picked up, studied, and photographed, before being given a neatly written label with its catalogue number, description, and any other pertinent information. The same information was then typed into the computer database.

It was hypnotic watching the way Ianto’s graceful hands carried out each task with precision, ten slender but strong digits working in harmony; Jack longed to know how the touch of those hands would feel.

The End
The Right Spot

Chapter Summary

Arranging furniture is a precise science.

Chapter Notes

Written for my own prompt ‘Any, any, A meeting of minds,’ at fic_promp.tly.

Okay, this is a bit of a weird one. The challenge was to write a fill without using any linking verbs. I succeeded, but it’s rather choppy.

A new flat, a new home, and all new furniture; logistical nightmare.
Jack manoeuvred their new armchair carefully.
“Not there,” Ianto objected, frowning.
“Why?” Jack asked, bemused.
“Not enough sunlight there,” Ianto insisted.
Jack shifted the chair.
“Here then?” he queried.
“No way, much too cluttered.”
“Fussy pants! No pleasing you,” Jack muttered grumpily, back and arms aching.
He tried another spot.
“No good.”
“What now?” Frustrated and tired.
“Much too dark.”
Jack sighed heavily. Another move, muscles straining painfully.
“Any objections?”
Ianto smiled, shaking his head. “Just perfect!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen is busy giving Nosy lessons again.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 390: Ten at tw100.

Owen was teaching Nosy numbers again, and having much better luck this time, using bottle caps instead of grapes.

“How’s it going?” Ianto asked, bringing them coffee.

“Pretty good; Nosy can count up to ten already and we’ve only been at this for an hour.”

“I’m impressed!”

“That’s nothing, I’m teaching it addition and subtraction now. Watch this. Nosy?” The Fluff looked at Owen expectantly. “What’s ten minus two?”

Nosy thought for a moment, then squiggled itself around into a figure eight.

“Correct! What is five plus four?”

Another squiggle formed a nine.

“Amazing!”

“It’s a mathematical genius,” Owen grinned.

The End
Chapter Summary

The Rift brings another strange creature.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 390: Ten at tw100.

“Ugh! What is that?” Gwen recoiled with a disgusted expression on her face at the sight of the creature the Rift had seen fit to gift them with. “It looks like some kind of weird fuzzy spider!”

Ianto shook his head. “Can’t be. Spiders have eight legs but this thing’s got ten.”

“It’s a Decapod,” Jack said. “Completely harmless, they’re frugivores and they live in trees. You should see them when they eat fermenting fruit. They get drunk and start tripping over their own legs, bumping into each other, and falling out of the trees.”

“I’ll pass,” Gwen said, shuddering.

The End
Chapter Summary

A matching pair of Iantos; whatever next?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 391: Mirror at tw100, and the first part of a six-part series.

It was like looking in a mirror, only not quite, because his ‘reflection’ was the wrong way round.

“You’re me!” they both said at the same time, with equally startled, confused expressions on their identical faces.

“Fuck!” said Owen in disgust. “Two Teaboy; that’s all we need! One of them’s bad enough.”

“I don’t know,” smirked Jack, leering as he gave Ianto and his double a long, lascivious look. “I think the situation has some very interesting possibilities.”

“Jack, stop drooling and put your tongue away,” the Iantos said in unison, rolling their eyes.

“Welsh vowels in stereo,” Jack grinned.

TBC in ‘Which Is Which?’
Chapter Summary

With a matching pair, there’s a slight question of identity.

Chapter Notes

The second part of my drabble series for Challenge 391: Mirror at tw100.

“Which is the real Ianto?” Gwen asked, confused.

“We both are!” The Iantos glared at her.

“I think Gwen means which of you is this universe’s Ianto,” Tosh explained.

“That would be me.” The Ianto on the left raised his hand, shattering the illusion that they were reflections of each other.

“What I want to know is how I wound up here,” the other Ianto said, shoving his hands in his pockets. “The last thing I remember, I was adjusting the sub-etheric resonator, there was a power surge, and suddenly I’m looking at myself without the benefit of a mirror.”

TBC in ‘Speculations’
Chapter Summary

How did Torchwood Three gain an extra Ianto?

Chapter Notes

Third part of my drabble series for Challenge 391: Mirror at tw100.

“The power surge must have acted like a key, opening a Rift portal between two universes,” Tosh mused, looking at the extra Ianto. “You’re probably from our closest neighbouring universe, one that’s almost identical to ours in every respect. The differences are probably miniscule.”

Their Ianto smirked at his twin. “Maybe your Jack had one less doughnut for breakfast than mine.”

Other Ianto chuckled. “Or maybe he spent a minute less in front of the mirror styling his hair.”

“Hey!” Jack looked insulted. “Focus guys!”

“Jack’s right,” Tosh interrupted. “We need to find a way to send Other Ianto home.”

TBC in ‘Strategy’
Chapter Summary

They can’t keep the extra Ianto, so how will they send him back where he belongs?

Chapter Notes

Fourth part of my drabble series for Challenge 391: Mirror at tw100.

Science is not my strong point, so just accept that this sort of thing is possible in the Torchwood universe. It’s like original Star Trek science :)

“We’ll have to re-create the power surge in reverse,” Tosh decided. “Where Ianto was standing when the incident happened, the walls between our universes must be very thin. If I send a negative energy pulse through the sub-etheric resonator, it should open a portal in the other direction.”

“I hope you’re right,” Other Ianto said. “My Jack will be worried.”

“Go and stand where you were before. Not you, Ianto, or you might get sucked through as well.”

“Good point; I don’t want to get displaced.” He looked at his mirror image. “Goodbye, Ianto. It was nice meeting you.”

“Likewise.”

TBC in ‘Time To Go’
Chapter Summary

It’s time for Other Ianto to return to his own universe.

Chapter Notes

Fifth part of my drabble series written for Challenge 391: Mirror at tw100.

Other Ianto followed Tosh’s instructions, returning to his arrival point and trying to mirror exactly what he’d been doing just before he wound up face-to-face with himself.

“Bon voyage!” Jack called. “Feel free to drop by any time!”

“If it’s all the same to you, I’d rather not,” Other Ianto quipped. “No universe really needs more than one of me.” He gave them a smile and a little wave. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” he told his twin. Then he was gone in a flash as Tosh triggered the power surge, leaving behind only a strong smell of ozone.

TBC in ‘Resuming Normality’
Resuming Normality - Sequel to ‘Time To Go’

Chapter Summary

To Jack’s disappointment, everything is back to normal.

Chapter Notes

The last part of my drabble series for Challenge 391: Mirror at tw100.

“Are we sure he went back where he belongs and didn’t just get evaporated?” Jack asked, looking concerned.

“Quite sure,” Tosh replied. “I’m registering a negative Rift spike exactly mirroring the one that brought him here.”

“Good to know, but I think I’ll miss him. Having two Iantos could’ve been fun.”

Ianto groaned. “Why am I not surprised? I’ll admit it was an interesting experience, but I’m glad it’s over. If I have to look at myself, I’d prefer to do so in a mirror; having a double would soon get far too confusing. I don’t know how twins manage!”

The End
Chapter Summary

If you’re going to keep a Pteranodon as a pet, it needs to be trained.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 392: Train at tw100.

One of Ianto’s first jobs on joining Torchwood Three had been to train the Pteranodon. If the prehistoric bird was to be allowed free range of the Hub, they couldn’t have her wrecking the place, attacking everyone, or making a mess everywhere. It had seemed an impossible task.

In reality, Myfanwy proved surprisingly intelligent. She quickly got the hang of using one corner of her aerie as her bathroom, and soon learned to only eat things coated in her special sauce.

Unfortunately, Ianto never quite succeeded in teaching her not to steal shiny objects.

“Should’ve called it ‘Magpie’,” muttered Owen.

The End
“What’ve you got there?” Ianto asked one day when he arrived at the Hub to find Jack with his nose buried in a book.

Jack held the book up so Ianto could see the cover. “I saw it in a shop this morning, it’s full of cool tricks!” he exclaimed happily.

Ianto frowned. “Dog Tricks for Dummies? Jack, we don’t have a dog.”

“I know, but we have a Fluff. I thought I’d train Nosy to do tricks!”

“Because being able to count to ten, do simple addition and subtraction, and spell in both English and Welsh isn’t clever enough?”

TBC in ‘Ambitious Plan’
Ambitious Plan – Sequel to ‘Jack’s Idea’

Chapter Summary

Jack’s plan is ambitious, but Ianto has his doubts.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 392: Train at tw100.

“I know Nosy’s smart, but this is different,” Jack insisted.

“How so?” Folding his arms across his chest, Ianto raised an eyebrow and stared at Jack.

“You and Owen have been teaching it intellectual stuff, this is more for fun and exercise.”

“Physical training?”

“Yes. Agility and balance, things like that. I’m going to teach Nosy to jump through a hoop.”

Ianto snorted, shaking his head. “I think I see a flaw in your plan; Fluffs have no legs and are therefore incapable of jumping.”

“Oh ye of little faith. Just you wait; I’ll do it.”

“Good luck with that.”

TBC in ‘Try, And Try Again’
Chapter Summary

Nosy is wiling, but not noticeably able.

Chapter Notes

My fourth (I think) drabble for Challenge 392: Train at tw100.

Ianto sat back and watched, clearly amused. Jack had his book in one hand, and a hoop in the other, and was addressing Torchwood’s furry alien friend with remarkable patience, all things considered.

For its part, Nosy seemed equal parts curious, puzzled, yet eager to please, especially considering the reward of grapes on offer.

Unfortunately, as Ianto had suspected, jumping was a bit beyond Nosy and despite Jack’s efforts to get it to go through the hoop, it just kept going under. He sighed, defeated.

“Maybe you should train it to hula instead,” Ianto suggested, laughing.

Jack brightened. “Great idea!”

TBC in ‘Hula-la’
Chapter Summary

Jack’s certainly putting his all into training Nosy…

Chapter Notes

My fifth drabble for Challenge 392: Train at tw100.

“Christ! I did not need to see that!” Owen muttered, taking refuge in the kitchenette, hoping for a restorative mug of coffee. “Some things are just too much to deal with this early in the morning.”

“What?” asked Ianto, amused. “Has Jack decided it’s a clothing optional day again?”

“I think that might’ve almost been preferable to seeing him gyrating like a porn star with a hula hoop.”

“Ah, sounds like he’s still trying to train Nosy to do tricks.”

“Why?”

“Apparently he thought it would be fun.” Ianto shrugged. “He’s not having much success, but it’s keeping Nosy entertained.”

TBC in ‘Conceding Defeat’
Chapter Summary

Jack gives up in defeat.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 392: Train at tw100.

Jack was exhausted; he’d been demonstrating proper hula-hoop technique to Nosy for two hours, getting wolf whistles from Ianto and disgusted glares from Owen. The girls thought it was hilarious, and Nosy… Well, the Fluff seemed utterly enthralled by Jack’s antics, but showed no signs of following his example.

Wearily, Jack staggered to the kitchenette for coffee and food.

“I just wanted to train Nosy to do one trick,” he sighed

“You gave it your best shot,” Ianto consoled him.

Out in the Hub, unseen by either man. Nosy picked up the hoop and proceeded to hula like an expert.

The End
Gwen’s Question

Chapter Summary

Newbie Gwen has a question.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 393: Uniform at tw100.

Posting early today because I'll be at the hospital for tests at the time I usually post and I don't know when I'll be able to get back online.

“My clothes are completely ruined,” Gwen sighs one day, shortly after she joins the team. A field trip down into the sewers has left them all grubby and stinking. “How come Torchwood doesn’t have a uniform? You know, like the police.”

Owen stares at her and snorts in disgust. “Defeats the object of bein’ a secret organisation, doesn’t it? Every Tom, Dick, and Harry would know who we are.”

“But it says Torchwood on the car.”

“Only because official vehicles get fewer parking tickets,” Tosh explained.

“Well, that’s Jack’s excuse anyway,” Ianto smirked. “Really, he just thinks it looks cool.”

The End
Jack’s Style

Chapter Summary

Jack has his own style.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 393: Uniform at tw100.

Jack’s spent a lot of time in uniform, first with the Time Agency then fighting for one army or another on various worlds. He’s seen action in most major wars on earth over the past century and a half; you’d think by now he’d be tired of everything to do with warfare.

Yet he’s most comfortable dressed in the style of a WWII aviator. He doesn’t wear the full uniform, although he owns everything right down to the cap, but he always dresses the same even if he can’t explain his affinity for the era.

Besides, everyone loves the coat!

The End
How Many More?

Chapter Summary

Jack faces the new millennium alone.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 393: Uniform at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

The new millennium hadn’t got off to the start Jack had been hoping for. A few hours earlier he’d been looking toward the future with anticipation, even excitement; the century had turned twice, so his Doctor could show up any time now. The long years of waiting were finally drawing to an end.

Then he’d been faced with clearing up after Alex massacred the entire team.

Standing in the morgue, Jack gazed sightlessly at the uniform rows of drawers, the final resting places of the people he’d called his friends. How many more would join them before the Doctor came?

The End
UNIT Ianto

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s been on an undercover assignment.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 393: Uniform at tw100.

Sending Ianto undercover with UNIT had definitely been one of Jack’s better ideas. He’d handled the whole assignment with the cool professionalism Jack had grown accustomed to over the past few years, and with the identification Martha had provided for the mission, nobody had even given him a second glance. Well, not through any suspicion that he might not be a genuine UNIT soldier at least.

Jack’s pretty sure Ianto must have drawn plenty of admiring glances though, because the sight of his lover in that uniform is enough to make anyone drool!

He can’t wait to get Ianto home.

The End
Growth Spurt

Chapter Summary

Owen made a wish, but he didn’t quite get what he wanted.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 394: Grow at tw100.

“This is not bloody funny,” Owen snapped, glaring down at the rest of the team from his lofty new height.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Jack grinned. “It makes a change from shrinking rays. Anyway, you should be happy; you’re not the shortest guy on the team anymore.”

“Although, you might have a bit of difficulty getting clothes to fit,” Tosh giggled. “And shoes.”

Ianto sighed and shook his head. “This is your own fault, Owen. Everyone knows you should never ask a wish machine to make you bigger without specifying exactly what you want to grow and by how much!”

The End
Bad Idea

Chapter Summary

Jack’s trying a new look; nobody seems impressed.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 394: Grow at tw100.

Throughout the morning briefing, Ianto sat staring at Jack. That wasn’t unusual, but his expression of horrified fascination definitely was.

The others seemed to be trying to pretend they hadn’t noticed anything out of the ordinary, but they weren’t doing a very good job of it. Owen in particular was having trouble keeping a straight face and studiously avoided looking at Jack.

When the meeting ended, everyone but Ianto left.

“Jack, have you been at the chocolate milk again?”

“What?”

Ianto pointed. “You’ve got something…”

“I thought I’d grow a moustache,” Jack grinned. “What d’you think?”

Ianto sighed. “Oh dear.”

The End
Overgrowth

Chapter Summary

The Hub has been transformed overnight.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 394: Grow at tw100.

Coming into the Hub one morning, Ianto found himself stepping into something resembling a tropical jungle. The whole place had been overrun with lush green foliage; exotic flowers filled the air with heady fragrances, while strange alien fruits hung ripening on their vines. Ianto half expected to see brightly coloured parrots flying around above him, or a tiger stalking him through the undergrowth.

“Jack?”

“Up here!”

Ianto followed Jack’s voice, ducking under huge leaves. “What happened?”

“Owen thought he could make his plant specimens grow faster, but I think his new fertilizer might be a big stronger than he intended.”

The End
“Something’s wrong, it looks smaller than it did yesterday. I’m no expert, but shouldn’t it be getting bigger? I’m following the instructions to the letter; plenty of light, not too much water, feeding once a week. I thought it was doing well, but instead of growing I’d swear it’s shrunk.” Ianto’s shoulders slumped in defeat.

“Looks fine to me. Size isn’t everything,” Jack hastened to reassure him.

“No, it’s useless. Might as well face it, I can’t even grow a Geranium.”

Jack had to fess up. “I knocked your plant off the windowsill yesterday, this one’s a replacement. I’m sorry.”

The End
Not Just For Mums

Chapter Summary

Meriel’s Mother’s Day card is a bit different from the other kids’.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 395: Mother at tw100.

Teacher said Mother’s Day was a special day to show your mum how much you loved her. Unlike the other kids, Meriel didn’t have a mum; she had two daddies instead.

While her classmates made cards for their mums, Meriel made one for her Daddy and her Tad, decorated with flowers, glitter, and a picture she’d drawn of the three of them. Across the top, she wrote in big, wobbly letters, ‘Happy Mother’s Day, Daddy and Tad.’

Meriel didn’t know why her teacher was sad for her. Although she didn’t have a mum, she wouldn’t swap her daddies for anything.

The End
Mother’s Day Plans

Chapter Summary

Gwen wants to know what the team are doing for Mother’s Day

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 395: Mother at tw100.

Spoilers: Nothing too specific.

“What’s everyone doing for Mother’s day?” Gwen asked. “I’m taking my mum flowers and a card.” She looked questioningly at her teammates.

“I’ve sent my mother Carnations,” Tosh smiled. “Red ones. I won’t get to see her this year.”

“That’s a shame. What about the rest of you?”

“I don’t do Mother’s Day,” said Owen. “Mum kicked me out when I was sixteen.”

“Oh, Ianto?”

“I’ll take flowers to the cemetery.”

“My mother won’t be born for three thousand years,” Jack put in.

Gwen went quiet. Until now, she’d never realised how lucky she was to have a loving mum.

The End
Surrogate Mum

Chapter Summary

Torchwood brings an abandoned baby and a loving mother together.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 395: Mother at tw100.

“Motherhood suits her,” Ianto said with a smile. “I’ve never seen her look more contented.”

“I know what you mean,” Jack agreed. “It’s surprising though, she never really struck me as the maternal type. Not until now, anyway.

“You can never really tell what someone’s capable of until they’re tested. She did rather get thrown in at the deep end, but she’s taken to it like a duck to water.”

Although it wasn’t her baby, she’d accepted the foundling without hesitation. Now she showed him off like any proud mother.

“Yes, Janet, he’s a beautiful baby Weevil,” Ianto assured her.

The End
Mister Mum

Chapter Summary

Jack is finding that motherhood is harder than Ianto makes it look.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 395: Mother at tw100.

Jack adored his daughter but despite being the one who’d been pregnant with her, he had to admit that Ianto was much better than him at being the mum.

He’d insisted he could take care of Meriel for the day while Ianto was in London for a UNIT meeting, but it wasn’t even noon and he was more exhausted than he felt after chasing down rogue Weevils.

He’d bathed and dressed Meriel, fed her, changed her, done three loads of laundry, changed her again, been shopping… Now he wanted a rest, but Meriel was hungry.

How did Ianto do it?

The End
RSVP

Chapter Summary

The item arriving through the Rift isn’t as boring as Owen thinks.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 396: Bottle at tw100.

“What did you find?” Jack asked as Owen and Gwen slouched back into the Hub on their return from the latest Rift alert.

“Nothing much,” said Gwen.

“Just an old bottle with a piece of paper in it,” Owen grumbled, idly waving the bottle in his hand.

“Give me that!” Jack snatched the bottle and pulled the sheet of paper out, scanning it quickly and grinning at Ianto. “It’s from the Doctor. He says he’ll be delighted to attend our wedding, and he’s bringing a friend.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Why couldn’t he RSVP by phone like a normal person?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s in a nostalgic mood.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 396: Bottle at tw100.

Jack looked at the big plastic container and sighed. Picking it up, he poured milk over his cereal, screwed the cap back on, and replaced the container in the fridge.

“What’s with all the sighing?” Ianto asked, plucking toast from the toaster.

“I miss milk bottles,” Jack replied. “I remember when they first started being used. I got accustomed to putting out empties and finding a pint of fresh milk on the doorstep in the morning. The plastic things that’re used now just aren’t the same, I can’t pour the cream off the top over my cereal anymore. Progress sucks.”

The End
Outside Influence

Chapter Summary

Owen wonders why he reacted so badly to Diane leaving.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 396: Bottle at tw100.

Spoilers: Out of Time, Captain Jack Harkness, End of Days.

Owen looked around his apartment in disgust; empty bottles lay everywhere, a few half-eaten takeaways scattered among them. How had he let this happen? Even after Katie he’d had enough pride to keep his home in order but since Diane flew out of his life he’d really let himself go.

He’d only known her a matter of days, but he’d fallen hard. She’d been the first person he’d allowed himself to really care for since Katie, but even so, her leaving shouldn’t have destroyed him like this.

Had Bilis Manger manipulated their emotions more than any of them had realised?

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack are celebrating.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 396: Bottle at tw100.

The bottle of wine was almost empty; Jack picked it up, topping off both their glasses.

“We’ve got this far; might as well finish it!”

“My thoughts exactly,” Ianto agreed, lifting his glass and clinking it against Jack’s. “To us, and the future!”


Ianto looked at his glass. “Even after half a bottle of wine I’m barely tipsy.”

“One of the downsides of being immortal. Getting drunk is very difficult.”

“On the bright side, at least we won’t have hangovers tomorrow.”

“That’s my Ianto, always a glass-half-full kind of guy!” Jack grinned.

The End
Out Of Character

Chapter Summary

Something’s not right with Tosh.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 397: Wild at tw100.

Inspired by kayliemalinza’s wonderful fic ‘Psychotic Outbreak Due To Hob Nobs’ over on LJ.

Torchwood’s resident computer genius was behaving distinctly out of character. For one thing, she was trying to bite like a wild animal. There was nothing to do but restrain her, for everyone’s safety, until the pollen’s effects wore off, but that was easier said than done.

“Hold her still,” Jack yelled, trying to get restraints on her flailing arms.

“I’m trying!” Ianto ground out as Tosh twisted in his grip, kicking him in the shin. “This reminds me painfully of that time with the Hobnobs.”

“Look on the bright side,” Jack smirked. “At least this time she’s still fully clothed.”

The End
Chapter Summary

The Torchwood Team have an emergency situation on their hands.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 397: Wild at tw100.

Jack hung up his phone and raced through the Hub, pulling on his coat as he went. “Saddle up, kids, it’s all hands on deck for this one!”

“What is it?” Ianto asked, checking both his stun gun and his Torchwood Special.

“Got a trio of wild Weevils spotted down by the docks.”

“I’ll get extra Weevil spray.” Tosh hurried towards the armoury.

“I’ll get the other necessities.” Ianto headed for the storage rooms.

“Aren’t all Weevils wild?” asked Gwen, confused.

“Nah,” said Owen. “The really wild ones arrive naked!”

“Naked?”

“Yep!” Ianto returned with overalls. “Not a pretty sight.”

The End
Beware Of The…

Chapter Summary

Jack did warn her, but…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 397: Wild at tw100.

The latest alien ‘threat’ was about the size of a small rabbit, shaped like a fat pink and white sausage, and very fluffy. In didn’t look at all threatening.

“Oh, how adorable!” Gwen cried, instantly smitten.

“Keep well back from it,” Jack warned.

“Don’t be silly, Jack. What harm could it do? OW!” Gwen yelped, jerking her hand away from the cute little creature. “It bit me!”

Jack laughed. “Serves you right; I told you not to get too close. Just because it looks cute doesn’t make it any less a wild animal. I hope you’re up-to-date with your shots!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Last night was fun, but now Jack’s antics are annoying Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 397: Wild at tw100.

Ianto rolled his eyes as Jack broke into another chorus of ‘Wild Thing.’

“Shut it, Harkness,” he growled. “You do that after the others get here, I guarantee you won’t like the consequences.”

The previous night, they’d experimented with an alien aphrodisiac, and the effect on Ianto had been… impressive to say the least. They hadn’t slept much. Now Ianto was tired and cranky, while Jack, despite his rapid healing, was still walking funny.

Snaking his arms around Ianto from behind, Jack purred in his ear, “Wild Thing, I think I love you.”

Despite his annoyance, Ianto couldn’t help smiling.

The End
Grow Your Own – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Jack is puzzled by Ianto’s purchases.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 398: Cherry at tw100. Part one of a four-parter.

Meeting back at the car after heading in opposite directions to run errands, Jack eyed Ianto’s burden dubiously.

“Why have you bought twigs?”

Ianto stifled a laugh at Jack’s bemused expression. “They’re not twigs, they’re cherry trees. I thought they’d be nice for the roof garden; we can grow our own cherries.” He dumped several plastic tubs of various sizes into the open boot of the car. “Could you help me fetch the compost? I didn’t have enough hands to carry that as well.”

Jack nodded distractedly. “Okay. Are you sure they’re trees? They still look like twigs to me.”

TBC in ‘Grow Your Own - Part 2’
Chapter Summary

Jack isn’t terribly impressed with Ianto’s new trees.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 398: Cherry at tw100.

Back at their new penthouse apartment, the top floors of a Torchwood owned warehouse building, Ianto potted up his cherry ‘twigs’ while Jack watched.

“Do you really expect to get fruit from those spindly things?”

“Well, not this year. They need to grow a bit first.” Setting the tubs against a southwest-facing wall, where the trees would get the most sun, Ianto secured them so that they wouldn’t get blown over. He’d re-pot them as they grew, training their branches into a fan shape. “You’ll just have to be patient, Jack. It’ll be worth the wait.”

“If you say so.”

TBC in ‘Grow Your Own - Part 3’
The cherry trees are growing, but Jack prefers things that give instant results.

My third drabble for Challenge 398: Cherry at tw100.

Time passed; Ianto lavished care on the three little cherry trees and they flourished, putting out strong branches. Once in a while Jack would wander over, hands in pockets, to look at them. “Isn’t it easier to just buy cherries?”

“Of course it is, but that’s not the point. I like the idea of growing our own, without pesticides and other chemicals. You don’t complain about the tomato plants and the peppers.”

“We’re already getting fruit off those.”

“They’re only annuals, they have to grow faster. You can’t have everything immediately, Jack. Good things come to those who wait.”

“Hmpf.”

TBC in ‘Grow Your Own - Part 4’
Come spring, Ianto’s cherry trees were full of blossom. They’d grown a lot over the past year.

“They look pretty.” Jack sounded surprised.

“Not just a handful of twigs anymore, are they?”

“They look more like trees now,” Jack agreed.

The blossom fell and the cherries started to form. Ianto removed a lot of them so as not to overtax the trees in their first year, and rigged up netting to keep the birds off.

Later that summer, as they shared the first sun-warmed ripe fruits from their trees, Jack had to admit that they were well worth the wait.

The End
Can’t Resist

Chapter Summary

The cherry blossom proves irresistible to Tosh.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 398: Cherry at tw100.

Drabble Version

Tosh knows she shouldn’t, but the cherry blossom is so beautiful that she can’t resist.

Jack had called everyone out in the middle of the night to deal with a couple of Weevils, but they’re back in the sewers and it’s time to head for home.

“Wait a minute,” she calls, and when the others pause, she scrambles onto a wall, reaching up to break off a few sprigs from the trees.

“That’s vandalism,” Ianto teases. “Get some for me too?”

What’s the point of being outside the government and beyond the police if you don’t break the rules occasionally?

The End

Extended Version

Tosh knows she really shouldn’t, but the cherry blossom in the park is so beautiful, filling the darkness with its subtle fragrance, that she can’t resist.

Jack had called everyone out in the middle of the night to deal with a couple of rambunctious courting Weevils, but they’re back in the sewers where they belong and it’s time to head back to the SUV and home.

“Wait up a minute,” she calls to the others, and when they pause, she scrambles onto a low wall, reaching up to break off a few sprigs from the overhanging trees.
“That’s vandalism,” Ianto teases. “Get some for me too?”

What’s the point of being outside the government and beyond the police if you don’t break the rules occasionally?

The End
Chapter Summary

Alone in the Hub while the rest of the team are out, Ianto is baffled by weird noises.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 398: Cherry at tw100.

There were strange noises coming from somewhere in the deserted Hub as Ianto emerged from the archives. He knew the others were out and wouldn’t be back for a while, so where were the sounds coming from?

Ptah! Ping!

There they were again! Silence descended for a few moments, followed by those weird sounds.

Ptah! Ping!

Baffled, Ianto went to investigate, finally coming across Nosy who was eating something, and as Ianto watched…

Ptah!

It spat a cherry stone across the kitchen where it pinged off the rubbish bin. Ianto sighed. Why did Nosy have to copy Owen’s bad habits?

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh is puzzled by Dizzy’s weight gain.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 399: Diet at tw100.

Tosh frowned. Despite feeding it sensibly, Dizzy the Flufflet was starting to look like a purple and black sausage, and getting rather heavy to carry in her bag on her way to work. She couldn’t understand it.

“Looks like you need to go on a diet,” she told it. “Less food and more exercise should slim you down. I don’t know how you can be so fat on a diet of fruit and vegetables.”

It wasn’t until later at the Hub that she realised the problem wasn’t what she was feeding Dizzy, but what it was getting from everyone else.

The End
Chapter Summary

Gwen decides she needs to diet.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 399: Diet at tw100.

Pulling on her black jeans, Gwen discovered to her horror that she couldn’t fasten them around her waist, and they felt suspiciously tight elsewhere. She knew she’d gained a pound or two lately, thanks to the Torchwood fast food diet, but this was far worse than she’d thought. Changing into a looser pair, she went into the kitchen where Rhys was getting breakfast.

“Nothing for me this morning,” she told him. “I’m going on a diet,”

“What for?”

“I’m getting fat, couldn’t even fasten my black jeans.”

“Sorry, love. Forgot to tell you I accidentally shrunk them in the wash.”

The End
Specialised Diet

Chapter Summary

Everyone’s tastes in food are different.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 399: Diet at tw100.

Going in search of Ianto one boring afternoon, Jack found his lover down in the showers with the Kneeble colony, letting them splash around in the water, getting clean by grooming each other, and occasionally climbing the walls.

“Lively bunch, aren’t they,” Ianto grinned, watching their antics.

“Very,” Jack agreed as a Kneeble scampered over on its short little legs and scrambled up him to be petted. “It’s amazing how healthy they are on a diet of lichen and slime.”

“To each their own,” Ianto shrugged. “To a Kneeble, slime is the epitome of fine dining.”

“Rather them than me.”

The End
Perspective

Chapter Summary

Jack is eating alone today.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 399: Diet at tw100.

It was lunchtime, but while the rest of the team had gone out to eat, Jack was left sitting on the sofa, alone, picking at his food. He looked up eagerly as Ianto appeared in the Hub, heavily laden with an assortment of bags.

“Ooh, what’ve you got there?”

“Don’t go getting excited; it’s just fish heads for Myfanwy and assorted offal for the Weevils.”

Wrinkling his nose, Jack slumped back onto the sofa and picked up his salad again. Suddenly the diet Ianto had got him on looked a lot more appealing than it had a few minutes ago.

The End
A Long Wait

Chapter Summary

There’s a long road ahead of Jack, waiting for his answers.

Chapter Notes

Spoilers: Fragments.

My first drabble for Challenge 400: Milestone at tw100.

New Year’s day of the year 1900 was just the first in an endless series of milestones Jack knew he must pass before finally encountering the Doctor again. The Tarot girl had told him that meeting would not come about until the century had turned twice, and the road ahead of him seemed to stretch out interminably. A hundred years is an awfully long time when you can’t just skip over the boring bits.

Nevertheless, he didn’t have a choice. If he was to get the answers he needed, he’d have to wait, crossing off the years as they passed.

The End
Another birthday, another milestone reached; it was bittersweet. Memories filled Jack’s mind of places he’d lived, and of people he’d known and loved over the course of his long life. The world had changed so much since he’d first arrived on earth more than four centuries earlier and he knew he’d seen more history than any human alive, but the personal cost was higher than anyone should have to pay.

“You’re brooding again,” a familiar voice commented.

Jack turned to smile at Ianto. “Not brooding; remembering old friends. It’s the only way they can be here to celebrate with us.”

The End
Milestones

Chapter Summary

Ianto doesn’t just have a baby book for Meriel; he has a whole library.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 400: Milestone at tw100.

First tooth, first steps, first word; Ianto noted every milestone in Meriel’s baby book, and kept going. First Christmas, first birthday, first day at nursery, first day at school… he charted the growth of their first child in photographs and prose, filling one journal after another with anecdotes.

The time Meriel looked after the school hamster over Easter and it escaped, making a nest in Jack’s socks. And the funfair when she’d put her ice cream in Jack’s pocket for safekeeping, and Jack’s reaction on finding it…

He never wanted to forget a single moment of their little girl’s life.

The End
Travel on other planets is largely guesswork.

After passing the third one, Ianto just had to ask.

“Jack, what’re those weird curly things?”

“You’ll have to be more specific, Ianto. Weird and curly is the order of the day around here,” Jack replied. He had a point; even the pale yellow grass was curly.

“The pink things like bent corkscrews sticking out of two mops twisted together.”

Comprehension dawned. “Oh, those things. They’re the equivalent of milestones, they tell people how far they are from the last village and how much further to the next one.”

“So how far…?”

Jack shrugged. “Didn’t say I could read them.”

The End
Team Torchwood scurried quickly into the tourist office, out of the icy, rain-laden wind coming off the bay, rubbing their hands together and shivering. Their faces were reddened by the cold and their eyes were watering. Inside the small room it was warmer, though not by much. Ianto stood behind the counter in his overcoat and gloves.

“It’s the middle of June!” Jack grumbled, shaking rain from his hair. “How can it be this cold?”

“Maybe the Rift is affecting the weather,” Tosh suggested.

Ianto snorted. “I’d have thought both of you would be used to British summers by now.”

The End
Summer Cold

Chapter Summary

Ianto has a summer cold.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 401: Cold at tw100. This one's sort of a bonus because I already had my four for the week, then wrote this one last night.

“AAACHOOO!”

“Bless you.”

“Tanks.”

“Welcome.”

“How’re you feeling?”

“Fide. Jud god a code.”

“I gathered that from the sneezing.” Jack accepted his coffee. “You didn’t sneeze in this did you?”

Ianto rolled his eyes and winced.

“Headache?” Jack asked.

“Zore node.”

“Yeah, it does look a bit red. Shouldn’t you put cream on it or something?”

“I ab, bud den I ‘ave do blow by doze.”

“Soft tissues?”

“Nod zoft enuv.”

“Why’d you even come to work today?”

“Dunno, brobly ‘abid.”

“So why don’t you go home?”

“Gan’t dribe an’ sneeze. Nod zafe.”

“I’ll drive then.”
“Thank you.”

“Any time.”

The End
Under The Weather

Chapter Summary

The members of Team Torchwood are under the weather from being under the weather.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 401: Cold at tw100. Sort of follows on from the last one. Maybe.

Sniffles and hastily muffled sneezes echoed throughout the Hub. Ianto made a mental note to buy more tissues when he did the lunch run; the way they were going through the available supply, they’d run out soon. He blew his nose, dropped the soggy tissue into his rubbish bag, and went to work emptying the bins.

Outside, the sun was shining on a balmy summer day. Ianto hated it. Why couldn’t it have been like that last week when they’d spent all day chasing down a swarm of giant bugs? Then maybe they wouldn’t have caught this stupid summer cold.

The End
Night Frost

Chapter Summary

Cold weather can bring unexpected beauty.

Chapter Notes

My fourth drabble for Challenge 401: Cold at tw100.

The night was bitterly cold, the full moon hanging in the cloudless sky almost bright enough to drown out the stars. Sensible people were tucked up warm in their beds, but Torchwood didn’t always have that luxury. Some nights their job required them to protect the city while its citizens slept on, oblivious.

Tonight they’d been dragged from their dreams to deal with a Hoix, but as they bundled their captive into the SUV, they looked around at the frost coating every bush, tree, and blade of grass, turning them silver, and almost pitied those who’d never witness such beauty.

The End
Never Happy

Chapter Summary

The British have a unique attitude to weather.

Chapter Notes

My last drabble for Challenge 401: Cold at tw100.

“I think I’m melting,” Owen complained, fanning himself listlessly. “How’s anyone supposed to work in this heat?”

Around the Hub the others, looking as wilted and sweaty as Owen, mumbled their agreement, not having enough energy to even raise their voices.

Jack looked at his team, amused. He was hot too, but having grown up on a desert planet he was better able to handle it. “I don’t get it. Last week you were whining about the cold, but now it’s hot and you’re still not happy.”

“We’re British,” Ianto replied, shrugging. “Complaining about the weather is what we do.”

The End
One Dark And Stormy Night…

Chapter Summary

What has come through the Rift this time?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 402: Doll at tw100. This is going to be a six-part series.

Jack and Ianto had split up to search for the latest Rift Gift, hoping to get the job done quickly. An electrical storm was sending sheets of lightning across the sky and they wanted to beat the rain.

As he scoured the street, Ianto caught a strange flash out of the corner of his eye. Unsure whether it was lightning reflecting off something or not, he made his way in the direction it seemed to have come from.

By the light of his torch, he spotted something and crouching beside it, saw a small plastic doll lying in the gutter.

TBC in ‘Oh, Jack!’
Chapter Summary

Events take a worrying turn.

Chapter Notes

Second part of my drabble series for Challenge 402: Doll at tw100.

The doll was lying face down. As Ianto turned it over with one finger, he gasped in shock. It was Jack, right down to his coat.

“Oh Jack, how did this happen? I told you to be careful.” Tenderly Ianto picked up the small plastic figure, staring at it mournfully. “I hope Tosh can figure out what did this and fix you. I don’t know if you can hear me, but try not to worry. At least you’re in one piece.” Jack looked a bit mucky so Ianto carefully cleaned him with his handkerchief before tucking him into his pocket.

TBC in ‘At The Hub’
Returning to the Hub, Ianto reveals Jack’s unfortunate predicament to the rest of the team.

Ianto gently patted the pocket doll Jack was in. “Come on Jack, better get you back to the Hub.” Turning on his heel, he hurried to where the SUV was parked and returned to base.

Although it was late, the team were all still there. The Rift tended to be very active during storms so everybody generally stayed until things settled down.

“Find anything?” Tosh asked.

“No, but something’s happened to Jack, thought I’d better get him back here fast.”

“So where is he?”

Ianto carefully took doll Jack from his pocket, setting him on Tosh’s workstation. “Here.”

“Oh dear!”

TBC in ‘What Happened?’
Chapter Summary

Ianto has no explanation for the state Jack’s in.

Chapter Notes

Fourth part of my drabble series for Challenge 402: Doll at tw100.

The rest of the team gathered around Tosh’s desk, staring worriedly at the little Jack doll.

“What happened to ‘im?” Owen wondered.

“I don’t know. We split up to search, I saw a flash, and when I got there, Jack was like this.”

Doll Jack stood there, immobile.

“Oooh, he has bendy joints!” Gwen picked Jack up and started bending his legs.

“Don’t do that! It’s disrespectful!” Ianto snatched Jack back. “Sorry,” he murmured to the doll, straightening its legs.

“Did you see anything that could have done this?” Tosh asked.

Ianto shook his head. “Nothing, there was only Jack.”

TBC in ‘Plan Of Action’
Chapter Summary

A plan of action is decided upon.

Chapter Notes

Fifth part of my drabble series for Challenge 402: Doll at tw100.

“We should all go back out there,” Tosh decided. “Do a thorough search of the area. It must be some kind of alien tech that did this; we need to find it, or Jack could be stuck like this forever.” She gestured to doll Jack, who was now lying on his back on a folded duster. Ianto had done his best to make his plastic boyfriend comfortable.

The others agreed and fetched their coats, wrapping up against the weather.

They were almost ready when the sirens started blaring and the cog door opened, revealing a very wet and annoyed Jack.

TBC in ‘Jack’s Back!’
Chapter Summary

Maybe Ianto shouldn’t have jumped to conclusions…

Chapter Notes

Sixth and final chapter of my drabble series written for Challenge 402: Doll at tw100.

“Ianto, why the hell did you drive off and leave me out there? I had to walk all the way back!”

Ianto blinked. Staring first at doll Jack, then at the real thing, he broke into a broad smile, racing across the Hub and throwing his arms around his sodden lover, not caring about getting wet. “Jack! You’re alright!”

“Of course I’m alright. Why wouldn’t I be?”

Sheepishly, Ianto showed him mini Jack.

“You thought I’d been turned into a plastic doll?”

Ianto nodded. “The resemblance is uncanny.”

“I’m better looking though.”

“I definitely prefer the real thing,” Ianto agreed.

The End
Uh Oh!

Chapter Summary

Jack senses trouble ahead.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 403: Fireworks at tw100.

Uh oh. Looking at the mess, Jack winced.

Things had been a bit… hectic lately. That was partly due to Ianto being off work recovering from a Weevil bite; Owen had insisted that he stay off his leg as much as possible, to let it heal.

But being one man down when the Rift was acting up more than usual inevitably meant some routine chores got overlooked. Even with the best intentions, there was only so much four people could get done in a day.

When Ianto saw the state the Hub was in, there were going to be fireworks.

The End
Good Excuse

Chapter Summary

The team prepare to celebrate Independence Day.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 403: Fireworks at tw100. A couple of days late for the actual day, but it's the thought that counts ;)

“This is ridiculous!” Owen complained. “Jack’s not even really American, so why do we have to celebrate Independence Day?”

“He claims it’s one of the traditions that was carried out into space when humans first started colonising other planets.” Tosh shrugged. “Of course, by his time, it wasn’t about America’s independence from Britain any more, but about established colonies declaring their independence from earth.”

“That’s true enough,” Ianto agreed. “Apparently it’s quite a big deal when a colony petitions for independence, but I suspect Jack mostly just wants an excuse to set off those fireworks left over from Bonfire Night.”

The End
Spectacle

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack watch one of the most spectacular sights in the universe.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 403: Fireworks at tw100.

Woo Hoo! 1,000 chapters for my Torchwood drabble collection though in truth this is my 1001st drabble. Thanks to everyone still reading!

Myriads of shooting stars, of every colour imaginable, swept in endless, sparkling streams across the night sky, blazing so brightly they illuminated the faces of those gathered to watch.

Occurring only once every thousand years, people and aliens from across the known universe travelled vast distances to witness the dazzling sight, counting themselves fortunate. Few present would live to see it more than once.

This was Jack and Ianto’s seventeenth visit, yet it never grew old. The magnificent sight eclipsed even the most spectacular firework displays from Ianto’s childhood on earth.

It was the one event they never missed.

The End
The Boeshane Way

Chapter Summary

Ianto asks Jack about Boeshane festivals.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 403: Fireworks at tw100.

“So,” Ianto asked, lying on his back on the roof of the Millennium Centre, “what are the big, important festivals like on Boeshane?”

Lying beside him, staring up through the darkness at the stars, barely visible because of the city lights, Jack smiled.

“Not that different from celebrations here on earth really. People wear their best clothes, there’s feasting and dancing, speeches, and of course, fireworks.”

“People still have fireworks three thousand years from now?”

“Yep! But in the future they’re created by means of a randomised holographic light show. Chemical fireworks would’ve polluted the atmosphere but holographs are pollution-free.”

The End
Another quiet night at the Hub, another game of Naked Hide and Seek. This time, Ianto was determined he would win. Not that there was ever really a loser, the game was more an extended bout of foreplay than anything else, but it was the principle of the thing.

Jack’s habit of cheating meant Ianto had never won a game, and the Captain was way too smug about that; it was time for a change.

An hour of searching later, Jack still hadn’t found his lover.

“You win! Where are you?”

Ianto never did tell Jack where he’d been hiding.

The End
Chapter Summary

Gwen learns the hard way why you shouldn’t handle unidentified objects.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 404: Not Found at tw100.

Apologies if there are any Gwen fans reading this. I had to do it.

It started as a routine retrieval mission; something came through the rift so the team piled into the SUV to find whatever had been dumped on their doorstep this time.

Their search led them to an area of wasteland on the outskirts of Splott. After an hour of poking about among rubble and rubbish, muddy puddles and weeds, Gwen suddenly called to the others.

“Found it!”

Before anyone could move, she’d picked up the small metal disc. There was a humming sound, a bright flash, and Gwen vanished.

No one ever learned where it sent her; she was never found.

The End
Jack’s red braces are missing.

My third drabble for Challenge 404: Not Found at tw100.

Jack wasn’t happy; he’d lost his favourite red braces.

He searched through his wardrobe and chest of drawers, dug in the laundry basket and checked the washing machine. He even pulled his cot away from the wall and found two pens, half a tube of lube, a comb, a handful of loose change, and five cufflinks, three of his and two of Ianto’s. But despite upending everything, there were no red braces.

When Ianto arrived an hour later, he was carrying something.

“You found my braces!”

“Not ‘found’,” Ianto disagreed. “They weren’t lost. You left them tied to my headboard.”

The End
The Thing

Chapter Summary

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 404: Not Found at tw100.

Chapter Notes

A thing comes through the Rift.

It was about twenty centimetres long, six tall, bluish-grey and fuzzy, and Owen estimated it had somewhere around thirty pairs of legs. That was only a rough estimate, because the latest Rift Gift wouldn’t stand still long enough for a more accurate count. It rambled around inside the tank they’d put it in, treating the sides and lid as if they were extensions of the floor, there simply to be walked on.

“Any idea what it is?” Jack asked his team.

Tosh typed details into mainframe while Ianto checked the archives.

The results came back the same: match not found.

The End
Remorseful

Chapter Summary

Lisa is dead and Ianto’s starting to wonder if he can ever make amends to the team.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 405: Remorse at tw100. I’ve written four, and three are on the angsty side, so apologies in advance.

Ianto sat huddled on his sofa, still dressed in the same blood-smeared clothes he’d been wearing at the Hub when it had happened. The blood was dry now, it would be hell getting it out of the fabric, but that didn’t matter since he intended to have what he was wearing thrown in the Hub’s incinerator and burned. Surely Jack would allow that, wouldn’t he?

Jack, and the rest of the team; he’d betrayed them all. Ianto closed his eyes, feeling a tide of remorse flood through him. Would they ever be able to forgive him for everything he’d done?

The End
Eternal Remorse

Chapter Summary

Jack has some final words for his brother.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 405: Remorse at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Exit Wounds.

This one has two versions, drabble and double drabble.

**Drabble Version**

“I’m sorry,” Jack said quietly. “I know it’s too little too late, you have every right to hate me, but I can’t change what happened. I wish I could, for your sake.”

There was no reply, but he wasn’t expecting one, the man he was speaking to could no longer hear, let alone speak. Still, these things had to be said.

“I should’ve tried harder, I was supposed to protect you but I failed, I let you down, and I’ll never forgive myself for that.”

Jack closed the morgue drawer, shutting his brother away; all he had left was remorse.

The End

**Extended Version**

“I’m sorry,” Jack said quietly, standing by the morgue drawer. “I know it’s too little too late, and you have every right to hate me, but I can’t change what happened. I wish I could, for your sake. You didn’t deserve what was done to you.”

There was no reply, but he wasn’t expecting one, considering that the man he was pouring his heart out to was no longer able to hear, let alone speak. Still, these things had to be said; he’d been waiting a very long time to say them.

“I should have tried harder. I was supposed to protect you, keep you safe, but I failed. I let you down and I’ll never forgive myself for that. I wish there was something, anything, I could do to help you, but there isn’t, not now. Maybe one day there will be, but until then all I can do is keep you from harming yourself or anyone else. I love you, Gray, I always will, and I forgive you.”

Jack closed the drawer, shutting his brother away, possibly forever. He used to hope that some day...
he’d find Gray and rescue him; now all he had left was remorse.

The End
Chapter Summary

Not all of Jack’s ideas are successful.

Chapter Notes

Written for my own prompt ‘Any, any, No traction,’ at fic_promtly.

Because my drabbles this week are proving to be on the angsty and depressing side, have a more cheerful bonus one!

Sex lying down on a slippery tiled surface wasn’t one of Jack’s better ideas, Ianto decided as they slid across the floor. He just couldn’t seem to get any traction, hence all the sliding. Not that Jack was complaining; he at least seemed to be enjoying the experience, judging by his loud and enthusiastic moans. Nice to know one of them was having a good time. Jack was going to owe him for this.

“Harder!” Jack begged.

Ianto tried his best to oblige but slid again, causing Jack’s head hit to the wall with a resounding thud.

“Sorry,” Ianto smirked.

The End
Regrets

Chapter Summary

Tosh regrets not finding a way to save Tommy’s life.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 405: Remorse at tw100. Another sad one, sorry =(  

Spoilers: To The Last Man.

Tosh leant against the railings, drizzling rain and salt spray from the sea mingling with her tears of remorse. Tommy was gone; not just sent back to his own time but really and truly gone, dead for almost a century, executed for cowardice.

It was so unfair, he was one of the bravest people she’d ever known, he’d sacrificed everything to save the future, only to die. He didn’t deserve that

She’d wanted to warn him, but it wouldn’t have done any good, he wouldn’t have remembered anyway. She knew she’d always regret not being able to save his life.

The End
Cake Thief

Chapter Summary

Ianto just wanted a slice of his own birthday cake…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 405: Remorse at tw100.

Another one with two versions.

Drabble Version

“How could you?” Ianto asked reproachfully. “That was the last piece of my birthday cake, I was really looking forward to it, but all that’s left are crumbs. Is it so much to ask that I get one measly slice of my own cake? I’m all for sharing, but everyone was helping themselves like there was an inexhaustible supply. I thought you’d have some consideration even if nobody else did.”

Nosy looked suitably remorseful.

“What’s up?” Jack asked.

“Nosy ate the last piece of my cake,” Ianto replied mournfully.

“No it didn’t; I saved you some, it’s in the cupboard.”

The End

Extended Version

“How could you? You know better than to take things without asking, or at least you should!” Ianto glared reproachfully at the miscreant, his eyes full of hurt. “That was the last piece of my birthday cake and I was really looking forward to it, but instead when I come to eat it, all that’s left are a few crumbs. Is it so much to ask that I get one measly slice of my own cake? I’m all for sharing, but everybody else was helping themselves like there was an inexhaustible supply. I thought you’d have some consideration even if no one else did.”

Nosy looked suitably remorseful.

“What’s up?” Jack asked, wandering over.
“Nosy stole the last piece of my cake,” Ianto replied mournfully.

“No it didn’t; when I saw how fast the cake was going, I saved you some. It’s hidden in the top cupboard.”

Jack fully deserved the enthusiastic kiss he got for that bit of foresight!

The End
Being The Boss

Chapter Summary

Jack’s enjoying being idle…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 406: Present at tw100.

Jack was having a happy time, pootling around the Hub, looking at what everybody else was doing. That was one of the best things about being the boss; it was perfectly acceptable to be nosy about his employees’ activities during work hours.

“At a loose end?” Ianto enquired, joining him with an armload of folders.

“Not much happening right now,” Jack agreed, smiling.
Bad mistake.

“Good, because you have some overdue paperwork to do,” Ianto smirked, plunking the stack he was carrying into Jack’s arms.

“You want me to do this now?” Jack looked horrified.

“No time like the present!”

The End
Family Gifts

Chapter Summary

Even for the man who knows everything, buying presents for family is a nightmare.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 406: Present at tw100.

Buying presents wasn’t something Ianto enjoyed, especially when it came to his sister and her family. He rarely saw them, so had no idea what toys and games the kids were into, or what they’d already got.

He and Rhi had grown apart, he didn’t even know her favourite perfume, and Johnny was a complete mystery. The only thing Ianto was sure he enjoyed was beer, and his sister wouldn’t thank him for giving her husband a case of best brew.

It was easier to just hand over some money and let them spend it on something they really liked.

The End
“It’s her birthday,” Jack said firmly. “We should get her something she’d never buy for herself, something nobody else would think to get her.”

“I already don’t like where this is going,” Ianto was dreading the list of totally inappropriate presents Jack was likely to suggest. “Can’t we just go with flowers and some really expensive chocolates?”

Jack shook his head. “Everyone else will be doing that. Jewellery’s out too, She’s probably already got more than she’ll ever wear. Besides, it should be something fun.”

“Jack, so help me, if you suggest getting Her Majesty sex toys, I’ll disown you!”

The End
Mystery Gifts

Chapter Summary

Jack is intensely curious about the presents Ianto is wrapping.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 406: Present at tw100.

“Ooooh, present!” Jack practically pounced on the gaily-wrapped gift, picking it up and shaking it beside his ear. There were some faint sounds from inside, but nothing he could identify. “What is it? Ianto rolled his eyes. “Put that down, Jack; it’s not for you.”

Jack pouted, but did as he was told.

“Besides,” Ianto continued, “you’ve already seen what’s in it, the same with all the other presents.” He gestured towards the stack of neatly wrapped gifts.

“But I don’t remember!” Jack whined.

“Then you’ll get nice surprises when you help Meriel unwrap her birthday presents in the morning.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are no closer to figuring out what to buy the Queen for her birthday.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 407: Queen at tw100. Since the prompt was so convenient, I decided to carry on with something from last week ;)

What do you give the Queen who has everything? Jack and Ianto had been arguing over that very question for days, and it had reached the point where they were barely speaking to each other when they weren’t ‘discussing’ the problem.

Tension levels in the Hub were almost at breaking point, with the rest of the team studiously avoiding taking sides, though everyone agreed something should be done.

The worst part was, Jack and Ianto had been invited to attend the family party at Windsor for the weekend, since Lizzie had decided it was high time William learned about Torchwood.

TBC in ‘The Ideal Gift’
The Ideal Gift – Sequel to ‘Still No Decision’

Chapter Summary

The problem of what to give the Queen is solved.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 407: Queen at tw100. Two more parts after this.

Ianto was stressed because the Queen’s birthday party was only a month away and if they had to order something for her, it might not arrive in time.

Jack was frustrated because Ianto shot down his best ideas before he could even voice them.

The situation was deteriorating rapidly, until the solution arrived from a very unexpected source.

Arguing again after the rest of the team had left for the night, they were interrupted by Nosy, who slithered up to the sofa and plunked something in Jack’s lap, silencing him.

He and Ianto grinned at each other.

“The ideal gift!”

TBC in ‘On Their Way’
On Their Way – Sequel to ‘The Ideal Gift’

Chapter Summary

Everything is ready, so the boys are setting off for Windsor with their gift.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 407: Queen at tw100.

I was going to stick to my regular drabble posting schedule, but that would mean keeping you all waiting until Sunday, so I’ve decided not to be mean. I have random drabbles available for the weekend.

A month later, Jack and Ianto were preparing for their drive to Windsor. They were leaving the SUV at the Hub for the team’s use, so they loaded everything they would need for the weekend into Jack’s personal vehicle, a sleek, stylish black Lexus.

With their suitcases in the boot, Ianto collected the basket containing the Queen’s birthday present. He’d decorated it with red, white, and blue ribbons and topped it with a big bow, so he took great care when he put it in the back seat.

“All aboard who’s coming aboard?” Jack asked.

“Yep!”

“Then off we go!”

TBC in ‘The Gift That Keeps On Giving’
The Queen’s birthday party was in full swing and it was time for the gifts, most of which were the expected sorts of things: perfume, chocolates, jewellery… Then it was Torchwood’s turn.

“Happy Birthday, Lizzie,” Jack said as he and Ianto set the basket in front of her. “Thought you might like this to add to the corgis.”

Mystified, the queen opened the basket, and a red, white, and blue striped head popped out.

“Hummmmmm?”

“A baby Fluff!” the queen gasped in delight, lifting it onto her lap. “How wonderful!”

And that’s how the Royal family gained a Royal Fluff!

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto was happily enjoying a treat before Jack startled him…

Chapter Notes

I wrote an Ice Cream drabble for FAKE so I decided to do one for Torchwood too.

Ianto settled at his computer, browsing eBay for alien artefacts while enjoying a well-deserved treat. He quickly became completely engrossed, licking his ice cream and marvelling at the oddities up for sale.

In fact he was so absorbed, he didn’t even hear Jack approach; when a hand touched his shoulder, he almost jumped out of his skin and his ice cream went flying.

“Jack! Look what you made me do!”

“Sorry, I’ll get you another ice cream. At least it didn’t go on the floor.”

“Might’ve been better if it had,” Ianto muttered gloomily. “Now I’ll have to wash Nosy.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is less than happy with Owen.

Chapter Notes

Written for angelsphonebox. Prompt at the end.

Ianto plucked duckweed from his hair, dropping it back into the village pond; not that it made much difference to his appearance. He was soaked from head to foot and suspected there might be tadpoles wriggling around inside his shirt. He glared at Owen, who was standing nearby, gloomily watching the SUV being pulled from the water.

“When I tell you to stop, I don’t mean slam your foot on the accelerator and try to drown us!” he snapped. “Next time, I’m driving. What the hell were you thinking?”

“There was a wasp in the car! I bloody hate wasps!”

The End
Ordinary Copper

Chapter Summary

PC Andy gets a very unexpected offer.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 408: Copper at tw100.

PC Andy Davidson wasn’t under any illusions; he knew he was just an ordinary copper, one of many patrolling the streets of Cardiff. There was absolutely nothing that made him more important or more special than any of his fellow constables, which was why he was confused.

“Say that again?”

“Torchwood’s recruiting; are you interested? It’s a simple question, PC Davidson; all you have to do is answer yes or no.” Harkness stared him down.

“Are you kidding? Why would anyone say no? Of course I’m bloody interested.”

“I was hoping you’d say that. Welcome aboard; you’ll fit right in.”

The End
Curious Collection

Chapter Summary

Ianto makes a curious discovery.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 408: Copper at tw100.

Spending the night with Jack, Ianto found the lube was missing from its usual place. Pulling open Jack’s bedside cabinet drawer to see if it had been dropped in there, he was faced with a most unexpected sight; it was full to the brim with copper coins, some bright, some tarnished and dull.

“Jack? What’s this?”

“Oh, I keep getting those in change but they weigh my pockets down so I just stuff them in there.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Tomorrow I’d better bag them up and bank them before the weight makes the bottom fall out of your drawer.”

The End
Police Protection

Chapter Summary

Jack doesn’t care that the Cardiff police don’t like Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 408: Copper at tw100.

Torchwood wasn’t well liked by the Cardiff heddlu, which was understandable. Trouble was, they ran roughshod over everyone from uniformed coppers on the beat to inspectors and crime scene people.

It was easy to think that Jack and his team should be more polite, but in an emergency there was seldom time to ask people to leave, and wait while they made up their minds. In life-or-death situations, if sending the police packing saved them from attack by something they weren’t prepared to deal with… Well, Jack would rather have them alive and hating him than dead.

Simple as that.

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s raining in Cardiff again, but with a difference.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 408: Copper at tw100.

“Ow!” Owen yelped, covering his head as yet another small copper disc hit him on the head. “Fuckin’ Hell, that smarts!”

“I told you to bring your umbrella,” Ianto smirked, safely ensconced under his own, the metal ‘raindrops’ bouncing harmlessly off the taut waterproof fabric and landing on the ground with muted clinks.

Further across the Plas, Jack, also under an umbrella, was dancing about, singing ‘Pennies From Heaven’ while collecting the falling coins.

“They’re not even earth money,” Owen griped. “They’re from some planet nobody’s ever heard of. Why couldn’t we ‘ave a rain of toads like normal people?”

The End
Good Samaritan

Chapter Summary

Weevils can surprise you.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 409: Rough at tw100.

Not all Weevils were bad; most of them were happy to remain in the sewers, enjoying the bounty they found there. Occasionally a few would come to the surface and cause trouble, usually males battling over territory, and once in a while one would go rogue, attacking people, but usually they were unobtrusive.

Sometimes though, Weevils did surprising things.

Ianto had followed the one he’d seen lurking outside the tourist office to the docks, where it led him to a scared teenager, badly injured and having a rough time.

“You’ll be okay now,” Ianto reassured him, phoning for an ambulance.

The End
Rough Road

Chapter Summary

Some of the roads around Cardiff are in a poor state of repair.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 409: Rough at tw100.

Ianto’s teeth clicked together again as the SUV jounced through another series of potholes. Despite its top of the range suspension, Torchwood’s official vehicle was still giving the team a rough ride.

“Everyone okay back there?” he asked, trying to steer around the worst of the holes until they hit a slightly smoother stretch of the road.

“My tailbone is feeling every bump,” Tosh replied from her position in the middle of the back seat. “If we have to come out this way again, I’m bringing a cushion!”

“When we get back home, I’m complaining to the council,” Owen griped.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto isn’t enjoying himself as much as usual…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 409: Rough at tw100.

Ianto and Jack were enjoying a little afternoon delight in Jack’s bunker. Well, Jack was having a good time anyway.

Ianto squirmed uncomfortably at the roughness beneath him. While sex with Jack was undeniably a very enjoyable experience, on this occasion the pleasure wasn’t quite succeeding in blotting out certain less than delightful aspects of his current position.

With every thrust, he felt as if the skin was being sandpapered off his back by a coarse grittiness, and he was pretty sure he could pinpoint both the cause and the culprit.

“Jack, have you been eating toast in bed again?”

The End
Local Attractions

Chapter Summary

The new tourist guide contains more than just Cardiff’s attractions.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 409: Rough at tw100.

Up in the tourist office, Ianto was browsing through the new edition of ‘A Rough Guide to Cardiff’. Within its pages were listed the best hotels, restaurants, and nightclubs, their locations marked on helpful maps.

Another section was devoted to local tourist attractions and places of interest, among them Cardiff Castle, the Norwegian Church, the Millennium Centre, Roald Dahl Plas, and the city’s various museums.

He flipped pages to the next section, areas of outstanding beauty, and paused, staring at one photograph featuring a very familiar rear end.

“Damnit, Jack! How many times have I told you? Don’t moon photographers!”

The End
Assistance Welcome

Chapter Summary

Ianto may be new, but he’s already Jack-proof.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 410: Hand at tw100.

Ianto had been with Torchwood Three for a week, and was still trying to tidy the mess in the main Hub. He’d discovered a pile of junk that had presumably come through the Rift and been deemed too big or heavy to be lugged down to the ‘archives’, and was trying to shift it to an out-of-the-way corner, when someone spoke.

“Need a hand? I’ve got a spare.”

Turning, he saw Harkness offering the hand in its jar, and rolled his eyes.

“If you’re seriously offering assistance, Sir, put your pet down and help get this thing off my foot.”

The End
With A Bump

Chapter Summary

The one where Old Faithful gives up.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 410: Hand at tw100.

Right in the middle of a particularly energetic session in Jack’s bunk, the poor ancient and overstrained piece of furniture gave up the ghost, dumping both Jack and Ianto unceremoniously onto the cold concrete.

“Ow!” Ianto yelped as his arse struck the floor rather painfully. His head was better off, thanks to the pillow.

“Oops,” Jack replied, disentangling himself and giving Ianto a helping hand to extract himself from the wreckage. “Don’t worry; a few replacement slats and it’ll be good as new.”

“Screw that,” Ianto muttered. “Let it rest in pieces. Tomorrow we’re going shopping for a proper bed.”

The End
Dangerous Job

Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood can be hazardous to your health.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 410: Hand at tw100.

The cellar they were searching was pitch black, which was okay because some light was coming through the trapdoor above them, and Ianto, efficient as always, had a torch.

At least he did until Owen, shifting an old sofa to look behind it, bumped into a stack of boxes, which fell on Ianto, knocking him down and making him drop his torch, breaking it.

As Jack went to help Ianto the trapdoor slammed shut, plunging them into total darkness.

Chaos ensued.

“Who the fuck’s standing on my hand?” Ianto yelped.

“Me, I think. Sorry, mate,” Owen apologised.

“You will be!”

The End
Get A Grip!

Chapter Summary

Jack is having much more fun following an accident with alien tech than Ianto is.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 410: Hand at tw100.

It was disconcerting, Ianto decided. That was the only way to describe it. He was accustomed to the peculiarities mishandled alien tech sometimes inflicted on the team, it’d happened more times than he could remember offhand, but this…

He winced at his choice of phrase; ‘hand’ and ‘off’ were not words he wanted to hear together right now. He watched the shadows, unsure where Jack’s detachable hand might accost him from next.

Something touched his arm and he yelped, jumping about a foot.

“Ianto? Are you okay?” asked Tosh.

“No! It’s like being stalked and groped by Thing!” Ianto complained.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack should have listened to Ianto’s advice.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 411: Wide at tw100.

“Damnit!” Jack cursed, trying again.

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Told you it would be too wide.”

“The measurements are always a little off.”

“Not these days they’re not; everything’s very precise.”

Jack stepped back, glaring at the alcove as if it was to blame for being slightly too small. “But the new bookcase would look perfect there!” Suddenly his expression changed. “I know! All we have to do is take it apart again, cut a centimetre off all the shelves, and put it back together. Then it’ll fit!”

Ianto closed his eyes. It was going to be a long day!

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack is determined to look after Ianto, whether Ianto likes it or not!

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 411: Wide at tw100.

“Jack!” Ianto sighed, exasperated. “It’s my leg that’s injured, not my hands! I’m perfectly capable of feeding myself, I’ve been doing it since I was two!”

“Don’t care! You got hurt and I wasn’t there to save you,” Jack pouted. “The least you can do is let me look after you!”

The logic there seemed a little wonky to Ianto. How come he had to make it up to Jack for getting injured? On the other hand, he was never going to get any peace by arguing.

“Fine, go ahead.”

Jack beamed and lifted a spoonful of soup. “Open wide!”

The End
Tosh has a lot to adjust to now Jack has freed her.

Written for Challenge 411: Wide at tw100.

After months in her tiny UNIT cell, Tosh was having a little trouble adjusting to so much space. It wasn’t just her initial agoraphobia; it was the concept of living in such a huge place.

Her cell had been so narrow that she could stand in the middle and easily touch both walls, but now almost every room in her little house was big enough to fit her cell in several times over.

It was wonderful, it was unimaginable luxury, and she loved it, but she couldn’t help feeling lost in her new double bed. It was far too wide.

The End
The view from the hilltop was stunning; Jack could literally see for miles. Wide open moorland spread out before him, dotted with the occasional clump of bushes or copse of trees, and broken here and there by rocky crags similar to the one he was standing on.

Far off to his left, a faint shimmering might be a river, or possibly just a bit of heat haze. The weather was glorious, the sun blazing from a cloudless blue sky. Overhead he could hear skylarks.

“Jack?” Ianto called from below.

“What?”

“Have you figured out where we left the SUV yet?”

The End
Cardiff’s Superhero

Chapter Summary

Jack’s got something on his mind.

Chapter Notes

My first dabble for Challenge 412: Super-Heroes at tw100.

This started life as a one-off drabble, but ended up with five parts. Looks like you lucky people will be getting an extra drabble this week.

Leaving the cinema after watching the latest superhero blockbuster on the big screen, Jack was oddly quiet. Ianto glanced worriedly at his lover as they threaded their way through the crowds and out onto the street.

“Didn’t you enjoy the movie? You’re the one who wanted to see it.”

Jack jerked himself out of his thoughts. “What? No, it was fantastic, it’s just…”

“Just what?”

“Well, it got me wondering. D’you think I’d make a good superhero?”

“You’re already a superhero, Jack. You protect Cardiff from monsters and evil geniuses.” Ianto grinned. “You even have a costume. You’re Captain Coat!”

TBC in ‘Sidekick Or Hero?’
Chapter Summary

If Jack is Captain Coat, who is Ianto?

Chapter Notes

Second part of my drabble series written for Challenge 412: Super-Heroes at tw100.

Jack beamed, delighted with his new ‘secret’ identity. “I like that! But if I’m Captain Coat, does that make you my trusty sidekick?”

“Of course. Superheroes always need someone to keep them organised, although I’ve always thought of myself as being more like Alfred than Robin.”

“British butler in a suit… Yeah, I can see that. You were an amazing Batman for Halloween last year though. Maybe you should be a superhero too.”

“And what would my superpower be?”

“Making irresistible coffee,” Jack declared after a moment’s thought. “You could call yourself the Coffee King!”

“I already do,” Ianto winked.

TBC in ‘The Name Game’
Chapter Summary

What about the rest of the team? Can’t leave them out!

Chapter Notes

Third part of my drabble series written for Challenge 412: Super-Heroes at tw100.

“Captain Coat and the Coffee King, protectors of Cardiff! Sounds pretty good, doesn’t it?”

“Well, yes, but it’s a bit unfair to the others. They do as much to protect Cardiff as we do,” Ianto pointed out.

“I hadn’t thought of that, but you’re right, as always. They need superhero identities too.” Jack frowned in thought.

“Tosh is easy, she can be Gadget Girl.”

“Oooh, very good,” Jack approved. “What about Owen?”

“That’s a tough one,” Ianto admitted. “I’d suggest Doctor Strange, but that’s already been used.”

“Damn,” Jack said with a grin. “We’ll have to think of something else.”

TBC in ‘Naming Owen’
Chapter Summary

It’s Owen’s turn.

Chapter Notes

Part four of my drabble series for Challenge 412: Super-Heroes at tw100.

Owen’s superhero name was proving difficult to pin down. What could possibly fit Torchwood’s irascible medic?

“Doctor Grumpy,” Jack suggested.

“Sounds more like one of the Seven Dwarfs. How about Medical Man?”

They looked at each other and both shook their heads. “Nah.”

“The Surgeon?” Jack tried.

“Scalpel Man?”

“Doctor Miraculous?”

“Only when he comes to work sober,” Ianto replied, deadpan.

Jack laughed. “Good one!”

“The Xenobiologist?”

“Too much of a mouthful.”

“Doctor Fix It?”

“Sounds like a handyman.”

“Bugger.”

“That might work.”

“That wasn’t a suggestion, Jack!”

“Oh, sorry.”

“Wait, I’ve got it! The Weevil Whisperer!”

Jack laughed. “Perfect!”
TBC in ‘The Last One’
Chapter Summary

There’s only Gwen left to name now…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 412: Super-Heroes at tw100.

“Okay,” Jack said thoughtfully. “So far we have Captain Coat, The Coffee King, Gadget Girl, and The Weevil Whisperer. That just leaves Gwen.”

There was complete silence in the car, until finally Ianto said, “Does Gwen even have a superpower or special talent? I mean Owen’s a doctor, Tosh is a genius with any kind of technology, you and I are immortal, but Gwen…”

“Yeah, she a good enough field agent, but it takes more than that to make a superhero.”

“Poor Gwen, I suppose that makes her the team’s sidekick.”

“Probably best if we don’t tell her that.”

“Agreed.”

TBC in ‘Quite A Team’
Quite A Team – Sequel to ‘The Last One’

Chapter Summary

Jack’s proud of his superhero team.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 412: Super-Heroes at tw100.

“We’ve got to call Gwen something,” Jack said as they crossed the Hub to the boardroom where the others were waiting. “Even sidekicks have names.”

“True. Hmmm, I suppose we could call her the Celtic Copper.”

Jack considered the suggestion. “Yeah, that works.”

“About time! What kept you two?” Owen griped as they entered. “Couldn’t get out of bed this morning?”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “Maybe we should’ve called him The Snark,” he murmured quietly.

Jack snorted. Settling into his seat, he looked around at Cardiff’s secret superheroes, smiling proudly; they made quite a team. “Okay kids, let’s get started.”

The End
Day Or Night?

Chapter Summary

Sometimes there’s just no rest for Torchwood agents.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 413: Twelve at tw100.

Ianto felt as though he’d barely dozed off when the blaring of the Rift alarm snapped him back to full wakefulness, as effectively as having a bucket of cold water tipped over his head.

“Ugh,” he groaned from where he was slumped on the old sofa beneath the Torchwood sign. “What time is it?”

Beside him, Jack fumbled with his shirtsleeve and checked his watch. “Just after twelve.”

“Would that be noon or midnight?” Ianto asked tiredly, trying to drag himself to his feet ready for yet another excursion to collect Rift junk.

“Who knows? Does it matter?”

“Probably not.”

The End
Horrific News

Chapter Summary

Looks like Ianto’s day off is going to be cancelled due to an emergency.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 413: Twelve at tw100.

It wasn’t often that Ianto had the luxury of a long lie-in, so he was less that pleased to be woken by his phone at just after eight thirty on his first day off in over a month. Unsurprisingly, it was Jack.

“What is so important that you had to wake me, Jack? I was having a very nice dream.”

Jack didn’t waste time on preliminaries. “Owen’s twelve!”

“Yes, Jack, everyone knows Owen has the mental age of a pre-teen. That’s hardly news.”

“No, I mean he’s been de-aged, he’s literally twelve years old!”

Ianto groaned. “Lord help us all!”

The End
Going Holmes

Chapter Summary

Jack doesn’t want to let go of his costume party alter ego.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 413: Twelve at tw100.
A little coda to my fic ‘The Game’s Afoot’.

The morning after Cardiff Heddlu’s Halloween Costume party, Jack was still in character as Sherlock Holmes. Not that he was still in costume, Ianto had at least managed to persuade him to dress in his usual World War II era clothing, but the British accent was still in place, as was the pipe, though thankfully it remained unlit.

Ianto was busying himself making coffee when Jack approached.

“There you are, Watson! What’s afoot, my good man?”

“Twelve inches,” Ianto replied.

“What?”

Ianto smirked as Jack’s American accent reasserted itself.

“A foot is twelve inches, Sir, and the party’s over.”

“Spoilsport.”

The End
Ianto smiled to himself; Jack had met his match, he wasn’t going to get away with cheating this time.

Jack took the dice and rolled them, scooping them up before anyone could get a look at them, although Ianto was sure both had been low numbers. “Thirteen,” he announced, moving his counter, knowing it would send him up a ladder and that much closer to winning.

“No, Uncle Jack,” Mica said firmly, “you added up wrong, the most you can get with two sixes is twelve.”

Jack frowned at her. “Are you sure?”

Mica nodded. “I know my times tables.”

The End
Stalking Prey

Chapter Summary

Something is stalking the team.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 414: Stalk at tw100.

It lurks in the shadows of the Hub, hidden from sight under convenient pieces of furniture, watching the humans going about their work, oblivious to its presence.

It moves, slowly and stealthily, slipping from one hiding place to the next, as it continues to stalk its unwary prey, waiting for one to drift close enough for it to strike.

It is patient, as it must be; not all of those present meet its requirements, so it must wait until one suited to its purpose comes within reach.

Now!

Its attack draws a cry!

“Damn it! Dizzy untied my shoelaces again!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Solo retrievals can be dangerous…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 414: Stalk at tw100.

It’s late, night fell hours ago, but the Rift doesn’t operate on a set schedule so all of Torchwood are used to working odd hours. They’re used to going on solo retrievals too, and as they know what lurks in the shadowy places of Cardiff, they’re always especially alert when they’re alone on the dark, deserted streets.

But Ianto knows he’s not alone out here, his heightened senses tell him he’s being followed.

Ducking around a corner, he doubles back, coming at his stalker from behind.

“Jack! What’re you doing here?”

Jack held something up. “You forgot your gloves.”

The End
A Tricky Problem

Chapter Summary

Torchwood are good at covering up strange happenings around Cardiff, but once in a while even their ingenuity is tested to the limit.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 414: Stalk at tw100.

Team Torchwood stood in the Botanical gardens, staring at something that very definitely didn’t belong there.

“This is going to take some explaining,” Ianto said in a resigned voice.

“Can’t we just get rid of it somehow?” Gwen asked.

“How? I’m open to suggestions.”

They all looked at each other in silence.

“It’s too big to dig up. We can’t use weed-killer without killing off half the gardens, and there’s no guarantee it would work anyway,” Ianto pointed out.

“I could chop it down,” Jack suggested.

Ianto rolled his eyes. “I can see the headlines now. ‘Jack slays giant beanstalk’.”

The End
Eye Spy

Chapter Summary

Something is distracting Ianto from Jack’s attentions.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 414: Stalk at tw100.

The hothouse was usually one of Jack and Ianto’s favourite places for an after-work tryst, but for Ianto it had recently lost its appeal. Nothing seemed to bother Jack though.

“Relax, Ianto!” Jack repeated for the umpteenth time.

“I’m trying to, but it’s distracting, not to mention unnerving!” Ianto complained.

“Ignore it.” Jack pulled him in for another kiss, fingers deftly unfastening Ianto’s shirt buttons.

Ianto tried, but after a few minutes…

“It’s no good, Jack, I’m just not into voyeurism.” There was just something about having plants staring at him with eyes on stalks that gave him the creeps.

The End
The battle was over, the cacophony of gunfire fallen away into breathless silence. The members of Team Torchwood looked around themselves, surprised and relieved to see all their teammates still standing.

The invasion force hadn’t fared so well; half a hundred bodies littered the churned-up grass, multiple limbs askew, their blood mixing with the Cardiff mud.

Explaining this away would take some doing; sometimes Jack wished they could come right out and tell the world that yes, aliens are real, but he knew they couldn’t. Humanity wasn’t ready.

He drew a breath, breaking the silence. “Okay, kids, it’s cleanup time.”

The End
Ianto sighed, losing the thread of his report yet again. He was tired from being up half the night. Gwen and Owen were having another of their interminable arguments, apparently trying to outdo each other for sheer volume, which was making it impossible to think straight.

Scooping up his paperwork, he sought refuge in the comforting silence of the archives, away from his infuriating teammates.

Closing his eyes, Ianto prayed that Jack would come back soon, because he was about ready to kill half the team for the sake of peace and quiet, if they didn’t kill each other first.

The End
Vigil

Chapter Summary

Jack’s favourite time of day

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 415: Silence at tw100.

Probably set pre-series.

In many ways, this was Jack’s favourite time of day.

A hush hung over the whole world, or at least that was how it seemed. The last of the late-night revellers had finally wended their way homewards, the streets were temporarily devoid of traffic, and as sunrise was still an hour or so away, even the earliest of early birds were still sleeping, no doubt dreaming of catching juicy worms.

Up on one of Cardiff’s highest rooftops, with the city spread out below him, Jack could bask in the pre-dawn silence and gather his thoughts, preparing for the day ahead.

The End
Worrying Silence

Chapter Summary

There are times when silence can mean trouble.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 415: Silence at tw100.

Sometimes, silence was soothing and relaxing, a balm to the senses; there were times when Ianto actively sought out a quiet spot away from Torchwood’s everyday hustle and bustle to regroup.

But sometimes, like now, complete silence could be alarming.

Ianto emerged from the archives into a seemingly deserted Hub. Where had everyone gone? They’d all been busy up here half an hour ago when he’d gone downstairs, and he’d have heard something if there’d been a Rift alert.

Checking sensors, he found life signs in the boardroom. Pushing open the door, gun in hand, he cautiously entered, and…

“SURPRISE!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Oh no! What will Jack and Ianto do now?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 416: Grip at tw100.

The bad guys had got the jump on them; now Jack and Ianto were in a pitch-dark cellar, handcuffed together around a very solid metal bar. Jack tried, but couldn’t pull it free from its moorings.

“Normally, being handcuffed to you would be the highlight of my day,” he commented, “but this isn’t anywhere near as much fun as it should be.”

Ianto remained silent. Jack could feel the cuffs tugging slightly; his lover was doing something. Suddenly there was a click and the cuffs fell away.

“How’d you do that?”

“Hairgrip.”

“You carry a hairgrip around?”

“They’re surprisingly useful.”

The End
Falling Hero

Chapter Summary

Can Ianto save Jack?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 416: Grip at tw100.

Drabble Version

As Jack started to slip, Ianto grabbed his arm to stop him falling.

“It’s okay, I’ve got you!” He tightened his grip around Jack’s wrist.

“That’s all very well,” Jack gasped out, still teetering precariously, “but who’s got you?”

It was a very good question. As Jack tipped further out, putting more strain and weight on his would-be saviour’s arm, Ianto’s feet started to slip too.

“Shit, I really didn’t think this through,” Ianto muttered.

It was too late to let go; Jack toppled, dragging Ianto with him, and with a horrible squelching sound, they fell in the mud.

“Yuk!”

The End

Extended Version

As Jack started to slip, Ianto grabbed for one of his flailing arms to keep him from falling.

“It’s okay, Jack, I’ve got you, hang on!” He tightened his grip around Jack’s wrist, squeezing so tightly Jack thought he could feel the bones grinding together.

“That’s all very well,” Jack gasped out, still teetering precariously, “but who’s got you?”

It was a very good question. As Jack tipped further out, putting more strain and weight on his would-be saviour’s arm, Ianto’s feet started to slip too.

“Shit, I really didn’t think this through,” Ianto muttered.
It was too late to let go; Jack toppled, dragging Ianto with him, and with a horrible squelching sound, they fell headfirst into the mud.

“Yuk!”

Crawling out, muddy Jack hugged his equally muddy lover. “Not the best rescue attempt ever, but thanks for trying.”

“Next time you’re facing certain mud, you’re on your own.”

The End
Poor Dizzy

Chapter Summary

Why is Dizzy the Flufflet so accident-prone?

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 416: Grip at tw100.

The quiet afternoon was interrupted by a thud and a pained squeak. Jumping to her feet, Tosh found Dizzy lying on the floor, shaking its head and twitching its nose. Obviously it had slithered snout-first into the wall.

“Oh, poor baby!” Scooping the youngster up, she carried it to the medical bay. “Owen, Dizzy bumped its nose!”

“Again?” Owen examined their pet. “It’s fine, just can’t see where it’s going.”

It was true; long fur almost obscured Dizzy’s eyes.

Tosh smiled. “That’s easily fixed.” A few minutes later, Dizzy was zooming about again, fluff clipped back with hairgrips.

Problem solved.

The End
Wild Ride

Chapter Summary

Catching a Pterodactyl is not an exact science.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 416: Grip at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

This wasn’t how it was supposed to go, Jack thought as he clung to the Pterodactyl’s leg, high above the warehouse floor. He’d meant to inject it while it was on the ground, but when it launched itself into the air, he’d reacted automatically, grabbing on to keep it from getting away. It was one hell of a wild ride!

On the bright side, he’d managed to administer the tranquillizer, despite the awkward angle and only having one hand to work with.

On the down side, he was fast losing his grip.

Falling into Jones’s arms was an unexpected bonus.

The End
What’s This?

Chapter Summary

There are many ways of identifying alien tech…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 417: Slice at tw100.

Cataloguing everything in the archives was slow going. Whenever Ianto couldn’t identify something he had to take it upstairs and ask Jack if he knew what it was.

Naturally, when he appeared in the main Hub everyone demanded coffee, so putting the latest device down he set about making some.

“How much longer?” Owen complained, leaning on the counter. “And what’s this? Looks like part of a lightsaber!” Picking the device up, Owen waved it around, accidentally pressing a small button. With a whoooshing sound, he sliced clean through the kitchen table.

“Oops!”

Ianto sighed. “Apparently it’s a laser knife.”

The End
Use Your Loaf

Chapter Summary

You’d think Jack had never seen bread before…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 417: Slice at tw100.

Drabble Version

Jack frowned at the loaf of bread. It was big, brown, crusty, and all in one piece.

“Haven’t you heard of sliced bread?” he asked. “It comes in a bag; you just take out what you need.”

Ianto looked pained. “Sliced bread might be convenient, but it’s stodgy and bland. Nothing beats fresh bread from the baker’s.” Getting out his bread knife, he carved a slice off the new loaf, buttered it, and handed it to Jack. “Try that.”

“Without any filling?” Jack sounded dubious, but took a bite anyway. Then he smiled. “You’re right; best thing since sliced bread!”

The End

Extended Version

Jack frowned at the loaf of bread sitting on the breadboard. It was big, brown, and crusty, not to mention all in one piece.

“Haven’t you ever heard of sliced bread?” he asked Ianto. “It comes in a handy bag and all you have to do it take out what you need.”

Ianto gave Jack a pained look. “Sliced bread might be convenient, but it’s also stodgy and bland, full of additives and preservatives. Nothing beats fresh bread from the baker’s.” Getting out his bread knife, he proceeded to carve neat slices off the new loaf, buttering one and handing it to Jack. “Try that.”

“Without any filling?”

“Bread should be more than just something to hold the contents of your sandwich together.”

Jack looked dubious, but took a bite anyway. After a moment, he broke into a smile. “You’re right,
this is delicious! The best thing since sliced bread!"

The End
The First Slice

Chapter Summary

It’s a wedding tradition.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 417: Slice at tw100.

The cake was so beautifully decorated, it almost seemed a shame to cut it. Each of the three tiers was iced in pristine white, trimmed with pale lavender, and decorated with deep purple flowers and pale green leaves. It was a true work of art.

Nevertheless, cakes are made to be eaten, not just admired, and besides, the cutting of the cake was a time-honoured wedding tradition.

Picking up the knife, Tosh and Owen posed for photographs before cutting the all-important first slice, accompanied by cheers and applause from their friends.

It tasted every bit as good as it looked.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s table manners could use improvement.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 417: Slice at tw100.

The Torchwood team had barely sat down for lunch when the Rift alarms started blaring.

“Typical. Sometimes I wonder how we ever find time to eat,” Ianto sighed. “I suppose this can be warmed up in the microwave when we get back.”

He started to close the box he’d just opened, but Jack’s hand darted out, snagging a slice of pizza, which he folded and somehow managed to cram in his mouth, chewing it with difficulty.

“Glutton,” Ianto accused.

Owen shook his head. “And people think I’ve got a big mouth.”

Jack just smirked and went to get his coat.

The End
Value Is Relative

Chapter Summary

Ianto has become very skilled at trading.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 418 – Precious at tw100.

Set in my ‘Through Time And Space ‘Verse.

Jack was amazed by how well Ianto had adjusted to life among the stars. Of course, his TARDIS had a lot to do with that; she’d picked up important information about the worlds they’d visited while searching for Jack, telling Ianto anything he needed to know to fit in.

Even so, watching him trading with aliens was endlessly fascinating. As Jack looked on, Ianto bowed low, offering the squat creatures what looked like a bag of marbles in exchange for enough fresh fruit and vegetables to last them several months.

“Apparently glass is more precious than diamonds here,” Ianto explained.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s just trying to do as Ianto asked…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 418 – Precious at tw100.

“Stop!” Ianto yelped, running after Jack. “What are you doing?”

Jack stopped short of the dustbin, turning to face Ianto. “I’m clearing the junk out of the spare room like you asked me to. Why?”

“I meant the junk you brought with you when you moved in, the stuff you said you’d sort through when you had more had time. Not my stuff!” Ianto snatched something tattered and faded from the top of the pile in Jack’s arms, hugging it like it was precious. “Nain made this blanket when I was a baby. It’s all I have left of her.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack knows what’s important in life.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 418 – Precious at tw100.

WOOHOO! 100 words, first try! (According to MS Word).

Twenty-first century humans are all about owning things. They measure their worth by having things their friends, relatives, neighbours, and colleagues don’t: a more expensive house, a faster car, a bigger TV… They spend money they don’t have to buy things they don’t need, then spend all their time worrying about how they’re going to keep up the payments.

Jack finds it all a bit bizarre. He’s long since realised that material possessions don’t matter. The most precious things in life are the people you love and who love you back. All the money in the world can’t buy love.

The End
Precious Things

Chapter Summary

Everyone has something that means more to them than anything else.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 418 – Precious at tw100.

Gwen was trying to get the others to play one of her team-bonding games.

“Okay, what’s the most precious thing you have? Mine’s my engagement ring, it’s a two and a half carat diamond.”

“My car,” Owen said. “Always wanted a Porche.”

Tosh smiled. “I’ve got an antique silk kimono. It’s been passed down from mother to daughter for ten generations of our family.” She turned to Ianto. “What about you?”

“My life,” Ianto replied without hesitation. “With everything that’s happened, it’s a miracle I’m still here. Jack?”

Jack wrapped his arms around his lover. “My Ianto, priceless and unique.”

The End
Expendable

Chapter Summary

Jack is willing to sacrifice himself for the greater good.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 419 – Survival at tw100. This is part one of a four part series.

“Jack, don’t be stupid!” Ianto held his lover back. “Have you seen that thing? It’ll kill you!”

“Probably,” Jack agreed, “but not permanently. Listen to me, we can’t let it reach a populated area, there’d be a massacre. All I need to do is delay it long enough for the Big Gun to charge, then you can blast it to smithereens. Better it should kill me temporarily than you, or one of the others, permanently. I know you don’t like it, but I’m expendable. Sometimes your survival is a lot more important than mine.”

“Okay, just try not to die.”

TBC in ‘Decoy’
Decoy – Sequel to ‘Expendable’

Chapter Summary

Ianto worries about Jack while waiting for the Big Gun to charge.

Chapter Notes

Second part of my drabble series for Challenge 419 – Survival at tw100.

Even knowing deep down that Jack was right, it wasn’t easy for Ianto to stand back and watch the man he loved play decoy, running out into the path of the monster, luring it further from habitation. The only good thing was that the creature was so big it manoeuvred slowly. Jack was practically running rings around it, firing his Webley, not that the puny bullets made any impression on the creature’s tough hide.

The Big Gun was seventy-five percent charged. Ianto could only wait and pray that Jack would survive long enough for it to reach a hundred percent.

TBC in ‘One Shot’
Chapter Summary

Although Jack is in peril Ianto can’t rush.

Chapter Notes

Part three of my drabble series written for Challenge 419 – Survival at tw100.

Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine… one hundred; finally! It wasn’t a moment too soon; Jack was tiring fast, stumbling as he tried to keep beyond reach of the monster’s savage teeth and claws.

Ianto snatched up the Big Gun, checking it and flicking the safety off. Raising it, he took careful aim just as Jack tripped, sprawling on the ground. The huge alien roared in triumph, lumbering towards its fallen foe. If it got its claws on Jack, his chances of survival would be zero, but Ianto couldn’t rush; he’d only get one shot before the gun needed recharging again.

He fired.

TBC in ‘Boom!’
Boom! - Sequel to ‘One Shot’

Chapter Summary

It’s the moment of truth…

Chapter Notes

Final part of my drabble series for Challenge 419 – Survival at tw100.

The boom of the Big Gun was deafening, and the recoil would have knocked Ianto off his feet if he hadn’t been prepared for it. The projectile it fired was a single armour-piercing grenade, but to be on the safe side, Ianto had aimed it straight down the creature’s throat. When the grenade exploded, so did the alien; even something so massive couldn’t survive that kind of destruction.

Ianto let out a breath he hadn’t realised he was holding, set the gun aside, and ran towards Jack, needing proof of his lover’s survival.

It’s a good day when nobody dies.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack makes an alarming discovery in his quarters.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 318 – Long Overdue at tw100.

Things had been a bit slow at Torchwood recently, so with Ianto’s ‘encouragement’, Jack was having a clear out of his quarters. There was a lot of stuff down there that really ought to be in the archives.

Digging through his old wooden chest was nostalgic; there were so many memories in there and he was enjoying reminiscing when he found it, right at the bottom: A library book, one he’d been sure he returned years ago.

Oh Gods, what was he going to do? He had to take it back, but that scary new librarian would have his hide!

TBC in ‘Late Return’ (Chapter 470)
Belated Realisation – Sequel to ‘After Hours Visit’

Chapter Summary

Common sense finally makes an appearance, but it’s too late.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 309 – The Library at tw100.

Final part of this series. Follows Chapter 297.

Miraculously, despite the way Jack had managed to bump into practically everything in his path, they’d managed to make their way through the building to the library’s archives, where the older books were now kept, without setting off any alarms.

“I still don’t know why you couldn’t have just brought the book in and told the librarian that you found it among the effects of a deceased relative, or something.”

Jack stopped dead and Ianto walked into him.

“Why didn’t you suggest that before?” he hissed.

“Because your lack of common sense has apparently rubbed off on me,” Ianto sighed.

The End
“What d’you think?” Jack asked, slinkily parading across the Hub in his Halloween costume. He was wearing a skimpy midnight blue mini dress, black stockings and strappy stilettos, a short, fluffy black cardigan to keep out the chill, and an elegantly styled auburn wig. With subtle, beautifully applied makeup enhancing his eyes, he looked simply stunning.

“Wow!” exclaimed Tosh. “You look beautiful!”

“Yeah,” Owen added, “You clean up pretty well; you’ll knock Teaboy’s socks off!”

“Thank you!” Jack fluttered his lashes.

Gwen sighed. “It’s so not fair! I could never wear that dress. You have better legs than I do!”

The End
Halloween Fright

Chapter Summary

Jack wants to give Ianto a scare.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 420: Legs at tw100.

Jack was determined to give Ianto a Halloween fright. Leaving the Hub before his lover, supposedly to run errands, he snuck over to Ianto’s house, letting himself in and hurriedly throwing on a ghost costume. After checking that he’d left nothing lying about to give the game away, he hid in Ianto’s bedroom and waited.

Half an hour later, Ianto arrived home, heading straight up to his room to change. Jack grinned. This was it!

But before Jack could jump out, Ianto spoke.

“Give it up, Jack, I know you’re there. Last time I looked, my curtains didn’t have legs!”

The End
October in Cardiff, and the city was holding its Annual Halloween Carved Pumpkin contest. Jack had bought pumpkins for the whole team, on the assumption that if they all entered, they were bound to win something.

It took a week in between Rift alerts to get their pumpkins ready, everyone working in secret, but finally the big moment came. They took their pumpkins up to join the hundreds of others on the Plas. It was quite a sight.

With dozens of categories, Torchwood couldn’t fail. Owen’s Weevil design won Scariest Pumpkin. Jack’s was disqualified for being too rude to display.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is in a bit of a predicament. Owen and Jack try to help.

Chapter Notes

Double drabble. This one’s for red_day_dawning’s prompt ‘Vincent Van Gogh’.
Clearly, my mind works in strange ways…

“You know, Van Gogh cut off his ear,” Jack commented, rather unhelpfully.
“I hope you’re not suggesting I do the same.” Ianto’s voice was slightly muffled by the door he was pressed against.

“Hell, no! I like your ears right where they are. Well, not the left one obviously. Don’t worry, Owen will think of something. Right, Owen?”

Owen looked at Jack and grimaced.

“Sorry, Jack, I can’t do anything here. We’ll have to take him back to the Hub.”

“How do you propose we do that?”

“I’m working on it. Be right back. Don’t go anywhere.”

“Haha,” muttered Ianto.

Owen returned brandishing a screwdriver.

“We’ll unscrew the hinges and carry the door with Teaboy on it.” Grinning, he turned to Ianto, “Don’t worry mate, I have something at the Hub that’ll work. Soon have you free!”

“You’d better. This is all your fault, you know.”

Owen winced.

“I was hoping you hadn’t noticed.”

“My ear is glued to a door, Owen. Something like that is rather hard to overlook.”

“It wasn’t intentional. I was aiming at the alien!”

“You missed.”

“It moved faster than I expected.”
“Whatever. What idiot suggested the glue-gun anyway?”

“Jack.”

Ianto groaned.

“I should’ve guessed.”

The End
The Weirdest Thing

Chapter Summary

Something new has come through the Rift.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 420: Legs at tw100.

Something weird had fallen through the rift; Team Torchwood had no idea what it was, never mind what to do with it.

More than anything, it resembled a very badly made balloon animal, all taut, shiny, multicoloured, sausage-shaped segments. It also appeared to have no fewer than twenty-seven legs, not all of them on the underside. Then again, it was hard to tell which way up it should be, especially since the creature itself didn’t seem to care, walking equally well on whichever legs happened to be touching the ground at any given time.

It was the weirdest thing ever!

The End
The legs are too long,” Owen complained, trying on his new suit. He was taking Tosh to a swanky restaurant for their anniversary and wanted to look smart, but so far he looked anything but.


“You call this lucky?”

“It fits well aside from the legs. Stand on the stairs.”

“What? Why?”

“You’ll want both legs the same length when I alter them.”

“You can do that?”

“In half an hour they’ll look made to measure.”

The End
Dinner Date

Chapter Summary

Owen is amused by Jack’s new look.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 421: Impersonate at tw100.

Clobber is a slang term for clothing.

When Jack came out of his bunker, dressed up to take Ianto out for a special birthday dinner, Owen took one look at him and burst out laughing.

“How’s what?” Jack scowled at his medic.

“Never thought I’d see the day!” Owen sniggered. “You look like you’re trying to impersonate Teaboy! How’d he persuade you to give up your usual clobber?”

Jack straightened his shoulders. “For your information, Owen, this was my own idea. We’re going to a very exclusive restaurant; suits and ties are expected. Anyway, I look a whole lot better in them than you do! So there.”

The End
Ianto has good reason to be angry with Jack.

Written for Challenge 421: Impersonate at tw100.

Ianto sat down on the bench at one side of the cell and folded his arms across his chest. He was the very image of ‘Not Amused’.

“Ianto…” Jack started, but that was as far as he got.

“Don’t speak to me, Jack Harkness! You can’t talk your way out of trouble this time, this is all your fault and you know it!”

“But…”

“Don’t ‘but’ me! Dressing up in this uniform for Halloween was all your idea; you said it would be sexy! Well, now I’m locked up for impersonating a police officer!”

“But you do look sexy.”

“Humph.”

The End
Double Trouble

Chapter Summary

Jack commits a serious faux pas.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 421: Impersonate at tw100.

“Okay,” Ianto said with a sigh, standing outside the police cell. “What did you do this time?”

“It wasn’t my fault, how was I supposed to know?”

“Know what?” Getting information from Jack was akin to pulling teeth.

“That I have a double!”

“You do?” That was a surprise.

“Yeah, some entertainer on the BBC. I thought he was that shape-shifter we’ve been after, trying to impersonate me, so I attacked him. His husband had me arrested.”

“I should think so.” Ianto studied Jack thoughtfully. “He looks that much like you?”

“Not really. I’m better looking.”

“Of course you are.”

The End
Perfect Casting

Chapter Summary

Nosy is trying something new.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 421: Impersonate at tw100.

Coming out of his office, not looking where he was going, Jack tripped on something soft and fell flat on his face.

“Ow! What the Hell?” Levering himself up, he looked towards his doorway and the long, fluffy alien lying right across it. “Nosy, that’s no place to sleep, I thought you knew better! Someone might have been badly hurt!”

“Sorry, Jack, my fault,” said Ianto. “Ever since I went shopping online for something to help keep my flat warm this winter, Nosy’s been trying to impersonate a draught excluder.”

Jack had to admit it was a very effective impersonation.

The End
Looking In

Chapter Summary

Jack is feeling left out and sorry for himself.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble (or in this case, pair of drabbles) for Challenge 422: Ledge at tw100.

Jack stood on the window ledge, nose pressed to the glass, peering in. Through the fog of his breath on the pane, and a narrow gap in the curtains, he could see Ianto bustling about inside and felt a pang of loneliness, wishing he could be part of the merry gathering.

Ianto had his family over for dinner, a Jones tradition to celebrate Easter. He’d told Jack about it weeks ago, and at the time Jack had thought he didn’t mind being excluded; after all, this was a family thing and he wasn’t family. They didn’t even know about him.

Maybe that was the worst part; they didn’t know. He was on the outside looking in, not welcome in this part of Ianto’s life.

Suddenly the window opened beside him. “Jack! What the hell are you doing?”

“Don’t know. Just wanted to see you.”

“So you thought you’d spy on me from the window ledge? Get in here before someone calls the police about a Peeping Tom, you idiot!”

“Does that mean I’m invited for dinner?” Jack asked hopefully.

Ianto’s expression softened. “I suppose it does. Happy Easter.”

As far as Jack was concerned, it was his happiest Easter ever.

The End
High Rise

Chapter Summary

Ianto is having problems on the roof of a tall building.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 422: Ledge at tw100.

Ianto clicked his bluetooth. “Jack? Found it, roof of the Altolusso. Could use a hand though, it’s quite lively.”

“On our way,” Jack replied.

“Hurry?” Ianto pleaded as the creature lunged at him.

“Just hold on. Ianto? Can you hear me?”

“Bugger,” Ianto muttered. His comm. unit had been knocked from his ear, vanishing from sight. Wrestling the alien to the ground, he sat on it and waited.

“Oh thank God,” Jack gasped when he arrived, panting. “Tosh said your signal went over the edge!”

Ianto pointed. “It’s down there on a ledge, just don’t ask me to fetch it.”

The End
Companions

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Myf keep each other company during Jack’s absence.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 422: Ledge at tw100.

Spoilers: Set between End of Days and KKBB.

Ianto sat on the broad ledge outside Myfanwy’s aerie, back against the rough stone wall, legs stretched out in front of him and crossed at the ankle. Myfanwy sat, or rather stood, beside him, looking out over the Hub. They were sharing a bar or chocolate, although in truth the Pteranodon was getting most of it.

“What do you think, old girl? Will Jack ever come back or is he having too much fun travelling with the Doctor?”

Myf butted him gently with her head. “Squawk.” Ianto fed her more chocolate.

“Yeah, guess we’ll just have to wait and see.”

The End
Mountaineer

Chapter Summary

Jack practices his rock-climbing skills.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 422: Ledge at tw100.

Jack climbed the rock face slowly and laboriously, feeling for finger and toeholds provided by narrow crevices and ledges. It was hard work, every foot gained through strenuous effort, but he needed to reach the top of this ridge, where a small alien scout ship had crashed.

His right hand gripped a ledge sticking out about eighteen inches above his head. He was an experienced climber, but he wondered how the others were getting on.

Just a little further.

A hand reached down to help him. Jack stared at Ianto. “How’d you get here so fast?”

“We took the footpath.”

The End
Dexterous

Chapter Summary

Jack is impressed with Nosy and Dizzy’s dexterity.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 423: Thumb at tw100.

Jack sat and watched, entranced, as Nosy taught Dizzy what to do with the wooden blocks in their play area. Using their mouths, they stacked the coloured shapes into all sorts of weird and imaginative towers and buildings, or laid the lettered ones out in rows, sometimes spelling out words, but in Dizzy’s case, mostly gibberish. It hadn’t learned to spell yet.

He soon noticed how often the tips of their tails came into play, nudging blocks into position or providing support.

“They’re so clever,” he told Ianto.

“I know. It’s amazing what they can do without an opposable thumb!”

The End
Plum Unlucky

Chapter Summary

As far as Ianto’s concerned, Little Jack Horner has a lot to answer for.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 423: Thumb at tw100.

Ianto had been busy in the kitchen, baking for Christmas, when a call came through from Tosh. She needed something from the archives but couldn’t find it. Taking off his apron, he hurried over to the Hub.

When he got back an hour later, he headed straight for the kitchen, hoping certain delicacies would be cool enough for freezing, but stopped dead at the sight before him. His pristine plum pie was full of holes.

“Jack! What on earth are you doing?”

Jack held up his thumb. “Doesn’t work. I kept sticking it in, but I didn’t get a plum.”

The End
Ianto, it seemed, was a bit of a Jack-of-all-Trades, able to turn his hand to most things. Jack, unfortunately, wasn’t. He could fly pretty much anything, knew an incredible amount about aliens, was a walking talking sex manual, and a pretty good cook too, but certain things he had no talent for whatsoever. Not that his ineptitude kept him from trying.

“How can I learn without doing things?”

It was a fair question.

“OWOWOW! I think I broke my thumb!”

Ianto looked heavenwards, praying for patience. That was the ninth time Jack had hit the wrong thing with the hammer.

The End
A Slight Hitch

Chapter Summary

Having GPS is great – up to a point.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 423: Thumb at tw100.

I don’t believe it! Two in a week that came out at exactly 100 words =D

The Brecon Beacons are vast, so Ianto was delighted by the advent of GPS in the SUV. No more having to stop every few miles, get out the map, and spread in on the bonnet while Jack tried to figure out which way they should have gone and how to get where they needed to be without backtracking.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t much help now. It could tell them where the nearest garage was, but it couldn’t take them there because they’d run out of petrol.

Hearing a car approaching, Ianto stuck out his thumb. Maybe he could hitch a ride.

The End
Always Hungry

Chapter Summary

Jack has an excuse for everything.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 424: Hunger at tw100.

“I’m hungry!” Jack whined.

Ianto didn’t even glance his way. “You’re always hungry, you’re like a bottomless pit of hunger that can never be filled.”

“I have to eat a lot, being immortal takes more fuel than you might think. The vortex energy that heals me needs raw materials to work with, they have to come from somewhere,” Jack reasoned. “If I don’t eat enough it takes me longer to recover when I’m injured or killed, and leaves me feeling drained.”

“Makes sense I suppose,” Ianto admitted, “but you know what this means?”

“What?”

“You really are what you eat.”

The End
Learning

Chapter Summary

Tosh loves taking things apart to learn about them.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 424: Hunger at tw100.

From her earliest memories, Tosh had an insatiable curiosity and a hunger for knowledge. Fascinated by how things worked, she’d spent hours as a child taking things apart then trying to put them together again. She hadn’t always succeeded, a source of deep frustration for her parents, but she’d learned a great deal.

By her early teens, such mistakes were a thing of the past; anything she dismantled and rebuilt usually worked much better afterwards, and she started fixing things for others.

Now, she gets to delve into the workings of alien devices, and she can’t imagine a better job.

The End
Surfeit

Chapter Summary

Abaddon gets more than he bargained for from Jack.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 424: Hunger at tw100.

Spoilers: End Of Days.

Abaddon isn’t called The Devourer for nothing. He hungers, not for food but for the essence of life, stored in the fragile vessels that are human bodies.

It’s an insatiable need; no matter how many people he drains of life, he still craves more. Each person his shadow touches falls victim to his hunger, sucked dry, only empty shells remaining.

An appetite so vast can’t be sated, not by mere humans, but the one facing him now is different, bursting with life…

Abaddon drinks his fill and more, but it’s too much.

The surfeit of life brings death and defeat.

The End
Handy Hoix

Chapter Summary

Even a Hoix has its uses.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 424: Hunger at tw100.

Hoix are eating machines. Anything organic will do, they’re even less fussy than weevils in that respect. In fact, a Hoix is probably the only creature anywhere that would eat a Weevil.

About the only thing safe from a Hoix’s appetite is another Hoix. If that weren’t the case, they’d each themselves into extinction. The hunger of the Hoix is legendary.

The one in Torchwood’s cells is no exception; it can eat its own bodyweight every day and still want more. Torchwood would be facing bankruptcy from feeding it, but for one thing.

It’s a really excellent garbage disposal unit.

The End
Job Offer

Chapter Summary

It may not be a glamorous job, but Jack knows someone who’d be perfect.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 425: Cook at tw100.

“It’s not the most exciting job in the world,” Jack warned. “Mostly it involves keeping the main Hub clean and tidy, doing the shopping, and running other errands. Ianto will still make coffee and feed the alien residents, for now anyway, but you’d be providing food for the team and doing the washing up afterwards. Basically, you’d be chief cook and bottle washer. Oh, and you’d be expected to keep the SUV clean and fuelled too. Maybe do the driving from time to time.”

“Always wanted to get behind the wheel of that monster,” Rhys grinned. “Where do I sign?”

The End
Easy Option

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, the easy option is best.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 425: Cook at tw100.

Jack flopped wearily onto the sofa beside Ianto, glad to be off his feet after chasing around Cardiff all day, rounding up a horde of fuzzy, tennis ball sized aliens.

“Long day,” he groaned.

Ianto cracked open one eye. “Has it only been a day? Feels like longer.”

“I know what you mean. Seems like this morning was about a month ago. I’m not even sure what day it is.”


“Right. So whose turn is it to cook dinner?”

They looked at each other for a long moment.

“Takeaway curry?” Ianto suggested.

“Perfect.

The End
Chapter Summary

Sorting out Torchwood’s archives, Ianto never knows what he’ll find next.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge #13: Seal at drabble_weekly.

Sorting and cataloguing the eclectic jumble of random objects in the Torchwood archives was an often-tedious job, but Ianto was nothing if not thorough. He went through each of the many archive rooms in turn, opening boxes, photographing the contents, noting down all relevant details and where possible, identifying items.

Some things were from other planets, some were from earth’s past or future, some defied explanation.

The next box was labelled simply ‘Seal.’

Ianto opened it, expecting some ornate antique object for sealing letters.

It was a seal alright; twelve inches of fluffy grey plush.

“Oh. That sort of seal.”

The End
What’s Cooking?

Chapter Summary

There are many delicious aromas, but this isn’t one of them.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 425: Cook at tw100.

Searching for Ianto one day, Jack eventually tracked him down to the lower kitchen where he prepared meals for Myfanwy and the alien residents. He was slowly stirring a large pot bubbling on the stove, and was sensibly wearing protective gear over his suit as well as a mask covering his nose and mouth to keep from breathing the noxious odours wafting about. Jack’s eyes immediately started watering from the stench.

“If that’s dinner, I’m firing the cook!”

“Sure you don’t want a taste?” Ianto asked sounding amused.

“I’ll pass. What is it?”

“Laundry day. I’m washing the Weevils’ overalls.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack is really going to be in trouble this time!

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 425: Cook at tw100.

Ianto had spent half his day off in the kitchen, preparing a sumptuous dinner. He didn’t often get the opportunity to cook a meal from scratch, but Martha and Tom’s visit definitely merited putting in that extra effort.

A leg of lamb was roasting in the oven, gravy and various vegetables were simmering on top of the stove, and he’d even made Yorkshire puddings; not exactly a traditional Welsh dish, but he knew how much Jack liked them.

Then Jack phoned. “Ianto? Don’t bother cooking; we’re eating out. I’ll pick you up in twenty minutes.”

Jack was a dead man!

The End
Jack committed a terrible crime, and his punishment is only just beginning.

Written for Challenge #15: In The doghouse at drabble_weekly.

Jack was in the doghouse, and no mistake.

All the way through the delicious roast dinner Ianto had cooked, he made a point of chatting with their guests while completely ignoring Jack.

Martha and Tom kept throwing little glances Jack’s way, but whether that was out of sympathy, amusement, or disapproval he wasn’t entirely sure; their expressions were unreadable. He supposed he should just be thankful Ianto had deigned to feed him, not even withholding the Yorkshire puddings.

One thing was for sure; Jack had learned his lesson. Never again would he make dinner arrangements without talking to Ianto first.

The End
Hazardous Hunt – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Ianto isn’t looking forward to this Weevil hunt.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 426: Basement at tw100.

Hunting Weevils in the basement of an abandoned building was not something that appealed to Ianto. It was one thing chasing the toothy aliens through the streets and alleys of Cardiff, but quite another trying to capture them in a dark, enclosed space where their excellent night vision gave them a distinct advantage.

Nevertheless, the building was scheduled for demolition the following day and it wouldn’t do to have work crews stumble across a nest of Weevils, so here the team was, out in force, to clear out any ‘squatters’ beforehand.

Ianto sighed. “I’m putting in for hazard pay tomorrow.”

TBC in ‘Hazardous Hunt – Part 2’
Hazardous Hunt – Part 2

Chapter Summary

Jack’s attempts at reassurance fall a bit flat.

Chapter Notes

My second of four drabbles for Challenge 426: Basement at tw100.

“Relax, it’ll be fine.” Jack patted Ianto’s shoulder reassuringly.

“That’s easy for you to say. Even if you get killed you’ll recover.”

“It’s a big basement, plenty of space, and we have torches.”

“Which only illuminate what they’re pointed at,” Ianto reminded his lover. “I’d rather have working lights.”

“Electricity was cut off when the place was condemned so we’ll just have to make do with what we’ve got.”

Ianto threw a withering look Jack’s way. “Your pep talk needs some work,” he said dryly.

“Stop worrying, what could possibly go wrong with me in charge?”

“You want a list?”

TBC in ‘Hazardous Hunt – Part 3’
“Let’s get this show on the road!” Jack said, pulling away the rickety sheet of wood partially blocking the basement entrance and leading the way.

“Oh joy,” Ianto muttered, following close behind, torch in one hand and tranquilliser gun in the other. The object was to tranq any Weevils present, and relocate rather than kill them, because any kind of bloodstains would trigger a police investigation before demolition could proceed.

The team spread out, searching the darkness, but no Weevils were present.

“That’s odd,” said Jack. “This is an ideal nest.”

Something growled.

“Seems it was already occupied,” Ianto murmured.

TBC in ‘Hazardous Hunt – Part 4’
Chapter Summary

If it’s not a Weevil, what is it?

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 426: Basement at tw100.

The growling was too deep and rumbling for a Weevil.

“What is that?” Gwen whispered.

“Basement monster?” Owen suggested.

“I’m more interested in knowing where it is,” muttered Ianto, casting about with his torch.

“Over there.” Jack pointed to a dark opening into another area.

They advanced cautiously, guns drawn now, not knowing what they were up against.

Peering through the doorway, they saw it, massive, dark and furry. It growled again, then whined, rolling onto its back.

Ianto almost laughed. “I guess even Weevils would steer clear of a dog that size!”

The Irish Wolfhound wagged its tail. “Woof!”

The End
Bad Hair Day

Chapter Summary

Owen fixes an annoying problem for Tosh.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 427: Bow at tw100.

One windy December day, the team were out searching for an unidentified something that had come through the Rift. Their search had taken them to the park, where a huge marquee had been set up for a Christmas fair. Unfortunately, what they were seeking was outside in the blustery weather.

Tosh’s hair was driving her mad; it kept blowing in her eyes, making it impossible for her to see. Then Owen appeared beside her.

“Here, this should help.” Sweeping her hair back, he tied the purple ribbon he’d just bought into a big bow.

Tosh smiled. “Thanks, Owen.”

“You’re welcome.”

The End
Ianto was working late in the archives. With Christmas less than a week away, the Rift was being extra generous, donating an ever-growing pile of ‘gifts’ to be sorted, identified where possible, catalogued, and shelved.

The radio was playing softly in the background to make the task less tedious and he was so engrossed in what he was doing that he didn’t hear Jack approach.

“You know what they say about all work and no play.”

“I believe that saying refers to you.”

“So it does.” Jack gave a courtly bow. “May I have this dance?”

How could Ianto refuse?

The End
Everybody has got prettied up for the Christmas party.

My third drabble for Challenge 427: Bow at tw100.

This year, Torchwood’s annual Christmas Eve party, was being held five days early because that was when the Rift happened to be taking a brief break.

The Hub’s decorations were suitably festive, trestle tables were laden with a wide assortment of food and drink, and the whole team had quickly changed into their party clothes. Only Tosh and Nosy were missing.

“Tosh?” Owen bellowed. “Hurry up or we’ll start without you!”

The missing pair emerged. “Sorry. Nosy wanted to be pretty too.”

Tosh had arranged the fluff around Nosy’s face in a dozen tiny plaits, each tied with a bow.

The End
On Christmas morning, Jack, Ianto, their two-year-old daughter, and their Fluff were opening their presents.

Meriel, her eyes wide with wonder, was soon tearing the wrappings from hers and squealing with delight. Nosy had fewer gifts and lacking hands, opened them rather more slowly. The two men watched, not wanting to miss a moment, so it wasn’t until Meriel was happily playing with her new toys that they opened their own presents.

Smiling sheepishly, Ianto handed Jack a parcel topped with a crumpled and wonky bow. “It looked a lot nicer before little fingers got hold of it,” he apologised.

The End
It’s Christmas Day. Slouched on the comfy sofa in Ianto’s flat, he and Jack are too stuffed from dinner to even contemplate moving. Jack picks up the remote and flicks the TV on for the BBC news, followed by the Queen’s speech, but closes his eyes and yawns, paying no attention to what’s on the screen.

“Huh,” says Ianto. “London’s being invaded by aliens again.”

“Of course it is; it’s Christmas,” Jack replies. “Not our problem though. The Doctor and UNIT can handle it.”

“You know the best thing about Christmas?”

“Presents?”

“No. It’s not having to save the world.”

The End
London Bound

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds himself returning to London over and over.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 428: London at tw100.

Spoilers: Tiny for Cyberwoman and Fragments.

When Ianto left London, Lisa hidden in the back of the van he was driving, he’d been glad to go. All he’d wanted was to put the city, with all the horrific memories it now held, far behind him, never to return. It had been a vain hope.

Lisa’s gone now, but working as Torchwood Three’s GSO means he gets stuck with all the jobs nobody else wants. So, once again he’s driving down the motorway towards England’s capital, for yet another meeting with UNIT, just like he does every month or two.

He left, but he can never escape.

The End
Weekend Away

Chapter Summary

Jack’s idea for a weekend away isn’t to Ianto’s tastes.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 428: London at tw100.

“When you promised me a long weekend to get away from it all, I was picturing a cottage on the coast, or a little hotel in some picturesque village, maybe even somewhere in Ireland. The middle of London is hardly ‘away from it all’, at least not by my standards. I’m here every couple of months for meetings,” Ianto grumbled.

“That’s just the point. Every time you come here it’s for work, you never get to be a tourist.”

“Jack, I lived here for four years, I’ve done the tourist stuff a dozen times.”

“Oh. I hadn’t thought of that.”

The End
Cancellation

Chapter Summary

One guest won’t be showing up for Christmas dinner.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 428: London at tw100.

“The Doctor called,” Jack said, coming through the door into Ianto’s kitchen. “He can’t make it for Christmas. Apparently he’s stuck in London and he can’t get away.”

“Another invasion? I hope he doesn’t expect us to help out, I’ve been up since the crack of dawn cooking the turkey and everything!”

“No, it’s fine, there’s no invasion, at least not so far.”

“Then why?”

“His current companion invited him for Christmas dinner and won’t take no for an answer. He tried telling her he already had plans, but she didn’t believe him.”

“With his track record, I’m not surprised.”

The End
Way Down Deep

Chapter Summary

Ianto knows things about the Hub that the rest of Torchwood don’t.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 429: Deep at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

Deep in the Hub, deeper even than the archives, and the cells where aliens displaced by the Rift live out their lives until they can be returned to where they belong, there are rooms and tunnels that have never been used, space enough that every person now living in Cardiff could probably hide out there in relative safety in the event of invasion or some other disaster.

Ianto likes it down there. He spent days mapping the tunnels when he first arrived, finding previously unknown entrances. That’s how he got Lisa into the Hub.

Harkness still doesn’t have a clue.

The End
Memories Of Estelle

Chapter Summary

Jack remembers something about Estelle.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 429: Deep at tw100.

Spoilers: Tiny ones for Small Worlds.

Jack was slumped at his desk, so deep in thought he didn’t even Ianto enter.

“Penny for them?”

“What?” Jack looked up, startled.

“Penny for your thoughts.”

“I’m not sure they’re even worth that much.”

“Tough.” Ianto tossed a small coin onto Jack’s blotter. “That’s the lowest denomination we have these days.”

Picking up the coin, Jack studied it. “Estelle used to save all her pennies in a jar. When it was full she’d donate the money to a good cause.”

“She sounds like quite a lady.”

“She was. I wish you could’ve met her. She would have liked you.”

The End
Undersea World

Chapter Summary

Torchwood has some very cool toys.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 429: Deep at tw100.

Few people know that Torchwood has a miniature submarine. It’s part earth technology, part alien, developed by the institute because the Rift is fickle and doesn’t always drop objects on land. Scuba diving in the bay isn’t always a practical method of retrieval, some areas being quite deep, and besides, travelling by sub is quicker.

Even so, not everyone on the team is qualified to use it. Gwen is claustrophobic, while Tosh will only go down with somebody else.

Ianto loves it though. He may never get to other planets, but he can visit the extraordinary world beneath the sea.

The End
In The Marshes

Chapter Summary

The Rift sometimes drops things in very inconvenient places.

Chapter Notes

My last drabble for Challenge 429: Deep at tw100.

It’s just after dawn and Torchwood are searching the marshes for something the Rift has inconveniently dropped there. They have no real idea what they’re looking for, so they’re all sloshing about in their wellies, stick in one hand, scanner in the other, wishing they had more than two hands each. The reeds are sharp, and keep getting in the way.

They’re startled by a deep booming sound, reverberating through the still air, and Owen nearly drops his scanner trying to draw his gun.

Ianto snorts. “Relax, Owen, it’s just a Bittern.”

Owen glares at the bird. “I knew that.”

The End
Bittersweet Find

Chapter Summary

It’s surprising the memories that ordinary things can evoke.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 430: Key at tw100.

Ianto finds it as he’s packing to move into his and Jack’s new flat, sorting out what to keep and what to throw away.

At the back of his nightstand drawer is a key with a silly troll keyring, and for a moment the sight of it takes his breath away. It’s the key to Lisa’s flat in London, the one she gave him less than a month before Canary Wharf, her way of asking him to move in. It’s a bittersweet find, useless now but heavy with memories. Smiling, he drops it in the box of things to keep.

The End
You never know what treasures might be unexpectedly found.

My second drabble for Challenge 430: Key at tw100.

Ianto had always thought Jack was the kind of person who didn’t believe in keeping much, until he’d learned one of Torchwood’s rented storage units was Jack’s own. Now he was helping Jack sort it out after his lover had decided he couldn’t keep hoarding everything.

“What’s in here?” he asked, pointing to an old trunk.

“No idea. I lost the key years ago.”

Ianto set to work picking the lock, eventually getting it open.

“Not exactly the treasure I was hoping for,” he laughed, lifting out two pairs of boots.

“Huh. I always wondered what had happened to them.”

The End
Driving Ban

Chapter Summary

There’s no way Ianto’s letting Jack drive.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 430: Key at tw100.

Ianto snatches the SUV keys out of Jack’s hand. “Give me those; I’m driving.”

“But… but…”

“No buts, Jack. Look at you! There’s no way you can drive like that.”

Jack’s pout is about as effective on Ianto as it ever is, which is to say, not very. “You can pout all you want, it won’t change anything. Get in the passenger side.”

Still pouting and muttering about unfairness, Jack does as he’s told, crawling up onto the seat. At only half his usual height, his feet don’t even reach the floor. He’s forced to admit that maybe Ianto’s right.

The End
Too Many Keys

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s bunch of keys has grown a bit unwieldy…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 430: Key at tw100.

Ianto studied his overloaded keyring. Surely there were some keys he didn’t need? The ones to his flat and the building’s outer door, his car and the set for the SUV, were all necessary. Then there were keys to the tourist office, its cash register, and storage cupboard.

He had keys to the unit where Lisa’s things were stored, one for his safety deposit box at the bank, the keys to his desk in the archives and a small one for his diary so Jack couldn’t snoop…

Nope, they were all essential.

Sighing, he put the lot in his pocket.

The End
“Size matters,” Owen insisted. “Big ones impress the ladies.”

“You’re misinformed. I know for a fact Tosh prefers something more compact. It’s not about what you’ve got, it’s about knowing how to use it, which clearly isn’t your strong point,” Ianto replied.

“Small is in vogue. Everything’s getting smaller these days, except for TVs.”

“You’re just sayin’ that because yours is smaller than mine.”

“At least mine doesn’t create an unsightly bulge. Then again, I wear tailored trousers; how d’you even fit yours in your jeans?”

Owen scowled. “You gonna show me how to use my new phone or not?”

The End
The Torchwood Hub is vast, a seemingly endless warren of tunnels and passages on over twenty levels, some of which stretch for miles, under the city itself or under the bay. Ianto has mapped over half, but it’s an ongoing job, especially as some areas don’t have lighting. He uses a bicycle to get around where the floors are in a good enough state.

Knowing how much empty space is available makes what he’s about to say sound ridiculous. He eyes the enormous artefact.

“Sorry, Jack, there’s plenty of room but we’ll never get something that size through the doors.”

The End
Workplace Hazard

Chapter Summary

In Torchwood, size is a variable, not a constant.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 431: Size at tw100.

Every workplace has its share of hazards, but Torchwood has more than most. Where else can you find information on what to do if you accidentally end the day a different size than you were when you arrived for work?

It’s a problem all Torchwood agents encounter occasionally, getting shrunk or stretched to varying degrees, or even inflated several sizes so nothing they own fits. On one occasion Owen was temporarily rendered so thin his clothes fell off in the middle of the Hub. He took the subsequent jokes surprisingly well.

In Torchwood, you quickly learn normal rules don’t apply.

The End
A Matter Of Scale

Chapter Summary

Aliens are trying to invade earth again.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 431: Size at tw100.

Team Torchwood are old hands at dealing with invasion attempts; there have been so many they’ve become routine. This one, however, is a little out of the ordinary.

The aliens broadcast their intentions from orbit, so the team get a good look at what they’ll be dealing with while Tosh translates their message. The fleet is landing and the people of Earth are to surrender immediately.

It’s a bit anticlimactic; the fleet does indeed land on the Plas, but that’s as far as the invading force gets because somebody steps on it.

It’s hard to judge actual size from pictures.

The End
Don’t Try Again - Coda to ‘A Matter Of Scale’

Chapter Summary

Jack makes sure there won’t be a repeat invasion.

Chapter Notes

Double drabble, an expansion of a reply I made to a comment on the original drabble.

After the unfortunate incident with the undersized invasion force getting trampled by a civilian, Jack succeeded in contacting the ruler of the planet the invaders came from using his VM. The following is a transcript of their conversation:

Jack: “Thought you should know your invasion force has been defeated. They were seriously overmatched. You’d be wise not to send another one.”

Alien Ruler: “Ah, I always said one day Commander Splerlifoo would try to invade the wrong planet. He never did have any sense. I hope you won't be billing us for damages incurred during the attempt.”

Jack: “Not this time, damage was minimal, just a pair of shoes, but we are keeping his spaceship. It makes quite a nice desk ornament for my tech expert.”

Alien Ruler: “Desk ornament?” Gulp. “Just how big ARE you people?”

Jack: “Oh, only about three million times bigger than yours.”

Alien Ruler: “Okay, so sorry, got to go, bye bye!” Turns to aide. “We are never going anywhere near that planet again!”

Aide: “Very well, milord, I’ll erase it from our charts, shall I?”

Alien Ruler: “Screw that, just destroy all the charts. I’m banning space travel. Permanently. It’s not worth the risk.”

The End
The Club

Chapter Summary

Jack’s attempt at going undercover doesn’t work out too well.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 432: Tone at tw100.

Jack and Ianto were on a rare undercover operation, investigating an underground club believed to be where people were getting a very dangerous alien drug called Floozamoon, which made humans think they could fly. Several teenagers were already in hospital with serious injuries because of it.

Ianto had dressed to fit in, wearing hipster jeans and a shabby t-shirt, but Jack was still in his usual attire, and ten minutes after they arrived, was unceremoniously ejected.

“What happened to you?” Ianto asked him later.

“I was thrown out,” Jack grumbled. “They said I was lowering the tone of the place.”

The End
Mind Your Language

Chapter Summary

Gwen needs to work on her alien languages.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 432: Tone at tw100.

Communicating with the latest aliens to accidentally wind up in Cardiff was proving tricky. The small, pink beings were friendly enough, but their language consisted of whistling in different tones. Gwen tried whistling back, but whatever she ‘said’ seemed to offend them. The two big ones turned bright purple, whistling shrilly and covering the ears of their little ones.

Thankfully, Ianto arrived and took charge. Before long, the visitors were on their way to their intended destination.

“I’d expect that from Jack, but not you, Gwen.”

“What did I do?”

“You said you wanted to lick them all over.”

“EW!”

The End
Bad Move

Chapter Summary

Jack’s in Ianto’s bad books again.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 432: Tone at tw100.

Returning to the Hub after investigating a Rift flare, Ianto entered from the garage with Jack trailing behind him, dripping slime.

“You’d better take a shower,” Ianto called back over his shoulder. “And after that you can clean up the mess you’ve made of the SUV.”

Jack muttered something and Ianto spun around, hands on hips. “Don’t you take that tone with me, Jack Harkness! This is your own fault, I told you not to get too close, but no, you just had to poke it with a stick, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t know it would explode!”

“You do now!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack just can’t resist fiddling…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 432: Tone at tw100.

“Right, I’m off to fetch lunch. Who wants what?” Ianto asked, pulling his coat on and checking he’d got his wallet and phone.

A chorus of voices shouted their orders and Ianto simply nodded, committing everything to memory. He never forgot anything.

“Should be back in half an hour, provided the queue isn’t too long.” He stepped aboard the invisible lift and rose towards the Plas.

Ten minutes later, queuing in the shop, his phone suddenly started blaring out ‘Do Ya Think I’m Sexy’.

“Damnit Jack! How many times have I told you not to mess with my ring tone?”

The End
In A State

Chapter Summary

Ianto despairs at the mess Jack gets his coat into.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 433: Dirty at tw100.

“Hmpf,” Ianto huffed as he examined Jack’s coat. How the hell did he always manage to get it so dirty? It had only just been dry-cleaned less than a week ago, yet already the hem looked like it had been dragged through the mud, there were bits of leaves and grass all over the back, and the end of one sleeve appeared to have been dipped in blood and then chewed. He glared at Jack, who stood shuffling his feet.

“Ah, about that… There was this Weevil in the park…”

Ianto shook his head. “I don’t even want to know!”

The End
Dirty Work

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood archives are filthy.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 433: Dirty at tw100.

Ianto pushed the final box into place on the shelf and sighed. Sorting out the archives was an interesting and absorbing task, but it was dirty work. As far as he could tell, nobody had cleaned down there since the turn of the last century. A lot of muck had accumulated over a hundred years.

His hands were black, his white shirt was now grey, and he was fairly sure he had cobwebs in his hair.

Marching into Jack’s office, he plunked a sheet of paper in front of the Captain.

“What’s this?”

“Requisition for an industrial strength vacuum cleaner!”

The End
Safe And Warm

Chapter Summary

Jack can’t help worrying when Ianto has to go into dangerous situations.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge # 22 - Peace Of Mind at drabble_weekly.

This one’s a double drabble.

Jack knows the dangers involved in working for Torchwood better than most; he’s seen so many of his colleagues killed or maimed over his years with the Institute. Some have been little more than acquaintances, and some outright enemies, but most have been people he considered friends, and even lovers. Losing them never gets any easier. That’s why some time ago he decided to never again get involved with people he worked alongside. He’d even kept his vow for a while.

Then he met Ianto, and the young Welshman got right under his skin. Before he knew it, Jack was head-over-heels in love. He hates sending Ianto into danger even though he has no choice, worries constantly about what could happen when his lover is in the field, but he knows only too well that he wouldn’t get any thanks for being overprotective. Ianto is as capable as anyone on the team, but skill isn’t always enough when up against an unknown threat.

It’s always a relief when Ianto gets through a mission unharmed, but the only time Jack feels real peace of mind is at night, in bed, with the man he loves sleeping safe and warm beside him.

The End
A Dirty Business

Chapter Summary

Coat knows getting dirty is part of the job, but that doesn’t mean it has to like it.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 433: Dirty at tw100.

Coat drooped. It hated being dirty, but that was just one of the downsides of being in the hero business. You can’t expect to stay spotless when saving the world on a regular basis.

It wasn’t just the normal grime lesser coats had to contend with either, like dust and lint, loose hairs and the effects of air pollution. There was mud and blood, alien spit and slime, gore and entrails, and the crud found in alleyways everywhere, which Coat found it best not to think about too closely.

What it wouldn’t give right now for a shower of rain.

The End
Mucky Pup

Chapter Summary

Even on quiet days, Ianto’s work is never done.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 433: Dirty at tw100.

Ianto stared in weary resignation at the sight in front of him. He knew how much Jack and Nosy loved to romp together when the Rift was quiet enough to allow time for play, but the end result was always a foregone conclusion.

“Honestly, I don’t know how you manage to get yourself so dirty! You’re black!”

Wide, innocent eyes stared back at him apologetically.

“Come on then, I suppose I’d better get you cleaned up while your partner in crime puts the toys away.”

Reaching out, he grabbed Jack’s hand and dragged him away for a badly needed shower.

The End
Hair Raising

Chapter Summary

Jack’s latest death gives Ianto unexpected cause for concern.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 434: Hair at tw100.

Jack can heal from anything. Literally. Sometimes a little assistance is required, like sticking bits that get lopped off back where they belong so his amazing healing abilities can knit him together again, but disgusting as that task is, Ianto’s grown used to it.

This is different. Jack died of smoke inhalation before being burned. The burns are healing, but he’s bald. Ianto’s devastated; what’ll he tell Jack when he wakes up? It wasn’t like he could stick Jack’s hair back on. He needn’t have worried though; even as he watches, Jack’s scalp sprouts new hair. Maybe Jack won’t notice.

The End
Jones The Red

Chapter Summary

Something odd has happened to Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 434: Hair at tw100.

Ianto’s hair is red. Not auburn, or ginger, or strawberry blond, but a vivid, unmistakeable shade of rich scarlet. It wasn’t like that when he left the Hub.

“Did you dye your hair?” Jack asks, puzzled.

“What? No! Why?”

“Well, I know red is your colour, and don’t get me wrong, it really looks good on you, but it might be a bit extreme for everyday.”

“Jack, what’re you talking about?

“You should look in a mirror.”

Doing as instructed, Ianto checks his appearance; it’s quite a shock.

“MY HAIR’S TURNED RED!”

“Told you so. Don’t worry, we’ll fix it.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack has a thing for Ianto’s chest hair.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 434: Hair at tw100.

Lying in a post-coital haze, Ianto gradually becomes aware of what Jack’s fingers are doing, combing through the hair on Ianto’s chest.

“You’re obsessed with my chest hair,” he observes, amused.

“Not obsessed,” Jack replies indignantly. “I just like it. It’s nice and fluffy, very manly.”

Ianto snorts a laugh. “Fluffy yet manly? I’m not sure whether to feel flattered or insulted.”

“I meant it as a compliment,” Jack pouts.

“Ah, I see. Sometimes it’s hard to tell with you. Okay, flattered it is.”

Jack smiles, hugging Ianto close. “You’re like a fuzzy teddy bear.”

“And we’re back to insulted.”

The End
Chapter Summary

The Hub is full of hairy monsters!

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 434: Hair at tw100.

The Hub was full of hairy monsters. Well, alright, perhaps ‘full’ was a slight exaggeration, but in Ianto’s opinion, the usual two were quite enough; the other four were definite overkill.

Nosy and Dizzy were slithering around, curiously studying the strange newcomers, although they didn’t seem alarmed. Ianto was less happy about the situation. He’d only popped out to fetch lunch; had there been an invasion while he was gone?

“Jack?”

One of the creatures turned towards him, blue eyes peering from the mass of hair. It looked like Cousin Itt.

“Ianto? Help!”

“Oh Jack, what did you do now?”

The End
Finding A Smile

Chapter Summary

The last thing Ianto feels like doing is smiling.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 435: Smile at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

How did the saying go? Smile and the world smiles with you, wasn’t it? Ianto had never felt less like smiling. Lisa was gone, having killed two people; now Ianto was on suspension. Well, the part about crying alone was certainly accurate; that was all he’d done for the last week, out of grief, guilt and shame. He couldn’t seem to stop.

When Jack showed up, letting himself in, Ianto was a sodden lump on the sofa.

Jack sat beside him, offering a bar of chocolate.

“Good for your serotonin levels,” he explained, smiling.

Surprised, Ianto found himself smiling back.

The End
Not A Pretty Sight

Chapter Summary

Owen gets a bit of a shock.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 435: Smile at tw100.

Ianto was cleaning out the cells of Torchwood’s permanent residents when Owen arrived to carry out one of his periodic behaviour studies. Basically, this meant sitting in front of a cell and staring at whatever creature it contained.

Any time he appeared in the lower levels, it usually meant he’d run out of work upstairs and was hiding in case anyone thought of something he hadn’t done yet.

Today he stood and stared at Janet, who stared back, then suddenly bared her teeth at him.

Owen jumped back with a yelp.

Ianto laughed. “Relax, Owen, she likes you, she’s smiling.”

The End
Public Vs. Private

Chapter Summary

Jack has one smile for the world and another just for Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 435: Smile at tw100.

Jack had spent a lot of time over the years looking into mirrors and perfecting his smile, the flirty, devil-may-care one he flashed at practically everyone he met. The practice had paid off because it was devastatingly effective; the one thing people who met him never forgot, except when he retconned them, was that smile, wide and confident, and full of perfect teeth.

Ianto had nothing against that smile; when turned on him it usually meant a night of fun, but he much preferred the less showy, softer, more honest smile that Jack reserved just for their private moments together.

The End
Caught

Chapter Summary

Owen thought he’d got away with it…

Chapter Notes

My last drabble for Challenge 435: Smile at tw100.

Owen breathed a silent sigh of relief; the team were all busy with their own stuff, looked like the whole embarrassing incident had gone unnoticed by any of them. Leaving them working, he hurried off to the locker room to get cleaned up.

When he returned, the others were clustered around Tosh’s workstation. Jack beckoned him over.

“What’s up? Rift alert?”

Silently, Tosh gestured to her screen.

Owen stared, horrified. There he was, flailing helplessly, his head stuck in the massive mouth of his latest autopsy subject, which had closed on him unexpectedly.

“Smile,” Jack grinned. “You’re on candid camera!”

The End
Barefoot And Pregnant

Chapter Summary

Being pregnant sucks.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble: Challenge 436: Home Alone at tw100.

Being pregnant sucked! Bad enough that it meant resembling something that had swallowed a whale, that waddling had replaced walking, that feet were a distant memory, not to mention completely unreachable, and that constant food cravings warred with equally constant heartburn. To add insult to injury, it also meant being stuck at home, alone, while everyone else got to go outside and have fun.

It wasn’t fair; in fact, it might even be considered sexist. They weren’t living in the dark ages; why should something as natural as pregnancy merit being shut away?

“Just because I’m a man,” Jack sighed.

The End
Empty House

Chapter Summary

Ianto finally gets home after a busy week.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 436: Home Alone at tw100.

Dragging himself wearily through his front door, Ianto toed off his shoes, hung up his coat, and padded through to the kitchen to find something to eat. He was hungry but didn’t feel like cooking, and takeaway didn’t appeal either.

In the end, he found a tin or soup, poured it into a saucepan, and put it on to heat before going upstairs to change out of his suit.

The Rift had been keeping them busy all week; this was his first night off in days, but he wasn’t happy; he hated being home alone. He wished Jack was here.

The End
Being Grown Up

Chapter Summary

Meriel has never been home alone at night before.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 436: Home Alone at tw100.

Meriel grinned; this was what being grown up was all about. She was eleven now, and this was the first time her daddies had left her at home alone. Normally if they went out at night, they’d call one of the team to baby-sit, or Anwen, because at sixteen she was considered old enough to be responsible.

This time though, Anwen had flu, along with half of Torchwood. Taddy hadn’t been happy about leaving her alone, but Daddy said she’d be fine. Meriel had thought so too, at first. Now though… It was creepy.

She hoped they’d be home soon.

The End
Bored

Chapter Summary

Left on its own, Nosy makes its own entertainment.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 436: Home Alone at tw100.

It was mid-afternoon and the entire Torchwood Team was out in the field, dealing with an alien incursion. George the suit was down in the archives, filing, and Myfanwy was up in her aerie, catching up on her beauty sleep. That left Nosy at a loose end.

This was the part of Torchwood life that it enjoyed the least, being left home alone. It thrived on company, and when there was nobody about it got lonely and bored.

On the bright side, Jack hadn’t put the lid back on the cookies properly…

Nothing causes more chaos than a sugar-hyped Fluff!

The End
Hollow

Chapter Summary

Lisa is dead, and Ianto is too numb to feel anything.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 437: Nothing at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

It was over, Lisa was dead, along with the two people she’d killed. Ianto had been overwhelmed at the time with so many emotions. Grief, anger, guilt, shame, horror… warring inside him until he’d thought they would tear him apart from the inside, but now he felt… nothing, just a cold, numb emptiness where his heart used to be.

He wondered if that was how it felt to be dead, but he was still breathing, his stubborn body refusing to relinquish its hold on life.

How long could a hollow man keep going with nothing but life left to lose?

The End
Where’s Jack?

Chapter Summary

Ianto discovers Jack’s hew nocturnal habit.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 437: Nothing at tw100.

Waking up in the early hours, Ianto was surprised to find himself alone. Being pregnant meant Jack had been sleeping a lot more, especially since the extra weight had started making itself felt.

Ianto got out of bed and went in search of his husband, tracking him down to the kitchen.

“Jack? What’re you doing?”

Blue eyes stared innocently back at him. “Nothing.”

“Really? That’s a whole lot of nothing you’ve got there.” He indicated the heavily laden plate in Jack’s hands.

“I was hungry.”

“I see. Enjoy your… snack.”

No wonder they were getting through more food than usual.

The End
Chapter Summary

Having a Rift running through Cardiff isn’t always a bad thing.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 437: Nothing at tw100.

At the blaring of the Rift alarms, the team gravitated towards Tosh’s workstation, clustering around her as she pulled up the necessary information on her screens.

“What’ve we got, Tosh?” Jack asked, peering over her shoulder.

“Location of the Rift spike was at County Hall, let me pull up the CCTV for the area…” Tosh’s fingers flew over her keyboard as another screen lit up. “Oh!”

“Something nasty?” Gwen asked.

“No, nothing.”

“What d’you mean?”

“It didn’t leave anything, but it took that ghastly sculpture from outside.”

“Finally!” Ianto exclaimed. “Always knew the Rift had to be good for something.”

The End
Don’t Ask

Chapter Summary

Owen is worried about Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 437: Nothing at tw100.

“It’s nothing,” Ianto insisted, turning away from Owen, walking stiffly.

“That’s hardly nothing, teaboy! Look at you, stiff as a board and walkin’ funny. What’s the problem? Is it your back? Your ribs? Your hip? You landed pretty hard yesterday when that alien threw you against the wall. Might have a hairline fracture, I should run a scan to be sure.”

“I said I’m okay.”

“I’m a doctor, you can tell me anything.”

“Fine. I’m walking funny because the lace panties I’m wearing chafe. Happy now?”

“I SO didn’t need to know that,” Owen groaned.

“Serves you right for asking.”

The End
A Safe Place

Chapter Summary

Ianto is very good at hiding things from Jack.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 438: Safe at tw100.

That Jack would search for Ianto’s journal was a foregone conclusion, but Ianto was no fool; he took precautions. For starters, there wasn’t one journal but two.

The first contained work-related entries, along with some not-too-personal snippets to keep Jack happy whenever he inevitably discovered it. Ianto always hid it well, in a variety of different places, but not so well that Jack wouldn’t stumble across it occasionally.

The second was reserved for all Ianto’s most personal thoughts and experiences, and that was always hidden in the one place Jack would never look for it; the safe in Jack’s office.

The End
Rhys’ Revelation

Chapter Summary

Rhys’s reaction to learning about Torchwood etc.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 438: Safe at tw100.

Spoilers: Tiny for Meat.

Rhys was flabbergasted; aliens were real, and some of them were right here on earth! More than that, this wasn’t some new thing; it had been going on for over a century, and most people in Cardiff had no idea! The rest of the world had to be equally clueless, because if people knew about the Rift, Weevils, and suchlike, the Welsh Capital probably wouldn’t be anywhere near as popular with tourists.

Everything he knew about his home had just been turned on its head, and Rhys doubted he’d ever feel safe again. He didn’t care. It was bloody brilliant!

The End
Protectors

Chapter Summary

The Torchwood Team are Cardiff’s defenders.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 438: Safe at tw100.

The people of Cardiff, both residents and visitors, are Torchwood’s responsibility. They’re the first and only line of defence between the objects and aliens spat out by the Rift, and the ordinary people wandering the city’s streets, oblivious to the existence of otherworldly threats.

It’s a responsibility all Torchwood agents have to take seriously; as a rule, humans aren’t ready to deal with the existence of aliens. But it’s not just earth’s inhabitants who need protecting; most aliens aren’t ready to deal with the existence of humans either.

It’s up to Torchwood to keep both sides safe from each other.

The End
Ianto is less than thrilled by the prospect of trying Jack’s new toy.

“Come on, Ianto! You know you want to try it!” Jack smiled encouragingly, waving the device in front of his lover.

Ianto eyed it suspiciously; Jack claimed it was a sex toy from the Vegas Galaxy, but although it certainly looked suitably phallic to be what he claimed, Ianto wasn’t convinced. Jack’s track record with ‘alien sex toys’ wasn’t exactly stellar.

“You try it first, and if it doesn’t kill you, I might consider it.”

“But it’s perfectly safe!”

“Yes, that’s what you said last time, and I spent the next fortnight accidentally teleporting to Barry Island whenever I sneezed.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh gets an enlightening look at Owen.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 439: Buff at tw100.

Tosh sighed, looking down at her soiled skirt and blouse. Working for Torchwood could be a messy business, which was why the team kept their lockers well stocked with several changes of clothing. You never knew what each day would bring in the way of mud, slime, gunge, or goop; she badly needed to shower and change.

Entering the locker room, she stopped dead, blushing; Owen was already there and almost naked. The sight was quite a revelation. She’d always thought him skinny, but in reality, he was quite buff. Smiling to herself, she slipped away before he noticed her.

The End
Ianto surveyed the new boardroom, smiling with satisfaction. It had taken a great deal of time and effort, but it was finally finished. The walls and ceiling were painted, the floor carpeted, and all the electrics were connected up and operational. It looked very professional; he just hoped Jack would approve of it when he came back. If he came back.

‘Of course he will,’ Ianto told himself firmly. He straightened the chairs around the new table, pulled a soft cloth from his pocket, and gave the already shiny surface another buff. Jack was really going to love this table.

The End
Shiny Leather

Chapter Summary

To Ianto, polishing is an art.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 439: Buff at tw100.

Sitting on the floor of Jack’s office, newspapers spread across the concrete, Ianto hummed to himself as he worked, applying polish to leather and briskly brushing to work it into any scuffs, scratches, scrapes, and creases. The smell of good leather and polish filled his nose, reminding him of Sunday afternoons as a boy.

These days, shoe polishing was a dying art, one he often mourned when he saw the sorry state of other people’s footwear. Trainers had made people lazy.

Setting the brush aside, he picked up the soft velveteen pad, buffing Jack’s boots to a mirror-like shine. Perfection.

The End
On Display

Chapter Summary

Ianto should be used to Jack being Jack by now.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 439: Buff at tw100.

In retrospect, Ianto realised he probably should’ve expected this. It was less about Jack being an exhibitionist, although he was when the mood struck, and more about him being so completely comfortable in his own skin that he saw nothing wrong with… well, wearing nothing.

“Should I even bother asking what you’re doing?”

“I’m sunbathing. It’s a beautiful day.”

“D’you always sunbathe in the buff?”

“I hate tan lines,” Jack stated, as if that were explanation enough, which Ianto supposed it was. For Jack. “What’s the problem?”

“You’re attracting attention.”

Every window overlooking the roof was packed with staring people.

The End
Chapter Summary

Some questions Ianto probably shouldn’t bother asking.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 440: Roof at tw100. Follows on from the previous chapter.

“Doesn’t it bother you, lying here naked with nearly a hundred people staring at you?” Ianto knew it was probably a silly question because of who he was talking to, but he had to ask it anyway.

From where he lay stretched out on the roof, sunbathing, Jack smiled at Ianto, looking completely unconcerned. “Why should it? I’d be more bothered if nobody looked.”

Ianto should have expected an answer like that from Jack.

“Of course you would.”

“Besides, we’re always disrupting people’s lives; this is my way of giving a little something back.”

“I wouldn’t say it was little…”

The End
Beneath The Stars

Chapter Summary

Jack appreciates the versatility of roofs.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 440: Roof at tw100.

Jack had a great appreciation for roofs; they had so many uses. For a start, they made perfect vantage points to get a good overview of your surroundings; the elevation of the highest ones even allowed for an unobstructed three hundred and sixty degree view. They were also great places to get away from everyone for a bit of private brooding or moping.

Many of them were excellent suntraps, ideal for sunbathing, and the most secluded ones were perfect for conducting more intimate activities beneath the stars.

Now if he could only convince Ianto to give rooftop sex a try…

The End
Fluff Heaven

Chapter Summary

Nosy has a favourite part of Jack and Ianto’s new flat.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 440: Roof at tw100.

As far as Nosy was concerned, the best part of Jack and Ianto’s new flat was the roof garden. They’d even thoughtfully fitted a Fluff door, so that even when it was home alone, Nosy could go in and out whenever it wanted to.

It slithered through the flap onto sun-warmed decking. Jack was at the Hub, but Ianto had wanted to do laundry, so Nosy had stayed to help. Now there was nothing left to do for a while so it was having a break. On such a beautiful day, what could be better than napping in the sun?

The End
Alien Spotting

Chapter Summary

A couple of civilians have spotted something unusual.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 440: Roof at tw100.

The call had come in via the police, but as with anything of a suspiciously weird nature, it had been forwarded to Torchwood. Apparently a couple by the name of Hughes, who lived on the far side of Tremorfa, near the coast, were complaining about an alien on their roof.

“Probably just a squirrel or something,” Owen muttered as the team piled into the SUV.

“Still have to check it out,” Jack said cheerfully. “You never know.”

OoOoO

“Well, at least it’s not an alien,” Ianto sighed, pulling out a bar of Myfanwy’s favourite chocolate.

“Time to go home, old girl!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Cardiff has quite a few unusual underground clubs…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 441: Underground at tw100.

Cardiff has more than its share of underground clubs, and quite a few of them are so far under the radar that the city’s human inhabitants aren’t even aware they exist. Well, except for Torchwood, that is. They own most of them.

Jack likes this one in particular. It’s a place where Cardiff’s many alien refugees can come and be themselves, and he does his best to keep the place stocked with liquor and delicacies from as many worlds as possible, to help those beings stranded on earth feel a little more at home.

They serve a mean hyper-vodka too.

The End
Jack lay at the bottom of the pit, his grave, unmoving, reminding himself once more that he deserved this. He’d failed his brother over and over again, letting go of his hand, allowing the monsters to take him, not searching for him hard or long enough… This was punishment he deserved.

Gray was gloating, gleeful, and that cut Jack him to the quick. He loved his brother and had never given up hope of finding and saving him; it hurt to see him so bitter and vindictive, but Jack understood. He’d suffered so much.

Still, when John dropped the ring onto his chest, Jack was grateful. The tiny device would put him in a state of suspended animation and act as a locator beacon. He wouldn’t be aware of time passing, wouldn’t suffer, wouldn’t even die; buried deep underground, he’d simply sleep the centuries away, unchanged.

He gripped the ring in one hand, waiting patiently as the earth was shovelled down on top of him. At the last possible moment, he took a deep, careful breath of air, slid the ring onto his finger, and turned it on, praying his team would stay safe until he could return to them.

The End
Deep Underground

Chapter Summary

Humans aren’t Cardiff’s only population.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 441: Underground at tw100.

Spoilers: General for the series.

Most of the time, to residents and tourists alike, Cardiff seems much like any other British city; it has all the expected public and private buildings. Businesses, retail districts, residential areas, a good transport system, pleasant parks, and even beaches, all serve a thriving human population.

Most people have no idea that beneath their feet, in dank tunnels deep underground, there’s another thriving population. Not of rats, although they certainly exist, but of grotesque alien creatures, stranded far from their home planet.

The two species generally manage to coexist peacefully, but it’s probably wise to stay out of the sewers…

The End
Secretly, Ianto loves Torchwood Three’s base of operations.

Written for Challenge 441: Underground at tw100.

_Spoilers:_ General for the first series.

Ianto will never say so to Jack, but he loves that Torchwood Three has a secret underground base rather than the shiny steel and glass tower that was Torchwood One’s home before the fall.

It’s not merely because the warren of tunnels and rooms that make up the Hub proved perfect for hiding Lisa, although he won’t deny they did.

Mostly it’s because his inner geek insists that despite the dampness, lack of natural light, concrete floors and metal catwalks that are impossible to keep clean, and endless flights of stairs, there’s just something about underground lairs that’s undeniably cool.

The End
Ianto is drawn to Jack.

My first drabble for Challenge 442: Cloud at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Lying on top of Torchwood Three’s crazy leader, Ianto laughed, deliriously giddy from the thrill of capturing a living Pteranodon. It might have flattened them both if Harkness hadn’t rolled them out of the way.

Breathing deeply, he inhaled the Captain’s tantalising scent once more. What had he called it? 51st Century pheromones? God, he was so close, smelled so good… Staring down at the man beneath him, Ianto felt like he was drowning. Abruptly he pulled away, scrambling to his feet, mentally berating himself.

He couldn’t let Harkness’s pheromones cloud his mind like that. Lisa was depending on him.

Then End
Perfect Weather

Chapter Summary

Ianto is an expert on Welsh weather.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 442: Cloud at tw100.

Spring had arrived, seemingly overnight; there wasn’t a cloud in the sky. Ianto studied the vast expanse of blue. He couldn’t imagine more perfect weather.

He frowned; it was unnatural. It was barely April, yet there wasn’t a single little fluffy white wisp to be seen anywhere. Wales rarely got weather like this, especially not so early in spring.

There was a slim chance the Rift might be responsible, but most likely the Welsh climate was trying to lull him into a false sense of security. Well, it wasn’t fooling him! Picking up his umbrella, he headed for the Hub.

The Hub
Spring Storm

Chapter Summary

Even for Cardiff, Jack thinks this weather is a bit extreme.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 442: Cloud at tw100.

April had hit Cardiff with a vengeance. A huge, black storm cloud was hanging over the city, pouring rain over everything, and dampening everyone’s spirits, not to mention their clothes, feet, hair… After the long, hard winter that had just passed, getting caught by the tail end of yet another tropical storm just seemed like adding insult to injury.

Jack tried to wring out the bottom of his coat, but it didn’t really help. Water was pouring off it in a steady stream, as if it had sprung a leak.

“Never thought I’d be wishing for April showers,” he grumbled.

The End
Into The Wilds

Chapter Summary

It’s a nice day to be out in the country.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 442: Cloud at tw100.

This one's a double drabble.

Rift retrievals in the countryside could be a pain in the arse, but for once they had nice weather for it, so despite the early hour, Ianto was happy to accompany Jack into the wilds. It was quite a hike, so at the top of a steep hill, not far from the coordinates of the Rift spike, they stopped to catch their breath and have a badly needed drink.

Ianto pulled out a flask of his best brew, pouring them a cup each, and they sat quietly on a rock, admiring the scenery, waiting for the steaming hot coffee to cool enough to be drinkable.

Jack was the first to pick up his cup. Considering the way he could gulp down liquids at temperatures that would burn anyone else, Ianto was convinced something in the other man’s futuristic genetic makeup must mean he not only had a cast iron stomach, but that his tongue was impervious to heat. Lucky bastard.

“Um, Ianto?”

“Hmmm?”

“There’s a cloud in my coffee…”

“What?” Ianto glanced across; sure enough, a small, white, fluffy thing was half in Jack’s mug. Ianto poked it cautiously with a spoon. It squeaked.

“I think we’ve found our alien.”

The End
Jack was well known for saying he could fly anything, and he’d certainly had experience with a wide variety of flying machines. During his more than a century on earth he’d flown bi-planes, bombers, Spitfires, gliders, small private jets, and even one of the massive commercial jets a time or two. He’d also taken Ianto ballooning and hang gliding, both of which had been fun despite some minor mishaps.

On top of all that, Jack was an experienced spaceship pilot too, having been well trained by the Time Agency.

But somehow he’d never been able to master flying a kite.

The End
Unimpressed

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s nowhere near as enthusiastic as Jack about the Rift’s latest gift.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 443: Flying/Flight at tw100.

“Isn’t she a beauty?” Jack enthused, walking around the spaceship that had fallen through the Rift.

Ianto studied the small craft dubiously. To him, it looked like any other corroded hunk of junk, just considerably bigger than anything the Rift usually dumped on them. “Looks like its been in the wars,” he finally said. “Can’t see it ever flying again.”

Jack hand-waved Ianto’s concerns away. “Just cosmetic damage. A bit of work and she’ll be good as new, you’ll see. It’s about time we had our own spaceship!”

Closing his eyes, Ianto groaned. So much for taking the weekend off.

The End
Simple Pleasures

Chapter Summary

Jack knows how to have fun…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 443: Flying/Flight at tw100.

“Wheeeee! I’m flying!” Jack shouted out gleefully.

Ianto rolled his eyes. It was four in the morning, they should have been home in bed, but there’d been a Weevil alert a couple of hours ago and they’d chased the damned thing through Cardiff until it had given them the slip twenty minutes ago. Hopefully it had made its own way back into the sewers.

They’d lost the Weevil, but found a children’s play park, where Jack had made a beeline for the slide; this was the tenth time he’d slid down it. Ianto doubted his lover would ever grow up.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is willing to put up with occasional boredom in order to enjoy the adventure of space travel with Jack.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 443: Flying/Flight at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The freedom of space was intoxicating to Ianto, or at least the idea of it was. In reality, the whole flying from planet to planet part was perhaps not quite such an exciting adventure as he’d imagined. Planets were a very long way apart, many solar systems only had one habitable world, so the majority of their time was spent in transit.

Pick up a cargo here, then slip into the vortex heading for their next destination. Most trips between planets took between two and four weeks, but whenever an urgent cargo was needed further afield, instead of skipping from one solar system to the next, picking up and dropping off other cargos as they went, they would have to make a straight run. Then it could be twelve to fourteen weeks before they reached habitation again.

It could get a bit boring with the ship on autopilot and only one person to talk to, although he and Jack usually found ways to keep themselves occupied, but seeing all the amazing sights whenever they made planet-fall more than made up for the occasional tedium of inter-planetary travel.

There was always more to see; Ianto wouldn’t trade this life for anything.

The End
Sleepless

Chapter Summary

Ianto is annoyed because Jack is keeping him awake.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 444: Grind at tw100.

Usually, sharing a bed with Jack was a peaceful experience; at least it was once Jack fell asleep. The immortal didn’t require as much sleep as a normal human, but when he did sleep, he slept deeply, these days only occasionally troubled by nightmares.

Tonight was definitely not peaceful.

Giving up on trying to sleep, Ianto rolled over and clobbered Jack with his pillow.

“Whu?” Jack blinked blearily at Ianto.

“I can’t sleep with you making that noise!”

“What noise? I don’t snore!”

“No, you grind your teeth!”

“Oh.” Jack looked sheepish. “Sorry. I was dreaming of eating chocolate Hobnobs.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood is exciting. Some of the time.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 444: Grind at tw100.

Working for Torchwood must surely be the most thrilling job on the planet, right?

Wrong.

Oh, it had its moments. Chasing Weevils could be exciting, battling marauding aliens intent on invasion certainly got the blood pumping, and not everything that fell through the Rift turned out to be as innocuous as most things appeared. Having been designed for creatures that bore little resemblance to humans, it was often hard to tell alien weapons from toys or kitchen appliances. They’d stored a toaster in the armoury for years.

Between the bouts of excitement though…

Ianto sighed; back to the daily grind.

The End
Driving Practice

Chapter Summary

Gwen is having her first try at driving the SUV.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 444: Grind at tw100.

Ianto winced, gritting his teeth at the horrendous grinding noise. “For pity’s sake, Gwen! Are you trying to strip the gears deliberately?”

All Torchwood members had to be proficient at driving the SUV. Gwen being the newbie, only with them for a month, Jack had asked Ianto to put her through her paces. Driving to the petrol station to fill the tank had seemed the perfect opportunity for her to get a feel for manoeuvring the bulky vehicle, but Ianto hadn’t anticipated this particular problem.

“Sorry, Ianto. I drive an automatic; I’m a bit out of practice with manual gears.”

The End
Aromatic

Chapter Summary

Jack has a good sense of smell.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 444: Grind at tw100.

The whirring sound was soft but clearly audible in the early quiet that cloaked the Hub. Jack’s eared pricked up as he took the invisible lift down into Torchwood’s subterranean lair. He knew that sound very well indeed.

Arriving at the bottom, he sniffed the air appreciatively and followed his nose to the area set aside as a makeshift kitchen.

“Good morning, Ianto! That’s not the usual.”

Ianto smiled, looking up from grinding coffee beans. “You have a very discerning nose. Thought I’d try out a new blend.”

“If it tastes as good as it smells, you’re onto a winner.”

The End
Believing the latest alien to come through the Rift was dead, they’d brought it back to the Hub so Owen could examine it and add it to their database. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a lot less dead than it had seemed, not to mention decidedly hostile. As Jack and Ianto had heaved the heavy body up onto the autopsy table, it had abruptly come to life, grabbing Ianto’s stun gun with one limb and shooting both him and Jack with it. Using several other limbs, it had immobilised Owen, and was now holding a scalpel to his throat.

“You will surrender or I will kill this one as well,” the alien told the others, clearly believing Ianto and Jack to be dead.

The rest of the team had little choice, they needed to give Jack time to revive and save the day. They dropped their weapons, but before they could do anything else, Nosy appeared, and it was not happy. Some nasty creature was hurting its friends. Fluffing up to three times its normal size, it hissed like a boiling kettle and advanced, lashing its tail end and looking quite terrifying.

That was all the distraction Jack needed.

While the alien’s attention was fixed on the fearsome Fluff, Jack picked up the fallen stun gun. Creeping up behind their attacker, he zapped it using the highest setting, at the same time grabbing the limb holding the scalpel so Owen wouldn’t get hurt.

Simultaneously, Nosy lunged forward, sinking its blunt teeth into one of the alien’s legs. The creature jerked violently, multiple limbs flailing, and dropped to the floor, the sharp blade skittering away. This time it was definitely dead.

“Remind me never to get on Nosy’s bad side,” Ianto commented from where he lay. “Fluffs can be scary!”

The End
KitandMip wanted to see Nosy being angry and/or protective.
Unexpected Hazard

Chapter Summary

Ianto wound up in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 445: Ouch at tw100.

Nobody ever said working for Torchwood was safe, Ianto thought ruefully as he limped from the underground garage into the Hub.

“There you are, Teaboy,” Owen started grumbling as soon as Ianto appeared. “Any chance of coffee this century?” Then he got a good look at his colleague. “Jesus, what happened to you? Run into a herd of Weevils?”

“I wish,” Ianto sighed, wiping blood from his split lip. “Might’ve been less painful. No, this is what happens when you accidentally get between a boy-band member and his fans. I got trampled in the rush for autographs.”

Owen winced. “Ouch!”

The End
Dumb Question

Chapter Summary

Jack has suffered another serious injury while protecting Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 445: Ouch at tw100.

Jack was sitting slumped against the wall of the alley when Gwen crouched down beside him.

“Does it hurt?” she asked, wide-eyed.

Jack stared at her as if she’d just asked the stupidest question ever. “It bit my hand off, Gwen! In what universe would that NOT hurt?” he asked scathingly, clutching at his handless wrist to slow the bleeding.

Ianto and Owen were a short distance away, busy retrieving Jack’s hand from the belly of the now-dead alien.

“Well, you didn’t even say ouch when that thing bit you.”

“That’s because I was too busy trying not to scream!”

The End
**In The Line Of Duty**

Chapter Summary

Accidents happen; the ones that befall Torchwood agents are just weirder than most.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 445: Ouch at tw100.

Working for Torchwood was dangerous; that was a given. The team suffered more than their share of sprains, broken bones, bullet and stab wounds, concussions, bites, and burns, but what nobody warned any of them about were the weirder injuries.

Like being electrocuted by a squid, or getting your fingers fused together, or having your entire body melted into a puddle of goo.

Or having a spaceship crash-land on you.

Sometimes everything went from normal to complete disaster so fast there wasn’t even time to say “Ouch!”

Ianto clicked his bluetooth. “Jack, I’m going to need some help,” he wheezed.

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy has an unfortunate accident.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 445: Ouch at tw100.

Nosy’s loud, pained squeak was enough to bring the entire team running. By the time they reached the scene of the commotion, Ianto was already there, comforting the Fluff, who was coiled up on the floor, shaking, shuddering, and whimpering forlornly.

“What happened?” Jack asked, face pale beneath his ever-present tan.

“Something I’m surprised has never happened before,” Ianto said. “Nosy got its tail end shut in the door.”

Everyone looked at each other with a collective “Ouch!” then swarmed around the Fluff, petting it while Owen examined and bandaged its injured tail.

“Be more careful in future!” he admonished.

The End
Amazing!

Chapter Summary

Tosh is going on a night out with Jack and Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 446: Leather & Lace at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Owen practically choked on his coffee when Tosh came upstairs from the locker room, were she’d been changing for a night out. She was dressed in a tightly laced purple leather corset, miniscule shorts, purple bowtie, black fishnet stockings, purple stilettos, a black evening jacket, and a top hat.

“God, Tosh, you look…” There wasn’t any word that would do her justice, so he settled on, “Amazing! Goin’ to a costume party or something?”

Just then, Jack and Ianto appeared, dressed in equally outlandish gear. Ianto was even wearing makeup, and as for Jack… Owen quickly looked away; he really hadn’t needed to see that. Jack wearing a corset was bad enough, but those panties left nothing to the imagination!

“We’re off to a Rocky Horror evening,” Jack explained. “Be good while we’re out; no wild parties, and no orgies unless we’re invited.” He blew Owen a kiss from painted lips.

“In your dreams!” Owen growled. “Get outta here before I ‘ave to bleach my eyeballs!”

Jack’s laughter echoed around the Hub as they left.

After they’d gone, Owen pulled up an image of Tosh in her corset from the CCTV. He knew exactly what he’d be dreaming about tonight!

The End
Elegance

Chapter Summary

It was his own idea, but Jack is already regretting his choice of outfit.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 446: Leather & Lace at tw100.

“I’d forgotten how itchy lace can be,” Jack grumbled, wriggling uncomfortably.

“Don’t blame me,” Ianto muttered. “This wasn’t my idea. And stop fidgeting.”

“Can’t help it; I’m getting a rash.”

“You should’ve gone with the satin; it’s softer against the skin.”

“Now you tell me.”

“Hey, you’re supposed to be the expert; I assumed you knew!”

Jack pouted at him and Ianto rolled his eyes, smirking. “You’re up next. Knock ‘em dead, gorgeous.”

“Don’t I always?” Hips swaying invitingly, Jack sauntered out onto the charity fashion show’s catwalk. How could he have resisted the opportunity to model such stunning gowns?

The End
Tosh has no use for pretty underwear.

My third drabble for Challenge 446: Leather & Lace at tw100.

Tosh spared barely a glance for the lacy lingerie sets on display. What was the point of buying anything like that? It wasn’t like she had anyone to wear such things for, and anyway, in her job they weren’t practical. She needed hard wearing clothing that would stand up to the rigors of Torchwood life, plain cotton fabric that wouldn’t chafe when she was chasing Weevils, inexpensive, but sturdy.

She knew Torchwood and glamour didn’t mix, but as she took her plain, practical underwear to the checkout, she wished for someone to bring a little impractical lace into her life.

The End
The Leather Look

Chapter Summary

Owen really doesn’t know Tosh as well as he thinks he does.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 446: Leather & Lace at tw100.

Owen did a double take as the woman entered the Hub. At first glance he’d thought it was Gwen, what with all the black leather, but the hair was wrong…

“Tosh?”

“Morning, Owen,” Tosh replied, smiling brightly. Her cheeks looked flushed and there was an unfamiliar bounce in her step. “Lovely morning, isn’t it?”

“Er, yeah, I suppose. Didn’t think you were into the leather look.”

Tosh looked down at herself. “Oh, this… I’ll change in a minute. Just not a good idea wearing a skirt when I’m riding my motorcycle.”

Leaving Owen gaping, she sauntered towards the locker room.

The End
“Ianto? Are you okay?” Jack asked, studying his lover, a concerned expression on his face.

“I’m fine. Why wouldn’t I be?” Ianto turned away; he had work to do and needed to get started, but before he could take a step, Jack stopped him with a gentle hand.

“Are you sure you feel okay? You don’t have a temperature or anything?”

“Of course not. What’s this about?”

“Well, you just look… a little flushed.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “I’m not flushed, I just wasn’t expecting eighty degree temperatures in March, so I got a bit sunburned chasing that Weevil yesterday.”

The End
Uncomfortable

Chapter Summary

Jack’s new outfit is giving him problems.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 447: Feel at tw100.

Jack didn’t feel right, and said so to Ianto.

“What d’you mean?”

“I don’t know! Just… uncomfortable.”

“You know what your problem is? You’re so used to wearing the same thing all the time that wearing anything different feels unnatural.”

Jack sighed, looking down at his new outfit. “You’re probably right.”

“You look great, Jack. It suits you.”

“Really?”

“I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it.”

“Thanks. Shall we go?”

As Jack turned away, Ianto stopped him.

“Hold on.” He tugged at something and held it up. “There’s your problem! You’re supposed to take the labels off first.”

The End
Ianto was feeling blue. Jack was in London for a meeting with the Queen, the rest of the team were out dealing with various Torchwood-related problems, and he was stuck at the Hub, sitting on the ratty old sofa with his leg up, because Owen had ordered him to stay put after having to re-stitch the wound.

“Your leg won’t heal if you keep walking about, going up and down stairs and what ‘ave you. Pull the stitches out again and I’ll chain you to your bed!”

“I’m sure Jack would be delighted,” Ianto had groused. He hated being inactive.

He also hated feeling lonely. He missed Jack.

Something soft and warm nudged up under his hand and his fingers sank into thick fur, automatically stroking. It felt nice; there was something indescribably soothing about the feel of fur beneath his fingers. What was it doctors said? That having a pet lowered stress levels? That was easy to believe.

Nosy slithered its way onto the sofa, draping itself over Ianto’s lap, the warmth of its body welcome in the chilly Hub. It was like a comfort blanket and a teddy bear rolled into one.

Maybe enforced rest wasn’t so bad.

The End
Awkward

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, unanticipated problem arise.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 447: Feel at tw100.

“Can you feel it?” Jack asked.

“Not yet,” Ianto grumbled.

“Lean over a bit further.”

“I can’t!”

“You could try.”

“I am, but the angle’s wrong, I don’t bend that way! I need to get in a better position.”

Some scuffling around ensued as both Ianto and Jack re-positioned themselves.

Ianto tried again.

“How about now?” Jack asked hopefully. “Feel anything?”

“Think so, just need to get in a little bit further…. YES!”

Wriggling around, Ianto pulled his hand out of the grating. “The next time we play with handcuffs, the key is going on a chain around your neck!”

The End
Chapter Summary

It’s a strange thing to have on display, but it signifies something important for Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 448: Frame(d) at tw100.

Set after my fic ‘Ghost of a Chance’.

Was it kind of a ghoulish thing to have? Ianto wondered as he looked at the framed certificate. He shrugged. For a normal person it probably would be, but then again, he wasn’t exactly normal. Besides, no normal person would be in a position to frame their own anyway.

He wasn’t even sure why he’d wanted his death certificate in the first place, but Jack hadn’t questioned his request, managing to get hold of the original for him, and even getting it tastefully framed.

To Ianto it commemorated the end of one life and the beginning of his new one.

The End
Un-balanced

Chapter Summary

Paperwork is one thing, but accounting is a whole different ball game.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 448: Frame(d) at tw100.

Ianto sighed, rubbing his gritty eyes. He was getting absolutely nowhere with his task; sometimes it was a breeze, but he had to be in the right frame of mind to tackle it and right now he was anything but. He couldn’t concentrate, and no matter how he tried, the columns of numbers weren’t adding up.

“Looking a little tense there,” Jack said, wandering into Ianto’s office area. “What’s up?”

“Trying to balance the accounts, but expenses and expenditure don’t match up.”

“Oops,” Jack grinned. “Did I mention I bought a new photocopier?”

Ianto’s head thudded on the desk. “No.”

The End
Found Guilty

Chapter Summary

Some people shouldn’t try to talk their way out of trouble…

Chapter Notes

My third drable for Challenge 448: Frame(d) at tw100.

“I wuz framed, I tell yer!” the wizened little alien insisted. “I din’t do nuthin’!”

Ianto winced. “A double negative makes a positive. If you didn’t do nothing then you must’ve done something.”

“What yer talkin’ about?”

If he was honest, Ianto was starting to wonder that himself. “You ran when you saw us; that’s a sign of a guilty conscience, Hargle.”

“It wun’t me whut painted yer flashy car, but I seen who dunnit.”

“Do tell.”

“It wuz kids, but they on’y dunnit cuz they thought it were mine.”

“And why’d they think that?”

“Cuz I were drivin’ it.”

The End
Perfect Picture

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s regretting his choice of Christmas gift for Jack.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 448: Frame(d) at tw100.

“I think I’ll frame this one for the wall of my bunker,” Jack said, looking over the latest photos he’d taken with the digital camera Ianto had given him for Christmas.

“Which one’s that?” Ianto asked, peering over Jack’s shoulder at his computer screen. “The one of the bay when it froze over, or the one of the trees in blossom?”

“Neither,” Jack said, pointing. “This one, where you fell asleep over Gwen’s desk after we had sex.”

Ianto blushed at the photo; his head was down and his bare arse sticking up.

“I captured your best side,” Jack grinned.

The End
Multitalented

Chapter Summary

Tosh impresses Jack with talents he didn’t know she had.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 449: Skills at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Toshiko Sato is a genius with computers and technology, just what Jack needs for his new team, and even though it meant calling in several valuable markers in order to spring her from prison, he knows she’ll be worth it just for her technical skills alone.

There are other things she’ll need to learn of course; how to use a gun, and how to defend herself for a start, but she has a quick mind, and she’s a lot tougher than she looks.

What’s really surprising are her language skills; in hiring a tech expert, he got a translator too!

The End
Vital Skill

Chapter Summary

Ianto is learning a lot of useful things on top of the skills he already possesses.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 449: Skills at tw100.

When Ianto was recruited by Torchwood One, the only skills he’d needed were an enquiring mind and the ability to use a computer.

Torchwood Three is different. Ianto’s range of skills increases on a weekly basis. He’s always had a talent for organisation, which is a good thing because the place and the people are so disorganised, but he’s learning hand-to-hand combat, the proper use of an impressive array of weapons, how to carry out basic first aid, speak Galactic Standard, and disarm alien explosives, among other things.

Yet still the skill he’s most in demand for is making coffee.

The End
Team Medic

Chapter Summary

There’s a downside to being the team medic…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 449: Skills at tw100.

In an ideal world, nobody would ever get injured or sick, but the world isn’t ideal, and Torchwood even less so. Everyone on the team has had occasion to be grateful for Owen’s medical skills more times than they care to remember.

Weevil bites, broken bones, bullet wounds, sprains, burns, allergies, rashes, Cluvoniun Flu; Owen’s successfully treated all of it. They’re lucky to have him.

There’s just one problem with being the team’s only medic; when Owen gets injured, he has to go to casualty because there’s no way in Hell he’s letting one of his teammates stitch him up!

The End
Today’s Lesson

Chapter Summary

Every Torchwood Agent has to learn a lot of new skills.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 449: Skills at tw100.

With such a small team, every member must have multiple skills. They all have their specialties, but they can handle a lot of other tasks as well. The whole team has had medical training at Owen’s hands; they’ve learnt armed and unarmed combat, can drive the SUV, and are familiar with all Torchwood’s technical systems too.

Nobody’s as good as Ianto at cleanup yet, but it’s just a matter of time; they’ll get there.

Now it’s Jack’s turn as teacher.

“Today, you’re all going to learn to fly a spaceship.”

Everybody cheers; Torchwood’s dangerous, but it’s the coolest job ever!

The End
Healthy Diet

Chapter Summary

If Ianto has to eat healthily, then so does Jack.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 450: Raw at tw100.

Jack frowned at the plate Ianto had just set before him. “What’s this?” He poked disconsolately at the contents.

“Lunch. You’re always saying I should eat more vegetables, and if I have to, so should you.”

“But this is rabbit food! It’s raw!”

Ianto plucked up a carrot stick, biting into it with a loud crunch. “Better for you this way,” he said firmly. “Cooking them destroys the vitamins and nutrients. I’ve done my research.”

Scowling, Jack pushed the plate away.

“Eat up or you won’t get dessert,” Ianto warned.

“What’s that?”

“Strawberries, cream, and me.”

Jack hurriedly started eating.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto likes to keep all the residents happy, whatever it takes.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 450: Raw at tw100.

Needing information from the archives, Gwen ventured down to the lower levels looking for Ianto, knowing he wouldn’t appreciate her trying to find the files herself. At this time of day, he should be preparing food for the residents so she made for the auxiliary kitchen he used for that purpose, relieved to find him there.

“What’s that awful smell,” she asked, wrinkling her nose.

“I’m roasting a rat,” Ianto replied cheerfully. “Most Weevils eat them raw, but Janet’s been spoiled; she likes hers well done.”

Gwen was bemused. “How did you find that out?”

Ianto shrugged. “Trial and error.”

The End
Sobering Sight

Chapter Summary

Owen still has a lot to learn about Torchwood and his new boss.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 450: Raw at tw100.

Spoilers: Set pre series one.

This one’s a double drabble.

Owen hadn’t been with Torchwood Three for long, barely more than a couple of months, so he still had a lot to learn. Coming into the Hub late one night, drunk, he’d found Tosh still there, sitting at her computers, working on something. She probably should’ve left hours ago, when he had, but Owen dismissed the thought as irrelevant; he wasn’t here to see Tosh, he had a bone to pick with his boss.

“Where’s Harkness?”

“In his quarters under his office,” Tosh replied, “but you shouldn’t…”

Owen didn’t give her a chance to finish what she was saying, just stormed up to the office, opened the hatch in the floor, and climbed down the ladder.

“Wake up.”

A light clicked on and Jack sat up, swinging his legs over the edge of his cot. “I’m awake, Owen. What’s up?”

Owen’s eyes went wide then clamped shut, whatever he’d been going to say vanishing from his drink-sodden brain. “Oh God! Cover up, can’t you? If I’d known you slept in the raw…” Fumbling for the ladder, he scrambled out of the bunker. Behind him he could hear Harkness laughing. Christ, he didn’t get paid enough for this kind of harassment!

The End
A grievous error in judgement has left Ianto in pain.

My final drabble for Challenge 450: Raw at tw100.

Ianto winced; even the slightest movement sent spikes of pain through his back, and his high-count cotton shirt felt more like sandpaper.

“What’s up with you?” Owen asked. “You’re movin’ like an old man.”

“Sore back,” Ianto replied shortly.

“Right, let me see. I’m a doctor, remember?”

Sighing, Ianto reluctantly removed jacket, shirt, and tie. Owen whistled; Ianto’s back was red and raw looking. “That’s gotta be sore. You been out in the sun without usin’ sunscreen?”

“No. It’s not sunburn.”

“So what did this?”

“Let’s just say having sex on a nylon carpet is a very bad idea.”

“Ouch!”

The End
Ianto always knows when Jack’s been eating something he shouldn’t.

My first drabble for Challenge 451: Chocolate at tw100.

Ianto looked at Jack, not sure whether to laugh or cry. In the end he closed his eyes and prayed for strength.

“You ate the chocolate that came through the Rift, didn’t you?” he finally asked.

“Mm hm,” Jack agreed.

“Don’t you ever learn?”

Sitting in the chair behind Jack’s desk was a large chocolate egg, with Jack’s face, and tiny arms and legs sticking out from the sides and bottom.

“Nnnn,” Jack replied from his immobile mouth.

“You look like humpty dumpty! I hope you left enough to be analysed or you might be stuck like that for good.”

The End
Addicts

Chapter Summary

Ianto buys an awful lot of chocolate.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 451: Chocolate at tw100.

Having two chocolate addicts in the Hub meant Ianto tended to buy in bulk. Myf got one large bar per day, with extra for treats, and preferred high quality brands. Jack, on the other hand, was less picky; he’d eat anything that contained chocolate, but particularly loved dark chocolate Hobnobs, Jaffa cakes, and Cadbury’s Dairy Milk, because it melted well on hot skin and apparently complemented Ianto’s unique flavour.

The supermarket cashier’s eyes widened at the contents of Ianto’s trolley.

Ianto smiled sheepishly. “I work with the world’s worst chocolate addicts. They get cranky if we run out,” he explained.

The End
Serendipity

Chapter Summary

Ianto discovers Myfanwy’s liking for chocolate by chance.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 451: Chocolate at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

This one’s a double drabble.

Discovering the Pterodactyl liked chocolate had been purely accidental. When the Rift dumped her in Cardiff, she’d unsurprisingly taken flight, but bad weather had driven her to seek shelter and it had been simple to open the big doors of the old warehouse and bait the trap with a nice fresh fish. Then all he’d needed to do was wait and close the door as soon as she was inside.

She’d gulped the fish down hungrily, then noticed him and… he should have expected her to lunge at him, but he was worn out from caring for Lisa, and not thinking clearly.

The chocolate had been for him, to keep his energy levels up, but it had fallen from his pocket as he’d dodged her, and been snatched up and swallowed before he could react, the Pterodactyl making purring sounds he interpreted as pleasure.

Knowing chocolate was bad for some animals, he’d kept a close eye; he didn’t want his ticket into Torchwood harmed. But the prehistoric creature thrived on her unusual diet. Careful tests revealed she preferred the dark varieties, but would eat milk chocolate if it was a good brand.

It was the start of a beautiful friendship!

The End
Chapter Summary

If Ianto’s neighbours only knew how much he enjoyed his Christmas present…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 451: Chocolate at tw100.

“Damnit!” Ianto grumbled upon discovering he’d accidentally left the chocolate truffles his neighbours had given him for Christmas by the radiator. “I was looking forward to those, but they’ve gone all squishy. Suppose I’d better put them in the fridge, see if they’ll set again.”

“I’ve got a better idea.” Jack snatched the box with one hand, grabbed Ianto with the other, and dragged him upstairs.

Two hours and a box of truffles later, the pair of them were sprawled on the bed, sticky and exhausted.

Ianto licked his lips. “I must admit that was one of your better ideas.”

The End
First Sip

Chapter Summary

Jack knew from the first sip that Ianto’s coffee was addictive.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 452: Addiction at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Jack was smitten from the very first sip, standing out on Mermaid Quay in the early morning light; that was why he’d immediately handed the mug back. One tiny taste had been enough for him to know that if he drank any more of that delectable brew, the persistent young Welshman bugging him for a job would win. Jack would be willing to sell his soul for coffee even half that good.

Of course Ianto won that battle anyway; even Jack couldn’t turn down a Pterodactyl. He’d been right about the coffee though; two days and he was already addicted.

The End
Unfair Advantage

Chapter Summary

Ianto knows he shouldn’t, but he can’t help himself.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 452: Addiction at tw100.

Setting: Pre-Cyberwoman.

It wasn’t fair. No, more than that, it should be illegal. Some people, it seemed, just had an unfair advantage over the rest of mankind, which they didn’t hesitate to exploit in the most underhanded ways possible.

He knew he should feel guilty, and later it would probably hit him like a ton of bricks, but right now Ianto didn’t care; he could barely remember why he thought he should feel guilty in the first place.

He wanted this, needed it, craved it like an addict desperate for a fix.

Damn Jack Harkness, why’d he have to smell so good?

The End
Driven

Chapter Summary

The glove has Suzie gripped in an unbreakable addiction.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 452: Addiction at tw100.

Spoilers: Everything Changes.

This one’s a double drabble.

Suzie tells herself over and over again that she doesn’t have to do this; she can stop any time she chooses, because she’s the one in control. But at the back of her mind, a little voice keeps whispering, “Are you really?”

She should listen to it, and yet she knows she won’t, because a louder voice in her head keeps urging her onwards. For a long time she managed to convince herself that voice was her own, pushing her to try again, but it’s not; it’s the glove. Perhaps she’s known that all along, just didn’t want to admit it to herself.

It doesn’t speak to her in words, as such; it’s more impressions, like promises whispered so softly, so enticingly, that she always gives in, takes another life only to restore it for a few brief seconds. She learns more every time, but complete mastery still eludes her.

Part of her wants to put the glove away and never look at it again, but she’s driven to continue by a gnawing hunger that won’t let her abandon her experiments. Using the glove makes her feel so good, so powerful, she’s like a God!

Hopelessly addicted, she’ll never quit.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s tired, he doesn’t want to do this any more.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 452: Addiction at tw100.

“Again? We’ve been doing this for over an hour already! Some of us get tired you know. I’m only human!” Ianto’s tone was so incredulous it drew a snort of laughter from Owen.

“Might as well give in, Teaboy, you know you will in the end! Besides, you’re the one who started it.”

Ianto didn’t even glance Owen’s way; he knew the medic was right. “You have a serious problem; I might even call it an addiction.”

The pleading eyes didn’t waver.

“Fine, but this is absolutely the last time today.”

Throwing the ball, Ianto watched Nosy chase after it.

The End
Rushed

Chapter Summary

Jack’s always in a rush.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 453: Last at tw100.

Sometimes it seemed to Ianto that Jack was in a permanent rush, trying to finish everything as fast as possible. Except when it came to doing his paperwork of course; then he always dragged his feet.

He drove like he was in a race, walked so fast most days he might as well be running, and as for the way he ate…

“Haven’t you finished yours yet?” Jack asked incredulously, right after gulping down his last mouthful.

Ianto looked at his lover in pained amusement. “It’s not a contest, Jack. Unlike you, I like to make my ice cream last.”

The End
Ianto feels like his back is about to give out.

My second drabble for Challenge 453: Last at tw100.

Ianto groaned, straightening up slowly, holding his back and hearing his vertebrae make unpleasant cracking sounds. “Ow! I hope that’s the last of them; I don’t think my back can take much more.”

“It’s your own fault; bending like that isn’t good for you. Why didn’t you kneel down like me?” Owen asked.

“Do you have any idea what that would’ve done to the knees of my trousers?”

“So your trousers are more important to you than your back?”

“Good suits aren’t cheap. Besides, whose fault is this anyway? You’re the one who dropped a whole box of drawing pins.”

The End

Drawing pins are better known as thumb tacks in some places ;)
The Late Dr Harper

Chapter Summary

It’s not unusual for Owen to be late to work.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 453: Last at tw100.

“Last to arrive as usual,” Jack noted as Owen straggled into the Hub an hour after everyone else and sat down at the boardroom table. “What’s your excuse this time? Alarm clock didn’t go off? Lost your car keys?”

Owen scowled at his boss. “The lift in my building broke down last night.”

“What, so you had to use the stairs this morning? That wouldn’t take an hour, you’re only on the fifth floor.”

“I was in the lift at the time. My bloody phone died, so I was stuck in there all night. Only got out forty minutes ago.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack has been baking again…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 453: Last at tw100.

“Is that all of them?” Jack asked.

“That should be the last one,” Ianto replied. “Unless you miscounted or hid some.”

“Why would I do that? I can always make more.”

“Good point. Off we go then.”

The baked goods stall at Meriel’s school fair was a roaring success, the impressive array of cakes, scones, biscuits, and pies selling out in record time.

“And to think you were worried you’d baked too many,” Ianto smirked as he put the last few cakes in a box and handed them to a customer.

Jack grinned. “I’ll know to make more next year.”

The End
Safe And Sound

Chapter Summary

They needed a safe place to wait for backup, but…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 454: Idea at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Jack winced. Ianto was not happy, and was making that very clear at a volume that was fast giving him a headache. Well, that and the incessant pounding were. It was like being inside a drum.

“I told you this was a bad idea, but did you listen to me? Of course not; when do you ever listen to me?”

Resisting the temptation to say he listened to Ianto all the time, Jack replied meekly, “We needed somewhere to hide from that thing.”

“We had any number of places we could’ve hidden, but you had to drag me in here!”

“It’s solid metal!” Jack pointed out. “I thought it would protect us!”

“Oh, it’s protecting us alright. It’s protecting us so well that now we can’t get out!”

“I don’t want to get out; that thing’s out there! Did you see its teeth? And the claws! Besides, we’re keeping it busy until the team gets here with the heavy artillery.”

They covered their ears at the rending screech of claws against metal.

“Wonderful,” Ianto groaned when the noise stopped. “Rusted wrecks everywhere and you lock us in the boot of the smallest car you can find!”

“It was the closest!”

The End
“What is it?” Jack asked, recoiling slightly at the sight. He’d seen a lot of horrible things in his time, but this was one of the worst.

Ianto stared at the lumpy greyish green thing in horrified disgust. “I have no idea whatsoever. I was hoping you might know.”

“No, sorry. Never seen anything like it; I’m sure I’d remember if I had. That’s not the sort of thing that’s easily forgotten.”

“You’re telling me.” Ianto shuddered dramatically. “I’ll probably be having nightmares about it for weeks.”

Jack inched closer to the thing. “You’re sure it’s not alive?”

“That would depend on your definition of ‘alive’. I’m reasonably sure it’s not sentient, but beyond that it’s anybody’s guess.”

Jack reached out a gloved hand, then drew it back. “I don’t want to touch it.”

“Me neither, but one of us has to. Can’t just leave it there, can we?”

“Definitely not!” The very thought of leaving it where it was… “Pass me the tongs?”

“Here.”

“Thanks.”

“Just one thing, Jack.”

“What?”

“Next time the Doctor invites us to take a trip in the TARDIS…”

“Yes?”

“Tell him to give us some warning so I can clear out the fridge first.”
The End
Arriving at the Hub, Ianto was surprised to find Tosh asleep at her workstation. He woke her gently.

“What’re you doing here so early?” he asked. “I was sure you’d left last night before Jack and I went home.”

“I did,” Tosh admitted sheepishly. “But then I woke up in the middle of the night with the most brilliant idea about how to get around the problems I’ve been having with my translation programme. I wanted to see if it worked.”

“And did it?”

“I don’t know,” Tosh admitted. “By the time I got here I’d forgotten what it was.”

The End
A Matter Of Opinion

Chapter Summary

Jack has had an idea…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 454: Idea at tw100.

Jack burst into the archives, fairly bouncing with excitement. “Ianto, I’ve had a brilliant idea!”

“No you haven’t.” Ianto continued filing, not even glancing towards Jack.

“You haven’t even heard what it is yet!” Jack pouted.

“I don’t need to. Any idea that gets you excited enough to come charging down here is bound to result in us being arrested for public indecency, glued together in unfortunate places, or in casualty because I’d rather consult a complete stranger about my sprained dick than put up with Owen’s jokes.”

Jack deflated. “My ideas aren’t that bad are they?”

Ianto sighed. “Usually.”

The End
Just A Shower

Chapter Summary

Jack shouldn’t ignore his GSO’s advice.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 455: Shower at tw100.

Spoilers: Everything Changes.

WOOHOO! 100 words spot on first try!

“If you’re going out, Sir, you should take an umbrella. Wouldn’t want your coat getting wet.”

Jack smiled as said umbrella was held out to him. Ianto Jones, always so formal despite everything they got up to after hours.

“Nonsense, Ianto, it’s just a shower. A bit of rain never hurt anyone, and I’ll be in the car most of the time.”

Ianto shrugged, putting the umbrella away again. “As you wish, Sir.”

Later, standing over the dead body in a veritable deluge, expounding on the contraceptives in the rain, Jack couldn’t help thinking he should have listened to Ianto.

The End
Messy Eater

Chapter Summary

Meriel is at the messy feeding stage…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 455: Shower at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The kitchen of their flat looked like a disaster area, which was the case more often than not these days. Meriel was learning to feed herself, although as far as Ianto could tell, she was more interested in throwing oatmeal everywhere than actually eating it. That would no doubt change when she finished playing with her food and realised there wasn’t any left, while she was still hungry. Then he predicted loud wails and floods of tears. Their daughter couldn’t talk yet, but she was very good at making her displeasure known. It was a good thing they didn’t have neighbours.

Under the circumstances, Ianto was relieved both he and Jack were at home today, because that meant Jack could take charge of supplying food to the bottomless pit that was their daughter while Ianto dealt with the mess she’d created by picking up her dish and upending it over the edge of her highchair. He wasn’t sure whether he was glad she’d managed to miss the floor or not. Floors could be mopped…

Once again, Ianto blessed Jack for the enormous shower he’d had fitted in their flat. There was plenty of room in it for an oatmeal-covered Fluff.

The End
Success

Chapter Summary

Life in London isn’t what Ianto thought it would be.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 455: Shower at tw100.

Spoilers: Set pre-series, before Ianto joins Torchwood One.

At one time, Ianto had thought the measure of a man’s success was a good job, his own home, and an expensive car. Then he left the estate, headed to London, and has spent several months living hand-to-mouth, working whatever menial part-time jobs he can get, and living in shared squats.

His idea of success has downgraded significantly from owning his own place to living somewhere with a shower that actually works and isn’t shared by six other people.

Funny how having access to running water that’s more than barely lukewarm has gone from a necessity to an unimaginable luxury.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s idea of what constitutes dressing appropriately for wet weather has changed a bit.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 455: Shower at tw100.

It was raining, a warm Welsh summer shower, when Ianto realised that Jack had finally succeeded in completely corrupting him.

The old Ianto wouldn’t have gone outside to fetch the washing in before it could get too wet without taking an umbrella; at the very least, he would have slung a jacket over his head. But what would once have been an automatic response to rain didn’t even occur to him until the washing basket was already half full.

It was a good thing their roof garden wasn’t overlooked, because he’d simply thrown off his bathrobe and dashed outside naked.

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy is up to something, but what?

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 456: Bundle at tw100.

Slinking rapidly across the Hub, Nosy made its way down to its play area, dragging a pillowcase scavenged from Ianto’s pile of freshly laundered bedding.

Once there, it studied its belongings carefully, finally selecting a fluffy sheep, an equally fluffy stuffed snake, and a teddy bear. Getting the cuddly toys inside the pillowcase took some doing, but it managed.

It added a Frisbee and a couple of balls, then dragged the whole bundle back across the Hub.

“What’s it doing?” Jack asked, puzzled.

“It must have overheard us talking about going on holiday and wants to come too,” Ianto replied.

The End
Ianto is accosted by a strange woman.

My second drabble for : Challenge 456: Bundle at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Entering the supermarket to pick up something nice for dinner, Ianto was pulled up short by an officious looking woman who stepped in front of him, barring his way.

“What have you got there?” she asked. She was a complete stranger to Ianto and at first he wasn’t at all sure she was speaking to him. He glanced quickly around, but as far as he could see, there was nobody else nearby.

“Are you talking to me?” he asked.

“Yes, I am. You do know that dogs aren’t allowed in the store, don’t you? It’s unhygienic.”

Now Ianto was completely baffled. What was this odd woman talking about? “Dogs?”

“Your puppy,” the woman explained, gesturing at the fluffy bundle cradled in Ianto’s arms. Ianto was incensed. “Excuse me? This isn’t a dog, it’s my daughter!” he snapped.

“It is? Oh. Sorry, my mistake. She just…” The woman trailed off at his glare and scurried away, embarrassed.

Ianto looked at Meriel, bundled up against the cold, and cursed Jack for dressing her in the furry all-in-one suit with the floppy ears on the hood.

“What’s up?” Jack asked, joining him.

“Thanks to you, some woman just mistook Meriel for a puppy!”

The End
Ianto is unimpressed with Jack’s untidiness.

My third drabble for Challenge 456: Bundle at tw100.

Ianto looked in annoyance at the bundle of clothing on his bedroom chair. He had no objection to Jack spending the night, in fact he welcomed it, but it looked like he would have to lay down a few ground rules if this was going to be a regular thing.

“Jack?”

“Hmmm?” Jack stuck his head out of the en suite bathroom.

“What is this?” Ianto gestured at the offending items.

Frowning, Jack looked at the chair. “My clothes?”

“Yes,” Ianto agreed. “Now I know it’s a radical concept, but have you ever considered folding them so they won’t crease?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Everyone is busy cooing over the new arrival.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 456: Bundle at tw100.

“Awwwwww!” Gwen cooed. “She’s adorable! Look how tiny she is!”

Ianto beamed happily down at the little bundle of joy cradled securely in his arms. “I know! Everything in miniature!”

Tosh crowded in, looking like she might melt from the adorableness. “Can I hold her? Please?” she begged.

“Of course you can!” Ianto carefully transferred his burden to Tosh’s waiting arms.

“I was here first,” Gwen complained.

“You’ll get a turn in a minute,” Jack assured her, standing beside Ianto, a soppy grin on his face.

Owen shook his head at his teammates’ antics. “All this fuss over a kitten!”

The End
It’s a roastingly hot day, and Ianto is beginning to think he’s in imminent danger of melting. All he wants right now is to find a patch of unoccupied shade and get out of the sun for a few minutes, in the hopes of staving off heatstroke. Half an hour outside during the hottest part of the day is more than enough for him. He’s Welsh; he’s not designed to withstand temperatures in the nineties! Now he knows how a microwave dinner feels.

To add insult to injury, Jack, who’s supposed to be helping him find whatever it was that came through the Rift, has absconded, leaving him to search alone. Well Ianto hopes his partner will be as uncomfortable on the sofa tonight as he’s feeling right now. Jack deserves to be, especially since he grew up in a hot climate and isn’t at all bothered by the heat.

Ianto takes it all back a few minutes later when Jack reappears with bottles of cold water, bags of crisps to replenish salt, and a pair of battery-operated fans.

As soothing, cool air wafts across his face, he thanks his lucky stars that he has such a caring, thoughtful lover.

The End
Headache Cure

Chapter Summary

Ianto always gets a headache when dealing with UNIT.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 457: Soothe/Soothing at tw100.

UNIT conferences were a sadistic form of torture; Ianto couldn’t blame Jack for avoiding them like the plague. Of course, that meant while Jack was in Cardiff, facing nothing worse than paperwork, Ianto was the one who had to deal with bureaucratic red tape, military minds to whom all aliens were a threat, and scientists who wanted to turn everything into a weapon. It was like Torchwood One all over again.

The only thing preventing him from knocking their silly heads together was knowing that when he got home, Jack would soothe away his headache with an expert scalp massage.

The End
Chapter Summary

Meriel takes after her dads in more than just looks.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 457: Soothe/Soothing at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Meriel’s crying, which isn’t unusual; she’s a baby, and babies cry for lots of reasons. She’s been fed so she’s not hungry, she doesn’t need changing, she’s not teething, and she doesn’t have colic, so it’s probably just that she’s tired and can’t get to sleep. That’s easy to fix.

Settling his daughter in her cot, Jack tucks her favourite cuddly in with her. She quietens immediately.

It’s not what most people would use as a comforter for their baby, but then Meriel isn’t really your average baby. For a start, her ‘mother’ is an immortal man from the 51st century who catches aliens for a living, while her father is also now immortal and works for the same alien-hunting organisation.

Their pets, aside from the Pteranodon, are all aliens, and her nanny is a large, very friendly, extremely fluffy alien snake creature, so really, the chances of Meriel being anything approaching average in any way are… Well, nonexistent.

Even so, as she snuggles up to the only thing that soothes her, Jack has to wonder why, when she has so many cuddly toys, she prefers an old sock stuffed with coffee beans… Maybe coffee addiction runs in the family.

The End
Brewing Up

Chapter Summary

Ianto loves his coffee, but…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 457: Soothe/Soothing at tw100.

Ianto is the undisputed King of Coffee, according to Jack anyway. Then again, Jack is prone to exaggeration, so Ianto takes his lover’s rhapsodising over every cup with a grain of salt. He does make very good coffee though, and has created several blends he finds more appealing than anything served in the various coffee emporiums.

Everyone who knows Ianto is well aware of how much he enjoys coffee, both making it and drinking it.

But sometimes, after a hard day, coffee is the last thing he needs. There are few things more soothing than a nice cup of tea.

The End
Fly Me Home

Chapter Summary

Ianto is in a bit of a tricky situation…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 458: Console at tw100.
This one’s a double drabble.

The console of a spaceship, even a small shuttle like this one, was a lot different from the dashboard of a car, even if some of the gauges and readouts were similar. Engine temperature, fuel levels, speed, various warning lights, most of which were flashing… There was a lot of other stuff too. Ianto supposed it had more in common with the console of a plane; there was even a joystick. If he knew how to fly a plane he’d be a lot better off right now.

“Don’t panic,” Jack’s voice in his ear said calmly. “Just do as I tell you and you’ll be fine.”

“Easy for you to say; you’ve flown spaceships hundreds of times. This is my first try and if I crash… Well, that wouldn’t be good.”

“You’re right, I’m a very experienced pilot, so listen to me you won’t crash. It’s an easy craft to fly, does most of the work itself.”

Trying to relax, Ianto followed Jack’s instructions. Escaping his captors and stealing their one and only shuttlecraft had been simple, but flying himself down to earth again was another matter entirely.

If he survived this, he was going to insist on flying lessons.

The End
Ianto lay in bed, unable to sleep, thinking about Jack. The man he’d been starting to think of as his friend and lover had gone. There’d been no goodbye, not so much as a note, he’d simply revived after several days of being very dead, kissed Ianto in front of the team, and then disappeared.

That Jack had finally found his Doctor was no consolation; being abandoned still hurt.

Getting up, he pulled a box off the top of his wardrobe. In the absence of Jack’s warm hugs, he’d console himself with the next best thing, his faithful teddy bear.

The End
Being A Friend

Chapter Summary

Owen tries to be there for Tosh.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 458: Console at tw100.

Spoilers: To The Last Man.

How do you console a friend whose lover, no matter for how brief a time, has just sacrificed himself for the good of all mankind?

Owen wasn’t exactly known for being a comforting or consoling presence in anyone’s life, at least not since losing Katie, but Tosh was always there for him, whether he wanted her to be or not. Besides, he hated to see her hurting like this. She felt responsible, like she’d sent Tommy to his death. Nobody should have to do that to someone they have feelings for.

The least he could do was keep her company.

The End
A Girl’s Best Friend

Chapter Summary

If at first you don’t succeed…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 458: Console at tw100.

Meriel levered herself onto her feet and took a wobbly step, then tried for a second, but toppled onto her nappy-padded bottom. Frustrated rather than hurt, she let out a loud wail. This walking lark was a lot harder than her daddies made it look.

Hurrying from the kitchen to the living room to check on his daughter, Ianto stopped dead; the situation was already well in hand.

Humming sympathetically but encouragingly, Nosy consoled its charge with a Fluff-style ‘hug’, coiling around her. The tears stopped immediately and with a determined expression on her face, Meriel prepared to try again.

The End
Breakable

Chapter Summary

Ianto is not at all happy with the current situation.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 459: Flexible at tw100.

This was ridiculous; did Jack think he was made of elastic? He was very flexible, true, but certain parts of his anatomy simply weren’t meant to bend like that.

“For pity’s sake, Jack! Try that again and my leg will probably snap like a twig!”

“Sorry, I was just trying to move it out of the way.”

“Maybe you should ask me to move it instead of trying to turn me into a pretzel.”

“Sorry,” Jack repeated. “Can’t see what I’m doing. It’s dark in here!”

“Told you hiding in a crate to catch the smugglers was a dumb idea!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto should know better than to accept one of Jack’s challenges.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 459: Flexible at tw100.

Ianto was starting to wish he hadn’t agreed to this; Jack had an unfair advantage. Honestly, the way he could contort himself, apparently without the slightest discomfort, he had to be double jointed. Nobody could be that flexible naturally!

“You could just give up,” Jack suggested innocently. The bastard wasn’t even breathing hard.

“No way,” Ianto hissed through clenched teeth. “I started this and I’ll finish it if it kills me!” Which it just might. It would be worth it to make Jack take his turn at cleaning the bathroom.


Bloody Twister!

The End
Flexercise

Chapter Summary

Tosh is stiff from sitting down for too long.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 459: Flexible at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

It was late; the team had left hours ago. Even Jack and Ianto were out on a date. Tosh had volunteered to mind the Hub, since she was going to be there anyway. She’d wanted to finish the programme she was working on, but now it was done and with nothing else needing to be taken care of right at that moment, she decided to take a well-earned break.

Standing up from her desk, she winced and rubbed her back. Spending all day at her computers wasn’t healthy, especially considering the length of Torchwood workdays. She really should get back into her old fitness routine, and there was no time like the present. Exercising would be the perfect way to pass the time, keeping her awake and alert as well as easing the kinks from her back.

She started with some gentle stretches, mindful of how long it had been since she’d last done this kind of workout. It felt good and she was soon lost in the familiar movements of Tai Chi.

Coming in through the garage entrance to fetch his wallet, which he’d left in his desk, Owen’s jaw dropped; he’d had no idea Tosh was so flexible.

The End
“Don’t you wish you could do that?” Jack asked Ianto idly.

It was late, the rest of the team had left hours ago, and they were relaxing on the sofa, having a nightcap.


“We could try so many positions if we could bend like that.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “It always comes down to sex with you, doesn’t it?”

“Not always! There’d be other uses too…”

“Such as?”

“Being able to reach around corners?”

They fell silent, watching Nosy slinking past, tied in a knot around its teddy bear. Nothing beat a Fluff for flexibility.

The End
Jack likes to make sure he looks his best.

My first drabble for Challenge 460: Mud at tw100.

Walking into Jack’s office after the rest of the team had left for the night, Ianto almost dropped the coffee he was carrying.

“Good God, Jack, what have you got on your face? You look like you took a nosedive into a vat of chocolate!”

Jack looked back at him, keeping his face expressionless. “It’s a mud pack, if you must know,” he said with injured dignity, barely moving his lips. “Supposed to give your skin a youthful, healthy glow. Saw them on sale so I thought I’d give it a go.”

Ianto chuckled. “And you say you’re not vain!”

The End
Muddied Up

Chapter Summary

An unanticipated change in the weather causes a mucky problem.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 460: Mud at tw100.

“How was I supposed to know it would rain?” Jack grumbled.

“This is Wales, Jack; rain is a given. We get far more wet days than dry ones,” Ianto replied, hands on hips as he surveyed the horrendous mess. There were thick smears of mud everywhere, and the SUV’s interior… He shuddered at the very thought.

“But the sun was shining, and I had to go to the reserve anyway, and it seemed like the perfect opportunity for a walk…” Jack trailed off, looking woebegone.

Ianto sighed. “Fine. You clean the SUV, I’ll see about getting the mud off Nosy.”

The End
Glorious Mud

Chapter Summary

Coat is not at all happy with the current state of affairs.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 460: Mud at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

‘Mud, mud, glorious mud,’ thought Coat sarcastically. Realistically, it knew its current predicament wasn’t really Jack’s fault, he couldn’t always choose where he died, but nevertheless, lying in the middle of this muddy wallow in the pouring rain was not a situation Coat would ever have wanted to find itself in. To make matters worse, with its limited independent mobility, it had no way of extricating itself from the morass.

It could feel the glutinous, slimy mud soaking into its fibres, and shuddered faintly. The sensation was disgusting. How did people stand it? It had heard tell, because it always listened in to any conversations held in its vicinity, that mud was excellent for improving the condition of human skin, but it very much doubted the same held true for high quality wool blend. Humans were clearly much less absorbent, not to mention a whole lot easier to clean. All they had to do was stand under running water and the dirt practically fell off them. Coat experienced a most unexpected pang of envy. People didn’t know how lucky they were.

It hoped Jack revived soon so they could both get out of here and see about getting themselves cleaned.

The End
Be Prepared

Chapter Summary

A retrieval out in the muddy countryside has Owen even crankier than usual.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 460: Mud at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

“How’ve got to be kidding!” The horrified disgust in Owen’s voice made Ianto want to laugh, but he managed to maintain an expression of bland indifference.

“You routinely spend your days up to your elbows in alien corpses, yet you’re put off by a bit of mud?” he asked mildly, raising one eyebrow.

Owen glared at him, eyeing Ianto’s smart suit up and down. “You’re one to talk, Mister Fastidious. I suppose you’ll just stand on the sidelines while I wade through the mud to retrieve whatever that is,” he sneered, pointing across the muddy field at the incongruously bright yellow thing sticking out of the sea of brown.

“Oh the contrary.” Ianto opened the SUV’s boot, pulling out a set of waders designed for fly-fishing. Removing his shoes, he stepped into them and adjusted the shoulder straps for comfort. “The difference is, I came prepared.”

Owen’s scowl deepened as he looked from Ianto’s protective gear to his own jeans and trainers. “Terrific.”

Taking pity on the medic, Ianto dug in the boot again. “Not to worry, I brought you some wellies.” He pulled out a pair of luridly pink boots.

“Bastard,” Owen muttered, knowing he’d have to wear them.

The End
Backlog

Chapter Summary

Jack is trying to get caught up with paperwork.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 461: Report/Reporter at tw100.

Yay! Another one that’s 100 words first try!

“Jack, I need this week’s report for the Prime Minister as soon as possible, please,” Ianto said, sticking his head into Jack’s office.

Looking up from the oversized stack of paperwork he was gradually wading his way through, Jack frowned in confusion.

“I just gave you that, it’s the top file in the last pile I finished.”

“No, that was last week’s report, now I need this week’s so I can send them together with an apology for them being late. Again.”

Jack sighed. “This is so unfair!”

“If you did your paperwork on time, you wouldn’t have a backlog.”

The End
News Hound

Chapter Summary

Torchwood’s job just got a bit harder.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 461: Report/Reporter at tw100.

“That reporter’s snooping around again,” Ianto noted, coming into Jack’s office.

“Again? Doesn’t he ever give up?” Jack asked, exasperated.

“Apparently not, and it’s not going to make doing our job any easier. He’s got wind that the mysterious Torchwood organisation is based somewhere in this area and from the looks of it, he won’t rest until he finds us.”

“Maybe we should let him, and then Retcon him.”

“And what if he breaks through the Retcon? Then we’ll have bought ourselves a whole load more trouble.”

“We could always recruit him.”

“Right, because that worked so well last time.”

The End
Team Torchwood

Chapter Summary

Team Torchwood are on an important mission.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 461: Report/Reporter at tw100.

“Right,” Jack said as the team prepared to spread out and search. “Stay in touch via comms., and report in the moment you find anything. Got it?”

“Got it!” four voices replied in unison, before Ianto, Tosh, Owen, and Gwen headed off in different directions, identical determined expressions on their faces. They had a mission to carry out, and they would not fail.

Jack nodded in satisfaction, turning on his heel and setting off down the street to begin his own search, eyes peeled.

UNIT thought they were so clever, but this time Torchwood would win the annual scavenger hunt.

The End
New Life

Chapter Summary

The team and Rhys bear witness to the miracle of life.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 461: Report/Reporter at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

“Anything to report?” Jack asked, handing out drinks, having taken his turn to fetch refreshments.

“Not so far,” Ianto replied, not taking his eyes off the scene as Jack sat down beside him.

“Everything’s progressing normally,” Owen added.

“Should we be watching this?” asked Rhys, looking more than a little uncomfortable. “I mean, I feel a bit weird, like I’m intruding on something private.”

“It’ll be good practice, mate,” Owen assured him. “Not long now until Gwen’s due date, is it?”


“So watch and learn,” Jack said cheerfully. “It’s not that different.”

“Except that with humans, there’s a lot more screaming, swearing, squeezing hands hard enough to crush bones, and threatening to castrate the father,” Ianto put in mildly. “I was there when Mica was born. Mostly because Johnny passed out.”

“Oh God,” Rhys groaned, turning pale.

“Look!” Tosh squeaked, pointing. “I think something’s happening!”

She was right; as they watched, enthralled, the first of five tiny bundles made its entrance into the world.

“Oh, that’s so gross!” Rhys looked disgusted.

“Don’t worry,” Owen smirked. “Humans don’t lick their babies clean the way cats do.”

“Thank God for that!”

The End
Fever!

Chapter Summary

The evening is barely underway and Ianto is already regretting letting Jack choose their date night activity.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 462: Fever at tw100.

Ianto covered his face with his hands; he could hardly bear to look. He’d known all along that it was a mistake to go with Jack to the seventies’ themed disco night at one of Cardiff’s most popular clubs.

It had been bad enough that Jack had insisted they both dress up in seventies fashions, skin-tight shirts with big collars, and bell-bottom trousers. But now Jack was out on the dance floor, prancing about, doing his best John Travolta impression. Obviously he’d seen Saturday Night Fever way too many times!

Perhaps Ianto could just sneak away while Jack wasn’t looking.

The End
Ianto frowned at Jack as he walked into his lover’s office. “You look hot, and I don’t mean that as a compliment.”

“Funny, because I don’t feel hot,” Jack replied, shivering. His face was flushed, his hair was limp and lifeless, plastered to his sweaty forehead, and he was hunched in his chair. When he looked up, Ianto could see his eyes were bloodshot. He didn’t need a thermometer to tell Jack had a high fever; even from the other side of the desk he could feel the heat radiating from Jack’s body.

“Come on, let’s get you to bed.”

“Thanks for the offer, but I don’t think I’m up to it today.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “I meant so you can lie down and rest.” He helped Jack down to his bunker and settled him on the cot before fetching Owen.

“You’ve got a fever,” Owen told Jack after a brief examination.

“I already figured that one out,” Jack replied, teeth chattering. “It’s Ventaxian flu, I’ve had it before. Don’t worry, human’s can’t catch it.”

“Then how come you have?” Ianto wanted to know.

“Let’s just say I’m not one hundred percent human.”

“That doesn’t surprise me at all.”

The End
Owen’s day is off to a very bad start.

My third drabble for Challenge 462: Fever at tw100.


Tosh breezed into the bedroom, looking better than she had all week. “Owen, come on, are you getting up or not? We’ll be late for work!”

“That would be a no,” Owen croaked out, peeling his eyelids open with difficulty. “Is this the thanks I get for taking care of you all week?” he grumbled petulantly. “I wait on you hand and foot and how d’you repay me? By giving me your flu.”

The End
Ianto dragged himself groggily awake. He didn’t know what time it was, but it was obviously late at night because everywhere was in pitch darkness. At first he wasn’t sure what had woken him, just that something wasn’t right. It wasn’t until he tried to move that it hit him; he felt like he was burning up. Sweat broke out across his body, and the covers felt like they weighed a ton.

‘What’s wrong with me?’ he thought, instantly fearing he’d contracted some deadly alien fever and wondering how it could have happened. He was always careful when handling unidentified artefacts down in the archives, and he followed protocol on retrievals. Of course, if the disease was airborne then such precautions wouldn’t help much. Were the rest of the team similarly affected?

Gathering his strength, he managed to sit up enough to turn on the bedside light.

Oh. That was why he was so hot.

“Oi! Get off me!” he said, shoving irritably at the cause of his overheating. “You’re worse than a cat!”

Grumbling, Nosy uncoiled from where it had been sleeping on top of him and reluctantly slithered off the bed.

“Thank you.” Now maybe he’d cool down.

The End
Pheromones

Chapter Summary

Ianto compares Jack’s pheromones to Owen’s pheromone spray.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 463: Attract at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Mild ones for Everything Changes.

Jack smells incredible, spicy and delicious; he says it’s his pheromones, but they’re not the same as the stuff in the bottle Owen keeps sneaking out of the Hub. That destroys people’s self-control, but Jack’s aroma doesn’t. Ianto has no trouble resisting him, despite the scent, the flirting, and the ceaseless innuendo. Nobody throws themselves bodily at Jack, groping him, the way Ianto’s seen women do when Owen uses the spray.

Nevertheless, Ianto reckons Jack could attract practically anyone if he tried hard enough. Ianto can’t deny he’s drawn to the man, but that’s about more than just Jack’s scent.

The End
Ashamed

Chapter Summary

Owen finally understands how wrong he was to use the pheromone spray.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 463: Attract at tw100.

Spoilers: Everything Changes.

Gripping the bottle of pheromone spray, Owen entered the bar. The stuff worked wonders, he never failed to score now; didn’t even need to spend half the night plying women with drinks first. One quick squirt and he could attract any woman he chose. Made his life a whole lot easier.

It wasn’t until Jack confiscated it that Owen started to have second thoughts about the stuff. Yes, he could attract anyone, whether they were interested or not, but that meant it took away their free will. They couldn’t refuse.

He shuddered, suddenly ashamed. How could he have done that?

The End
Attractive

Chapter Summary

A mishap with an alien device has left Ianto even more magnetic than usual.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 463: Attract at tw100.

This one's a double drabble.

Everyone’s making jokes about Ianto’s magnetic personality, and it’s getting old. He daren’t leave the Hub, and he’s got to keep away from computers and other sensitive equipment to avoid accidentally wiping the hard-drives, erasing the magnetic strips on credit cards, and so on.

Not only that, but any small metallic objects in his vicinity have a tendency to flock towards him. He’s in hell, all because of some kind of electric shock from an as yet unidentified piece of alien tech.

For his own safety, not to mention his sanity, he’s confined himself to one of the empty cells with pillow, blankets, snacks, a plastic thermos of shop bought coffee, pencils and paper, and a stack of books. He intends to stay right here until the unwanted side effects wear off.

“Hey, how are you doing?” Jack asks.

“I’ll survive. Tosh says the magnetic charge should dissipate in a few days.” Ianto doesn’t bother to look up from the list he’s writing, so it comes as a surprise when warm arms wrap around him. Jack’s stripped down to t-shirt and shorts.

“Just so you know,” he whispers in Ianto’s ear, “you don’t need to be magnetic to attract me.”

The End
The alien slugs clustered around Owen, squirming over each other in their efforts to be as close to him as possible, all the while making burbling noises and exuding a glutinous, greenish slime. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Owen was less than happy with the situation, but the grumpier he got, the more the slugs fought to be near him.

“Do something!” he snapped at Jack.

“I will,” Jack assured him brightly, radiating cheerful good humour. “As soon as Ianto gets back with a suitable container for them. In the meantime, just keep doing what you’re doing.”

“I don’t even know what I’m doing! I just want these disgusting things away from me!”

The burbling increased in volume and the slugs slithered over Owen’s shoes.

Ianto returned in the SUV, with a big reinforced glass tank. “This should hold them!” He sounded as cheerful as Jack.

“What’s got you two so happy anyway?” Owen grouched.

“Self defence,” Jack explained as he and Ianto shovelled slugs into the tank. “They feed on negative emotions; the grumpier you get, the more you attract them. Makes collecting them easy!”

Owen glared at Jack. “You’re sayin’ you used me as bait?”

“Yep!” Ianto grinned.

“You’re both bastards!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is fed up with being taken for granted.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 464: Irresponsible at tw100.

Sometimes, Ianto just got tired of being the responsible one. It always fell to him to clear up the messy caused by his teammates’ stupidity and lack of forethought. He was the one who had to think ahead, plan for all possibilities, ensure that kits were stocked and the SUV had enough petrol… He kept the Hub tidy, the residents fed, got everyone where they needed to be, and was never late.

Well, not today. He was exhausted, overworked, and under-appreciated. Maybe it was irresponsible, but he was having a lie-in. If the team wanted coffee, they could buy it.

The End
Failed Repair

Chapter Summary

Jack’s can fix spaceships, but some things are outside his skill set.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 464: Irresponsible at tw100.

“I’ve told you time and again not to play with things you don’t understand, but you still do it the moment my back’s turned,” Ianto sighed, glaring at Jack in exasperation. “I expect Meriel to behave irresponsibly, she’s only three, but you’re supposed to be an adult and set a good example!”

“I’m sorry.” Jack turned on the puppy-dog eyes. “I just wanted to help! It was my fault it broke; I thought I could fix it.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. He didn’t know what Jack had done, but now the vacuum cleaner blew instead of sucking. What a mess!

The End
Jack knew what Yvonne Hartman thought of Torchwood Three, and of him personally. She considered him irresponsible, a loose cannon, not to be trusted. It galled her that although the Cardiff branch remained part of the Torchwood Institute, it was largely autonomous; if she could find a way to bring it back under her control, she would.

She might have succeeded when Alex killed the team and then himself, except that Jack was there to take charge.

From Jack’s point of view, Hartman was the irresponsible one, playing with things she didn’t understand. Some day, it would be her undoing.

The End
Stuck

Chapter Summary

Even when you’re as careful as Ianto, accidents can still happen…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 464: Irresponsible at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

“Of all the irresponsible things to do!” Jack snapped.

“You’re calling ME irresponsible?” Ianto replied, glancing incredulously at his lover. “That’s rich! I only had the glue out in the first place to fix the lamp you broke, and I only put it down for a moment to answer the phone, which you should’ve been here to answer yourself! You knew the PM was calling at ten; it’s written on your desk calendar. If anyone’s to blame, it’s you.”

“I just forgot, okay?” At least Jack had the grace to look guilty. “You were busy so it seemed like a good time to fetch my coat from the SUV. How was I supposed to know this would happen?”

How indeed? Even Ianto hadn’t anticipated this one. Keeping his head down, he carried on carefully snipping. “It’s lucky Fluffs have such thick fur,” he said with a sigh. “The worst thing Dizzy will have to deal with is a bad haircut. Your desk, on the other hand…”

Slinking over the open tube of glue, the Flufflet had stuck itself firmly to the top of Jack’s desk like a length of fur trim.

Jack shrugged. “I can live with a fluffy desk.”

The End
Found Gilty

Chapter Summary

Jack has a bad habit of copying things he sees on TV…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 465: Motive at tw100.

“Why?” That really was all Ianto wanted to know; what obscure motive, known only to himself, had prompted Jack to do something so idiotic

“What do you mean ‘why’?” Jack asked, equally baffled. “I wanted to know if it was actually possible.”

Somehow Ianto refrained from rolling his eyes. “So you just got up this morning and said to yourself, ‘I know, I’ll paint myself gold all over?’”

“Not all over,” Jack corrected. “I couldn’t reach my back.”

“Just as well, otherwise you’d be dead already,” Ianto sighed. “That’s the last time you’re joining me for a Bond movie marathon!”

The End
Alien Customs

Chapter Summary

Gwen is appalled by the behaviour of a group of alien visitors.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 465: Motive at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

“They’re eating each other! That’s disgusting, we have to stop them!” Gwen cried, appalled.

“No, we have to let them continue; we can’t interfere in their customs.”

“But cannibalism is against the law! It’s barbaric!”

“They’re aliens; they’re not governed by our laws. Look, you can’t assign human motives to aliens, Gwen,” Jack explained with weary patience.

“Why not?”

“Because they’re not human.”

“But they look like us.”

“That’s coincidental, it doesn’t mean anything. Their physical forms may have some similarity to our own, but their culture evolved differently. To them, eating their enemies is perfectly acceptable, even expected. The losers in the battle would feel slighted if those on the winning side didn’t respectfully eat them. It would be seen as a monumental insult and probably result in the battle starting up again. It’s not our place to interfere.”

“I’m not going to just stand here and watch, Jack! They need to understand that what they’re doing is wrong!” Gwen would have stormed over to the aliens, but Jack held her back.

“Only from your perspective. Our custom of taking prisoners would seem barbaric to them. Let it be, Gwen. You don’t have to like it to accept it.”

The End
All she’d wanted was to save her mother.

My third drabble for Challenge 465: Motive at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Treason, that’s what they called it, making her out to be a traitor to her country. It didn’t seem to matter that her only motive had been to save her mother’s life. She’d stolen classified plans, created a deadly device, and handed it over to criminals; that was enough for her to be branded a criminal herself.

Tosh knew she’d done wrong, but she’d been ruthlessly manipulated. Wouldn’t anyone else have done the same to save a member of their family?

For trying to protect someone she loved, she was being sentenced to prison for the rest of her life.

The End
Strange Behaviour

Chapter Summary

Nosy is doing something weird.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 465: Motive at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Leaning on the catwalk railing, Owen and Ianto stared down at a sight that seemed bizarre even by Torchwood standards.

“Why’s it doing that?” Owen asked, voice low to avoid being overheard.

“How should I know?” Ianto whispered back. “Just because Nosy’s bonded with Jack and I doesn’t mean I know what motivates it to do the things it does. You’re the scientist; you figure it out.”

The Fluff in question was valiantly trying to raise the middle of its body up to form an arch, but despite being very flexible and muscular, it was unable to hold the pose for more than a brief moment before toppling sideways. Then it would start over, lying flat and slowly slinking its tail end forwards, its body gradually humping up in the middle, only to fail once more.

“Have to admire its persistence though,” Ianto continued after a few more minutes of watching. “Despite failing every time, it keeps trying.”

“Yeah,” Owen agreed. “If it was me, I’d have given up long ago.”

“If it was you, I’d be seriously worried.”

“Haha.”

“What’cha looking at?” Jack asked, joining them.

“Nosy’s acting weird,” Owen replied.

Jack laughed. “It’s trying to be a caterpillar.”

The End
Proof Of Guilt

Chapter Summary

Ianto is sure Jack is guilty; he just has to prove it.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 466: Tongue at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Having a cold sucked, especially the sore throat. Ianto opened his drawer to get a throat lozenge and found there was only one left, which was odd because it was a new packet and he’d only had one out of it.

“Jack, have you been eating my Soothers?” he croaked.

“Of course not! What do you take me for?” Jack’s air of injured innocence seemed sincere, but he was an ex-conman, so Ianto wasn’t convinced.

“I know what you’re like; you’ll eat anything that isn’t nailed down.”

“I’m not that bad!”

“Yes you are!”

“No I’m not!”

“You are!”

“Am not!”

“Are too!”

“Am not!”

They could have gone on like that all day, but Ianto stuck his tongue out, and Jack was childish enough his stick his out in response.

“Hah! I was right!”

“What?”

“Your tongue is purple!

“Darn, foiled again!”
Ianto rolled his eyes. “Right, for eating my lozenges and lying about it, you can just go and buy me a couple more packets; make sure you get the blackcurrant flavour, and if you sneak even one on the way back, you’ll be on decaf until my cold is a distant memory. Got that?”

“Meanie,” Jack pouted.

The End
Arriving at work, Gwen put her bag on the floor while she took her coat off and hung it up. Returning to her workstation, she found Nosy living up to its name, its snout poking about in her bag.

“Oi! None of that,” she reprimanded the Fluff, snatching her bag from under its nose and locking it safely in her bottom drawer. “There. Now you can’t go poking your nose where it doesn’t belong,” she said smugly.

Nosy stuck out its tongue and made a rude noise.

“Ianto! Nosy blew a raspberry at me!”

Ianto laughed. “Jack taught it that!”

The End
Being Polite

Chapter Summary

Owen gets a lesson in manners.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 466: Tongue at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Most of what fell through the Rift was inanimate: artefacts, technology, or as often as not, a load of old rubbish. With the odd exception, those kinds of things were relatively easy for Torchwood to deal with, only needing to be collected, catalogued, and stored. The same couldn’t be said for the living creatures the team sometimes had to deal with.

Aliens tended to be unpredictable. Some were friendly, others were hostile, but not all of them were sentient, and it wasn’t always easy to tell which were animals and which were civilised beings.

“Argh! Get it off me!” Owen yelped as their latest visitor, a shaggy creature a bit like a lime green orang-utan with tentacles for arms, stuck out a long black tongue and started thoroughly licking his face.

“Don’t be rude, Owen,” Jack chastised. “The Villneffe are highly intelligent, and peaceful people; that’s just their traditional way of saying hello. Now be nice and lick her.”

“What? That’s unhygienic!”

“She’ll be offended if you don’t,” Jack said firmly.

Pulling a disgusted face, Owen did as ordered, leaning in and licking the alien’s pale green face. She purred happily and Owen found himself grinning. “She tastes of strawberries!”

The End
Dessert

Chapter Summary

Jack settles down to enjoy his favourite dessert.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 466: Tongue at tw100.

Jack had taken his time preparing the decadent treat before him; it was all in the presentation. After admiring his handiwork, he took a long, slow lick, rolling the rich, dark chocolate around his mouth before swallowing, then sticking his tongue out for another taste, lapping up coffee ice cream along with the slightly bitter melted chocolate, and sweet whipped cream.


“Jack!” Ianto whined, trying not to wriggle. “Hurry up! I’m freezing!”

Jack grinned down at his lover. “My favourite dessert; Ianto à la mode.”

The End
Up High

Chapter Summary

Jack can’t stay on rooftops all the time.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 467: Down at tw100.

Heights don’t bother Jack; he isn’t sure they ever did. Being up high is the closest he gets to flying most days, and flying is the greatest freedom he’s ever found, so when he needs to escape from everything, he heads for a rooftop, high above the city, where all his problems, left far below him, somehow seem insignificant.

He stands on the edge, the wind whipping around him, blowing all his cares away, until at last he feels able to take up the burden of his responsibilities once more. Then he goes back down and becomes the Captain again.

The End
The Archives

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds the contents of Torchwood Three’s archives fascinating.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 467: Down at tw100.

Down in the archives was where Ianto felt most at home, surrounded by over a century’s worth of objects, both alien and of earth origin, that had fallen through the Rift over the last hundred years or so. Much of what was down there remained unidentified, but if anything, the mystery objects were even more fascinating than those whose purpose had already been determined.

He could spend hours at a time just studying the strange artefacts, trying to unravel what they might be, and imagining the kinds of beings that might have used them. There was so much to learn.

The End
This was not supposed to happen, Tosh thought, clinging on tightly and shutting her eyes. She’d been quite happily studying the new device the Rift had brought them, trying to figure out what it was and how it worked, when it had suddenly started up, and now…


Jack appeared from his office. “Tosh? Where are you?”

“Up here!”

He looked up and his eyes widened as he spotted her, floating thirty feet in the air, hanging on to the device she’d been studying earlier. “How’d you get up there?”

“I don’t know! Just get me down!”

The End
Cheering Up

Chapter Summary

Nosy feels what its friends feel.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 467: Down at tw100.

Being empathic, Nosy always knew when its friends were feeling down. It felt what they felt, and at first when they were low, Nosy’s mood would plummet too. Over time, it learned that the best way to make itself happy again was to make its friends happy.

There were lots of ways to cheer humans up. Giving them a gift sometimes worked; Nosy knew where Ianto hid the chocolate. Doing something silly could often make them laugh, and Nosy had lots of silly tricks in its repertoire.

But the thing that worked best of all was a big fluffy hug.

The End
Dawn was the faintest of faint smudges on the distant horizon as Jack stood still as a statue atop one of the tallest buildings in Cardiff. He’d been there most of the night, knew he should probably have left his high perch hours ago, but couldn’t quite bring himself to.

Instead, he stared through the darkness at buildings shattered by the recent series of explosions that had marked John Hart’s return. At least all the fires were out now, but that was small consolation. Too many lives had been lost, both in the explosions and the chaos that ensued. Cardiff was bleeding, and it was his fault.

“No it wasn’t.”

Jack hadn’t been aware that he’d spoken aloud, and neither had he heard footsteps approaching. Then again, Ianto could be stealthy as a cat when he chose.

“You don’t know that.”

“I do.”

“I let go of his hand.”

“By accident, just as he let go of yours. He needed someone to blame; he picked you because you were with him just before he was taken. That doesn’t make you responsible. You were just a child yourself. You did the best you could.”

“It wasn’t enough.”

“Nothing would have been.”

The End
Motivated

Chapter Summary

Jack has good reason to knuckle down today.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 468: Faint / Feint at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Doggedly, Jack worked his way through the piles of paperwork on his desk, the contents of his in-box steadily diminishing as his out-box filled up. He wasn’t enjoying the task, paperwork was the bane of his life, but he was determined not to give Ianto any reason to make him work late. He’d made reservations at the exclusive new restaurant months ago, and nothing was going to prevent him treating Ianto to a lavish dinner for their anniversary.

Two hours later, Ianto entered the office and stopped, staring at Jack’s desk in amazement. He’d never seen it looking so neat. “Jack? What did you do with all your paperwork?”

“I finished it.” Jack couldn’t keep the smug, self-satisfied smile off his face.

“What, all of it?” Elegant eyebrows crept up Ianto’s forehead, signalling his disbelief.

“Yes!”

“Well, I certainly wasn’t expecting that! I think I might faint from the shock.”

“Oh, please don’t do that! It would spoil everything!”

“What are you up to, Jack?” Ianto eyed him suspiciously.

“Nothing bad, honest. We have dinner reservations in an hour so we need to hurry up and get ready, that’s all.”

Jack was determined to make this an anniversary to remember.

The End
Chapter Summary

Looks like Owen is badly outmatched.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 468: Faint / Feint at tw100.

Owen feinted left, then right, then right again, but it did him no good. No matter how quickly he moved, his opponent was quicker, seeming to react almost before he’d decided which way to go. He took a step backwards, but the distance separating them remained unchanged.

Damn it, he’d have to shoot from here, but it wasn’t a good angle. Chances were, he’d miss. He could pass the ball to Tosh, but she was in an even worse position to take the shot.

He jumped and threw, only to see the ball batted away. Nosy was way too good!

The End
Faded

Chapter Summary

Some of the files in Torchwood Three’s archives are very old indeed.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 468: Faint / Feint at tw100.

Ianto pulled on a pair of gloves before opening the filing cabinet. It was the oldest one in the archives, it’s contents made fragile by age, so the reports it contained needed extremely careful handling.

Selecting a file, he photocopied one sheet at a time while scanning them into the computer. The ink was badly faded, leaving the writing so faint it was difficult to read, but Tosh’s computer programme restored clarity so every letter and smudge was rendered crystal clear. It didn’t help decipher the appalling handwriting of some former agents though. That was a job for human eyes.

The End
Silent Longing

Chapter Summary

Ianto has lost so much but there’s one thing he misses most of all.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 469: Long / Longing at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Cyberwoman and its aftermath.

This one’s a double drabble.

Not so long ago, Ianto had been trying to save his girlfriend while carrying on a purely physical relationship with his boss, in order to keep him from finding the half-converted Cyberwoman hidden in his basement.

It hadn’t been an ideal situation, not by any stretch of the imagination, but over the course of a few months it had come to seem normal. He’d known what he was doing, had everything planned out; fix Lisa and then get out, leaving Torchwood and Jack behind.

But then everything had fallen apart; Lisa was discovered, tried to kill the team, and Ianto had lost everything; his girlfriend, his future, Jack’s trust, and whatever had been developing between them.

Now, even though he’s been allowed to return to work he knows nothing will ever be the same again. The teammates who used to ignore him now watch him warily, and Jack keeps his distance, moody and withdrawn.

Ianto doesn’t blame them; it’s understandable, he betrayed them all and they have every right to distrust him. He deserves to be punished, and yet it hurts so much. Alone at night, he finds himself longing not for Lisa, but for the warmth of Jack’s touch.

The End
It’s still sometimes hard for Ianto to believe he’s really here, travelling through time and space.

Written for Challenge 469: Long / Longing at tw100, and for Challenge 58 at drabble_weekly.

Set in my ‘Through Time And Space’ universe. This one’s a double drabble.

The universe is their oyster, and not just the universe but all of time as well. They can go almost anywhere they choose. Sometimes, even after so many years, Ianto still finds it difficult to believe that he’s really out here, travelling among the stars just like Jack used to tell him they would someday.

He can’t help wondering how much his and Jack’s late-night conversations, in Jack’s office or the bunker beneath, helped to shape the TARDIS they now call home. She must have listened in countless times without either of them ever realising, their words seeping into her developing consciousness. All that time, and Ianto wasn’t even remotely aware that the instrument of his future salvation was sitting innocently beneath a heat lamp on Jack’s desk.

Perhaps it was fate, or destiny; their future determined by the requirements of the universe, written in the stars from the beginning of time. Or was it mere chance and coincidence? It hardly matters now of course; Ianto wouldn’t change the way things turned out even if he could. The only thing that matters now is that he, Jack, and their TARDIS are going to be together for a very long time.

The End
Eternity

Chapter Summary

Jack considers what his immortality means.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 469: Long / Longing at tw100.

Jack has already been alive for such a long time, yet it’s nothing compared to what still lies ahead for him. Eternity is beyond the ability of a human brain to comprehend. The concept is simply too huge.

He tries his best not to think about it, because that way lays madness, but it’s impossible not to consider some of what it means. He’ll outlive every person he ever meets, even those who won’t be born for millennia. He’ll outlast civilisations, see planets form and new species evolve, watch suns born and eventually burn out.

And still he’ll go on.

The End
As Nosy slithered past her workstation, Gwen turned slowly to watch its progress, frowning slightly. She was still getting used to the team’s new pet.

“Something bothering you?” Owen’s voice startled her out of her thoughts.

“What?”

“You were staring at Nosy.”

“Oh. Yes, I was, it’s just… It’s so long! How does one end of it know what the other end’s doing?”

Owen gave Gwen a funny look. “The same way you know what your arms and legs are doing; it uses its brain.” He smirked at her. “You should try it yourself sometime;” he added, leaving her speechless.

The End
Incarcerated

Chapter Summary

Being in prison isn’t always so bad…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 470: Prison at tw100.

“Are you absolutely sure we’re in prison?” Ianto looked around the comfortable suite they were in; it was more like a compact apartment, with living room, bedroom, bathroom, and a small kitchen alcove. Quite luxurious really.

“I’m sure.” Jack moved the curtains away from the window, revealing heavy bars. “It’s just that the people of Gorphex always try to tailor their cells to their inmates, making sure each species receives the punishment they would expect if they were on their home-worlds. Fortunately for us, few humans get out this far, so this is their best guess at an earth prison.”

The End
Ianto doesn’t feel he’s being punished enough for what he did.

‘Two people lost their lives because of my stupidity,’ Ianto thinks. ‘An innocent young woman and a probably not so innocent scientist had their lives cruelly cut short because I thought I could save someone who was already dead. I might as well have murdered them myself; their blood is on my hands. But for me, they’d still be alive.’

Yet despite that, here he was, sitting on the sofa in his sparsely furnished, poky little flat, suspended from work for a month. What kind of punishment was that? He should be tossed in prison and the key thrown away.

The End
Prisoners

Chapter Summary

Ianto cares for Torchwood’s inmates, but sometimes he wonders…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 470: Prison at tw100.

Ianto moved among the cells, feeding the inmates; Janet and Brad the Weevils, Cyril the Hoix, and Yuk, the weird rubbery thing that sat in a corner wobbling like a jelly.

‘Do they know they’re in prison?’ he wondered. Cyril was there because Hoix ate anything, including people, so he couldn’t be allowed to wander the streets. Janet was there for study and Brad because he’d turned rogue, becoming dangerous after losing a hand in a fight with another Weevil.

As for Yuk, it was there because nobody knew what else to do with it.

All were prisoners of circumstance.

The End
Convicted

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack get in a bit of trouble on another world.

Chapter Notes

My fourth and final drabble for Challenge 470: Prison at tw100.
Not connected to the other one set on another planet.
100 words first try!

“This is a bit ignominious,” Ianto said, lying on his back with his hands behind his head. “Thrown in prison on an alien planet for sneezing in public; haven’t they ever heard of allergies?”

“It’s not so much the sneezing they have a problem with,” Jack reassured him. “It's who you sneezed on.”

“It was a big chicken, Jack!”

“A Murket actually,” Jack corrected him, “and they’re sacred here, believed to be the souls of the departed. You’re lucky we’re not natives; we’ll only be deported rather than executed.”

Ianto gave Jack a dirty look. “Well, that’s comforting to know.”

The End
Chapter Summary

The alien is getting away! Thank goodness for tracking chips…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 471: Track at tw100.

“Jack, slow down! There’s no level crossing here!” Ianto yelled as they cut across open land towards the railway tracks. Even the SUV wasn’t robust enough to drive over those at speed without damage.

“But it’s getting away!”

“I know that! But we’ll never catch up if we wreck our only mode of transport, and probably ourselves in the process!”

Reluctantly Jack slowed, turning to follow the tracks until they reached a crossing. “Now we have to pick up its trail again.”

“Look on the bright side; it would be much harder to track if it hadn’t stolen your coat.”

The End
You can never be sure what you’re looking for until you find it.

My second drabble for Challenge 471: Track at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Most of the time the Rift just dropped inanimate objects on Cardiff, and while the objects themselves weren’t always welcome, for the most part they were vastly preferable to living creatures.

There’s a lot to be said for Rift Gifts that stay exactly where they’re deposited; for one thing, it makes then much easier to find. Sentient beings and animals are far less cooperative.

Ianto aimed his torch at the ground, following the tracks of their latest visitor. Whatever it was, it moved fast; they’d been on its trail for more than two hours, and they still hadn’t caught up. The only good thing about the whole situation was that going by the size of the small footprints it was leaving in the mud, it wasn’t very big, probably only half the size of your average cat. With that in mind, they’d brought a small carrying cage with them to put their visitor in when they found it.

Turning a corner, Ianto spotted their quarry trundling along the path ahead of them and cursed softly.

“What’s wrong?” Jack asked.

“We’re going to need a bigger cage.”

Apparently the footprints were only small because the enormous centipede had so many feet.

The End
Hiking

Chapter Summary

There’s no shortage of variety in Ianto’s job.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 471: Track at tw100.

The narrow track wound around the hill, leading steadily upwards. Ianto could feel the incline tugging at his calf muscles; his legs would be sore after this, but it was a small price to pay for getting out of Cardiff on a brisk autumn day.

His job wasn’t perfect, probably no job would be, but it was certainly varied. He’d spent most of yesterday in the archives, and today he was hiking to the aid of some lost Allurians who’d parked their shuttle in stealth mode and now couldn’t find it again.

Apparently even races with superior technology weren’t infallible.

The End
Rompings

Chapter Summary

A secluded beach makes a great playground.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 471: Track at tw100.

100 words first try!

This stretch of beach was a bit off the beaten track, but that was precisely why Jack and Ianto favoured it. Few people ever came here, and never this early, so it was ideal for their purposes.

Jack tossed the Frisbee and Nosy slithered quickly to catch it, bringing it back to Jack so he could throw it again. A romp on the beach was a great way to start the day, when the weather and the Rift permitted.

Today was dry with a brisk, chilly breeze, but the exercise was keeping them warm. Too bad summer was almost over.

The End


**A Matter Of Degree**

Chapter Summary

A trip to the future gives Ianto something to think about.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 472: Primitive at tw100.

“Penny for them?” Jack asked. He and Ianto were enjoying a trip to the future with the Doctor, but Ianto was even quieter than usual.

“This is incredible,” Ianto replied, “and we’re only a thousand years into the future. You came from a world two thousand years ahead of even this! Doesn’t earth seem horribly primitive to you?”

“I’d already travelled extensively with the Time Agency,” Jack pointed out, “but yes, at first it seemed impossibly backward; took some getting used to. But if you think earth’s primitive now, you should’ve been there during the Cretaceous. That was really primitive.”

The End
The Hard Way

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s vacation isn’t proving as relaxing as Ianto had thought it would be.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 472: Primitive at tw100.

“I’ve become spoiled,” Ianto said with a sigh. “I’m so used to all the alien tech-enhanced gadgets we have back home I’ve forgotten how difficult it can be using primitive methods to get things done.”

“Don’t blame me; this holiday was your idea. I would’ve booked us into an expensive hotel, with hot tubs, and room service, and a spa. But no, you wanted to get away from it all by touring Europe in a motor home.”

“I know, but I wasn’t expecting to get a flat tyre!” Ianto panted. “I could really use the anti-gravity jack right about now.”

The End
Insulted

Chapter Summary

The latest arrival through the Rift isn’t impressed with earth.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 472: Primitive at tw100.

“This is rather primitive, isn’t it?” the alien asked disparagingly. Ianto gritted his teeth; he’d heard nothing but thinly veiled insults since the being had arrived in Cardiff having been snatched up by the Rift. Clearly he thought he was slumming on this backwater planet known by its inhabitants as ‘Earth’.

“You should consider yourself lucky,” he snapped, finally running out of patience. “A few years ago, you would’ve been taken prisoner, experimented on, and then dissected. I think you’ll find we’re much more civilised these days.”

The alien’s pale skin went paler still, but there were no more insults.

The End
Supersized

Chapter Summary

Torchwood have seen weird things before, but this is among the weirdest.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 472: Primitive at tw100.

“What is that?” Tosh asked, staring at the strange entity in fascination.

“What you’re looking at is a primitive single-celled organism,” Owen told her smugly.

“It’s a bit on the large side for a single cell, isn’t it?” Ianto frowned at the jelly-like blob oozing its way along the pavement.

“By earth standards, yes,” Owen agreed. “Our cells are on a much smaller scale. Imagine the world this must have come from! What I wouldn’t give to study evolution there!”

Ianto shuddered. “Rather you than me. Whatever evolves there will probably be massive. I’d be scared of getting stepped on.”

The End
Ianto bids a sad goodbye to his favourite decadent treat.

My first drabble for Challenge 473: Double at tw100.

“Mm!” Jack groaned through a mouthful, shedding crumbs everywhere. “I thought dark chocolate hobnobs were the best, but these are at least twice as good. Why didn’t you ever tell me about them? If I hadn’t done the shopping this week because of your sprained ankle, I might never have discovered them!” He sat beside Ianto on the sofa, eating double chocolate chip cookies from the bakery section straight from the paper bag.

Ianto slumped back in his seat. He hadn’t told Jack because he knew if he did Jack would eat them all and he’d never get any himself.

The End
The latest alien to come through the Rift had the whole team confused. Nobody could decide which was the front end and which was the rear end, or if it even had a designated front and rear, because there was an identical head on each end of its body.

“I’ve seen double-headed creatures before, but that’s the weirdest,” Owen decided, watching as both ends munched on the park’s greenery. “Biologically, it shouldn’t even work.” He scanned it, finding two sets of internal organs. “It’s like two creatures grafted together.”

“They do say two heads are better than one,” Ianto joked.

The End
Ianto hated being concussed. The pounding headache, dizziness, and other physical discomforts were bad enough, but the worst part was the double vision. It made the simplest things ridiculously difficult.

Owen had given him painkillers and a glass of water to take them with, putting both on the coffee table in front of him as he sat on the sofa. Ianto knew there were two pills and one glass of water, but his eyes were registering four pills and two glasses.

He fumbled across the tabletop with one hand, relying on touch more than sight to find the pills, and after several false starts, managed to get them into his mouth. Picking up the glass was more difficult, but by positioning one hand to each side of what looked to him like two glasses and then bringing his hands together, he got it in a firm grasp. He felt quite proud of himself for coming up with that idea. Not bad, all things considered.

Then he tried to drink, but poured water over his shoulder instead.

“You’re supposed to drink it, not bathe in it.” Jack said, coming to the rescue.

“I know,” Ianto mumbled, “but someone moved my mouth.”

The End
**Chapter Summary**

Ianto finds himself with more than he’d bargained for.

**Chapter Notes**

My final drabble for Challenge 473: Double at tw100.

“Please tell me I’m seeing things,” Ianto said as he looked from one Jack to the other. One Jack was more than enough to cope with; a pair of them was unthinkable.

The Jack on the left smiled apologetically. “Sorry, Ianto. It was an accident, honest. I didn’t intend for this to happen.”

“What did you do?” Ianto was already dreading hearing the answer.

“Well,” the Jack on the right said, “you know that cloning device that came through the Rift last week? The one I said was broken? I might have lost my balance and bumped into it, and I guess somehow that turned it on, because now there’s two of me.”

Ianto sighed tiredly and ran one hand through his hair. “So which you is the real you and which is your clone?”

The two identical Jacks looked at each other, then back at Ianto. “We don’t actually know.”

“How can you not know?”

The Jacks shrugged. “We both feel like me.”

Ianto groaned. Could this get any worse?

Two sets of arms enveloped him comfortably. “Don’t worry; one of me is only temporary. But look on the bright side; with two you can have double the fun!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack does love playing with Ianto’s niece and nephew.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 474: Bounce at tw100.

Jack was having a great time enjoying the Christmas gift he’d bought for Mica and David. Despite the cold weather, all three of them were out in the back garden, well wrapped up, jumping up and down on the trampoline, screaming and laughing, seeing who could bounce the highest. Jack was winning on that score because his weight gave him a slightly unfair advantage.

They didn’t give up until it started to rain, the two kids scrambling down and scampering indoors. Jack followed, staggering across the lawn.

“Are you okay?” Ianto asked.

“Fine. Just feels like the ground’s still bouncing.”

The End
Odd Sounds

Chapter Summary

Tosh can’t resist finding out what’s making those odd sounds…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 474: Bounce at tw100.

Entering the Hub, Tosh frowned hearing odd sounds…

Boink, tap.

Boink boink, tap.

Boink, tap.

“Ow!”

“Sorry!”

Returning so late at night was a bad idea, but she’d left her reading glasses on her desk and needed them.

The sounds continued. Although she knew she should probably just leave, she was desperate to know what was making them. Quietly making her way to where the sounds were coming from, she peeped into the boardroom.

Jack and Ianto, wielding makeshift paddles, were tapping a bouncy ball back and forth across the boardroom table.

She giggled; so they did have other hobbies!

The End
Visitor

Chapter Summary

Ianto doesn’t know how Jack puts up with the Doctor.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 474: Bounce at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

He’s doing it again; bounce, bounce, bounce on his heels, and it’s making Ianto a bit giddy. Worse, it’s all he can do not to start bouncing too, if only so he can keep the Doctor in his eye-line without nodding his head all the time. He’s starting to feel like he’s talking to a yoyo.

The Doctor’s only been here half an hour, but already Ianto’s wondering how Jack puts up with the infuriating alien, with his ill-fitting suit, his too-wide smile, and the constant bouncing… If he didn’t know the Time Lord only drinks tea, he’d think he was on the mother of all caffeine highs, but there’s not that much caffeine in a cuppa. Maybe it’s just excitement, or impatience, or springs in his shoes…

“Jack won’t be back for a couple of hours yet, Doctor. Even with the way he drives there are limits to how fast he can cover the intervening distance, and he’s currently helping repair a damaged Volnian transport. Perhaps you’d care to take a seat on the sofa while you’re waiting.”

“That’s okay; I’m fine right here!” Bounce bounce bounce.

“Then kindly stop bouncing before I nail your feet to the floor.”

The End
Springy

Chapter Summary

Ianto decides it’s time to get the sofa in the Hub repaired.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 474: Bounce at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Ianto was so tired of the saggy old sofa in the Hub. Most of the springs had gone and when he sat on it he got sucked so deeply into the cushions that it was often difficult to get up again. Laying on it was even worse, leading him to wonder if it was possible to drown in a sofa.

Jack, however, seemed absurdly attached to the battered old thing, so while he was away for a few days visiting Alice and Steven, Ianto took the base and cushions to be re-sprung.

Setting the sofa back in place and testing it with a few careful bounces, he was delighted with the result. It was firm and supportive yet springy. Perfect.

He was sitting there the next day engrossed in paperwork when Jack arrived back, bounding into the Hub, striding across to the sofa, and throwing himself down beside his lover.

“I’m home!”

Papers scattering everywhere, Ianto flew into the air, bounced right off the end of the sofa onto the floor.

A moment later, Jack joined him. He glared back at the sofa. “What just happened?”

“I had it repaired,” Ianto replied, “but it’s a bit springier than I expected.”

The End
Spiilsport

Chapter Summary

Just because a piece of tech is technically harmless doesn’t mean it’s a good idea to use it...

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 475: Mean at tw100.

“You’re such a meanie,” Jack grumbled as he trailed Ianto into the Hub. “You never let me have any fun!”

Ianto rolled his eyes and kept walking, carrying their latest Rift Gift over to Tosh. “Don’t let Jack get hold of this,” he told her before turning to his lover. “You’re the one who keeps telling us using alien tech is prohibited outside the Hub because it could change the course of history.”

“But it’s harmless!”

“Not the point. It could cause serious problems if the police started dancing everywhere.”

“But it would be funny!”

“Detective Swanson might not agree.”

The End
Proposition

Chapter Summary

Travelling the universe, Ianto and Jack get to meet all kinds of strange and interesting people.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 475: Mean at tw100.

Ianto looked uncertainly at the grey-skinned alien looming over their table. He and Jack were in one of the bars that could be found near the port on any space station; this one had a slightly better clientele than most, and also served food. They’d just been finishing their meal when they’d been approached.

The alien made another sinuous gesture with several of its tentacles, looking from one to the other of them.

“Um, Jack, does that mean what I think it does?”

“Oh yeah!” Jack grinned. “She’s hitting on us. What d’you say? This could be a fun night!”

The End
Swinging

Chapter Summary

How to entertain your Flufflet…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 475: Mean at tw100.

“Owen! Stop that! Don’t be so mean!” Tosh chastised her husband.

“I’m not!” Owen retorted, frowning at her. “Dizzy likes this, and Nosy approves.”

It was true. The Fluff was watching quite calmly as its offspring was dangled by its tail and swung back and forth, round and round. When Owen stopped swinging it, the Flufflet started making determined attempts to swing itself, flexing its long, fuzzy body and emitting little squeaks of effort.

“It doesn’t look very enjoyable to me,” Tosh said.

“You’re not a Fluff; I guess they have different ideas of what constitutes fun than we do.”

The End
Communication Fail

Chapter Summary

It’s always tricky communicating with people who don’t know your language…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 475: Mean at tw100.

Team Torchwood were helping a group of aliens whose ship had landed on earth rather more suddenly than intended, thanks to engine failure.

Giving them the thumbs up to let them know they were all fine after their rough landing, Owen was taken aback by their reaction. Every last one of them flushed from pale blue to bright purple, their feathery crests shot upright, and their already large eyes widened so far he half expected their eyeballs to fall out.

“Uh, Owen?” Ianto murmured. “Somehow I don’t think that gesture means the same to them as it does to us.”

The End
Coffee

Chapter Summary

Ianto knows just what will fix the team up after a tiring chase.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 476: Thirst at tw100.

Ianto busies himself at the coffee machine, preparing the team’s favourite beverage. It needs to be ready the moment they step into the Hub or someone’s bound to complain.

They’re out at present, chasing a rogue Weevil, but Jack just linked in to say they’re on their way back; after more than two hours running around the streets of Cardiff in hot pursuit of one of the toothy aliens, Ianto knows for a fact they’ll all be in need of a drink.

Water might be better for quenching thirst, but nothing beats Ianto’s coffee for reviving weary bodies and minds.

The End
Jack’s Touch

Chapter Summary

Hate towards Jack has been replaced by need.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 476: Thirst at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

After Lisa’s execution, Ianto had thought he’d hated Jack. Hating had at least meant he’d felt something other than mind-numbing grief, and guilt over the deaths of two people that he could maybe have prevented if only he’d…

What?

Found a way to cure her sooner?

Or accepted from the start that she was already gone and couldn’t be saved?

Even now he’s not sure.

He couldn’t sustain the hate though; too tired, too defeated, too… lost.

But Jack was there to anchor him.

Now he thirsts for Jack’s touch, the only source of comfort that means anything at all.

The End
Vengeance

Chapter Summary

There’s only one thing Gray wants from his brother now

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 476: Thirst at tw100.

Spoilers: Exit Wounds.

He burns inside, the thirst for vengeance overpowering. It’s all that’s kept him going through years of torture at the claws of the hideous creatures that snatched him off the beach so long ago.

His brother had promised to always protect him, but when he’d needed protecting the most he’d been abandoned, his hand let go of when he’d stumbled. That was all it had taken for the creatures to get him.

He’d prayed and pleaded for his brother to come and save him, but in vain.

Now, at last, the man calling himself Jack Harkness is going to pay.

The End
The trip to the beach had been a grand adventure for Fluff and humans alike. They’d had a wonderful time! Nosy had revelled in slithering after balls and that clever flying plate Ianto called Frisbee; it had been cooped up for far too long during a spell of bad weather so the exercise was more than welcome. So too was the opportunity to take a thorough dust bath. Rolling in sand left its coat sleek and gleaming, in tip-top condition.

Afterwards it had napped in the sunshine, soaking up the warmth while Jack and Ianto splashed about at the edge of the water, which was fine for humans because they didn’t go all soggy the way a Fluff did; each to their own kind of fun.

Nosy hadn’t wanted to leave, but it supposed all good things had to come to an end eventually, and its humans had promised it they’d go again sometime soon.

Although their time at the beach had been fun, Nosy was quite glad to be home. Dipping its snout in its water bowl, it took a long slurp. Ah, that hit the spot! Nothing beat fresh water for quenching thirst. Seawater was altogether too salty!

The End
Pungent

Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood sometimes involves some less than glamorous tasks.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 477: Strong at tw100.

Owen and Ianto were in the Beacons, setting a trap for a particularly nasty carnivorous alien.

“Phwoar!” Owen pulled a disgusted face. “That reeks!”

“I know.” Ianto smirked behind his gas mask. “The smell of the bait has to carry to wherever our fugitive has gone to ground, which could be anywhere within about a five mile radius, so it’s got to be strong.”

“That should carry alright,” Owen agreed, holding his nose. He was used to dealing with stinky things, but this was powerful enough to make even his eyes water. “The whole of Wales can probably smell it.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Chasing aliens is always thirsty work, and the boys are badly in need of something to revive them after this one.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 477: Strong at tw100.

Jack and Ianto staggered into the Hub, weighed down by the alien they’d spent the last few hours chasing. It was relatively harmless as alien creatures went, but it was heavily armoured to protect it from native predators and it had damaged several cars in its confused panic.

Lugging it down to a cell, they left it to recover from the tranquillizer they’d used on it and stumbled back upstairs.

“I need a very strong drink after that,” Jack groaned.

“Me too,” Ianto agreed. “I’ll make the industrial strength coffee while you break out the whiskey.”

“You read my mind!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Katie’s death has driven Owen to seek oblivion in the bottle.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 477: Strong at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Owen had always enjoyed a beer, and sometimes a shot or two of something stronger, but as a doctor he knew the downsides of alcohol and rarely drank heavily. As with many things, drinking was fine in moderation, but overindulging was a bad idea. Besides, he didn’t need to get drunk to feel like he was having a good time.

Then he’d lost Katie and everything had changed. Alcohol had become his crutch; strong drink the only thing that put the slightest dent in the agony of his grief. He longed to crawl into the bottle and never come out.

The End
Rescue

Chapter Summary

Ianto needs help, but everyone’s out except for a certain alien…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 477: Strong at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

In retrospect, deciding to tackle this section of the archives while the rest of the team were out of the Hub might not have been one of Ianto’s better ideas. The shelves here, while solidly built and very heavy, were nowhere near as strong as they’d seemed, which was why he was now pinned to the floor by a section that had pulled free from the wall and toppled over.

He’d managed to keep the falling unit from causing him any major injuries, but now he couldn’t shift it enough to get out from underneath and his arms were shaking with the effort of keeping its weight from squashing him.

A slithering sound caught his attention and a fluffy head appeared. Nosy.

“Help!” Ianto wasn’t sure what the Fluff could do, but there wasn’t anyone else.

Nosy, studied the situation briefly, then slithered its front end onto a fallen crate, gripped part of the shelf in its mouth, and pushed upwards as hard as it could.

The heavy unit started to move, lifting just enough for Ianto to pull himself out. Getting up, he helped Nosy lower it again.

“Thanks. I think we both need a coffee after that.”

“HUM!”

The End
Biscuits

Chapter Summary

Owen needs to learn that Ianto is not his personal cleaning service.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 478: Empty at tw100.

“Oi, how come the biscuit tin’s empty?” Owen complained, picking it up and shaking out a few crumbs.

“I haven’t had time to go shopping because you’ve kept me run off my feet cleaning up after you,” Ianto explained. “If you want an uninterrupted supply of biscuits, either do the shopping yourself or stop leaving a mess in the autopsy bay. For now, you’ll just have to put up with not having biscuits with your afternoon coffee.”

“Is it true we’ve run out of biscuits?” Jack asked when Ianto delivered his coffee.

“Of course not. I’m teaching Owen a lesson.”

The End
Impatience

Chapter Summary

Jack lands himself and Ianto in a spot of bother.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 478: Empty at tw100.

Jack’s empty stomach growled loudly and he sighed. “It’s been so long since I had anything to eat my stomach thinks my throat’s been cut. We’ve been sitting here for hours; how much longer do we have to wait?”

“How should I know?” Ianto replied. He was hungry and thirsty too, but on the bright side, it wouldn’t kill them, or at least not permanently. “Maybe you should’ve thought about the possible consequences before you got us arrested.”

“Okay, you’re right and I’ve learned my lesson. Can we go now?” Jack pleaded.

When the guards returned, the cell was empty.

The End
Alone

Chapter Summary

It’s hard going home to an empty flat every night.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 478: Empty at tw100.

Arriving home after another long day at work, Tosh unlocked the door and stepped into her flat to be met by darkness and silence. It wasn’t so bad in summer, when it was often still light out, but the winter months always dragged her down, making her more aware of how empty both her flat and her life were.

It wasn’t anything new; she’d lived alone since leaving home, and yet every year that passed without finding someone to share her life with chipped away at hope. Would she always be alone?

Maybe she could get a cat for company.

The End
Chapter Summary

The SUV is running low on fuel…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 478: Empty at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The team had been driving around the countryside outside Cardiff for most of the afternoon, trying to locate the source of some strange signals Tosh had picked up. Turned out they’d been caused by ‘cameras’ belonging to a group of alien sightseers, who they’d sent on their way with a stern warning to check in with Torchwood first in future.

Now they were heading back to base, but the petrol gauge showed the SUV’s fuel tank was nearly empty.

“What happens if we run out of petrol before we get back?” Owen asked, worried.

“We stop, and you get out and walk to the nearest garage to get us some,” Jack replied.

“What? Why me?” Owen scowled at the back of Jack’s neck.

“Did you forget the rules? If you use the car you’re responsible for filling the tank afterwards, and if you don’t…” Jack trailed off ominously, then added, “You were the last one to use it.”

“No he wasn’t,” Ianto corrected. “You were. You told me this morning you had a Rift alert out Llandaff way last night. That’s a fair distance.”

“Judas,” Jack muttered

Ianto smirked. “Fair’s fair, Jack. If we break down, you fetch the petrol.”

The End
The Horror!

Chapter Summary

Ianto has found something unusual hidden in the archives

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 479: Pant / Pants at tw100.

“You’ll never guess what I found at the back of a shelf in the archives,” Ianto said, striding into Jack’s office and plunking a box down on the desk.

Jack glanced up from playing Chuzzles on his computer, took one look at the box, and recoiled, pushing his chair back from his desk. “No! Not them! I thought I’d hidden them where they’d never see the light of day again!”

“What’s wrong? It’s just a box of underpants.”

“No it’s not! It’s hideous string vests and matching baggy y-fronts!” Jack shuddered dramatically.

“I’ll consign them to the furnace, shall I?”

The End
Watching

Chapter Summary

Jack was enjoying himself until he was rudely interrupted.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 479: Pant / Pants at tw100.

Jack liked quiet days; they gave him the rare opportunity to Ianto-watch to his heart’s content. Yes, he probably should have been doing paperwork, or other mundane chores, and no doubt Ianto would berate him later for not doing so when he had the time available to catch up with routine tasks, but what was the point of being the boss if you couldn’t indulge yourself occasionally?

Watching Ianto was a most enjoyable pastime, at least until the inevitable and unwelcome interruptions.

“Oi! If you’re done panting after the Teaboy, here’s that report you wanted!”

Trust Owen to spoil things.

The End
Failed Chase

Chapter Summary

Weevils are a lot faster than they look.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 479: Pant / Pants at tw100.

“How come Weevils never get out of breath?” Ianto asked, bent over, hands on his knees, panting for breath.

“They must keep in shape,” Jack panted back from where he was leaning against a tree to keep from falling over. “Unlike us.”

Owen, sprawled on his back on the grass, didn’t have enough breath left to speak, just made a few vague gestures.

“He says it was a very fast Weevil,” Ianto translated. “The Mo Farah of its species. Lot of stamina.”

“Which is why it got away,” Jack agreed. “We should catch it and enter it in the Olympics.”

The End
Breathless

Chapter Summary

Jack’s in quite a state. What has he been up to?

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 479: Pant / Pants at tw100.

Arriving home after doing the shopping, Ianto walked into the flat he shared with Jack and their lovable alien pet to find his husband sprawled limply on the sofa, looking sweaty and red faced, puffing and panting.

“What happened to you?” he asked his husband. “You look like you’ve run a marathon.”

“Challenged… Nosy… to… a race,” Jack gasped out breathlessly, pointing to the roof garden that encircled their spacious home. “Twenty… laps. Winner… got… the last… mince pie…”

Nosy slithered past, licking its lips and looking smug.

Ianto grinned. “I’m guessing you lost.”

Jack nodded weakly. “Fluffs… too fast.”

The End
Out Of Luck

Chapter Summary

Christmas is not going well for Jack and Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 480: Book at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The Rift had been running them ragged in the weeks leading up to Christmas and Ianto had bemoaned the fact that he’d not had time to shop for all the Christmas essentials. When things finally eased up on Christmas Eve, he dragged Jack to the supermarket, determined to make up for lost time. Christmas dinner was at stake!

Sadly, not a single fresh turkey, nor even turkey breasts or legs, was left in the place, only half a dozen or so gigantic frozen turkeys that would likely take at least a week to defrost properly, and that were too big to fit in their oven anyway.

“Not to worry,” Jack said mildly. “We can have Christmas dinner at a restaurant instead. It’ll save all the cooking and there won’t be a stack of washing up to do. It’ll be perfect!”

“I don’t know, I think to do that you need to book in advance. Only a few places will be serving Christmas dinner.”

“It’ll be fine,” Jack insisted.

So here they were, looking for somewhere to eat and drawing a blank.

“I told you we should’ve made reservations!” Ianto grumbled. “Let’s go home. There’s pie and chips in the freezer.”

The End
Bad Weather

Chapter Summary

Regardless of the weather, Torchwood still has to do its job.

Chapter Notes

My second dabble for Challenge 480: Book at tw100.

Ianto stared through the SUV’s windscreen. Trees were whipping about in gale force winds as rain pelted down. This was worse than driving in the snow a few weeks back. At least then there hadn’t been the danger of falling trees to watch out for. What a day to be out looking for one of the Rift’s unwanted gifts!

“If the rain gets much worse I’ll have to pull over,” he muttered, squinting ahead. It wasn’t noon yet, but it was so dark it looked more like evening. He glanced at Jack. “Is it too soon to book a vacation?”

The End
Christmas Morning

Chapter Summary

It’s Christmas for the Harkness-Jonses.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 480: Book at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

It was Christmas morning in the Harkness-Jones household, and certain people were far too excited about opening presents to stay in bed until a decent hour. Ianto would have liked a lie-in, but between his husband, their small daughter, and their Fluff, he was out of luck.

In pyjamas and bathrobe, he prepared coffee and put sausage rolls and mince pies in the oven to heat for their rather unconventional breakfast before joining his family in front of the tree to distribute gifts.

Everyone had a pile of presents, Santa had clearly been in a generous mood this year, and before long wrapping paper was strewn across the carpet as Jack, Meriel, and Nosy eagerly tore into their gifts.

Ianto approached unwrapping in a far more sedate manner, reading the label, then carefully peeling off bits of Sellotape, and folding each piece of wrapping paper before he examined the present inside.

“Who’s this one from?” he asked, looking at a badly wrapped bundle without a label.

“Nosy,” four-year-old Meriel said. “I had to help wrap it, but it went a bit wonky.”

Opening the parcel, Ianto took out a lovely new notebook.

“Thank you, Nosy! It’s just what I needed.”

The End
Christmas Day had been lovely, full of laughter and games and good food, but now Meriel was tired and sleepy. Warm and relaxed from her bath, she snuggled into her little bed, her faithful companion curling up on the bunk above. Meriel knew she never had to worry about monsters under the bed or in the closet. Not while Nosy was there to protect her.

“Ready for you bedtime story?” Jack asked his daughter.

“Yep! Read me the dragon one, please daddy?”

Jack smiled, fetching the book and opening it. “Once there was a very small dragon named Tiny Smaug…”

The End
Tosh’s Plans

Chapter Summary

Why is Tosh all dressed up? Ianto wants to know!

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 481: Festive / Festivities at tw100.

Set after my fic 'The First Move'

“You’re looking very festive,” Ianto said, smiling at Tosh as she emerged from the locker room, all done up for a night out.

“Thanks. I have a date.” Tosh was practically glowing with happiness.

“So who’ll be having the pleasure of your company?”

“Nobody you know.” Her smile was almost coy.

“Come on, Tosh! If you can’t tell me, then who can you tell?”

“Well, okay. Her name’s Lily; we met last week. I took your advice to make the first move and…” She shrugged.

“I’m happy for you, Tosh. Have a lovely evening.”

“Thanks, Ianto. I think we will.”

The End
New Year’s Eve Plans

Chapter Summary

What are the team’s plans for seeing in the New Year?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 481: Festive / Festivities at tw100.

This one's a double drabble.

“What’s everybody doing tonight for New Year?” Gwen asked, grinning gappily. “Rhys and I are going to join in the festivities at our local. It'll be fun; the rest of you should come along. There'll be karaoke, and the TV over the bar will be on for the countdown.”

“Sorry,” Jack said, not sounding sorry at all. “Ianto and I have plans. We’re going out to dinner and dancing at the St. David’s Hotel, then up on the roof to watch the fireworks.”

“Oh. Well have fun.”

“We will,” Ianto assured her. “Jack booked us the hotel’s best suite for the night. It has a Jacuzzi.”

“I’ve got plans too,” Owen said with a grin. “I’ll be wining and dining a beautiful woman at a five star restaurant, then since the weather’s not too cold, I thought we could take a romantic moonlit stroll along the beach and watch the fireworks from there.”

“That sounds lovely,” Gwen said wistfully. “How about you, Tosh? You’re welcome to join Rhys and me if you’d rather not be alone.”

“That’s kind of you, but…”

“Tosh is my date,” Owen said, putting his arm around her.

“Oh. Right.” Suddenly Gwen’s plans seemed rather dull.

The End
A New Year

Chapter Summary

The New Year is just beginning, and Jack is patrolling his city.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 481: Festive / Festivities at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Jack strolled through Cardiff’s almost deserted streets in the early hours of the morning. The only people about were a few drunken stragglers who had yet to make it home after the New Year’s Eve festivities. They’d no doubt feel like death warmed over come morning, whereas he felt as fresh as the proverbial daisy; despite his complaints about his condition, there were definite advantages to being immortal, such as not having to suffer through hangovers.

The few hours between the bars and clubs closing, and the city’s businesses opening for a new working day were when his adopted home was at its most peaceful, if you ignored the Weevils lurking in alleys, scavenging through rubbish bins for anything they could eat.

Decorations that had looked so bright and festive when they’d first been put up a month ago were now looking shabby and past their best, partly due to the gales that had whipped across the country around Christmas. In a few days they’d be taken down, another holiday season over, but he could enjoy their cheery sparkles for a little while longer.

A whole new year was just beginning; who knew what the next twelve months would bring?

The End
Celebrating

Chapter Summary

The New Year is just seconds away.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 481: Festive / Festivities at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

On the streets of Cardiff, and in bars, clubs, and homes across the city, the New Year festivities were well underway. Many of the celebrators were already drunk, as it they were working on washing away the dregs of the old year with alcohol. It was safe to say that a large percentage of the city’s population would be starting off the New Year with one hell of a hangover.

Ianto had done the same himself when he was younger. A whole lot of New Year’s Eves had passed in an alcohol sodden haze, with memories of the night before being sketchy at best come morning. He’d grown up a lot since then, in attitude if not in years. These days heavy drinking didn’t hold the appeal it once had.

‘Well, to each their own,’ he thought as the countdown to midnight began. Everybody was entitled to celebrate however they wanted to, within reason. At least this way if any of the revellers happened to spot two men and a large, furry snake sitting on the roof of the Millennium Centre watching the fireworks, they’d be more likely to put it down to the booze. Nobody would believe them anyway.

The End
To Live For

Chapter Summary

After losing Lisa, Ianto hit rock bottom.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 482: Bottom at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman and after.

The massacre at Canary wharf had been bad enough, surrounded by the bodies of people he’d known, the dying and the already dead, but he’d been able to push most of the horror aside because he’d had something more important on his mind; saving Lisa.

She’d given him a purpose, and the courage and determination he’d needed to carry it through, but then she was gone and everything came crashing down on him. What was there left for him to live for? He’d felt so lost and hopeless, down as low as it was possible to get, and yet his life hadn’t ended.

The best thing about hitting rock bottom is that when you get there, the only way to go is back up. It’s not easy, every day is a struggle and there are moments of black despair that threaten to suck him back down again, undoing all the progress he’s made. But then he looks around him at the people he works with. Grumpy Owen, stubborn Gwen, brilliant Tosh... and Jack.

He’d tried so hard to hate Jack, but couldn’t sustain his anger. Jack had shown Lisa mercy by ending her suffering.

Jack is something to live for.

The End
Deep Down

Chapter Summary

Don’t try to tell Ianto the Rift isn’t sentient. It’s probably laughing at him right now.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 482: Bottom at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Ianto had long suspected that the Rift had a sense of humour, along with a bit of a mean streak. How else could you explain the way it kept dumping objects in the most inconvenient places possible?

If there was a body of water in the vicinity, whatever they were looking for would be at the bottom of it. If there was a patch of mud, their latest gift would be right in the middle, and if there was only one tree in sight… Well, suffice to say it was fortunate Ianto was good at climbing.

As if all that wasn’t bad enough, nine times out of ten when they did succeed in retrieving what the Rift had brought them, it would turn out to be random useless junk.

Nevertheless, they still had to track down and retrieve everything that fell through the Rift, because on occasion something dangerous arrived that required immediate attention before it could blow a crater in the planet. There was also the slim chance they might actually get something good, which was why he was down here, at the bottom of this smelly abandoned well, rummaging in the muck.

Sometimes he really hated his job.

The End
In The Depths

Chapter Summary

The Hub extends deeper into the earth than even Ianto knows.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 482: Bottom at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The Hub was bigger than anyone, even Ianto, knew. If you went down far enough, the man-made levels, carved out of the rock, their floors made more even with painstakingly poured concrete, gave way to natural tunnels and caves that had so far only been partially adapted to human use by the levelling of floors and the installation of doors.

But below even those were the areas that humans had not yet set foot in even now. Vast caverns where stalactites dripped from the ceilings, and crystals grew in abundance like strange alien flowers.

Fresh water springs trickled over rock surfaces illuminated by phosphorescent algae, to form small, clear pools, and right at the bottom, as deep as it was possible to go without excavation, a briny underground sea stretched off into the darkness.

It was here that the creatures Ianto termed ‘Archive Monsters’ made their home, their small colony safe and warm in the depths, untroubled by the fickle weather of the earth’s surface, going upwards only to hunt vermin and to continue their study of the sentients who believed this underground complex to be theirs.

Someday perhaps they’d introduce themselves, but until then, they’d simply watch and learn.

The End
A Close Shave

Chapter Summary

Ianto lends Jack a helping hand.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 482: Bottom at tw100.

Ianto worked smoothly and rhythmically, his hand perfectly steady as he manoeuvred the razor, careful not to miss a single hair, nor to nick or scrape the tender skin. Razor burn was unsightly as well as painful; Jack wouldn’t be happy if he ended up red and blotchy.

One last swipe, and… “All done! Smooth as a baby’s bottom!” He picked up the hand mirror and passed it to his lover, who accepted it hesitantly, taking a deep breath before studying his reflection.

“I look weird!”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “It was your idea to shave your head for charity!”

The End
A Better Life

Chapter Summary

Ianto thinks back to the day he’d decided he wanted more for himself than the kind of life his father had.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 483: Hard at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

“You don’t know what hard work is!” Ianto’s dad told him one bitterly cold and wet Sunday morning as Ianto grumbled about having to get up early to deliver papers instead of having a lie in.

“You’re wrong. I know, and I’m not afraid of it, but it’s a free country; I have every right to complain, especially on a day like this. Doesn’t mean I won’t do it though.” Ianto tugged his hat and gloves on before wheeling his battered second-hand bike out the front door.

Heading for the newsagents to pick up the papers for his round, he thought about how lucky his dad was to have a steady nine to five job, five days a week; it was more than most of the men on the estate had, and yet he often complained about his dead-end job and low wages. Maybe he’d rather be like some of his friends, on the dole and spending his life drinking and smoking.

Looking back, Ianto thinks that must have been the moment he’d made up his mind to make a better life for himself, no matter how much hard work it took.

If only his dad could see him now.

The End
Overconfidence

Chapter Summary

Owen’s not as clever as he thinks he is.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 483: Hard at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Owen wanted a coffee, but Ianto was in London at some meeting or other, and wouldn’t be back until late evening. He could nip across the Plas to one of Cardiff’s better coffee shops, but it was pissing down rain outside and he’d be soaked to the skin before he got halfway. Not even the thought of hot coffee was enough of an incentive to endure that.

The rest of the team were off somewhere, dealing with a Weevil sighting, but Owen had stayed behind, saying he had to finish the autopsy of the dead alien from three days ago. He’d actually finished it the day before, but they weren’t to know since he hadn’t handed in his report on it yet. Any excuse to avoid having to get wet.

Pushing back his seat, Owen wandered into the small kitchenette and stared at the coffee machine. He’d seen Teaboy work it dozens of times; how hard could it be? He’d surprise the others by having coffee waiting for them when they got back.

He surprised them, alright!

“Owen! What have you done?” Jack yelled.

Standing there splattered with a thick, lukewarm, brown tarry substance, Owen groaned. “I wish I knew!”

The End
A Hard Life

Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood isn’t for the fainthearted.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 483: Hard at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

There was nothing cushy about working for Torchwood. It was a tough life, involving long, irregular, often unsociable hours, frequently spent outdoors in all kinds of weather. Days off were rare, and could be cancelled at the last minute with no warning, holidays were even rarer, and forget about having a lie in at the weekend because Torchwood agents were on call even when they weren’t technically on duty.

The work was anything but glamorous, and you needed a strong stomach to deal with the blood and guts, stinking slime, alien bodily fluids, and at times, rotting corpses. There were frequent field trips to the sewers, and days spent up to your armpits in mud, sludge, ooze, or worse.

You needed to be fit to cope with all the running and the heavy lifting, and nerves of steel were necessary for facing down hostile alien hordes bent on enslaving the planet, not to mention hungry Weevils and Hoix.

On top of all that, there was the clerical side of the job to contend with, mainly consisting of endless paperwork.

In short, anyone afraid of hard work need not apply.

Still, those who chose the life couldn’t imagine doing anything else.

The End
Ianto has made a bet with Jack and no way is Jack going to lose!

My final drabble for Challenge 483: Hard at tw100.

Jack frowned down at the paper in front of him; this was hard! Still, he’d accepted Ianto’s bet that he couldn’t have it done by the end of the working day, so he wasn’t about to give up and prove his lover right. Besides, if he won the bet he’d get a nice reward, and if he lost he’d have to drain and scrub out the Rift pool. He had no intention of getting stuck with that task; he’d rather do a whole pile of the most boring paperwork ever.

“Come on, Jack,” he muttered to himself. “You can do this!” It was already mid-afternoon and he wasn’t halfway yet.

He looked up as Ianto entered with a steaming mug of coffee and a plate of cookies. “How are you doing?”

“Fine. Great, in fact!” Jack accepted his coffee and took a long drink. “Ah, just what I needed. This is thirsty work.”

“Doesn’t look like you’ve got very far.”

“Appearances can be deceptive,” Jack said airily. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m very busy…”

“Of course. Carry on.” Ianto picked up his tray and left, closing the door behind him.

Jack stared at the paper again.

Stupid cryptic crossword!

The End
Ianto slouched into Jack’s office and slumped into the chair across from his lover.

Jack raised an eyebrow, “You’re not looking your usual cheery self. What’s up?”

“Rhi wants me to go over to hers for dinner at the weekend,” Ianto sighed gloomily.

“Weren’t you saying the other week that you wanted to see more of your family?”

“Yes, but now I remember why I stopped visiting before.” Ianto cast a tragic look Jack’s way. “She keeps trying to fix me up with every single woman she knows!”

Jack grinned. “So ask if you can bring your boyfriend. Problem solved.”

The End
“So,” said Gwen as the team sat around the boardroom table, eating takeaway, “what do you lot like doing on weekends? Any hobbies?” She’d been racking her brains for questions she could ask in order to get to know her new colleagues, and that one seemed about the safest.

Everyone stared at her and Owen let out a disparaging snort. “Weekends? We’re here, workin’, just like every other day of the week. Torchwood isn’t some cushy nine-to-five job with weekends and bank holidays off. It’s twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. We’re lucky to get one day off a month. Who’s got time for hobbies?”

“Owen’s right,” Jack agreed. “The Rift doesn’t operate to a set schedule, so we have to be ready to deal with whatever comes through at any time, day or night. That’s why phones have to be kept charged and turned on at all times. I handle most nighttime alerts myself, but you never know when I might have to call the team in to assist.

Gwen was floored; all she could manage to say was, “Oh.” She ducked her head, concentrating on lunch. What had she got herself into?

The End
Chapter Summary

In Torchwood, it’s not the weekend the team look forward to.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 484: Weekend at tw100.
This one’s a double drabble.

Owen collapsed wearily into the chair at his workstation. He felt like he’d just run a marathon. Twice. Come to think of it, the way the Rift was behaving at the moment that might not be so far from the truth. They’d been running around Cardiff like a bunch of headless chickens all weekend, gathering an assortment of increasingly random Rift Gifts, and the rare moments when there wasn’t yet another imminent incoming delivery had been spent chasing a pair of very elusive adolescent Weevils. Just like many human teenagers, they were stroppy, wilful, and intent on causing mischief. The team still hadn’t managed to round them up.

Sliding as far down in his chair as he could without slipping right off the seat, Owen tipped his head back and closed his eyes. “I can’t believe I’m sayin’ this, but Monday can’t come soon enough for me.”

“I know what you mean,” Tosh agreed, slumped over her desk, head pillowed on her arms.

While others would be reluctantly waking on Monday morning to begin their working week, for Torchwood it would be a welcome day of rest; according to Tosh’s predictor programme, the Rift would be taking the day off.

The End
Reasons

Chapter Summary

There are very good reasons why Ianto doesn’t take time off.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 484: Weekend at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Jack was concerned about his lover; Ianto looked positively exhausted, but as always, he was soldiering on without complaint despite several minor injuries.

“Why don’t you take the weekend off?” The suggestion was well meaning, but it didn’t have the effect on Ianto that Jack had expected.

“Take the weekend off?” Ianto repeated incredulously. “Have you lost your mind?”

“Um, I don’t think so…”

“Do you have any idea the mess this place would be in if I took even one day off? There’d be dirty dishes and empty takeaway boxes everywhere, and if anyone needed anything from the archives… I shudder to think what you lot would do to my filing system!”

“We’re not that bad!” Jack protested indignantly, pouting.

Ianto just stared stonily back at him.

“Are we?” Surely they couldn’t be; they were a well-trained team of capable adults, not children.

“No, you’re worse,” Ianto insisted. “If I spend the morning in the archives, this place looks like a bomb’s hit it when I come back up.”

Jack frowned. “I’ll have you know we’re perfectly capable of cleaning up after ourselves.”

“Then why do I always end up doing it all?”

Jack had no answer to that.

The End
Isn’t It Romantic

Chapter Summary

Romance is where you find it.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 485: Weather at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

If anyone had ever told him that being outside on such a miserably rainy Cardiff day could be romantic, Ianto would have laughed in their face. There was nothing remotely romantic about getting drenched, and yet…

“Don’t know why there’s no sun up in the sky, stormy weather,” Jack crooned softly as they stood beneath the spreading branches of a Welsh Oak in Bute Park, watching the rain pouring down a few metres away, hammering into the green expanse of lawn.

Jack was standing behind Ianto, his chin on his lover’s shoulder, his arms looped lightly around Ianto’s waist, slowly swaying them both from side to side in something that was almost but not quite a dance.

The skies overhead were leaden and grey, both men were distinctly wet from being caught in the deluge while retrieving the latest gift from the Rift, but none of that mattered right now. All Ianto cared about was the warmth of Jack’s arms around him, and the sound of his Captain’s beautiful voice in his ear as Jack ran through his extensive repertoire of rainy day songs.

Let it rain forever if it must; almost anything could be romantic in the right company.

The End
Unseasonable

Chapter Summary

Welsh weather is changeable, but this is ridiculous!

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 485: Weather at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The Welsh weather was well known for being changeable, especially along the coast, but even so this was a bit extreme. The day had started out quite a bit warmer than average for late spring, tempting people to venture out in their shirt sleeves, under the weather forecaster’s promise that the warm spell would last for several days, so nobody was prepared when in the middle of their mini heatwave, clouds suddenly swept in from nowhere and it started to snow.

It wasn’t just one of those random light sprinkles that sometimes happened in spring either; rather it was a full-on blizzard, the thickly falling flakes reducing visibility to a few feet.

“This can’t be natural!” Ianto said, huddled in a doorway with the rest of the team.

With frozen fingers, Tosh used her PDA to access mainframe. “It’s not,” she agreed through chattering teeth. “According to this, a Rift portal opened at high altitude, bringing snow clouds from the last ice age into the present. If it’s any consolation, it should only last for an hour or two.”

“Charming!” Ianto grumbled. He turned to Owen. “This is all your fault! Why’d you have to complain about being too hot?”

The End
Safe At Home

Chapter Summary

Owen decides bad weather isn’t so bad if you don’t have to go out in it.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 485: Weather at tw100.

Owen scowled through the rain-streaked windows of his flat. Here he was, with his first day off in a month, and there was storm raging outside. So much for his plans. He had shopping to do, and he’d though he might treat himself to lunch and a few beers at the pub after, but hazardous weather warnings were in place and people were being advised not to go anywhere unless they had to.

Winds were gusting up to ninety miles an hour, howling around the buildings like a horde of banshees and driving the rain horizontally in sheets. He was glad he didn’t live closer to the bay because he’d seen images on the news of waves crashing up over the railings onto the Plas, swamping it so it looked like a wading pool. The Tourist Office was probably flooded already, which was bound to piss Ianto off.

Owen smiled suddenly. Then again, he supposed he was pretty lucky not to be working today. While the rest of the team might have to leave the safety of their homes and brave the elements to do their jobs, he was safe and warm indoors.

Maybe he’d just go back to bed.

The End
Chapter Summary

Even the most perfect vacations have to come to an end at some point.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 485: Weather at tw100.

On the last day of their glorious tropical vacation, Ianto stared wistfully out at the vista of white sand and turquoise sea beneath a canopy of cloudless blue sky and the blazing warmth of the sun. This place was as close to paradise on earth as he could imagine and his heart broke a little at the thought of having to return to the cold, rainy Cardiff winter waiting for them back home. If only they could move the Rift to somewhere like this.

Of course, then that would mean chasing Weevils and dealing with whatever else the Rift brought them in scorching temperatures, which would make the beautiful weather far less appealing. It was probably best if the Rift stayed where it was, but if he could just pack some sunbeams and a tropical breeze or two, he was sure he could find room for them in his suitcase...

“Shame we can’t bottle some of this weather and take it home with us,” Jack said, sprawled beside Ianto in the shade of the palm trees at the edge of their private stretch of beach.

“I was just thinking that,” Ianto replied.

For now, he’d enjoy it while he could.

The End
Information Control

Chapter Summary

Ianto doctored his confidential Torchwood file before taking Lisa ton Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 486: Confidential at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Everyone at Torchwood had a confidential personnel file, and only the head of Torchwood had access to all the information in them. They contained a lot more than the employee’s name, date of birth, medical history, family, and a list of previous jobs, schools attended and degrees held. They detailed any and all criminal activities: parking tickets and speeding fines, arrests, and even the crimes people never got caught for. There were the names and addresses of everyone they ever dated or slept with, every pet, every school detention, even day of playing truant… Hartman used the information she gathered to ensure loyalty and to select people for assignments.

Ianto didn’t know how she’d obtained all the information she possessed, but the files were scarily thorough. He deleted them all from Torchwood’s servers, purging the system, leaving only the basic employee information behind. It wouldn’t do for another organisation, such as UNIT, to get hold of them.

Then he doctored the remaining information in his file, making himself appear ordinary, unthreatening. He couldn’t afford to give Jack Harkness any reason not to hire him, not even so much as the shoplifting charge from his teens.

Lisa’s life was at stake.

The End
Access Denied

Chapter Summary

The new Prime Minister wants to know about Torchwood. Fat chance.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 486: Confidential at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The new Prime Minister was proving a bit of a handful; how she’d got her hands on Torchwood’s phone number Jack didn’t know, but he wished she hadn’t.

“You’re Captain Harkness? Head of the Torchwood Institute?”

“What’s left of it,” Jack agreed.

“As I’m sure you know, I am the duly elected Prime Minister, and as such, I’m required to know about everything having to do with national security. Therefore, I insist you fill me in on your organisation.”

“You can insist all you like, but I’m not authorised to tell you anything. Torchwood is confidential, and quite frankly, your security clearance is nowhere near high enough.”

“But I’m the Prime Minister!”

“Be that as it may, I think you’ll find we answer to, and are funded by, the Queen, and she outranks you by a fair bit. Don’t you agree? If I told you what you want to know, I’d be committing treason. I signed the Official Secrets Act.”

“Of all the… This isn’t over. You’ll be hearing from me again, and you will tell me everything or I’ll have you replaced!”

“Don’t hold your breath. Have a nice day.” Jack hung up. Wait ‘til Lizzie heard about this…

The End
Chapter Summary

What was she supposed to say when Rhys asked her about work?

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 486: Confidential at tw100.

Spoilers: Day One.

“How’s the new job, love?” That was the very first thing Rhys asked when Gwen arrived home from her eventful first day with Torchwood, but what could she tell him? That she’d let loose a sex gas alien that had possessed an innocent young woman and killed over a dozen men?

She couldn’t say that though, could she? Everything about her job was confidential, need to know, and Rhys didn’t need to know. He’d probably be better off not knowing anyway. It was all too bizarre and horrifying.

“Oh, you know, busy. Lots of paperwork,” she lied.

Lies were easy.

The End
Jack has managed to foist most of Torchwood’s paperwork off onto Ianto Jones, with interesting results…

My final drabble for Challenge 486: Confidential at tw100.
This one’s a double drabble.

Jack had always been happy to let Ianto do as much of Torchwood’s paperwork as possible. He was so much more efficient than Jack, everything always done on time, with the correct number of copies made and sent where they were supposed to go, or otherwise filed. All Jack had to do was read anything Ianto marked as important enough to require his attention, and sign everything at the bottom. Torchwood had never run more smoothly than it did under the Welshman’s supervision.

“Ianto, have the confidential employee performance evaluations been completed?”

“Yes, sir, all done and signed. I despatched them to Her Majesty by courier this morning.”

“Splendid.” Jack beamed up his lover. “I’m always happy to get those out of the way.”

“Of course, Sir.”

“So, tell me, off the record; what did you put in mine? And in yours?”

“I don’t know, Sir,” Ianto replied innocently.

That made no sense.

“How can you not know?” Jack asked, confused. “You wrote them!”

“Yes, Sir, but they’re confidential, and I’m not authorised to read them. I’d be in trouble if I did.”

“How can you write without reading?”

“I don’t look.”

Jack’s head hit the desk with a thud.

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh has a date for Valentine’s Day.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 487: Romance at tw100.

Valentine’s Day! Tosh was so excited; this would be the first time in forever that she had someone to share it with. It felt a bit strange to be doing all the planning for an evening of romance herself, but it was fun too. She’d decided to take Lily out for dinner at the restaurant where they’d had their first date less than two months earlier, and with that in mind, she showed up at her girlfriend’s door at seven in the evening with a bunch of roses.

Lily’s eyes lit up with delight. “You didn’t need to go to so much trouble, but thank you, they’re gorgeous! I can’t remember the last time someone gave me roses.”

“It was no trouble at all, and anyway, you’re worth it. Are you ready to go?”

“Yes! Let me just put these in water first.”

That only took a couple of minutes and then Lily was back, slipping into her coat and picking up her handbag.

Hand in hand, they went outside to the taxi Tosh had waiting to take them to the restaurant. “Next time,” Lily said softly, “I’m going to take you out somewhere special.”

Tosh’s heart fluttered. Next time!

The End
Valentine Plans

Chapter Summary

Jack has made Valentine’s Day plans, but apparently the aliens didn’t get the memo.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 487: Romance at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Nothing spoke of romance more clearly than an intimate candlelit dinner for two at the best restaurant in the city. Jack had worked hard planning everything down to the last detail, wanting Ianto to have no reason to doubt how much he was loved and appreciated. It was to have been a wonderful evening, but as usual, Torchwood seemed determined to wreck it.

He and Ianto should’ve been on their way to dinner by now; instead here they were, wrestling an alien that looked like a tangled collection of hubcaps and wire coat hangers with a bad attitude.

“This is so not fair!” Jack gasped, throwing himself on top of the creature and getting poked in the eye for his trouble. “We’re supposed to be going out for dinner! It’s the most romantic night of the year!

“Can’t be helped.” Ianto grunted, trussing the creature up, turning it into a more easily portable bundle. “We should know by now not to make plans in advance. Something like this always happens.”

“Not this time it doesn’t!” Pulling out his phone, Jack called the restaurant to say they’d be an hour late. He’d wine and dine Ianto tonight if it killed him!

The End
A Bit Of Romance

Chapter Summary

Gwen has forgotten it’s Valentine’s Day, but Rhys hasn’t.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 487: Romance at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Gwen had completely forgotten what day it was; she and the team had just worked thirty-six hours straight dealing with an attempted alien invasion and all she wanted now was to go home, have a hot bath, and go to bed.

Rhys clearly had other plans. As she entered their flat she could smell something delicious cooking. The table was laid with a white cloth, lit candles, and the best silverware, an open bottle of wine and two glasses. Soft music played in the background.

“What’s all this?” she asked, her weary brain unable to make sense of what she was seeing.

“It’s Valentine’s Day, love; thought you might appreciate a bit of romance. Now, why don’t you have a quick shower and slip into something nice? Dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes.”

Gwen did as asked, shedding her grubby work clothes and stepping gratefully under the hot spray of the shower. It wasn’t the bath she’d been looking forward to but it would have to do for now.

Slipping into her little black dress, she rejoined Rhys, who seated her at the table and started dishing up. She only hoped she wouldn’t fall asleep in her dinner.

The End
Valentine Love

Chapter Summary

Valentine’s Day bring a special surprise to all of the team.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 487: Romance at tw100.

With Valentine’s Day right around the corner, the team were all busy with plans to bring some romance into the lives of their loved ones. Those with any sense had made sure to book tables at romantic restaurants well in advance. Roses were on order, chocolates carefully selected, champagne researched in order to make the perfect choice…

Andy, being the only one not currently in a relationship, had volunteered for night duty on the evening of February the fourteenth, so his colleagues could go out and enjoy the most romantic, not to mention commercial, night of the year, joking that at least then he wouldn’t have to see all the happy couples mocking his lovelessness. Everyone else was more than happy to accept his generous offer.

On the morning of the fourteenth, as they settled in to get as much work as they could cleared before they left to get ready for their dates, they were surprised to find a single red rose and a heart-shaped box of chocolates left on each of their desks.

“Where did these come from?” asked Tosh.

Jack grinned. “The Valentine Fairy. Nosy wanted to make sure we all know how much it loves us.”

The End
Formalities

Chapter Summary

Now he’s been given the grand tour, there are only the formalities to deal with before Andy officially becomes a member of Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 488: Swear at tw100.

“Welcome to Torchwood, Andy Davidson.” Jack held out his hand for the other man to shake.

Andy quickly wiped his sweating palm on the leg of his trousers before accepting it. “Thanks for having me. I mean choosing me…” He flushed, suddenly flustered; everything was happening so fast. This morning it had been his day off from work, and now just like that he was switching jobs.

Jack laughed. “I know what you mean, but if you’re offering…” He trailed off with a wink, which just left Andy even more flustered.

“So what next? Do I have to fill in paperwork? Swear an oath of secrecy or something?”

“Paperwork, yes; Ianto will walk you through that, he’s a stickler for it. As for the oath, that’s covered in the paperwork; you’ll be required to sign the official secrets act, since what we do involves matters of national security.”

“I s’pose that makes sense.” Andy nodded. “Protecting Cardiff from aliens and all that.”

“Oh, it’s not just Cardiff. Sometimes what we do is in defence of the whole world.”

“Seriously?” That was a daunting thought. Andy glanced at the handful of people around him. “I think you need a bigger team.”

The End
Ianto’s eyes widened in horror; no, that wasn’t possible, Meriel was barely seven months old! Leaving the baby under Nosy’s watchful eye, he scurried off to find Jack, grabbing his husband painfully by the arm.

“Ow!” Jack caught the expression on Ianto’s face. “What’s wrong? Is there something up with Meriel?”

“She swore at me!”

“What? That’s not possible! You must be mistaken!” Meriel was already able to say ‘Dada’ and ‘Fuf’, since Nosy was too much of a mouthful, but she had yet to try any other words.

“You didn’t hear her, Jack! She said ‘fuck’! Well, it came out more as ‘fug’, but… How could she learn something like that? We’re always so careful!”

They’d agreed before their daughter was born that if they felt the need to use strong language in her vicinity, they’d substitute other words, like ‘sugar’ or ‘rats’ or Jack’s favourite non-profanity, ‘gerbil’. He claimed it sounded a lot like a Boeshanian swearword. Where Meriel could have picked up anything rude was a mystery, unless…

“Owen!” they said in unison. It just had to be the acerbic medic’s fault.

“Despite everything he promised!” Ianto ranted. “Teaching our baby to swear!”

“Gerbil!” Jack cursed vehemently.

The End
Impressive

Chapter Summary

Owen gets himself into another predicament, much to Ianto’s amusement.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 488: Swear at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

It was the string of profanities that drew Ianto’s attention. Owen was known for swearing a lot, but even by his usual standards, this was impressive.

“Quite a vocabulary you’ve got there.” Ianto leant on the railing looking down into the autopsy pit, an amused smirk on his lips. “I was starting to wonder which you’d run out of first, breath or swearwords.”

Lungs heaving as he tried to catch his breath for another round of swearing, Owen glared balefully up at the younger man. “If you were… any kind of friend,” he panted, “You’d help… instead of just… trying to be… witty.”

“Well I would, only this is a really nice suit and I don’t want to spoil it. What exactly are you doing anyway? That doesn’t look very comfortable.”

Owen swore again, this time at Ianto. “I didn’t… do this… on purpose!”

“So you somehow accidentally stuck your arm down the throat of a dead alien?”

“I dropped… my scalpel! It fell in… this thing’s mouth… When I tried to… get it back… the mouth shut… Now it won’t open!”

“You just never learn, do you? I’ll fetch the crowbar. Don’t go anywhere.”

“I’m so screwed!” Owen muttered.

The End
Immovable

Chapter Summary

The latest alien to fall through the Rift is giving Ianto serious problems.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 488: Swear at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Ianto stared at the thing, muttering imprecations under his breath.

“Swearing at it isn’t going to do any good,” Jack said helpfully. “It probably doesn’t understand English, or any earth language come to that.”

“I don’t see you doing anything to help!” Ianto shoved the thing as hard as he could, using both hands, but it didn’t shift so much as a millimetre, just sat there contentedly chewing the cud. At least, he hoped that was what it was doing, and that it wasn’t grinding its teeth together to sharpen them.

“I already tried shoving it, but it didn’t work for me either. I think we’ll just have to wait until it decides to move of its own accord.”

“And what if it stays put all night? You don’t think someone might notice it?”

The creature wasn’t what anyone would call inconspicuous, being the size of a hippo, with a small, pig-like head, a bloated, wrinkled body, and six short, stumpy, apparently retractable legs. It was also bright orange. Ianto thought it looked exactly like a pumpkin would, if pumpkins were animals.

“What d’you want me to do?” Jack asked helplessly.

“I don’t care! Just get it off my foot!”

The End
Interference

Chapter Summary

Weevils seldom leave the sewers during the day, but when they do they have to be dealt with immediately.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 489: Nocturnal at tw100.

**Spoilers:** Everything Changes.

It was probably a good thing that Weevils were mostly nocturnal, only venturing out of the sewers during the hours of darkness. They were too conspicuous by daylight, too difficult to explain away as a trick of the shadows, or someone wearing a mask. See one in good light and it was immediately evident that they weren’t human; their alien nature shone out like a beacon.

Usually, Weevils only ventured aboveground during the day if they were ailing in some way that caused them to be driven out by the others of their species. Unfortunately, that was also when they were at their most dangerous.

A Weevil alert in the middle of the day was an emergency requiring the whole team, and they set out armed and ready; everyone knew their part, from containment and cordoning off the area with police tape, to determining the creature’s precise location, to apprehending it and Retconning any witnesses. It should have been reasonably straightforward, there shouldn’t have been any casualties, but that interfering PC was back, snooping about where she didn’t belong, and an innocent janitor paid the price.

Now they’d have to cover up a murder as well as a Weevil sighting.

The End
Adaptation

Chapter Summary

Back in prehistoric times, Myfanwy would have roosted at night, but she’s had to adapt to a different lifestyle living in modern Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 489: Nocturnal at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Nothing Ianto had ever learned about dinosaurs had led him to believe they might be nocturnal. Quite the contrary, since most species were believed to have been cold-blooded reptiles, needing the warmth of the sun to heat their bodies before they could become active, like their smaller and very distant modern relatives.

Of course, Myfanwy wasn’t strictly speaking a dinosaur, she was a pteranodon, and Owen had quickly determined that she was warm-blooded. Nevertheless, back in the prehistoric world were she’d been hatched she probably would have hunted by day and found a high crag to roost on during the night.

Having a huge prehistoric bird flying around Cardiff by day would’ve been difficult to explain though, and perhaps because the city lights provided ample illumination, Myf had readily adapted to a nocturnal existence, napping by day and flying at night, when she was less likely to get noticed and photographed by locals.

Ianto opened the hatch leading from her aerie. “There you go, old girl; have a good time and don’t be late home,” he said, scratching around her crest.

She purred in appreciation, waddled outside, spread her wings, and with one powerful leap, soared into the night sky.

The End
After Dark

Chapter Summary

Gwen doesn’t like solo retrievals after dark.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 489: Nocturnal at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

The worst thing about Rift retrievals after dark was all the wildlife that only came out at night, and Gwen didn’t mean the Weevils. Bad enough having to poke around filthy alleys in daylight, startling the occasional stray cat, but by night the cats were joined by rats and mice, and just last week a fox had nearly scared the life out of her.

If anything, the parks were even worse, with bats flittering around her head, the eerie hoots of owls, and only her torch to light her way. At least when she’d been a PC she’d always had her partner with her; no one had ever been expected to patrol alone. Torchwood was stretched thin at the moment though, which meant solo retrievals were becoming the norm rather than the exception.

Creeping among the trees, she told herself she’d give it another ten minutes and if she still hadn’t found what had come through, she’d call it a day and come back in the morning, when there was enough light to see by. She wasn’t cut out for nocturnal adventures, didn’t have good night vision. Anything could be lurking in the shadows.

Maybe she should eat more carrots.

The End
Too Bright

Chapter Summary

Normally Ianto liked sunshine, but not today.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 489: Nocturnal at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

Ianto winced, flinching back from the dazzling brightness beyond the tourist office’s door, his dark-adapted eyes quickly tearing up; after spending over a week in the dimly lit Hub, only going outside after nightfall, bright daylight seemed unnatural, not to mention painful. Was this how owls and other nocturnal creatures felt when confronted by brilliant sunshine? He didn’t know, but he definitely didn’t like it.

For the last week or so, for some unknown reason the Rift had decided to only be active at night, meaning the entire team had been forced to alter their schedules, sleeping during the day, when things were relatively quiet, then working through the night. Now here it was, mid-morning of a sunny spring day, and the Rift had apparently changed its mind yet again, signalling an alert out at Cathays Park.

It wasn’t fair; he’d just been getting used to working nights! Right now he should have been tucked up in bed with Jack, sleeping until sunset, and instead here he was, having to work.

Steeling himself, he donned his sunglasses and stepped out into the sunlight; after all these years complaining about the lack of sunshine, now he just wished it was cloudy.

The End
Out Of Range

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack are trapped with no way out.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 490: Signal at tw100.

This one’s a double drabble.

“It’s no good,” Ianto said. He and Jack had been shoving at the heavy door for several minutes, but all they’d got out of it was sore shoulders and aching backs; the door hadn’t budged so much as a millimetre. “We’re trapped.” He slumped to the floor, breathing hard.

“What about your phone? We could call for help!”

“Already tried that, but we’re out of range; there’s no signal this far down.” He glared up at Jack in the dimness. “You do know this is all your fault, don’t you? That crate was in the doorway for a reason.”

“How was I supposed to know that?”

“Because I told you ‘don’t move that crate, it’s holding the door open’?”

“It’s not like I did it on purpose.”

“No, you just don’t listen to a word I say. Thanks to you, we could be stuck here for the rest of our lives, which in my case won’t be very long.”

“It won’t come to that, will it?” Jack was starting to sound as worried as Ianto felt.

“How should I know?”

Thirty minutes later, the door was opened by a smirking Owen.

“How’d you find us?” Jack asked.

“Followed the Fluff.”

The End
On Two Wheels

Chapter Summary

Ianto decides it’s time Jack learned to ride a bike.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 490: Signal at tw100.
This one’s a double drabble.

“I can’t believe you never learned to ride a bike!” Ianto laughed.

“It didn’t seem important. I went straight from one kind of horsepower to another; driving cars. Even back in the early twentieth century Torchwood was very progressive.” Jack sounded a bit defensive.

“Well, it’s about time you learned. It’s really very easy once you find your balance.”

Jack quickly got the hang of pedalling around Torchwood’s underground garage, so Ianto decided to take him out on the streets, choosing a quiet suburban area with very little traffic.

“Ready?”

“I suppose so, but… where are the indicators? You know, for when I want to change direction.”

“They’re on the ends of your arms.”

“Huh?”

“Cyclists use hand signals, Jack. Even you must have noticed that at some point. If you’re turning right, check for traffic, stick your right arm out, and cycle to the centre of the road before turning. If you’re going left, stick your left arm out.”

“Oh. Okay.” Jack mounted his bike, pushed off, and cycled along the street, almost immediately heading down his first hill.

“Ianto! What’s the signal for ‘I can’t stop’?” he yelled.

Ianto rolled his eyes. “That’s what the brakes are for!”

The End
Summoned

Chapter Summary

Jack spoils Owen’s plans by calling him in to work.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 490: Signal at tw100.

This was one of the things Owen hated most about working for Torchwood. There he was in a bar, chatting up a gorgeous girl and getting ready to suggest they go back to her place for the night, when his phone went off. Cursing under his breath, he pulled it from his pocket and answered it. Unsurprisingly it was Jack calling; the bastard had the worst timing in the world.

“It’s the bat signal; I’m needed at work. I’ll call you.” Snatching up his jacket, he left the bar.

Halfway to the Hub, he realised he never got her number.

The End
Foolproof Plan

Chapter Summary

Jack has a clever plan for catching an elusive alien. What could possibly go wrong?

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 490: Signal at tw100.
This one’s a double drabble.

The creature they were trying to capture was proving elusive.

“We need a better plan,” Jack decided. “Ianto, you go up on the roof of that garage. You’re the tallest so you’ll be able to see furthest. I’ll be the bait and get that thing to chase me into this alley; the rest of you conceal yourselves behind the dumpsters, then when Ianto gives the signal, you jump out, throw the net over it, and jab it with the tranquilliser.”

“What’s the signal going to be?” Owen wanted to know.

“Set your comm. earpieces to receive and I’ll just say ‘now’,” Ianto told him. He turned to Jack. “Give me a leg up?”

“With pleasure.”

OoOoO

Everything was set; Jack wandered around the area until he got the alien’s attention, then took off running towards the chosen alley with the creature lumbering after him. Swinging around the corner, he was just passing the dumpsters when a net fell over him and something sharp jabbed him in the arse. The alien fled.

Muzzily, Jack heard Ianto yell down from the garage, “That wasn’t the signal, you nitwits! I sneezed!”

‘Ah well,’ Jack thought as he passed out. ‘Back to the drawing board.’

The End
Lost Treasure

Chapter Summary

Jack has lost something important; can Ianto find it for him?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 491: Glitter at tw100.

Ianto had been searching for nearly half an hour before the light from his torch finally caught on something small in a corner of the office, making it glitter faintly among the dust bunnies.

It could just be another stray paperclip, or a five pence piece, or even a scrap of silver foil, so he tried not to get his hopes up too much; they’d been dashed several times already, and yet another disappointment would be hard to bear.

Stooping, he picked up the tiny object and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Panic’s over, Jack! I’ve found your missing cufflink!”

The End
Jack loves sparkly things. If he were transformed into a bird, Ianto thinks his lover would be a magpie. Anything that glitters or sparkles instantly draws his attention.

In a way, Ianto is surprised Jack dresses so soberly rather than donning extravagant outfits that draw attention to their wearer. Then again, that wouldn’t work too well for the leader of a secret organisation dealing with aliens. They’re supposed to maintain a low profile.

Instead, Jack has to satisfy his craving for all things sparkly in other ways. Ianto is still finding glitter from the card Jack made him at Christmas.

The End
Snowy Morning

Chapter Summary

Tosh wakes up to a world transformed.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 491: Glitter at tw100.

Throwing open her bedroom curtains, Tosh smiled with delight at the sight that met her eyes. The world had been transformed overnight, swathed in a sparkling white blanket of fresh snow.

It was beautiful. The rising sun struck sparks from the surface, making it glitter like a field of diamonds, and Tosh could barely wait to get out in it. Tearing her gaze from the beautiful sight, she hurried to shower and dress, ate a quick breakfast, then bundled up warm against the chill, pulling on fur-lined boots, hat, scarf, gloves and her winter coat.

Today she’d walk to work.

The End
Chapter Summary

What is this twinkly thing the Rift has delivered?

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 491: Glitter at tw100.

“What is it?” Ianto asked.

“No idea. It's pretty though, all twinkly, like someone dipped it in glitter.”

“You and sparkly things!” Ianto chuckled. “Should’ve known you’d like it.” He held out the containment box so Jack could place their find in it. “Probably some kind of festive ornament from another planet. Bit gaudy for my tastes though; I prefer something with more subtlety to it.”

“Each to their own,” said Jack cheerfully. “Let’s get it back to the Hub.”

The joke was on Ianto when Tosh declared their find to be a priceless Faberge egg, coated in crushed diamonds.

The End
In Trouble

Chapter Summary

Owen probably should have told the truth…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 492: Fake at tw100.

Double drabble.

“When Owen gets in, would you ask him to take a look at Smiley? He seems a bit down in the mouth and I want to be sure he’s not ailing,” Ianto said, setting Jack’s coffee in front of him, along with a plate of bacon butties for breakfast. The big-mouthed alien was a new arrival and Ianto was still trying to figure out what it needed to thrive.

Jack shook his head. “Sorry, you might have to figure out Smiley’s problem for yourself; Owen called in sick a little while ago.”

Ianto frowned, hands on hips. “Really? Well you can just call him right back and tell him to get his arse in here right away. He’s not sick, I saw him not twenty minutes ago queuing up outside the box office and he looked the picture of health to me.”

“The box office? You’re sure it was Owen?”

“Positive. Tickets for the computer game convention he’s been on about go on sale today. He’s probably been queuing all night; he’s right up near the front.”

Jack sat up straight. “The fake! And here I was feeling sorry for him!”

Ianto smirked. That would teach Owen not to lie.

The End
Not A Hoax

Chapter Summary

Sometimes what comes through the Rift leaves its mark on the city of Cardiff.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 492: Fake at tw100.

Kathy Swanson frowned worriedly up at Jack. “Please tell me these giant footprints are a hoax.”

Hands in his coat pockets, Jack gave a casual shrug. “I wish I could, but they’re genuine.”

“You mean there’s some kind of monster out there roaming the streets of Cardiff?”

“Not a monster, an Allosaurus, according to Ianto, and you don’t need to worry, we sent it back where it came from.”

“That’s a relief. What about the footprints though?”

“Easy enough to convince people something is fake; we’ll say it was a student prank. By tomorrow even the students will believe it.”

The End
Monsters Are Real

Chapter Summary

Drunken youths and Weevils don’t mix.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 492: Fake at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Whassat? Some kinda monster?” one of the youths slurred. All three were well on their way to being completely blotto and were taking a shortcut through an alley to find another bar where they could finish the job after getting thrown out of the last one.

“Nah,” one of his mates replied. “No such thing as monsters; it’s a fake, jus’ some guy inna monster mask.” He raised his voice. “Oi! Bit late for Halloween, ain’t yer?”

“Maybe ‘e’s too ugly ter go out wivout a mask on,” the third youth giggled, just about doubling over from his own wittiness, clutching at one of his friends to stay on his feet.

The masked ‘man’ shuffled towards them, preceded by the ripe smell of garbage, moving into a patch of light from a bare bulb over a doorway. It bared its teeth at them.

“Hey,” the first youth hissed nervously, marginally less drink-sodden than his mates. “Those teeth look real enough. Maybe we should take the long way around.”

“Don’t be daft…”

As the creature suddenly lunged at them, slashing with its claws, their bravado left them and the three youths turned tail, fleeing for home, their night of boozing forgotten.

The End
Valueless

Chapter Summary

The rift brings Torchwood something to hang on their wall.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 492: Fake at tw100.

“Bloody Hell!” Owen stared in disbelief at what the Rift had brought them. “Isn’t that supposed to be hangin’ in the Louvre or somewhere?”

“I’m impressed you know that, Owen. I wouldn’t have taken you for a connoisseur of fine art,” Ianto smirked.

“Up yours! That’s one of the most famous paintings ever; everybody knows the Mona Lisa. Must’ve come from the future, after it’s been lost or stolen again.”

“It probably is from the future,” Ianto agreed. “Sadly, it’s also a fake.”

“How can you know that?”

Ianto shrugged. “Because Leonardo da Vinci didn’t sign his works ‘Big Len’.”

The End
Worth A Fortune

Chapter Summary

The Rift’s latest gift to Torchwood has Jack all excited.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 493: Valuable at tw100.

Double drabble.

The Rift alert was practically on their doorstep, and what was left behind had Jack as wide-eyed as a kid at Christmas.

“This is incredible!”

Ianto had seldom seen Jack so excited about something that had nothing to do with sex. Then again, it was a bottle of sparkling liquid so perhaps it would turn out to be an aphrodisiac of some description.

“What is it, and what’s so special about it?”

“It’s Corundian Lustre Wine,” Jack enthused. “The rarest wine in the universe. Only fifty bottles were ever produced. You could buy an entire planet for less than a single bottle would set you back, and look at this crate! Four unopened bottles sequentially numbered nine through twelve!”

“It’s… sparkly.”

“It’s infused with gold, platinum, and several rarer elements not found on earth,” Jack explained.

“How delicious,” Ianto said dryly.

“Actually it’s not, the stuff’s totally undrinkable, but that’s not the point.”

“It’s not?”

“Of course not! The point is that only the absolutely wealthiest individuals can afford to own a bottle for display purposes, and we’ve got four! Trust me, Ianto; this is Torchwood’s most valuable find ever! Shame we can’t sell them for another two thousand years.”

The End
Lesson Learned

Chapter Summary

Andy has annoyed Ianto. That’s something he won’t do again.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 493: Valuable at tw100.

“I thought he liked me.” Ex-PC Andy Davidson sat at his desk staring morosely into his coffee mug. He took a careful sip and shuddered.

“It’s your own fault, mate,” Owen told him, laughing at the pained expression on Andy’s face. “Still, you’ve learned a valuable lesson, something every one of us has had to learn at one time or another.

“But it was just a joke!”

“Some things are not joked about around here. Punishment is swift and decisive, not to mention unpleasant.”

“I’m noticing that, but serving up instant decaf is just cruel.”

“It wouldn’t be punishment otherwise.”

The End
Trade Goods

Chapter Summary

Travelling the universe, it’s always a good idea to carry some valuable items for trade purposes.

Chapter Notes

**Spoilers:** Set in my Ghost of a Chance ‘Verse.

Double drabble.

Travelling the universe in their cargo ship, Jack and Ianto had learned to always carry some small tradable items of their own, things that would command higher prices on worlds many light years from where they were manufactured. It made restocking their larder and buying other essentials so much easier on worlds that had their own currency.

Things that were worth very little where they were bought gained a far greater value through their sheer rarity at the opposite end of the galaxy, and it wasn’t always the things you might expect to be sought after.

As a result, they made regular trips back to earth. Not only was it good for Ianto to touch base with his home-world and find out all the gossip from Martha, but it also meant he could stock up on vitally important things such as high-quality coffee beans and dark chocolate hobnobs while Jack procured some of their more popular trade items that were exclusive to earth.

It always struck Ianto as odd that their best seller, as it were, turned out to be the humble zip faster. Seemed that no other race in the universe had ever come up with that clever idea.

The End
Things

Chapter Summary

Nosy can’t understand why humans are so obsessed with owning things.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 493: Valuable at tw100.

Double drabble.

Nosy was very happy living with its humans, but even though it was empathic, that didn’t mean it always understood them. Humans were strange creatures; they always wanted things, and yet getting more things never really seemed to make them any happier. That was peculiar.

Nosy had lots of things too, and every one of them made it happy. It loved to play with its toys, and make patterns with its bottle-cap collection, but humans got things that they didn’t seem to do anything with, and never seemed satisfied with what they’d got. They always wanted a better, newer, more expensive version of the thing they already had, as if just the fact that it was newer and did more things than their old one did make it more valuable.

They spent tremendous amounts of something they called money just to get things they couldn’t possibly need. Gwen, for instance, was always buying shoes, but what did she want with so many when she only had two feet?

In Nosy’s opinion, things could be nice to have, especially if they could be played with or cuddled, but most of them weren’t necessary. The only really valuable things were its friends.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto gets a pleasant shock after a night off.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 494: Shock at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto had spent the night at his sister’s, babysitting the kids while Rhi and Johnny stayed at the St. David’s Hotel overnight. The night of luxury had been his anniversary gift to the couple.

Arriving at the Hub, he made coffee, putting two mugs and some breakfast rolls on his tray and taking it all up to Jack’s office. He almost dropped his tray out of sheer shock when he stepped across the threshold; the stacks of unfinished paperwork that had been cluttering Jack’s desk for weeks were now piled in his outbox, and the whole office appeared spotless.

“Jack? What happened here?”

“What d’you mean?”

“Well, your paperwork…” Ianto set his tray down and flicked through a few folders at random. “It’s all finished, and everything looks so neat and tidy! Did you clean?”

Jack smiled up at him. “Yes. I got bored all by myself, so I decided to do some work,” he explained.

“Huh. Miracles will never cease. Maybe I should leave you alone overnight more often.”

Jack was on his feet and round his desk in no time, wrapping his arms around Ianto in a fierce hug. “Please don’t do that, it’s too lonely without you.”

The End
The New Hire

Chapter Summary

Tosh finds Jack’s new hire rather strange.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 494: Shock at tw100

Set pre-series.

“Ow!” Tosh jerked her hands away from her keyboard, rubbing her fingers.

“Are you alright?”

She glanced up at Jack’s new hire, Ianto. “Yes, I’m fine, a static electric shock, that’s all. Mainframe’s just cranky. She acts up sometimes.”

“She?”

“Didn’t Jack tell you? The Hub’s computers are semi-organic technology, Mainframe is alive, in a sense and when something irritates her, I get electric shocks until I fix the problem. It’s sort of her way of asking for help.”

“Amazing. Well, I suppose I’d better get back to sorting the archives.”

Tosh watched him hurry away. Such a strange man.

The End
Mugger

Chapter Summary

Jack deals with the aftermath of a Weevil attack.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 494: Shock at tw100.

“Take this,” Jack said, handing the trembling woman a small white pill and a bottle of water.

She looked at the pill suspiciously. “What is it?”

“A mild sedative. It’ll help you relax; you’ve had a nasty shock.”

“I’ll say.” She shivered and quickly gulped the pill down with a mouthful of water. “What was that thing anyway?”

“We don’t know for certain, but we think it was probably a mugger who’d seen too many horror movies.”

“It looked very real.”

Jack turned away so she didn’t see his smile. There were few things more real than an enraged Weevil.

The End
Chapter Summary

Nosy is a hero again.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 494: Shock at tw100.

Double drabble.

Owen’s eyebrows shot up when he saw Jack and Ianto trailing into the Hub, with Nosy slinking along behind them. “What the hell happened to you lot?”

“Jack got electrocuted and Nosy saved him,” Ianto replied with impressive calm.

“That must’ve been one hell of an electric shock.” The medic was still staring at them in disbelief, which was hardly surprising considering half of Jack’s clothes looked burned and all of Nosy’s fluff was standing on end, making it look about four times its usual size. It resembled a fat, hairy, mobile sausage.

“It was.” Jack shuddered. “I think I got cooked. If Nosy hadn’t come to the rescue when it did I probably would’ve spontaneously combusted and burned to a crisp before Ianto could turn off the Hub’s power.”

“I could’ve done without that visual,” Ianto muttered, a pained expression on his face.

“Sorry.” Jack squeezed his lover’s hand. “I’ll go change. Owen should probably check Nosy out, just to be sure it hasn’t come to any harm.”

Owen looked at the Fluff. “Exactly what did it do?”

“Pulled Jack to safety,” Ianto replied. “Now you get to figure out exactly how Fluffs can be immune to electric shocks.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto has no idea how to apologise to the team for almost bringing about the end of the world.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 495: Sorry at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

Double drabble.

Returning to work after his suspension, Ianto was at a loss. What could he say to the people he’d worked with and betrayed?

“I’m sorry I lied to you.”

“I’m sorry I hid a monster in your basement.”

“I’m sorry I almost got you and everyone else on the planet converted into Cybermen.”

No matter how true each of those statements was, saying sorry was never going to be enough. It wasn’t as if he expected any of his colleagues to accept his apologies and forgive him. If he couldn’t forgive himself, then why should they?

He could make excuses; tell them he’d just wanted to save Lisa, that he hadn’t known it was already too late, and that she was dead. After all, how could he have known? Until the day the metal monsters had appeared, he’d never heard of Cybermen, knew nothing about them or their conversion process. If anyone at Torchwood One had been privy to information about the implacable robots, which seemed doubtful considering even Torchwood’s elite troops had been helpless against them, it certainly wouldn’t have been a lowly junior researcher.

Unable to decide what to say, in the end he said nothing at all.

The End
Late For Dinner

Chapter Summary

Ianto is in trouble with his sister again, but it’s really not his fault he’s a bit late.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 495: Sorry at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Sorry I’m late,” Ianto told Rhiannon as she opened the door to let him in, thereby keeping her from launching into a tirade about his perpetual tardiness. “I got unavoidably held up at work.” Sensibly, he didn’t tell her that when he said ‘held up’ he meant at gunpoint. Or alien weapon point; it amounted to the same thing. If the aliens had shot him, he was pretty sure their weird weapons would have killed him just as effectively as a gun would have.

“You couldn’t have called to let me know?”

“I dropped my phone and it broke.”

Actually, one of the alien invaders had knocked it out of his hand and stamped on it, but again, Ianto thought it best not to mention that part. What Rhi didn’t know wouldn’t hurt her, and anyway, the aliens weren’t a problem anymore so why worry his sister for nothing?

Rhiannon shook her head. “You always were clumsy. I suppose you’d best come in. Dinner was ready half an hour ago; we were about to give up waiting and start without you.”

Ianto sighed. He should’ve known better than to accept Rhi’s invite. Saving the world always had to come first.

The End
“Oi! Watch where you’re going!” Owen snapped as someone bumped into him hard. Next thing he knew, he was sprawled on the pavement, but before he could shove his assailant off and stand up, a beam of violet light hit the wall beside him about level with where his head would have been if he hadn’t been knocked down. The brickwork bubbled and began to melt.

“Sorry,” Suzie smirked unrepentantly down at him. “I just figured given the choice you’d rather keep your head attached to the rest of you.”

“You could’ve just warned me.”

“But this is more fun.”

The End
Ianto is not very impressed by the surprise Jack gets for him.

My final drabble for Challenge 495: Sorry at tw100.

Double drabble.

Jack unpacked the shopping as Ianto put everything away. “Is that it?” Ianto asked, stowing a bag of potatoes in the vegetable rack.

“All except this.” Jack unveiled the last item with a flourish.

Ianto frowned at it. “What in the world is that?”

“You said you wanted to get a plant for the kitchen windowsill, so I got you one as a surprise!” Jack held out the scraggly little thing drooping in its pot.

“I had in mind something… bushier and… green.”

“Hey! This plant can be bushy and green. It just needs a bit of TLC, that’s all.” Jack stroked a drooping leaf tenderly. “All the bigger, bushier plants were getting snapped up, but this one kept being ignored.”

“I can’t imagine why,” Ianto muttered, tone dry as dust.

“I couldn’t just leave it there, unloved and unwanted.”

“So you bought it because you felt sorry for it?”

“Nobody else was going to, and I got it for half price.”

“Half price? That’s daylight robbery.”

“You say that now, but just wait and see.”

After two weeks of patient care, Jack’s plant was flourishing, green and bushy. “Now tell me I didn’t get a bargain!” he smirked smugly.

The End
Reunited

Chapter Summary

Just like Little Bo Peep, Nosy has lost its sheep and doesn’t know where to find it.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 496: Possession at tw100.

Follows my ficlet ‘Huffy Fluff’

Double drabble.

Nosy understood ownership, even if it didn’t understand why humans wanted to own so many things. Still, it knew enough not to take things belonging to its friends unless given permission.

The same held true for its own possessions. Fluffs weren’t as possessive as humans, but it did prefer people to ask before borrowing something. Ianto had taught it good manners and it felt the humans it lived with should be held to the same standards. Manners, as Ianto had pointed out, cost nothing.

So, it was unlikely anyone had taken Nosy’s sheep, and Shaun had never wandered off on its own, apparently most stuffed toys couldn’t do that, therefore Nosy decided it must have simply forgotten where it had put its toy. Unfortunately, that didn’t help with finding it again.

“Oh, hello, what’s this doing here?” Andy said.

Curious, Nosy looked across the Hub at Andy, who had his coat in one hand and Nosy’s sheep in the other. Nosy remembered seeing the coat on the sofa; Andy must have accidentally put it on top of Shaun! Quickly it slithered over to its friend and took its sheep, humming happily.

“Oh, so that’s why you were so huffy earlier.”

The End
Kid Essentials

Chapter Summary

De-aged Captains need more than appropriately sized clothes to keep them happy.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 496: Possession at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Put that back, Jack; it isn’t yours.”

“But I like it!” Jack whined.

“I like lots of things, but I don’t just help myself to them. That’s called stealing, and it’s something we don’t do.”

With a heavy sigh and drooping shoulders, Jack pulled the toy out of his pocket and put it back on the shelf. “You’re taking things though. You’ve got a whole basketful.”

“Yes, but I’m going to pay for them.” Ianto stared thoughtfully down at little Jack.

When the de-aging device had fallen off the shelf in the archives, Jack had gone from an adult to a four-year-old in the space of a heartbeat. Dressing young Jack in some clothes Mica had left at his flat, he’d dragged the boy shopping for something more suitable than gym shorts and t-shirt, knowing it might be several days before the device’s effects wore off. Up until now, Jack had been behaving reasonably well, excited at getting new clothes, but Ianto realised he’d overlooked something. Kids needed toys to play with.

“Okay, you can have it, but put it in my basket.”

“Yay!”

By the time they left the store, Jack had a bag stuffed with his new possessions.

The End
Misinformation

Chapter Summary

It’s Torchwood’s job to keep Rift Gifts from falling into the wrong hands, no matter what it takes.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 496: Possession at tw100.

Double drabble.

The main reason Torchwood were so quick to respond to Rift alerts was because they didn’t want civilians getting hold of something dangerous. Since they couldn’t tell what had come through until they saw it, and often not even then, it made more sense to collect Rift Gifts as soon as possible, before they had a chance to cause harm, or go astray. Unfortunately, no matter how hard they tried, there were always going to be occasions when someone else got there first.

This time they arrived on the scene to find a teenage boy had beaten them to it, and was examining a small, round device that had practically been dropped at his feet.

“I’ll take that,” Jack said firmly.

“What? No way! Possession’s nine tenths of the law. I found it, so it’s mine.” He shoved it in his pocket.

“You know that’s a bomb, right? If it heats up a couple more degrees… Well, there won’t be enough of you left to identify.”

The boy scrabbled at his pocket and tossed the device at Jack before running off. “Changed my mind.”

“Is it really a bomb?” Tosh asked nervously.

“Of course not, but he didn’t know that.”

The End
Possessed

Chapter Summary

Alien tech turns up in the oddest circumstances…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 496: Possession at tw100.

Double drabble.

“He’s possessed!” the anguished woman cried. “Call an exorcist!”

Personally, Detective Swanson thought a possessed person would look rather more demonic than the woman’s plump, balding, seventy-five-year-old husband, who was doing nothing more alarming than writing equations all over the walls of his home. Instead of calling a priest, she called Torchwood.

“Detective Swanson! How can we help you?”

“How are you lot with cases of possible possession?” she asked. “Elderly man has suddenly developed very advanced mathematical skills.”

“Ooh, sounds interesting. We’ll be right there.”

While Tosh photographed the couple’s bedroom walls, Jack spoke to the wife. “Has your husband come across anything strange recently?”

“Well, there’s the old puzzle box he bought at a car boot sale yesterday,” she said hesitantly, fetching it and handing it to Jack. “He spent all evening trying to open it.”

“Well, there’s your problem. Don’t worry, we’ll have him back to normal in no time.” Jack fiddled with the box for a minute, the man’s eyes glazed over, and he slid to the floor. “He’ll be fine now.”

Back in the SUV, Jack handed the device to Tosh. “Amazing! First time I’ve ever seen a human interface with a Syrinxian astrogation calculator!”

The End
Daft Question

Chapter Summary

Jack is a man of refined tastes…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 497: Kind at tw100.

Ianto leaned in Jack’s office door. “Jack?”

“Yes?”

“I’m just popping to ADSA, we’re out of milk and some other stuff. Is there anything you need me to get?”

“Oooh let me think…” Jack suddenly snapped his fingers. “Biscuits!”

“What kind?”

Jack stared at Ianto incredulously. “You of all people shouldn’t need to ask me that.”

“Right, what was I thinking? Six packets of dark chocolate hobnobs it is; that should last you until the weekend. You know, it wouldn’t kill you to try something else for a change.”

“Once you’ve had the best, everything else is a poor substitute.”

The End
Acts Of Kindess

Chapter Summary

Torchwood does what’s best for Riftugees.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 497: Kind at tw100.

Double drabble.

Team Torchwood had been searching most of the day for whatever had come through the Rift shortly before dawn. All Tosh had been able to deduce was that it was alive, and approximately the size of a cat.

They’d been going in circles following the trail of Rift energy the creature was leaving as it wandered around, but eventually they arrived at a cottage on the outskirts, where an elderly lady was sitting in a lawn chair, surrounded by cats, and with something that definitely wasn’t a cat curled up on her lap.

“Hello!” Ianto greeted. “Excuse me, but we’ve been looking all over for your little friend there.” He gestured to the lilac-furred, fox-like creature she was scratching behind the ears.

“Oh, she’s yours? I was wondering where she came from, poor mite. So scared and hungry, she showed up when I was feeding my other cats; I couldn’t let her starve. I suppose you’ll be wanting her back,” she said sadly

Recognising the creature as a Fenex, completely harmless and often kept as pets, Jack shook his head. “She needs a home if you’re interested.” She’d be better off with the kind old lady than in a cell.

The End
Being Sociable

Chapter Summary

Owen is bored; Tosh is busy…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 497: Kind at tw100.
Double drabble.

“What’re you doing, Tosh?” Owen asked, scooting his chair over to her workstation.

“What working on a programme,” the computer genius replied distractedly, not taking her eyes off her monitor as she checked lines of code.

“What kind of programme?”

“For converting badly handwritten reports into a legible typeface.” She glanced away from her screen. “Why do you want to know?”

“No reason; I was just making conversation.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m bored, I’ve finished my paperwork, done the last two autopsies, collated and typed up the test results on all the specimens I took, and now I don’t have anything to do.”

Tosh was about to point out that while he might not have anything to do, she definitely did, but then changed her mind. She cared about Owen and it wasn’t fair to just brush him off on the rare occasion he made an effort to be sociable. Besides, her programme would wait.

“I could do with a bit of fresh air; my brain’s starting to feel like it’s full of cotton wool and my eyes ache from staring at the screen. We could go for a walk, maybe get some ice cream?”

Owen grinned at her. “I’d like that.”

The End
On a picnic in the country, Nosy finds a friend.

My final drabble for Challenge 497: Kind at tw100.

Double drabble.

A rare beautiful day during a lull in the Rift provided the ideal opportunity for Jack and Ianto to take Nosy out into the countryside for some exercise in the fresh air. As always, Jack drove them to an area well off the beaten track, away from farms and the more popular beauty spots, where hopefully they wouldn’t run into too many hikers and picnickers. Nosy was, after all, rather difficult to explain.

They had a great time romping about, throwing balls and the Frisbee for Nosy to chase, before settling down to enjoy their picnic lunch. After they finished eating, Jack and Ianto relaxed in the shade of a tree while Nosy explored the undergrowth. It knew to hide and camouflage itself if it heard people coming.

Some time later, Ianto sat up and blinked as Nosy returned, something fluffy trailing along behind it.

“I expect Jack to bring home strays, but now you’re doing it as well?”

The kind-hearted alien hummed agreement.

“Wherever did you find this?” Jack asked, picking up the bedraggled little lost pup and studying it.

“Doesn’t matter where it was found,” Ianto pointed out. “The important thing is to reunite it with its owners.”

The End
Birthday Surprise

Chapter Summary

Meriel isn’t the only member of the family getting a surprise on her birthday.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 498: More at tw100.

Double drabble.

It was Meriel’s seventh birthday and despite the early hour, celebrations were already underway. There were lots of presents of course, new clothes as well as toys, and there would be a party in the afternoon, with games and party food and an enormous birthday cake, and probably more gifts from all Meriel’s friends, who would be arriving that afternoon.

Jack and Ianto watched her unwrap each of her presents, showing delight in everything she’d been given, and hugging her daddies at frequent intervals. She was growing so fast, and would be starting at her new school come autumn.

“You know,” Ianto said, “I think she’s turning out pretty well.”

Jack nodded agreement. “Not bad at all for a first attempt. How would you feel about having more?”

“How many more are we talking about?” Ianto asked, amused at Jack’s phrasing of the question. When Meriel had been a year old they’d discussed having another child but had decided to wait a few years so they could really enjoy the one they already had.

“Um, well, twins?” Jack said hesitantly.

Ianto stared at his husband. “You’re not, are you?”

“Yes!”

Meriel decided that was the best birthday surprise of all.

The End
Chapter Summary

Pregnancy is doing weird things to Jack again.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 498: More at tw100.

Double drabble.

Jack was a bottomless pit of hunger, polishing off his dinner, and then what was on Ianto’s plate, and when that wasn’t enough, he turned his attention to what was left in the serving dishes.

“Slow down, Jack!” Ianto pleaded. “You’ll give yourself indigestion eating that fast. You need to chew your food!”

Ianto’s words were meaningless sounds; they went in one of Jack’s ears and straight out the other. “I’m hungry! What’s for dessert? Is there ice cream? Or cake? Or both? And chocolate.”

“You can’t want more! You’ll end up as big as a house,” Ianto cried as Jack left the table and went in search of more food.

Jack bolted upright in bed. “Whoa!” Being pregnant with one baby had caused weirdness, but the twins seemed determined to outdo Meriel in every respect, including the bizarre nightly dreams.

“You okay?” Ianto asked sleepily from beside him.

“Fine, just hungry.”

“I stocked the freezer with plenty of ice cream, and there are sponge cakes in the pantry.”

“Thank you.” Jack leaned in for a kiss. “I don’t deserve you.” He slipped out of bed.

At least this time his cravings were more enjoyable than Mars Bars and marmalade.

The End
Fishing

Chapter Summary

Andy’s still fairly new to Torchwood, but he’s already learning that the Rift has a warped sense of humour.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 498: More at tw100.

“I’ve already found eighteen; how many more can there be?” Andy asked, fishing another spiky blue object out of the boating lake.

“I can see at least another fourteen,” Tosh’s voice came through his earpiece from where she sat in the SUV, using a highly magnified video feed from one of Torchwood’s satellites to pinpoint the scattered objects and guide her colleague to each one in turn. “Look on the bright side; at least they’re not alive so you don’t have to chase them.”

Dipping his net into the water, Andy snagged number nineteen. “You’re right; it could be worse.”

The End
More Problems

Chapter Summary

Alien tech is making life difficult for Ianto. Again.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 498: More at tw100.
Double drabble.

Ianto could hear another argument in full swing as he came up from the archives, where he’d been researching the latest piece of tech to cause problems. What the heck were they fighting about this time? The Hub had never been so noisy.

“Shut up!” he yelled at the top of his voice. Silence immediately fell and four pairs of eyes turned guiltily towards him. “That’s better. Now what’s all the shouting about?”

“He ate the last Hobnob!” one voice complained.

“Well you drank my coffee!” a second voice whined.

“Did not! That was my coffee!”

“At least the rest of you got more than one measly slice of pizza each,” a third said with a pout. “I’m starving!”

The shouting resumed, all four striving to make themselves heard, each with their own string of grievances, expecting Ianto to sort everything out.

“BE QUIET!” he bellowed again, sighing with relief as four mouths snapped shut. “I’ll order extra pizzas, there are more Hobnobs in the kitchen cupboard, and I’ll make fresh coffee for all of you, okay?”

“Thanks, Ianto!” Four beaming smiles met his gaze.

Ianto groaned. Tosh better fix this fast; four Jacks were more than he could handle.

The End
Homemade

Chapter Summary

Rhiannon learns the way to Jack’s heart is through his tastebuds.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 499: Jam at tw100.

“Ooooh, something smells good!” Jack exclaimed as he and Ianto entered Rhiannon’s kitchen. He approached the big saucepan bubbling on the stove and peered eagerly inside, breathing in the aroma. “Ahhhh, homemade raspberry jam! Delicious!” Turning his most winsome smile and puppy dog eyes on Rhiannon, he entreated, “Please tell me Ianto will get a jar!”

“It’s supposed to be for the spring fair at the school,” Rhi told him, and Jack’s face fell.

“He’s addicted to your jam,” Ianto told his sister. “Can’t get enough.”

“Well, maybe I could spare just one jar.”

“I’ll love you forever,” Jack vowed.

The End
Rush Hour

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto are stuck in traffic.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 499: Jam at tw100.

Double drabble.

Arms crossed over his chest, Jack glared through the SUV’s windscreen and huffed in annoyance. “What’s taking so long?”

“It’s called a traffic jam, Jack,” Ianto said patiently. “You know what rush hour’s like.”

“Why do people call it that anyway? How can it be a rush when nobody’s moving?”

“Because everyone’s in a rush to leave work and get home, resulting in nobody getting anywhere fast.”

“Hmpf. It should be called the staying in one place hour. I’m bored.” Jack slid further down in his seat, then back up again a moment later as an idea occurred to him. “Wait a minute, what’re we doing? We don’t have to sit here like everyone else; we have lights and sirens. Flick those on and everyone will have to get out of our way! We’ll be at the Hub in no time!”

Ianto looked at the cars surrounding them on all sides and rolled his eyes. “Even if I was to do that, which I won’t because it would be unethical since we’re not responding to an emergency, exactly where do you think the other cars could go to get out of our way?”

“Told you we need a flying car.”

The End
Stuck Tight

Chapter Summary

Andy and Owen have an awkward problem.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 499: Jam at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Hurry up, will you? We’ll be here all night at this rate.” Owen was being his usual grouchy self.

“You try if you think you can do any better,” Andy snapped back, pausing in his strenuous efforts. “The bloody thing’s jammed. Didn’t I say it was too big to fit? It won’t go all the way in, and now it won’t come out either. I told you this was a stupid idea, we should’ve used the SUV instead of my car, but oh no, Doctor Harper is always right.”

“Well if you didn’t have such a stupid little car…”

“There’s nothing wrong with my car! At least mine has a backseat, unlike your flashy sports job. It may be a bit ordinary for your tastes, but insurance is cheap, I get great mileage, and it’s easy to park.”

“None of which helps us now. We have to get back to the Hub.”

“Tell me something I don’t know! It’s not like I can drive with it sticking out like that. Looks suspicious; we’d likely get stopped by the police. We’ll have to call for help.”

“Fine, but you get to explain the Weevil jammed in the boot of your car.”

The End
Jammed

Chapter Summary

Jack has a slight problem with his computer, but he’s sure Tosh will know what to do.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 499: Jam at tw100.

Double drabble.

It was early in the morning, well before most of the team would arrive at the Hub. Ianto was down in the lower levels, tending to the permanent and temporary residents, and Jack was in his office. He didn’t want to interrupt his lover’s carefully maintained schedule, but he had a bit of a problem and wasn’t sure what to do about it, so he was relieved when the sirens blared and the cogwheel door rolled aside to admit Tosh, coming in earlier than usual. She was an expert with computers; she’d know what to do.

“Toshiko! Just the person I need!”

“What’s up, Jack?”

“Ah, well, I’ve jammed my computer. I could do with some advice.”

“No problem.” Leaving her bag and coat at her workstation, Tosh went up to Jack’s office. “What were you doing when your computer got jammed?” she asked as she entered.

“Having breakfast.”

“No, I mean what were you doing on your…” Tosh stopped speaking as she reached Jack’s desk and saw the state of his laptop. “Oh dear. What on earth did you do?” There were blobs of sticky jam all over keyboard.

“I accidentally dropped my toast on it,” Jack explained mournfully.

The End
The Torchwood team are hungry; time to order their fast food of choice.

My first drabble for Challenge 500: Pizza at tw100.

Double drabble.

“I’m starving! Any chance of pizza for lunch?” Jack asked hopefully.

Technically, lunchtime was long past, it was closer to dinnertime, but that was the way days sometimes panned out working for Torchwood. It was impossible to keep anything even close to a set schedule, although Ianto did his best to feed Myfanwy and the other non-human residents at more or less regular intervals. Change to routine unsettled them.

“Might as well,” Ianto agreed. “At least that’ll get here fast. I’ll just find out what toppings everyone wants and then phone Jubilee. You want your usual?”

“Of course!” Jack grinned, mouth already watering at the thought of all that succulent melted cheese.

Ianto brought the stack of boxes downstairs as soon as they were delivered to the Tourist Office and was practically ambushed the moment he stepped through the cogwheel door, everybody grabbing for the stack of boxes, eager to get stuck in.

“Oi! Someone messed up our order!” Owen griped, opening the box he’d snagged and pulling a disgusted face. “What idiot would order sausage and pineapple with extra anchovies?”

“That’s Janet’s,” Ianto said, whisking the box out of the medic’s hands.

“Huh. I always knew Weevils were weird.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Lunchtime brings Torchwood’s usual lunch order.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 500: Pizza at tw100.

“Pizza again?” Ianto asked coming up from the archives and seeing the familiar boxes spread out on the coffee table.

“It was lunchtime, you were busy downstairs, and we didn’t want to interrupt,” Jack explained. “Besides, everyone likes pizza.”

Sighing, Ianto dropped onto the sofa, tucked a serviette in the neck of his shirt, and slid a slice onto a plate. “One of these days we’re all going to turn into pizzas, we eat so many of them,” he commented before taking a bite.

Everyone paused and looked at each other.

“So, Chinese for lunch tomorrow?” Jack asked.

“Good idea.”

The End
Impostor

Chapter Summary

Andy discovers he still has a lot to learn about his new job.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 500: Pizza at tw100.

Double drabble.

Being the newbie sucked; everyone was always sending him on menial errands and Andy was getting tired of it. When were they going to stop acting like he was nothing more than the team gofer and start treating him as what he was, a fully-fledged field agent? His month-long probation period had ended six weeks ago, but he still didn’t feel as if all his colleagues accepted him completely. Why else would they send him out to get milk and Jack’s dry cleaning?

Arriving back at the Hub to find the rest of the team gone, probably on some more important mission, Andy dropped Jack’s things in his office, and put the milk in the fridge. He should’ve got himself some lunch while he was out because it looked like the others had already eaten, judging by the half-empty pizza box on the kitchen counter.

He was just reaching for a slice when Owen’s voice rang out. “Don’t touch that!”

“What? Why not?”

“It only looks like a pizza. Bloody shape-shifter gave me the slip when I was examining it.”

Andy stared at the ‘pizza’. There were some things about this job he was never going to get used to.

The End
Nosy’s new home is a strange place; there’s a lot it doesn’t understand.

My final drabble for Challenge 500: Pizza at tw100.

Double drabble.

Nosy watched its friends helping themselves to the round flat food that came in the square flat boxes. That puzzled it; if the food was round, why not put it in round boxes? Or if round boxes were too hard to make, why not make the flat food square?

“Is Nosy allowed pizza?”

Owen paused mid-bite at Andy’s question. “Huh?”

“Well, it keeps staring at the pizza box. I thought it might want a bit.”

“It’s vegetarian.”

“So? We got two meat feast and one cheese and tomato. It could have a bit of that one.”

Owen thought it over. The Fluff hadn’t been with them very long, but they already knew how curious it was, and how much it enjoyed trying new things. “A little bit shouldn’t do it any harm, just half a slice though.”

Andy cut a bit off, put it on a paper plate, and set it on the floor in front of the Fluff, who sniffed it before delicately nibbling at one edge.

“What d’you think?”

“HUMMM!” Nosy quickly polished off the rest and licked its lips. It still didn’t understand the whole round food in a square box thing, but pizza certainly tasted good.

The End
Arriving at the Hub later than usual, Tosh hurried to her workstation and turned her computers on. A few feet away at his own desk, Owen glanced up. “What happened, you oversleep?” he asked, then… “Did you do something to your hair? It looks really nice.”

Tosh had indeed just got her hair cut and styled; it had been getting too long, which could be a nuisance when you worked for Torchwood, and anyway the alien gunk that had got into it the previous evening had set solid, welding the ends on one side into a solid clump that wouldn’t wash out. Her only option had been to cut off the affected section, and she’d decided getting it done professionally was probably a better idea than trying to do it herself. She just hadn’t expected Owen of all people to notice.

“What do you want, Owen?” she sighed.

“Nothing!”

“Really? Usually you only compliment me when you need something.”

“I guess I do.” Owen smiled sheepishly. “There is one little thing you could do for me…”

‘Here it comes,’ thought Tosh. “What’s that?”

‘Have dinner with me tonight?’

He sounded serious.

“That would be lovely.”

Owen grinned. “It’s a date.”

The End
Jack paused at the door to the lower levels. It was closed, which was unusual since most of the team, himself included, saw doors as unnecessary obstacles and left them open for their convenience unless there was a very good reason to shut them, but that wasn’t what had caught his attention. Stuck to the solid metal of the door with strips of masking tape was a large sheet of thick, white paper, on which was written in black marker pen,

‘ATTENTION! VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE – READ AND OBEY.’

The rest of the sheet was blank.

Jack was still staring at it with a confused look on his face when Ianto appeared.

“Jack? What are you doing?”

Jack pointed helplessly at the paper. “I don’t understand! What am I supposed to read and obey?”

Ianto laughed. “It’s not finished yet; the marker pen ran out of ink so I had to go and fetch a new one.”

“Thank goodness for that. I was almost afraid to move in case I did the wrong thing.”

Uncapping his pen, Ianto finished the notice with: ‘FOR FLUFF SAFETY, PLEASE CLOSE THIS DOOR BEHIND YOU.’

“I don’t want Nosy getting lost down there,” he explained.

The End
For a secret organisation, Torchwood is very well known.

My third drabble for Challenge 501: Notice at tw100.

Torchwood was supposedly the most super-secret organisation in the country, if not the world, and yet if you mentioned the name to practically anyone in Cardiff, they’d roll their eyes and grouch about how that bloody great tank they drove had run them, or their neighbour, or a family member, or a friend of a friend off the road just last week.

“Drive like maniacs, they do!” was the general opinion.

As secrets went, Torchwood was among the worst kept in history, which was hardly surprising; it’s impossible not to notice a large black car with ‘Torchwood’ emblazoned on it.

The End
Obedience

Chapter Summary

Jack is giving Ianto problems, but it’s not entirely his fault.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 501: Notice at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto had a slight problem; on a routine retrieval, Jack had inhaled something that had left him a bit… suggestible. Anything he read, he was compelled to obey. Ianto had breathed in the same dust, but all it had done to him was make him sneeze a lot. Apparently there were enough differences between his and Jack’s physiologies that he wasn’t affected the same way. That was fortunate.

A stop sign brought Jack to a complete halt, which was a relief. It gave Ianto a chance to take a breather in what seemed like relative safety. He was still a bit breathless from the sneezing. Unfortunately, as he tried to work out the least hazardous route back to the SUV, he took his eyes off Jack for a bit too long and when he turned around again, Jack was already half undressed.

“What are you doing? You can’t take your clothes off here!”

“But I have to!” Jack protested happily. “See?” He pointed to a wall across the road, on which was a notice that read: ‘Strip’.

Thinking fast, Ianto spun Jack to face a shop called ‘All Dressed Up’. Jack put his clothes back on. Ianto sighed. Disaster averted.

The End
Owen’s jaw dropped as Jack and Ianto straggled back into the Hub with whatever the Rift had dumped on Cardiff this time. He couldn’t take his eyes off Jack’s bald, shiny head. “You look like a boiled egg!”

Jack’s answering glare was probably meant to be intimidating, but the fact that he didn’t even have eyebrows somehow lessened the impact. “Don’t remind me.”

Ianto hefted the containment box. “I think this had better go straight in the secure archives, don’t you?”

“But what about my hair!” Jack wailed.

“You’ll just have to wear a hat until it grows back.”

The End
Ianto checked his appearance in the mirror, adjusting the brim of his vintage hat and straightening his coat. It hadn’t been easy getting one with the cape around the shoulders, but it was well worth the extra cost to get the look exactly right. If he was going undercover at a science fiction convention he might as well do it in style.

“How do I look?” he asked.

Jack looked him up and down. “Good enough to eat. I still don’t get who you’re supposed to be though.”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “I’m William Wolcott from Warehouse Thirteen of course.”

The End
Wrapped Up Warm

Chapter Summary

It’s colder than it should be in the morgue; better break out the winter woollies.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 502: Hat at tw100.

Double drabble.

Something was wrong with the heating in cold storage. Not that it was supposed to be hot down there, but you weren’t supposed to be able to see your breath either. Ianto had said he was looking into it, but whatever the problem was it was taking him a while to fix. If Owen could have just kept out of the morgue until everything was working properly again he would have, but he needed to check the cryo systems and make sure the cold wasn’t affecting the sensitive machinery. The last thing any of them needed was to have all the deceased former agents and the living but frozen threats to humanity suddenly defrost.

Bundled up in coat, scarf, and gloves as if he was about to step out into a blizzard, he hesitated before tugging the woolly hat on. It might look more like his mum’s old tea cosy but it beat having his ears freeze off. Frostbite was no joke.

Tosh joined him, scanner in hand, similarly bundled up but looking cute in her purple bobble hat. “Ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.”

It meant a lot that Tosh was willing to brave the freezing temperatures to help him.

The End
Captured

Chapter Summary

Capturing newly arrived aliens can result in some odd situations.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 502: Hat at tw100.

Double drabble.

After a half-hour chase through the back alleys and gardens of Splott, Ianto had finally caught the alien the team had been chasing, or possibly it had caught him; it was hard to say. He alerted the others they could stop searching and slunk back to where they’d parked the SUV, hoping nobody would see him, but though he managed to keep out of sight of passers-by, there was no way of avoiding his colleagues.

The expression on Jack’s face might have been funny under other circumstances. “Ianto, what are you doing? That’s an alien, not a hat!”

“Tell that to the alien,” Ianto muttered, his face turning a brighter shade of red that almost matched the stripes running down the otherwise black alien’s furry back. The creature was draped over his head like one of those raccoon-skin hats he used to see in old westerns, its tail dangling down the back of his neck. He didn’t like to think what it might be doing up there.

Owen’s laughter only served to add insult to injury. “Oi, Teaboy! It matches your suit! Probably thinks you’re a female so it’s trying to mate with your head!”

“Just get it off me!”

The End
Chocolate Addict

Chapter Summary

Myf can locate chocolate by smell alone.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 503: Smell at tw100.

Myfanwy had a surprisingly good sense of smell, something not mentioned in the books on prehistoric creatures Ianto had browsed after acquiring the Pteranodon. They’d suggested the flying reptiles probably had good eyesight for spotting prey from the air, but not that they’d be able to sniff out food wherever it was hidden.

Ianto didn’t hide Myfanwy’s dinner of course, but chocolate was another matter. Myf wasn’t the only one in the Hub who loved it and ever since she’d turned Gwen’s handbag upside-down and stolen a bar of Bournville, they’d had to start keeping their chocolate safely locked away.

The End
Comforting

Chapter Summary

Both Jack and Ianto are comforted by each other’s unique scent.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 503: Smell at tw100.

A pair of drabbles.

Soon after Jack left, Ianto had taken to sleeping in his bunker. At first, it had still smelled like Jack, but as the weeks passed Ianto became aware that the familiar scent of his vanished lover, which had comforted him through the long, lonely nights, was starting to fade. It was like losing Jack all over again.

More and more, he found himself digging through Jack’s wardrobe and dresser, seeking anything that still held a hint of fifty-first century pheromones, but before much longer the tantalising scent that was Jack had faded to nothing. The loss cut like a knife.

OoOoO

Returning to the Hub after the night spent avoiding themselves, Jack made his way reluctantly to his bunker, alone. Ianto had agreed to a date, which was a start, but the young Welshman was still hurt and angry over the way Jack had left without so much as a goodbye note. Jack couldn’t blame him; he should have told Ianto that he might have to leave abruptly at some point, at least then he would have been expecting it.

Lying on his cot, a familiar smell filled Jack’s nostrils and he smiled, breathing in his Welshman’s scent. He was home.

The End
Janet the Weevil is living a life of luxury.

My third drabble for Challenge 503: Smell at tw100.

Janet sniffed the air eagerly; dinnertime was approaching, soon the human would bring food. This was a good life. She had a dry and comfortable place to sleep, never too hot or too cold, but the best thing was the food, so much tastier than anything her people could find for themselves in the damp underground tunnels.

She could smell the food before she could see or hear the one bringing it to her; hot cooked rat, the fur removed so it didn’t get stuck in her teeth, and a cup of the delicious brown drink. They really spoiled her!

The End
Ianto enjoys the scent of flowers on a summer night.

People who didn’t live there often seemed to be under the mistaken impression that Wales was always cold and generally wet, but that wasn’t the case at all. While they usually got plenty of rain to keep everywhere green and growing, the Welsh also enjoyed many days of good, sunny weather, especially in spring and summer.

Today had been a perfect example; it had been a scorcher, the kind of weather for basking on a beach and swimming in the sea rather than chasing aliens, but now the sun had set temperatures were dropping to a slightly more comfortable level. Cold drink in hand, Ianto stepped through the open French doors into his and Jack’s roof garden, where a cooling breeze off the sea made the flowers sway gently as if they were dancing.

He drew a deep breath, sniffing the air, rich with the heady scent of honeysuckle twining its way over the arches Jack had helped him build. Its smell brought back childhood memories of lying in bed on summer nights with the windows open, the sweet fragrance spreading over him like a comforting blanket, lulling him to sleep.

Next to Jack’s pheromones, it was Ianto’s favourite smell.

The End
Above Average

Chapter Summary

Tosh is determined to teach Ianto as much as she can.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 504: Average at tw100.

Although nowhere near Tosh’s level of genius, because few people were her intellectual equal, it was fair to say Ianto was above average intelligence. Even so, most of what Tosh was attempting to explain to him was going right over his head.

“I’m sorry, Tosh, I’m never going to get this. You’re wasting your time trying to teach me. I know my limits.”

“No, that’s just it; you don’t. You only think you do, but you’ve barely scratched the surface of what you’re capable of. Now, pay attention and I’ll start again.”

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The End
Description

Chapter Summary

Some things about being a Torchwood agent are no different from being a PC.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 504: Average at tw100.

Thanks to heavy traffic, Torchwood arrived on the scene of the latest Rift event a little too late; somebody had already made off with whatever had come through. That was never good news.

“Did you get a description of whoever made off with it?” Jack asked Andy, who’d been doing the cop thing and questioning potential witnesses.

Andy nodded. “Sort of. Won’t do us any good though.”

“What not?”

“Brown hair, jeans, jacket, possibly youngish, average height, average build…”

“In other words it could’ve been anyone.”

“It was definitely a bloke.”

“Great, that narrows it down to half the population.”

The End
Infuriating

Chapter Summary

Kathy may not like Jack much, but she can’t deny he’s attractive.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 504: Average at tw100.

There’s nothing average about Captain Jack Harkness; he’s devastatingly handsome, effortlessly charming, a consummate flirt, and way smarter than he looks. His eyes are bluer than blue, his teeth so white that they dazzle in sunlight, and that smile of his stops hearts left, right, and centre.

He’s also hands down the most infuriating man DI Swanson has ever had the misfortune to meet; he can’t even manage to be just a bit annoying, it’s like he always has to put a hundred percent effort into everything he does.

The worst part is, she’s not entirely immune to his charms.

The End
Average Day

Chapter Summary

Andy still has lots to learn about the life of a Torchwood agent.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 504: Average at tw100.

“Is it always this crazy?” gasped Andy, running practically shoulder-to-shoulder with Ianto in hot pursuit of something knobbly and green with too many legs and a taste for Begonias. It had been snacking on them when they’d arrived, wrecking the municipal floral displays.

“You want the truth or a comforting lie?” Ianto made a quick grab, keeping the new agent upright as they made a tight turn into an alley.

“Truth; might as well know what I’ve got myself into.

“This is about average. If you want to see things get really busy, just wait for the next alien invasion.”

The End
Head Case

Chapter Summary

Jack’s got himself into a bit of a predicament. Again.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 505: Trick at tw100.

“This should do the trick,” Owen had said, slathering butter all over Jack’s head, but all that had happened so far was that several stray cats had shown up and started licking the butter off him. They were proving very persistent; no matter how many times Owen and Ianto shooed them away, they kept coming back.

“It’s not working,” Ianto said after half an hour of pushing and pulling. “He’s jammed tight.”

“Why’d he stick his head between the railings anyway?” Owen asked, bemused.

“I didn’t do it on purpose! I slipped!”

Ianto sighed. “I’d better call the fire brigade.”

The End
Clever Answer

Chapter Summary

Ianto can do something no one else has ever been able to – get coffee out of the coffee machine.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 505: Trick at tw100.
Set pre-Season One.
Double drabble.

On Ianto’s very first day at Torchwood Three, he produced something akin to the nectar of the gods from the previously unused coffee machine that sat in the area of the Hub designated ‘the kitchen’.

“Ohhhhh!” sighed Suzie after taking her first sip, sliding slowly downwards in her seat like she was melting from sheer ecstasy. “This is heavenly! I swear I’ve never tasted better coffee in my life!”

“Told you so,” Jack smirked, a smug tone in his voice as he sipped from his blue and white striped mug with an almost pornographic moan.

“Bloody hell!” Owen exclaimed. “How’d you do that? All I got when I tried to work it was lukewarm brown sludge. Even Tosh can’t get anything drinkable out of that monstrosity; her attempt was more like glue, and she can figure out practically any kind of tech, alien or human!”

Tosh ducked her head, blushing at Owen’s probably unintentional compliment.

“Is there some kind of trick to it?” Owen continued, paying no attention to the resident tech expert.

“Yes,” Ianto replied. “It’s called ‘reading the instruction manual’.”

“It has an instruction manual?” The others exchanged surprised looks.

Ianto nodded. “The machine was standing on it.”

The End
New Skill

Chapter Summary

Owen’s been teaching Dizzy clever tricks.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 505: Trick at tw100.

“Hey, watch this!” Owen called to the other members of the team. “I’ve taught Dizzy a new trick!”

Owen was forever teaching Dizzy new things, but it was a slow day, so everybody was happy to drop whatever they were doing and gather around to see what dazzling skill the Flufflet had mastered this time.

“Alright, let’s see this amazing new trick then,” Andy grinned, folding his arms over his chest as he stood there alongside his colleagues, all of them waiting to be impressed. Even Nosy was watching, agog with interest.

“You just wait ‘til you see this!” Owen said, holding a screwed up bit of paper out to the Flufflet. “Here you go, Dizzy, show everybody how clever you are!”

“Hum!” Taking the paper in its mouth, Dizzy slithered across the concrete floor, raised the front third of its body off the ground and with a flick of its head, tossed the scrap of rubbish neatly into the bin. It was an excellent shot.

Naturally everyone applauded, making Dizzy squiggle with delight.

“Takes after Nosy,” Ianto said approvingly. “I only wish it was that easy to teach the humans around here to put their rubbish in the bin.”

The End
Chapter Summary

It takes a very clever man, or alien, to fool Ianto Jones.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 505: Trick at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Should you be going alone?” Ianto asked worriedly.

“I’ll be fine; Sergei’s kind of shy, not too keen on strangers.

“Your informant’s called Sergei? I thought he was an alien.”

“He is, but his real name’s unpronounceable. I call him Sergei because he looks a lot like that meercat in the ads, just not as furry.”

“Right. Of course.”

“I’ll be back before you know it.”

OoOoO

Several hours later, Ianto tracked Jack down and untied him. “‘I’ll be fine,’ you said.”

“It was a trick! I was jumped by another alien and he took my clothes! That message wasn’t from Sergei at all!”

“I gathered that,” Ianto replied, untying the hapless Sergei too. He did look rather like a meercat.

“How’d you figure it out anyway?”

“Your… assailant dressed in your clothes then tried to pass himself off as you and get into the Hub,” Ianto explained, doing a very poor job of concealing his amusement. “Apparently because he’s a shape-shifter he didn’t think we’d be able to tell the difference. I’ll admit it was a very good likeness, but not good enough.”

“What gave him away?”

“He couldn’t pronounce my name, kept calling me Ando.”
“That would do it!

The End
Indignity

Chapter Summary

Jack goes looking for Ianto when he fails to return from the archives.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 506: Push at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Ianto? Are you down here?” Jack called, wandering through one of the lower archive levels. Ianto had gone down there over an hour ago, with a new piece of junk to be stored.

“Oh, thank god!” Ianto’s voice drifted back from the far side. “Jack, can you give me a hand with this?”

Following Ianto’s voice, Jack found his missing lover pinned against the wall by the anti-grav trolley, loaded down with Torchwood’s latest acquisition.

“What happened to you?” he asked, trying not to grin at the sight, but failing utterly.

“This thing has a mind of its own!” Ianto nodded to indicate the trolley. His head was the only part of himself he could really move since his arms were tapped between the trolley and his body. “I was pushing it into position for unloading when it suddenly swung sideways. I thought I’d be stuck here all night!”

“Why didn’t you just push it away?”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “What d’you think I’ve been trying to do for the past forty-five minutes? The brake must have engaged when the trolley hit me.”

Jack nodded. “Standard safety feature. I’ll have you free in no time. After I take a photo.”

The End
Duty Calls

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s almost glad his day off is being interrupted.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 506: Push at tw100.
Double drabble.

“Push me higher!”
Ianto sighed and did as requested, over and over, the swing going ever higher with every push.

“Wheeee! I’m flying!”

“You will be if I push you much more,” Ianto warned. “Right over the top bar, like in a cartoon.”

“No I won’t! This is fun!”

“At least one of us is enjoying themselves. My arms are starting to hurt.” Ianto gave another good shove just as his phone started to ring. “Okay, that’s enough for now, you’ll have to swing yourself while I answer this.” He stepped out of the way, pulling his phone from his pocket. “What’s up, Tosh?”

“Sorry to interrupt your day off, Ianto, but everyone else is out dealing with a rogue Weevil and there’s been a Rift alert, Bute Park, not far from your current location.”

“Not a problem. Send me the coordinates and I’ll check it out.”

“Thanks.”
Ianto turned to the swings. “Fun’s over; duty calls.”

“That’s so not fair!”

“Tough. Now come on.”

The swing gradually came to a stop and Jack got off, pouting and whining at having his fun spoiled. Ianto just shook his head and set off across the park. Jack would never grow up.

The End
“Alright, people; welcome to Torchwood. Before we get started, there are a few rules about working here that you need to memorise,” Jack told his new recruits. “Rule number one is simple enough; don’t mess with the Rift.”

The recruits nodded their understanding.

“Rule number two is equally important; even if a button has ‘Push Me’ written on it, don’t. We get a lot of alien tech falling through the Rift, most of it completely unknown. Pushing random buttons could do anything from making you sprout antlers to blowing up the entire planet. If you don’t know for certain what a button does, leave it alone. Got it?”

Again the recruits nodded their heads.

“Good. Rule number three; keep your hands off the coffee machine. It only likes Ianto and has been known to bite.”

“It’s alien?” asked ex-PC Evans.

“Not exactly, but it’s never been quite the same since half the inanimate objects in the Hub took on lives of their own for a day or two. Neither has the fern in my office, for that matter.”

“How did that happen?” Abby Oakley asked, curious.

Jack fixed her with a steady look. “Somebody pushed a button they shouldn’t have.”

The End
Push!

Chapter Summary

Ianto doesn’t think this is a fair division of labour.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 506: Push at tw100.

“PUSH!” Jack shouted over the roar of the SUV’s engine.

“I AM PUSHING!” Ianto yelled back.

“THEN PUSH HARDER! PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!”

Ianto stopped pushing altogether, straightening up and wincing as he made his way to the driver’s side and glared at Jack through the open window. “Why am I doing all the pushing?”

“One of us has to be behind the wheel.”

“Exactly; one of us. You’re the one backed into the ditch, so you should be the one to get us out.” Ianto opened the door. “Trade places. You can push and I’ll do the driving.”

The End
Outward Bound

Chapter Summary

Leaving earth is a bit of a wrench for Ianto, but he’s looking forward to seeing the rest of the universe.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 96: Space at drabble_weekly.

Set in my Ghost of a Chance ‘verse

Double drabble.

“Space, the final frontier,” Ianto intoned solemnly as the cargo ship slipped past Pluto, once a planet but now sadly downgraded. It was smaller than the other planets in earth’s solar system, but Ianto still thought it was being treated unfairly. “Goodbye familiarity, hello universe.”

“Nervous?” Jack asked, glancing sidelong at his lover.

Ianto considered the question. “Not so much nervous as a little sad. I’m leaving behind everything I’ve ever known and I don’t know when, or if, I’ll see earth again. Out there,” he gestured at the viewscreens in front of him, “the stars and constellations are going to be completely different, nothing like the night sky I’m used to seeing. Earth’s sun will just be another star among billions.” It was already much smaller than he’d ever seen it, the view behind them visible on part of the viewscreen that Ianto mentally labelled the rear-view mirror. “I miss it already.”

“We will be coming back for visits,” Jack promised. “Any time you want, all you have to do is say the word.”

“I’ll remember that,” Ianto said with a smile, “but first I want to see what’s out there.”

“And so you shall. You’re gonna love it!”

The End
Speedy

Chapter Summary

The latest Rift Gift isn’t being very cooperative.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 507: Zip at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto coined the term ‘Rift Gift’ soon after joining Torchwood Three, but in truth, far from being gifts, most of what the Rift dumped on Cardiff was more of a nuisance than anything else. This latest offering was a case in point.

With a growing sense of frustration Ianto watched the little creature zip past him in the opposite direction. There it went again, and they were still no closer to catching it than they had been when this farcical retrieval began.

He and Jack had been chasing the damned thing around in circles for what felt like forever. Ianto was in good physical shape, thanks to all the exercise he got on the job, but by this point he was tired and breathless, while the little alien showed no sign of slowing down any time soon. It was running rings around them, literally. Time for a new tactic.

“Ianto! What are you stopping for? We almost had it that time!” Jack yelled, zipping past in hot pursuit.

Ianto bent over, hands on knees, drawing in great gulps of air. “You chase it if you want; I’ll just wait here and try to grab it when it comes round again.”

The End
The archives are so big, sometimes even Ianto feels daunted.

My second drabble for Challenge 507: Zip at tw100.

Ianto stared down the length of the vast, cavernous underground chamber, one of the biggest sections of the archives, and gave a weary sigh. It had already been a long and tiring day, he'd been back from a retrieval up by Cefn Mabley Woods barely long enough to grab a quick coffee, and now Tosh needed a device that was stored at the far end of this room. He could do without the walk.

Looking up at the ceiling, he wondered what it would take to persuade Jack to put in a zip line like they had at Warehouse 13.

The End
What A Mess

Chapter Summary

Owen has hit a bit of a snag with his first autopsy subject.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 507: Zip at tw100.

Suzie lounged against the railing, looking down into the autopsy bay, a sly smirk on her lips. “Our fearless medic strikes again. You know, for future reference, you might want to check our computer database to see if anything’s known about a creature before you start with the slice and dice.”

Standing there dripping with foul-smelling gunk, Owen glared back at the weapons expert. “Zip it, sweetheart! If I wanted your advice I’d ask for it. Go play with your toys and leave me be.”

“Whatever you say, Owen,” Suzie replied sweetly.

“Anyone needs me, I’ll be in the shower.”

The End
Cheeky

Chapter Summary

Jack is taking forever to get ready for a night out.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 507: Zip at tw100.

100 words first try!

“Jack, hurry up! We’re going to be late at this rate! You take twice as long to get ready as any woman I’ve ever dated!”

“Of course I do!” Jack’s voice drifted out of the bedroom. “You always look perfect and I wouldn’t want to let you down by not looking my best.”

“Twpsyn,” Ianto accused good-naturedly. “Like I’ll believe that. You just like looking at yourself in the mirror. You’d stand there flirting with yourself all day if I let you.”

“Would not! Anyway, I’m almost ready. Zip me up?”

Ianto rolled his eyes. You’re wearing trousers!”

“I know.”

The End
Distraction

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s journal is already full of pictures.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 508: Illustrate at tw100.

Set pre-series.

Ianto set aside the pen he’d been using to sketch the latest item to come through the Rift. He’d been working for Torchwood Three for barely three months, while keeping Lisa safely hidden in the archives, but already his journal was half filled with these quick illustrations depicting unidentified devices, most of which remained a mystery.

He wasn’t quite sure why he was so determined to record as much as he could about his day-to-day working routine, but Lisa liked to hear about what was going on, it distracted her from her pain, and that was reason enough for him.

The End
Educational

Chapter Summary

Ianto’s found a very interesting book in the archives.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 508: Illustrate at tw100.

“What’ve you got there?” Jack asked, sneaking up on Ianto who was seated at his desk in the archives.

“I found a box full of alien books in the room I’m sorting. I’ve been trying to catalogue them, but that’s easier said than done since they’re all written in alien languages. Most of them could be anything from romantic fiction, to cookbooks, to technical manuals, and I wouldn’t know the difference. This one’s interesting though. It’s very educational; you’d enjoy it.”

“How d’you know that if you can’t read it?”

Ianto smirked up at Jack. “It’s an illustrated sex manual.”

The End
Ruined

Chapter Summary

Gwen learns one of the downsides of working for Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 508: Illustrate at tw100.

“My new jacket!” Gwen wailed as the sleeve stared to smoke, acidic secretions burning through the leather.

“You see?” Jack said. “That perfectly illustrates what I’ve been telling you all along. Just because something appears harmless, that doesn’t mean it is. It could have some nasty surprises up its sleeve, like spitting acid when it feels threatened. You’d better get that jacket off before the acid eats right the way through to your skin.”

“But I only just got it!”

“And the moral of this tale is, don’t wear new clothes to work and expect them not to get ruined.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack has found something more interesting than paperwork to pass the time.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 508: Illustrate at tw100.

“What are you up to?” Ianto asked, coming across Jack sitting at his desk, busily writing. “I know you can’t be doing your paperwork.”

“I’m writing a story for our baby. It’s all about the interplanetary adventures of a family of space dragons, and their quest to find and destroy the planet of the mysterious and deadly Gurgs, who’re intent on galactic domination and the destruction of all other life forms. I’m basing them on the Daleks.”

“Don’t you think those are rather adult themes for a children’s book?” Ianto asked dubiously.

“It’ll be fine once I’ve done the illustrations.”

The End
Broody

Chapter Summary

Poor old Myf; it’s that time of year again.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 509: Sausage at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Myf’s broody again,” Ianto said wearily, coming down from the Pteranodon’s aerie looking a trifle dishevelled thanks to her determination to mother him. He slumped onto the sofa beside Jack. “On the plus side, at least this time she didn’t try to feed me. Eating sushi is one thing, but I find having raw fish heads shoved in my face a bit off-putting.”

“Most people would,” Jack agreed. “Especially since she prefers them smelly.”

Ianto gave a wry smile and picked bits of straw from his hair and clothes. “Mackerel is rather pungent; took ages last time to get the smell out of my shirt. Can’t really be cross with the silly old sausage though. She’s just following her natural instincts. I wish we could somehow give her a baby to raise. It’s not her fault she’s stranded in the future, millions of years away from the rest of her kind.”

“I’m not sure a breeding population of Pteranodons would go down too well in modern-day Wales,” Jack pointed out.

“That’s a fair point, but still, I hate seeing her go through this year after year.”

“How many ‘eggs’ has she got this time?”

“Two rugby balls and a coconut.”

The End
The Weevil they’d been after had got away, scuttling back into the sewers where it belonged, which was a good enough result. Juveniles were seldom as dangerous as adults, though they tended to be more curious.

“That’s one way to work up an appetite,” Jack said cheerfully. He gestured across the street, heading in that direction, the rest of the team following. “Who wants fish and chips? We can eat them down by the bay.”

There was a chorus of almost unanimous approval.

“I could go for some chips but I don’t fancy fish. I’ll ‘ave a battered sausage with mine,” Owen decided.

“Fine,” said Jack, pushing open the chip shop door and making for the counter. “Four cod and chips, one sausage and chips, please.” He dug in his pockets. “Ianto, loan me some money? I forgot to bring any.”

“Typical.” Ianto got his wallet out, paying as their food was served up.

Back out on the street, they made for the bay, happily munching chips until from the rear of the group there was a sudden mad flapping of wings and an aggrieved yell from Owen. “Oi!”

Pausing, Jack glanced back. “What’s up?”

“Bloody seagull nicked my sausage!”
Favourite Creature

Chapter Summary

Young though she is, Meriel already knows some things should be kept secret.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 509: Sausage at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Now, everyone,” Miss Hughes, said to her class. “Today, I’d like you all to draw a picture of your favourite animal.”

That was easy; while her friends tried to decide what their favourite animal was, Meriel picked up a bright green crayon and got straight down to drawing.

Miss Hughes wandered among the desks, commenting on each child’s work. “That’s a very fierce looking shark, Evan. Lovely rabbit, Emily. Is this a picture of your new puppy, Robert? What’s his name?”

Finally she reached Meriel’s desk and studied the picture the little girl was drawing with such care. It looked like a green, spiky sausage. “What’s this, Meriel? Is it a snake? I don’t think I’ve ever seen one quite like it.” Even after years of teaching first-graders, it was the best guess she could make.

“Sort of.” Meriel frowned, chewing her bottom lip as she suddenly remembered she wasn’t supposed to tell people about her special friend. Then she shrugged. “I like snakes a lot, but they’re a bit boring to draw so I gave it fur.”

“Well it’s beautiful dear. I’m sure more people would like snakes if they were fluffy.”

Meriel nodded. Who wouldn’t love a Fluff?

The End
Ideal Weather

Chapter Summary

The weather is perfect for a certain outdoor activity.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 509: Sausage at tw100.

Double drabble.

Sometimes Ianto wished Jack wasn’t so enthusiastic about everything. Honestly, he was like a little kid, getting overexcited at the most ridiculous things. He was practically bouncing all over the Hub, grinning like a maniac, getting necessary work done in double quick time so he and Ianto could leave early.

“What’s got you so excited?” Gwen asked at lunch, amused by Jack’s restless fidgeting.

“It’s outdoor sausage weather!” Jack jiggled in his seat.

Gwen almost choked on her sandwich. “What?”

“My sister’s having a barbecue this evening,” Ianto explained. “Her husband, fancies himself an expert so he’s promised to show Jack how to cook the perfect sausage.”

“Oh. Thank goodness. For a minute there I thought he was talking about… um… something else.”

“Oh no,” Jack assured her. “It’s way too hot at the moment for outdoor sex; we’ll have to wait for the weather to cool down before we try that again. It gets hotter than you might think on rooftops; we both almost burnt our sausages last time.”

Gwen turned an interesting shade of scarlet as Owen clapped his hands over his ears. “Too much information!” he complained. “I’ll never look at barbecued sausages the same way again!”

The End
There’s always another problem for Torchwood to deal with.

My first drabble for Challenge 510: Radar at tw100.

“We’ve got a problem,” Ianto said, striding into Jack’s office.

“You say that like it’s unusual. We’re Torchwood; problems are sort of our job.”

Ianto smiled faintly; Jack was right, Torchwood had been created to deal with certain kinds of problems. “Let me re-phrase that; we’ve got a worse problem than usual.”

“We’ll deal with it; we always do. What sort of problem are we talking about?”

“Remember the Ganotian spacecraft that took a wrong turn?”

“Of course; it was three days ago. Nice folks. What about it?”

“Seems Cardiff airport picked it up on their radar.”

“Ah… that’s awkward.”

The End
“What a day!” Gwen groaned, stumbling out of the SUV and trailing after the others into the main Hub. She’d only been with Torchwood for three weeks but if she’d thought the job would be easier on her feet than pounding the beat with Andy, she’d been sadly mistaken. She, Jack, Owen, and Tosh had just spent the past three hours chasing a couple of young Weevils, and she was knackered. All she wanted was to collapse onto the sofa with a…

“What coffee?”

Gwen gave a startled squeak and jumped a foot in the air. “Ianto! You nearly scared the life out of me!” A heavenly aroma wafted up from the mugs on the Welshman’s tray and she stared at the offering for a few seconds, bemused, before taking her mug. “Thank you, that’s just exactly what I need. How did you know?”

“Have you ever watched M*A*S*H?” Jack asked, coming up alongside her and reaching for his blue and white striped mug.

Thrown by the unexpected question, Gwen blinked up at Jack. “Well yeah, hasn’t everybody? What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Radar O’Reilly has nothing on our Ianto Jones! Whatever you need, Ianto knows before you do.”

The End
Incursion

Chapter Summary

Andy still has a lot to learn about Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 510: Radar at tw100.

Alarms were blaring in the Hub, but not the usual cog-door klaxons, or the already familiar racket of the Rift alert. It wasn’t even the less frequently heard Weevil alarm.

“What’s happening?” Andy shouted over the deafening siren.

“A spaceship’s entering earth’s atmosphere,” Tosh replied, killing the alarm. “The satellites picked it up.”

“What do we do?”

“We only get alerted if the incursion’s local; otherwise it’s UNIT’s responsibility. I should be able to track it on radar.” Tosh’s fingers fairly flew over her keyboard.

“But Torchwood doesn’t have a radar antenna!”

“Yes we do. It’s in the water tower.”

The End
Ianto’s eyes almost bugged out when Jack emerged from his bunker. Just one look and he was already getting a headache. “What the hell are you wearing?”

“You told me not to wear my usual clothes,” Jack replied, looking down at himself as if he couldn’t understand why his lover was making such a fuss.

“I said you should wear something casual and nondescript, so you wouldn’t draw attention!” Ianto looked as exasperated as he sounded. “We’re supposed to be undercover.”

“Is this not casual enough?” Jack gestured to his outfit of lavender purple trousers and a Hawaiian shirt in shades of purple, pink, and turquoise.

“You’ll stick out like a sore thumb, there won’t be a single person not staring at you, and trust me when I say you’re a sight no one will ever forget.”

Jack beamed happily. “Thank you!”

“That wasn’t a compliment, Jack! How are we supposed to fly under the radar with you dressed like that?” He shooed Jack back towards the manhole leading to his quarters. “Get back down there and put on the plainest, most ordinary clothes you can find. Jeans and a plain blue t-shirt will do.”

“But that’s so boring!”

“Tough.”

The End
Big Is Better

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds an exception to one of Jack’s phobias.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 511: Insect at tw100.

Walking away from the small spaceship where they’d just given the lost travellers directions to their destination, Ianto shook his head, smirking. “How is that you run screaming from tiny, inoffensive little insects, but can be perfectly happy to sit around chatting with a roomful of man-sized ones?” he asked curiously.

“Because I know they don’t sting and won’t get in my food, crawl up my leg, fly up my nose or in my mouth, or cause any other kind of trouble. It’s not insects I don’t like, it little creepy crawly bugs!”

“Ah, so with insects, size matters?”

“Definitely!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen is freaking out, much to Ianto’s amusement.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 511: Insect at tw100.
Double drabble.

“Argh! Get it off me!” Owen ran the words into each other so much they were barely intelligible.

“What was that, Owen?” Ianto asked mildly as the medic waved his arms about and ran in circles.

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“Get it off me!” Owen’s voice went up another half octave.

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“If you’d just stand still for a moment I might be able to, but I draw the line at chasing you.”

“I hate bugs!” Owen backed away as if he expected Ianto to throw the tiny creature at him. Instead, Ianto set it down in the ruins of its home.

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“You think nothing of being up to your elbows in maggot-ridden corpses.”

“You think nothing of being up to your elbows in maggot-ridden corpses.”

“That’s different.”

The End
Getting Buzzy

Chapter Summary

Nosy makes a new acquaintance.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 511: Insect at tw100.

Nosy loved the roof garden outside the flat where it lived with Jack and Ianto. It was such a pretty place to be in warm weather, with colourful flowers nodding their heads and filling the air with sweet fragrances.

Small birds flitted about, feasting on insects, while butterflies fluttered and bees hummed happily, collecting nectar to make honey, and carrying pollen from one bright bloom to the next.

Slithering closer, Nosy peered into the centre of a flower at a busy bumblebee, humming back at it. The bee buzzed and settled on Nosy’s snout. Maybe it wanted to be friends!

The End
Relaxing

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack are enjoying a relaxing evening.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 511: Insect at tw100.

One of the best things about the roof garden outside their new flat was that they could sit out there on warm nights, even have their dinner beneath the stars. It was just the place to relax after a hard day dealing with aliens and the Rift.

The garden still needed a lot of work, but it was too late, not to mention too dark for gardening this evening. The only illumination came from the living room, and from tea-lights in coloured glasses scattered around the decking and on the table. Moths fluttered around them, risking their lives.

Jack and Ianto had finished eating a while back and cleared away the dishes; now they were sitting quietly, looking out across the city as they sipped the last of the wine they’d had with dinner, enjoying the cooling air after the heat of the day. The heatwave was supposed to break in a day or two, giving way to thunderstorms and heavy rain, and while they’d welcome a drop in daytime temperatures, they were going to miss this.

Jack raised his glass and took a healthy swig, then started spluttering.

“You okay?” Ianto asked.

“I think I just swallowed a moth!”

The End
Meriel’s first day of school is a huge success, except for one thing.

Meriel had loved her first day at school. There was so much to do, and lots of other kids to play with. Not only that, but because she already knew her ABC, her numbers up to fifty, and could read a whole book by herself, sounding out the words like her Taddy had taught her, Mrs Evans said Meriel could be her special helper!

It made her feel ever so important, helping the boy sitting next to her tie his shoelace when it came undone, and tying another girl’s hair back so it wouldn’t get dirty when they did painting. She had so much fun she almost didn’t want to go home at the end of the day, but everyone else was going and being at school all by herself would be lonely. Anyway, she wanted to tell her special friend everything she’d done.

Taddy came to pick her up in the red car, and drove her home, where Daddy was waiting.

“There’s my big girl! Did you have fun?”

“Yep!” Meriel ran right past him without stopping, throwing her arms around Nosy and giving her friend a big squeeze. “I love school, but I wish Nosy could come too.”

The End
A Slight Snag

Chapter Summary

Ianto has noticed a slight snag regarding expanding the team.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 512: Squeeze at tw100.
Double drabble.

“So we’re agreed,” Jack said as the team sat around the boardroom table for this most vital of meetings. “Martha as the team’s second doctor, if she’s interested. I think we can count on Andy and Mickey, and once they’re on board we’ll approach PC Evans and feel him out.” Jack caught the expression on Gwen’s face. “Not like that, Gwen! Get your mind out of the gutter!”

Gwen blushed and bit her lip. “Sorry but… Well, we all know what you’re like!”

“I’ll have you know I’m a changed man,” Jack said primly. “Where was I?”

“PC Evans,” Ianto reminded him.

“Right. If Evans is willing, we’ll just need to find one more candidate for field agent. I think ten is a nice round number for now. If needs be, we can add a couple more people at a later date.”

Ianto nodded. “It’s about time we got some extra help. With the Rift getting more active we need it. There’s just one snag with having a bigger team.”

“What might that be?” Jack asked.

“Well, have you thought about how ten people are going to fit in the SUV? It might be a bit of a tight squeeze.”

The End
Squishy

Chapter Summary

Not all aliens are robust…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 512: Squeeze at tw100.

“Whatever you do, don’t squeeze it,” Ianto warned as Gwen angled her tongs towards one of the small, blobby creatures that had come through the Rift. “They squash easily.”

“If they’re so delicate, why don’t we just use our hands to scoop them up?”

“Because their skin exudes a substance that will melt anything other than metal, glass, or rock and I don’t think you want your fingers dissolving.”

“Not on my list of things to try,” Gwen agreed. “Oops!” The tiny creature she was picking up went squelch, dissolving into a puddle.

Ianto sighed. “Maybe tablespoons would work better.”

The End
Squeeze

Chapter Summary

Jack has asked Ianto to do some odd things at times, but this takes the cake.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 512: Squeeze at tw100.

“Okay, I’ll grip it here, you grip it farther down.” There was an expression of intense concentration on Jack’s face.

“This is ridiculous!” Ianto had been asked to do some weird things, but this…

“Don’t argue, just do it!”

“Fine. Here?”

“Yes, like that. Now when I tell you, squeeze as hard as you can. Got it?”

“I think I can handle that.”

“Good.” Jack adjusted their aim. “Ready, and squeeze!”

They both did, and Jack shouted in triumph.

“There has to be an easier way of getting the last of the ketchup out of the squeezy bottle,” Ianto muttered.

The End
Understanding

Chapter Summary

Weevils aren’t as much of a nuisance as Ianto used to think.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 513: Nuisance at tw100.

Double drabble.

When he’d first started working at Torchwood Three, Ianto had considered Weevils to be a nuisance; savage, dangerous, unpredictable creatures, not to be faced alone or without the proper equipment.

It was funny how time had changed his perspective; now he thought of them more as eccentric neighbours. Maybe it was true and familiarity did breed contempt. Or maybe it was just that he understood the toothy aliens better these days, thanks to what he was learning from Janet.

Although she wasn’t able to use human speech, he’d taught her sign language and now knew that most Weevils could be reasoned with. Finding out what was wrong with them was the first step to resolving any problems. Only the occasional rogue, usually a sick or injured individual cast out by its pack, was likely to cause any serious trouble.

Thanks to the telepathic link that connected the creatures, many were becoming almost as proficient at sign language as Janet, and recognised the Torchwood team on sight. Owen had even started a regular weekly Weevil clinic in an abandoned warehouse, where ailing Weevils could go for treatment.

It just went to show that a little understanding could go a long way.

The End
**Little Pest**

Chapter Summary

Owen is proving a bit of a handful.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 513: Nuisance at tw100.

“Give that back, you little pest!” Ianto bellowed across the Hub. The only response he got was a giggle he thought was coming from under Tosh’s workstation.

“Trouble?” Jack asked mildly, coming down from his office to see what the commotion was about.

“Owen’s being a nuisance again,” Ianto admitted.

“What did he take this time?”

“My screwdriver. The last thing we need is for him to start dismantling stuff.” Ianto sighed heavily.

“If I can’t deal with this, what kind of father am I going to be?”

“A de-aged Owen Harper is more than anyone should have to handle.”

The End
Necessary

Chapter Summary

Kathy Swanson has had to reconsider her opinion of Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 513: Nuisance at tw100.

Like most of the people in Cardiff, and probably every member of the city’s police force, Kathy Swanson had always considered Torchwood, and most especially their leader, a nuisance, causing problems and chaos everywhere they went. It was galling having to admit, even in private, that she’d been wrong.

Seeing the team deal with something no copper would ever have been able to handle had put things into perspective; aliens were real, and not always friendly.

She still considered Captain Jack Harkness a pain in the rear, but now she was willing to accept that Torchwood was a necessary evil.

The End
Ianto loved Jack, honestly he did, and most of the time it made him very happy to have his Captain’s undivided attention. As busy as they usually were dealing with Rift Gifts and Weevils, not to mention alien invasions, getting Jack all to himself with no interruptions was an opportunity not to be wasted.

Right at this moment though, having all of Jack’s attention focused on him was proving to be a nuisance.

“Go away, Jack, I’m busy! I have work to do and I find it hard to believe that you don’t.”

“But you’ve been down here for hours and I’m bored!” Jack whined.

“And I’ll be down here even longer if you don’t let me finish these repairs!” Ianto snapped. “I can’t just wave my magic wand and have everything fix itself!”

“I could help!”

“You’ve already helped more than enough, thank you very much! We wouldn’t even be in this mess if you hadn’t been mucking about with that alien weapon.”

“I didn’t know it would do this!”

“That’s no excuse,” Ianto huffed in exasperation. “We can’t get out and nobody else can get in! Only you could short out every system in the Hub at once!”

The End
Ianto has become quite accomplished at coming up with cover stories at a moment’s notice.

My first drabble for Challenge 514: Allergy at tw100.

“Nothing to worry about,” Ianto assured the dozen or so pensioners in the bingo hall. “Just a mild allergic reaction to a contaminated can of air freshener. You’ll be back to normal in no time, just take these.” He handed out low dose retcon tablets and bottles of water. “They’re antihistamines so they’ll probably make you feel a bit sleepy, but that’s perfectly normal.”

“Thank you, young man, you’re so much more polite than the doctor who examined us.” One elderly lady laid a green-spotted hand on his arm. The warty growths all over her and her companions were already going down and fading back to a more natural colour, now Tosh had turned off the Floozian practical joke device responsible.

“What he lacks in manners he makes up in other ways. He’s an excellent doctor, just not very good with people.”

“I suppose that’s why he has you as his nurse.” The old dear beamed up at Ianto. “You don’t dress like a nurse though.” She eyed his suit suspiciously.

Ianto thought fast. “Ah, well I was on a date when Doctor Harper called me and told me to meet him here.” He was getting good at believable explanations.

The End
Sneezed Off

Chapter Summary

Ianto doesn’t suffer from hay fever. Usually.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 514: Allergy at tw100.
Double drabble.

Ianto sneezed again and Jack frowned. The Welshman had been doing that ever since they left the ship.

“I thought you said you didn’t get hay fever?”

“I don’t,” Ianto gasped out, blowing his running nose. “Not on earth anyway, but it seems I’m allergic to something here.” He looked woefully around at the garden planet they’d landed on, shoulders drooping. It was a beautiful place, and he’d so been looking forward to seeing the sights with Jack, but the way things stood he was just making himself miserable, sneezing so much he could scarcely breathe. “It’s no good, Jack, you’ll ‘ave to go on without me. I’ll go back to the ship.”

Jack looked as disappointed as Ianto felt. “But it won’t be the same without you! I wanted to show you the Flower Tower!”

“I know, and I wanted to see it, but I can barely see anything.” His eyes were streaming as much as his nose. “I’ll be fine, just take lots of pictures.”

“Well, if you’re sure…”

“I am.” With a brave attempt at a smile, Ianto turned to sneeze his way back towards the Wanderer. The next stop they made he was buying allergy medicine.

The End
Often Tosh's banana allergy doesn't bother her.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 514: Allergy at tw100.

Tosh had never minded her banana allergy, she just avoided eating anything that contained banana in any way, shape, or form and it was fine. Honestly, she didn't understand why some people went on and on about how great bananas were, an excellent source of potassium and so forth.

Perhaps it was because her allergy meant she couldn't eat them, but to her even the smell was enough to put her off. Other fruits smelled fruity, but bananas? Yuk!

Right now though, with the Doctor handing out banana daiquiris, for the first time she wished she could have one too.

The End
Chapter Summary

Something is distracting Jack, and for once it’s not Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 514: Allergy at tw100.

Double drabble.

Torchwood’s morning meeting wasn’t going too well. Jack was trying to concentrate on whatever Tosh was explaining, something to do with an alien device she’d been studying, but he was finding it harder and harder to focus. Reaching for the glass in front of him on the boardroom table, he twitched violently, knocking it over.

Ianto leapt to his feet, snatching up files and folders to keep them out of the spilled water and turned to glare at his partner. “What is the matter with you? You’ve been twitching and fidgeting ever since you sat down!”

“I can’t help it, I itch, like ants crawling all over me!”

“Why didn’t you say something before?”

“I thought it would go away if I just ignored it, but instead it’s getting worse.”

Owen got to his feet. “Right, suppose I’d better examine you. Come on.”

With a sigh, Jack followed the medic down to his domain and when instructed, stripped to reveal hundreds of red, itchy spots all over his body.

“Looks like an allergic reaction,” Owen told him. “Have you used anything different on yourself lately?”

Ianto groaned. “Congratulations; you’re the only person in the universe allergic to non-allergenic body paint.”

The End
Dangerous Creature

Chapter Summary

For once Ianto isn’t complaining about being stripped in public.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 515: Strip / Stripe at tw100.

Double drabble.

Everyone stared in disbelief as Jack practically dragged Ianto into the Hub through the garage entrance, already stripping his lover’s clothes off, leaving them strewn across the floor.

“Jesus, get a room!” Owen yelled. “Some of us have to work here. We don’t want to see two blokes shagging each other senseless!”

“Speak for yourself,” muttered Tosh, blushing as she realised she’d spoken aloud.

“Shut it, Owen!” Jack snapped back. “He got splashed with Vornix venom, got to get his clothes off before it soaks through to his skin! Don’t touch anything!” It was only then that the team noticed Jack was wearing latex gloves to protect himself as he wrestled with Ianto’s clothes, propelling Torchwood’s archivist towards the med bay.

“Shit!” Owen shot to his feet and down the steps ahead of Jack and Ianto, pulling gloves on and grabbing a pair of scissors to help. Vornix venom was lethal to humans.

“What happened to the Vornix?” Tosh sensibly asked. If it was still out there…

“Dead and burned, I used the flamethrower,” Jack assured her.

After Owen gave Ianto a shot of antivenin, Jack dragged his lover away to be decontaminated.

Ianto sighed. There went another nice suit.

The End
Wrong Impression

Chapter Summary

When Tosh stops by to visit Ianto, she wonders if she should have phoned first.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 515: Strip / Stripe at tw100.

Tosh rang Ianto’s doorbell and was a bit taken aback when Jack answered it, wearing nothing but a pair of jeans.

“Sorry, did I interrupt something?”

“No, it’s fine. Come in! Ianto and I are just starting to strip.”

That seemed obvious from Jack’s almost complete lack of clothes. “I’ll come back some other time,” Tosh said, preparing to beat a hasty retreat. Before she could move, Ianto appeared in the hallway, dressed in paint-splattered jeans and t-shirt.

“Tosh! Come to join in the fun? We’re about to strip that awful paper in the lounge.”

Oh. That sort of stripping!

The End
New Species

Chapter Summary

Owen is curious to know what Tosh and Gwen are discussing.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 515: Strip / Stripe at tw100.

Tosh and Gwen were deep in conversation when Owen came up from the autopsy bay. As he passed Gwen’s desk he couldn’t help overhearing what they were saying.

“So what does it look like?” Tosh asked curiously.

“Well, it’s about two metres long, and mostly black but with narrow emerald green stripes running from end to end. It’s really soft and fuzzy,” Gwen replied.

“What’s this then? Did you and Jack find some weird new species of alien while you were out? Why wasn’t I told?”

Gwen giggled. “No, Owen, I was just telling Tosh about my new winter scarf!”

The End
I Got Stripes

Chapter Summary

   Jack’s had a mishap with his coat.

Chapter Notes

   My final drabble for Challenge 515: Strip / Stripe at tw100.

“Ianto, if you’re going into town, could you take my coat to be cleaned?” Jack asked.

Ianto stopped dead and turned to frown at the other man. “You’ve only had it back two days! Even you can’t have got it dirty again that fast! What did you do this time?”

“It wasn’t my fault, honest! It was the Weevil!”

Eyeing Jack carefully, Ianto couldn’t see any sign of blood on his clothes. “What d’you mean?”

“It knocked me into a fence.” Jack turned around to reveal broad white stripes across his back. “I didn’t know it had just been painted!”

The End
Special Surprise

Chapter Summary

Jack has a special surprise for Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 516: Special at tw100.

Prequel to my drabble 'Reaction'.

Double drabble.

“I’ve got a surprise for you!” Jack announced, grinning all over his face.

“Do you now?” That smile could only mean one thing; Jack had something new for them to play with. As long as it wasn’t something of alien origin, Ianto had no objections. “Do tell!”

“Voila!” Jack produced a small tub from behind his back and Ianto was almost disappointed.

“Body paint? Don’t we already have some of that?”

“Ah, but this one’s special! It’s organic, all natural ingredients, and hypoallergenic. Not only that, it’s coffee flavoured!”

That had Ianto’s ears perking up. “That’s different.”

“That’s what I thought! Shall we give it a try?”

“I think we definitely should.”

Ianto was delighted to discover that the coffee flavour was remarkably authentic. Most things that purported to taste like coffee didn’t, but this was the exception. They took turns painting words and patterns on each other before licking the substance off again, and had a great deal of fun doing so, in between other activities. Unsurprisingly, they both needed a shower afterwards to get rid of the residue before they could collapse into bed and sleep, but Ianto was confident the paint would get a lot of use…

Continued in Ch. 1460: ‘Reaction’
**Unlucky Day**

Chapter Summary

It’s Owen’s birthday…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 516: Special at tw100.

Double drabble.

Because working for Torchwood could be so dangerous, every birthday was treated as an extra special occasion. Any of them could be killed at any moment so it made sense to celebrate each of them surviving long enough to get another year older.

Rift permitting there would be a party on the day, or thereabouts, with gifts and a birthday cake, although such parties often got interrupted by one kind of emergency or another.

Owen hated that his birthday fell on Valentine’s Day, so it had become tradition to throw him a party the day before; he claimed that only idiots believed the number thirteen to be unlucky.

So here it was, Owen’s party, falling squarely on Friday the thirteenth. He wasn’t worried.

Ianto brought out the cake, all rich chocolate sponge and fresh dairy cream, no candles because Owen didn’t want to be reminded about being on the wrong side of thirty.

“Happy Birthday, Owen!” Jack said. “You want your presents first or a slice of cake?”

Before Owen could say a word, Myfanwy swooped, drawn by a familiar smell, and snatched the cake right off the desk.

Ianto sighed. “I told you chocolate cake was a bad idea!”

The End
Something Good

Chapter Summary

For once the Rift has delivered something good into Torchwood’s hands.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 516: Special at tw100.

Set pre-series

The Rift brought Torchwood all manner of things, from weapons and mysterious devices, to toys and musical instruments. Occasionally it gifted them with priceless artefacts, but more often than not they received the universe’s trash, broken things, worthless scraps and fragments, or at least that was the way it seemed to Suzie.

Even the aliens that found their way to Cardiff were hardly more than animals, savages with little intelligence rather than advanced beings wiling to share their knowledge and technology with the people of earth.

But the glove was different, special. If she could just learn to use it…

The End
Best Friend

Chapter Summary

Nosy is Meriel’s very best friend.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 516: Special at tw100.

Double drabble.

Meriel loved Nosy at least as much as she loved her daddies, and probably a bit more. It was her very most special friend in all the world, and her earliest memories were of its comforting humming when she was very little and couldn’t sleep.

Nosy was always there for her, happy to play games, so she never felt lonely like some of her friends without brothers or sisters did. She always had her loyal playmate, even when her daddies were too busy to play with her.

It made her a bit sad though that she couldn’t introduce her special friend to her other friends. Whenever she had a play date at home, Nosy had to go to work with one of her daddies, or hide in their bedroom where her friends weren’t allowed to go. That must be so boring for it, especially since it loved to play.

“Why does Nosy have to be a secret, Taddy?”

Ianto lifted Meriel onto his lap. “Because Nosy is an alien. There are nasty people about, sweetheart, and if any of them heard about Nosy, they might take it away and do bad things to it.”

Meriel understood. Nosy needed their protection.

The End
Attitudes

Chapter Summary

Jack misses the open-mindedness of his own time.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 517: Narrow at tw100.

Double drabble.

Compared to his own time, three thousand or so years in the future, the people of earth are so narrow-minded it’s almost impossible to imagine that some day in the not too distant future they’ll open their eyes and their hearts, leave much of their intolerance and prejudice behind them, and learn to love each other.

Jack misses the lack of discrimination he grew up with, where as long as all parties were past the age on consent relationships were uncensored and everyone was free to love who they loved, regardless of gender, nationality, religion, skin colour, or even species.

Right now, in 21st century Cardiff, there are still people who try to impose their narrow view of right and wrong on everyone they meet. He and Ianto were once refused service in a restaurant thanks to a homophobic waiter. They’ve been sworn at, spat on, and late one night even attacked by a couple of drunken thugs who’d woken the following morning locked in Torchwood’s cells, right across from Janet. They’d soon changed their tune.

Tonight Jack’s taking Ianto on another date, hoping this time they can avoid any unpleasantness; attitudes change slowly, but in time change will come.

The End
Safety

Chapter Summary

They survived the cannibals, now they just want to go home.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 517: Narrow at tw100.

Spoilers: Countricide.

Double drabble.

The narrow country lanes sped past the tinted windows of the SUV. On the way out of Cardiff the interior of the vehicle had been filled with chatter, Owen grousing about the countryside, the rest of the team variously teasing him or speculating on what might be the cause of the recent disappearances they were investigating. Now they knew, and it was as though the truth had stolen their voices. What was there to be said? They’d been expecting aliens, not cannibals cutting up their fellow countrymen for dinner.

They dealt daily with the weird and unnatural, things most folks would say didn’t exist, the figments of a deranged imagination, but nothing they’d ever come across had been as horrifying as what they’d just encountered. The memories were already haunting each member of the team, like inescapable waking nightmares.

It was a miracle they’d all survived, battered and badly shaken but still more or less in one piece, though it had been a close call. Now they wanted nothing more than to get away from the bleak, wide-open spaces, retreat to the familiar noise and bustle of the city, and embrace a world that despite its inherent dangers represented safety.

The End
Owen’s Surprise

Chapter Summary

Owen knows something’s going on, but what?

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 517: Narrow at tw100.
Double drabble.

Owen narrowed his eyes suspiciously; something was going on and he was determined to get to the bottom off it. Tosh was being uncharacteristically secretive, sneaking around, hiding things from him, but she was a terrible liar. When he’d asked her outright what she was up to she’d claimed not to know what he was talking about, but her blush had said otherwise. What was the world coming to if he couldn’t trust his own fiancé not to lie to him?

Two days later he returned home to a huge surprise.

“Happy birthday, Owen. I know it’s a couple of weeks early but this present was impossible to hide and I didn’t want you spoiling the surprise by finding out about it.”

Owen’s jaw dropped in amazement as Tosh put a squirming, fluffy bundle in his lap, and his eyes filled with tears. “A puppy!”

He’d always wanted a dog but his mother had told him no, Katie had been scared of them since one had bitten her when she was a kid, and after he’d lost her he’d barely been able to take care of himself, never mind a pet.

“This is the best birthday present I’ve ever had!”

The End
Close Call

Chapter Summary

The latest arrival through the Rift is proving a bit difficult to capture.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 517: Narrow at tw100.

“That,” Ianto panted, “was the textbook definition of a narrow escape.”

“Tell me about it!” Even Jack, with his unfair advantage of rapid healing, was tired and breathless. “Everybody okay?”

“Think so,” said Tosh. “Thank goodness for running shoes.”

“Wish I’d worn mine,” Gwen sighed. “My boots chafe. I’m getting blisters.”

“Still beats getting you head ripped off,” Owen pointed out. “What is that thing?”

“Damned if I know,” Jack admitted. “But we still have to catch it before it kills anyone.”

“Oh joy,” said Ianto. “Back into the fray?”

Jack nodded. “I think we need a better plan though.”

The End
Team Bonding

Chapter Summary

Gwen has a question for the team.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 518: Time at tw100.

Spoilers: Set after Ghost Machine but before Cyberwoman.

Double drabble.

“If you could travel to any time, when would you choose?” Gwen asked; another of her team bonding games.

Jack hid a smirk: been there, done that.

“I’d go to the mid-1800s,” Gwen continued, answering her own question. “Dress in those glamorous gowns and attend fabulous balls. Have dashing men competing for my attention.”

“You do know people didn’t bathe regularly back then, right?” Owen sneered. “They had bad teeth, the streets were filthy, and there was no indoor plumbing.”

Gwen glared at him but he just grinned back.

“I’d go to the future,” said Tosh. “See what earth will be like a thousand years from now. What about you, Jack? World War Two?”

“I wouldn’t mind living through the Sixties again; didn’t get to really enjoy it last time around.”

Tosh nodded. “You would’ve been too young.”

Jack didn’t correct her.

“Owen? When would you choose?”


“Oh, um, good choice,” Gwen said lamely. “Ianto?”

‘I’d go back and persuade Lisa to skive off work,’ he thought, but instead… “Star Wars premiere of course.” He smiled blandly. “Who wants coffee?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s got ten minutes to prepare for Ianto’s arrival.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 518: Time at tw100.

**Spoilers:** They Keep Killing Suzie.

Jack was usually the one to do the propositioning, but he wasn’t complaining. Kinky times with a stopwatch; why had he never thought of that? Leaving Ianto in the morgue, he made his way up to the main Hub, the spring back in his step.

First he’d send the rest of the team home; after today’s events they could use the downtime. Then, he’d clear his desk and make a few other preparations so he’d be ready for Ianto… Ten minutes was plenty of time to get everything sorted.

This would be a night neither of them would ever forget!

The End
**First Date**

Chapter Summary

Owen is a bag of nerves.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 518: Time at tw100.

Double drabble.

Owen dithered, checking himself in the mirror, then checking his watch for the umpteenth time. He patted his pockets: phone, keys, wallet… Pulling it out he checked to make sure he had his credit cards and plenty of cash.

His palms were sweating; he almost wiped them on his trousers but thought better of it, going to the bathroom to wash them instead. Should he clean his teeth again? No, there was no point, not when they were going for a meal, so he rummaged around for some mints. He didn’t remember being this nervous on his first date with Katie, or on that night out with Diane.

It was ridiculous, he’d known her for years, but his hands wouldn’t stop shaking. He didn’t want to mess this up.

Pulling himself together he checked his watch; time to go. He was picking Tosh up in twenty minutes and it wouldn’t do to be late. He was halfway down the stairs when he remembered the flowers he’d bought on his way home, and had to dash back to get them.

He knocked on Tosh’s door right on time, and when it opened his nerves vanished. He should’ve done this years ago.

The End
Ianto was in the tourist office, catching up on some paperwork when the door opened. As he was in the middle of typing something he didn’t look up right away, just said, “I’ll be with you in a moment,” as his fingers danced across the keys. Finishing his sentence and clicking ‘save’, he turned towards the customer. “How can I…?”

Jack stood at the other side of the counter, a big bunch of flowers in his hands and an even bigger smile on his face. “These are for you. So, what time d’you get off work, gorgeous?”

Ianto rolled his eyes as he took the flowers. “I’ll have to check with my boss,” he joked. “Why?”

“Oh, I was just thinking… When I got back I remember promising you dinner and a movie, but things have been so hectic since then…” He trailed off with a shrug. “Anyway, Tosh says the Rift should be quiet for at least the next twenty-four hours, so what do you say? Still interested?”

Looking from Jack to the flowers and back again, Ianto nodded. “I believe I might be free tonight. Pick me up at seven?”

Jack’s smile grew even wider. “It’s a date!”

The End
Heavy Lifting

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, an extra pair of hands would come in useful.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 519: Automatic at tw100.

Lugging the heavy body into the Hub was difficult enough, but they still needed to get it downstairs and into a cell before it woke up and decided to make a meal of them. That was easier said that done.

The bull Weevil was a massive brute, the biggest Ianto had ever seen; so aggressive it’d taken a double dose of tranquilliser to subdue it for transport.

“We should’ve called someone in to help,” Ianto groaned as he and Jack set their burden down to open the door to the stairs. “Times like this I wish we had automatic doors.”

The End
Early Call

Chapter Summary

Ianto is used to being woken in the middle of the night.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 519: Automatic at tw100.

Double drabble.

Work for Torchwood long enough and certain things become automatic. When the cog-door alarms go off, you look to see who’s coming in. When the Rift Alert goes off you stop what you’re doing in case you’re needed. Before leaving the Hub you check your gun. Most of the time you won’t need it, but you have to make sure you’ve not only got it with you, but that it’s loaded and ready for use if necessary.

And if your phone goes off in the middle of the night, you drag yourself out of bed and start getting dressed even while you’re answering it.

Ianto throws back the covers and snatches up his phone with one hand, thumb pressing the button to accept the call while with his other hand he’s tugging his shorts on. Holding the phone to his ear he tries to remember where his trousers are, starting across the room and barking his shins on a chair that shouldn’t be there.

“Jack?”

“Good morning, gorgeous! How’s the Big Apple treating you?”

That’s when he remembers where he is and looks at the clock, groaning.

“Bloody hell, Jack, it’s four in the morning!”

“Oops! Forgot the time difference.”

The End
Ianto’s explanation of a modern technological miracle doesn’t get the reaction he’s expecting.

Written for Challenge 519: Automatic at tw100.

Spoilers: Out Of Time.

Automatic doors had been around as long as Ianto could remember; he was so used to them that he took them for granted, so Diane’s reaction to the supermarket doors opening in front of her took him a bit by surprise. He should have expected it; they didn’t have such things back in the fifties.

Still, when asked how they worked, he had the answer ready. After all, he did have a reputation for knowing everything, and it was nice to be able to impress someone.

Sadly his explanation turned out to be less interesting than the bananas on sale…

The End
Handy Device

Chapter Summary

Alien tech can be a bit unpredictable.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 519: Automatic at tw100.
Double drabble.

Jack got excited over the oddest things. The Rift’s latest gift had him practically rubbing his hands with glee, even though the device had nothing whatsoever to do with sex.

“So what is this miraculous gadget?” Ianto asked, staring at the unprepossessing object on the desk.

“It’s an automatic wrapper.”

“You what?”

“For wrapping presents! You just give it some paper and the gift you want wrapped, and hey presto it’s done, neatly and professionally! It can wrap anything, any shape… Here, I’ll show you.” Taking a blank sheet of paper, Jack put it on the flat part of the machine, placed his stapler on top, and pressed a button. Manipulators came out of the sides, and hardly a minute later there was the neatly wrapped stapler with a fancy paper flower on top.

“Okay, I’m impressed.”

“Thought you would be.”

A while later, entering Jack’s office, Ianto found the floor strewn with objects wrapped in what looked like Jack’s paperwork, and his lover frantically poking at the machine with a screwdriver.

“Dare I ask what happened?”

Jack glanced up, looking frazzled. “The button’s jammed. It won’t stop wrapping!”

Ianto sighed. Why did things never work the way they should?

The End
Ianto received a phone call guaranteed to annoy him.

My first drabble for Challenge 520: Call at tw100.

Ianto snapped his phone shut and jammed it viciously into his pocket, muttering swearwords under his breath. Tosh got the impression he would have liked to throw it across the Hub to smash against the wall, but restrained himself because he didn’t want the hassle of getting another replacement. He’d only had this one a few weeks since its predecessor died of alien slime.

“Telesales call?” she asked her friend sympathetically. She knew he really hated being interrupted when he was busy.

He sighed heavily. “No, unfortunately. That was Jack; the SUV’s been towed. With a Weevil in the boot.”

The End
Ianto gets a rude awakening.

My second drabble for Challenge 520: Call at tw100.

Dragged out of peaceful sleep by the blaring of the 1812 overture, Ianto stuck one arm out from under the covers and groped for his phone on the nightstand, dragging it into his cosy cocoon and silencing the racket. He clapped the phone to his ear.

“What?”

“Good morning, sunshine! This is your wake-up call! I trust you slept well?”

Having crawled into bed just after four in the morning, Ianto wasn’t at all sure that question deserved an answer. “Do you have any idea what time it is?”

“Of course I do, but apparently you don’t.”

“Huh?” Ianto pulled the phone back from his ear and checked the time display, blinked, stuck his head out from under the covers and looked at his bedside alarm clock. The cheery red numbers flashed back at him: 12.37pm.

“Shit!” He slapped the phone back to his ear. “Sorry, Jack, I must’ve forgotten to set my alarm last night.” Thinking back, he could dimly recall that he’d been intending to do it, just as soon as he got beneath the covers, but… obviously he hadn’t or it would have gone off.

“You’re forgiven; it was a late night. Get here when you can.”

The End
She wishes she could stay all night.

My third drabble for Challenge 520: Call at tw100.

Sliding out of the bed, she quickly started to dress. The bed’s other occupant stirred sleepily.

“You’re leaving?”

“Yeah, sorry; didn’t mean to wake you up. I have to be at work early tomorrow.” She looked at the bedside clock, saw it was already after one in the morning. “Or should I say today? I had a wonderful time tonight.”

“So did I.”

She smiled, leaned down for a kiss that lingered, wishing more than anything that she didn’t have to go. “Call me?”

“Count on it.”

The bedroom door closed softy. Tosh stretched out on her bed and smiled.

The End
“Ianto!” Jack bellowed, charging into the main Hub, panting for breath. “Call Owen! Now!”

Ianto studied his lover’s panicked expression; whatever was going on, it didn’t look good. Still, Jack was a drama queen, known to overreact, so it probably wasn’t as serious as it seemed. “What’s up?” he asked mildly, pulling out his phone and turning it on, scrolling through his contacts list.

“You know the chubby Weevil we brought in last night?”

Ianto refused to be affected by Jack’s wild-eyed look. “I do vaguely recall it,” he drawled. Nobody did dry sarcasm better than Ianto Jones.

“Well it’s not chubby, it’s pregnant, and I think it’s about to have little Weevils!”

“It’s in labour?” Ianto stabbed the button to dial Owen’s number. The medic would no doubt be annoyed but this was an emergency.

“Uh huh!” Jack was almost nodding his head off. “Pretty sure. It’s panting and groaning, and… and… you do NOT want to see a Weevil without its boiler suit on! It’s grey and wrinkly and undulating…” Jack trailed off, his panic replaced by horrified disgust.

“What?” Owen’s voice snapped in Ianto’s ear dragged his attention back. “Owen, you’re needed. Weevil in labour!”

“Bloody Hell!”

The End
Safety Measures

Chapter Summary

There are very good reasons why Ianto tries to keep the Hub clean and tidy.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 521: Untidy at tw100.

Double drabble.

Contrary to popular belief, Ianto didn’t have OCD. He could be as much of a slob as anyone; he simply chose not to be, most of the time.

Keeping the Hub as clean and tidy as possible was part of his job. The place was never going to be anything close to spotless, it was an underground concrete bunker and there were places no vacuum cleaner or feather duster could ever reach, but it was best that the areas they used most weren’t allowed to become too untidy, if only so nobody would trip over something and hurt themselves during an emergency. It was more of a safety measure than anything.

Clearing away empty food cartons was common sense too. Let them pile up and fester and it would just attract rats. The last thing the Hub needed was a rodent problem; they had a lot of vital, not to mention highly sensitive, documents and artefacts stored in the archives, and also a lot of wiring that could cause disaster if it got chewed. Security systems, computers, cold storage, ventilation, lights, doors, elevators… Lose power to any of those and Torchwood would be in serious trouble.

Be tidy, be safe.

The End
Sanctuary

Chapter Summary

The archives are a mess, but Ianto finds sorting them out quite therapeutic.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 521: Untidy at tw100.

Double drabble.

After Ianto had wormed his way into a job with Torchwood Three, Jack had put him in charge of the archives, telling him it was a bit untidy down there but that it would give him something useful to do. Ianto had taken one look, and if it hadn’t been for Lisa, probably would have quit there and then. A bit untidy? The place looked more like a rubbish tip than a storage area for alien artefacts.

Jack was right about one thing though, it did give him something useful to do, along with a perfectly plausible reason for spending a lot of time in the lower levels of the Hub. Ianto could hardly have arranged things better if he’d planned it.

What he hadn’t expected was that he’d come to love working down there, creating order out of total chaos, and that the archives would come to be a kind of sanctuary for him. It was curiously calming to take a room piled with junk and go through it all piece-by-piece, cataloguing, identifying where possible, and labelling all the sundry items, then arranging them tidily on the shelves, each in its proper place.

Through everything, it kept him sane.

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen hates having to clean up after himself.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 521: Untidy at tw100.

Alone in the autopsy bay, Owen groaned. He’d finished dissecting his latest subject, but now the tiles were splattered with gore and other substances. He was tired and aching from wrestling with the corpse, and from chasing the creature in the first place. Now he was expected to clean up too.

Wasn’t that why they had Teaboy, to clean up after them? Honestly, Ianto had to have OCD or something; he couldn’t stand for any part of the Hub to be untidy.

But according to Jack, medical waste was Owen’s responsibility.

“I’m a doctor, not a bloody janitor,” he muttered.

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto is horrified at the mess Jack is in.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 521: Untidy at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto stared at Jack in horror; there were times when he didn’t seem to give a damn about his appearance. This would not do! “Have you looked at yourself in a mirror today? You’re a complete mess! Hair all over the place, shirt creased, and is that blood or tomato ketchup dripped down the front? You have to get changed right away; you should just have time if you hurry!”

“So I’m a bit untidy, so what? It’s been a busy morning.” Jack was completely unfazed and Ianto simply could not understand his lover’s cavalier attitude to personal hygiene, especially not today of all days.

“You do know what day it is, don’t you?” It was just conceivable that Jack had forgotten; that was one of the reasons Ianto was needed, to keep track of his schedule and all the important events Torchwood Three’s leader might otherwise overlook.

“Yes, Ianto, I know, and I’m ready. Just relax, will you?” Jack took a seat at his desk and checked his watch: five minutes and counting.

“But… but… you can’t speak to Her Majesty looking like that! It’s disrespectful!”

“It’s a phone call, Ianto, not face to face!”

“But it’s just wrong!”

The End
Doubts

Chapter Summary

After two betrayals in quick succession, Jack is starting to doubt his ability to read people.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 522: Read at tw100.

Jack had always considered himself good at reading people; it was one of the reasons he was so successful as a conman. He could pick the most likely marks out of a crowd of people, lure them close, hook them, then reel them in.

But now he was starting to doubt himself.

First there’d been Suzie. He’d noticed nothing unusual in her behaviour besides her obsession with the glove, and it was hardly the first time she’d become obsessed with a piece of tech. But to find out she’d been murdering innocent people… How had he missed that? He’d thought he knew Suzie so well, they’d been working together for years and yet he’d failed to see what that damned glove was doing to her.

That had been bad enough, but now this?

Ianto. Loyal, dedicated, trusted Ianto, Torchwood’s General Support Officer and Jack’s sometimes bed partner, the man Jack had entrusted with all the Hub’s security codes, and all this time he’d been hiding a Cyberman practically under their noses.

Was there any truth in anything they’d shared, or was it all just clever lies to keep him from discovering the truth? Jack wasn’t sure he wanted to know.

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen’s latest report makes for interesting, if slightly alarming, reading.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 522: Read at tw100.

Double drabble.

One of Ianto’s self-imposed tasks was to read through the team’s reports, checking for legibility, mistakes and in Jack’s case, flights of fancy. Torchwood’s leader had quite an imagination, though Ianto suspected a lot of the extra details his lover added were meant to amuse and entertain him. They certainly made a boring job more fun.

Owen’s reports were usually characterised by abysmal handwriting, which seemed to be a medical tradition, but the medic had added an extra something to this one.

‘The vial contains a granular powder, yellowish in colour. Examination of a sample under the electron microscope indicates it’s natural rather than manmade, and possibly a type of pollen, although it doesn’t match anything in the databases.

It smells faintly of honey, the really good kind, not the cheap mass produced stuff you get in the supermarket.

Tosh looks amazing. Her hair’s all shiny and I think that’s a new top. I don’t remember seeing it before; it’s tighter than she usually wears. Those jeans are tight too, snug. I wish I was those jeans. I want to peel them off her and just lick her all over…’

“Jack? That stuff Owen found… I think it’s sex pollen!”

The End
Tosh understands the language of computers better than she understands people.

My third drabble for Challenge 522: Read at tw100.

To many people, perhaps even to most, computer code is unfathomable, a mysterious foreign language that only a select few can comprehend. Tosh finds that strange, because for her there’s no mystery to it at all. She finds it as simple to read as English or Japanese, the languages she grew up with.

Computer code is logical and sensible, far more so than any human language. It’s free of emotion and sentiment, dealing solely with facts and logic.

Sometimes Tosh wishes people were more like computers; then maybe there’d be fewer misunderstandings, less chance of someone getting their heart broken.

The End
“Read ‘em and weep,” Jack gloated as he laid his cards out one by one and Ianto silently groaned; Jack’s full house beat his measly two pairs easily. This was so unfair! All Jack had lost so far were his braces and one shoe, while Ianto was already barefoot, and minus jacket, waistcoat, tie, and shirt. Now here went his trousers!

Jack had to be cheating, even though so far Ianto hadn’t managed to figure out exactly how. He cheated at everything.

Thinking hard, Ianto decided it was time to try a different tactic. “You’re lagging behind,” he accused Jack as he removed his trousers. “Look at you, still with most of your clothes on. At this rate I’m going to win easily. I thought you could play strip poker!”

“What?” Jack looked confused. “I thought the winner was the one who was still wearing some clothes at the end of the game!”

Ianto raised an eyebrow. “What would be the point of that, me naked and you still dressed?”

Jack blinked at his lover. “You’re right; that doesn’t make sense.” A look of determination spread across Jack’s face and Ianto hid a smirk. He was so going to win!

The End
Injured

Chapter Summary

Jack accidentally damages the team medic.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 523: Broken at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Argh!” yelled Owen, hopping around, clutching his hand. “I think you broke it!”

“Don’t be such a baby,” Jack replied. “Why is it you doctors are always the ones who make the biggest fuss when you’re injured or ill? I’m sure it’s not broken; probably just bruised. Stick it under the cold tap or something when we get back to the Hub.”

“Jack, what did you do?” Ianto asked. The other two had only been alone for a few minutes, carrying the body of the dead alien to the SUV while he took care of cleanup.

“Nothing!”

“He slammed the bloody boot on my finger!” Owen whimpered, still hopping around.

“Whose fault is that? You should’ve moved your hand when I told you to!”

“You didn’t give me a chance!” Tears of pain were gathering in Owen’s eyes as he cradled his abused hand against his chest.

“Let me take a look.” Ianto approached the medic.

“Why? You’re not a doctor!”

“Maybe not, but I like to think I learned a bit from the emergency first aid lessons you gave us.” Reluctantly, Owen let his colleague look.

“Well done, Jack, you broke his finger. Good thing it’s his left hand.”

The End
Accidents Happen

Chapter Summary

The SUV is damaged, but who’s to blame?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 523: Broken at tw100.

Double drabble.

“What d’you mean you broke it?” Ianto stared at Jack incredulously.

“It’s not like I did it on purpose! It was an accident!” Jack said indignantly; didn’t Ianto understand how dangerous their work was? Accidents happened all the time, equipment got broken, that was just the way things were.

“You’d better show me!”

Drooping, Jack led Ianto to the underground garage to view the damage. Sure enough, the rear window of the SUV was a maze of cracks, only holding together by blind luck as far as Ianto could tell.

“How in blazes did you manage to do that?” Ianto studied the window, hands on hips. “It’s toughened safety glass, it’s supposed to be bullet-proof! Did you reverse into something?”

There was no visible damage to the rear bumper or the boot, but there wouldn’t be if Jack had backed up fast into something that was sticking out, a big branch, or maybe a pipe…

“No! I wasn’t even in the SUV!”

“Then how’d it happen?”

“It was a very big Weevil.”

“You’re saying a Weevil did that?”

“No, I think it was my head when the Weevil picked me up and threw me.”

Ianto sighed. “That would do it.”

The End
Fixing It

Chapter Summary

This is Tosh’s favourite part of her job.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 523: Broken at tw100.

Tosh smiled as Jack set the object down on her workstation; nobody had any idea what it might be, but it was pretty obviously broken.

This was what she loved most about her work, taking a mysterious piece of alien tech, dismantling it, figuring it out, fixing it, and putting it back together again. She’d been fixing broken devices since she was a child, learning everything she could about how things worked, but she’d learned more in a year with Torchwood than she ever had before.

Now she had a new challenge to unravel; she couldn’t wait to get started!

The End
Alienated

Chapter Summary

Ianto is injured in the line of duty.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 523: Broken at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Owen! Help!” Jack yelled, half carrying a hobbling Ianto into the Hub. “I think I’ve broken Ianto!”

“What the fuck did you do to the Teaboy this time?”

“It wasn’t his fault; I keep telling him that but he never listens to me,” Ianto ground out between gritted teeth. Owen got hold of him from the other side and leant a hand getting him down the steps to the medical bay.

“But it was my fault! I’m the one who shot the alien!” Jack wailed.

“It was trying to bite my head off; I would’ve been disappointed in you if you hadn’t.” Ianto let himself be manhandled onto the cold metal surface of the autopsy table, lying back with a pained groan. “You probably saved my life.”

“So if Captain Outrageous here didn’t injure you, what did happen?” Owen started to prod and poke at Ianto’s leg, making him wince.

“We had the alien cornered. I moved in to tranquillise it, but it attacked me. You should’ve seen the size of its mouth! I thought I was done for but then Jack shot it…”

“And?”

“And I didn’t get out of the way fast enough. Damned thing fell on me.”

The End
Working Hours

Chapter Summary

Andy is learning the hard way that Tochwood agents are never off duty.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 524: Sleep at tw100.

Double drabble.

“But it’s the middle of the night!” Andy groaned into the receiver. His phone’s strident ringing had dragged him out of a deep sleep and now he was expected to get up and go to work! At least when he’d been with the police he’d worked regular shifts.

“The Rift doesn’t run to a set schedule so neither do we,” Jack’s voice said in his ear. “Owen will be picking you up in ten minutes so you’d better be ready. If you’re not waiting outside he’ll leave without you.” Jack hung up and Andy flopped back onto his bed for a moment before rousing himself to pull on the clothes he’d shed not much more than two hours before. He shoveled his feet into shoes, pulled on his jacket, grabbed keys and phone, and just made it to the kerb as the SUV pulled up in front of him. Mickey was in the front passenger seat so Andy had to get in the back.

“What is this, some sort of hazing ritual?” he grumbled, fastening his seatbelt. “See how long the newbies can go without sleep before they collapse from exhaustion?”

Owen snorted. “This is Torchwood. Sleep is for wimps.”

The End
Ianto groaned, wishing he could bury his head beneath the pillow and go back to sleep. He was so damned tired! Jack was no better off; he’d crawled out of bed barely an hour ago to deal with a Rift alert and hadn’t returned yet. Shouldn’t someone else be handling night duty at the moment? Because honestly, it didn’t seem fair to expect either of them to give up what little sleep they were getting. Surely they should be allowed to plead extenuating circumstances.

Wearily Ianto threw back the covers, scrabbling bare feet on the floor until he located his slippers and got them on, not caring that they were on the wrong feet; that wasn’t important. Bleary eyed, he shuffled his way into the next room, pulling his robe on as he went. How could something so small be so loud?

Nosy was rocking the crib and humming, but the baby wouldn’t be soothed, meaning she was either hungry or needed to be changed, or with his luck, both.

“What’s up, little girl?” He lifted Meriel out of the crib, wincing as she yelled loudly in his ear.

On second thoughts, maybe Jack had the right idea about escaping.

The End
Gwen knew she shouldn’t be doing this. She loved Rhys, and knew he loved her. He trusted her too, and if he ever found out it would probably destroy their relationship. How could she expect him to forgive her for cheating on him? She doubted she’d forgive him if he cheated.

So why was she risking everything by sleeping with Owen? She didn’t even particularly like him. She told herself it was because she couldn’t talk to Rhys about her job, but that was a crock.

She was doing it because she could, and because it gave her a thrill.

The End
Ianto was frantic; he’d only taken his eyes off her for a minute or two, but when he’d turned back she was gone! He’d lost his daughter; he was the world’s worst parent! Jack would kill him!

‘I shouldn’t have brought her to the Hub!’ he thought desperately. ‘She’s too little, too defenceless! What if Myfanwy snatched her? What if she ate her? What possessed me?’

He knew the answer to that; Jack had left his laptop at home, he was going to need it, so Ianto had decided to drop it off before going to the supermarket. It was a nice day and he hadn’t felt like being cooped up in the flat. Much as he loved his daughter, spending a whole day with only Meriel and Nosy for company sometimes got a bit much. Meriel was barely three months old and not the most scintillating conversationalist. Sometimes he just felt the need to talk to an adult.

Now he felt horribly selfish. He could have called one of the team to collect Jack’s laptop, then he wouldn’t have lost the baby!

“She’s growing so fast!” Tosh said.

Turning, Ianto breathed a sigh of relief; not lost, only borrowed.

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s nothing better than a bit of snuggling…

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 524: Sleep at tw100.

Double drabble.

“This is nice,” Jack mumbled into Ianto’s hair.

“Mm,” Ianto replied sleepily.

He and Jack had come in cold and damp from a Rift retrieval in the rain, and after a hot shower to warm themselves up had tumbled into Jack’s cramped cot for some even hotter sex. Now they were sated, warm, and so relaxed that neither of them wanted to move. In some ways this was the best aspect of their job, the downtime after all the action, their reward for a job well done.

“Wish we could stay like this all night,” Ianto murmured; he was lying face down on the cot with Jack sprawled mostly on top of him like a heavy duvet. It made him feel loved, and protected, and a bit squashed, but not so much that he couldn’t breathe.

“We can; I don’t mind. You’re very comfy, like a big, squishy, Ianto shaped pillow.”

“That’s nice. Unfortunately one of us will have to move soon.”

“Oh?”

“Mm. I’m lying on my arm and it’s gone to sleep.”

“Ah.”

There followed several minutes of squirming, resulting in Jack lying on his back with Ianto face down on top of him.

“How’s this?”

“Much better.”

The End
Loser

Chapter Summary

Jack always wins. Until now.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 525: Lost at tw100.

Jack was speechless. How could he, the greatest cheater in the known universe, have lost? One way or another he always made absolutely certain that he won; losing was for... well, losers, and he’d never been one of those, or not since he’d been a little kid!

Ianto chuckled. “So, mister ‘I always win’, how does it feel to lose?”

Jack slumped in his seat, bottom lip quivering. “Horrible! I don’t like it!”

“Nobody enjoys losing, cariad. I hope that’s taught you a lesson.”

“It has,” Jack sighed. “That’s the last time I challenge Nosy to a game of chess.”

The End
System Failure

Chapter Summary

What happens when the technology you’re relying on lets you down?

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 525: Lost at tw100.

Double drabble.

Owen shook the small device harder, not that it made the slightest difference.

“Work, damn you!”

This couldn’t be happening! Here he was, miles outside Cardiff at close to midnight on what should have been a routine jaunt, delivering replacement parts to a stranded spaceship and now…

He’d been driving along following the directions the SatNav was giving him when something had gone seriously wrong.

‘Turn left in gloooble glurch skreeeeEEEE BLRRRRP.’

As the screen went blank and a shrill whistle almost pierced his eardrums Owen had pulled to the side of the deserted road, snatching up the device and desperately trying to get it going again, but he had a horrible feeling it was dead. Now what was he going to do? Fixing living beings was one thing, but what did he know about electronics? Every time he got a new phone he had to ask Tosh to set it up for him.

The worst part was, he’d been relying on the SatNav not just to get him where he was going but to show him the way back to Cardiff afterwards. Without it he was completely lost.

To cap it all, there was no phone signal.

“Bloody perfect!”

The End
Monster Mistake

Chapter Summary

Owen and his brilliant ideas…

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 525: Lost at tw100.

Double drabble.

“What do you mean you’ve lost it? How can you possibly lose something that big?” Ianto was horrified; could today possibly get any worse? “You said you had it under surveillance!”

“I did!” Owen protested. “It was laying right there!”

“And then it just vanished from right in front of your eyes before the rest of us could get here?” This time it was Jack asking the question.

“Well, not exactly. Look, you said you didn’t want anyone accidentally catching sight of it, and the park was starting to get a bit busy so I thought maybe if I threw the tarp from the boot over it, that would make it less conspicuous. So I was rummaging around in the back when I remembered that camouflage thing we took off that alien a couple of weeks ago, and I thought if I used that on it, then people could just walk right past and not even know it was there…”

Ianto facepalmed. “Owen, has anyone ever told you you’re an idiot?”

“How was I supposed to know it would get up and walk away? The sedative must’ve worn off!”

“Wonderful! So now there’s an invisible Megatherium wandering around Cardiff.”

“Sorry.”

The End
Revealed

Chapter Summary

Ianto faces a problem with cataloguing a new arrival.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 526: Picture at tw100.

Double drabble.

Everything arriving through the Rift, whether alien or of earth origin, organic or manufactured, working or broken beyond repair, got photographed for Torchwood’s records. It had been Ianto’s idea, to simplify locating items in the archives; call up a listing on the computer, look at the pictures, note down the reference number, and when you got to the relevant storage area you didn’t have to spend ages checking labels. It was a real timesaver.

The living creatures, and those that didn’t survive, got photographed too; keeping a detailed catalogue of the aliens they encountered would be invaluable to future teams. Ianto always had his camera ready to get mugshots of new arrivals. He was even building a Weevil database; contrary to popular belief, Weevils didn’t all look alike, not if you knew what identifying characteristics to look for.

He was having difficulty photographing the latest Riftugee, however; it wasn’t cooperating and Ianto was beginning to wonder how it had been captured in the first place.

“I can’t get a clear picture of the damned thing!” he told Jack in exasperation. “Every time I point the camera at it, it goes transparent.”

Jack turned on the sprinklers. “Now you see it.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack has a brilliant idea.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 526: Picture at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Picture it; you and me, on a grassy hillside, picnic blanket spread out with all manner of delicious foods, a bottle of wine…” Jack trailed off, noticing Ianto’s distinct lack of enthusiasm. “What’s wrong?”

“Jack, I appreciate the thought, and in principle a picnic in the country does sound wonderful, it would be nice to escape the chaos around here for a couple of hours, but I think you’re overlooking a few important details.

“Such as?” Jack looked at him enquiringly.

“Well, the fact it’s been pouring with rain for over a week so every hill and meadow in Wales is probably knee deep in mud, not to mention it’s about ten degrees out. Not what I’d call picnic weather.”

“You’re thinking too small, Ianto. I have this.” Jack pulled up his sleeve to reveal his wrist strap. “We can go anywhere! I was thinking New Zealand… I checked it out earlier; found a lovely spot, stunning scenery, completely unspoiled. You’ll love it! Best of all, it’s a balmy twenty-four degrees, not too hot, not too cold. I have the picnic packed; you just need to get ready. We’ll be there before you can blink.”

That changed everything.

“Let’s go!”

The End
Tosh cherishes the photo of herself and Owen.

Written for Challenge 526: Picture at tw100.

Spoilers: Set just after Greeks Bearing Gifts.

Tosh’s favourite picture is a snapshot of herself and Owen, taken one New Year’s Eve. She, Owen, and Suzie had gone out celebrating, leaving Jack watching over things at the Hub.

They’d been in a pub when some guy with an instamatic had offered to take their photo for a fiver. Suzie was getting drinks so Tosh and Owen had been alone at the table, both slightly tipsy. Owen had put his arm around her, pecked her on the cheek… For a moment it had been as if they were a couple.

A bittersweet memento of what wasn’t to be.

The End
Family Photos

Chapter Summary

Jack is feeling snap happy.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 526: Picture at tw100.

Double drabble.

Some people might think that after over a century and a half of life Jack would have become jaded. He’d seen it all and most likely done it all, several times over. Jack knew different; anyone who thought that way clearly didn’t know him at all.

Life was an amazing adventure, he never knew what each day held in store for him, and that was especially true now he had a family. Watching his daughter grow and learn was fascinating, and he was always willing to pull out his wallet and show people pictures of his husband and daughter.

Raising his camera and aiming carefully, he clicked off another shot, glad that digital cameras were so much quieter than the old fashioned kind; it meant he could take pictures without anyone noticing. They had another advantage too, because he didn’t have to get films developed. Some pictures were definitely not for public consumption.

“Another one?” Ianto asked, amused. “Don’t you have enough yet?”

“Not even close,” Jack said firmly. “It’s impossible to have too many. These are going in the family album.” He snapped off several more shots.

What could be cuter than pictures of their daughter and her Fluff?

The End
By Moonlight

Chapter Summary

Sometimes it’s good to just stand still and catch your breath.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 527: Watch at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto leaned on the railings at the edge of the Plas, enjoying the slightly chilly night air. The sky was clear, the stars like chips of diamond, and the full moon laid a path of silver across the bay.

This felt like the first time he’d had a chance to just stand still and catch his breath in forever, although he knew it had been less than twenty-four hours. That was Torchwood for you; some days were just non-stop from first thing in the morning to late at night, or the following day.

This was… somewhere in between. Pulling out his watch, Ianto checked the time by the light of the moon; it was just after three-thirty in the morning. That explained why he hadn’t seen another living soul since he’d got here; everyone else was probably in bed, aside for those who worked nights.

“There you are! I was looking for you.” Jack’s voice.

Ianto smiled to himself. “Here I am,” he agreed. “It’s nice here.” Fighting off invasions really worked up a sweat and the cool air felt good against his hot skin.

“Mind if I join you?”

“Plenty of room.”

Once again Torchwood had saved the world.

The End
Instant Karma

Chapter Summary

Sometimes Owen gets what he deserves.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 527: Watch at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Can’t you watch where you’re going?” Owen snapped as he almost collided with Ianto.

“I thought I was,” Torchwood’s archivist replied mildly. “You might find it easier to get around without bumping into things if you weren’t wearing sunglasses. It’s not exactly brilliant daylight in here,”

“I’ve got a headache.”

“You’ve got a hangover. Again.”

That wasn’t an unusual state of affairs. When the workday ended, Owen usually headed to one of Cardiff’s many pubs to drown his sorrows and hopefully pick up a bed partner for the night. For a man of medicine, he wasn’t big on healthy living.

“So what if I have?” Owen was cranky at the best of times, but hung over he was a hundred times worse.

“So nothing. I don’t care if you choose to drink yourself to death, but I object to being blamed for your inability to look where you’re going.”

“Whatever,” Owen muttered, roughly shoving his way past Ianto. “Are you going to make coffee sometime in the next century?” he added, looking back over his shoulder and promptly walking smack into the wall.

Ianto didn’t reply, just walked away smiling as he listened to Owen swearing.

Karma 1, Owen 0!

The End
Junk

Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood isn’t always exciting…

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 527: Watch at tw100.
Double drabble.

It was Torchwood’s job to watch over Cardiff, keeping its citizens safe from everything that came through the Rift. Not that most of it was dangerous as such, it wasn’t all weapons and bombs and savage aliens bent on invasion, but if humans got certain technologies too soon it could catastrophically screw up timelines. Such instances wouldn’t just cause problems locally; they could cause a knock-on effect throughout history, not to mention the rest of the universe. It was a huge responsibility.

It could also be incredibly boring.

Yes, there were invasions and vicious animals to deal with. Yes, they sometimes had to defuse bombs, or lock other dangerous objects away. Yes, they got their hands on some truly advanced technology, and did on occasion use such things for their own purposes. But more often than not, they got junk.

Broken objects, things from earth’s past, pieces of spacecraft made of alloys unknown on earth, next decade’s version of the iPhone… Okay, that last one had been pretty cool, except that it was unusable because earth technology wasn’t advanced enough; a phone was only as good as the network it was on.

They were guardians of earth’s lost and found.

The End
“Daddy! Taddy! Watch me!” Meriel shouted, pedalling her brand new tricycle around the roof garden.

“We’re watching, sweetheart!” Ianto called back.

It was cold out, but that hadn’t deterred their daughter from trying out her best birthday present. She’d taken to the tricycle like a duck to water, fairly whizzing around obstacles.

“You’re doing so well, Princess!” Jack said, keeping the video camera trained on his daughter. He didn’t want to miss a moment; it was his goal to photograph or otherwise record every important first of his daughter’s life; her first tooth, first word, first steps, first birthday… He’d even videoed her first haircut despite the fact that she’d cried the entire time while Ianto had valiantly tried to distract her.

Jack was paying so much attention to capturing every second of this exciting milestone that he wasn’t paying enough attention to where he was going, following Meriel around, the camera glued to his eye. As she sped towards him, he took a couple of steps back so he wouldn’t be in her path, tripped on the edge of the decking, and landed on Nosy, drawing a started squeak from the Fluff.

Meriel nearly fell off her tricycle laughing.

The End
Unsettling

Chapter Summary

Owen is suspicious of his new teammate.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 528: Lurk at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Coffee?”

Owen gave a shriek and just about jumped out of his skin. “Jesus Christ! D’you have to lurk like that and jump out at people?”

There was something deeply unsettling about the new hire, like he was incapable of clomping about on the concrete like the rest of them, and Owen darted a quick glance at the Welshman’s feet, just to make sure they were actually touching the ground. Nobody should be able to walk so silently!

“I didn’t jump out at you and I don’t lurk,” Ianto said mildly.

“Well whatever you were doing, stop it,” Owen muttered.

“If you hadn’t been dozing at your desk…”

“I wasn’t dozing, I was thinking.”

“Of course you were,” Ianto said politely, without a flicker of expression.

Owen glared at the younger man, sure he was being mocked. “What d’you want anyway?”

“To know if you’ll be wanting coffee. I’m about to make some.”

“Then go do it, and stop bothering me. I’m busy. You can bring me a cup when it’s ready. Two…”

“Two sugars and no milk,” Ianto interrupted smoothly. “I know.” Without another word he glided silently away.

“He’s like a bloody robot,” Owen muttered.

Unseen, Ianto winced.

The End
Sneaking In

Chapter Summary

There’s something lurking in the dark.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 528: Lurk at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto entered the Hub from the underground garage and paused. It was very late, the lights and computers had long since been set to night mode; the two people who might still be in the Hub, namely Jack and whoever was on night duty, would most likely be fast asleep.

He smiled; that was perfect! He wasn’t supposed to be home for several days yet, but by working longer hours each day he’d concluded his business in Scotland ahead of schedule so he could come home early.

As he made his way quickly and quietly towards Jack’s office, he sensed the faintest movement nearby; something was lurking in the dark and for a moment he held his breath, hand moving towards his gun. This was Torchwood; there was always the chance he might have walked in on a situation. It wouldn’t be the first time Hub security had been breached.

A faint slithering sound reached his ears, along with a very quiet and questioning, “hum?”

Ianto relaxed; the lurker was none other than Nosy. Fluffs had very sensitive hearing. He put a finger to his lips as he crouched to greet the friendly alien.

“Shhh, I want to surprise Jack.”

The End
Watchers

Chapter Summary

Ianto knows the archive monsters are watching him.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 528: Lurk at tw100.

Double drabble.

They lurk in the shadows, mostly in the lower levels where even Ianto seldom goes, but also in the archives. Ianto knows when they’re around, it’s like he can sense them somehow, no matter how silent and unobtrusive they are. Perhaps they want him to be aware of their presence.

He’s sure they could move unseen and unheard if they chose; perhaps they do, they might always be watching without any of the team being aware of their scrutiny. It doesn’t matter; if they meant harm to him, or to any of the team, they would surely have acted by now. They never have, not in the century or more that Jack’s been here.

Ianto gets the impression they’re far more intelligent than humans, more highly evolved, and technologically superior. Once in a while he’ll find an object on his desk, something the mysterious aliens feel has been wrongly classified. Sometimes there’ll be a new label beside it, the correct identification written in Galactic Standard. Other times, the item will be in pieces, a dangerous artefact made safe. He thanks them each time, sure they’re watching to see what he’ll do.

He hopes he’s making a good impression on them.

The End
Ianto-Watching

Chapter Summary

Sneaking around and watching Ianto is Jack’s favourite sport.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 528: Lurk at tw100.

Double drabble.

Although most of the time Jack preferred to be hands-on with his favourite Welshman, now and then he liked to Ianto-watch. The easiest way was from his office, relaxing at his desk and following his lover on his laptop screen, via the network of CCTV cameras throughout the Hub. That method had the advantage of making it appear that he was working, but there were times it just didn’t quite satisfy.

The more appealing, and significantly more dangerous, method was to stalk his prey on foot through the archives, where he could lurk in the shadows, silent and unseen.

Hunting Weevils required far less skill since the idea was to chase and capture them; there was no stealth involved. Ianto was a far trickier prospect; unless Torchwood’s archivist was deeply involved in whatever he was doing, there was a high possibility that Jack would be the one to get caught, and if that happened… Well, he’d be in serious trouble for not getting on with his work. In Jack’s opinion, however, the rewards far outweighed the risks. Observing Ianto when his guard was down brought new insights into the young Welshman. If Jack had his way he’d Ianto-watch all day.

The End
Drowning

Chapter Summary

Ianto is swamped with work and there’s no escape.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 529: Frustration at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto sighed heavily, realising he hadn’t known what frustration was until he’d come to work for Torchwood Three. He’d been so naïve! Now he was dealing with people who’d apparently never learned to tidy up after themselves, didn’t get their reports written unless he nagged them constantly, even then usually handing them in late, and who were incapable of using spellcheck.

He frequently ended up having to rewrite everyone else’s work, except for Tosh’s. He supposed he should be thankful at least one member of the team was capable of doing their work efficiently and on time. Did they think he had nothing better to do?

It was a miracle he wasn’t bald considering that most days he got so frustrated with his colleagues he felt like tearing his hair out by the roots. Not that they’d even notice if he did, too wrapped up in their own little worlds.

He’d vaguely thought his life would be a bit easier with Lisa gone, but it wasn’t. Now he didn’t even have the distraction caring for her used to provide, or anyone he could complain to about work. He was drowning and no one cared about him enough to save him.

The End
Elusive Treat

Chapter Summary

It’s Nosy’s lucky day… or is it?

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 529: Frustration at tw100.

Double drabble.

As far as Nosy was concerned, this must be its lucky day. Ianto wasn’t usually so careless, but there’d been a Rift alert a few minutes ago, just as he was about to make coffee, and as he’d hurriedly shoved his precious coffee beans back into their storage container, one had escaped, falling to the floor.

Lying very still, not wanting to attract attention, the Fluff waited as the team scurried around, grabbing coats, and weapons, and field kits. Twice the little bean got kicked, skittering away across the floor, but nobody noticed; they were in too much of a rush.

At last they were gone and Nosy slithered out from under the sofa, following its nose, in search of the delicious little morsel. That was when it hit a snag.

The last person to kick the bean had sent it into the narrow gap between two cabinets. Try as it might, Nosy couldn’t even squeeze the tip of its snout in there. It stuck out its tongue as far as it could, but only got a mouthful of fluff for its troubles.

Nosy hummed in frustration. It could almost taste the coffee bean; so near and yet so far!

The End
Dinner For One

Chapter Summary

Looks like Rhys will be eating dinner alone yet again.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 529: Frustration at tw100.

Double drabble.

Turning off the cooker, Rhys slumped against the kitchen counter, helpless frustration flooding through him. Gwen had just called to say she’d be working late again; that was the third time this week! He was starting to wonder why he bothered making dinner for two when more often than not he’d wind up eating alone.

Since when did he have to fight for his girlfriend’s attention? He knew the answer to that: since she started that new job of hers. She’d rather spend her time with her flashy American boss, all white teeth and film star good looks. In a way, he could understand it; how was an ordinary bloke like him supposed to compete with someone who looked like that?

Was she sleeping with him yet? Would she tell him if she was, break up with him, or just keep stringing him along? Her boss for excitement and thrills, good old reliable Rhys for stability, housework, and home-cooked meals, when she could be bothered to show up for them.

The worse part was, he’d probably let her get away with it as long as he didn’t know for sure she was cheating on him. He loved her that much.

The End
Frustration

Chapter Summary

Jack is having trouble concentrating on anything other than a very temptingly naked Ianto.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 529: Frustration at tw100.

Double drabble.

It was maddening! Ianto was right there, all smooth pale skin, firm and delectable. Jack was practically drooling; he wanted nothing more than to reach out and touch, taste, savour every inch of his lover, but he couldn't. The sheer frustration was probably going to kill him.

“Ngh!” he whimpered, a desperate little sound that summed up how he felt.

“If you’re thinking about anything other than how to get us out of this mess, so help me I’ll kill you myself!” Ianto ground out from between clenched teeth. It had taken a fair amount of wriggling but he’d managed to get the gag out of his mouth even though he knew shouting for help would be pointless; the only people likely to hear were the aliens who’d taken them captive and stolen their clothes.

Jack groaned. How was he supposed to concentrate on anything with Ianto’s bare arse just inches from his face? Especially when it kept wiggling and jiggling so temptingly. If he could only get rid of his own gag, he might just be able to lick…

“Mph!”

“Bloody useless, you are,” Ianto grumbled. “Just so you know, we are NOT trying this when we get home!”

The End
Which Way?

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto have no idea where they are, but they need to find the way out.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 530: Maze at tw100.
Double drabble.

“Which way?” Jack looked from left to right at the junction and back again.

Ianto threw his lover a disbelieving look. “Why’re you asking me?”

“You always seem to find your way around the archives without problems.”

“That’s because I have them mapped out in here.” Ianto tapped the side of his head. “But I had to learn my way around first. This… I have no idea, it’s not like I’ve ever been here before. Just pick a direction; if it doesn’t lead anywhere we’ll come back and try the other way.”

“But if we choose wrong…” The worried frown on Jack’s face made Ianto roll his eyes heavenwards.

“What’s the worst that can happen? We’ll just be lost for a bit longer. Or do you know something you’re not telling me?”

“I’ve heard about places like this,” Jack admitted grudgingly. “Some advanced races use them to assess intelligence levels.”

“So we’re rats in a maze, trying to prove we’re sentient beings?”

“Maybe? I can’t be certain, but it’s a possibility.”

“Wonderful! First we get abducted and now this.” Ianto studied both branches of the corridor and turned left. “This way.”

“How do you know?”

“No dust on the floor.”
The End
Chapter Summary

Owen is about to carry out a very scientific experiment.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 530: Maze at tw100.

Double drabble.

“What on earth are you doing?” Ianto asked, leaning on the railing above the autopsy bay and studying Owen’s latest… project.

“It’s a maze,” Owen said, continuing to move boxes, books, and bits of equipment around to leave a single meandering path leading from one end of the tiled floor to the other, with several side passages branching off it leading nowhere.

“I can see that. Doesn’t look very professional.”

“Yeah, well, got to use what’s available. Not like I can go on ebay and order a do-it-yourself maze, is it?”

“Not one that big, no,” Ianto conceded. “What’s it for?”

“I’m studying the snocks, I want to find out how intelligent they are and if they can pass information to one another in some way. First I’ll put a snock in here and time how long it takes it to find its way out. Then I’ll put it back with its flock. After a day or two, I’ll put one of the other snocks in here and see if it can negotiate the maze any faster than the first one.”

“Interesting, but won’t the maze get in the way of your other work?”

Owen frowned. “Hadn’t thought of that.”

The End
Torchwood’s subterranean levels are like a maze.

My third drabble for Challenge 530: Maze at tw100.

Double drabble.

Torchwood’s lower levels were a veritable maze. The cells took up perhaps an eighth of the available space and the archives only a little more than a quarter. Then there was the morgue, mainframe’s chamber, the generator and furnace rooms, a few other rooms used for equipment storage, and a medical suite, but even taken all together they accounted for no more than half of the underground complex.

There was no sense of order to the levels and the chambers within them; as far as Ianto could tell, they hadn’t been planned so much as their layout dictated by where the rock was soft enough to be excavated.

Blueprints only existed for the cells and the top few levels; everything else was undocumented until Ianto came along, looking for somewhere to hide Lisa. That was when he’d begun the mammoth task of mapping the Hub in its entirety. It was a job he still hadn’t finished; maybe he never would.

The further down he went, the fewer signs there were of human construction and the more cautious he became. There were no lights beyond a certain point, but he knew there was life, and the Archive Monsters valued their privacy.

The End
Search Party

Chapter Summary

On a day out with Ianto and their daughter, Jack manages to get himself lost.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 530: Maze at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Where’s Daddy gone?” Ianto asked Meriel. His husband had been right there with their daughter when he’d gone to get ice creams, but now, alarmingly, six-year-old Meriel was all on her own, sitting on a wooden bench.

“We went in there.” Meriel pointed towards the entrance to a hedge maze. “We got to the centre and then Daddy said he bet he could find his way back out faster than I could. I won; I think he’s still in there.”

Ianto was torn between amusement that Jack had managed to get himself lost and annoyance over how irresponsible he was to let Meriel go off on her own. Anything could have happened to her. His daughter was obviously fine though, which was more than could be said for Jack. He handed Meriel her ice cream. “Here you go.”

“Thank you, Taddy.”

Licking at his own ice cream, Ianto gazed thoughtfully at the gap in the hedge. “Looks like we might have to go and get Daddy, otherwise his ice cream will melt before he gets to eat it.”

“It’s okay, Taddy, we’ll find him, I know the way. It’s easy.” Taking Ianto’s hand, she led him confidently to the rescue.

The End
Dreary Weather

Chapter Summary

It looks like Christmas is going to be a washout.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 531: Rain at tw100.

Double drabble.

‘White Christmas’ was blaring out through the supermarket’s speakers as Ianto wheeled his trolley up and down the aisles, stocking up with supplies for both home and Hub.

In his opinion, there was little chance of Cardiff’s Christmas being anything but grey, judging by the rain clouds hanging over the city, pouring their contents down over everything for the third day in a row. They’d be lucky if the heavy downpour didn’t result in flooding. Not that Ianto had any particular liking for snow, it made Torchwood’s job ten times harder than usual, but he was heartily tired of getting soaked every time he had to set foot outside. At least snow wasn’t quite so wet.

With less than a week to go, despite the festive music and decorations it didn’t feel like Christmas; the spirit of the season was decidedly lacking, no doubt waterlogged like everything else. The other shoppers looked as fed up with it all as he was.

Paying for his shopping at the checkout, Ianto wheeled his heavily laden trolley out to his car, getting drenched in the process; trolleys and umbrellas didn’t mix. What he wouldn’t give for a glimpse of blue sky and sunshine!

The End
Chapter Summary

Sometimes, rain can be a good thing.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 531: Rain at tw100.
Double drabble.

Snow looked pretty enough, or it did when it first fell, all fresh, white and clean, but it quickly turned grey and lumpy, making the roads and pavements treacherous to the unwary, and only serving to make everywhere look dirty. After a week of snow and ice, waking to heavy rain seemed like a blessing.

Temperatures had risen a few degrees, assisting with the slow thaw, and the steady downpour was gradually eroding the lumps of packed snow lining the streets. It was enough to bring a smile to Ianto’s face.

“What’s got you so happy?” Jack asked.

“It’s raining!”

“Weren’t you the one complaining about the rain a few weeks ago?”

“I’m British, I complain about any kind of weather when there’s too much of it or it’s the wrong kind. Right now rain is good; it’s getting rid of the snow. No more having to dig for whatever comes through the Rift, no more risking breaking our necks while chasing a Weevil, no more bundling ourselves up in so many layers we can barely move, and still getting frozen half to death.”

“Instead you’ll just get soaked whenever you go outside.”

Ianto winked. “You can dry me off.”

The End
Failed Attempt

Chapter Summary

Another invasion attempt is foiled by Torchwood, with a little help from the weather.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 531: Rain at tw100.

Double drabble.

Aliens usually chose to invade London at Christmas. Maybe they were drawn by the hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping in England’s capital, or perhaps they thought the population would be too distracted by the approach of the festive season to notice the massive spaceship overhead, or the strange beings bent on infiltration.

Either way, try the same trick too many times and people start to pay attention; these days, London was prepared for the annual incursion, which was most likely the reason this year’s invasion force had chosen a different venue, namely Cardiff.

That was bad judgement on their part, clearly they didn’t realise that Cardiff was protected by Torchwood. They may only be five people, but this wasn’t their first rodeo, and they weren’t about to be pushed around by a bunch of aliens who hadn’t done their homework. For supposedly intelligent, scientifically advanced people, most alien races didn’t seem to be particularly bright. This lot were no exception.

They huddled together beneath a tree in Bute Park, totally demoralised, squealing every time a raindrop fell on them. Rain could come as quite a shock to people who’d never encountered it before. They just wanted to go home.

The End
Merry And Bright

Chapter Summary

To Ianto’s horror, Jack’s gone over the top with the Christmas decorations again.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 531: Rain at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Deck the halls with boughs of holly…” Jack was singing as he bustled around the Hub, stringing lights and twining tinsel around anything that stayed still long enough. He’d already bought and set up a real fir tree in one corner; decorating that would be his next task.

Ianto walked in through the cog door and stopped dead, an expression of abject horror on his face. “Jack, I thought we’d agreed to keep the Hub decorations to a minimum this year? Just a small, tasteful fake tree and a few lights…”

“I know, but it looked like Scrooge’s version of Christmas, there was no cheer! Christmas should be merry and bright, not just a token plastic tree shoved somewhere out of the way. All year long the Hub’s drab and depressing. Why shouldn’t we have a bit of sparkle? It’s only for a month or so.”

“Yes, and then I’m left cleaning up pine needles and glitter and bits of tinsel for the next eleven months,” Ianto said sourly, scowling at the Christmas finery.

“Grinch!” Jack accused. “Where’s your Christmas spirit? Stop complaining and give me a hand with these lights. You’re not going to rain on my festive parade!”

The End
Equality

Chapter Summary

Torchwood strives to be an equal opportunities employer.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 532: Gender at tw100.

Double drabble.

Jack and Ianto were poring over the details of potential new recruits. Torchwood being a supposedly secret organisation, they could hardly advertise vacancies online or in the papers. Instead, they’d pulled files of people in the armed forces, local police, amateur athletes, fitness trainers, recent graduates in the fields of computing and technology, and veterinary medicine. Then already had enough human medics, but someone well versed in animal health might possibly be useful.

At present the team numbered ten people, but due to their ever-increasing workload and the fact that several team members were raising young families, Her Majesty had made funds available for a further increase in personnel; they could take on four more people. All that was needed was to narrow the list from twenty to a more manageable eight, who would go forward to the next stage of the selection process.

“Half should be women,” Ianto said firmly. “The girls claim we’re not doing enough for gender equality; there are ten of us and only four are women.”

“That seems fair to me,” said Jack. “Four girls, four guys, two immortals.”

“We’re still men, Jack.”

“I look as good in a dress as any woman!” Jack huffed.

The End
Weevil Biology

Chapter Summary

Owen is discovering how much he doesn’t know about Weevils.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 532: Gender at tw100.

Double drabble.

Weevils were weird. After three months studying the creatures, Owen didn’t know much more than he had at the start. They were alien, obviously, so he couldn’t base his research on any related earth species; there were no points of reference because the creatures didn’t evolve on earth. Although they were more or less humanoid in shape, once you opened one up there was nothing human about them.

Previous Torchwood medical experts had done some studies of their internal organs. Their skulls contained something that was presumably a brain and they had some of the expected bits and pieces, such as circulatory, digestive, and nervous systems… Beyond that, however, it was all guesswork; there was stuff in them that defied description, never mind explanation.

So far Owen hadn’t even succeeded in finding out whether or not there were male and female Weevils. Maybe they were all the same gender, clones or something. Or there might be more than two genders, he just couldn’t tell.

“Oi, Harkness, how d’you tell male and female Weevils apart?” It was worth asking.

“No idea. Not sure even Weevils know the difference, if there is one. Maybe that’s why they’re always fighting.”

“Thanks for nothing.”

The End
Chapter Summary

All Fluffs are created equal.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 532: Gender at tw100.

Double drabble.

Fluffs didn’t have genders, they were simply Fluffs, all created equal and all capable of producing more Fluffs once they were fully mature. In truth, a Fluff could reproduce at ten earth years, long before it attained full growth, as long as it had enough body mass to spare and sufficient caffeine in its system. Most Fluffs simply weren’t in that much of a hurry; if you’re likely to live for at least ten thousand years, why rush to become responsible for younglings?

Flufflets were independent of their parent from the moment of budding, they were smart, and also fast learners, but this one still needed to be taught certain things, such as what was good to eat, what was dangerous and best avoided, and how to climb stairs.

The humans it bonded with would help educate it, but that didn’t mean Nosy should ignore its parental duties. Although Fluffs had their own language, ingrained into them by the time they detached from their parent, human speech was something they must learn to understand.

Nosy studied the Flufflet and hummed in satisfaction. Not a bad first attempt; now to introduce it to its humans. Owen and Tosh would be ideal.

The End
First Scan

Chapter Summary

It’s time for Jack’s first ultrasound scan.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 532: Gender at tw100.

Jack lay back and tried to relax as Owen carried out his first scan. He couldn’t help being nervous; he just wanted to know his pregnancy was progressing normally, or as normally as possible for an immortal man from the future.

“Everything looks good,” Owen said as he ran the ultrasound scanner through the gel spread on Jack’s belly. “Good size, normal foetal development, everything there that should be, and a strong heartbeat. Do you want to know what you’re having?”

A slightly worried expression crossed Jack’s face and his hands moved to cradle his bump protectively. “Is there something you’re not telling me? I was under the impression I was having a baby! A human one!”

Owen facepalmed, hard. “Of course it’s a human baby, you moron; I meant do you want to know the gender?”

“Well why didn’t you just say that instead of worrying me?” Jack snapped, glaring at the medic. “This is Torchwood; among agents, getting pregnant with something that isn’t human is more common than a normal human pregnancy. Remember Gwen’s wedding?”

“Okay, fine, do you want to know your baby’s gender or not?”

“No, in this case Ianto and I would rather be surprised.”

The End
Urgent Mission

Chapter Summary

Jack drags Ianto out of bed in the early hours.

Chapter Notes

Jack drags Ianto out of bed in the early hours for an urgent mission.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ianto woke with a start; a hand was shaking him none too gently.

“What?”

“Come on, Ianto, wake up!”

Peeling his eyes open, Ianto squinted up at Jack’s face, hovering over him.

Damn. No matter how many times it happened he didn’t think he’d ever get used to being dragged out of sleep in the early hours. There must have been an alert. Stupid Rift; why couldn’t it understand that people needed to sleep?

“I’m awake,” he mumbled, shoving the covers off and sitting up. The chilliness of his bedroom woke him as much as was possible after so little sleep and he slid off the bed, reaching for his clothes and starting to dress. “What’s up? Aside from us.”

Jack was dithering about, frowning at him. “Will you get a move on? If we don’t hurry we’ll be too late!”

That didn’t sound good; Ianto speeded up. “Okay, I’m ready. Let’s go.”

“Finally!” Jack hustled him outside, pausing just long enough for Ianto to pull his coat on, then broke every speed limit. Reaching their destination, Jack pulled him to the end of a long queue.

“What’s this?”

“January sales!” Jack grinned. “Don’t you want to grab a bargain?”

The End

Chapter End Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 533: Bargain at tw100.
Double drabble.
Shopping on alien planets is a very strange experience.

My second drabble for Challenge 533: Bargain at tw100.
Double drabble.

Back on earth, Ianto had been accustomed to being charged set prices for the things he wanted to buy. Everything had its price and if the individual items didn’t have it on them somewhere, there’d be labels on the shelves to inform customers how much they’d be expected to pay.

Nothing here had fixed prices; the place was like the most immense bazaar he’d ever come across, and the stallholders were out to get whatever they could from each individual shopper. There wasn’t even a set currency; money from all over the galaxy was accepted, from metal coins to strips of plastic in various denominations, shining beads to pebbles to trade goods…

One person Ianto saw was buying things using what looked like dried worms as money. Another traded a basket of mushrooms for a bolt of cloth, and still another cut off a lock of his own hair to pay for a flask of pink liquid.

“How are we supposed to buy what we need?” he asked Jack, bemused.

“The same way everyone else does; we bargain for what we want and pay with whatever we’ve got that the stallholder is willing to accept. Everything’s worth something around here.”

The End
Since she’s already up, Tosh might as well take advantage of the early start.

My third drabble for Challenge 533: Bargain at tw100.

Tosh pulled her coat more tightly around herself, tucking her gloved hands into her armpits and stamping her feet. It was cold out, the temperature having dropped below freezing sometime after midnight; anyone with any sense would be tucked up warm in bed, but for Torchwood agents that wasn’t always an option; the Rift alarm was as likely to go off in the middle of the night as in the afternoon.

Jack had phoned all the team a couple of hours ago to help deal with a particularly nasty alien. It had been a ‘shoot on sight’ situation, since the creature was basically a killing machine; its kind were known for having bad tempers and for slaughtering whole herds of prey animals, apparently for sport. Luckily, aside from an unfortunate Weevil nobody had been injured.

The downside of being involved in such a dangerous and thrilling excursion was that now Tosh was wide-awake, still riding the adrenaline high. Most nights that would be a problem, but tonight it just might be to her advantage.

“Tosh, are you coming? Ianto asked.

“No, thanks; you go ahead. I think I’ll hit the Boxing Day sales, see what tech bargains are on offer.”

The End
Shopping Spree

Chapter Summary

Jack really shouldn’t be allowed to go shopping alone.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 533: Bargain at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Where have you been?” Ianto snapped as Jack entered the Hub, laden with heavy bags. “Don’t you know you’ve got a videoconference with General Stanley in…” he checked his watch, “seven minutes?”

“Don’t fuss, I’m in plenty of time. Give me a hand with these? I have to get the rest from the car.”

“The rest of what?” Ianto helped Jack unburden himself, piling the bags on the floor beside the desk.

“I was passing the office supply store on my way back from the dry cleaner’s and I saw there was a sale on. I couldn’t resist!”

Ianto’s heart sank. He was almost afraid to ask, but… “What did you buy?”

“All kinds of useful stuff! Printer paper, envelopes, staples, pushpins, electric pencil sharpener… Look at this!” He pulled out a packet and shoved it at Ianto, who took it automatically then stared at it, eyebrows going up so far they almost disappeared into his hair.

“Jack, what do we want with five thousand rubber bands?”

“I’m sure they’ll be good for something; everyone needs plenty of rubber bands. I stocked up on post-it notes too.”

Ianto groaned, wondering where he was going to put all of Jack’s bargains.

The End
Indecision

Chapter Summary

Cleanup is part of Ianto’s job, but sometimes there’s a question of what exactly he needs to clean up.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 534: Compulsion at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto looked around at the mess and fought down the compulsion to start tidying up. This wasn’t his home so under normal circumstances any tidying should probably be left to the woman who lived here; the only problem was, he had no way of knowing whether the owner of the house was normally a tidy person or a slob.

It she was usually house-proud and the mess had been caused by the alien creature Torchwood had just rounded up, then her memory of events might be triggered if she saw the place looking like a whirlwind had just ripped through it. If, on the other hand, she was usually this messy then any attempt he made to put things straight might undo the Retcon’s effectiveness.

“What’s wrong?” Jack asked, coming up behind Ianto.

“I don’t know whether I should tidy up or not. How am I supposed to know whether or not this is the way she normally lives? I hate when aliens get into people’s houses. It makes cleanup so complicated.”

“Tidy the worst of it,” Jack said. “I’ll suggest to her that a stray cat got in and went berserk before she managed to chase it out again.”

The End
Irresistible

Chapter Summary

Ianto proves too tempting for Jack to resist.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 534: Compulsion at tw100.

Double drabble.

Although he was absorbed in his filing, that didn’t mean Ianto wasn’t paying attention to what was going on around him so he knew the moment Jack came into the archives.

Bent over a filing cabinet, he didn’t bother looking up as he flicked through the cabinet’s contents to put the next manila folder in its correct place.

“What do you want, Jack? If you’ve come down here looking for entertainment, you’re out of luck; I’m busy. Filing all this lot will take me at least another hour.”

There was no reply from Jack, at least not in words, but suddenly a pair of hands grabbed Ianto by the arse and squeezed.

“Jack!” Ianto yelped, straightening up so suddenly the back of his head only just missed Jack’s nose. “What part of ‘I’m busy’ don’t you understand? I don’t have time for your games!”

“Sorry,” Jack said, not sounding even the slightest bit apologetic. “Don’t know what came over me. I just saw you bent over with your trousers stretched tight over that perfect rear and had an irresistible compulsion to grab it.” His hands continued kneading. “I could do this all day.”

“You try and you’re on decaf permanently!”

The End
Harmful

Chapter Summary

Owen knows he’s drinking too much, but he can’t stop.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 534: Compulsion at tw100.

As a doctor, Owen’s well aware of the harm excessive drinking does to the human body. He keeps telling himself at least he doesn’t smoke; that smoking would be worse, but he knows that’s a copout. Getting drunk every night is as bad as being a heavy smoker, just in a different way. He’s going to do his liver in if he doesn’t stop.

So he tells himself he’ll quit, even though he knows he won’t, because his drinking isn’t merely a bad habit; it’s become a compulsion, a way of coping with losing Katie. Nothing else numbs the pain.

The End
Too Honest

Chapter Summary

The latest bit of alien tech is having a really interesting effect on the team.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 534: Compulsion at tw100.

Double drabble.

Owen gritted his teeth, valiantly battling the urge, but it was no use.

“That top makes your boobs look way bigger than they really are,” he blurted at Gwen.

“You remind me of Gollum, or maybe a frog; I think it’s your mouth, it’s so wide,” Gwen replied, slapping one hand over her own mouth, her eyes going wider than ever.

“Jack has the most perfect arse I’ve ever seen,” Ianto said conversationally as he handed out mugs of coffee. “I just want to lick and nibble on it all day long.”

“Jesus, Teaboy!” Owen covered his ears. “Jack’s arse really is amazing though.”

“Ianto shagged me over Gwen’s desk last night while we watched gay alien tentacle porn on her monitor. It was incredibly hot,” Jack said happily.

“Rhys wanted to spice up our love life with a bit of bondage last week. We got a bit carried away and broke the bed.” Gwen’s face turned an interesting shade of red.

“Jack and I like bondage,” Ianto agreed. “And Jack likes being spanked.”

At her desk, Tosh silently worked on fixing the alien tech responsible for the team’s compulsive honesty. She was in no hurry; this was so entertaining!

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto arrives home to a shocking sight.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 535: Instant at tw100.

Double drabble.

“I’m home!” Ianto called as he entered the flat, feeling a bit disappointed when his arrival wasn’t immediately met by his daughter running to welcome him home. The French doors were open though, so presumably she was playing out in the roof garden and hadn’t heard him.

Shrugging out of his coat and hanging it in the closet, he loosened his tie and went to see where everyone was.

The sight that met his eyes filled him with horror.

“Oh my God!” he gasped. “Get down from there this instant, before you fall and break your neck! That’s not a climbing frame!”

“Don’t fuss, Ianto, it’s fine,” Jack replied brightly from where he clung precariously at the top of the fifteen foot high rose trellis. “We were flying Meriel’s kite but it went the wrong way and got stuck up here. I’ve nearly got it.”

“There’s an easier, not to mention much safer, way of getting up there. You’re a terrible influence,” Ianto snapped. “What if Meriel decides to copy you and gets hurt?” He turned to his daughter. “Don’t ever try climbing that. It’s not safe.”

Meriel nodded. “I promise.”

“Good girl.”

As for Jack… He’d be drinking decaf.

The End
First Taste

Chapter Summary

Torchwood’s new recruits are introduced to the coffee ritual.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 535: Instant at tw100.

Double drabble.

The five new recruits took their seats around the boardroom table with the senior members of the Torchwood team, feeling excited and a little nervous on their first day. They’d already met the Captain and his PA, Ianto Jones, during the interview process, and they’d been introduced to the rest of the team on their arrival; only ten people so hopefully they’d be able to remember everybody’s name.

This meeting would get them up to speed with what everyone was working on, and then Captain Harkness would assign them duties. Each of them would be shadowing one of the existing team members while they learned the ropes, and all of them were eager to learn who they’d be working with, but first…

Ianto came in carrying a laden tray and began distributing mugs of coffee to everyone. Following the example set by the rest of the team, the newcomers thanked Ianto and picked up their mugs; the first coffee of the day seemed to be a kind of ritual judging by the way everyone took a deep sniff before sipping carefully.

Five voices groaned in ecstasy and the Captain smirked. “Once you’ve tasted Ianto’s coffee you’ll ever drink instant again.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen’s a bit too confident in his own abilities.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 535: Instant at tw100.

“You have driven one of these before, haven’t you?” Rhys asked uncertainly as Owen clambered up into the cab of the lorry Torchwood was renting from Harwood’s.

“Give me a break,” Owen grumbled sourly. “I’m Torchwood; we can drive anything. You’ve seen the tank we get around in.”

“It’s just, driving a lorry’s a bit different from driving a car…” Rhys took a hasty step backwards as Owen slammed the driver’s door.

“Gearlever, clutch, brake, accelerator… Looks the same to me.” Owen put the lorry in gear and backed straight into his own car. “Bloody Hell!”

Rhys smirked. Instant karma.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack gets a shock while helping Ianto put the shopping away.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 535: Instant at tw100.
Double drabble.

“Give me a hand putting all this away?” Ianto asked, lugging several heavy bags into the kitchen.

Jack jumped up from where he’d been sitting at the kitchen table, reading the paper. “You’ve been gone for ages! I was about to send out a search party.” He took one of the bags from his lover. “Didn’t you say you were just popping out for milk?”

Ianto offered up a wry smile. “I was, but the local shop was closed so I had to go to the supermarket. Didn’t see any point in going all that way and just getting milk when I’d only have to go back for other stuff in a few days, so…”

“Sensible, I suppose,” Jack agreed, setting the bag down on the kitchen counter and starting to empty it. Bread, eggs, cheese, yoghurts, teabags, veg, fresh fruit… He put things away as he emptied the bag while Ianto stowed the contents of another bag in the freezer, but then he pulled out a glass jar and paused. “Instant? You brought a jar of instant?” He looked as shocked as he sounded.

Ianto snorted. “Yes, Jack, I bought instant custard powder.”

Jack read the label again. “Oh.”

The End
Language Barrier

Chapter Summary

Aliens are trying to invade earth again, but they’re not doing too well.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 536: Stupid at tw100.

Double drabble.

It often surprised Ianto just how stupid supposedly advanced alien races could be. Take this bunch, for example; there was no doubt they were technologically superior to humans, after all they’d achieved interstellar space flight, which humanity was still at least a hundred years away from mastering. Their spacecraft was impressive too, sleek and deadly.

It was also half submerged in the sea, and rapidly sinking into the wet sand.

The would-be invasion force stood in a cluster higher up the beach where the sand was dry, flipping through a small book that appeared to be some kind of dictionary or phrasebook, Galactic Standard to, according to the cover, Earthish. As they fumbled for whatever it was they wanted to say, Ianto chose not to mention that he and Jack were fluent in Galactic Standard. Let these idiots work for it.

“Voulez vous assist we peeps, merci?” The leader finally asked, in a bizarre mix of French, and something approaching English.

Ianto turned to Jack. “And they think they can just come here and invade our planet when they don’t even know the language?”

Jack shrugged. “Obviously they have a superiority complex.”

“They’d be better off with decent translation technology.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto’s dead on his feet and the coffee machine won’t work.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 536: Stupid at tw100.

Double drabble.

Coming out of his office, Jack was drawn to the Hub’s small kitchenette by the sound of annoyed muttering; Ianto seemed to be having some sort of problem.

“Stupid thing! What’s the matter with you, why won’t you work?” Bleary-eyed from not having slept for the past seventy-two hours, Ianto was poking at the buttons on the coffee machine and flipping switches, but to no avail.

“Something wrong?” Jack asked, coming up behind him.

Ianto turned, a despairing expression on his face. “I need a coffee to help me stay awake while I finish cleaning up, but I think the machine’s broken! I’ve tried everything, but it’s completely dead!” His shoulders slumped. “I don’t understand; it was working fine yesterday! D’you think that weird electrical Rift storm last night might’ve done something to it?”

“I don’t see how.” Jack frowned at the coffee machine, starting to worry about it himself now. “I did what Tosh advised and unplugged everything important down here, just in case the tower got hit. Everything should be fine.”

“Wait a minute; unplugged?” Ianto reached behind the machine and sure enough, it wasn’t plugged in. “Ah.”

“Forget the coffee,” Jack said. “What you need is sleep.”

The End
Who’s To Blame?

Chapter Summary

Owen and Gwen are squabbling again.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 536: Stupid at tw100.

“Owen! How could you be so stupid?” Gwen cried.

“Me? How’s this my fault?” Owen scowled back at his colleague.

“You’re the one who threw the keys!”

“Only because you told me to. ‘Toss me the keys, Owen,’ you said. You were supposed to catch them!”

“You threw them before I was ready!”

“You should’ve been ready before you told me to throw them!”

With a sigh, Tosh crouched down beside the drain and fished the keys out using a strong magnet on a string that she kept in her kit. The bloom was definitely off her teammates’ illicit ‘relationship’.

The End
“Well that was a bit stupid, wasn’t it?” Ianto said mildly, studying the situation, arms folded over his chest and a stern expression on his face. 

The only response was a mournful, if slightly muffled, hum from Dizzy, and an exasperated one from Nosy.

“I hate to say this, Nosy, but sometimes I don’t think your offspring is very bright.”

Nosy hummed resigned agreement.

“Jack! I think I could use another pair of hands here.”

“What’s up?” Jack appeared from his office.

“It’s more a case of what’s down,” Ianto replied. “You know I’m waiting for that replacement grille to be delivered?” The old one had been eaten away by a combination of rust and acidic alien spit. At Jack’s nod, Ianto continued, “Well, Dizzy somehow managed to move the board I put over the hole and decided to go exploring. Now it’s stuck in the drain.”

Jack came to stand beside Ianto and Nosy, looking down through a drainage grille at the sheepish Flufflet. “I swear, Dizzy’s fascination with pipes and tubes is going to be the death of it,” he sighed.

“Tell me about it. I think we’re going to need screwdrivers, a crowbar… and another replacement grille.”

The End

“Tell me about it. I think we’re going to need screwdrivers, a crowbar…”

The End
Morning Reverie

Chapter Summary

The storm has passed and it’s a beautiful morning.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 537: Sparkling at tw100.

Double drabble.

The storm that had been battering Cardiff for the past couple of days had blown itself out overnight. Ianto opened the tourist office door, blinking in the bright sunshine, and ventured cautiously outside to check for damage, feeling like a gopher or some such creature emerging from its hole.

Mermaid Quay was a bit of a mess, litter, shells, driftwood, and seaweed washed up on its boards by the wind-driven waves, but the tourist office itself remained dry inside thanks to some nifty alien forcefield technology Tosh had welded to the door after the last time they got flooded. Looked like he’d only need to collect up the litter and the biggest chunks of wood; the rest of the mess could go back into the water, where it belonged.

Ignoring the task for the moment, Ianto made his way up onto the Plas, which had fared better, being a few feet higher than the Quay. The air smelled fresh and clean in the early morning light and there wasn’t another living soul in sight.

Smiling, he leaned on the railing gazing at the sunlight sparkling off the sea. This was home; there was nowhere in the world he’d rather be.

The End
Chapter Summary

Torchwood parties have a habit of getting interrupted.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 537: Sparkling at tw100.

Ianto poured sparkling grape juice into five glasses, a concession to the fact they were all being kept insanely busy by the Rift and couldn’t afford to get tipsy.

“A toast to the happy couple,” he declared. “Tosh and Owen, congratulations on your engagement!”

“Tosh and Owen!” Jack and Gwen chorused, clinking their glasses against their friends’.

“Thanks, guys. I want to propose a toast as well,” Owen announced. “To my amazing fiancée Toshiko! Thanks for never giving up on me!”

“To Tosh!”

Before anyone could clink glasses again, the Rift alarm went off.

Jack shrugged. “We’ll continue this later.”

The End
Perfect Choice

Chapter Summary

Tosh knows exactly who picked out her ring, and it wasn’t Owen.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 537: Sparkling at tw100.

Double drabble.

Tosh smiled down at the elegant diamond and sapphire engagement ring sparkling on her finger; she couldn’t have picked anything more perfect if she’d chosen it herself, but she knew for a fact that Owen didn’t have such exquisite taste in jewellery. If he’d picked it himself, he would have chosen the biggest, flashiest diamond he could afford and she’d have been too terrified of losing it to wear it.

“Thanks, Ianto,” she murmured, slipping up beside him on the pretext of getting more coffee.

“For what?”

“I know you helped Owen choose my ring; nobody else has such perfect taste, and I doubt anyone else even knows sapphires are my birthstones.”

Ianto shrugged. “He asked for my help, wanted to get you something that wouldn’t get in your way at work but he was scared of getting anything too small in case you thought he was being a cheapskate and turned him down.”

“He could have proposed with the ring pull off a beer can and I would have said yes,” Tosh admitted. “Just don’t tell him that.”

“He wouldn’t believe me if I did,” Ianto assured his best friend. “He still doesn’t believe he’s good enough for you.”

The End
In Ianto’s opinion, winter was the worst season. It was always cold, the days were too short and the nights too long, ice and snow were inevitable at some point, further complicating an already dangerous job… He honestly couldn’t find anything positive to say about winter.

Except on mornings like this.

The sky was a pale and brittle ice blue, the air was chill but sharp and fresh, and everything was sparkling in the light of the rising sun.

Hoarfrost edged every leaf, twig, and blade of grass. It turned street signs, iron railings, parked cars, and scraps of litter into works of art. It bloomed as frost flowers, ferny tendrils creeping across windows, and turned spider webs into the most delicate filigree lace imaginable.

Ianto’s breath hung in the air like steam as he picked his way carefully along the slippery pavement. He was supposed to be looking for whatever the Rift had seen fit to bring them this time, but he kept getting distracted, snapping photos on his phone; a perfect cobweb stretched between twigs on a leafless bush, a fern that appeared crusted with crushed diamonds, bare branches etched against the sky…

Maybe winter wasn’t all bad.

The End
Chapter Summary

In Tosh’s opinion, the road they’re following is a bit too steep for comfort.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 538: Incline at tw100.

Double drabble.

“I hate driving up steep hills!” Tosh groaned, gripping both sides of her seat with white-knuckled fingers and shutting her eyes tightly.

“You’re not the one driving,” Ianto teased his friend, steering the SUV steadily up the long, steep incline, keeping in low gear.

“That’s not the point. Can’t I just get out and walk up?”

“If you like, but it’s quite a trek. Your choice though; an exhausting twenty minute hike uphill or I can have you safely at the top in five.”

This road deep in the Beacons was far from the steepest Ianto had ever driven on; that award went to some of the high passes in the Lake District, which he and Jack had spent a few days exploring last autumn. Driving over those had been a bit alarming; at least this one didn’t have a sheer drop on one side.

“Oh, okay then… Just tell me when it’s safe to open my eyes again.”

“I will. Just think yourself lucky you’re not in the passenger seat with Jack behind the wheel, tearing down a one in three slope on a road winding back and forth on the side of a mountain. Now that’s really scary!”

The End
The Climb

Chapter Summary

Owen and Ianto are on a mission of mercy in the Brecon Beacons.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 538: Incline at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto glanced back over his shoulder and sighed with exasperation. “Don’t dawdle, Owen, we haven’t got all day! The Durghans need this oscillator if they’re ever going to get their ship back into the air, and you have injured crewmembers to treat.”

Owen scowled, dragging himself wearily up the steep incline of the ridge they were climbing. The Durghans’ small ship was in the valley beyond, according to Tosh; climbing this slope was supposed to be the quickest and easiest route, but Owen wasn’t finding anything easy about it.

“It’s alright for you,” he panted, “I swear you must be part mountain goat, but I’m not. I leave climbing mountains to the experts!” He risked a quick glance back over his shoulder, then wished he hadn’t. He was a long way up.

“This isn’t a mountain, Owen; it’s a hill, and it’s not even that steep. I picked the easiest path up.” Ianto refrained from adding that he was carrying the medic’s kit, as well as his own backpack containing the oscillator, in order to leave Owen’s hands free for climbing. “Come on! We’re nearly at the top.”

“Next time a medic’s needed out here,” Owen muttered, “I’m sending Martha.”

The End
Floral Friction

Chapter Summary

Owen and Tosh are at odds over the flowers for their wedding.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 538: Incline at tw100.

“I don’t know, Owen. I mean, I’m not saying you’re wrong exactly, it’s all a matter of opinion, but I’m inclined to agree with Ianto.” Tosh smiled apologetically at her fiancé.

“You’re siding with your friend over your husband to be?” Owen asked incredulously.

“Well, you have to admit Ianto has excellent taste, and you… well, you know I love you the way you are, I wouldn’t change anything about you, but…”

“I’m tasteless, I get it.” Owen slumped onto the sofa.

“Not tasteless, just not elegant,” Tosh replied. “Chrysanthemums are lovely, but roses will be better for my bouquet.”

The End
Lopsided

Chapter Summary

Letting Jack go on a Rift retrieval by himself isn’t always a wise idea.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 538: Incline at tw100.

Double drabble.

“Help?” Jack said in a small voice, coming into the main Hub from the garage, carrying a containment box.

“What on earth…?” Ianto trailed off, staring at his lover, who was listing badly to one side. Without thinking, he inclined his head at an angle so Jack looked more or less vertical, even if the room now appeared tilted. Somehow that was less disturbing than seeing Jack looking like he was toppling over sideways. “What happened to you?”

“I don’t know exactly.” Jack lurched forward unsteadily and Ianto hurried to help him, taking the containment box and tucking it under one arm, before helping Jack hobble to the sofa. Once Jack was safely seated, Ianto stepped back to look him over, raising his eyebrows at the sight that met his eyes. All he could think to say was, “Well that’s different.”

“It wasn’t my fault, honest!” Jack protested. “That thing…” he gestured towards the containment box, “got dropped in long grass, I didn’t see it until after I trod on it and this happened.”

Ianto sighed. “I’ll have Tosh figure this out and fix you. Having one leg a foot shorter than the other might cause problems.”

“You’re telling me!”

The End
Inconspicuous

Chapter Summary

Ianto has the perfect disguise for tailing dangerous aliens.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 539: Tree at tw100.

Double drabble.

Trees made an excellent vantage point for many reasons; ever since he was big enough to reach the lowest branches, Ianto had loved climbing them, hiding out among the leaves where nobody could see him.

He was doing something similar today, using the trees as cover, following a couple of humanoid aliens who were up to no good. Torchwood knew they had a hideout somewhere in the area, a place where they could store or manufacture the drugs they were selling. They would get people hooked and then refuse to supply them with their fix unless they committed crimes on the aliens’ behalf.

A few months ago, trailing people without being noticed would have been difficult at best; now though… Who’d pay attention to a wild bird?

Ianto crow glided silently from tree to tree some distance behind the aliens, keeping them in sight. Crows had excellent vision; it was amazing how much detail he could make out even from this far away.

As soon as they reached their base, all he’d have to do was land somewhere nearby, trigger the homing beacon attached to his leg, and wait for the rest of the team to arrive. Couldn’t be easier!

The End
Chapter Summary

For some unknown reason, Jack seems to have a specific place in mind for their picnic.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 539: Tree at tw100.

Double drabble.

When Jack had told Ianto they were going on a picnic, Ianto had automatically assumed they’d be going to the beach, or out into the country, maybe even to one of Jack’s favourite rooftops, but no. Instead, they’d driven to Bute Park, which was all well and good; the park could be lovely at this time of year.

Jack, however, had been a man on a mission, leading Ianto ever deeper into the park, past countless perfectly suitable picnic spots, wending his way among the trees as though looking for something specific.

“Was there a Rift alert?” Ianto finally asked.

“What?”

“You seem to be looking for something, I assumed you’d decided to kill two birds with one stone; Rift retrieval plus picnic.”

“No, nothing like that!” Jack insisted. He seemed a bit skittish though, so Ianto continued to frown as he followed his lover.

“Then why the trek?”

Jack didn’t reply, but at last he stopped beneath a tree. “Here we are! Recognise it?”

“No. Should I?”

“This is the tree where we met. It seemed appropriate.” Jack dropped to one knee. “Ianto Jones, will you do me the honour of becoming my husband?”

“Of course I will, twpsyn!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s first gift to Tosh was a Bonsai tree.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 539: Tree at tw100.

Tosh sang softly to herself as she tended the little tree, doing a bit of careful pruning to help it keep its shape, and making sure it’s roots were moist but not wet. It reminded her of the trees her grandfather had used to grow back in Japan when she was little.

This one had been a gift from Jack; he’d given it to her shortly after rescuing her from the UNIT prison, something alive for her to take care of, but less demanding than a pet. It had proved how well Jack understood her; she’d cherished it ever since.

The End
Blending In

Chapter Summary

Nosy is perfectly capable of hiding itself when the need arises.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 539: Tree at tw100.
Double drabble.

Whenever possible, Jack and Ianto liked to head out of Cardiff to some remote area far off the beaten track so that Nosy could get some exercise out in the fresh air. As big as it was, the Fluff was hardly inconspicuous so as much as they might have liked to, they couldn’t take it to the park to play fetch the way they could have with a dog.

It was a glorious late spring day, the trees gowned in new leaves, and the three of them were having a splendid time. Nosy slithered after the ball Jack threw for it, returning to drop it at his feet to be thrown again, when they heard voices coming from a short distance away.

Jack looked around, panicked, but there was no sign of Nosy; it must have heard the voices too and hidden.

Two hikers came into view, calling cheerfully, “Lovely day, isn’t it?”

“Wonderful,” Jack agreed. Then the hikers were gone again, striding away down the hill to disappear from sight.

“Nosy?” Ianto whispered.

“Humm,” came from somewhere overhead and a perfectly camouflaged Fluff peeped from among the leaves and branches.

“Huh,” said Jack. “Who knew Fluffs could climb trees?”

The End
Stolen Property

Chapter Summary

There’s a very annoyed alien in the tourist office…

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 540: Theft at tw100.

Double drabble.

The tourist office burst open as a very aggrieved humanoid being strode in and stalked up to the counter, skin flushed purple, and its antennae waving in agitation. Ianto recognised it as an Ogonite, a race not exactly known for being mild-mannered, and devoutly hoped it hadn’t terrorised half of Cardiff on its way here.

“Um, hello; is there something I can do for you?” he asked, trying to be polite.

“I demand you return my property this instant!” the Ogonite said, its voice flat and expressionless thanks to the translator it was using.

“Your property? I don’t understand; I certainly haven’t stolen anything from you.”

“You have it here, I know you do! I have tracked it through space to this place! My property carries security tags in case of theft!”

“Ah, I think I begin to understand. Something of yours was taken by the Rift and ended up here in Cardiff. We have no control over the Rift, we simply collect the items that come through it and store them safely until they’re reclaimed by their rightful owners. If you’ll just tell me what was taken and when, I’m sure I’ll be able to return it to you.”

The End
Criminal Behaviour

Chapter Summary

Although he isn’t one any more, Andy can stop thinking like a police constable.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 540: Theft at tw100.

Double drabble.

“This is breaking and entering,” Andy said, shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other. Even though he was a Torchwood agent now, he still thought like a copper.

“Technically it’s not breaking, just entering,” Ianto said, pushing the door open. “Nifty device, this; it can open any lock.”

“Entering without permission then.”

“Getting permission wasn’t an option; the people who live here are on holiday in Malaga, although why anyone would want to go there…” Ianto led the way inside the dark suburban house, Andy following a bit reluctantly, and closed the door behind them before flicking on a small torch and pulling his scanner out of his pocket. “Right, whatever we’re looking for is this way.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this! I swore to uphold the law and here I am breaking it, sneaking into someone’s home while they’re away to commit a theft.”

“Relax, Andy; it would only be theft if we took something that belongs to the homeowners. All we’re doing is retrieving something that shouldn’t be here. We wouldn’t be doing anyone any favours if we left it and it turned out to be a bomb, or something equally dangerous.”

“I suppose you’re right.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen has been the victim of a particularly heartless theft.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 540: Theft at tw100.

“You’re a thieving bastard, Jack Harkness!” Owen yelled, storming into the office where Jack was sitting at his desk, actually doing paperwork for once. “Don’t think I don’t know it was you! There’s nobody else here!”

“What’re you talking about, Owen? I’ve been sitting here ploughing my way through this mountain for the past hour and a half!”

“Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talking about! You stole my chocolate biscuit!”

“Why would I do that? I’ve got a whole packet in my desk. If you’re looking for a thief, you might want to check Dizzy for crumbs.”

The End
Ripe For Picking

Chapter Summary

Ianto catches Jack doing something he shouldn’t.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 540: Theft at tw100.
Double drabble.

Abandoning the washing up, Ianto dashed out into his back garden.

“Jack! What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Picking apples; what does it look like I’m doing?” Jack gazed innocently down at his lover from his perch at the top of the stepladder. “I thought I’d make us an apple pie for dessert.”

“You can’t do that!”

“Why not? I’m sure these are cooking apples, and I know how much you love my baking.”

“That’s not what I meant!” Ianto hissed, hoping against hope that nobody would hear. “That isn’t my tree, it belongs to my neighbours!”

“So?”

“So it’s theft!”

“Why? The branches are hanging over into your garden, and there’s no way your neighbours can reach the apples on them without coming round here. If they’re left they’ll just end up falling to the ground and going to waste.”

“That’s not the point!” Ianto was getting exasperated; Jack could be so pigheaded!

“Then what is the point, exactly?” Jack huffed. “I thought you’d like a homemade apple pie.”

“Of course I would, but you can’t just go around taking someone else’s apples without permission!”

“I’m not! I asked first; your neighbours said to help myself.”

“Oh.”

The End
Contrary to popular belief, Jack doesn’t see himself as a hero. He’s good at playing the part, but then he’s an experienced conman; he can take on any role he’s required to and come across as believable in it.

Deep down inside, however, in the mind and memories of the boy he once was back on the Boeshane Peninsular, he’s a failure. He father gave him one job, to look after his younger brother, but he let Grey get taken by those marauding monsters, and ever since that day he’s been trying to make amends.

He spent years searching for Grey, should have searched for the rest of his life, but he failed in that too. Met a man with a time machine and instead of asking to go back to that fateful day and rescue his brother, he went off on adventures, having fun until he found himself stranded on the planet where his distant ancestors evolved, three thousand years before his own birth.

Immortality is his penance; he’ll have to live his way back to his own time and begin the search for Grey anew. In the meantime, he’ll help as many people and aliens as he can.

The End
The Blob

Chapter Summary

Some aliens are more troublesome than others.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 541: Hero / Heroic at tw100.
Double drabble.

“Don’t just stand there!” Owen squeaked. “Do something!”

Ianto frowned at his colleague. “I’d be happy to. Any suggestion what?”

“Get it off me! I’m gettin’ flattened!”

“I can see that. What I can’t see is how to get hold of something that doesn’t have any handholds.”

The alien was a smooth, shiny blob, its surface tough, resilient, and very flexible but impossible to grip. Ianto’s fingers poked dents in it but then simply slipped off. It seemed to be completely frictionless. It had also rolled right on top of Owen and appeared perfectly content to just sit there, like a bird brooding its chick.

“So help me, if you don’t get this thing off me right now…” Lungs constricted by the weight on his chest, Owen trailed off into shallow, wheezing breaths.

Pushing just made Ianto’s hands sink into its surface, but that gave him an idea. Bending down, he forced both hands under the creature and with a heroic effort, heaved upwards, creating a gap above Owen’s body. The medic gulped down air, and now he could use his hands, started to wriggle free.

“Finally!” Standing up, he glared at the alien. “Now what?”

Ianto shrugged. “No idea.”

The End
Rescue Mission

Chapter Summary

Andy is learning that not all aliens are out to enslave humans or destroy the world.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 541: Hero / Heroic at tw100.

“How does it feel being a hero?” Jack asked Andy.

Up until now, all the former PC had done for Torchwood was chase a few Weevils, and collect junk that had fallen through the Rift. This time, he’d been involved in a rescue mission, saving an alien from drowning.

The Rift had pulled her ship off course, and her lifepod had crash-landed in the Taff. With its forcefield damaged, the small vessel had been filling with water. Andy hadn’t hesitated, jumping in, prising the door open… The beautiful alien woman had been very grateful.

Andy grinned. “ Beats getting spat at!”

The End
Strange Visit

Chapter Summary

One morning, Ianto gets a very odd sort of visit.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 541: Hero / Heroic at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto was a bit flummoxed; he’d been happily working away in the tourist office, the only place he could get any peace at the moment thanks to the squabbling that was going on downstairs, and then…

There’d been a sudden weird sound, like a kettle with a swarm of bees in it, whistling backwards, then a flash of darkness, and when he blinked his eyes clear, he was surrounded by little red beings with three legs, six round eyes, six arms, pointy ears, and elephant trunks for noses. Even for Torchwood, it was a bit strange

The aliens gazed up at him in awe before bowing in unison, so low their silver crests brushed the floor.

“Honoured Hero Yarntow Jowens,” they trilled in oddly accented English. “We pay tribute, Great One!”

“Um, hello.”

“Ooooooh!” They straightened up. “Plis bless us Beens! Prosprity, Hapnes, Full-Body Flavr!”

Prosperity and happiness he could understand, but full-bodied flavour? Before Ianto could comment, each alien produced a small bag of coffee beans. Smiling, Ianto got down to the business of blessing them.

He had no idea what he’d do in the future that would lead to this, but it looked like it would be interesting!

The End
 Ultimatum

Chapter Summary

Ianto has had his fill of the team making more work for him.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 542: Replace at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto looked at the mess, hands on hips, and growled at the back of his throat. Okay, enough was enough; he’d put up with this far too long already. He stalked back upstairs, simmering silently, and went to join the rest of the team in the boardroom for breakfast and the morning meeting.

There wasn’t much to go over today; an update from Tosh on one of her current projects, and Owen’s latest findings on a new alien they had in the cells. When that was over, Jack looked around at his team.

“Anyone else got anything to discuss?”

“As a matter of fact, I do.” Ianto glared at his colleagues. “Any time one of you wants something from the archives, you help yourselves and then dump it anywhere when you return it, if you even bother to. I’ve had enough; I spend half my time re-shelving things in their proper places when I shouldn’t have to. So, since you can’t be trusted to replace things where you got them from, the archives are now off-limits. If you want something, you ask, and when you’re finished with it, you return it to me. Understood?”

Everyone looked guilty. “Yes, Ianto.”

“Good.”

The End
Rebuilding

Chapter Summary

With two members of the team dead, the other three will have to rebuild, whether they like the idea or not.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 542: Replace at tw100.

Spoilers: Set post Exit wounds.

Double drabble.

Sorry =( 

Tosh and Owen were gone, the team whittled down to three people. They tried to carry on without their friends, but their hearts had been ripped out. Tosh had been beautiful and brilliant, a genius without peer, and Owen had been surly and sarcastic, but a good friend, and a better doctor.

Who would patch the rest of them up now he wasn’t there to complain and give them a hard time for getting injured in the first place? Who would see to the Hub’s security, hack into any system they needed access to, unravel the mysteries of the alien tech that landed in their laps, and figure how to turn the team back into themselves when they accidentally got changed into something else?

Three people weren’t enough to handle the varied demands of their job; they’d run themselves into the ground trying, and probably wind up getting themselves killed. They couldn’t go on like this.

“We need to recruit some new people,” Ianto said with a sigh.

Jack balked. “Replace Tosh and Owen?”

“No; they can never be replaced, but we can’t do their jobs on top of our own. They’d understand.”

Jack nodded reluctantly. “We’ll start looking tomorrow.”

The End
Gwen wishes Anwen would put her toys away.

“I wish Anwen was like that,” Gwen sighed, watching as Nosy slithered about gathering its toys and replacing them where they belonged on the shelves Ianto had built. “When she gets tired of playing with something she just leaves it and gets more toys else. Rhys says he’s always putting her things away.”

“She’s only two and a half, Gwen; that’s a bit young to be tidying up after herself,” Ianto said.

Jack chuckled. “From what Rhi tells me, you were tidying up after everyone as soon as you could crawl.”

“Ah, well, not everyone’s as tidy-minded as I am.”

The End
Only Four

Chapter Summary

Just for a couple of minutes, Ianto had almost forgotten.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 542: Replace at tw100.

Setting: Post-End of Days.

Making his way back up to the main Hub after finishing the latest batch of filing, Ianto headed for the kitchen area; it was time for the team’s mid-morning coffee. He measured and ground the beans, got the machine going, then reached into the wall cupboard, getting down five mugs and setting them out on the countertop.

Then he remembered and his heart sank. Picking up the familiar blue and white striped mug he replaced it reverently in the cupboard, pushing it right to the back of the shelf.

There were only four of them now; would Jack ever return?

The End
First Valentine’s

Chapter Summary

Ianto is picking Lisa up for their first Valentine’s Day Date.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 543: Lemon at tw100.

The dress was lemon yellow, backless, and swirled around Lisa’s ankles, contrasting beautifully with her dark skin; she looked stunning, and Ianto said so, when he found his voice.

She grinned at him. “You look pretty good yourself.” She raked her gaze over his tailored tuxedo. “Like James Bond, only sexier. Shall we go?”

“Yep!” Ianto pulled his shoulders back, standing straight and tall, feeling like he was walking on air. For their first Valentine’s Day together they were going to a dinner dance at an exclusive hotel, a proper black tie affair. She’d be the most gorgeous woman there.

The End
Much to everyone else’s annoyance, Owen was going on about his new car again.

“She’s sleek, fast, powerful... a real chick magnet! Only reason the bloke was sellin’ her was because he lost his job and can’t afford the insurance. Girls are gonna be fallin’ over themselves to go out with me in this beauty, you’ll see. And I’m talkin’ about classy girls, not the kind you’d find hangin’ out with their mates after work in the local pub. Just look at her!” He’d already set a photo of the gleaming red Ferrari as his computer wallpaper.

“We’ve seen it already,” Ianto said. “Pretty to look at but not exactly practical.”

“Who needs practical? This car is a statement. You’re just jealous because you didn’t see her first.”

“I like my Audi; unlike you, I don’t feel the need to impress anyone.”

That evening, as Ianto and Jack were getting ready to leave, they found Owen in Torchwood’s underground garage, head under the bonnet of his new car.

“Problems?” Ianto asked mildly.

“Bloody thing won’t start!”

Jack laughed. “Congratulations, Owen; looks like you’ve been sold a lemon. The only statement you’re making is that you’ve got more money than sense.”

The End
Unfounded Jealousy

Chapter Summary

Rhys is in a bad mood.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 543: Lemon at tw100.

Double drabble.

Rhys was oddly grumpy and Gwen was at a loss as to why, especially since she was actually home for dinner on time for once. If she’d been late again she could have understood his bad mood, she’d already missed dinner twice this week, but even Rhys the Rant couldn’t be mad at her for being on time.

“What’s up with you?” she asked as he dumped a plate of lasagne unceremoniously in front of her. “Trouble at work?”

Shaking his head, Rhys said curtly, “I saw you.”

“Saw me?” What did that even mean. “Saw me where?”

“Outside the St. David’s Hotel, giggling with that flashy bloke you work with.”

“You mean Jack.” Gwen looked at her fiancé, understanding dawning. “Are you jealous?”

“Should I be?”

“Absolutely not. We were talking about the surprise luxury weekend at the hotel Jack’s arranging for Ianto’s birthday. You do know they’re together, right?”

“You never mentioned that. They’re gay?”

“Bi, but they only have eyes for each other.” Gwen grinned gappily at her man. “There’s nothing for you to be jealous of. You’re such a lemon sometimes, Rhys, but I do love you.”

Rhys’ shoulders sagged in relief. “I love you too.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Everyone loves homemade lemonade.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 543: Lemon at tw100.

Ianto was busy making up a batch of lemonade to be sold at the Easter fete at Meriel’s school that afternoon. Normally Meriel would be helping him, but Jack had taken her to buy new shoes.

“Looks like it's just you and me, Nosy. Want to be my official taster?”

“HUM!” said Nosy eagerly.

“Here you go.” Ianto ladled a little of the lemonade into a saucer and the Fluff slurped it down. The effect was dramatic; all Nosy’s fur stood on end and the alien shuddered from its nose to the tip of its tail.

“Needs more sugar?”

“Hum.”

The End
Another birthday?” Ianto asked as he watched Jack busily icing what was obviously a birthday cake. “Who is it for this time?”

Ever since the neighbourhood had got a chance to taste Jack’s baked goods the first time he’d had a stall at one of Meriel’s school fetes, his services had been much in demand, especially when it came to making and decorating amazing cakes for special occasions.

“You don’t know?” Jack looked at his husband in surprise.

“Contrary to popular belief, I am not in fact omniscient. I leave it to you to keep track of your cake orders.”

“Ah, but this one is for family!”

Staring off into space, Ianto rapidly went through all the birth dates of family and friends in his head, but drew a blank. “Are you sure you’ve got the date right?”

“Positive. I’m surprised at you, Ianto! Perhaps it’s old age and your memory is going.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my memory, and I’m not old!” He was only thirty-five, and as immortal as Jack.

“Here’s a clue; it’s a joint celebration, five and ten years respectively.”

Of course! Dizzy’s fifth ‘birthday’ and ten years since Nosy was found. A special occasion indeed!

The End
Ianto has been through so much in his short life.

My second drabble for Challenge 544: Age at tw100.

Spoilers: Cyberwoman.

Double drabble.

Ianto Jones, just twenty-four years old… That’s no age at all, most people in their early to mid twenties are still discovering who they are and what they want to do with their lives. Ianto though… He’s seen and suffered more than many people three times his age.

Sometimes he can’t help wondering how he can still be sane after what he experienced during the Canary Wharf massacre.

Other times, he wonders if he’s sane at all or just thinks he is. Maybe none of this is real and he’s locked away somewhere, existing in a fantasy world inside his own head.

During the day, surrounded by his colleagues, it’s easy enough to believe what he’s experiencing is real, but when he’s home, alone, lying in bed in the darkness, that’s when the doubts set in.

When he eventually falls asleep, his nightmares are his reality, filled with smoke, and blood, and screaming. Memories of the hours he spent hiding among corpses so the Daleks and Cybermen wouldn’t notice him. Creeping through never-ending corridors that should be familiar but aren’t, searching for Lisa.

But Lisa’s dead, the monster she became executed.

Ianto Jones, just twenty-four, and already he’s lost everything.

The End
Ageless

Chapter Summary

Jack has no way of knowing his true age, but maybe it doesn’t matter.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 544: Age at tw100.

Double drabble.

Jack has no idea how old he is anymore; zapping about through time and space will do that.

Spending getting on for two thousand years buried alive beneath Cardiff doesn’t help either. How much of that time was he actually alive and how much was he either dead or in a kind of limbo somewhere in between? There’s no way of knowing.

Then again, he’s going to live forever if what the Doctor told him is true. He’ll die and come back to life time and time again, until the end of the universe and maybe even beyond that. In a few million years, his age will be immaterial, just a meaninglessly immense number, too great for the human mind, even that of the universe’s oldest man, to comprehend.

Maybe he should give up bothering about things like birthdays and getting older, pick an age and stick to it. Thirty-five maybe; that’s not too young to be the head of a secret organisation, or too old for his vanity to handle. It’s not as if he’s ever going to look his real age, whatever that might be. In fact, he could probably pass for younger.

Immortality has rendered him ageless.

The End
Free Admission

Chapter Summary

Meriel takes after both her daddies.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 544: Age at tw100.

“And how old is your daughter?” the woman on the gate asked as Jack, Ianto, and Meriel reached the front of the queue.

“I’m four and a half!” Meriel announced proudly, jumping up and down, and the woman smiled at her, handing Jack the tickets and letting them all into the amusement park.

“What a clever little girl you are!”

“Thank you!” Meriel beamed up at her.

Ianto was silent as they followed the winding path, waiting until they were well away from the entrance before saying anything. Finally he looked down at their little girl, holding both their hands and swinging happily between her daddies.

“Four and a half? You’re five, Meriel; your birthday was just last week.”

Meriel shrugged. “The lady didn’t know that, and the sign said under fives get in free,” she said reasonably, as if that explained everything.

Jack grinned proudly. “Look how clever our princess is! She read that sign all by herself and she hasn’t even started school yet! Obviously she takes after her Taddy.”

Ianto frowned at his husband. “She’s clever alright. Our daughter just lied about her age to get in free; she gets that from you!”

“I’m a proud daddy.”

The End
Chapter Summary

The weather in Wales can be unpredictable, especially in spring, but this is ridiculous

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 545: Breeze at tw100.

Double drabble.

There was nothing like a fresh spring breeze to lift the spirits, Ianto thought, and this was nothing like a fresh spring breeze. It had been when they’d set out a couple of hours earlier to retrieve the Rift’s latest gift, but the unpredictable Welsh weather was outdoing itself.

Here he and Jack were, exposed to the elements on a deserted stretch of beach a couple of miles outside Cardiff, and the delightful breeze that had been ruffling their hair as they’d left the SUV parked on the side of the road was now a gale, gusting so strongly that they were having to cling to each other just to stay on their feet. Not only that, but the spray being whipped up from the crashing waves meant they were getting wetter and colder by the minute.

“I thought you said you checked the weather forecast!” Despite only inches separating his lips from Jack’s ear, Ianto had to yell to be heard.

“I did! It said mild and blustery,” Jack yelled back.

“Well this is neither! Let’s just find what we came for. When I get back to the Hub I’m writing a letter of complaint to the Met office!”

The End
Perfect Morning

Chapter Summary

Ianto is enjoying the start of a perfect spring day.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 545: Breeze at tw100.

Double drabble.

Bright, breezy mornings like this always put a spring in Ianto’s step. Getting up on mornings when the sky was overcast and it was raining, or snowing, or otherwise miserable out was a perennial struggle, but on days like this he all but bounced out of bed, eager to greet the day.

Trees were blossoming, new leaves were unfurling to clothe branches that had been bare all winter long, the birds were singing, and golden daffodils nodded benignly at him as he passed. He sighed happily; if only every day could be like this.

Of course, if every day was the same he’d probably soon get bored with it, or start taking the beautiful weather for granted instead of appreciating the glory of a perfect spring morning, and that would be a shame.

He strode along the pavement, gazing around himself, smiling cheerfully at everyone he passed, wishing them a good morning, and receiving smiles and nods in return, even from people he barely knew. They probably wouldn’t be as friendly towards him if they ever discovered their neighbour’s secret identity as a member of Torchwood, but with luck that would never happen and he’d remain ‘that nice Mr. Jones’.

The End
Chapter Summary

Owen is late to work yet again, and Jack’s had enough of his excuses.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 545: Breeze at tw100.

Owen breezed into the Hub, three hours late.

“What time d’you call this?” Jack snapped from where he stood in his office doorway.

“Dunno,” Owen replied. “Can’t find my watch.”

“You have an alarm clock, don’t you? And a phone?”

“Alarm clock needs a new battery and I never set the time and date stuff on my phone so it’s always wrong.” Owen smirked to himself as he made his way down to the autopsy bay.

The following morning, at 6am on the dot, Owen’s phone rang.

“Good morning,” Jack said cheerfully. “This is your daily wake-up call.”

Foiled again.

The End
**Typical**

Chapter Summary

Jack can always be relied on to make a bad situation worse.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 545: Breeze at tw100.

Double drabble.

Set in my ‘Ghost of a Chance’ ‘verse.

“Don’t look so worried, Ianto!” Jack said, smiling confidently. “It’ll be a breeze! The Globulans are lovely people, very civilised, very helpful. We’ll have our ship repaired and be on our way in no time; you’ll see.”

Anyone else probably would’ve found that reassuring, but it only made Ianto more worried than before. Any time Jack claimed nothing could go wrong, something always did, usually in the worst possible way and at the worst possible moment. Jack only had to open his mouth and claim everything would be fine for complete disaster to be assured.

This occasion proved that, as if proof were needed.

“You!” said the first Globulan they approached with their request for assistance. “I don’t know how you dare show your face amongst decent folks!” Before Jack could do more than open his mouth to say something that would most likely make their situation even worse, the Globulan drew back both of his right arms and socked Jack right in the jaw, sending him sailing backwards to collapse in a heap, out for the count.

“Excuse me,” Ianto said diffidently. “Out of curiosity, what was that for?”

“He seduced my daughters!”

Ianto sighed. “Of course he did.”

The End
Chapter Summary

Tosh and Owen’s engagement party is in full swing.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 546: Dance at tw100.

Double drabble.

Having been interrupted several times already, thanks to the Rift, Tosh and Owen’s engagement party is finally in full swing. No alcohol of course, just in case they get called out again, but there are plenty of non-alcoholic beverages, and lots of food.

There’s music too; Owen’s iPod has been plugged into the speakers to give everyone something to dance to.

Unsurprisingly, Owen is dancing with Tosh, until someone nudges him, wanting to cut in.

“Fine, one dance, okay?”

“Hum.”

“I need a break anyway.” Owen saunters over to the buffet table to refuel; he’s got a fast metabolism and dancing takes a lot of energy.

Nosy takes Owen’s place, most of its long body coiled neatly so as not to get stepped on or tripped over, and the front metre or so raised off the floor, bobbing and swaying to the music. Tosh secretly thinks the Fluff has a better sense of rhythm than her fiancé does, although she’d never tell Owen that; it would bruise his ego. Men can be so fragile and Tosh doesn’t want anything spoiling this day.

What better way to celebrate her happiness than with the people and aliens who make up her family?

The End
First Dance

Chapter Summary

Jack and Ianto’s wedding reception is just getting underway.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 546: Dance at tw100.

Ianto hadn’t been sure they’d get to this point in proceedings, but despite the Doctor’s wedding ‘gift’, if the squinches could be called that, the reception was finally underway, music filling the pavilion.

Jack approached his new husband, offering his hand. “Ready for our first dance as a married couple?”

Smiling back at the man he loved, Ianto allowed himself to be pulled onto the dance floor and into Jack’s arms; it was a very romantic moment as they swayed together, until…

“Jack, did you know you have a squinch in your hair?”

“Damn! I thought we caught them all!”

The End
Insulting

Chapter Summary

Kathy Swanson hates the way Torchwood just cruises up and takes over her crime scenes.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 546: Dance at tw100.

It's the same old song and dance; a crime is committed, the police arrive on the scene and begin their investigation, but before they can start collecting evidence, that big black SUV cruises up, Harkness and his team get out, and take over.

It's insulting, as if Torchwood doesn’t think the Cardiff police are capable of solving crimes and bringing those responsible to justice. Just who do they think they are, looking down on the hardworking police department the way they do?

Next time, Kathy Swanson decides, she’ll put her foot down, refuse to leave. Then what will Torchwood do?

The End
Life’s A Beach

Chapter Summary

Jack sometimes does things Ianto doesn’t understand.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 546: Dance at tw100.

Double drabble.

Although Jack was human, mostly, he was also from the far future and sometimes behaved in ways that Ianto didn’t understand. He’d learned to accept his lover’s odd behaviour, even the flirting, knowing the society Jack came from was very different from the one he himself had grown up in. So what if Jack came across as eccentric at times? As far as Ianto was concerned, it merely added to his charm.

So when, one windy day, on a retrieval at a remote stretch of beach, Jack suddenly broke into a dance, Ianto thought nothing of it, figuring it was probably some kind of Boeshanian ritual. He’d grown up by the sea, after all. Besides, it looked like fun, so he decided to join in, jumping up and down, kicking his legs in the air and waving his arms around. He didn’t stop until Jack did, breathing hard but feeling much warmer despite the chilly wind.

“That was fun,” he said, grinning at Jack. “Did you dance on the beach a lot back on Boeshane?”

“Dance? I wasn’t dancing! When I sat on the rocks to empty the sand out of my boots a lizard ran up my trouser leg!”

The End
Thawing Out

Chapter Summary

Coming back to the Hub freezing cold, Ianto knows exactly how to warm the team up.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 547: Lace at tw100.

Double drabble.

“I think we all need a drink after that,” Ianto said, handing out steaming mugs of coffee to the tired and frozen team. There was a bitter wind blowing in off the sea, carrying with it sharp little hailstones that stung bare hands and faces, exactly the kind of weather made for staying indoors and huddling by a warm fire, so of course they’d all had to go out in it to deal with a straying Weevil.

They’d chased the alien through Cardiff for over an hour before it had decided to return to the sewers, but by then they’d been miles from where they’d left the SUV and facing a long walk back in temperatures barely above freezing.

Everyone reached eagerly for their mugs, cupping them in cold hands, inhaling the delicious aroma of one of Ianto’s best blends before taking careful sips and breaking into wide smiles.

“That hits the spot!” Owen grinned, taking another sip of coffee heavily laced with good whiskey.

“Mmmm,” Tosh agreed. “I can feel the warmth right down to my toes!”

“One mug of this and I won’t be fit to drive!” Gwen said.

“Sleepover time!” Jack beamed. “I’ll get the sleeping bags.”

The End
Meriel was growing so fast it seemed like every couple of months she needed new clothes, but Jack didn’t mind; he loved buying things for his little girl, the two of them wandering through the St. David’s Shopping centre, looking through rails of pretty outfits.

“What about these!” Jack held up the cutest little socks he’d ever seen, rainbow colours and trimmed with lace.

“Don’t get those, daddy.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t like the frills.”

“You don’t?” Jack was surprised. “But frilly things are pretty!”

“Not when I have to wear them. They itch!”

Jack sighed, disappointed. “Okay, no lace.”

The End
Tripped

Chapter Summary

Owen suffers a minor wardrobe malfunction.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 547: Lace at tw100.

One moment Owen was racing along with the rest of the team in hot pursuit of an annoying little alien critter, and the next he went sprawling. Thankfully, he happened to be running across the short grass of Tremorfa Park at the time so aside from a bit of grass burn on one hand he was unhurt, but still…

“Are you alright?” Tosh called back, slowing down.

“Fine, just caught my foot on something. Keep going.”

As Tosh sped off after the others, Owen scrambled to his feet, grumbling. “Why do shoelaces always come undone at the worst possible moment?”

The End
“Jack, have you got a moment?” Gwen said pushing open Jack’s office door. “I’ve had an idea ab…
Oh my God!” She stopped in her tracks, staring in disbelief at the sight that met her eyes; Jack, in sheer stockings, suspender belt, stiletto heels, and pale blue frilly undies.

“Gwen! Perfect, can you give me a hand? Ianto usually helps me lace my corset, but he had to go help Owen with a Weevil sighting and I promised I’d be ready by the time he got back. We don’t want to be late; the dance starts at eight and I still have to do my hair and makeup.”

“Um…” Gwen didn’t move, eyes wide.

“You have better legs than I do! How is that fair?”


“Right, of course, sorry.” Gwen scurried across the room, reaching for the corset laces. “How tight do you want it?”

“Not very, it just needs to draw my waist in an inch or so.”

“Why wear a full corset and not just a girdle then?”

Jack adjusted his chest, smirking. “Gotta have something to keep my falsies in place!”

The End
Bearing Up

Chapter Summary

Working for Torchwood Three is not quite what Ianto had been expecting.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 548: Cross at tw100.

Double drabble.

Ianto sighed and rubbed his eyes. He’d asked for this, had wanted in at Torchwood Three; for his own secret reasons, true, but he’d got what he’d wanted. He had no grounds for complaint.

In order to get in he’d offered to be anything Harkness wanted, right down to resident guard dog. He hadn’t been taken up on that role, the Pteranodon being deemed more suitable, but everything else…

General Support Officer was his official title, but basically it just meant he did all the jobs nobody else could be bothered with, from providing food and drink for the team and cleaning up after them, to taking care of the alien residents, carrying out equipment maintenance, manning the tourist office, and picking up the boss’s dry cleaning. On top of all that, he had Lisa to care for, and he’d been lumbered with the task of sorting and cataloguing over a century’s worth of Rift gifts that cluttered the subterranean areas designated as the archives, and as if that wasn’t enough to deal with, now Harkness was hitting on him!

Ianto sighed again; it was his own fault for flirting. Everyone had their own cross to bear; this was his.

The End
Why?

Chapter Summary

Gwen is baffled by Jack’s behaviour.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 548: Cross at tw100.

Strolling along the street on their way to the pub for a drink after a hard day at work, Jack abruptly veered away from the rest of the team.

“Tanto,” Gwen said, tugging at his sleeve. “Why’d Jack cross the road?”

“Is that a trick question?” Ianto asked.

“No, it’s just… I thought we were going to The Queen’s Vaults.”

“We are.”

“But that’s on this side of the street.”

“I know.”

“So why did Jack cross over?”

“Because there’s a window across the street he likes to look in,” Ianto smirked. “Claims it’s almost as good as a mirror.”

The End
“Tosh…” Ianto started, opening the door to the locker room and poking his head in.

“What?” Tosh yelled, slamming her locker door and glaring at him.

Ianto raised his hands in surrender. “Whoa, don’t shoot the messenger! I just came to tell you Jack wants everyone in the boardroom in fifteen minutes.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to snap at you. Just having a bad day.”

“It’s fine, you’re as entitled as anyone to be in a bad mood.”

“The worst of it is it’s myself I’m cross with.”

“Anything I can do?”

Tosh shook her head. “No, but thanks.”

“Anytime.”

The End
Easter Treat

Chapter Summary

Ianto has bought the team a treat for breakfast.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 548: Cross at tw100.

Double drabble.

“What’ve you got there?” Jack asked, wandering into Torchwood’s small kitchen area. He could be relied upon to appear out of nowhere whenever there was food on offer.

“It’s Easter; what do you think I’ve got?” Ianto gestured towards his purchase. “Hot cross buns.”

“Yay!” Without bothering to ask, Jack grabbed one off the plate and bit into it, then frowned. “It’s cold!”

Ianto rolled his eyes. “It would be, I only just bought them; haven’t had a chance to warm them up yet.”

“Oh. They’re not as good cold.” Jack sounded disappointed but kept eating the bun in his hand anyway; he wasn’t one to waste good food over a technicality. “But you are going to heat them, right?”

“When the rest of the team get here, yes. I thought we could have them for breakfast.”

Satisfied, Jack wandered back to his office, still munching his cold hot cross bun.

By the time the others arrived, Jack was already seated in the boardroom, waiting impatiently. As soon as Ianto brought in the plate of hot cross buns Jack snagged one and yelped, tossing it from hand to hand.

“It’s hot!”

“Yes, Jack,” Ianto sighed. Sometimes he just couldn’t win.

The End
The general opinion was that humans weren’t ready to know about aliens; their track record with the ones that had so far wound up on earth by accident was less than impressive. There’d been the weevil fight club, the butchered space whale, a poor innocent Fluff getting shot at by farmers… There was no telling what fate would have met some of the aliens, both sentient and not, if Torchwood hadn’t got to them first.

This time they were late, thanks to roadworks causing a traffic jam. By the time the team reached the coordinates of the Rift spike, the displaced alien had already been discovered by a gang of teenagers.

Fearing the worst, Jack and the others raced forwards, but to their surprise, far from harming the defenceless alien the youths were instead doing what they could to help. One had removed his jacket and wrapped it around the shivering being, another had done a pretty good job of splinting its injured leg.

“Well done,” Jack said. “We’ll take over now.”

“You won’t hurt it, will you?”

Ianto smiled; moments like this restored his faith in human nature. “We’ll do our best to help your new friend get home.”

The End
Enjoying Nature

Chapter Summary

Not everyone is happy about being out in the country.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 549: Nature at tw100.

“It’s good to get out in nature,” Jack declared. “Away from the city’s pollution, breathing the fresh country air!” He took a deep breath. “Ahhhhhh!”

“It is nice,” Ianto agreed. “Everywhere’s green and growing, and it’s not too hot yet. Pity we don’t get out here very often.”

“Can we just get this over with and go back to civilisation?” Owen griped. “I hate the country; the air smells funny and the ground’s all lumpy and hard to walk on.”

“Shut up, Owen.” Jack turned to the medic. “Spoil this for the rest of us and you’ll be walking home.”

The End
Tosh is not a violent person, but like the rest of the team, she does whatever she’s required to do.

My third drabble for Challenge 549: Nature at tw100.

Tosh is not by nature a violent person, in fact quite the opposite; she’s quiet, reserved, thoughtful, gentle, and caring. She’d rather be working on her computers or trying to unravel the secrets of a mysterious piece of alien technology than go out in the field. But Torchwood Three is a very small organisation and whatever their other skills may be, all members of the team have to double as field agents. If they didn’t, the team would be seriously shorthanded.

So when there are hostile aliens to deal with, Tosh is right there with her teammates, armed and ready.

The End
All living things, whether earth natives or alien beings, behave according to their nature; that’s a basic fact of existence. The problem when dealing with aliens is that their behaviour is usually as alien as their appearance, which is why it’s a bad idea to judge alien behaviour and motives by human standards; ninety-nine times out of a hundred you’ll be wrong.

“What’s it doing?” Gwen hissed at Owen as the strange being standing in front of the team writhed and squirmed, twisting its body this way and that, its upper limbs flailing. “Is it dancing?”

“Search me,” said Owen. “Maybe this is how its kind communicate, a sort of sign language combined with body language.

“It looks very complicated.”

“Yeah. Don’t think I want to try, I might say something wrong. Wouldn’t do to insult it; we don’t know whether or not it’s friendly.”

The alien was clearly intelligent and dressed in flowing garments; although no weapons were visible, that didn’t mean it didn’t have any.

“You’re both supposed to be trained observers,” Jack said. “Sometimes I despair of you.” Approaching and bending over, Jack helped the alien extract its foot from the hole it had got stuck in.

The End
Weevil Hunting

Chapter Summary

Two of the team’s new recruits are about to discover the joys of Weevil hunting.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 550: Run at tw100.
Double drabble.

Jack and Ianto had taken the new recruits out Weevil hunting. They’d already met Janet, the Hub’s resident Weevil, but this would be their first encounter with the aliens in the wild, so to speak.

“Why do we hunt them?” Alun Evans asked.

“Several reasons,” said Jack. “First, we’re still in the process of tagging them. The job’s mostly done, but we still need to go out periodically and try to round up any that haven’t been chipped. Secondly, Weevils that come to the surface need to be persuaded back into the sewers where they belong. They cause a lot less trouble down there. Sometimes one goes rogue and has to be dealt with. Injured or sick Weevils will attack and even kill humans, and it’s best not to wait for that to happen before taking action.”

“That makes sense.”

“There’s another reason Jack likes Weevil hunting,” Ianto added.

“What’s that?” Abbie asked.

“It’s fun,” Ianto replied.

“Fun?”

“You’ll see.”

Ten minutes later, the four of them were running flat out after a young female, dodging through alleys and hurdling dustbins.

“You’re right, it’s quite an adrenaline rush,” Abbie shouted.

Jack grinned almost savagely. “Just wait until we corner it!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto leads a very busy life.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 550: Run at tw100.

One thing Ianto liked about his job was the sheer variety. One day he might be fishing Ping-Pong balls out of the boating lake, the next he might be assisting a lost alien traveller, or working in Torchwood Three’s archives, trying to identify some of the mysterious objects housed there, or chasing after a rogue Weevil.

It wasn’t all fun and excitement though, and today he had errands to run; the SUV needed filling up with petrol, there was Jack’s dry-cleaning to pick up, and shopping to do before they completely ran out of the essentials.

It was all go.

The End
Chapter Summary

Freed from the UNIT prison, Tosh is amazed by the luxury of her new home.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 550: Run at tw100.

Spoilers: Fragments.

Left alone in her new house, Tosh wandered from room to room, bewildered at having so much space after been shut in a tiny cell for so long. There was a small hallway leading into a combined living and dining room, and a compact but well-equipped kitchen. The stairs led up to a landing from which doors opened into a spacious bedroom and a bathroom dominated by a big, old-fashioned enamelled bathtub. To Tosh’s eyes, it was the most beautiful sight imaginable.

Quickly she put in the plug and turned on the hot tap, letting it run. The water came through cold at first but soon enough steam began to fill the room. There were rows of toiletries on a shelf: shampoo, conditioner, shower gel, all of them fairly generic, and right at the end a big bottle of lavender bubble bath. Pouring a generous amount into the water, she watched almost hypnotised as it started to foam.

It was like a wonderful dream! After months of lukewarm showers, to have the luxury of an actual bath…

Turning off the tap, Tosh stripped out of her clothes and slid into the water. This was what it meant to be free.

The End
Dangerous Driver

Chapter Summary

Jack is a hazard to other road users.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 550: Run at tw100.

“Jack, you do know there’s a speed limit, right?” Ianto spared his lover a brief glance before focusing back on the road.

“Of course I do.” Jack didn’t slow down one iota.

“And you know you’re not supposed to exceed it?”

“We’re in a hurry. Rogue Weevil, remember?”

“I haven’t forgotten.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“You mean aside from all the speeding tickets you’re incurring?”

“Kathy will take care of those.”

“You hope.” Ianto winced as people scattered out of their path. “Mostly I’m worried about how many pedestrians you’re going to run over before we get where we’re going.”

The End
Taking stock at the start of a new year, Ianto reluctantly admitted that he had more than his fair share of regrets. He regretted insisting they should go to work on the day of the Battle when Lisa had suggested they call in sick because they’d drunk a bit too much the night before and were a bit hungover.

He regretted battling for months to keep Lisa alive, giving the cyber implants a chance to take complete control of her. He should have ended her suffering back at Torchwood Tower; at least then she could have died as herself.

He regretted lying to Jack to get a job with Torchwood Three, and then bringing a dangerous entity into their secure base. Jack had every reason to be angry; Ianto had betrayed his trust.

He regretted bringing Doctor Tanizaki to the Hub. If he hadn’t, Lisa wouldn’t have got loose and killed not only Tanizaki, but poor Annie too.

He regretted not having the guts to clean up his own mess by ending ‘Lisa’ when Jack had ordered him too. He’d taken the coward’s way out.

The only thing he didn’t regret in the whole sorry mess was falling for Jack.

The End
Dead Again

Chapter Summary

Ianto and Jack arrive on an alien planet at a bad time.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 551: Regret at tw100.

Set in my Ghost of a Chance ‘Verse.

Double drabble.

“I regret to inform you,” the alien medic said, an expression of sorrow on hir face, “the one you call ‘Jack’ is no more. It was too severely injured; we were unable to restore life. I offer my sincere condolences.”

They’d only intended to make a brief stopover on the planet, just long enough to drop off their cargo and hopefully secure an outgoing load. Tinder’s World’s main export was a very potent alcoholic beverage that was highly prized throughout this end of the Milky Way; if they could bargain for a few dozen cases they could practically name their own price if they took it as far as the more affluent worlds around Galactic Centre.

Unfortunately, they’d arrived at a bad time and got caught up in an attack carried out by a militant group from a neighbouring planet who considered alcohol to be the devil’s work. Jack had been caught in an explosion.

Ianto’s only consolation was that it had been quick; Jack wouldn’t have suffered much. As he gasped back to life, startling the medical team, Ianto gave a wry smile. “I regret to inform you that death never really sticks with him; he always comes back.”

The End
Mistake

Chapter Summary

The affair with Gwen was a big mistake.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 551: Regret at tw100.

Spoilers: Out Of Time.

Double Drabble.

At the time, he’d been angry and bitter. He’d wanted to strike out at Gwen for having something he didn’t, a happy relationship with someone she loved, and what better way to do that than to break them up? She’d put up some token resistance when he’d first started flirting with her, but before long she’d been in his bed. Owen wasn’t surprised; he’d long since honed his seduction techniques. It had even been fun at first, sneaking around behind Gwen’s boyfriend’s back, but now Owen felt like a heel. He’d hurt Tosh, who he knew had a crush on him, Gwen was still with Rhys despite everything, and Owen didn’t feel any better. If anything, he felt worse and he regretted starting the affair in the first place because Gwen seemed happy for it to continue indefinitely, but Owen was bored with the whole thing because now there was Diane.

She was smart, and feisty, and confident, as well as drop dead gorgeous; he hadn’t felt like this about a woman since Katie, which was a scary thought. Could he open up his heart to someone again and risk getting hurt? He didn’t know, but he had to try.

The End
Unsuitable

Chapter Summary

Some people simply aren’t suitable candidates to work for Torchwood.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 551: Regret at tw100.

Set in the future.

Double drabble.

Ianto tapped away at the keys to his computer; he hated this part of the job as much as Jack did, but someone had to be the one to shatter an innocent person’s hopes and dreams, and he was more… tactful than Jack would have been.

‘Dear Miss Molesley, I regret to inform you that your application to join the Torchwood Institute was unsuccessful as you do not meet our stringent employment criteria,’ he typed. And he was regretful; she’d been quite charming, but she was also a walking disaster area. Before lunch on the first day of Torchwood’s latest recruitment drive, she’d managed to almost kill Jack and put two of her group of potential candidates in hospital.

In olden days, she would have been immediately Retconned, never to remember anything about Torchwood or her ill-fated attempt to gain employment there. But that had been years ago, before Torchwood and aliens had become public knowledge. Nowadays, everyone knew of the Torchwood Institute, and anyone could apply to join, hence the rejection letters.

As sweet as Miss Molesley was, she was eighty-two and had bad eyesight. With the best will in the world, she’d never make a good Torchwood operative.

The End
Chapter Summary

Jack’s ready to leave but Ianto still has work to do.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 552: Less at tw100.

“I thought we’d agreed you were going to work less,” Jack said as Ianto put his coffee mug on his desk then immediately scooped up all the files from Jack’s outbox. “Isn’t it time to go home?”

“I’d be perfectly happy to work less if you’d just explain how I can do that while still running this place efficiently,” Ianto replied. “I’ve got at least another hour’s work ahead of me; filing, feeding the residents, washing the dishes ready for morning, cleaning up, and emptying the rubbish bins.”

“Another hour? You need an assistant.”

“I’ve been saying that for months.”

The End
Chapter Summary

If it’s not one thing it’s another.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 552: Less at tw100.

Ianto huffed a sigh. “The lawn’s starting to turn brown. If we don’t get some rain soon I’ll have to start watering it every day as well as the flower and vegetable beds. Just what I don’t need; more work.”

“Weren’t you the one last month saying we could do with less rain because everyone was tracking mud through the Hub and you had to keep mopping the floors?” Jack sounded amused.

“Yes, but we just went from one extreme to the other.”

Jack smiled smugly. “It’s your own fault. Be careful what you wish for; you might get it.”

The End
“Don’t make so much bloody noise!” Owen complained as Ianto set a mug of coffee on his workstation. “My head’s killing me.”

Ianto gave a soft huff. “There’s a cure for that, you know.”

“Yeah, coffee and painkillers,” Owen mumbled, fumbling for the mug.

“I was thinking more along the lines of drinking less. It’s amazing how well that works for preventing hangovers.”

Owen took a swig then swore as he burnt his tongue. “Screw you!”

“I suppose I could accommodate you if you insist. According to Jack, that works too.”

Owen’s head thudded onto his desk. “Kill me now.”

The End
Alternatives

Chapter Summary

For every problem there’s always a solution. Sometimes more than one.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 552: Less at tw100.

“We drink far too much coffee,” Ianto sighed, collecting the empty mugs to wash for the sixth time that day. “It can’t be good for us. Maybe we should think about cutting down.”

“We can’t do that!” Jack sounded scandalised. “Torchwood would grind to a halt! Coffee’s all that keeps us going through the long days and longer nights! Imagine what would happen if we were all so caffeine deprived we fell asleep and failed to stop an alien invasion!”

Ianto shrugged. “It was just an idea; less coffee would mean less washing up.”

“Or I could buy a dishwasher.”

The End
Unsteady

Chapter Summary

Changing light bulbs in the Hub is not an easy job.

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 553: Wobble at tw100.
Double drabble.

“Want me to hold it steady?” Jack asked, seeing Ianto setting up the tall stepladder in preparation for changing a couple of blown bulbs in the lighting array above the workstations.

“Yes, thank you. That would be a big help.”

The floor was uneven, something Ianto had been meaning to remedy for months now, but there never seemed to be a good time for mixing and pouring concrete right where someone was almost guaranteed to step in it before it could dry. As a result, he always felt very precarious perched on a rickety ladder several metres above the cold, hard ground, unable to even hold on since he needed both hands free to change the bulbs.

“No problem.” Jack took a firm hold of the ladder as Ianto started to climb.

It made Ianto wonder why he’d never asked Jack to help out like this before, but halfway up he remembered as the ladder suddenly started to wobble

“Jack!” Ianto yelped. “Are you trying to make me fall?”

“Oops, sorry! Got a bit distracted.”

“I noticed. Watch what you’re doing!”

“I’d rather watch what you’re doing,” Jack replied with an audible leer. “I’m getting a great view from here.”

The End
Ianto prides himself on having good manners, but even he has his limits.

My second drabble for Challenge 553: Wobble at tw100.

Ianto knew he shouldn’t be staring, he didn’t want their visitor to think him rude, but it was hypnotic; he couldn’t look away. The general’s pendulous jowls wobbled rhythmically with every word he spoke and although Ianto usually prided himself on having excellent manners regardless of circumstances, for once he found himself struggling to focus on what was being said.

“Young man, are you paying attention?”

“Of course, General Wob… Wombwell.” Ianto felt his ears turning pink with embarrassment. “Perhaps I might offer you some refreshment; coffee, or tea if you prefer.” He had to escape before he started laughing.

The End
Owen hated the countryside. He hated the smells, the animals, the miles of emptiness without a pub or a supermarket in sight, and the way the uneven ground kept making him twist his ankles. Above all, he hated the mud, and the swarms of insects that seemed to think he was their next meal. It couldn’t be hygienic!

Scrambling over a gate, he batted at the flies buzzing around his head.

“Careful, Owen,” Ianto called out. “That gate doesn’t look very…”

The gate wobbled, Owen lost his balance, and…

SPLAT!

Right in a mud puddle.

“Fuck this, I’m going home!”

The End
Chapter Summary

There’s a peculiar thing in the Hub and Nosy doesn’t know what to make of it.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 553: Wobble at tw100.

Nosy goggled warily at the peculiar thing. It squatted there, looking squishy and pink, and at first Nosy hadn’t been worried. Despite its ability to sense the emotions of other beings, the Fluff wasn’t picking up anything from the mysterious object, which generally meant that it was a thing rather than a living creature, but then Jack accidentally bumped the edge of the coffee table and the thing moved, swaying from side to side, bouncing and wobbling. With a squeak, Nosy recoiled.

Jack spun around. “Nosy? What’s the matter?”

Ianto laughed. “I don’t think Nosy’s ever seen a jelly before.”

The End
Ianto and Jack are paying the price for their previous night’s activities.

My first drabble for Challenge 554: Too Much at tw100.

Ianto groaned as he crawled out of bed. “Oooh, ow! Whatever we were doing last night, I think I overdid it!”

Jack chuckled. “Are you saying I’m too much for you to handle?” he teased, throwing back the bedcovers and swinging his legs off the mattress, only to yelp as abused muscles pulled painfully in his back. “What the hell DID we do?”

“Maybe this has nothing to do with last night,” Ianto groaned, trying to straighten up, “and everything to do with carrying that huge Weevil all the way back to the SUV.”

“Oh, right. That would do it.”

The End
The Rift has brought Torchwood a new kind of alien and Jack is worried.

My second drabble for Challenge 554: Too Much at tw100.

Jack stared at the new arrival with trepidation. “This is not good.”

Ianto was looking at the alien too; it was about the size of a large cat, but with half a dozen short, stumpy legs. Its body was bloated, covered in coarse, reddish hair, and it was happily gorging itself on discarded food from the rubbish bin it had somehow managed to knock over in the alley behind the Chinese takeaway.

“It’s not?”

Jack didn’t reply, just shook his head, still staring worriedly at the creature.

“What’s the problem? Looks like it shouldn’t be too hard to catch; the alley’s a dead end so we’ve practically got it cornered, and it’s too busy with the food to pay much attention to us anyway. Besides, with those short legs and its chubby middle, I doubt it can run very fast.”

“It’s an Eelix.”

“Well that’s enlightening.”

“It comes from a planet where there’s very little in the way of food.”

“This one got lucky then; it’s in the land of plenty, it can eat as much as it wants.”

“That’s the problem; Eelix aren’t designed for gluttony. If they eat too much… they tend to explode. DUCK!”

The Eelix exploded.

The End
Overindulgence

Chapter Summary

Tosh is worried about Owen.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 554: Too Much at tw100.

Jack’s latest recruit dropped wearily into his seat and slumped over his desk with a groan.

“Owen? Are you alright?” Tosh asked uncertainly. The Londoner had only been with Torchwood for a few days and she didn’t know him very well yet.

“Fine, just didn’t get much sleep last night, so leave me alone,” he snapped, glaring blearily at her before putting his head back down on his folded arms. “What does a guy have to do to get some peace around here?”

“Try sobering up. It’s hardly our fault you drink too much and get hangovers,” Suzie said unsympathetically.

The End
Hair Care

Chapter Summary

Ianto is having a spot of trouble with his hair.

Chapter Notes

My final drabble for Challenge 554: Too Much at tw100.

Double drabble.

“That’s a new look for you.” Tosh smiled at Ianto. “When did you start growing your hair?”

Ianto frowned. “I haven’t; I got it cut while you were up in Scotland.”

“Oh, I just thought it looked a bit longer than usual. Maybe I need new glasses.”

An hour later, it was clear there was nothing wrong with Tosh’s eyesight; Ianto’s hair was long enough that it was getting in his eyes.

“Have you come into close contact with any unidentified alien devices lately?” Tosh asked, determined to help her friend get to the bottom of his hair’s unexpected growth spurt.

“Not that I’m aware of.”

“You must have done something different.”

“Not really… I ran out of my shampoo this morning so I used some of Jack’s instead, but that couldn’t have done this, could it? I mean it’s just shampoo.”

“Maybe you should check with Jack.”

By the time Jack returned to the Hub, Ianto’s hair was down to his shoulders. So was Jack’s. Ianto stared at his lover. “What did you do?”

“A bottle of hair tonic came through the Rift so I added some to my shampoo. Maybe I used a bit too much.”

“You think?”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto finds himself irresistibly drawn to his new boss.

Chapter Notes

Written for Challenge 555: Stretch at tw100.

Jack stretched like a cat, head tipped back, eyes half-closed with pleasure as he arched his back, arms reaching above his head, legs extending beneath his desk, getting all the kinks out. Ianto couldn’t look away.

Jack Harkness put his all into everything he did, and he was mesmerising. Ianto had never met anyone so alive, not to mention uninhibited. He’d been working here just over a week, and although Jack hadn’t touched him since the night they caught Myfanwy except to shake hands, Ianto still felt he was being seduced.

Why did Jack have to be so damned irresistible?

The End
Rude Awakening

Chapter Summary

Ianto finds waking up in Jack’s bunk isn’t as much fun as going to sleep there.

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 555: Stretch at tw100.

The first time Ianto spent the night with Jack he was secretly elated; it seemed his and Jack’s ‘relationship’, if it could be termed that, had gone from being friends with benefits to being lovers.

Always before, he’d gone home after one of their assignations and slept in his own much larger and more comfortable bed. Jack’s bunk wasn’t designed for two grown men, but it was undeniably cosy and… intimate.

The following morning was less fun when Jack, forgetting he had company, woke up, stretched, and punched Ianto in the nose. Clearly a few adjustments needed to be made.

The End
Chapter Summary

Locked in her cell, Tosh despairs.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 555: Stretch at tw100.

‘I’m a convicted criminal,’ Tosh thought, despairingly studying the close confines of her unfurnished cell. Only for her there’d be no release once she’d served her time. This was all she could look forward to for the rest of her days.

How long could anyone survive confined like this with nothing to see except the bare walls and floor, nothing to do? It would drive her mad before long.

She’d always kept herself busy. The coming months and years stretched out before her, bleak as the walls of her cell. She almost wished they’d execute her. It would hurt less.

The End
Significant Date

Chapter Summary

Jack has champagne for the celebration, but what exactly are they supposed to be celebrating?

Chapter Notes

My first drabble for Challenge 556: Seal at tw100.

Double drabble.

“What’s that for?” Ianto asked when Jack came out of his office carrying a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

“To celebrate of course. Every celebration requires champagne!”

“Celebration?” Confused, Ianto racked his brain trying to figure out what was so important about today that it merited champagne. It wasn’t his or Jack’s birthday, or any of their significant anniversaries, they hadn’t just saved the world, or been mentioned in the Queen’s honours list. They hadn’t even won on the lottery recently, although the last time Jack had he’d made a huge deal of it, even though he’d only won a tenner. “I must be missing something,” he admitted at last, “because I don’t have a clue why we’d be celebrating.”

“You don’t?” Jack stared at him in astonishment.

“Nope, sorry.”

“It’s your anniversary!”

“MY anniversary?”

“A year today since you died and woke up immortal!”

To be fair, that was a day Ianto had tried hard to forget since it hadn’t been particularly pleasant, and he told Jack so.

“But we have to celebrate!” Jack exclaimed, breaking the seal on the champagne bottle and popping the cork. “It’s the day I found out I’ll never have to lose you!”

The End
Helping

Chapter Summary

Jack wants Ianto’s attention, but Ianto is busy…

Chapter Notes

My second drabble for Challenge 556: Seal at tw100.

Double drabble.

“What’re you doing?” Jack asked, leaning over Ianto’s shoulder, trying to see what was taking up all of his lover’s attention.

“Writing our wedding invitations.”

“But it’s still three months away!” Jack protested. He’d wanted it to be sooner, but Ianto had told him weddings took time to plan, unless he just wanted to nip into the Registry Office and sign a piece of paper, which of course he hadn’t. He wanted their wedding to be a lavish occasion, something they’d never forget no matter how long they lived.

“It’s no good leaving it to the last minute; some people will need to make travel plans, and others will have to book time off work,” Ianto pointed out. “You can’t expect them to drop everything and show up at a moment’s notice.”

“I suppose not. Is there anything I can do?” The sooner Ianto finished his task, the sooner Jack could have his undivided attention.

Ianto opened is mouth to refuse, knowing Jack would probably write something totally inappropriate on the invitations when Ianto himself was striving to maintain a degree of dignity, but then he had an idea.

“Well, you could seal the envelopes.”

Jack beamed. “Consider it done!”

The End
Chapter Summary

Ianto has a very good reason for being annoyed with Owen.

Chapter Notes

My third drabble for Challenge 556: Seal at tw100.

“OWEN!” Ianto bellowed.

“Don’t yell,” Owen groaned. His head ached from a long night of too much alcohol, and he wished he was dead.

“Care to explain why the fridge is full of pink slime?”

“Don’t exaggerate; it’s only one tiny container. There wasn’t room for it in that sorry excuse for a fridge down in the autopsy bay.”

“One tiny container? It’s all over everything in there, including your beer. I’ll have to throw it all out and buy fresh!”

That got Owen’s attention. Investigating, he found Ianto wasn’t kidding.

“Shit! I must not have sealed the container properly.”

The End

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